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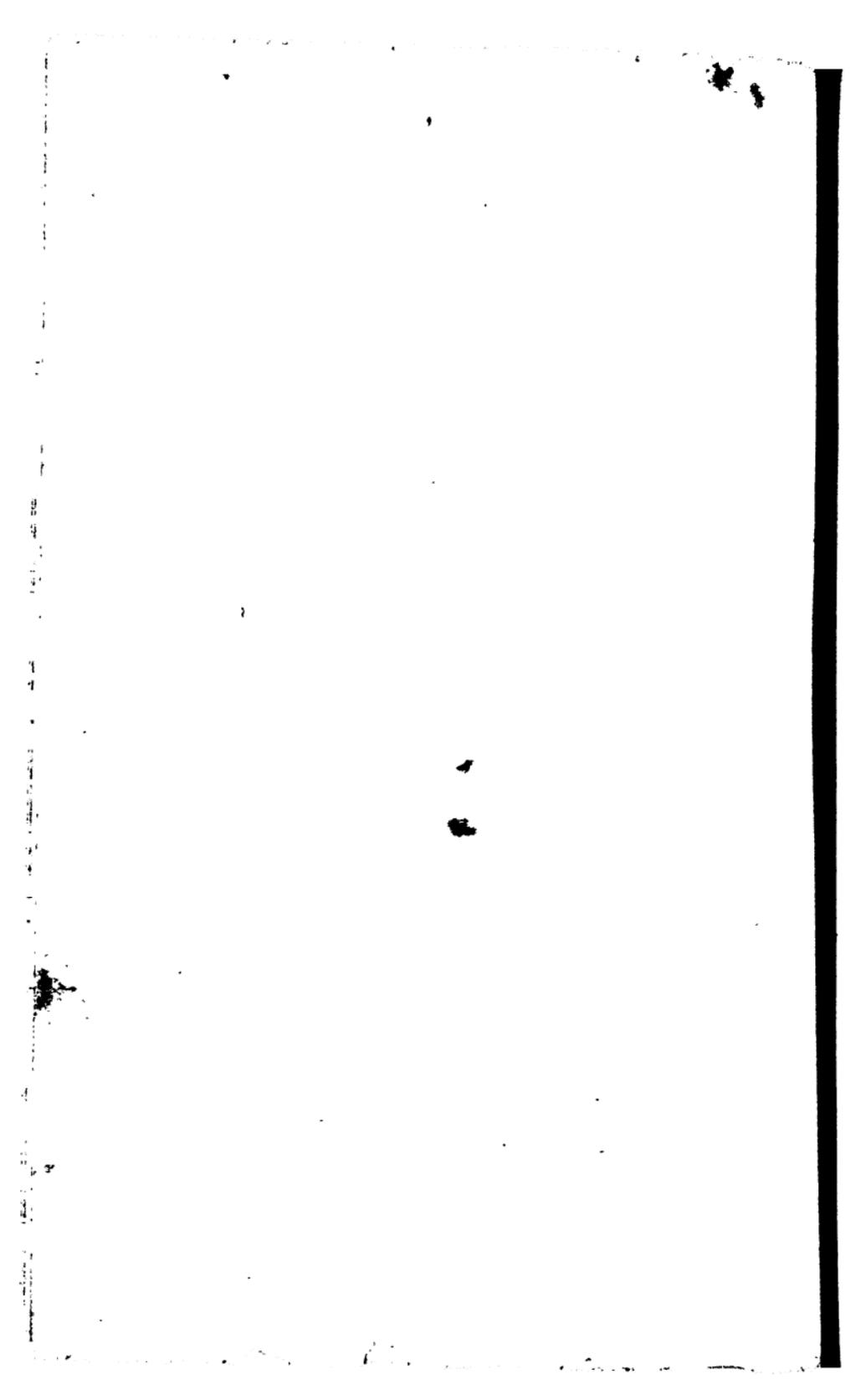
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TONNEWONTE,

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.

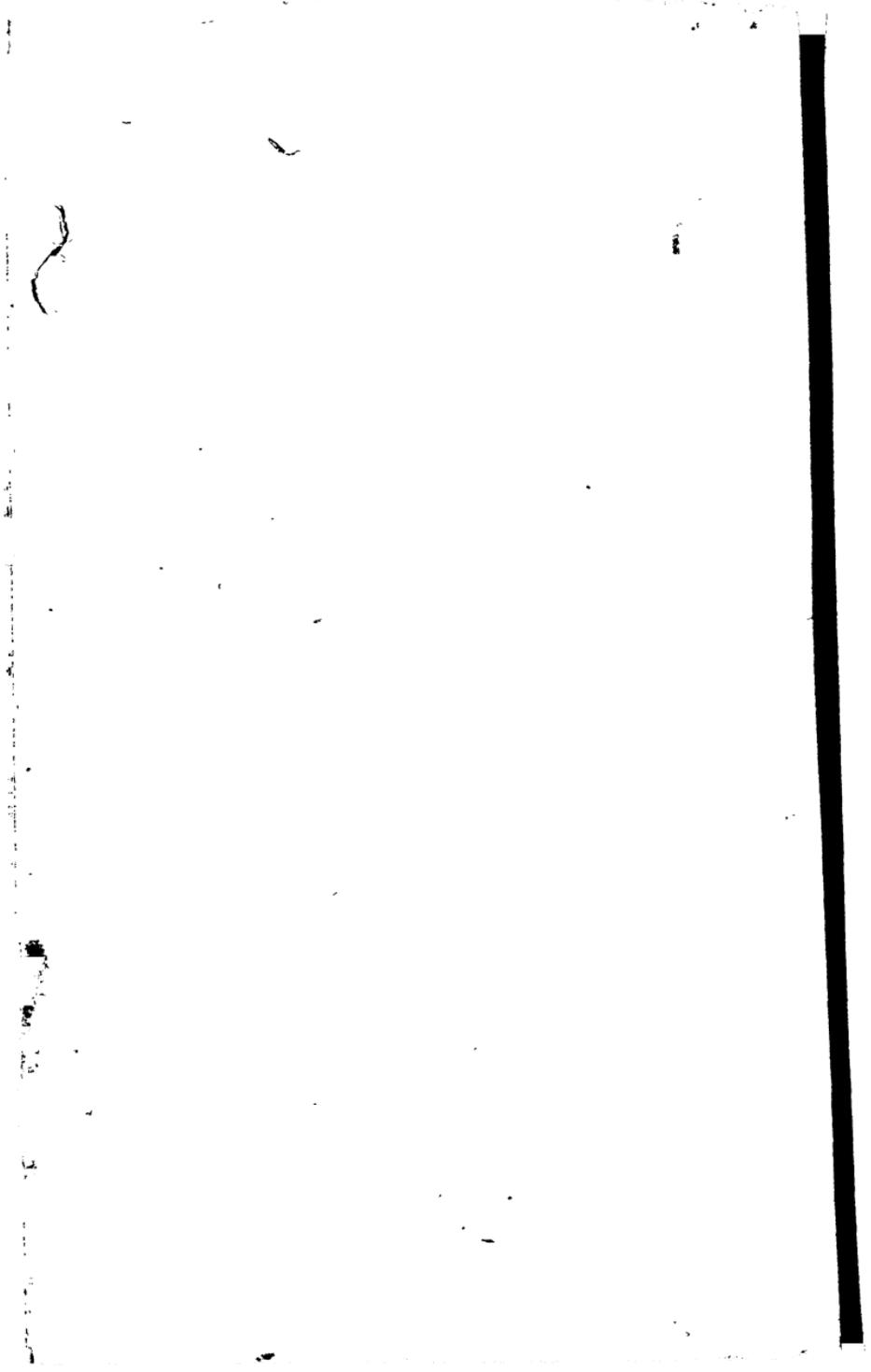
TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

VOL. II.

WATERTOWN:

PUBLISHED BY JAMES Q. ADAMS.

1824.



TONNEWONTE, &C.

A TALE.

CHAPTER XI.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace,
Of finer form, or lovelier face.
At length, with Ellen in a grove,
He seemed to walk and speak of love,
She listened with a blush and sigh,
His suit was warm, his hopes were high.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following day, Theodore took his fowling piece, and, attended by his pointers, sallied out. Game, though protected by laws, he found not so plentiful as in western America, where it is as free for all as the rain from Heaven. This brought the contrast of his native country and in which he was reared, forcibly to his mind. "What a beautiful country is that, which surrounds me," tho't de Clermont; "but how are its blessings destroyed by prejudice, dissensions and despotism! There is my father, rendered miserable, by seeing those, whom his prejudice accounts unworthy, raised to his own sphere, and enjoying the estates formerly possessed by others, although his own is restored unimpaired. My father is a generous and liberal minded man; but the effects of education are too powerful for his better judgment. He would have thought very differently, had he been reared in America!" His

ideas then reverted to Tonnewonte, and the beloved family who had adopted him, to his happy, though humble home in America. "There was then no void in my heart," he ejaculated. "I was happy.— But I may also find happiness in France;" and he advanced, in search of game. He presently found himself on the border of a deep and rapid stream, that emptied itself into the Rhone. A bird was perched on a tree. He took aim, and fired. A sudden splash in the water caught his attention, and cries of help assailed his ears. He hastily moved up the stream, from whence the sound proceeded. On entering an angle, he perceived a horse in the middle of the brook, which was there broad and deep, struggling with the current. A lady, with her hands clenching hold of the stirrup, was dragged after the animal. Two men in liveries, on the opposite bank, held their horses by the bridle, and were calling out for help.

Theodore let fall his fowling piece, threw off his coat, and rushed into the stream. He was an excellent swimmer; and, soon reaching the lady, he quickly disentangled her from the steed, and supporting her with one arm, swam to the shore with the other. Her head had been above the surface of the water, so that the lady was but little injured. Theodore still supported her in his arms, endeavoring to recover her. Presently she opened her large dark eyes, and fixed them on her deliverer, with a look expressing surprize, but again closed them. De Clermont, struck with their brilliancy, considered more attentively the lovely being he sustained. Her small slender form was modelled with such exact proportion, and turned with so admirable a contour, that a statuary need not have sought further for a model for one of the graces. Her complexion was a clear brunette. The roses had fled from her

face; but that countenance was formed with the most perfect Grecian symmetry, while her dark ringlets, escaped from the fastenings that had held them, flowed, in beautiful disorder, around her shoulders. Theodore was enchanted. He wished for another glance from the lovely nymph. He was impatient to see this form, so fascinating in its lifelessness, again possessed of animation. He undid the fastenings of her riding habit, that the breeze might operate as a restorative. She presently again opened her eyes. Theodore gazed with admiration. The lady perceived her situation, and gently disengaged herself from his arms; but, tottering with weakness, she seated herself on the root of a venerable chestnut. Theodore knelt by her side. He still held her hand; but this sentimental *tete-a-tete* was soon interrupted by the trampling of horses; and the two servants who had crossed the bridge, and taken their lady's horse, as it made for the bank, now appeared before her. De Clermont hastily arose.

"I hope Mademoiselle is not injured," said one of the men.

"No thanks to you, Jaquis, if I am still alive," exclaimed the lady.

"No, Mademoiselle, but I cannot swim," he replied, "yet you are saved; and, under God, and the holy Saints, you owe your life to this young gentleman."

The lady rose, and bowing gracefully to de Clermont, "Thanks, Monsieur," said she, "can but poorly repay the immense debt of gratitude I have contracted."

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," cried Theodore. "The pleasure of serving such a charming lady is of itself more than an adequate recompense for my exertions."

"Your gallantry, Monsieur, may lead you to speak

thus; but my father will testify the gratitude he owes you, for saving his only child."

"How," enquired Theodore, "did this accident happen?"

"My horse was frightened by the report of a gun," said she, "and plunged into the stream. I was thrown from him, but remember seizing the stirrup in my grasp. My attendants, it seems, did not care to expose themselves for my relief; and you, brave stranger, must have encountered much risk, in rescuing me from a watery grave."

"It must have been the report of my fowling-piece that frightened your steed," said Theodore: "and I cannot forgive myself for having, though inadvertently, been the cause of such imminent danger, to so lovely a lady." "But how could you, as men," said he, addressing the servants, "see this lady perish, without rendering her any assistance?"

"Neither Jean nor myself can swim," replied Jaquis, "and before we could resolve on what to do, you came to Mademoiselle's assistance."

The men had rubbed down the horse, and now held the animal, while Theodore assisted the lady to mount.

"May I enquire," said she, "to whom I am indebted for my life?"

"It is Theodore de Clermont, Mademoiselle, who has been so fortunate as to serve you."

"Be assured, Monsieur, that Sophia des Abbayes will always retain a grateful sense of your kindness," and waving her hand she rode away, gracefully managing her spirited steed, and followed by her attendants.

Theodore gazed after her; and when she had disappeared, his eyes were still fixed in the same direction. At length, recovering self possession, he moved towards home.

“Sophia des Abbayes,” said he to himself, “that must, then, have been her father who called yesterday, with Mons. de Beaumont. He has the appearance of a gentleman, notwithstanding my father’s prejudice against him, as a new man. His daughter is very lovely. What grace, what ease of manners; what symmetry of form, and such eyes. How happy must Mons. des Abbayes be in such a companion! She must greatly enliven the establishment. Our house is so dull, so gloomy without female society. Jeannette alone renders it tolerable. I have hitherto lived here in a very retired manner; but my father has so little relish for society, unless it be a few of his old intimate associates. Our neighbors will think we neglect them. I must return their visits, though indeed it ought rather to be de Luneville, who should gain their good will; but he is absent.”

With similar thoughts passing through his mind, he regained home. He found the Marquis in a very pensive mood, and dinner passed over very silently.

“My father,” said Theodore, “I am thinking of returning the visits of our several neighbors. You will perhaps accompany me!”

“I care not for society, my son. I am old and infirm. You can go without me.”

“But your old friend Mons. de Beaumont.”

“Yes, Theodore, I must return his visit. You may leave me there to-morrow, and call on your return.”

The following day, Mons. de Beaucaire, accompanied by his son, and followed by several attendants, set out on horseback. They turned up what had formerly been the avenue to the chateau de Beaumont; but it was now in a sadly dilapidated state. The trees on each side had disappeared; but their stumps remained.

"What devastation is here?" said the Marquis de Beaucaire. "My poor friend de Beaumont."

This ruinous avenue conducted them to what had been the great hall; but all was in ruins, and the whole place seemed abandoned. They were at a loss how to proceed, when the Count himself appeared.

"Ah my friend," he cried, "you have come to see me, and you find our chateau and the estate in the same debilitated condition, as their owner; but follow me, gentlemen, and we may yet find an inhabited spot."

The Marquis and Theodore dismounted, when Monsieur de Beaumont led them round a winding path, to a detached wing of the building. This also bore marks of violence; but was repaired very comfortably. A sturdy girl met them at the door.

"Nannette," said the Count de Beaumont, "where is Gilbert?"

"My grandfather is in the garden."

"Well, call him to attend to those gentlemen's horses and servants. You must know, gentlemen, (continued the Count, as he conducted them to a small parlour, plainly furnished,) that Nannette and her grand father, are the only attendants I now retain about me. On my return to France, about half my estate was restored to me, but in such a ruinous condition, that it will require much care and expence to restore it to its former condition. We wish to retrieve the family. So, while Charles practices what economy he can, at his regiment, I nurse the estate for him. We are not yet able to rebuild our chateau; but I have repaired this wing very comfortably, which is sufficiently spacious for a solitary old man. And two attendants are surely sufficient for one, who, for many years, attended on himself."

"Ah my friend," said Mons. de Beaucaire, pressing his hand.

"Do not pity me, my friend," said the Count de Beaumont, "but rather congratulate me, that I am restored to the patrimony of my ancestors. My descendants may retrieve the family splendour, and I am certainly more fortunate, than many others of our formerly wealthy nobles, who have lost every foot of land, and now roam in indigence."

"But, my friend," said the Marquis de Beaucaire, "can you, with patience, see your undoubted property quietly possessed by usurpers?"

"Mons. de Beaucaire, think how welcome moderate rents and commodious lodgings must be to a man who not many years since, rented a room, sixteen feet square, and earned his subsistence, with the labour of his hands. Yes, to you, my old friend, I will candidly avow, although it be not known in France, nor indeed any where else, for I passed under an assumed name. Yes, my friend, the representative of the family de Beaumont, shaved the faces of the public to obtain a livelihood."

The Marquis de Beaucaire raised his hands and eyes in mute amazement. Theodore listened attentively.

"You are surprised, my friend; but, escaped as if by miracle from death, thrown destitute on a foreign soil, with an infant son, the sole remnant of my beloved family, I could not also see him perish with want. No other means of subsistence presented itself; but chance at length brought my faithful Gilbert into my shop. He had long been in search of me. Judge of our mutual joy, at the recognition. He had obtained possession of some of the family jewels, which he delivered to me. I sold them; and the proceeds enabled me to commence a small perfumer's shop. Gilbert assisted me. Our business prospered. We lived comfortably; and, what

was of more importance, I was enabled to educate my son Charles."

Monsieur de Beaucaire pressed the hand of his friend, but spoke not.

"You will dine with me, Monsieur de Beaucaire, and you Monsieur de Clermont. It will be variety, for you gentlemen, to take a plate of soup, in a plain frugal style. Gilbert is an excellent cook, and will make us some little dish, that even you will relish Monsieur de Beaucaire."

"With pleasure, my friend, I accept your invitation," said the Marquis, "and Theodore, you may return to us, after you have made your calls."

"I shall not say adieu," cried the youth; and his thoughts, during the continuance of his ride, was on the fickleness of fortune, and the vicissitudes of life. A Count shaving the face of a tailor." This idea was a great counterbalance to the aristocratic ideas he was imperceptibly imbibing.

He had now reached the magnificent Hotel des Abbayes. Every thing bespoke grandeur and opulence. Fine groves of olives met his eyes in every direction. Orange shrubberies surrounded the house. The vines bore the marks of the most careful cultivation. Several grooms, in rich liveries, took his horse. He was then shewn into a splendid apartment, where he waited not many minutes, when the Marquis des Abbayes made his appearance.

"You are highly welcome, Mons. de Clermont," said he, with great cordiality. "I had purposed calling on you this day myself, to express my sentiments of gratitude. To you, Mons. de Clermont, I owe the life of my only child."

"I hope Mademoiselle des Abbayes has received no injury from the accident?"

"She is in excellent health, and will soon appear, to thank her deliverer."

The door opened, and Sophia, in a rich and becoming dress, entered and paid her compliments, with a grace and ease of manner, that Theodore had not hitherto had any idea of. He returned them in his best manner. She continued the conversation with great wit and gaiety, and her father displayed much good sense and sound understanding.

Theodore was unusually silent; but his eyes and ears were fascinated. He was invited to stay to dinner; and this reminded him of his engagement with Mons. de Beaumont, when declining their invitation he took his leave.

He found dinner waiting at the chateau de Beaumont; and, on his arrival, the Count with his guests seated themselves at table, which was spread in a neat plain style. Gilbert, who had laid the cloth, now took his place at the buffet. Theodore regarded him with attention. He appeared about fifty, seemed very hale and active, and had a peculiar expression of honesty and benevolence in his countenance. Mons. de Beaumont observed the direction of Theodore's eyes. "You seem desirous Mons. de Clermont, of a further acquaintance with Gilbert, and I can assure you, he merits it."

Gilbert coloured, put his hand to his heart, and bowed. "Oh Monsieur le Comte!"

"You are fortunate, Mons. de Beaumont," said Theodore, "in such a faithful attendant."

"You know not, gentlemen, in what a variety of ways, Gilbert can make himself useful. With his own hands, he has cultivated most of the vegetables that compose our dinner. His care has raised the poultry. He has cooked the dinner, and now performs the office of butler." "O Monsieur le Comte," again ejaculated Gilbert.

"You are fortunate, my friend, in an attachment that thus multiplies its services," said the Marquis

de Beaucaire, "and you were doubly so in your exile."

"Yes, my friend, I owe gratitude to Gilbert; for he alone made that exile tolerable, and, by his faithfulness, relieved me from drudgery."

Gilbert looked inquisitively at his master, then at the other gentlemen. "Surely, Monsieur le Comte, you have not betrayed us?"

"Fear not, Gilbert," said his master, "you need not suspect the honour of these gentlemen. You must know, gentlemen, that Gilbert is very nice respecting the honour of the de Beaumont family, and considers any stain upon it, as the greatest possible misfortune."

"The Count de Beaumont is truly a practical philosopher," said Monsieur de Beaucaire, as he and his son sat on the terrace, fronting their Hotel, enjoying the cooling breeze.

"My dear father," said Theodore, "the Count de Beaumont fully demonstrates the proposition, that happiness resides not in situation or condition. He appears happy, even amidst the ruins of his house, and satisfactorily enjoys what remains in his possession; and I think that he was not miserable in his exile, nor even in the servile condition, to which he alluded."

"O France! France!" cried the old gentleman, "to what have your sons been reduced!"

"I think we should be particularly thankful," said Theodore, "for we have been so singularly fortunate, amidst the devastations, that have overwhelmed so many families."

"Yes, my son," replied the Marquis. "Providence has, indeed, been kind. Forgive me, my God, that I have hitherto been such an ingrate, in the midst of so many benefits. It is true, my Emilie has perished; but her sufferings were soon over, and

she doubtless enjoys their reward in Heaven. My chateau is destroyed; but another is provided me, while poor de Beaumont——! Good night, my son;" and the Marquis, in a more than commoly resigned state of mind, retired to his chamber.

Theodore was now left alone. He walked backwards and forwards, on the terrace. His thoughts quickly escaped from the old chateau de Beaumont.

The magnificent Hotel des Abbayes, the elegant Sophia, flitted through his imagination, as some bright object of fairy land. "She is superlatively lovely," he ejaculated. "Who is so lovely, Mons. Theodore?" said a voice: Theodore started: "Jeannette, is that you?"

"Who but me, my dear young master? But, what lady is that, who engrosses your fancy!"

"Sit down, Jeannette, and tell me all you know of Mademoiselle des Abbayes."

"Ah, indeed, Monsieur Theodore. I might then talk all night. It is she then, who has won your heart? Well it will do, my child. You are but a younger son, and she a great heiress."

"Ah too true, Jeannette, I must stifle my predilection in its infancy; for the Marquis des Abbayes will never give his daughter to a portionless man."

"Do but hear him," cried Jeannette. "Let me see the lady in Provence, who is too good for Theodore de Clermont; and she too, the daughter of du Monier."

"There again, Jeannette. My father's prejudices are so violent against what he terms new men."

"Bless me, master Theodore. One would think you were a child, and knew nothing of the world. Mons. le Marquis object to your marrying the heiress of all the des Abbayes property, and the possessor of half a dozen estates besides; and you a younger son, and, as you say, portionless! That were a

likely story. If you were the eldest son and successor, perhaps the old gentleman might object a little; and, even then, he would soon see the advantages of such a marriage. It would make the Marquis de Beaucaire the wealthiest noble in Provence."

"Ah, Jeannette, I was educated in the new world, and know little of your intricate European politics; but you encourage me; dear nurse, and I will love on; for where shall I again find such an assemblage of perfection."

"Mademoiselle Sophia des Abbayes is very lovely, and very amiable," said Jeannette, "but tell me, my child, where did you meet with her? Where did you first see her?"

Theodore related his yesterday's adventure, and his morning's visit.

