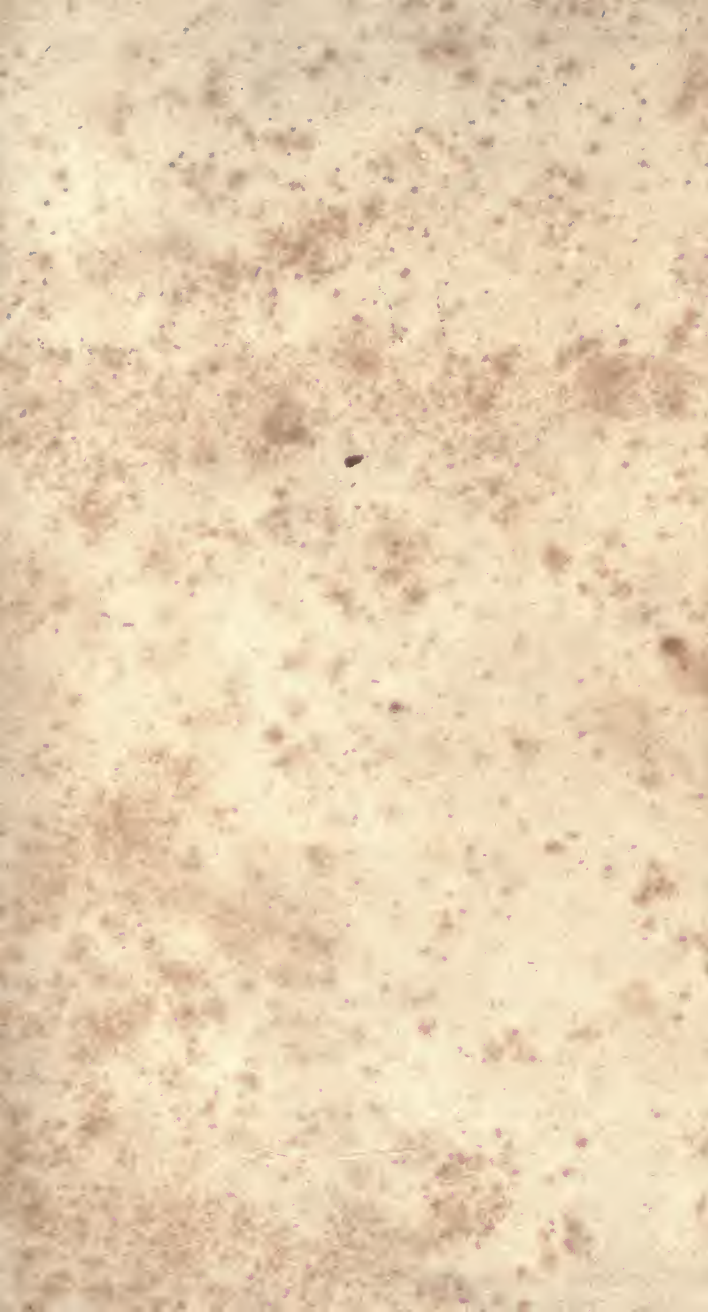


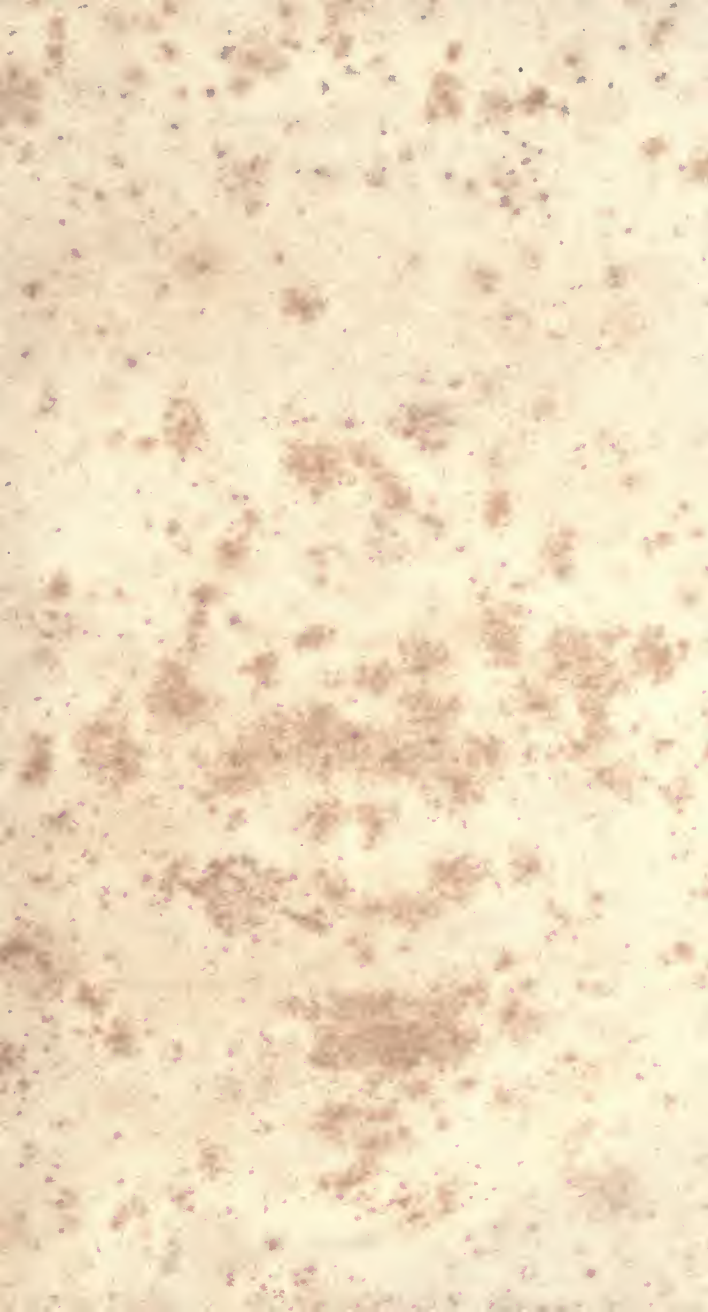
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1838









HOME AS FOUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

HOMeward BOUND,

THE PIONEERS, &c. &c

Pr. Hen. "Thou art perfect."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

PHILADELPHIA:
LEA & BLANCHARD,
SUCCESSORS TO CAREY & CO.

.....
1838.

Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year 1838, by
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STEREOTYPED BY J. FAGAN.....PHILADELPHIA.
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HOME AS FOUND.

CHAPTER I.

“There shall be, in England, seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common, and, in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass.”—JACK CADE.

THOUGH the affair of the Point continued to agitate the village of Templeton next day, and for many days, it was little remembered in the Wigwam. Confident of his right, Mr. Effingham, though naturally indignant at the abuse of his long liberality, through which alone the public had been permitted to frequent the place, and this too, quite often, to his own discomfort and disappointment, had dismissed the subject temporarily from his mind, and was already engaged in his ordinary pursuits. Not so, however, with Mr. Bragg. Agreeably to promise, he had attended the meeting; and now he seemed to regulate all his movements by a sort of mysterious self-importance, as if the repository of some secret of unusual consequence. No one regarded his manner, however; for Aristabulus, and his secrets, and opinions, were all of too little value, in the eyes of most of the party, to attract peculiar attention. He found a sympathetic listener in Mr. Dodge, happily; that person having been invited, through the courtesy of Mr. Effingham, to pass the day with those in whose company, though very unwill-

lingly on the editor's part certainly, he had gone through so many dangerous trials. These two, then, soon became intimate, and to have seen their shrugs, significant whisperings, and frequent conferences in corners, one who did not know them, might have fancied their shoulders burthened with the weight of the state.

But all this pantomime, which was intended to awaken curiosity, was lost on the company in general. The ladies, attended by Paul and the Baronet, proceeded into the forest on foot, for a morning's walk, while the two Messrs. Effinghams continued to read the daily journals, that were received from town each morning, with a most provoking indifference. Neither Aristabulus, nor Mr. Dodge, could resist any longer; and, after exhausting their ingenuity, in the vain effort to induce one of the two gentlemen to question them in relation to the meeting of the previous night, the desire to be doing fairly overcame their affected mysteriousness, and a formal request was made to Mr. Effingham to give them an audience in the library. As the latter, who suspected the nature of the interview, requested his kinsman to make one in it, the four were soon alone, in the apartment so often named.