"A good beginning, Monsieur Theodore," cried the nurse. "You have then saved her life. Her father is grateful, and you are in a fair way of obtaining your desire; for no one ever taxed du Monier Marquis des Abbayes with ingratitude. I shall then see you as great a man as your brother Louis; nay, more powerful, and far more wealthy. You may likewise succeed to the title; for a de Clermont will surely make a better Marquis than a du Monier."

"Ah, Jeannette, but it is not ambition fills my heart. It is love. I only wish to obtain the alluring Sophia."

"It is well, my son. You are young. Enjoy the prospect of a happy love; but old people look further. They think on the solid comforts of wealth. When your dream of youthful all engrossing love has evaporated, or subsided into the sober reality of domestic affection, then will you find, in your possession, what will contain more solid charms."

"You alarm me, Jeannette. Does Sophia then possess such trivial qualities, that she cannot retain affection?"

"No, Theodore, I have always heard the daughter of Sophia des Abbayes extolled, and well spoken of. Love her. This will add a thousand charms to her in your eyes. Woo her, obtain her, my son. Good night. I have some business in the house, that I must do immediately."

"Stop, Jeanuette, I have a few more enquiries to make."

"Not tonight, Master Theodore. I have now no time to listen to you."

Again Theodore relapsed into a reverie. His hopes were now more sanguine; but still mixed with doubt. Sophia might not view him with a favourable eye. Her affections might be previously engaged. Her father had probably some wealthy suitor in view; and his own father, notwithstanding Jeanette's assertion, might be averse to uniting his blood with that of du Monier. "But, could I secure Sophia's affections," thought Theodore, "I might perhaps obtain her;" and he retired to bed, with the pleasing hope, that this might be possible.

De Clermont rode out the following day on horseback. He took the road towards des Abbayes. He passed it reluctantly; but could frame no satisfactory excuse for again calling there so soon. But fortune befriended him; for he perceived, on passing a turn in the road, a lady with attendants, on horseback; when clapping spurs to his horse, he soon overtook Sophia, for she it was.

"What a happy rencontre for me, Mademoiselle! I see that the past accident has not prevented you from again venturing out on your steed."

"Ah, Monsieur de Clermont," cried Sophia, "I was, it is true, rather timid about mounting my palfrey to-day; but I need not surely fear danger, with so brave a knight by my side."

"Do you then dub me your knight, Mademoiselle?"

Enviab!e pre-eminence! Here then I swear myself your servant, and esteem myself the most fortunate youth in France."

"See, then," said she gaily, "that you never forsake the colours of your lawful mistress;" and she presented him a ribband, that encircled her waist.

With similar badinage they enlivened their ride. To Sophia, this strain of gallantry was familiar. To Theodore, it was new, but very attractive, and he soon entered into it with such spirit, that Mademoiselle des Abbayes began to think Monsieur de Ciermont had as much wit as bravery. That he was well made, and had an agreeable countenance, she had already perceived. He escorted her home, and could not refuse the invitation he received to enter. The Marquis seemed much pleased to see him, and gave him a pressing invitation to spend as much time at the Hotel des Abbayes, as he could spare from his father.

Thus encouraged, Theodore returned home, with pleasing hopes, and high expectations. He chose not, however, to confide them to his father; not only from the timidity attendant on a first passion, but also from a dread of having his hopes opposed. For Theodore was now in love. He lived but in the presence of Sophia. He passed most of his time with her; and Mons. de Beaucaire, who was often with his old friend, the Count de Beaumont, made no particular enquiries respecting the pursuits of his son. Theodore had not told Sophia he loved her; but his every action demonstrated his growing affection. She was perfectly sensible of his love, and satisfied with this, wished not to precipitate him into a formal avowal.

The Marquis des Abbayes was highly pleased with his new acquaintance, and delighted with that absence of haughtiness in Theodore, so conspicu-

ous in the descendants of the ancient noblesse. "Sophia," said he, one day, as he and his daughter were seated together, "I have a better opinion of young de Clermont, than of any of the young men of the present day. He is so devoid of artifice, so candid, and withal so courteous."

"He is a brave young man," she replied.

"Yes, Sophia, he is a brave youth. He saved your life, I wish he were the eldest son, and heir to the Marquis de Beaucaire. I should then know whom to choose for a son-in-law."

"What, without consulting me, papa?"

"I should not fear much opposition from you, Sophia," said the father, smiling. "Our estates united, would be the greatest in Provence; and now that nobility is again in vogue, their ancient house would add new lustre to your mother's."

"But Theodore de Clermont is not the heir," said Sophia, pensively.

"He is not," said the Marquis, "but we may perhaps soon see the young Vicount de Luneville, and compare the brothers together."

A few days after this conversation, Sophia wandered out alone. The sun was low sinking in the west. A pleasant breeze fanned the air, and its refreshing effects invited to the fields. She strayed carelessly along; but, by degrees, her steps lost their elasticity. An unusual pensiveness pervaded her mind. She moved slowly forward. The sun had now disappeared; but Cynthia had taken his place, and shone in placid majesty in the Heavens, which glittered with innumerable stars. The silence of evening succeeded the buzz of day. Here and there a solitary bird chanted its pensive note. Sophia thought of her mother. "That kind, that amiable parent is gone," said she, "and I am left without a female companion. I am at seventeen, with-

out a directress. My father grows feeble. Should I loose him; ah Sophia, who more forsaken than thou? Thy great estates would only prove a lure for the unprincipled fortune-seeker, who, after deceiving my unwary youth, would perhaps regard me as an incumbrance on the property." She paused under a large cherry tree, and pensively leaned against the trunk. Theodore, who had called at the house and found Sophia absent, walked out in search of her, and at this moment made his appearance.

"Mademoiselle des Abbayes," he cried, "what pensive mood thus leads you to wander out alone?"

"You know Mons. de Clermont, that I have neither brother nor sister. I have lost my mother; and the age and infirmities of my father precludes his accompanying me."

"Ah Sophia, with what joy, what pleasure—— could I always accompany you."

"You would then," she replied, attempting to shake off her pensive feeling, "confine me a prisoner, excepting when you were at leisure to attend the captive bird."

"Ah Mademoiselle, it is your affections alone that I wish to retain captive."

"You will accompany me to the house, Mons. de Clermont. It grows late, and my father will enquire after me."

She took his arm, and they proceeded along the winding path, that led to the chateau. They passed through a thick grove of orange trees. "This was the favourite retreat of my mother," said Sophia. "O Mons. de Clermont, how solitary it now appears. How often have I, seated by her side in that recess, listened with intense interest to her tales of revolutionary horrors; when her father, her mother, all her family perished; when her own life hung upon a thread. How my young heart beat,

When I imagined that kind mother passing the first night of mourning for her whole family, alone in a gloomy dismal cell. That dear mother would then kiss away my tears. "Weep not, my child," she would say. "Your love counterbalances all my sufferings. May the fate of Sophia be far more happy, than that of her mother."

Theodore pressed the hand, that rested on his arm. "Dear Sophia, would that my attentions could replace those of your mother. Would that I were permitted to devote my attentions, my love, my life to you. He answer not, Sophia;" and the youth trembling in every fibre awaiting the decision of his fate, bent one knee on the ground, and still retained the hand he held. The moon suddenly issuing from a cloud, shone full upon his face, and displayed his pale anxious countenance, fixed upon hers with imploring energy. Sophia regarded him for some moments in silence. The tremor communicated itself to her. "Rise, Theodore," said she, "rise Mons. de Clermont."

"Not till you seal my fate, Sophia."

"I am not a free agent, Monsieur de Clermont. I depend entirely on the will of my father. Strive not then to entangle me in a clandestine engagement.— Believe me, Theodore, they generally prove unfortunate."

"Sophia, you know not what it is to love, or you could not reason thus."

"True, Monsieur de Clermont, with my parents my affections have hitherto been concentrated."

"But, dearest Sophia, you have lost your mother. You may soon lose your father. Your affections will then be left without an object, while the unfortunate Theodore, who would devote his life for you, whose constant aim would have been to render you the happiest of women, may be at a great distance,

miserable and forlorn; for what is the world to him without you, Sophia? You may, indeed, bestow yourself on some more favorite man; but he can never love you like Theodore."

"Rise, Monsieur de Clermont, and we can further discuss this subject, as we walk homeward."

"No, Sophia, I cannot rise, without an answer. Suspense is misery, and an unfavourable certainty will be despair."

"Well then, Theodore, I will sit beside thee, here on this bank.——Now, my friend, let us reason calmly. You say you love me. Well then, should I be so inconsiderate as to give you my heart, in return for your protestations, we are both very young, entirely dependant on the will of our fathers. Should they have other views for us, we should then only render each other miserable."

"You then deny my suit, Mademoiselle des Abbayes," and he clasped his hands with a violent expression of agony.

"Theodore, dear Theodore, you alarm me!"

"O fear not, Mademoiselle des Abbayes. I will conduct you home in safety. De Clermont will soon join his regiment, nor ever again trouble or alarm you."

"Theodore, my deliverer, what would you have me do?"

"O think no more of the portionless de Clermont, who has neither title nor estates to offer you."

"Ah, little do you know how to appreciate the heart of Sophia des Abbayes, if you think that ambition or avarice reigns predominant in her bosom."

"You cannot love me then, Sophia. It is myself, and not my fortune, that you refuse."

"Why will you thus persevere, de Clermont? Rather seek to ingratiate yourself with my father. You are already high in his favour, and he thinks

much of the family of de Clermont. I repeat it again, my friend; we are so dependant on our fathers, that we cannot subsist without their good will."

"Ah!" exclaimed Theodore, "this is the state of vassalage and dependance, in which Europe retains her sons. Were I in America, I would exert the faculties of a man, and maintain you independently."

—But it is too true, things are differently situated in France; and you, Sophia, educated in luxury and splendour, could not conform to my situation. But, is there here no path open to success? Yes, I may rise in my profession. I have remained too long in slothful inaction. I must join my regiment. But, Sophia, will you not accord me some small token, that, when I appear before you crowned with success, in a situation to demand you of your father, I may then rest assured of your approbation?"

"You are then going to abandon me, de Clermont?"

"That I may obtain you, Sophia."

"May you prosper, de Clermont," said she, in a faltering voice.

"It is then with some reluctance that you part with me?" said Theodore. "Sophia, dearest object of my affections, tell me, is Theodore de Clermont any place in your heart? May he ever hope to obtain the love of Sophia?"

"Ah! Theodore, why am I not at my own disposal?"

"You love me then, Sophia," and he clasped her to his breast. Her heart beat violently, and a moment of agonizing bliss obliterated all but present reality. Sophia gently disengaged herself. A pause succeeded. Sophia interrupted it. "Despair not, de Clermont, seek the friendship of my father. He is attached to you. He may make us happy.—Let us now hasten home. My absence may have alarmed the family."

CHAPTER XII.

The other ~~face~~ seem'd ev'n of fairer hue ;
 But bold her mien ; unguarded rov'd her eye.
 Her wailing voice the youth attentive caught :
 He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid ;
 Still gaz'd and listened : then her name besought.
 'The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,
 Through all her fraudulent arts in clearest light
 Then, in her native form, he now beheld ;
 Unveil'd she stood, confess'd before his sight.

SPENCER.

VARIOUS were the reflections that occupied the mind of Theodore, as he, that night, laid his head on his sleepless pillow. "Such," thought he, "are some of miseries, which these artificial distinctions of society create. I, as a younger son, must sacrifice my feelings, hopes and happiness, to the grandeur of my family. My brother inherits opulence. It is his birthright; and happiness he may seek, where he pleases; but I must cut my way through life with my sword. And what am I profited by this blood and family distinction, which I hear so much extolled? It confines me to a barren profession and prevents my launching out into any of the common avenues to wealth or competency. My American education, that cherished in me generous feelings of honest independence, was a poor preparation for my present situation, and scenes in which I shall probably be engaged. But I must accommodate myself to existing circumstances, I must boldly pursue the path fortune has chalked out for me. I must distinguish myself; and that purse proud man may think himself honoured in bestowing the hand of his daughter on Theodore de Clermont."

Theodore had formed the resolution of joining his regiment, that he might be in the way of action and promotion; but several days elapsed, and he

had taken no step to that effect; for he passed most of his time with Sophia, and every night promised himself to act decisively the next day.

One morning, during breakfast, some letters were brought in. Theodore opened the one addressed to him. It contained an order from his commanding officer to join his regiment, which was stationed on the confines of Germany. There was also a letter from de Luneville to his father, announcing his intention of visiting Beaucaire. "It is well," said the Marquis, for though I part with you, I shall have de Luneville with me. Pray Heaven, that he may take a resolution to settle down quietly. I shall feel your absence, Theodore; but you must follow your profession, my son, and carve yourself out a road to distinction."

Theodore felt that now he must go; and he endeavored to exert his resolution to depart with becoming fortitude. His feelings amounted to agony, when taking leave of Sophia. He had made no direct application to her father; for he deemed it too rash an attempt to risk his happiness upon, in his then dependant condition; and, in parting with her, he felt all the uncertainty of his situation,

He left the Marquis de Beaucaire with regret; for much affection had grown up between the father and son, since their re-union. The old gentleman shed tears, as he gave him his parting blessing, and long gazed after him. But de Luneville arrived. He was the hope of the family, and withal a kind and dutiful son, though more volatile and fond of pleasure than his brother.

Louis was much pleased with Beaucaire, and set about schemes of improvement, with the alacrity of one who knew that all he saw would soon come into his possession. He cultivated the society of his neighbors, practised the greatest courtesy and affa-

bility amongst his dependants, and soon made himself the delight of the poor, and obtained the esteem and good will of the rich.

In the mean time, Theodore pensively pursued the road to his regiment. He felt solitary and forlorn, in the midst of France. Sophia engrossed much of his thoughts; but his heart still recurred to his home in America; for such he loved to call Tonnewonte. "If it is distinction I am seeking in France," said Theodore, "I enjoyed more of it in the Genesee country. There I was loved and cherished. Now I am wandering alone."

At length he reached his regiment, in which he held a captain's commission. It was quartered in a small frontier town. All were strangers, and de Clermont found none that interested him particularly. He would have been devoured with ennui, had he not exerted himself to shake off his dejection, and applied to study with great perseverance. He now found the good effect of Capt. Marvin's instructions, who had taught him to make the most of time.

Young de Clermont soon gained the esteem of his brother officers, and was much noticed by his Colonel. His dejection by degrees subsided, and his hopes revived. "I shall make myself worthy of Sophia," thought he, "and in the end I shall obtain her." This was the prize held out in his imagination, as the reward for all his exertions; the hope which displayed a smiling vision in prospect; for Sophia would prove faithful. That he could not doubt.

One evening, Theodore was busily occupied in his chamber, drawing the line of a fortification; when he was interrupted by the entrance of his servant, who handed him a note. The direction was in an unknown hand, and it contained these mysterious words:

"Handsome stranger, if you are as brave, as your appearance is prepossessing, fly to the relief of an unfortunate, who must perish without your assistance. Lose no time; but follow the bearer, who will conduct you where your presence is greatly desired."

"Who brought this letter?" enquired Theodore.

"A sort of a page," replied the servant.

"Shew him in."

A young lad, wrapt in a dark mantle; made his appearance. The servant retired.

"From whom bring you this note!" said de Clermont.

"I am not permitted to declare," replied the lad.

"Of what service is it, if I know not who wrote it?"

"Follow me, and you shall see," said the page.

Theodore hesitated; but the spirit of youthful enterprise prompted him to undertake what had so much the appearance of an adventure.

"The writer of this is unfortunate?" said de Clermont.

"Very probably," replied the lad.

Theodore fastened on his sword, wrapped himself in a large mantle; and they sallied forth.

The youth let him through many turnings and windings. Theodore endeavored to obtain some clue from him but his answers were so laconic, that he could discover nothing from them. A coach stood waiting in a retired street. "We must embark in this," said the boy. De Clermont hesitated. "What do you fear?" cried the lad. Theodore sprang into the carriage, and the horses set out full speed. The evening was dark; the blinds up, so that it was impossible for him to discover where they were conducting him. After half an hour's ride, the carriage stopt. The steps were let down. The young page sprang out. Theodore followed,

and found himself in the court yard of what appeared a splendid chateau. Several of the windows were brilliantly illuminated; and as he was inspecting the whole, with attentive curiosity, a door was opened, through which his guide entered, beckoning to Theodore to follow. Again he was led thro' many windings; but the guide at length paused in an elegant boudoir, furnished in the most luxurious style. "Rest here," said the page, "and the person you seek will presently appear." He then departed; and Theodore, after surveying the apartment with astonishment and curiosity, threw himself on a couch, and awaited, with some degree of impatience, the conclusion of the adventure.

A door suddenly opened, and a lady in an elegant dishabille, entered the apartment. Her features were concealed by a veil thrown carelessly over her head; but the studied negligence of her dress displayed the utmost symmetry and elegance of form. Theodore hastily arose. He bowed in much confusion, and stood hesitating what to say.

The lady curtsied, motioned him to sit down, then seated herself beside him, on an ottoman.

A few moments silence ensued, while each took a survey of the other. At length Theodore assumed confidence to say, "I was brought here by a claim on my humanity. Tell me fair lady, who is it desires the assistance of Theodore de Clermont, and what is required of him? for he trusts he will never be deaf to the calls of the unfortunate."

"Generous stranger," replied the lady, "it is as I expected. The heart of Capt. de Clermont belies not his appearance."

"You know me then?" said Theodore, "though I have not the honor of recognizing you, Madam."

"I am no stranger to your reputation, Capt. de Clermont, and I have likewise been in company with you."

"Remove then, Madam, that envious veil, that may see, and have the honor of knowing who it is that now addresses me."

"Most probably you would not then recognize me, Monsieur de Clermont. You were last evening at the Prince of M——'s masqued ball?"

"I was, Madam," replied Theodore.

"I there saw and conversed with you," said the lady.

"Indeed, Madam, who then have I the honour of addressing?"

"That is foreign to the question," replied the lady, smiling.

"Pardon me, fair lady," said Theodore, "it is but a poor return for the trust reposed in me, thus to forget what I came here for. Pray, Madam, inform me who it is requires my assistance, and what is expected of me?"

"I believe, Capt. de Clermont, that you are worthy of confidence, which has occasioned our selection of you."

"Speak Madam, in what can I oblige so fair a lady? I am impatient to demonstrate to you, that your confidence has not been misplaced."

"Judge then de Clermont, how much I rely on your honor," and she approached near to him, laid her hand on his, and affected to speak in a low voice. "I have a near relation, de Clermont, who possesses my friendship, and esteem. He has become obnoxious to the ruling powers. They have passed sentence of death on him; but he is now concealed in this house. It is hard for a man to lose his life for his political opinions. At any rate, I must save my cousin. He wishes to embark for America, that land of freedom; but this he cannot do without assistance. We are closely watched; for it is suspected that we harbor him. Now, Monsieur

de Clermont, any communications, that you might have with American vessels, would not be remarked, as it is known you were educated in that country; and your information will likewise be very useful to my cousin, in directing him how to conduct himself on his arrival in America. You now perceive the necessity of the secrecy observed in conducting you here; for should your communication with us be observed, such is the vigilance of the police, that we could derive no benefit from any exertions your active generosity may be inclined to make in our favour."

"Ah, Madam," said Theodore, unconsciously taking the hand that reposed on his. "Such a fair pleader could never ask in vain, did not other motives powerfully impel me to exert myself to assist your friend. You may depend, fair lady, on any assistance in my power. Am I now to be introduced to the gentleman?"

"No, not tonight," said the lady. "We can together arrange the scheme, and when all is prepared for its execution, I will introduce you to my cousin."

After a couple of hours conversation, in which Theodore and the lady had become quite well acquainted, "It is time to part tonight, Monsieur de Clermont," said she. "In two days more I shall again send for you, that we may determine on something; but before you depart, you must partake of some refreshments."

She then gave him her hand, and conducted him into an adjoining apartment, where a small collation, consisting of the most exquisite luxuries, and the choicest wines, was spread on a superb sideboard, glittering with plate. The lady pressed him to help himself; but no one else appeared. He was not surprised at this, as the account given by her fully accounted for the secrecy that was observed.

Their collation finished, the lady bade him good-night. His guide, in the dark mantle, appeared, and Theodore was conducted home, in the same manner that he had been brought away. It was then dawn of day. He thought it too late to retire to bed; but, throwing himself on a large fauteuil, he mused on this commencement of an adventure. His youthful imagination was incited by the appearance of mystery. He was flattered by the attentions of the amiable lady; and he resolved to assist her friend to the uttermost.

Several similar visits ensued. Theodore and the lady still concerting schemes for the escape of her cousin; but something was always wanting, so that none of them had yet been carried into execution.

The lady still retained her veil, which, though apparently thrown negligently over her head, was yet so artfully contrived, that the folds concealed her features. One evening, a more than usual vein of pleasantry had insinuated itself into their conversation. The fate of the cousin was forgot, in a conversation full of wit and gaiety. Theodore discovered the lady to be so prepossessing, that an irresistible curiosity seized him, to discern the features of this captivating woman. "Why, Madam," exclaimed he, "do you suffer that veil to conceal the charms that no doubt lurk beneath?"

"Such is the manner in which your sex flatter us," she replied. "A gentleman in company with a lady, thinks he fails in good breeding, unless he commend her perfections, though in his mind he will not allow her the possession of a single charm."

"Ah, Madam, how you wrong yourself?" cried Theodore, "every thing convinces me that the charms of my lovely incognita are not excelled by the various perfections of Venus."

Generous wine and their previous lively conver-

sation, had impelled him to an unusual degree of vivacity. "Envious veil," cried he, "no longer shall you conceal them from my sight;" and he snatched it from her head.

A transcendently lovely countenance was exposed to his view. The lady appeared about five and twenty. Her brilliant black eyes shone on him, with a mixture of animation and voluptuousness.—The negligence of her dishabille also displayed more powerful charms. His senses were entranced; his eyes sparkled; they expressed love, desire and admiration.

"Bold man," cried she, affecting displeasure.—Their eyes met. A mutual flame seemed enkindled. She held out her hand; "I must forgive you, de Clermont." He seized it, imprinted on it a passionate kiss, and sunk on his knees. His lips were about to utter protestations of love. The ardeпт gaze of the lady was eagerly bent on him. He raised his eyes to hers; and the image of Sophia presented itself to his imagination. "How different her modest glance?" thought he. A pang of self-accusation ensued. "Sophia, am I then unfaithful to virtue, and to thee?" He bent his eyes on the ground. Confusion and self abasement followed. He wished to sink into the earth. He dared not lift his eyes again to meet the glance so ardently directed at him. At this moment the well known step of the guide, warning him it was time to depart, relieved him from a very unenviable state of mind. He sprang from his recumbent posture. "Stop a moment, de Clermont," cried the lady; but de Clermont was gone.

In a moody frame of mind, Theodore reached his lodgings. He threw himself in a fauteuil; and his heart felt the conflicts of remorse. "Who can this woman be?" cried he to himself. In all our inter-

course, she has given me no clue, by which I can discover who she is. Every thing around her displays wealth and magnificence. She evidently encouraged my advances. Is she disengaged? and does she desire an honorable connexion with me? Why, then, so much mystery? Ah, Sophia, did you know all this, would you ever deign to think again of Theodore? How has this Circe played on my vanity? How could I for a moment forget the modest, the amiable Sophia? My heart was indeed not unfaithful to her, but why did I suffer my senses to be touched? Why did I permit myself to be led by vanity? And should this cousin prove an ignis fatuus,— O Theodore, what a dupe wilt thou have been?"

It was, however, necessary to attend parade; and Theodore sallied out with all the composure, he could assume. A young officer, named de Lavol, with whom he had been on greater terms of intimacy, than with any other, accompanied him home. Theodore's plans lay on the table. "Let us see how you progress," said de Lavol, examining them. "Ah, indeed, they have advanced but little, since I was here last; but if report speaks truth, you are far more pleasantly engaged."

"What says report!" cried Theodore, endeavoring to conceal his alarm; for conscience was now his inward accuser.

"It declares you a distinguished man, Captain de Clermont, at least in the lists of love."

"And who is the object of my affections?" enquired Theodore.

"Oh that is only whispered; but the fame of a lady of high rank is sadly implicated with yours; and indeed de Clermont, if it come to her husband's ears, I may be called on to act as a second."

Theodore shuddered; for he was new to vice. "De Lavol," said he, earnestly, "I entreat you to tell me honestly what you have heard?"

De Lavol laid down the papers he held in his hands. He looked at Theodore. "May I be candid, de Clermont?"

"I entreat that you would be so," cried Theodore.

"Well then, it is reported that you are engaged in an intrigue; that your nights are spent at the chateau de N——, and that your secret visits there, are authorised and contrived by the Dutchess."

"I never heard her name before," said Theodore.

"Report greatly belies you, then," said de Lavol.

"Listen, my friend," cried de Clermont, "I believe you a man of worth, and think I may safely confide in your honor. A stranger to the manners and society of Europe, without a counsellor, I know not what to decide; for though report wrong me greatly, it is true that I am involved in an adventure of some intricacy."

"You are right, de Clermont," replied de Lavol.

"You may indeed safely confide in my honor; for though you are young and rather heedless yourself, still my best advice and assistance are at your service."

Theodore then related every thing that had passed between himself and his incognita. De Lavol listened attentively. "You have fallen into dangerous hands," said he. "This lady can be no other than the Dutchess of N——, who is as much celebrated for artifice, as for beauty and gallantry. She is likewise described as extremely revengeful, on the least appearance of a slight, from any of her admirers. Her husband is old and disagreeable, but very powerful; and should you abruptly break off all intercourse with the Dutchess, there is no knowing how far her resentment, and the Duke's influence might be carried; for she has the finesse to make him act just as she pleases."

"You then think that this account of her cousin was all a feint," said Theodore.

"My life on it," replied de Lavol.

"I was lately thinking as much," said Theodore.
 "I must break off all communication with the lady."

"Not abruptly, de Clermont. I would not brave the deep artifices of her resentment."

"I cannot temporize," replied Theodore.

"You must then leave this place," said de Lavol.

"Am I not bound to my regiment?" cried de Clermont.

"In about two months, our regiment changes its destination. Could you obtain leave of absence, for that time, you might avoid further communication with your incognita, and join the regiment at its next quarters."

"But, shall I act in so cowardly a manner?" said Theodore.

"Bravery is of no avail here," said his friend. "It is not your life she would aim at, but your reputation and honor. She might even accomplish your dismissal from the regiment."

"Into what perplexity has one imprudent step thrown me," cried Theodore. "Had I not foolishly obeyed the first mysterious summons, I should not now be involved in this perplexing intrigue."

"You must learn wisdom from experience," said de Lavol. "At present, follow my advice, and obtain leave of absence." He then took leave, and de Clermont passed the day very pensively, and the night in deliberation.

The following morning, de Lavol entered in great haste. "News, de Clermont! News! But, doff that white cockade!"

"What mean you, de Lavol?"

"Follow my example, and cry, *Vive l'Empereur*," said he, taking some tri-coloured cockades from his pocket, and affixing one to his hat.

"Are you mad?" cried Theodore.

"Mad with joy, de Clermont. In short the Emperor is in Paris. That log king, Louis 18th, with all his Bourbon tribe, have fled France; and the army has declared for Napoleon. The news reached us this morning. Our regiment has hailed its Emperor's return with shouts of joy. You must have been in a trance, not to have heard them. Come, hand me your hat, de Clermont, I have a cockade for you."

"This is, indeed, important news, Capt. de Lavol; but, no, it is mere badinage."

"No, faith, it is no jest, but joyful reality."

"Is it an officer in the service of the King of France, who holds this discourse?"

"Hear reason, Capt. de Clermont. Ten years since, I entered, as a volunteer, the service of Napoleon Buonaparte. From grade to grade, I obtained at twenty-four, the command of a company, in which rank under the Bourbons, I am likely to remain stationary; but the hero Napoleon is the commander for brave men. We will rise, my friend. We shall soon see active service; and who knows, but two embryo generals are now conversing."

"If such are your sentiments, how could you serve Louis?" enquired Theodore.

"Could I stand alone against the nation? But I loved Buonaparte in my heart; and, now that he has France for him again, I follow her example, with joyful alacrity. *Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!*—Come, hand me your hat, here is the cockade," continued de Lavol.

"No," replied Theodore, "I entered the service of Louis the eighteenth; I swore fealty to him; and, during his life, I can serve no other."

"You will then lose your commission. The regiment has declared for Napoleon," said de Lavol.

"Be it so," cried Theodore. "It is near the time of parade. Shall we go together?"

"I am still your friend, Capt. de Clermont, tho' we may differ in political opinions. You are ignorant of the general ferment, which now agitates the public mind: Should you appear in public, with that white cockade, you may lose your life."

"I will go," said Theodore, "without any party distinction."

De Clermont and de Lavol proceeded together through the street. The air rang with the shouts of '*Vive l'Empereur! Vive Napoleon!*' Several regiments were assembled on the parade. The shouts passed from rank to rank: "Have I deceived you?" said de Lavol:

"No, my friend," replied Theodore, "I am all astonishment. How versatile is public opinion!"

"Not so much as you think, Capt. de Clermont. Napoleon Buonaparte possesses the heart of the soldiery, under whatever colours they may serve."

"He is, indeed, an extraordinary man," said Theodore.

"He is the commander for brave men, Capt. de Clermont. Come, join your regiment, and, in serving the Emperor, lay the foundation of your own fortune."

"I might, perhaps, be tempted to follow your advice," said Theodore, "were I totally unconnected; but my family is strictly loyal, and my father—— No, it is impossible. I must quit the regiment."

Theodore returned pensively to his quarters, amidst the shouts of enthusiasm, that re-echoed thro' the air. Perfectly at a loss what course to pursue, he sat ruminating in his apartment. He must quit his regiment; but where must he proceed? His father and brother had probably left France. Had they fled to Germany? Or had they followed the royal family? Most likely they had proceeded to their estate, near Vienna. It was then best for him

to join them there. But his heart pointed towards Provence. Could he leave France, without taking leave of Sophia? That would be relinquishing her for ever. Evening surprised him in this state of uncertainty. He was pacing the floor of his chamber, when his old acquaintance, the page, was announced. "You will please to follow me, Capt. de Clermont."

"What, tonight?" cried Theodore, scarcely knowing what he said.

"Yes, as speedily as possible. My lady has something of importance to communicate," said the page.

"Impossible, my friend; I cannot go tonight," replied de Clermont.

"My lady will be very much disappointed. She bid me not return without you."

"I cannot possibly accompany you to night; for business of the utmost importance detains me."

"Is this the answer I must bring my lady?"

"Yes, and present her my compliments."

The page departed; and de Lavol entered.

"Faith, de Clermont, a very gallant answer to send a lady; you will hear more from her, I can assure you."

"I shall soon be beyond her influence," replied Theodore.

"You leave us then?" enquired his friend.

"There is no alternative," cried Theodore. "I cannot serve Buonaparte; honor forbids."

"Is it a point of honor? Well, then, I must assist you. You will find it very difficult to leave your regiment, without a pass; but I will step to the Colonel's, and procure you one."

"Do, my friend," said Theodore, "and you will for ever oblige me."

In about an hour, de Lavol returned. "It is well for you, de Clermont," cried he, "that we have to do

with a man who understands the point of honor.—
The Colonel, as well as myself, entered the service under Napoleon, and we hold ourselves obliged to serve him, as long as the nation recognizes him for Emperor. But the case is different with you. The Colonel esteems you greatly, and here is your pass. Soon as you leave the regiment, you will do best to leave France; but where are you bound?"

"I should like to visit my father in Provence," said Theodore.

"If your father is the loyalist you say, he has before this left France."

"He has an estate in Germany," said de Clermont.

"You will, then, most probably find him there," said de Lavol.

"But I must visit Provence," replied Theodore.

"O, some little *affaire du cœur*. You must then go in disguise."

"Is it come to this?" cried de Clermont. "Cannot an honest man shew himself in France?"

"Not an avowed adherent of Louis, a deserter from his regiment; for in that light you will be considered. You will be taken up for a spy."

"I must then go in disguise?" said Theodore.

"Assume the dress of a peasant."

"Thank you for the hint, de Lavol. I have been a farmer, and will make no bad peasant."

CHAPTER XIII.

Triumph and sorrow border near
 And joy oft melts into a tear.
 Alas! what links of love that morn
 Has war's rude hand asunder torn?
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought
 And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
 Here, pil'd in common slaughter, sleep
 Those whom affection long shall weep;
 Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
 His orphans to his heart again."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE next morning's sun found Theodore de Clermont in a rustic garb, at some miles distance from his former quarters. He walked steadily forward; and, at the next post town, took a public conveyance. Fearful of exciting suspicion, Theodore was several weeks in reaching Beaucaire, and the last stage of his journey he performed on foot.

The sun was tinging, with his last rays, the western horizon, when de Clermont entered his native village. Afraid of attracting attention, he endeavoured to gain, unobserved, his father's house.

Twilight had now thrown her shadowy veil on every surrounding object. Theodore proceeded hastily forward. His heart faltered, as he noticed the pensive stillness, that had succeeded the former bustling activity, through the environs of the Hotel. No lights illuminated the windows. All was enveloped in sombre gloom. He approached the back door. It was shut. He rapped gently. Presently a light glimmered through the casement; and, "Mon dieu, who is there?" was ejaculated, in the well known voice of Jeannette. "Open the door, Jeannette," cried de Clermont. "I should know that voice among a thousand," said she, unfastening the door; but started back, at sight of Theodore—. "EA

mon dieu! I thought it was my foster son. Who art thou, young man? Does any person accompany thee?"

"Will you give me a night's lodging, Jeannette?"

"*Eh mon dieu, Master Theodore,*" cried she, throwing her arms around his neck. "You here? and in this disguise? Oh unfortunate France! But come in, my son. There is a fire lighted on the kitchen hearth. You will find it pleasant, this damp night. Come, walk in, my son."

"But, my father, my brother, where are they?"

"You shall know all soon enough, Master Theodore."

"Surely nothing has happened to them?" enquired de Clermont.

"First be seated, my child. Now, warm yourself, while I prepare something for your supper. Then you shall hear every thing."

"But, Jeannette, consider my anxiety."

"O, I shall not be long in getting your supper.— There, I have put some nice sausages in the stew pan. I think you are not fond of black puddings, although these I make, are excellent; but every one to his taste. The tea-kettle will soon boil, and I will then make you a cup of coffee."

"But, my father; where is he, Jeannette?"

"You ask me a question, Mons. Theodore, that I cannot solve."

"Jeannette, pity my anxiety, and tell me what has happened."

"Well, then, while your supper is cooking, I will sit down, and relate every thing.—O, these sausages will burn."

"Never mind the sausages; but inform me what has happened to my father, and brother."

"Are you not hungry, Master Theodore?"

"Hungry enough; but more impatient to hear what has befallen my friends."

"It is a long story, Mons. Theodore."

"Do, pray, Jeannette, make it a short one."

"Do not interrupt me, Mons. de Clermont, or I shall never get through it."

"Well, I am silent; but, dear Jeannette, pity my anxiety."

"To the point then. When you left us, my son, we were all very happy. Your brother Louis, our young Count de Luneville, arrived here soon after. He is a fine young man, and a real gentleman. He gained the love of every one; but such good it does him now; when he is obliged to forsake his country, and this fine estate. Well, God's will be done. I hope yet to see him return, and enjoy his own home. And there was that old Marquis des Abbayes. He cried up your brother to the skies. They were always together; and there were parties there, and parties here, all so happy; when Buonaparte must come to disturb us. I wish he had remained in his own little Isle of Elba; and not come to disturb honest folks, who never thought to trouble him.— Yet, come he did; and then there was noise and clamour, some declaring for the Emperor, and some upholding the King. Monsieur de Beaucaire and our young Mons. de Luneville, went with the soldiers, to send back Buonaparte. O how brave they looked, on their noble horses, marching forward with the regiment! But it would not do. The soldiers, the cowardly loons, left them, and joined Buonaparte, instead of fighting him. So Monsieur le Marquis, and our young Mons. de Luneville came riding home at night, in great haste."

"Ah, Jeannette," said your brother, "we must leave you again."

"I hope not, my dear Mons. de Luneville," cried I.

"Yes, indeed Jeannette; those base villains have forsaken us. We must away to Germany, and get braver soldiers."

"Well now," said I, "a murrain take them, for such baseness." "They then sent for the steward, and gave all in charge to him, to try to keep it for them; the estate I mean, for the house they left in my care, and they did not even ask Marchemain, nor his wife neither, to live here, while they are away. No, for they knew well enough, they could confide all to Jeannette. The steward with his Madelon, live in their own little house; and, to give every one his due, Marchemain behaves very honorably, and sends money to Mons. le Marquis."

"My father has then left France?" said Theodore.

"Ah, yes. He has gone to his estate in Germany; but I must now get you your supper."

"But the Marquis des Abbayes, what has become of him, Jeannette?"

"He has gone to Paris," said the nurse.

"To Paris!" cried de Clermont, "and where is his daughter?"

"Gone to Paris with him. You could not think he would leave her behind; but the truth is, that he only went to Paris, to take care of her."

"Was Sophia then exposed to danger in this place?" enquired Theodore.

"No one here would injure Sophia des Abbayes. But her father was a friend of the Emperor, and has a sister married to one of his Generals. The good lady sent for her niece, to come and pass some time with her at Paris; and the Marquis accompanied his daughter."

"Alas!" exclaimed Theodore, "they are then all gone."

"No, your father's old friend, Mons. de Beaumont, still remains undisturbed in his old ruinous chateau; but, now, Master Theodore, eat your supper."

"I will endeavor to honor your good cheer," said Theodore, "but your tidings, Jeannette, have no:

increased my appetite." He, however, did credit to the repast; for his pedestrian mode of travelling had prepared him an excellent relish.

The communicative Jeannette had many anecdotes to relate. Theodore, having finished his supper, sat silent and absorbed by the fireside. At length, the good woman, observing with what little interest he attended to her details—"You are weary, my child," said she, "you had better retire to bed, and in the morning, Paul will be ready to execute any orders you may have for him."

"Who is this Paul?" enquired Theodore.

"My grandson. Do you not remember young Paul? He lives with me now, but had stopt to the village, when you arrived."

Theodore followed the advice of his nurse; and though he lay some time, ruminating on the tidings he had heard, a sweet sleep at length involved his senses in repose.

On leaving his chamber the following morning, Theodore found Marchemain awaiting his levee.— "I am both happy and grieved to see you here, Monsieur de Clermont," said the steward.

"How can that be, Monsieur Marchemain!"

"I am pleased to find you have escaped the many perils that must have surrounded you; and sorry to think you have more to encounter. You have probably heard of the new order, issued by the Emperor, requiring all emigrants, who have returned since 1814, to leave the Empire in fifteen days, or be bro't before a court of justice for trial. That term is now expired."

"I have heard nothing of it," said Theodore, "for I travelled in the most obscure manner, and was cautious of making any enquiries; but what must now be done. Mons. Marchemain?"

"I think, Monsieur," said the steward, "you must

endeavor to leave France in the most private manner possible. I will supply you with all the money I have been able to collect. It will be best for you to join your father in Germany, until it be safe for you to return to France, which I hope may soon be feasible."

"But, my father's friends," said Theodore, "can you give me any account of them?"

"Mons. de Beaumont did not come under the letter of the last edict; for he returned to France before 1814. His son has prudently transferred his services to the reigning sovereign. Mons. de Abbayes and his daughter, are now visiting Paris."

The steward continued mentioning several other persons, but Theodore, absorbed in reflection, tho't only of the absence of Sophia. Marchemain at length, observing his abstraction, took leave, saying he would go and endeavor to arrange matters for his safe departure.

Jeannette now brought him in his breakfast, and he endeavored to force his mind to attend to her affectionate endeavors to dissipate his melancholy.

The day passed mournfully; for he was forbidden to stir beyond the precincts of the hotel. In the evening Marchemain again appeared, and informed Theodore, that he had engaged him a passage to a port in Italy, at the same time presenting him with a considerable sum of money. Theodore then bade adieu to Jeannette, and followed Marchemain to the ship, in which he embarked for Italy, from whence he hastened to his father's house in Austria. The Marquis was delighted to see his son; but de Luneville had been appointed to a German regiment, which was stationed at Prague.*

The Marquis de Beaucaire was far from contented in his present retreat. He became, every day, more anxious to return to his native country. Some-

time after Theodore's arrival, he received a letter from an old friend, who commanded a regiment, composed of French loyalists, then attached to the Batavian army.

"We will join them, my son," cried he.

"Whom, my father?"

"The valiant Colonel de Corbie. We will join his regiment, as volunteers. I desire no better, than to fall with France, if she be fated to remain the prey of this alien usurper. You, my son, may acquire glory, and perhaps a permanent establishment in this noble regiment."

The Marquis de Beaucaire with his son, were soon in Ghent. It was in July; and the allied armies were forming to a point, to contest with Napoleon the fate of France.

On the never to be forgotten morning of the 18th of August, the Marquis de Beaucaire and his son, found themselves with their regiment, on the famous field of Waterloo. They both distinguished themselves in that bloody scene. Towards the latter part of the day, a detachment of the regiment, in which Theodore was included, was ordered to join an English regiment in taking possession of a redoubt. They advanced with the greatest intrepidity. The redoubt was carried, and Theodore, glowing with success, marched with alacrity to another part of the field, where his regiment was ordered. But the day at length concluded, amidst this scene of carnage. The remains of both the contending armies prepared to pass the night.

Theodore now thought of his father. Where was he to be found? for they had been separated, since the early part of the engagement.

"My father may be wounded," thought Theodore. "He may perhaps lie extended on this field of desolation;" and a cold shudder shook his frame.

He leaned for a moment on his sword, and then started to seek his father.

The gloom of twilight had succeeded the blaze of day. The violent clamour of arms and thunder of cannon had ceased; but silence still fled the scene of the terrible conflict. De Clermont could scarcely move a step, without stumbling over the victims of the spirit of sanguinary war. They were still warm, though held fast in the embraces of death.— There lay together the horse, and his rider; here two strangers, who met for the first time, ignorant of each others name or nation—had yet deprived each other of the vital principle of existence; and now they lay entwined, as in mockery of the causes and effects of human ire. The hardy inhabitant of the north, and luxurious dweller of the south, lay side by side. They had yielded up their breath, in obedience to the commands of despotic masters. They had fought and bled in a cause, the success of which was to rivet their own chains. Still were these comparatively happy; for their sufferings in this world at least, were at an end——but in thousands, the spirit of life still lingered. Some had disentangled themselves from the bodies of men and horses, that had covered them, and had raised their heads; but, deprived of limbs, they were unable to move. In this bloody field, they awaited the approach of death. They thought with anguish on their far distant homes—the mother who had reared their infancy—the wife of their bosom—the darling infants, soon to be left orphans. Many hearts, almost ceasing to beat, dwelt on the favorite maid, the selected object of their affections, till the violent throbbing of their agitated bosoms hastened the deadly throes.—How many now left to die in the open air, neglected and forsaken, were they near their endeared, though perhaps humble homes,

would be attended with anxious solicitude, and their most trifling wants anticipated; but their souls now quit this mortal world unnoticed. They leave their flesh to fatten birds of prey, and their bones to bleach, and whiten on a foreign soil. Strange perversity of human nature, that thus attaches glory to the destruction of their species!

Theodore passed mournfully through the prostrate crowd. The sound of dying groans every moment impeded his progress. He would have wished to succour them all; but that was impossible. He often paused, and gazed wistfully at the sufferers. At length, endeavouring to abstract himself from the fearful reality, he hastened forward in search of his father. In his progress, he stumbled over a prostrate body. A hollow groan ensued——“My God!” cried Theodore, horror struck: for he was not yet seasoned to scenes of war. His heart was not yet callous; for this was but his second essay in arms.

“Who are you, my friend?” cried he. “Have I injured you?”

A deep groan was the sole response. “He is dying,” cried de Clermont, “and I have aggravated the sufferings of an expiring fellow mortal!”——The gloom of evening rendered objects scarcely discernable; but Theodore perceived the person endeavouring to raise himself.

“Who is it, that bends over me!” said the sufferer, in a faltering voice.

“A friend,” cried Theodore, “who would serve you, if possible.”——“Great God! What voice is that? Oh Theodore, Theodore, my son!”

“My father,” cried the youth, throwing his arms around the aged Marquis; for he it was.—“Oh, my father; is it thus I find you?” The old man entwined his feeble arms around his son. He

pressed him to his heart. "Theodore, I go to join your blessed mother." "Oh my father, you must yet live!"——"My race is run, Theodore de Clermont. I must follow my ancestors, who have gone before me. But, tell me, are we victorious? Shall France regain her king? Will the old order of things be restored?"

"We are indeed victorious, my father. The enemy fly before us. In a few days Louis the Eighteenth, and his allies, will enter Paris in triumph."

"God be praised," said the old gentleman. "I now die content. You will see, Theodore de Clermont, that the remains of your father are laid with those of his ancestors:——but alas! even in death I shall not mingle with my poor Emilie. She lies far distant, in a foreign soil."

Theodore held the hand of his parent. He pressed it to his heart——"My father," he cried, "I hope death is far distant from you. Let me bear you in my arms. I will find a retreat, and your wounds will be dressed."

"Me, my dear son, my career will be presently terminated. My moments are numbered. Listen, Theodore; it is the last time you will ever hear the voice of a father. I leave you in a world of perplexity; but a brave man will resist the storms of ill fortune. It grieves me, my son, that I cannot better provide for you. I must leave you in a great measure dependent on your brother. I have been so long deprived of my estate, that I have been unable to save much. Three thousand guineas, lodged in the bank of England, is all I have to leave you. The securities are lodged with Marchemain, who has orders to deliver them to you, should any thing happen to me. You might perhaps, Theodore, expect our little German estate; but that, as

well as the estate in France, are entailed on the eldest son."

"Oh, my father," said Theodore; "do not trouble yourself with these matters; but let me endeavor to obtain you some relief."

"Do not interrupt me; Theodore de Clermont. These are the last instructions you will receive from a parent. I need not recommend to you, my son; to be strict in your morals; for I have observed with joy, that your conduct has always been exemplary, and I trust it will always continue so; for remember, Theodore de Clermont, that you have also the honor of your family to support. Live in amity with your brother. I trust he will always prove himself a friend to you. You must endeavor to rise in your profession; and should you be inclined to marry, you must make choice of some lady whose fortune may supply the deficiencies in that of a younger son."

The old gentleman here paused. Theodore again entreated permission of his father, to bear him in his arms, to some place of retreat.

"I cannot bear transportation," said Mons. de Beaucaire. "My blessing rest on you, my son. Bear also my blessing to de Luneville.——"

"My father," said Theodore, falteringly, "I trust you die happy."

"I have nothing to regret on earth, my son."

"But, my Father, are you prepared to meet your Saviour?"

"I was bred a Christian, Théodore; and I would die one. Can you procure me a priest? But, no; do not leave me. I feel my existence fast drawing to a close, and before you could return, it would be too late;——but I have nothing to reproach myself with, and I trust I shall find acceptance with my Creator."

“ Ah, my father, we are all born sinners. The scripture saith, “ There is none can be deemed righteous, no not one.” We are all black with the transgressions of Adam, covered over with the defilements of original sin and our own actual offences; of ourselves incapable of any good. Vain are our greatest efforts, without the assistance of divine grace. Our blessed Redeemer says, “ After thou hast done all, still call thyself an unprofitable servant.” Do not then, dear father, depend on your own merits. You will find them as chaff, scattered before the wind. “ They will be weighed in the balance, and found wanting.”

“ Ah, my son, what must I then do to be saved.”

“ I will answer you in the words of St. Paul :— “ Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” Oh, my father, throw yourself on the merits of our Saviour. You may then feel assured to find acceptance with God.”

“ Pray with me,” said the Marquis, in a faint voice.

The youth knelt by his dying father. He had, in the Marvin family, been accustomed to extemporary prayer. He now, in the midst of carnage, blood and desolation, prayed for pardon and acceptance for the soul of a parent. They were environed by darkness. Theodore could not see the rapture enkindled in the closing eyes; but the old gentleman pressed the hand he held. “ Adieu, my son; you have been the means of opening to me a scene of glory, through the paths of death. Yes, my Saviour! I throw myself on thy mercy; receive me, as thou didst the dying Thief on the cross!— My God! I trust to find acceptance with thee, through the merits of thy son. Theodore, once more adieu! May the Almighty support thee, and bestow on thee what far surpasses the riches of this world! Receive a father’s dying blessing, and bear my blessing to thy brother.—— My God, into thy

hands I commend my spirit."—Theodore clasped the hand he held; but the pressure was not returned. The heart that a moment before responded to his, had ceased to beat. The spirit, that animated the now lifeless body, had fled forever.

A complete sense of bereavement now occupied the heart of Theodore. "Oh, my father, your son is indeed a forlorn and solitary being; but perhaps your spirit has not fled;"—and he gazed eagerly around. At length he espied a light that seemed to proceed from a dwelling, partially concealed by trees. He seized the body of his parent, and hastened towards the light, which seemed to fly before him; but Theodore at length attained the place.—The light proceeded from a small farm-house. A man and his wife still occupied their home, free from intrusion. The cottage, small and secluded, had hitherto escaped the visits of the soldiers of either army. Theodore, bearing his burden, rapped at the door. It was opened by the man.—"For the love of God," cried the youth, "give me shelter for my dying father." The light held by the man glanced full on our young soldier's face, who regarded him for a moment with scrutinizing attention. "I had hoped," said the clown, "to escape the visits of any of you gentry. Nevertheless, young man, you are welcome." "Thank you, friend," said Theodore, "and you shall also be rewarded."

He had now entered the cottage. A bed stood in one corner, on which he laid his father.

The man and woman gazed on them alternately.—"It must be a dear friend, young gentleman," said the woman, "whom you are so anxious to recover."

"It is my father," cried Theodore. "Oh, that I had proper assistance, for perhaps he has only swooned."

"Assistance would come too late," said the man. "Life has indeed left this body."

Theodore looked wistfully at the countenance, when conviction of the truth flashed on his mind.— He spake not; but, covering his face with his hands, yielded for some time to a full sense of his loss. The rustics respected the feelings of nature, and retired in silence to the other side of the room. Theodore then threw himself on a bench, his eyes fixed on the lifeless body of his parent. He recalled to his imagination the particulars of the last awful scene. This brought to his mind his father's directions respecting his sepulture.

"He desired to be buried with his ancestors," mentally ejaculated Theodore. "It is impossible to effect this at present. To-morrow I shall be obliged to attend my regiment." He then consulted the peasant.

"Many a corpse on that field will want burial," said the man, "If you take my advice, Master, you will, for the present, bury your father here; and, at a convenient season, return and carry the body to the distant country you speak of."

—"I approve of your suggestions," said Theodore, "and request your assistance in its execution. You shall be amply rewarded."

"I am willing to serve you," said the man; who then took up a spade, and went out to dig the grave.

Meanwhile Theodore sat by the body.—This was a moment of serious reflection. "To-morrow," thought he, "I may follow my father." "Almighty God," he cried, "whatever be my destiny, prepare my soul for the fiat of fate." He now took a retrospect of his past life. How many moments had he spent in folly, and how greatly did he regret such expenditure of the invaluable gift of time.— He thought of Sophia, of his brother, of his friends

at Tonnewonte. "Alas!" said he, "not one of them can conjecture the present mournful situation of Theodore."

The man now entered, and informed him the grave was ready. A coffin was out of the question; but Theodore procured a large chest from the peasant. The body of his father, wrapped in his military cloak, was then placed in it. Theodore assisted to bear the body of his parent to the grave, which was dug in the little field adjoining the house.

His heart throbbed with anguish, when the earth was thrown over the grave. He put some money in the hands of the peasant, and darted away.

Again did Theodore distinguish himself in the next day's engagement. In the excitement of the field of battle, he forgot his recent loss. The company, to which he was attached, lost its leader by a bullet. The party was falling back, when Theodore placed himself at their head, rallied them, and interpidly led them forward, until a cut with a sabre, on his sword-hand, caused the weapon to fall from his grasp. "Follow on, my brave comrades," cried he, seizing his sword with his left hand, when a bullet lodged in his breast, and he fell. His followers rescued his body, and bore it from the field.——The ball was with difficulty extracted; and his other wounds dressed, when Theodore was, with many others, lodged in a hospital. A fever and delirium ensued; and for many weeks, the life of Theodroe de Clermont hung upon a thread. The principal surgeon was skilful, but de Clermont only shared his attentions in common with some hundreds of fellow sufferers.

There, too, we must leave him, to recover as he may, and take a trip across the Atlantic, to our friends at Tonnewonte, from whom we have been too long estranged.

CHAPTER XIV.

Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
 Was near?—Yet there with lust of murder's deeds
 Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
 The ambush'd foeman's eye—

CAMPBELL.

SCARCELY had our friends at Tonnewonté lost their beloved Theodore, than they were alarmed with the declaration of war. Capt. Marvin was not pleased. He was a friend of peace, and deemed war, at that conjuncture, highly unnecessary; but his residence was near the frontiers. He held a commission, and must be prepared to defend his country, and his property. He was accordingly very diligent in training his company; but, for that season, he was not called into actual service.

Aunt Martha greatly missed Theodore; and Evelina was at first perfectly at a loss for amusement in the absence of her companion. Both of them impatiently expected his return; for they felt convinced that their affectionate Theodore would never be able to exist at a distance from his home and those friends so tenderly attached to him. Capt. Marvin smiled incredulously at their frequent expressions of these sentiments. "You must learn to do without Theodore," he would reply. "Mons. de Clermont is now a nobleman, and would smile at the idea of returning to cultivate the wilds of America. "He could here find happiness," retorted Evelina. "He might, indeed, have found it," said Capt. Marvin, "previously to his being ushered into the great world; but he would not at present even find contentment.

The summer passed away, amidst the usual avocations. The winter insensibly glided on, although the family thought it very monotonous. They had,

in autumn, received a letter from Theodore. Spring brought another; but it contained nothing of his return. He did not even hint at the possibility of such a voyage.

Evelina was now very much grown. Her appearance was that of a young woman, and she began to consider herself as such.

One fine morning in July, William Parker called at the farm. He had come, as usual, to spend some time on his estate, though he had the last summer only on the visit, having accompanied his mother, on the other excursion. He now shook hands with aunt Martha, enquired for Theodore, and seemed very much struck with the great improvement in the person of Evelina; but his astonishment was extreme, when aunt Martha, in return to his enquiry after Theodore, replied, "that he was still in France."

"In France? Your nephew in France!"

"Theodore was not my nephew, Mr. Parker."

"Indeed! but you astonish me so, Mrs. Marvin, that I know not what inquiry to make first."

Aunt Martha satisfied Mr. Parker's curiosity, who was all amazement, and expressed much regret at the deprivation he would experience in the loss of his friend's society; but said he must still take the liberty of calling to inquire after the ladies' health. — Aunt Martha replied that they would always be happy to see Mr. Parker at the farm.

He did not permit this invitation to lie dormant; but every day brought William Parker to the house. Evelina walked with him. He accompanied her in her rides; and daily brought them news of passing events and the transactions of the war, and seemed with the ladies, almost to have supplied the place of Theodore. Two months passed in this manner, during which Capt. Marvin and his company had

been frequently called out, on some alarm or other.

Parker had by degrees become deeply enamoured of Evelina. When he first made the discovery to himself, he hesitated. "I might aspire to a great fortune," thought he, "but, then, I shall lose Evelina Marvin, and see her in possession of another.—No; I could not bear that; and, thank fortune, I have property enough, and may please myself. But will my mother be satisfied? O she is pleased with any thing I do; and, besides, am I not my own master, independent of any one?"

He accordingly took the first opportunity of making a declaration of love to Evelina. She was all astonishment; for never had the idea entered her mind. Parker not discouraged, but rather excited by her timidity, made application, in form, to her father. The old gentleman hesitated; for neither had he thought of the matter.

"My daughter is very young, Mr. Parker, too young to think of marrying. It will be time enough some years hence."

"But, my dear sir, if you would confirm my hopes, I could wait. My affections are devoted to your daughter. My fortune is large. It shall be employed to make her happy—to anticipate her slightest wish."

"Since you desire to unite your fate with my daughter, Mr. Parker, I cannot doubt your affection," replied Capt. Marvin. "I likewise understand, that your circumstances are affluent; but that I do not consider at all essential to happiness. A competency is certainly necessary to constitute comfort; but Providence has blessed my industry, and I can bestow a sufficiency on an only child, to prevent her seeking fortune elsewhere, in the choice of a husband."

"But, my dear Capt. Marvin, you do not therefore reject me?"

"No, Mr. Parker. I am not quite so quixotic.— If other qualities essential to happiness are joined with wealth, it must certainly appear a further inducement, in the eyes of a parent."

"Have you observed any thing to my prejudice, Capt. Marvin?"

"I have not, indeed," replied Capt. Marvin, "but in a case like this, when the happiness of a beloved child is concerned, it is necessary to proceed with due deliberation."

"Let me entreat you, my dear sir, to decide in my favor; for I shall never know happiness without Evelina; and I trust I shall make her happy."

"Previously to making a decision, Mr. Parker, I must consult my daughter and sister."

To this, Parker was obliged to acquiesce; but awaited the result, with much impatience.

Aunt Martha was a great friend to weddings; and, besides, thought much of William Parker, who had lately paid her great deference. She, however, sighed, when her brother mentioned the affair.

"Poor Theodore!" she exclaimed. "I had once hoped to see him and Evelina united; but he is lost to us for ever; and, after our own boy, I think young Parker the most worthy youth of our acquaintance."

"And what say you, Evelina?" enquired the father.

She blushed, and cast her eyes on the ground.

"You then think as your aunt?"

"O no, papa, I am too young to marry."

"That we allow, but shall I hold out any hopes to Mr. Parker, that in time you may be induced to unite your fate with his?"

"O no, papa. Do not tell him any such thing."

"Your reasons, Evelina?"

"I do not love him: nor can I ever love him," she replied,

"I thought," said aunt Martha, "you were highly pleased with his company?"

"I like him well enough for a visitor," said Evelina, assuming courage; "but I can never think of him for a husband. He is so arbitrary, so impatient, so imperious. No, never can he supply to me the place of my dear aunt Martha and of my affectionate father."

"Then you shall never more be troubled with the subject, my dear child," said Capt. Marvin, "and I am also much pleased with your penetration; for I have observed the same traits you mention, in the disposition of young Parker; and ~~am~~ convinced, that a habitual controul of temper, on both sides, can alone secure happiness in the married state."

Mr. Parker did not discover any very great degree of patient acquiescence, when he received the dismissal of his hopes from Capt. Marvin. He, however, thought it a childish whim of Evelina's, and still hoped perseverance might, in the end, crown his wishes.—He continued a daily visitor at the farm: and was still the constant attendant of Evelina; but she was now more backward to admit his attentions; and, when he alluded to his love, though in the most distant manner, she instantly fled from him.

The frontier was now kept in constant alarm.—The enemy were daily making incursions into the American territory. Buffaloe was burnt, and many other devastations committed. Capt. Marvin was likewise more frequently abroad with his company of militia, and was then kept in constant anxiety, lest, in his absence, something fatal should happen to his family at the farm.

One fine afternoon, Evelina went to pay a visit to an acquaintance in the neighbourhood. Her father was from home, and aunt Martha bid her not stay

late. She was mounted on a favourite horse, swift and sure of foot, who soon left the white frame house out of sight. Evelina, buoyant with the cheerful spirit of youth, cantered gaily along, when suddenly two Indians of terrific appearance darted from behind some trees, and seized the bridle of her horse. Evelina was terribly alarmed; but did not shriek.

“What do you want, brothers?” said she, endeavouring to speak with calmness.

“Hold fast your horse, or you die,” replied one of them, and holding the bridle, they impelled forward the animal, running swiftly by his side. Evelina, seeing resistance vain, submitted with the best grace she could assume, in order to avert their suspicion; and in the mean time, gazed eagerly in every direction, in search of a deliverer: but the Indians chose by-ways and unfrequented paths. No person met her eye, and darkness overtook her, in this sad situation. Travelling now became very difficult; for an impenetrable gloom overspread the forest. Evelina, nearly overcome with anxiety, with difficulty kept her seat; but she endeavoured to assume fortitude to meet this alarming contingency, and mentally recommended herself to the care of the Omnipresent Deity. The Indians paused a moment, and addressed a few words to each other, in the discordant tones of their savage language: when darting out of the path, they again suddenly stopped, and lifting Evelina from the horse, placed her on the ground. The poor girl, nearly overcome with fatigue, felt the greatest relief in this permission to repose. Again she endeavoured to exert herself, and retain her usual presence of mind; and, willing to soften her captors, she attempted to enter into conversation with them.

“You mean to kindle a fire, brothers?” said she to the savage, who stood next her.

"No, indeed," he replied, "we will not open an eye to our enemy, that he may discover us."

"Who are your enemies, brother?"

"We are brothers and allies to the great King,—the King of England. We have with him, raised the hatchet against the Yankees, and their Chief."

"But I am not your enemy, my brother. You will not injure me?"

"Your people are our enemies, and we have taken you captive."

"If you will but restore me to my father, he will reward you handsomely."

As they did not instantly reply, Evelina began to entertain the hope, that she had prevailed.

"Let us return instantly, my brothers," she exclaimed. "You shall be well treated at our farm, and have any thing you may desire; for my father will bestow rewards on you, in return for his child."

"We cannot return with you, my sister," said one of the Indians, "for your brothers would slay us. We must likewise meet tonight our war party, who expect us. You are our captive, and must come with us to our village; but, sister, you shall be well taken care of. You shall reside in my wigwam with my squaw, and be unto her a daughter."

Evelina relapsed into despair, at this answer; but, not willing to exasperate her savage captors, she continued silent.

Suddenly the moon, emerging from beneath the dark and lofty trees of the forest, rose resplendent in the heavens, and discovered to Evelina the surrounding scene. She was seated on the root of a wide spreading oak. The trees of the forest rose thick and gloomy around. No clearing was discernible. The underbrush, that wound thickly amongst the lofty trees, shewed that this was not the habitation of man. By her side stood one of the In-

dians, erect as the pine tree, with his tomahawk and knife in his girdle, and his rifle in his hand. At a little distance, leaning against the trunk of an aged birch, stood the other savage, scowling at his defenceless captive, as the moon beams rested on his vindictive countenance. At his feet, fastened to a young fir, was the horse, who was endeavouring to catch at a few scanty mouthfuls of twigs. Evelina gazed anxiously around, and again recommended herself to the charge of Heaven.

The Indians lighted their pipes by the means of a dry spongy wood, and flint, contained in the pouch, that hung suspended from their girdles. In about fifteen minutes, they again lifted their prisoner on her horse, and, placing themselves on each side, and holding her bridle, they once more started briskly forward. Poor Evelina now gave herself up for lost. She scarce hoped ever again to be seated on the domestic hearth with her kind father, and indulgent aunt, each striving to impart pleasure and instruction to their darling child. She, however, retained her fortitude; and her eyes were constantly bent in eager search of help; yet none met her view. Despairingly she closed her eyes; but again raising them, she thought that she discerned two figures emerging from behind some trees. The quick ears of the Indians had also discovered some cause of alarm; for they hastily turned their faces the same way.

"Now," thought Evelina, "is the time for alarm;" and she called out, "help! help!" One of the Indians turned hastily towards her.

"As you value your life," cried he, "keep silence." The other glanced defiance from his scowling eye. They hastened their pace, and were moving rapidly forward, when two guns were fired. The scowling Indian fell dead on the ground; and the other darted away through the forest, leaving Evelina to her

own discretion. She instantly reined in her horse, and awaited the appearance of her unknown deliverer. A black face was first seen, peeping behind a tree; and, a moment after, William Parker stood before her.

"Is it then you, I have saved, Evelina?" he cried. "Gracious Heaven! What has brought you into this forest at night, so far from home, and in the power of Indians?"

"Oh Mr. Parker," replied Evelina, "conduct me home. Aunt Martha will be distracted at my disappearance; and my father——"

"How has this happened, Miss Marvin?" again inquired Parker.

Evelina related her adventures of the night.

"You must be greatly fatigued," said Parker.

"I can scarcely sit on my horse," she replied, "but let us hasten home. I will exert my strength a little longer."

"We are many miles from Marvin's farm," replied Parker. "The path is very intricate. The moon will soon set; and it will then be impossible to proceed."

"What can be done?" cried Evelina; "is there a house near, where we can procure shelter for the night?"

"We have but just left the hut of a new settler. Brutus and I have been out sporting all day. We wandered much further than I intended, and took shelter in a log-house, during the first part of the evening; but when the moon rose, we again sallied out, and, thank God, that we did so, since I have had the inexpressible pleasure of delivering my beloved Evelina. Permit me now to lead your horse to the house, where we may safely pass the night."

"But how did you know of my danger?" inquired Evelina, as they proceeded forward.

"I knew it not, Evelina; but, alarmed by your cry for help, I looked round and saw the Indians bearing away a female; when Brutus and myself concealed ourselves behind some trees, from whence we took aim at the Indians, who were evidently British allies. One of them is dead, I believe. Well, let him die. His friends may return for him, if they please. The subtle rascals, to venture so far into our territory, and carry away our ladies prisoners, to confine them in their wigwams, to be sure."

"Well, Mr. Parker," said Evelina, "I am delivered from their clutches; and under the escort of such brave men, I must certainly be safe: but still a cheering fireside would be more comfortable this cold night, than riding through these woods, seeking adventures. So, if you please, we will hasten our pace a little to find the house you mentioned."

Brutus went first, exploring the way, and Parker followed, leading Evelina's horse. At length they came to a small field of cleared ground, containing about three acres. A little log cabin stood in the midst. Brutus rapped at the door: a voice within made some demur to open it; but Brutus again thundering at the door, it was at length opened by an uncouth figure of a man. Parker desired shelter for a lady, and they were invited to walk in.

The dwelling contained but one room, of about twenty feet square. Two or three benches, a miserable bed, and a few trays, was all the visible furniture. A large open chimney, built of sticks and clay, occupied nearly one side of the house. This was filled with an immense wood fire, that blazed a cheering welcome; and our party seated themselves sociably by its side. The forester, likewise seating himself, expressed his surprise at a lady's travelling through the woods, at that time of night; but, when

Parker answered, that she had been runaway with by British Indians, their host opened his eyes in amazement ; and his good woman, huddling on her gown, sprung from her bed, followed by two or three half naked children. Our travellers were now inundated with questions; and their hearers, with their mouths wide open, greedily devoured the answers. At length, their thirsting curiosity a little allayed, Parker inquired of the woodsman, if he could furnish them with refreshments, for which they should be liberally repaid.

"You shall have every thing that is nice," cried the woman, "for that gal must, I guess, be shocking hungry."

"Wounds," cried the man, "them deuced Indians is the plague. 'Tis a confounded plague for the British to hire the sneaking rascals, to kill and run away with men and women folks, and children too, I swan; but I calculate they will not carry on that game long; for we will yet take the Canadas, as our brave Commodore has taken their ships on lake Erie. Yes, that we shall, we will be up with these red scoundrels."

"Oh, the darnation creatures," cried the wife, as she was turning her pancakes. "Was'nt you in a frightful taking, gal, when you was riding helter-skelter, through the brush, with the yelling Indians holding your horse's bridle? I wonder their yells did'nt frighten the poor beast away. Then you might have got off, but you might, may be, have broke your neck, scampering over some of the windfalls; for there is plenty of them in the woods: I calculate I never see so many before; though this be the fifth time that Solomon and I did begin the world."

"Indeed," said Parker; "why did you not keep to one farm; it might be worth something now."

"I sold the improvements," replied Solomon; for I like to be turning a little cash, now and then; and then, I guess, I do'n't much like your crowded settlements. I love room and liberty, and plenty of game."

"I swan," said his help-mate; "the last improvement we sold, I had not seen a bit of deer for three months."

"It is almost as bad now," cried the man; "and darnation take it, I do'n't know where to shove to next, there be such a confounded sight of followers coming after us, wherever we sit down."

"It must be very provoking," said Parker.

"Oh, confounded provoking, I guess," exclaimed the woman; "but, come young man, come gal, a nice supper is ready. Blackey, there, can wait awhile."

Evelina looked round for the proffered refreshments. On a broken pine table, propped up against the wall, or rather logs of the house, were placed some gaudy delf caps, an old tea pot, and a tin cup of milk. Some buckwheat pancakes and butter smoked invitingly in the midst, and some hearty slices of dried deer ham were placed along side.—The host seated himself on a bench by the table. "Come gal," said he to Evelina; "here is room by me. You must be plaguey hungry, and I guess you will find these slap-jacks very nice. Here now, I pour you out a cup of tea."

Parker led Miss Marvin to the table, and seated himself by her side. The good woman was already helping herself. "Come, gal," cried she, "come, young man, eat away, while the supper is hot. Now, Solomon Shower, do'n't be so hearty. You will leave nothing for the young folks, and I guess there is no more butter raised to make cakes of. He is so fond of buckwheat slap-jacks, that, when

he has them, I calculate, with his good will, he leaves none for nobody else."

But Evelina's appetite was not so craving. She drank a cup of tea, and ate a couple of the cakes. Parker did the same. When they left the table, Solomon was still feasting luxuriously; but his good woman's hospitality secured some of the cakes, which, with a cup of tea, she presented to Brutus, in the chimney corner. The noisy children then hastened round the table, for their share of the regale.

"Had you not best endeavor to take some repose?" said Parker to Evelina.

"I see no accommodations for sleep in this place," said she in reply; "but I shall make it up to-morrow night, when I am again in our own house."

Parker understood French, as well as Evelina. He now addressed her in that language in a low voice. "Ah, Evelina, you can enjoy the comforts of home; but never can William Parker relish the exhilarating sociability of the domestic hearth."

"Is not your heart, then, alive to home impressions, Mr. Parker?"

"Yes, Miss Marvin, the heart of William Parker is indeed susceptible of the strongest affection; but you slight its ardent passion. Yes, Evelina, you despise the love of one, who would lay down his existence for you, with as much pleasure as he experienced, when he delivered you from the ruffian grasp of the savages."

"It is true, Mr. Parker, you rescued me from my Indian captors, and I am much obliged to you."

"It is not worth a thank, dearest Evelina. Every thing I can do for you, is my duty, my pleasure, my delight."

"Thank you, Sir."

"But, Evelina, you cannot have the heart to

renounce me for ever. You cannot calmly resolve to render me miserable for life; for never can I know happiness independently of you."

"You but jest, Mr. Parker. You possess every thing that can contribute to felicity."

"All that I possess, Evelina, shall be yours, if you will but be mine. I will take you to Washington, to New-York, or wherever else you wish to go. You shall be surrounded with splendor. Your furniture, dress and equipage shall be superior to any lady's in America."

"Do you think, sir, that I set so high a value on such things, that I can accept them as an equivalent for happiness?"

"And, do you then view me with such abhorrence, Miss Maryin, that you deem happiness and me incompatible?"

"Sir," said Evelina, "this is not a fit place for such a discussion; and you may easily conjecture that after what I have undergone, my spirits are not equal to this conversation. I am young, very young, too young to marry, or even to think of it. You have made your proposals to my father, and received his answer, in which I assuredly acquiesce. Think, then, no more on the obscure Evelina Marvin; but make choice of some lady, whose fortune and acquirements may be more equal to your own, who may set a proper value on the splendid advantages you can bestow."

"Ah, Evelina, you know that I cannot live without you, that no person can ever to me supply your place, and that fortune with another I despise, as my own is sufficient for every comfort and luxury of life. Yes, Evelina," he continued, "I cannot and will not resign you. You must and shall be mine."

"If you please, Mr. Parker, we will at present and forever wave the subject."

She then leaned against the wall, and shut her eyes, as if endeavoring to dispose herself to sleep. Parker cast at her a glance of invitation; then turned himself away, and sunk into a fit of musing."

Evelina really enjoyed a refreshing slumber; and, when she awoke, it was broad day light. Parker was in the house. "Good morning, Miss Marvin." — "Good morning, Mr. Parker. Shall we now set forward on our return?"

"I have dispatched Brutus for my horse. We left them yesterday at a few mile's distance; and, if you please, Evelina, we will in the mean time take breakfast."

She could make no objections. They again breakfasted with the woodsman and his wife, and before noon Brutus returned on horseback, leading the horse of his master. Evelina's steed was then brought to the door, when Miss Marvin, accompanied by William Parker, and followed by his negro Brutus, set forward on her return home.

They proceeded very rapidly; for Evelina's desire to regain home enabled her to keep up with the rapid pace of William Parker, who was extremely well mounted. They had thus proceeded some hours, when Evelina, much fatigued, forbore to impel her horse, and Parker reining in his, kept pace with her.

"I hope we are near home," said Evelina.

"We have indeed proceeded very rapidly," he replied.

"But in what part of the country are we, Mr. Parker, I think I have never been this way before?"

"I cannot exactly say, Miss Marvin. I have been at a loss for some time, but trust by following this path, we shall soon meet with the great road, which will conduct us to Tonnewonte."

Evelina began now to feel anxiety. Brutus was

consulted; but he was likewise ignorant of the road; but hoped they were in the path leading to the highway.

They then proceeded more rapidly; but the intricacies of the wood seemed to increase. The gloom of twilight succeeded the light of day; and still they were pressing forward. Poor Evelina, almost overcome with fatigue, could scarcely retain her seat. She made frequent anxious enquiries of her companions; but they now appeared very confident of being in the right track.

An impenetrable gloom replaced the obscurity of twilight. Evelina recommended herself to God.—“I can go no further, Mr. Parker,” said she.—“Courage, Evelina,” he replied. “We will soon find harborage.”

He then dismounted, gave his horse to Brutus, and took the reins of her's. They had not proceeded long in this manner, when they perceived a light at some distance.

“We are in a clearing,” cried Brutus.

“Thank God,” exclaimed Evelina.

Parker again mounted his horse, and they soon reached the house, from whence the light proceeded. It was the small log cabin of a new settler.—The month of October made a fire very cheering, and an immense pile of fuel was burning in the great open chimney. Our travellers warmed their benumbed limbs. The man of the house added some logs to the fire, and the woman hastened to prepare them a frugal, but plentiful supper. There was but one bed in the house, and that did not appear very inviting to repose. Evelina's extreme fatigue required rest; but a substitute for a bed was soon discovered. Some bear-skins were produced. They were spread near the fire, and on them Evelina endeavored to obtain some repose. At length

she sunk into a perturbed slumber, and when she awoke the sun had far advanced to the south.— Breakfast was ready, of which she hastily partook, and then requested to set out instantly.

Again they set forward, though unattended; for Parker said that Brutus had preceded them on some errand. After travelling a couple of hours, Parker expressed a wish of meeting with a public house, he having, he said, a great inclination to dine.

“ Shall we not then, arrive home in time for dinner?” said Evelina.

“ I am afraid not, Miss Marvin; for we last evening missed our road, and came much out of our way.”

“ I hope,” said Evelina, “ we shall reach Tonne-wote before sunset; as I do not feel inclined to ride any more through these woods in the dark.”

In all their ride they had not met with a single settlement, and the road scarce admitted two horses abreast; but now a stronger light was discernable through the trees; a certain indication of a clearing.— They soon came near the house that had rather a better appearance than the ordinary habitations of the new settlers. Some fields, of different grains, surrounded the dwelling; in which, the harvest being over, some cattle were feeding. A barn stood at a distance from the house; and a considerable sized garden sloped down the hill.

“ We may perhaps obtain dinner here,” said Parker. “ Let us at least make the attempt.”

The door was opened by a woman, who readily agreed to provide them some refreshments.

Parker assisted Evelina to dismount; and a man appeared from the house, who took their horses to the barn.

A very comfortable dinner soon smoked on the table, to which Evelina and Parker sat down; for

their present host and hostess seemed less intrusive and inquisitive, than their former ones, and only approached to serve them. Evelina made a very comfortable repast, and then expressed a wish to depart immediately.

"I think," said Parker, "we had best remain here to-night. We are in very snug quarters. It is near sunset, and we shall be very liable to lose our way in the dark."

"And, shall we then not reach home to-night," said Evelina. "May the Almighty protect me, for I almost despair of ever seeing home again."

Parker went out, and Evelina hoped he had gone for the horses, but he was long absent. She went to the door. Her heart quite overcharged with grief, with a restless feeling of impatience, she walked backwards and forwards, in front of the house. At length she found relief in a flood of tears. Again she entered the dwelling. The hostess, a woman of large stature and forbidding aspect, was busy preparing supper. The man had disappeared, and she saw no other inhabitant. Evelina endeavored to make some enquiry of the woman, respecting where they were, and the distance from thence to Tonnewonte; but she seemed either stupid or sullen, and Evelina could learn nothing from her.

At length Parker and the man returned. Evelina again sat down with the former to supper; and they then resigned their places to the man and his wife. Parker seated himself by Evelina.

"I hope we shall soon reach home, Mr. Parker;" said she.

"I sincerely hope you will, Evelina," he replied; "but you wish to abandon me a victim to despair."

"I certainly am very impatient to return home, sir, but I know not what connection that can have with despair and you."

"Then Evelina, you are determined to reject my suit for ever?"

"Why this continual persecution, Mr. Parker? You know my mind. I am fully sensible of the honor you do me; but I cannot, nor ever will accept of your hand; and must entreat you never again to mention the subject."

"You may repent this pride and cruelty, Miss Marvin," said Parker, abruptly turning from her.

The woman now informed Evelina, that she had a bed prepared, whenever she wished to retire to rest. Evelina desired to be immediately conducted to it; and the woman led her into another room; which was very decently furnished, and contained a comfortable bed. In this Evelina found undisturbed repose; but awaked early the next morning, and soon made her appearance in the outside room. Neither Parker nor the man was there; and, when Evelina enquired for him of the woman, she answered, that he had breakfasted and gone out, but would presently return. Miss Marvin then desired to partake of the breakfast prepared for her. She complied with the invitation; and then very impatiently awaited Parker's return.

Several hours elapsed, and he did not appear. She then became very anxious. At noon the backwoodsman came for his dinner; and, when Evelina desired to know where was Mr. Parker, he presented her a letter. Impatiently she broke the seal, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR EVELINA,

"I cannot live without you, and you must absolutely be mine. Consider whom you refuse: a man of a large independent fortune, who loves you to distraction; whose chief pursuit will be to render you happy, and whose circumstances will enable

him to satisfy your every wish. Give me but a favorable answer; promise that you will be mine, and I fly on the wings of love, and immediately conduct you to your father; but if you are still determined to be cruel, I will leave you, and you must be contented to remain where you are until you feel inclined to relent.

“I am your most

“devoted admirer,

“WILLIAM PARKER.”

Evelina's feelings, on the perusal of this note, may be more easily imagined than described. She regarded the woodsman. His countenance was gloomy and determined. “I am caught, as a bird in a snare,” thought she to herself; “but William Parker knows very little of Evelina Marvin, if he thinks she can be frightened into any thing contrary to her inclinations. I shall find some way to escape, and in the mean time, why I must, it seems, remain a prisoner.”

“And where am I to find materials to answer this note?” enquired she.

“You will find them in your room,” said the man.

Evelina indeed found a writing apparatus in the bed chamber she had lodged in the preceding night; and she hastily wrote the following reply:

“Mr. Parker has already received Evelina Marvin's answer to his proposal. She can never be his, and his present conduct is calculated to make her rejoice in her previous rejection of his addresses. As for your threats, know that they never can intimidate the daughter of Capt. Marvin; but conduct her to her father, and she is willing to forget all that has passed.
E. MARVIN.”

She gave this billet to the woodsman. He took it in silence, and she heard no more from Parker that day.

CHAPTER XV.

"Thou who such weary lengths hast pass'd,
Where wilt thou rest, young Nymph, at last?"

COLLINS.

ON the following morning, Evelina could scarce contain her indignation and impatience, at her unwarranted detention. She endeavored to engage the woman in conversation; and promised, if she would assist her in escaping, that Capt. Marvin should reward her with the greatest liberality: but the hostess still continued sullenly uncommunicative, though she was very assiduous in attending to her prisoner's every want.

On the husband's return, Evelina attempted to gain him over, but soon found the undertaking impracticable. She passed a sleepless night, ruminating on the means of escape, and in the morning, when the man, according to custom, went out to work, Evelina sallied out on a reconnoitring expedition. She explored the road opposite ~~to that thro'~~ which she had entered the clearing, and was proceeding forward when the man arrested her step. "I am sorry to be rude, Miss," said he, "but you must return to the house."

"By what authority do you control my actions?" cried Evelina.

"That is not the question, Miss," replied the man. "It is sufficient that I possess the power. You will please to return to the house."

Evelina thought it best to acquiesce; but, not so easily discouraged, she was still determined, by some means or other, to effect her escape. At night the woodsman again brought her a note. It contained these words:

"EVELINA—Your destiny is fixed. You shall and

must be mine. Resistance is vain. You cannot escape me. Submit then with a good grace, and send me a line of assent. I will then fly to you with a minister; and, when our fates are united, will immediately conduct you to your father; and to contribute to your happiness—will then be the constant endeavor of

WILLIAM PARKER."

"Tell your employer," said Evelina to the man, "that I will never be his, and that I defy persecution."

As the woman was the next day employed out of doors, Evelina perceived a fowling piece in a closet that was left open. She hastily examined, and found it perfect. Two horns containing powder and shot, lay on a shelf. A new plan of escape presented itself to the imagination of our young American, which she determined to attempt carrying into execution. Accordingly the next morning, when the man had gone out to work, and the woman was busy in household affairs, Evelina put on her hat and pelisse, opened the closet, took out the fowling piece, not forgetting the powder and shot, and then hastened to the barn, where she had noticed her horse was kept. She indeed found him there, and also her saddle and bridle. These Evelina soon put on; for in the days of her childhood, she had often assisted Theodore to saddle the horse they were accustomed to ride, and her resolution to escape was not to be frustrated by such trifles.—She had brought her horse to the barn door, and mounted him, when the woman who had missed her prisoner, made her appearance.

"Whither go you, Miss?" cried she.

"That is not your concern," said Evelina.

The woman attempted to seize the bridle. Eve-

lina presented the fowling piece. "This gun is loaded, woman, and if you persevere in molesting me, I will discharge it at you."

The woman, surprised and alarmed, started back, and Evelina galloped away, but her progress was suddenly arrested by the man, who starting forward at the entrance of the road, seized her bridle.

"Attempt to detain me, at your peril," cried Evelina; but he attempting to turn her horse, she discharged the piece at the hand which held her bridle. It instantly loosened its hold, and the horse darted forward. Evelina impelled him on, without stopping to look back, and soon the clearing was out of sight.

The sun had attained its meridian, and still Evelina was pursuing her rapid course. She had hitherto met no person, of whom she could enquire her way. At length her ear caught the sound of an axe. She paused. The noise continued. She called out. The sound ceased, and a woodsman, with an axe in his hand, presently appeared.

"Friend," said Evelina, "can you point out the road to Tonnewonte?"

"Keep the path you are in," replied the forester, "for a few miles further; it will lead to a great road; then proceed north, and you will arrive at Tonnewonte."

"How far distant may that village be?" enquired Evelina.

"Thirty miles," said the man.

"Thank you," cried Evelina; and, before the forester could make any further advances to conversation, she was out of sight.

Evelina continued her rapid progress, and soon attained the great road, the man had indicated.— She then turned to the north.

Houses now became frequent, but Evelina was

determined not to stop again until her arrival at her own home. She had, at breakfast, provided herself with some cakes, which she now ate on horseback. A lad whom she met, going to mill, confirmed the information, that she was in the right road.

Darkness had overspread the face of nature, and Evelina was still pursuing her journey. The weather had been very pleasant throughout the day, but the wind began to howl furiously. A violent shower of rain succeeded. Poor Evelina, benumbed with cold, and almost dead with fatigue, could scarcely sit on her horse, which was likewise almost worn out; but the poor animal seemed to know he was getting nearer home, and still proceeded briskly forward.

At length the hail ceased to fall. The wind subsided, the clouds cleared away, and the moon shone forth resplendent in the heavens, when Evelina joyfully discovered that she was within three miles of her father's farm. Invigorated with hope, she cantered gaily along, and soon, with inexpressible pleasure, entered the back yard. The lights were extinguished in the parlour, but a feeble glimmering was discernable in the kitchen. Evelina called out. The door was opened, and a black face peeped forth. "Good Cato, take me from my horse," cried Evelina, "for I am too much benumbed to move."

"My stars! but here be young Misse come back," cried the negro. "Lany, where be you, Lany?"

"Welcome, Misse, welcome," cried Lany, as her young mistress was carried into the house by Cato.

Aunt Martha hearing the bustle, ran down half dressed, "Oh my child," cried the affectionate maiden, clasping her niece to her heart. "You are then returned; but where is your father?"

"My father?" said Evelina. "Is he not at home?"

"He is gone in search of you my child. He re-

turned the morning after you left home, and almost distracted at your disappearance, hastened away in search of you; but where have you been, Evelina? Something must have happened, or you could not have left your old aunt, and your father a prey to anxiety and fear. But my child cannot speak."

Evelina, quite overcome, had indeed lost the power of articulation. No more questions were put to her; but she was compelled to swallow a quantity of warm drink, and was well rubbed with hot flannels. Her bed was then well warmed, and she carried into it by Lany and aunt Martha; for Evelina had lost the capability of motion. Hot bricks were then applied to her feet, and she was forced to swallow some herb tea. A profuse perspiration ensued, and she sunk into a gentle sleep, while the kind aunt Martha watched by her bed side all night; for she was much alarmed for the health of her niece. The good maiden endeavored to enliven the tedious hours of night, by striving to elucidate and connect Evelina's portentous disappearance and sudden return.

Cato in the mean time, had attended the horse with the most compassionate care. "I am thinking," said he to Lany, on his return from the stable, "Misse must have been in some strange wild adventure. She be come home almost dead, and poor snip, never did I see beast in such a sad pickle.— He be almost ridden to death."

The shrill cock now echoed his morning summons, to arouse the industrious farmer to the labors of day, and the busy housewife to prepare the morning's repast. Aunt Martha, at this sound, which she was accustomed to obey, started from her drowsy chair, and dissolved a long web of fancy, which she had been a full hour weaving, respecting Evelina's adventures. Glancing at her niece, she per-

ceived her still in a sweet sleep. She walked towards the window. A faint tint was perceivable in the east, which by degrees assumed all the variegated colours of the rainbow. The orb of the sun was now seen just emerging above the horizon. At length it fully burst forth to view, and soared majestically aloft in the heavens. A bright scene was then displayed, that by its resplendency dazzled the view. The sleet of the preceding evening, had attached itself to the trees and shrubs, it had come in contact with; and now the first rays of the sun, shining horizontally on the surrounding forest, transported the beholder into fairy land. She seemed to view a forest of enchantment, sparkling with every variety of gem, and from boughs of chrystal, appeared suspended clusters of diamonds, topazes and rubies; while the cheerful negro, traversing the fields, seemed to press myriads of diamonds beneath his feet.

And now the ruddy milk maid, with her pail on her arm, hastened to the farm yard, to relieve the yielding udder of the lowing cow. Aunt Martha was enjoying this pleasant scene. Her mind elevated with the agreeable sensations the sublime view of nature never fails to excite; when her ears were assailed by a confused murmur, proceeding from the front yard, which was situated on the opposite side of the house. She flew to her own chamber, that overlooked the approach by the bridge. A cavalcade was crossing the brook. It approached, and she could distinguish her brother's company of militia, accompanying a litter. The heart of the sister was agitated with fear and anxiety. She hastened down, and stood on the threshold. The party had entered the garden. "My friends," cried Miss Marvin, "what has happened?" The men divided, and stood on each side of the litter. Aunt Martha

gazed with anxious interest. A man slowly raised his head. It was Capt. Marvin. "My brother," cried the maiden, precipitating herself forward.— "Sister Martha," said the sick man, extending his hand, she seized it. "Ah my brother!"

"Do not be uneasy about me, Martha; but my child?—No news yet of our lost Evelina?"

"Oh my brother, would that you were as well.— Evelina is returned, and safe in her bed."

"Is it possible? God be praised," cried the father.

"But, my brother, what is the meaning of this?"

"I am wounded, Martha," replied Capt. Marvin.

"Oh gracious Heaven! but I hope not dangerously. Cæsar, Lany, where are you? My friends, pray assist us in conveying Capt. Marvin to his bed.— Mount the horse, Pompey, and ride fast for the Doctor."

"That is needless, Madam," said a man, stepping forward. "I have the honor to be a surgeon and physician, graduated at New-York, and am now retained in attendance on the patient, Capt. Marvin."

"Tell me Doctor," cried aunt Martha, "are my brother's wounds dangerous?"

"That I cannot exactly say, Madam. Should a gangrene not take place, the flesh may coalesce; for I trust no vital part is touched. I have seen many such wounds speedily cured. For example, in a hospital at New-York, a man was brought in

"If you please, Doctor," said Miss Marvin. "we will first convey my brother to his chamber, and we shall then be happy to hear this statement.

"By all means, by all means, Madam," said the Doctor, and Capt. Marvin was transported to his bed. Nearly exhausted, he had scarcely strength to enquire for his child. Aunt Martha left him in charge of the Doctor, and hastened to the chamber of her niece.

"Good morning, aunt," said Evelina, opening her eyes. "I am then once more in my own bed, in my own room. It is not then a dream. Oh aunt Martha, I have had my trials, since I left home the other day."

"You may have more to endure, my child," said the aunt.

"Why, aunt Martha. what a long face; I hope you are not uneasy on my account? I never felt smarter in my life," continued Evelina, gaily jumping from the bed. "But where is my father?"

"Ah, Evelina," cried aunt Martha.

"Is my father then ill?" exclaimed the young girl, catching the alarm, depicted in her aunt's countenance.

"My brother has just been brought home wounded; but I hope not dangerously."

"Gracious Heaven! but where is he?" cried the daughter.

"We have put him comfortably in his bed," replied the aunt.

"Oh my father! my father!" cried Evelina, throwing on a morning gown, and flying down stairs. In a moment she was embracing her father. Aunt Martha followed as fast as she could, and endeavored to withdraw her niece, fearing the effects this violent emotion might produce on both her patients.

"Fear not, sister," said Capt. Marvin, the presence of my child is balm to my heart. Ah, my Evelina, I thought thee lost—lost forever!"

"My father," cried the daughter, sobbing, "it was not my will to remain from you. I was detained by villains."

"Young lady," said the Doctor. "You will be pleased to retire. My patient is fatigued, and requires repose. I will attend you, ladies. Captain Marvin you must endeavor to sleep."

"Go, then, my child," said the wounded man, "I can now court the refreshment of sleep, since I see you restored to me in health and safety. This afternoon, my child, you shall inform me respecting what has happened to you."

Evelina kissed her father. The ladies then left the room, attended by the Doctor. Aunt Martha and Evelina had now to assist in preparing breakfast for the many strangers who had arrived. The aunt had no time to make any enquiries of the niece, and at breakfast, the Doctor, a man of great pomposity, and self-importance, attached to the American army, led, or rather engrossed all the conversation. Leaving him in the midst of a long harangue, Evelina stole from the table, where several other strangers were also met, and glided into her father's room.— The old gentleman had just fallen into a quiet slumber. Evelina seated herself by the bedside, and scarcely breathed, through fear of awakening him. With filial anxiety she watched his pale and harassed countenance. "Oh war, fatal scourge of mankind," thought Evelina. "How long wilt thou hold thy scorpion wand over our devoted country, which was formerly so happy?"

Her father stirred. She hung over him, in anxious solicitude. He opened his eyes. "You are here, my Evelina. My slumbers must needs be happy, watched by my darling child."

"How are you, my father?"

"Much better, Evelina, greatly refreshed by my nap."

"But, your wounds, papa?"

"They are but flesh wounds, my child. My debility is only occasioned by loss of blood, which, I trust, I shall soon repair. I even now feel something of an appetite."

"Dear father," said Evelina, and she hastened

out, and brought in some refreshments, of which the patient partook with considerable relish for a sick man. Aunt Martha, who just then entered, was overjoyed at these symptoms of convalescence.—“Now Evelina, my dear,” said she. “tell us your adventures.”

“True, aunt,” cried the young girl. “You must have been in amazement, at the war-like appearance of your armed niece. Did I not become the Amazon? But what did you do with my gun?”

“Ah, Evelina,” said the aunt gravely, “you are too old now, for such frolics. It might do when you were a romping girl, running about with Theodore; but now Miss Marvin, a young woman grown up, must think of decorum.”

“Do not blame me, aunt; but first hear my story.”

Aunt Martha, indeed, soon changed her opinion. She trembled, when she heard of her niece being in the power of British Indians. She rejoiced when she heard of the rescue by Parker. “I thought the young man brave in the main,” cried she.

The father listened attentively, but said nothing; and Evelina resumed her narrative.

“Had he no delicacy,” cried aunt Martha, “to talk of love in your situation?” But no pen can describe the good maiden’s indignation, when Evelina read the first note received from Parker. “He is a villain,” said the father. Evelina continued, and the indignation of both brother and sister attained its acme. “He is a villain,” repeated the father, “and must be exposed.”

“Thank God, my Evelina,” cried the aunt, embracing her, “that we have you safe again.”

“But, my father,” enquired Evelina, “how came you wounded?”

“He received his wounds in search of you, Evelina,” said aunt Martha.

“My God! and am I then the murderer of my father?”

“Do not accuse yourself, my child, said Captain Marvin. It is the will of God, and we must submit. But, do not consider yourself as any way necessary to my misfortune. I returned on Thursday last, a few hours after you had left home. Your aunt began to be uneasy at your delay, and Cato was dispatched to see what detained you. He returned in the greatest alarm, you had not been seen at the house where you were expected; but, on his return, he had met a boy, who, in answer to his enquiries, said that, concealed behind some trees, he saw two armed Indians forcibly carry away Miss Marvin. This intelligence caused us the greatest alarm, not doubting they were British allies, who had made an irruption, and were posted in greater numbers in some quarter. I called out my company, and hastened on towards the lake. One of our scouts brought intelligence, that he had discovered the body of a hostile Indian, which must have been the one shot by Parker. We then deliberated how to proceed, and concluded to march towards lake Ontario. The next morning, intelligence was brought us, that a party of British and Indians were lodged twenty miles to the north. Thinking that the Indians who carried you away, must have been attached to this party, we only halted long enough to refresh our men, and then marched in pursuit of the enemy. They were encamped in considerable numbers, on the borders of a creek. We halted on the opposite side, and, it being already dark, bivouacked for the night, amidst the deep forest, that concealed us from the enemy. At dawn of day the following morning, a couple of our scouts brought in a prisoner, who, on being interrogated, described the British as trebling our numbers, but insisted

that no lady had been brought in a prisoner. Distracted with doubt and anxiety, I knew not what course to pursue. Should we attack the enemy at such disadvantage, the event was dubious; and perhaps Evelina in the power of others, might be imploring the assistance of her father, while any rashness might disenable him from assisting her. In this conjuncture, a New-England pedlar appeared among us. The idea struck me, that by assuming his character, I could perhaps obtain unsuspected access amongst the enemy, and discover what had become of my child. I instantly bargained for the hire of the pack, and received instructions concerning the proper performance of my character."

"My father," cried Evelina, "did you thus risk your life for me? Had you been taken up for a spy——"

"I thought not of danger. I only thought of you, Evelina," replied the fond parent.

"Oh my father," and she affectionately took his hand.

"With the pack slung over my shoulders, continued Capt. Marvin, I hastened to the creek, crossed the bridge, and threw myself in the way of the enemy. I was soon seized, and brought before the commanding officer, a major in the British service, who headed a few regulars, some militia, and a party of Indians. I was very sharply interrogated concerning the American force in that quarter, the best place for obtaining booty, &c. but no one suspected my not being the character I assumed.— Having answered their enquiries as suited my purpose, I next obtained permission to dispose of my merchandise among the troops. I acted my part to admiration, but could obtain no intelligence of any captive lady, and I began to conclude that the disappearance of Evelina had no connection with the

arrival of this party on our frontier. I then prepared to return, but, it seems, my enquiries had excited suspicion. for I perceived that I was followed by a serjeant's file. I endeavored to join my company by a circuitous rout, but some of our men who were watching, hailed me from the opposite side of the bridge. The serjeant and his file instantly advancing, endeavored to seize me. I resisted. Five or six of our men hastened to my rescue. They were fired at by the enemy, and I received two wounds in the discharge. My friends were backward in firing, fearing to kill me, but rushed on the British with fixed bayonets, and seizing a sword, I headed the scuffle, in which I was again wounded, but the enemy were forced to retreat, and I was borne off the field by my friends. Our party then retreated towards home, but stopped at Dr. Berton's, where my wounds were dressed, and the doctor kindly accompanied us home."

"It is then indeed on my account, my father, that you received your wounds," said Evelina.

"They are trifling my child, mere flesh wounds, that will soon heal. But thanks be to God, that you are restored to us in health, my dear Evelina," replied Capt. Marvin.

"Praised be the Almighty, who has restored you both to our own home," said aunt Martha.

The Doctor now entered, and again dressed the wounds of his patient, which healed so rapidly that in a few days Doctor Berton took his leave, well repaid for his trouble, and leaving aunt Martha a box of ointment, with very minute directions for completing the cure he had so happily commenced.

And now the furious blast of war ceased to resound through the land, and security again revisited the western world. The river Niagara no longer separated contending enemies, eager to take ad-

vantage of each other. The eye no longer beheld villages in flames, houses consumed, and the industrious farmer, in one fatal night, deprived of the produce of many years of toil, by the crafty aborigines of the wilderness. Peace was signed between Great Britain and America, and the industrious inhabitants of Canada and the United States slept in safety.

Capt. Marvin was soon perfectly cured of his wounds. Evelina was again happy in the enjoyment of health and domestic felicity. Her vivacity unfettered by restraint, inspired life and cheerfulness into the whole family. Aunt Martha, happy in the society of her brother and niece, could imagine no higher scene of earthly enjoyment than she daily experienced. Not a wish remained unsatisfied in either of the family, save that their lost Theodore might return among them.

It was not in the nature of Capt. Marvin or aunt Martha to retain resentment against any person, but the former considered it a duty he owed society to expose Parker, and thereby prevent any of his future machinations from taking effect. But aunt Martha had forgiven him, and entreated her brother to take no further notice of the affair. "Surely, said the considerate maiden, an offence proceeding from love, cannot be so very heinous. Mr. Parker wished very much to marry our Evelina. Vain of himself, he imagined no woman in her sober senses could refuse him. Of course, he thought Evelina's rejections but the effect of childish caprice. Once his wife, he concluded she must then be sensible of the prize she had obtained. Fortune threw my niece in his way, and William resolved to make use of a little compulsion to make her his own. Be assured, brother, such was the source and extent of his design."

"You plead eloquently, sister, said Capt. Marvin, and I am inclined to believe in the probability of your statement. There may have been more weakness than villany in his project. Still he should not be allowed to make such attempts with impunity. But, week after week glided away, and the captain had taken no steps towards apprehending Parker, who had not reappeared in the precincts of Tonnewonte."

Returning one day from the village, Capt. Marvin perceived a negro endeavoring to glide unnoticed by him. This attracted his attention, and regarding the black, attentively, he recognized Brutus. To spring from his horse and seize the negro by the collar, was but the work of an instant. Villian, cried the Captain, you were the coadjutor of that rascal Parker, in his villanous scheme upon my daughter.

"Oh massa, massa, cried the trembling wretch, Brutus no blame."

"How, you impertinent fellow?" exclaimed Capt. Marvin.

"Brutus a slave massa, he must do what his massa bid."

"The more villain he," said the Captain, rather softened by this appeal. "But surely, Brutus, you need not have been so faithful an accessory in so base an attempt."

The crafty fellow perceived the impression he had made. "Ah massa, Brutus be sorry. He be very sorry all the time. He wish to tell Misse Lina how massa cheat her, but massa no give me chance; and after all, if misse did marry massa, and go to Maryland, she be dere de very great lady. Very big house, plenty slaves, oh she be de very great lady."

"But, Brutus, if she cared not for such advancement, was it right to force her acceptance?"

"No Massa, and I wish to stay by misse and see no harm done, but massa send me away."

"Brutus," said Capt. Marvin, "I know that you were but an instrument in the hands of your master." "Tell me all that you know of this affair, and no harm shall accrue to you."

"Massa William," said Brutus, in reply, "love Misse Evelina to distraction. When she refuse him, he walk the room all night, and me hear him say, "I must, and will have her." His mind so uneasy, he take me with him, to go shooting every day. ~~One~~ ~~night~~, we see Indians. Massa fear'd, so we tie our horses, and hide; but I peep. Oh Massa, I say, Indians carry off lady, look like Misse Lina; let us shoot. So we crept to where we take good shot, and I kill Indian. We den take Misse to de log-house, were we sleep all night. Massa den love Misse more dan ever. He say, "Brutus, dis lady must be my wife: must be your misse; go get our horses." Wen we stopt next night, he send me before to a tenant, dat owe him much money, and live in Massa's house. Me tell dis man and de woman to prepare, massa come and bring de great lady. I stay in de barn, and wen I see massa. I say, "Massa. dont be bad to Misse Lina, but let her go home." Massa say, "Get away, you black rascal, go home, but if you use your tongue I will pull it from your mouth." So den I go home. Massa stay two or three miles-off, to be near misse, but when misse run away, he come home furious. He beat us all. He walk his room all night. In de morning he say, "I tink de proud gal no more. De rich, de great lady jump to get me." Massa go back to Maryland. Our Misse wish Massa William to marry very rich lady, who got de great plantation. Massa William say, yes. De lady say yes. So dey be married. Young Misse be very pretty,

but very cross. She get in de passion, and den how she scold! How she storm. She hear some how of Misse Lina; and Misse ask Massa were be de lady, he shut up in de house. Massa William turn red, She scold. She fling de teapot at him. She talk and stamp. He beat de slaves. She scold de slaves. Oh, what a house, Massa Marvin."

"I believe you," said Capt. Marvin. "Parker is below my resentment, and I shall concern myself no longer about him."

"Ah, Massa Marvin, Massa Parker no dare to come here. He be feard you. Young Misse wish to come, but Massa say, 'No I wont.' Den Misse fly in a passion; and den de hotse all noise—all scold."

"Good or bad actions never fail to bring their own reward," said Capt. Marvin.

"Ah, yes, Massa. You and Misse be happy, but not Massa William. He send me to Tonnewont, to see to tings; but me feard to come."

"You need no longer be afraid, Brutus. I shall not injure you."

"Tank you, Massa," said the Negro.

Capt. Marvin then mounted his horse, and without further enquiry pursued his way.

This account brought Parker into great contempt among the inmates of Marvin farm, as the same details were corroborated through a more respectable channel. William Parker no longer engrossed word or thought from either of the family. Even the negroes ceased to repeat his name in their conversation.

Time now glided with them imperceptibly away, and so unmarked by incident, that we shall take a flight back to France, and see what has become of Theodore.

CHAPTER XVI.

La molle oisivete, la triste solitude,
 Poisons dont il nourrit sa noire inquietude,
 Je vivrent tout entier au vain ressouvenir
 Qui le vient malgré lui sans cesse entretenir.
 Je vous aime, et ma crainte a d'assez justes causes
 Il sied bien en amour de craindre toutes choses.
 Que deviendrois je, hélas! si le sort rigoureux
 Me privoit pour jamais de l'object de mes vœux!

LA FONTAINE.

DAY after day passed away with Theodore, and he still remained insensible, in the wards of the hospital. In this situation he was found by Le Page, an aged servant of his father, who had missed the Marquis and his son on the night of the 19th. He had since sought them among the dead and the wounded, and was at length directed to the hospital, where Theodore lay, confounded with many other sufferers. The old man gazed on the son of his ancient master, with the greatest emotion. He sought the surgeon. "What think you of this unfortunate youth?" he enquired.

"He may recover," replied Doctor Pascal.

"But not in a crowded hospital," said the old man.

"Why not, friend?" cried the Doctor. "There are in this place, hundreds of brave fellows, who will, I hope, recover, to be again gloriously wounded in the service of their country."

"But sir," said La Page, "do you not think that purer air, and retirement might prove beneficial to my young master?"

"Why, yes, my good man. If you could obtain and provide lodgings, I think the young gentleman would have a better chance of recovery."

Le Page hastened out, and his indefatigable researches soon procured comfortable lodgings for

Theodore, in an airy situation. To these young de Clermont was conveyed. Le Page was his nurse, and the surgeon attended him assiduously. At length the fever abated, and Theodore gradually recovered his senses, but so enfeebled, that he scarcely noticed any surrounding object. At length he recognized Le Page, and, observing his attentions, pressed his hand. The old man wept. Theodore laid his hand on his burning forehead. "I have no tears left," he faltered. This was the first attempt at articulation; but in a few days he recovered sufficiently to communicate to Le Page the particulars of his father's death. The old man wept over the fate of his ancient lord. "You must endeavor to recover rapidly, Mons. de Clermont," said he, "that we may return to Provence, and bear with us the remains of Mons. Le Marquis."

But Theodore was very weak, and he still lingered many weeks in the confinement of a sick chamber; but the first use he made of returning strength, was to write to his brother, and to the Marvin family.

He was one day surprised by the entrance of Louis. The new Marquis embraced his brother. "Ah Theodore," he cried, "what a change has a few months made in your appearance? But take courage, my brother, I must now convey you to Provence, and place you under the care of Jeannette. A few months of her nursing, added to the salubrity of your native climate, will soon restore your health."

"Do not despise my nursing, Mons. Le Marquis," said Le Page.

"You owe the life of your brother under Heaven to this faithful man," said Theodore.

"Ah, Le Page," cried Louis, shaking him by the hand, "you were my father's trusty servant, and you shall find faithful friends in his sons. We must secure you some snug little haven in Provence."

"Ah, thank you, Mons. Le Marquis," replied the old man. "I shall indeed like to pass the remainder of my days near the scenes of my early youth, and the remains of my honored lord."

"My poor father," exclaimed Louis.

"But, where have you been, brother, since our separation?" enquired Theodore.

"I entered Paris with the Austrian army," replied the young Marquis, "and began to be very anxious to hear from my father and you, when the rumour of his death was circulated through the city.— I called on Colonel de Corbie, who confirmed the account of our father's disappearance, and greatly commended your bravery. I understood that you were left behind, wounded, but could not ascertain where, when I received your letter. I immediately obtained leave of absence, and here I am, Theodore. You have lost a father, but you have a brother."

Theodore made no reply, but threw himself into the arms of his brother.— When he had regained his composure, he informed Louis of their father's last injunction.

"Had he not requested it," said the Marquis, "I should have conveyed the remains of my father, to repose with those of his ancestors."

The two brothers, with Le Page and the attendants of Louis, then proceeded to Waterloo; and from thence the remains of the late Marquis de Beaucaire were conveyed to Provence.

All hailed the approach of the new Marquis de Beaucaire, who had made himself very popular among the inhabitants of his hereditary property.— He remained at his mansion a few weeks, and then returned to Paris, while Theodore was committed to the care of Jeannette.

But Theodore was now only the shadow of his

former self. He still lingered under the effect of his wounds, and was mostly confined to his chamber; yet he sometimes ventured out, attended by Le Page, but these walks were necessarily confined to the environs of the Hotel. On the first arrival of the brothers, all the neighbouring gentry had called to welcome them, and while the young marquis remained there, the house was all gaiety and pleasure: but the nerves of Theodore were too much weakened to enjoy this bustle. Confined to his chamber, he seldom saw the guests of his brother, and when the young Marquis de Beaucaire departed, it was scarcely known that his younger brother remained. Theodore was indeed despondent. The hope that had supported him through his illness, that had given him strength to return to Provence, had fled from him, like the fitting shadow of an idle dream. He had hoped to see Sophia—to find her still affectionate, and faithful; but his heart sickened, when he was informed that Mademoiselle des Abbayes had not yet returned to Provence. She was still in Paris, and report added, the gayest of the gay, and she seemed to have no intention of soon returning, as the steward had informed Jeannette that the family were not expected at the Hotel des Abbayes.

“She cares not for me,” said Theodore to himself.

“Her heart is no longer sensible of true affection, or she would not prefer the dissipation of Paris, to the quiet scenes of her native home.”

Hope was obliterated from his bosom. Despondency, with her attendant train of weak nerves, and low spirits, seemed to have overpowered our unfortunate youth, and defeated all the beneficial effects of the salubrious climate of Provence, added to the careful attentions of his old nurse. “My dear child,” said Jeannette to him one night, as, enveloped in a great coat, he sat by a blazing fire, its cheerfulness

strikingly contrasted, by the sombre expressions of grief and anxiety depicted in his countenance. "How can you thus, in the bloom of youth, abandon yourself to despondency? Cheer up, my son. Exert your faculties. Recover your health, and who then, among the noblest and bravest of the land, will surpass Theodore de Clermont? I wish to see you again, my son, in your gallant uniform, bearing the sword which, Le Page says, you wielded so gloriously on the great day, that restored to France its lawful King."

"But, Jeannette, can a glittering exterior satisfy the mind? Will vanity counterbalance the disappointments of the heart?"

"But Theodore de Clermont can force his way to distinction," said the nurse. "What lady will then refuse him? Shew yourself in Paris, my son. Sophia once loved you; but she now most probably thinks that you have abandoned her. Shew her that you have not. Claim her in Paris, among the brave lords there assembled. Courage alone can conquer difficulties. Be brave, my son, never give way to fortune, but conquer fate."

"You are right, Jeannette," replied Theodore. "Illness has weakened my mind. Too long have I yielded to supineness. Sophia has indeed reason to think that I have forsaken her; for I dared not assume the liberty of writing, and fate has not permitted us to meet. But as you say, Jeannette, a brave man is not easily overcome. I must exert myself."

The next morning Theodore arose early, and, after drinking his coffee, called for his horse. Le Page was astonished. "I think," said de Clermont, "that I have been too long immured. Riding will contribute to my health."

"Undoubtedly it will," cried the old man.—
"Thank Heaven that my gallant young master again begins to exert himself."

Theodore returned to dinner, much invigorated, with an excellent appetite. He now frequently took the air, and his health was improving fast.

One afternoon he rode out alone. He took the road to the Chateau des Abbayes. All seemed there solitary and forsaken. He tied his horse to a tree and wandered to the grave of Olives, where he had so often walked with Sophia. The sun gradually sunk in the west, and he found himself on the affecting spot, where the well remembered tender interview had taken place. Overpowered with emotion, he threw himself on the ground, and every incident in his conversation with Sophia presented itself to his imagination. He forgot time, he forgot space, and Sophia alone seemed present with him, but soon the delusion vanished, and reality, painful reality, obtruded itself on his mind. O Sophia, he exclaimed, shall we then never meet again? Shall I indeed never behold you, but in the futile dreams of an airy imagination?"

Hastily he left the place, and regaining his horse. Jeannette again remarked the pensive sadness of his countenance, and endeavored to draw his attention to the future prospects that might await him in life. "My dear Theodore," said she, "I am very happily situated in the household of the young Marquis, your brother; but when you are a general, I will reside with you, and what pleasure will I have in dandling some young rogue of a little Theodore de Clermont in my arms!"

"Ah, good nurse," said Theodore smiling. "You are a flattering prophetess, but I have many steps to take before I shall be a general, and, as a preliminary one, I will to-morrow write to my brother to represent my case to the King, and have me attached to some regiment.

Le Page entered the apartment. "Here are let-

ters from Paris, Monsieur. One is I think from our young Marquis, for here are his arms. The other bears the arms of des Abbayes." Theodore took the letters. "Sophia's hand writing, he cried, and broke the seal." We will take the liberty of looking over his shoulder as he reads.

"Paris, April 3, 1816.

"You see, De Clermont, that your old friend Sophia has not forgotten you, although so many months have elapsed since we last met. Forget you, indeed! No, my friend, I do not, for I still remember with the liveliest pleasure the agreeable walks and rides, we formerly enjoyed together in Provence. And, Theodore, never will Sophia des Abbaye forget, that you once saved her life. It is that consideration, which induces her to write to you at this moment.

I know not if I understand rightly some little marks of gallantry, you once shewed me; but most probably you no longer remember them.

My father has not forgotten his friendship for you, nor his attachment to your family. He has resolved to unite our families, and has ordered me to bestow my hand on your brother. The Marquis de Beaucaire is ardently attached to your old friend Sophia. I had once hoped———, but it is needless to recapitulate. My father orders me to bestow my hand on the Marquis, and insists on implicit obedience. Your brother is amiable, and I esteem him greatly. Theodore, we must forget the transient fancy of the first effervescence of youthful imagination; and if report speaks truth, De Clermont, a new object, with sufficient attractions, will not be unacceptable to you. Keep your heart in readiness, my friend, for I bring with me to Provence, a very engaging cousin, handsome, witty,

well informed, and immensely ~~strong~~, without father, or even guardian, to control her inclinations, for she has just come of age. Amelia has sensibility, and your taste will exactly coincide. But you will see and judge for yourself, and I shall say no more until we all meet together in Provence.

Your faithful friend,
SOPHIA DES ABBAYES."

"Faithless, inconstant, ambitious Sophia!" cried Theodore, throwing down the letter, and pacing the room in the utmost agitation. He clasped his hands. He leaned against the wall, then hurried to and fro. At length, exhausted with the violence of his emotions, he sunk on a seat. The sympathetic Jeannette approached him. She wished to attract his attention, but Theodore observed her not. His looks were fixed on vacuum. His tearless eyes seemed starting from their sockets. His throbbing forehead rested on his hand. Jeannette hesitated to disturb him, but in silent anxiety, awaited the issue.

At length, Theodore, starting from his chair, seemed to end a long train of reflection, by the ejaculation, "and by a brother! But let me see what he has to say;" and catching up the other letter, he broke the seal and read as follows:

"Paris, April 2, 1816.

"Congratulate me, Theodore, for the object of my tenderest affection is soon to be mine. You were, I think, acquainted with Mademoiselle des Abbayes, but it could be but slightly, since I have so seldom heard you mention her name. But you shall know Sophia better, and thank me for the agreeable sister I shall bring you, to enliven the Chateau de Beaucaire.

This marriage will likewise relieve the estate from any embarrassments attending our emigration, and I shall be enabled, my brother, to provide properly for you. I am already negotiating a commission, and hope soon to see you make some splendid establishment to which surely you have a right to pretend, with your birth and accomplishments. Rest assured, Theodore, that you have a sincere friend in your brother.

I flatter myself that your health is fast improving. You must, however, be expiring with ennui; but we will dissipate that when our bridal party brings life and gaiety to the present sombre hotel. Expect us in a fortnight.

Your affectionate brother,
LOUIS, MARQUIS DE BEAUCAIRE."

Theodore threw the letter from him, and again paced the room in the greatest agitation. "My son," said Jeannette, venturing at last to speak, "what is it that thus agitates you?"

"You can read, my good nurse," said Theodore, "take these epistles and peruse them."

"I can indeed read," replied Jeannette, "thanks be to God; and to the good nurse who taught me.— Then putting on her spectacles, and assuming a look of the utmost importance, the good nurse proceeded with great deliberation to spell over the contents of the letters. Theodore seated himself, and covering his face with his hands, appeared entirely absorbed in his own reflections.

"My dear son," said the nurse, "after studying out the import of the writings. "Why are you thus afflicted?"

"Can you ask me that?" cried Theodore, starting with surprise. "Surely you have not perused those letters.

"I have indeed, my child," replied the old woman.

"And have I not lost Sophia for ever?"

"But your brother has obtained her. We must not be selfish, Theodore. Take the advice of Mademoiselle, she writes I think very sensibly.— Believe an old woman, my son. This first love is only a youthful fancy that we forget before we get old. You may yet love a dozen times. Mademoiselle Sophia is dependant on her father, you on your brother; supposing for a moment, that she disobeyed her father, and forsook your brother for you, would you consent to reduce the lady you love to poverty?"

"Are these, then, the calculations you make in France?" cried de Clermont.

"They are the reasonable reflections that are made in any civilized country," retorted the old woman.

"But, nurse, did you not formerly encourage my love for Sophia?"

"Yes, my son, when I thought there was a possibility of your obtaining her, but she is now the betrothed bride of your brother. This marriage will add weight to the family consideration. The united influence of both families will be employed to aid your promotion. Think then only of Sophia, as of a sister. Come, cheer up, Mons. Theodore, have you no curiosity to see this amiable Amelia?"

"Nurse," cried de Clermont, "I duly appreciate your motives, you wish to make me forget my disappointment. Were I influenced by motives of interest, I might, as you say, easily change my views, but I love Sophia des Abbayes. This heart is faithful, and can never forget her. No, Jeannette, I cannot meet her as my sister. Can I forget that

the inconstant has proved faithless? That she
 _____ has forsaken me _____?

And my brother _____?"

"He knew not of your love, Theodore."

"I believe you, nurse, but I can now only behold in him a successful rival. I have lost my father. Sophia and my brother were the only friends remaining to me in France. She has disappointed me, and I cannot, in my present frame of mind, meet either of them."

He again took up Sophia's letter, and perused it more deliberately. "What means she, by this?" he cried. "Can she, indeed, have heard of my unfortunate adventure at Lully? Good night, nurse;" and Theodore retired to his chamber in greater agitation of mind, than he had hitherto experienced in the whole course of his life.

The next morning his haggard looks and sunken eyes discovered to the attentive Jeannette, that her foster son had passed a sleepless night, and she strove by every affectionate endeavor to reconcile him to his disappointment. He was fully sensible of the kindness of her motives, but she strove in vain to light up a smile on his countenance, nor did the entrance of Marchemain, who came to consult with Jeannette as house-keeper, respecting the necessary preparations for the reception of the Marquis de Beaucaire and his bride, contribute to dissipate his somber melancholy. He left them together and retired to his chamber, where he was deeply immersed in gloomy reflections, when Le Page brought him the following epistle. Theodore unconsciously opened it, but it soon engrossed all his attention.

"Tonnewonte, Feb. 1, 1816.

"MY DEAR SON—Your favor of Dec. last, came safe to hand, and excited the deepest sympathy in

our secluded corner of the globe. You were then ill, and comparatively forsaken, without any tender relative to smooth the pillow of sickness, or allay, by kind commiseration, the sufferings of nature.

Your letter was long in reaching us, and most probably, by the time we received it, you were enjoying restored health, and renovated cheerfulness. It was with difficulty, that I convinced aunt Martha and your old acquaintance Evelina, of the probability of this circumstance; for they were so much affected by the contents of your letter, that they even began to meditate a journey to France, to attend you on your sick bed, as aunt Martha says, that a male nurse is good for nothing. But, my dear Theodore, your health will for some time prevent you from joining the army. Why cannot you employ this interval of leisure, in paying us a visit? Crossing the Atlantic, will likewise contribute to the restoration of your health. Aunt Martha promises to nurse you; and Evelina to amuse you. Come then, my son, and spend a few months with those, who, however homely their manners, possess the valuable quality of sincerity, and love you better than aught else on earth. You have lost a father, Theodore, I am grieved at your bereavement; but, remember that you still possess an affectionate parent in America, who will endeavor to heal the wounds inflicted on you by the hand of fate. Next year, with restored health, and renovated spirits, you may, if such be your inclination, leave our humble abode of rustic happiness, and return to your splendid connections in France. Business, Theodore, likewise requires your presence here. Your land is rapidly increasing in value. Cato has continued to clear it, during his intervals of leisure, and a stupendous work is projected here, that will render our retired village, the high road of the western world. Your secluded

farm will be covered with boats, loaded with the most valuable freight. It may perhaps become a mart where millions will be shipped and landed from all parts of the globe, or merchandize be stored, thence to be distributed to all the northern, and western regions of America. Permit an old man, my son, to look forward a little further into the glimmerings of futurity. The work now in agitation, is but the beginning of the great triumphs of art, that will yet be seen in America. You may yet see the day, Theodore de Clermont, when the village of Tonnawonte will be a port of entry on the high road of the western world, where people of all nations will continually resort, as the shortest route to the Pacific ocean. You are astonished, my son, you begin to tremble for the senses of your adopted father. But fear not, I speak the language of reason and reflection. In short, the route of a canal is already laid out, that is to connect the waters of the western lakes with the Atlantic ocean. Is not this a gigantic enterprize, Theodore, for our infant country? What may we not expect from America, when she shall have attained maturity? Canals will be formed in succession that will connect our navigable waters, and form an uninterrupted navigation, through our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. You will perhaps enquire who was the projector of this arduous undertaking? What mind in our republic has thus called the energies of his fellow-citizens into action? What capacious mind has been enabled, not only to foresee the innumerable advantages emanating from this undertaking, but likewise perseverance sufficient to smooth the way to the removal of every obstacle that might impede its progress? This accomplished statesman, is DE WITT CLINTON. A name that will shine bright in the annals of America, that will be handed down to

posterity, with a lustre always attendant on the real benefactors of their country. The workmen will soon commence their labours on the great western canal. It passes by my house, and runs directly through your land. Consider how greatly this will enhance its value. You may let it out in small lots; but you must come and see to this yourself, and when you return to France, the rents of your American property will assist you in your endeavors to attain eminence in your native country.

Aunt Martha and Evelina will take no denial.—Cato and Lany are already projecting undertakings, to be realized, when “Young massa comes home.” Come then, my son, and rejoice their hearts, as well as that of

Your affectionate father,

E. MARVIN.”

“Generous disinterested man,” cried Theodore. “Unsophisticated children of nature! Yes, your adopted son hastily obeys your summons. I will immediately depart for America. I have there always experienced uniform kindness. Abandoned, a helpless, friendless orphan, I was received by those truly kind Americans, and educated as their own child. I there enjoyed happiness. I there experienced content. France, my native country, what have you given me in exchange? But I will return; and, like the prodigal son, I will throw myself at my father’s feet. The fatted calf will indeed be killed for my reception. Interested, ambitious Sophia, I will never see you more. I will endeavor never to think of you. I will discard your image from my bosom. France and Sophia, farewell forever. But my brother? Ah, he will not feel my absence. Possessed of title and fortune, a beautiful and accomplish-

ed wife, successful in his schemes of ambition, he has enough to fill his heart, and will not miss his younger brother. But I will not give him pain.— He shall hear nothing from me, concerning the perfidy of his Sophia.”

CHAP. XVII.

Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth!
 Who first unveil'd the hallow'd form of truth;
 Whose every word enlighten'd and endear'd,
 In age beloved, in poverty revered.
 Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear
 Some little friendship, form'd and cherish'd here:
 And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teams
 With golden visions, and romantic dreams!
 And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
 Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.

ROSSA.

In the afternoon Theodore mounted his horse and proceeded to Marseilles, where he found a ship that was to sail the next day for America. His resolution was soon formed. He engaged a passage, and returned home. De Clermont then retired to his chamber, and wrote the following letters:

“TO MADemoisELLE SOPHIA DES ABBAYES.

“You are then, Sophia, to be my sister. Well, I will not reproach you; but I can never view you as such. You despised the humbler fortunes of a younger brother; yet he possessed as true a heart, as beats in the bosom of the Marquis de Beaucaire. But, brought up a worshipper of fortune, you are not to blame, Sophia, for being faithful to your creed.—May you and Louis be happy! I will not mar your felicity, nor shall your husband ever learn from me, that I once aspired to his wife. Adieu, Sophia, I embark for America, nor in the midst of your happiness, need you feel anxiety for your brother. For, in the land of my adoption, I shall find content, and I trust, I shall also meet happiness.

THEODORE DE CLERMONT.”

“TO LOUIS DE BEUCAIRE.

“DEAR LOUIS—Some sudden intelligence from

America, obliges me to cross the Atlantic immediately; and, a ship being ready to sail for New-York, I shall take advantage of the opportunity. I felicitate you, my brother, on your splendid establishment, and am grieved that I cannot await your arrival, and pay my personal respects to you and your beautiful bride; but the news I have received renders that impossible. That you, my brother, and your intended lady, may enjoy permanent felicity, is the most earnest wish of

Your grateful and
obliged brother,

T. DE CLERMONT.*

Having completed his arrangements, Theodore passed the remainder of the evening with Jeannette. The old woman little thought that her fosterson intended so soon to leave her, and she endeavored to entertain him with the magnificent preparations that were making for the reception of the Marquis, and future Marchioness de Beaucaire. Jeannette's mind was indeed so completely absorbed in this subject, that she had attention for nothing else.

"Ah," thought Theodore, as he bade her good-night, and retired to his room. "Amidst all this splendour and magnificence, even my nurse will not feel my absence. Ah Theodore de Clermont, it is indeed time for you to leave France, and seek a country where you may find more sympathy and disinterested affection."

But, when, after breakfast the following morning, he informed Jeannette, that he intended to sail the same day for America, she stood motionless with amazement.

"Impossible, Mons. Theodore. You will first stop, and see this wedding. You must pay your congratulations to the bride and bridegroom."

"Jeannette," said Theodore, "do you think I can so easily forget the bitter disappointment, my heart has sustained? Can I cease to remember, that she, I fondly loved, who once permitted me to hope, is now the destined bride of my brother?"

"Ah, Theodore, my son, you will then forsake us all, to go and break your heart in America?" and the good woman began to weep vehemently.

"Be not uneasy, my good nurse," said Theodore, taking her hand, "I have just received a letter from my adopted father, containing a pressing invitation to pay him a visit, for the restoration of my health. Fear not for me, Jeannette. In America I shall recover my peace of mind. I have dear friends there who received me when I was a castaway orphan. With them, I shall find happiness."

"I hope you may, my son," cried the old woman, sobbing, "but, Theodore, can you forget your old nurse?"

"Jeannette," said Theodore, "I would not leave you destitute; but you are comfortably situated in my brother's establishment. You are happy here, and the Marquis and his lady will provide for you. America would not suit you, Jeannette. You are too fond of show, to be satisfied with the plain and simple habits of the new world."

"America, indeed, Mons. Theodore," cried Jeannette. "No, indeed! You will never catch me there. But, my dear son," continued she, in a persuasive tone, "why need you go to that far away country? You may yet be a general, if you only remain in France, and may obtain some great and rich lady. Do stop to see that Mademoiselle Amelia. She may be handsomer than Mademoiselle Sophia. Ah, Theodore, do not leave us; for that wild savage America; but remain with your old nurse, and your other friends in France."

"I cannot, Jeannette; but we may one day meet again."

"Oh then, Mons. Theodore, you only take a trip to dissipate your grief, and forget your disappointment? Well, that may do; and you can visit your old friends at the same time; and, since you take this affair so to heart, a little travelling may perhaps do you good; but do not remain too long, and I hope that this handsome Amelia will not be married before your return." And, smiling through her tears, Jeannette bustled about to assist Theodore in preparing for his departure.

De Clermont permitted her to indulge her delusive ideas respecting his return; and, meeting Le Page, another similar scene ensued: but the old servant also preferred remaining in the establishment of the Marquis de Beaucaire, to following the younger brother to a far distant, and unknown country. Yet he was sincerely attached to both sons of his late lord, and greatly regretted Theodore's departure. Nothing else occurred to detain young de Clermont. His baggage was conveyed on board, and he bade a last adieu to his native soil. The load on his heart seemed fast melting away, when he found himself safely through the pillars of Hurcules; and launched on the great ocean, that separated the old from the new world. As the former gradually receded away, his cares seemed also left behind; and hope and expectations danced in delightful perspective, as the setting sun seemed to shine on that land of refuge, where he had enjoyed the unconcerned hilarity of early youth.

As he approached the shores of America, his heart beat with impatience, to meet and embrace the friends and protectors of his childish years, and his mind dwelt with pleasing delight on the exhilarating remembrance of his youthful playmate, Evelina Marvin.

At length the ship came along side of Whitehall. Theodore sprang on shore. "All hail to thee, America," he cried, "land of my childhood! Thy adopted son returns to thee with the joyful impatience of the homesick child, just reaching, after a long absence, the indulgent home of his infancy. Receive the prodigal son of thy adoption into thy cherishing bosom, and may the old world retain its splendor to itself."

De Clermont hastened up Broadway, and stopped at his old boarding house, near Washington Hall. His former land-lady received him with a hearty welcome, and had many enquiries to make of him concerning France, and the two gentlemen who had formerly lodged with him at her house.

Every thing in New-York now possessed interest for Theodore, but he was so impatient to arrive at Tonnawonte, that he first bespoke a passage on board the steam-boat Richmond for Albany, previous to calling on any of his former acquaintance.

Early the next morning he paid a melancholy visit to his mother's grave. Potter's-field seemed to have experienced no alteration since he had last visited it with his brother. Since then, how various had been the incidents of his life! He leaned sometime mournfully against the monument absorbed in silent retrospection, then walked pensive away.

The same day he embarked for Albany. The steam-boat displayed a scene of the most bustling activity. In the motley concourse that crowded the deck, were assembled representatives, not only from every part of the American continent, but also from most places of the habitable globe. Theodore was amused and mingled sociably with the crowd; but three persons, an Austrian from Vienna, a Russian from Archangel, and a Bavarian, an

ex-colonel in Bonaparte's army, attached themselves to our young traveller, as they were ignorant of the English language, and consequently found Theodore a very convenient companion.— The strangers were on their way to visit the falls of Niagara; and all four agreed to travel in one party.

Our Europeans were men of taste, and were highly gratified with the admirable beauties of scenery to be found on each side of the Hudson, and their admiration was greatly increased at the magnificent pass of the highlands.

At Albany our travellers took the stage-coach, and on Sunday arrived at the beautiful and thriving town of Utica. On Tuesday the western stage-coach set them down at the village of Tonnewont.

Theodore took leave of his companions, and pursued his way on foot along the well remembered road that led to the farm of his adopted father.

The sun was low declining in the west. A golden harvest had crowned the hopes of the industrious farmers, who had nearly finished lodging in their barns the plentiful reward of their toil. Theodore with a light heart walked briskly forward.— He seemed to have forgotten his disappointments. Change of scene had apparently obliterated all his former troubles from his memory, while the present season awakened the joyous associations of his early youth.

As he approached Mr. Marvin's, he beheld with pleasure the great improvements that had been made during his absence. At length he saw before him the house of his adopted father, which had so long been the home of his early years. He had to pass the barn yard. The lowing cows were there assembled, and were yielding the rich produce of their udders to the pails of their sable attendants. Aunt Martha had walked out, and was standing be-

side a favorite cow which was milked by a little black girl. The sight of a stranger caught her attention. "Aunt Martha!" exclaimed the youth, the sound of his voice operated as a charm. The good maiden sprang forward. She threw her arms around his neck. She pressed him to her bosom. "Ah Theodore, my son! my son!" she cried.— "Theodore, I am happy, for I have seen thee again." The youth pressed her hands in silence, and they walked towards the house, while the little negroes followed them with their eyes, and hastened their employment that they might have a look at the handsome stranger so kindly received by their mistress. Capt. Marvin, returning home from some occupation on his farm, saw them at a distance, and recognized Theodore. He hurried forward to meet them. "Oh Theodore, Theodore, my son!" cried the good man, extending his hand. He then pressed the youth to his bosom. "Welcome once more to America! Thrice welcome, my son, to the habitation of your father."

"My father!" said Theodore, pressing his hand, "but where is my little sister Evelina?"

A tall and graceful young female in the simple dress of the country met them at the door. She blushed and bowed at sight of a stranger. Theodore took off his hat. "My daughter," said Capt. Marvin, "your brother has returned," and he took a hand of each.

"Is this Miss Marvin," cried the youth, "can this graceful young lady be my little sister Evelina?" and with some diffidence he embraced her. The face of the young American was suffused with blushes. She led the way to the neat front parlor.— "Welcome to Tonnemonte, Theodore!" said she. He gazed at her with surprize, pleasure and admiration. "Welcome indeed," cried aunt Martha.—

"O Theodore, how we have wished to see you! How impatiently have we expected your arrival!"

"Thank you, dear aunt," said the youth. Then again turned his eyes towards Evelina. She blushed and shrunk from his ardent gaze. "Excuse my rudeness, Miss Marvin," said Theodore, "but I can scarce believe my eyes. I can scarce realize the conviction, that I behold before me, my former little romping playmate, transformed into so lovely a lady."

"You have learned to compliment in France," said Evelina.

"Where, where is our young Massa?" was now heard. "Where is Massa Theodore?" and Cato and Lany rushing in, without ceremony, seized his hands. "Welcome home, Massa Theodore! Welcome home!" De Clermont shook them by the hand. "Thank you, my honest friends," he replied. All their little sable offsprings were then presented to him with due ceremony.

Aunt Martha, in the mean time, hastened to add to their plentiful supper, the choicest dainties the house afforded; and a happier domestic party was never assembled around the social board.

Their repast finished, they seated themselves on the Piazza, in front of the house. The light of day had departed; but myriads of stars sparkled in the firmament, while their collective beams illuminated the scene with the brightness of day. The winding brook murmured around the bottom of the lawn, which was by this time, well stored with fruit trees, shrubs, and flowers. The whippwill sung plaintively from the trees. The bull frog, from a neighboring pond, responded his hoarse base; while the shrill note of the tree frog, gave variety to the concert. The immense forest that formerly surrounded the house, had now disappeared, from the imme-

date vicinity of the dwelling, but was still beneath the perspective forming an impenetrable cloud, the termination of the forest of the adjacent cultivated field.

The heart of Theodore dilated within his bosom. He seemed just awakened from a troubled dream, with the joyful sensation, that the gloom had fled, and the brightness of day had dissipated the terrors of night. He gazed on the manly countenance of the protector of his childhood, with a feeling of security. With filial love, he returned the benevolent smile of the kind hearted aunt Martha. He stole a glance at the lovely girl seated beside him, whose eyes were bent on him, with an expression of exulting sisterly affection.

"Oh, my friends," cried Theodore. "Never more will I leave you. I will settle among you. I will become, in fact, as I am now in heart, an American."

"Thank God!" cried aunt Martha. Evelina glanced at him a smile of approbation. "My son," said Capt. Marvin, "I am rejoiced at hearing you express this resolution. Reared among us, you know what you have to expect in America and need not fear disappointment. I indeed think, my son, that we have in reality sufficient to satisfy the most aspiring mind. Our country is fast rising to eminence. The projected canal that I mentioned to you in my last letter, will prove an incalculable benefit, not only to the tract of country through which it passes, but also to most parts of our northern continent. Let the stupendous undertaking be once effected, and no longer shall we complain of the stagnation of trade. All will be bustle and activity. Our little western towns, swelled into importance, will become emporiums of commerce. Although my dear Theodore, nothing could afford me higher

gratification, than the prospect of your establishing yourself near us, yet would I not obtain this satisfaction at your expence. Let us, then, calmly compare what you may expect in France, and what you may possess on our side of the Atlantic."

"I shall here experience happiness," replied the young Frenchman, "but in France, perpetual uneasiness and frequent disappointment have been my lot."

"I am gratified to hear," said Capt. Marvin, "that after experiencing what the splendid magnificence of high rank can bestow on the sons of Europe, your heart should still feel a preference for our native wilds. Happiness, my son, may indeed be found in the most humble condition, and I am convinced that even your interest will not be a loser by your settling in America. Twenty acres of your land are under cultivation, which is something of a beginning. You have an excellent stream on which I have erected a saw-mill, that I shall immediately deliver into your possession. Near it is a very good ~~the~~ grist-mill. The canal passes through the midst of your property, which greatly enhances its value, and it is besides, admirably situated for an *entrepot* that may rise into importance. With all these advantages, it is more than probable, that your estate may become as valuable as the Lordships of France. I have been fortunate, and during your absence, I have purchased several additional hundred acres of land, which I shall equally divide between you and Evelina. I have likewise some ready money by me, which will enable you to commence business with advantage. You are also in possession of talents, Theodore. You have been brought up in America, and may rise to the highest stations in our country. Perhaps you will consider these as very humble beginnings, to ex-

change for the splendid prospects you will have to abandon in France. Tell me, my son, will they satisfy you? If not, I would not purchase the pleasure of having you permanently settled with us, at the price of a single repining from my adopted son."

"Oh my more than father," cried Theodore; "but you shall not thus rob yourself for me."—

"Who speaks of robbing?" said the old gentleman. "Have I not a right to divide what I possess between my children?"

"But, my father, you shall not take from your daughter to bestow on me."

"Am I not your sister?" said Evelina.

"You are both my children," cried Capt. Marvin, "and shall share equally what belongs to me."

"My dear friends," said Theodore, "I cannot express the feelings of my heart towards you, but I am not so destitute as you may imagine; though I have indeed but little left me as the son of a nobleman. Three thousand guineas would be a very trifling consideration in Europe, yet it is a good beginning at Tonnewonté. It was all my deceased father had it in his power to leave me, except his blessing and dying injunctions." He here paused. The thoughts of his father, and the field of Waterloo were present to his mind.

An interval of silence succeeded, for his American friends respected the feelings of nature. Theodore at length exclaimed, "O my friends, I shall be happier in America than I have been in Europe. I am tired of the army, which was the only prospect held out to me in France. "But the ladies in Europe," said aunt Martha. "Are they not very amiable? As a handsome young soldier, my Theodore must have been a great favorite with them."

The youth sighed. "In Europe, aunt Martha, the

ladies may perhaps be pleased with the attentions of a young soldier, to while away the tedium of time, which lies so heavy on their hands; but should he aspire to make an impression on their hearts, he will, provided he be a younger brother, find them composed of adamant. The title and wealthy heir of the family may obtain the favour of the fair, but his brothers must remain destitute of the solace of an affectionate wife, for the favours of a younger son are seldom adequate to the maintenance of a family. His youth must be spent in attempts to obtain eminence and wealth, which he perhaps obtains when old age has fringed his better feelings. Some amiable portionless girl is then sacrificed to him by her interested relations. A well-born youth must not degrade his family, although he derive nothing from his ancestors but a splendid name. So, if he be determined to marry, he may if young, handsome, and accomplished, perhaps meet with some lady of fortune who might be induced to share her property with him, but then he need expect no further perfections than the wealth that will contribute to his establishment."

"You shall not return to France," cried aunt Martha with indignation.

"You will, indeed, be happier in America," said Evelina.

"Theodore," said Capt. Marvin, "you express yourself with bitterness. Your disappointments in France have infused some gall into your nobler feelings, but it will evaporate by participation.—Confide then to us the misfortunes of your youth. It will relieve your heart. Your past sorrows will be forgotten, and life commence anew with you in these home scenes of your early childhood."

Theodore cast his eyes on the ground. "I should like," said aunt Martha, "to hear your adventures in France."

"You were not, Theodore, very communicative in your letters," said Evelina.

"My dear friends," replied de Clermont, "it will indeed relieve my heart. You shall hear all that has happened to me." And he commenced his tale. His auditors listened with undisguised interest, and Theodore concealed nothing from them. "I am done with the friends of my early youth," said Theodore, terminating his recital, "and I will obliterate from my mind all that has troubled me in France."

"You will do well, my son, to keep that resolution," said Capt. Marwin.

"The fact started Sophia!" cried aunt Martha. "You did well, Theodore, to escape her, for she would never have made you a good wife."

"Was she so very handsome?" enquired Evelina.

De Clermont looked up at the bright eyes which enforced this question. "When in France I thought her very beautiful," said the youth, "but the daughters of America may equal, or even surpass Sophia des Abbayes in loveliness. Let her enjoy happiness with the Marquis de Beaucaire, and I trust I shall forget her, at least only think of her as the wife of my brother."

Evelina raised her eyes. They encountered those of her old playmate. She hastily arose. "It is very late," cried she. "Do you not think of retiring, aunt Martha? It is a shame thus to deprive a traveller of repose. He will think we mean to deny him the hospitality of a bed after he has crossed the Atlantic to pay us a visit."

"I think not of repose," cried Theodore.

"With *thee* conversing, I forget all time,

"All seasons and their change, all please alike."

"Very gallant, truly, Mons. de Clermont; but good night," and the lively Evelina tripped to her

chamber, not to sleep, but to think on the happy return of the beloved companion of her early youth, and to ruminate on the adventures she had heard from his lips.

They all met at dinner the following day, with hearts attuned to happiness. Theodore had returned from a survey of his benefactor's farm, and an inspection of his own land. Capt. Marvin had pointed out to the young Frenchman all the improvements he had planned and executed, and they had consulted together respecting the best method of proceeding with Theodore's property. They had resolved on a project, in which young de Clermont's ready money could be turned most advantageously. He now felt too full of bustling activity to dwell on former regrets, and even Sophia had scarcely recurred to his memory throughout the morning.

The next evening found them again assembled on the piazza. A physiognomist searching for content and happiness, would have exclaimed, "here are they to be found," for no trace of regret could be discovered in the happy countenances of our friends who found the hours too short to express all they had to say.

"But, dear aunt Martha," said Theodore, interrupting a momentary pause in the conversation, "what has become of our old friend Wm. Parker?"

"He! the villain!" cried the spinster with indignation.

"You surprise me," said Theodore. "Young Parker had his faults; but villany——!"

"He is indeed a base fellow," said Capt. Marvin, "below our resentment."

"I am astonished," cried Theodore. "What has he done? It must certainly be something very sinister, thus to excite universal reprehension."—

He looked at Evelina. A faint blush tinged her cheek. "He is not, indeed, worthy to be your friend," cried she. "But we will not keep you in suspense, Mr. de Clermont. I have a little business that requires my presence in the house. Pray aunt Martha, satisfy in the mean time our young friend's curiosity."

Theodore listened with interest, then with indignation, "the base cowardly villain!" he exclaimed. "Had I been here Parker's temerity would have cost him dear."

"It was best to leave him in the hand of God," observed Capt. Marvin. "I have since been informed that he has had cause to repent his rash attempt, and that he already experiences the ill consequences arising from his baseness."

Evelina now returned, followed by a little black girl, bearing some pumpkin pies and other refreshments, that she had in the morning prepared with her own hands.

Theodore regarded the elegant form that seated itself by his side. He raised his eyes to the expressive and intelligent countenance which smiled so bewitchingly on him, and accused himself of having hitherto been blind to the unassuming loveliness of the engaging young American. "That Parker was a mean coward," cried he, "with vehemence, "or never could he have meditated any fraudulent design, when fortune threw in his way the noble interesting countenance of our beautiful Evelina?"

Capt. Marvin turned to look at the expressive features of Theodore de Clermont. Aunt Martha nodded assent to his indignation, and Evelina cast down her blushing eyes beneath his earnest gaze.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history."

SHAKESPEARE.

SEVERAL weeks glided away without any diminution to the happiness of the inmates of Marvin farm. Theodore bustled with great activity, under the direction of Capt. Marvin. He was busily employed in building a grist-mill, and making several other improvements on his property. Our young Frenchman also began to talk of building a dwelling house, as a very necessary appendage to a farm; when the property of William Parker was advertised for sale. This adjoined his own, and would be to Theodore a very valuable acquisition. He accordingly made immediate application to the lawyer entrusted with the business, and for five thousand dollars, obtained the whole property; for it seems that Parker and his lady launched out into every extravagance, and were very urgent for some ready cash, and he had also resolved never again to shew his face at Tonnewonte, and was very impatient to get rid of the whole concern. Still he experienced a degree of vexation, when informed by his attorney, that Theodore de Clermont was the purchaser of Fair-Valley.

Monsieur de Clermont had now a very elegant dwelling of his own. Still he resided at his early friend's; nor did he seem in the least inclined to exchange the enlivened sociability of Marvin farm, for the solitude of a bachelor establishment at his own more splendid mansion.

Had Sophia remained single, Theodore had now a home to offer her; but, singular as it may appear, his heart did not even form the wish: for, from his

arrival in America, her image had been gradually fading from his mind, and now but seldom even presented itself to his imagination.

The social winter evenings arrived, and were passed so agreeably, that no time remained for painful retrospections, had Theodore even felt inclined to indulge in them. After the business of the day was over, (for de Clermont had full employment in the many avocations in which he was diligently engaged,) it was so pleasant to sit between aunt Martha, and Evelina; and, while the former was knitting, and the latter employed in needle work, to read to them from some interesting book, or to recount some adventure of his travels; while the ladies listened with such flattering interest, and were so anxious for the denouement of any story in which Theodore was the actor, that his heart overflowing with self-satisfaction, he wondered to himself, how he could ever have experienced any degree of content; when separated from the amiable family, that now formed the gratification of his life.

In this manner was the winter passed. Theodore had heard from his brother, whose accession of fortune enabled him to live in great magnificence, while his bride was the admiration of all the beaux, and the envy of all the belles of Paris. The Marquis desired de Clermont to return to France, and promised to use his interest to advance him in the army. "Our German cousin, Count Leuchtenberg," continued Mons. de Beaucaire, "has likewise bro't his beautiful bride to Paris, and the pretty Countess promises to become an ornament to the Parisian circles. The Count often enquires after you, and says he hopes you will not remain long enough in America, to become as rusticated, as when we first discovered you, in the depths of your eternal forests, following home the plough, after the conclusion of your day's toil."

The Marchioness added in a postscript, that she was impatient for the arrival of her brother; that she wanted an escort very much, and who so proper as the brother of her lord? And that she had several wealthy establishments in her eye; of which de Clermont should have his choice; but said, he had missed it very much in hurrying off so suddenly to America, for that she had found it impossible to reserve for him the hand of her cousin Amelia, who had lately bestowed it, together with her large independent fortune, on the Chevalier Charles de Beaumont.

Theodore in his reply, thanked them for their kindness, and the interest they expressed on his behalf; but said, "that reared in America, accustomed to its manners and mode of life, he consequently preferred the new world to France, and intended to make Tonnewonts the place of his permanent residence."

One fine morning in April, Theodore had his horse saddled, to ride through his lately acquired property, intending to call at one or two of the tenants who had been settled on the land, when it belonged to William Parker.

The weather being extremely pleasant, Evelina proposed to accompany him, which design was highly relished by de Clermont. Accordingly the favorite little mare of Evelina's was soon brought to the door, and the youthful pair sallied forth, buoyant with the cheerfulness and vivacity of early youth. Aunt Martha looked after them until they were out of sight. She seemed absorbed in reflection, when turning suddenly round, she exclaimed, "Where are their equals to be found? They are certainly made for each other. God grant that adverse fate may never separate them."

The objects of this solicitude proceeded gaily

along, chatting blithely as they left the cleared land behind them, and plunged into the depths of the forest. The sun was attaining great power, but his horizontal rays could not penetrate the heavy foliage of the ancient trees, and the intervening underbrush winding round the huge trunks of the ancient occupants of the wilderness, prevented the heat from incommoding the weary traveller. The road, or rather pathway, wound through the wood, and was often obstructed by windfalls, brooks and quagmires, but to these the horses were accustomed, and the riders scarcely noticed them, for they were conversing with great animation. Evelina related many particulars of her memorable expedition, of which Parker had endeavored to take such undue advantage; and Theodore contrasted the present scene with the European forests, through which he had formerly passed.

By degrees the sun elevated himself in the heavens, and his perpendicular rays shone on the young equestrians, who glowing with exercise, found this accession of heat rather uncomfortable, for they had just emerged into the high road which wanted the shade of the winding pathway they had hitherto pursued.

"I think this side path more umbrageous," said Theodore, "and it most probably terminates in the highway, as it seems to run in the same direction. Had we not better, Miss Marvin, seek its kindly shelter?" Evelina assented, and they again sought the shade of the overhanging forest.

The path was very narrow, and admitted but one horse abreast. Evelina reined in her mare, and de Clermont took the lead. Evelina, long accustomed to all the contingencies of the forest, suddenly stopped, and exclaimed, "Beware, Theodore!—Beware!" Arrested by her voice, he turned his

head. "Dismount," she cried. He looked enquiringly around. "Dismount Theodore, your life is in danger." De Clermont endeavored to turn his horse towards Evelina. The narrowness of the road was an obstacle, and before he could effect his purpose, a sudden creaking noise was heard. Theodore turned towards the sound, when an immense maple that had been nearly unrooted in a late storm, fell with a terrible crash, and laid the youth and his steed prostrate on the ground.

Miss Marvin uttered a scream of terror, and impelled her frightened steed to the fatal spot. She sprang from her horse. De Clermont lay senseless on the ground, partly covered by the branches of the windfall. His horse lay dead beside him.— "Ah Theodore, my brother! Theodore! dear Theodore!" cried Evelina. She knelt beside him, she touched his pale forehead; she clasped her hands in agony, then endeavored to raise him. "Ah he is dead!" she exclaimed, and with the keenest perception of bereavement, she held her burning forehead to her clasped hands. Again she glanced on the pale countenance of her youthful companion. She put her hand to his heart, and hope returned. "He is alive," she cried, and he may yet recover. She hastened to unloose his cravat, and unbuttoned his vest. The air played on his bosom, and he heaved a convulsive sigh. Evelina caught up his hat. She listened a moment. The murmuring of water caught her ear in the direction of the windfall. She clambered over the obstruction with the agility of the deer, and in an instant returned with the hat full of water, with which she bathed the face, neck, and hands of De Clermont. By degrees he recovered animation. He breathed short and at length opened his eyes. The fair American was bending anxiously over him. Her green bonnet

had fallen from her head, her comb was lost, and her luxuriant tresses escaped from restraint, flowed on her shoulders in natural ringlets. Hurried exercise had heightened the pale rose of her natural color, to that of vermilion, and in her dark eye was concentrated the most intense emotion. Their eyes met. The youth gazed entranced, but weakness again overpowered him and his eyes closed. His life has fled!" cried Evelina. "Oh my God restore him to us!" and she knelt down, and with eyes and hands raised to Heaven, mentally continued her prayer. Theodore in the mean time, recovered his recollection and silently regarded the interesting American. She turned towards him, and her countenance beamed with rapture on finding life restored to an object so dear. He endeavored to speak. Some water remained in the hat, and Evelina hastened to present it to him. A little revived, he feebly touched the hand that held the cooling draught. "Dearest Evelina," he faltered, "thy presence of mind has then restored animation to ~~the~~ frame, and but for your care and activity, that heart so fondly attached to you, would now have ceased to beat for ever." Evelina bent silently over him. Her frame trembled with emotion. Theodore paused. He endeavored to rise, but found himself incapable of movement. Miss Marvin took the saddle from her horse, and laying it on some stones, assisted the youth to raise his head against it. She then seated herself beside him. "Do you not feel better, my brother!" she enquired with anxious earnestness.

"My dearest Evelina," said de Clermont, gazing on her with fond admiration. "Is that then the tie which unites you to de Clermont? Will not your affection assume a more tender cast than that of kindred? Dearest companion of my childhood, the

heart of de Clermont glows with a more ardent flame. Ah Evelina, I can feel, but cannot describe to you, the strength of my attachment."

"Theodore," said the maiden, blushing, "you must be in pain. The present is no time for the discussion of such a subject. Let us rather consult how you may be transported home."

"I feel no bodily pain, while conversing with you, Evelina, but leave me not a prey to mental anxiety, but tell me, object of my fondest solicitude, can you, and will you bestow your heart on one, who loves you with an affection so absorbent, that it annihilates every object not connected with this idol of his affections."

"Mr. De Clermont," replied Miss Marvin, the mantling blush rising even to her forehead, and lending an inexpressible charm to her eye. "We have been reared together, and my affection for you grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. I knew that you loved me, that I was the sister of your affections. But I heard, and from yourself, that another possessed your heart; nor has a revolving year elapsed since you made the declaration. Can I then place confidence in an affection that has so lately changed its object? Can I rely on the constancy of a heart that is so easily transferred from one to another."

The youth covered his face with his hands. Evelina was affected, and love displayed itself in her countenance if not in her words. "Miss Marvin," exclaimed Theodore, "it is you, who were my first love. Yes, Evelina, I loved you before I knew what love meant. It was affection, founded on esteem, and congeniality of character and education. This was a broad basis, and as we advanced in years, this love would have displayed its true character. I had not yet discerned the nature of my

sentiments for you ; and the fascinating Sophia seized my imagination, but my heart soon returned to its true direction, when I again beheld the object of my early affection, increased in stature and loveliness, and far surpassing all women in beauty and attraction."

"Ah Theodore," replied the fair American.— "You have become a great flatterer. But how are we to leave the woods? You appear indeed much recovered, yet I greatly doubt your capability to walk, and we have but one horse left."

"But Evelina, relieve my anxiety. Can you be mine?"

"You have chosen a strange moment to declare this love," replied she, laughing.

"It is long since I wished to declare to you the sincere sentiments of my heart," said Theodore ; "but I always faltered in the attempt. I had told you that I loved another. I was concerned of my mistake, but feared that you would not easily credit my assertions. Yet longer silence was impossible, when I witnessed your tender anxiety and active solicitude in my behalf. And now, tell me, dearest Evelina, is a sister's love all you can bestow on Theodore de Clermont?"

"I have seldom dissected the different natures of affection," said the young American, in reply, "but I feel, my friend, that you, with our father and aunt, engross all the heart of Evelina Marvin," and she held out her hand, while her eyes and blushing countenance expressed infinitely more than her words.

Theodore carried her hand to his lips, and his face grew paler, through excess of emotion. Evelina was alarmed. "Ah, my friend," she cried, "you are very ill. How shall we contrive to reach home? I fear to leave you alone in this weak con-

dition to go in search of help. You are unable to move, and I have not strength sufficient to assist you to mount, were you even able to sit on horse back. What is then to be done!"

"You have rendered me so happy, Evelina, that I regard not trifling inconveniences," said the lover, "but it grows late, and you cannot pass the night without shelter."

"I have my health," said Miss Marvin. "You are ill. Your accommodations must consequently be first attended to. I must leave you alone, de Clermont, while I seek some assistance. Hark! what sound is that? It is a woodsman's axe. Have patience, my friend, I will return in an instant," and the active young maiden was soon out of sight. She was not long absent, but soon returned, accompanied by a sturdy looking fellow, who was clothed in hemlock coloured homespun, and had on his head a rustic straw hat. This inhabitant of the wilderness carried a woollen blanket in his hand. He looked at de Clermont a moment. "Courage, young man," he cried, "you are not very badly hurt." He then fastened one end of the blanket to Evelina's horse, and tied the other end to a projecting branch of the fallen tree. He then lifted Theodore in his muscular arms, and placed him on the extended blanket, then striking off the branch with his axe, and holding one end of this singular litter. "Follow, gal," said he to Evelina, "but first pick up a stick, and drive the horse after me." She obeyed his directions, and the cavalcade moved forward.

The man conducted them through the intricacies of the wood. In about fifteen minutes, they came in sight of a small log hut. "Courage, my lad," said the forester, "there is my house."

They soon reached the lowly door, which was opened by a tall square built woman, who gazed at

them with amazement. "And now, I can't guess, Elijah," cried she. "what you have got there?"

"It is a young fellow, Malinda Ann," replied the husband, "who was knocked down by a windfall, and here is a young gal too."

"Bless me!" exclaimed the woman, and she hastened to lend her assistance.

Theodore was borne between Elijah and Malinda Ann, to the bed, in one corner of the house. The pain of removal had greatly weakened him, and he lay motionless, with his eyes shut. Evelina regarded him with earnest solicitude. "My friend," said she to Elijah, "have you a Doctor residing near?"

"None that knows much," replied the man, "there is indeed, Doctor Quackly, who lives five miles off; but I guess as how, does'nt know very much."

"O that my father were here," cried the young girl. "Cannot you, my friend, convey a letter to Capt. Marvin? He will amply reward you; and this gentleman, Mr. de Clermont, has it much in his power to befriend you, should he recover."

"Umph," said the woodsman, "I care not for a long walk. I have much to do, without any help; for my boy is yet too young to be of any use. Who is that young fellow there? I cannot say, as how I ever heard that name of Clermont?"

"He has but lately returned from France," replied Evelina. "Have you not heard of the gentleman who purchased the Parker property?"

"Why yes," replied the forester. "I expect then, that he be the man."

"He is, indeed the same" said Miss Marvin.

"Why then," cried Elijah, "I guess how I must make friends with Mr. Clemont. I bought this lot from Parker, but had no ready cash, so never could get the deed. I heard how some monied man had bought the whole; but then, I guess, the improve-

ments are mine. Here, Melinda Ann, hand me my coat, and best shoes."

"You can ride my horse," said Evelina.

"That is right," cried Elijah, and away he cantered, while Miss Marvin sat down beside Theodore, and the hostess busied herself in preparing what she considered the most efficacious remedies.

The young people had promised aunt Martha to return by tea time in the afternoon; and the good spinster, having placed her cakes and preserves on the tea-table, seated herself by the window, her knitting in her hand, and patiently waited their arrival. But long she waited. The water in the tea-kettle, which was placed near the kitchen fire to keep warm, had nearly all evaporated; and yet no Theodore nor Evelina were discerned. The good lady began to grow impatient. She laid down her knitting, and fidgetted from the parlour to the kitchen, from the kitchen to the parlour, then to the door, then to the parlour again. At length she became uneasy, and then seriously apprehensive. Capt. Marvin entered. "I fear, sister, that I have detained the tea; for I have been very busily engaged this afternoon; but where are de Clermont and Evelina?"

"Ah, brother, they have not yet returned."

"Not returned? What can have detained them? They were to have been here by four. It is now six."

"God alone can tell what has happened," cried aunt Martha. "May his Providence protect them! But Evelina is not alone; nor are we at war with either British or Indians: yet, should the marauders be so treacherous as to attack them, Theodore is brave."

Capt. Marvin look out at the window. He took two or three turns through the apartment; then looked out again.—"It is strange," cried he, "but

perhaps they have stopt to take tea with some of the settlers on the Parker land."

"It is very probable," said aunt Martha, and they waited another half hour.

Aunt Martha again became restless. Her brother rose from his seat. "I must send in search of them," said he, and he called Cato. The negro made his appearance. "Saddle a horse," said his master, "and go in search of Mr. de Clermont and Evelina. Something must have happened to them."

"May the great God, take care of the good Massa and Misse," cried Cato, and he hurried out to execute his orders.

Aunt Martha was standing by the widow, gazing anxiously at the setting sun, which was just taking leave of our hemisphere. "Look here, brother," she suddenly exclaimed, "is not this Evelina's horse? And a stranger is mounted on the animal. May God preserve my niece."

"What can this mean?" said Capt. Marvin, and he hastened to the door, to receive the ominous forester.

The whole household assembled around them, impatient to hear the portentous tidings. Aunt Martha clasped her hands, and the air resounded with the cries of the blacks.

"Don't make such a ringing in my ears," cried the backwoodsman. "The young man is not dead. He may do very well yet," and he related all he knew of the adventure.

"Go for Doctor Gurther," said Capt. Marvin,—"but stop a moment, Cato. Do you know the way to this man's residence?"

"O yes, Massa, I know it very well."

"Go then, Cato, be expeditious, and conduct the Doctor to the assistance of Mons. de Clermont."

A boy was dispatched for another horse, and

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

the old gentleman, "and I had just received what I trust will be the staff and consolation of my old age.—Had I then been so suddenly deprived of you, how severely would I have felt the blow!"

Evelina stood beside her father. The youth gazed at them alternately. "O my God," cried he, "What does not the captain de Clermont owe thee, for the gift of such affectionate hearts!" The hand of Evelina rested on his pillow. He took it in his. "Could I but be assured of possessing this with the approbation and blessing of our indulgent father on earth, I would not envy thee, all thou hast else to bestow. Fate could have no higher blessing in store for me."

"What mean you, my son," said Capt. Marvin. "Am I, Theodore, to interpret literally the import of your words, or are they but the temporary effect of your indisposition?"

"Capt. Marvin," replied the youth, "I love your daughter. I have always esteemed—always loved her. What I formerly considered as love, could but be the effects of imagination, or the delusion of the senses; for, since my return to America, my former passion has been nearly obliterated from my memory, and I have only thought of, only lived in the presence of Evelina."

Capt. Marvin took the hand of the invalid, he joined it with that of his daughter. "My children," said he, "may God bless you both. To see you united in the bonds of mutual affection, has been, for many years, the object of my most ardent desire, the summit of my earthly wishes. May you be happy together. May you prosper in this world, and be eternally united in the kingdom of righteousness." A tear glistened in the father's eye, and he turned towards the window, to indulge in the mingled sensations that occupied his mind.

Theodore still held the hand, so solemnly bestowed on him. "Evelina," said he, in a low voice, "you are indeed mine, and nought on earth shall part us."

At this moment, Cato entered with Doctor Gurther, who honestly declared that Mr. de Clermont had received no material injury. Aunt Martha had therefore the satisfaction to receive them the next morning; and the pleasure of the benevolent spinster was greatly heightened, when informed by her brother of the relation in which Theodore now stood with Evelina.

In a very short time Mr. de Clermont was perfectly recovered, when very active preparations were commenced for the wedding. Fair-Valley-house underwent many repairs, and every thing was arranged with great taste, for the reception of the young couple, who took possession of it, immediately on their marriage.

Aunt Martha accompanied the bride to her new mansion, and with dignified composure assisted her niece to receive the congratulatory visits of their friends and neighbors. But, in a short time, the good lady returned home, again to take the superintendance of her brother's house, while they mutually contributed to each other's comfort and happiness.

Ephraim and Martha Marvin, had indeed found a resting place in this world, and possessing every sublunary comfort, their hope and expectations were no longer for this world; although they enjoyed its good things, with moderation and thankfulness. But their most earnest desire was to secure an entrance in that country, "where moth doth not corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

The execution of the proposed canal has greatly enhanced the value of their property, and Mr. de

Clermont, is not only one of the happiest men in the state of New-York, but bids fair also to be one of the wealthiest landholders in the union. Not long since, he was heard to observe, that his property would in a few years equal in value that of the paternal inheritance of his brother, the Marquis de Beaucaire.

Colonel de Clermont is likewise thought of as a candidate for Congress. Some of his friends even intimated to him that he might in time aspire to the most dignified station in the republic. "No," replied the Colonel, "I am an adopted, and not a native born citizen of America; but, my son, Marvin de Clermont, (who was sleeping in the cradle,) may in time aspire to the first office in America, which is well worthy the ambition of any descendant of the house de Beaucaire."

"My son," said Capt. Marvin, who was present, "let your ambition aspire higher." Mr. and Mrs. de Clermont looked at their father. "Let it induce you to seek an entrance into the kingdom of righteousness."

"I trust, my father," said Mrs. de Clermont, "that we shall never forget your precepts, and examples."

"We were else very ungrateful," said her husband.

"We are all united in love, on earth," observed aunt Martha, "and I trust the Almighty will so dispose our hearts, through his infinite grace, that in his own good time, we may all enjoy a happy re-union in the world of spirits."

FINIS.