Even now, that his own request for the interview was granted, Aristabulus hesitated about proceeding, until a mild intimation from Mr. Effingham that he was ready to hear his communication, told the agent that it was too late to change his determination.

"I attended the meeting last night, Mr. Effingham," Aristabulus commenced, "agreeably to our arrangement, and I feel the utmost regret at being compelled to lay the result before a gentleman for whom I entertain so profound a respect."

"There was then a meeting?" said Mr. Effingham, inclining his body slightly, by way of acknowledgment for the other's compliment.

"There was, sir; and I think, Mr. Dodge, we may say an overflowing one."

“The public was fairly represented,” returned the editor, “as many as fifty or sixty having been present.”

“The public has a perfect right to meet, and to consult on its claims to anything it may conceive itself entitled to enjoy,” observed Mr. Effingham; “I can have no possible objection to such a course, though I think it would have consulted its own dignity more, had it insisted on being convoked by more respectable persons than those who, I understand, were foremost in this affair, and in terms better suited to its own sense of propriety.”

Aristabulus glanced at Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Dodge glanced back at Mr. Bragg, for neither of these political mushrooms could conceive of the dignity and fair-mindedness with which a gentleman could view an affair of this nature.

“They passed a set of resolutions, Mr. Effingham;” Aristabulus resumed, with the gravity with which he ever spoke of things of this nature. “A set of resolutions, sir!”

“That was to be expected,” returned his employer, smiling; “the Americans are a set-of-resolutions-passing people. Three cannot get together, without naming a chairman and secretary, and a resolution is as much a consequence of such an ‘organization,’—I believe that is the approved word,—as an egg is the accompaniment of the cackling of a hen.”

“But, sir, you do not yet know the nature of those resolutions!”

“Very true, Mr. Bragg; that is a piece of knowledge I am to have the pleasure of obtaining from you.”

Again Aristabulus glanced at Steadfast, and Steadfast threw back the look of surprise, for, to both it was matter of real astonishment that any man should be so indifferent to the resolutions of a meeting that had been regularly organized, with a chairman and secretary

at its head, and which so unequivocally professed to be the public.

"I am reluctant to discharge this duty, Mr. Effingham, but as you insist on its performance it must be done. In the first place, they resolved that your father meant to give them the Point."

"A decision that must clearly settle the matter, and which will destroy all my father's own resolutions on the same subject. Did they stop at the Point, Mr. Bragg, or did they resolve that my father also gave them his wife and children?"

"No, sir, nothing was said concerning the latter."

"I cannot properly express my gratitude for the forbearance, as they had just as good a right to pass this resolution, as to pass the other."

"The public's is an awful power, Mr. Effingham!"

"Indeed it is, sir, but fortunately, that of the re-public is still more awful, and I shall look to the latter for support, in this 'crisis'—that is the word, too, is it not, Mr. John Effingham?"

"If you mean a change of administration, the upsetting of a stage, or the death of a cart-horse; they are all equally crises, in the American vocabulary."

"Well, Mr. Bragg, having resolved that it knew my late father's intentions better than he knew them himself, as is apparent from the mistake he made in his will, what next did the public dispose of, in the plenitude of its power?"

"It resolved, sir, that it was your duty to carry out the intentions of your father."

"In that, then, we are perfectly of a mind; as the public will most probably discover, before we get through with this matter. This is one of the most pious resolutions I ever knew the public to pass. Did it proceed any farther?"

Mr. Bragg, notwithstanding the long-encouraged truckling to the sets of men, whom he was accustomed to dignify with the name of the public, had a profound

deference for the principles, character, and station of Mr. Effingham, that no sophistry, or self-encouragement in the practices of social confusion, could overcome; and he paused before he communicated the next resolution to his employers. But perceiving that both the latter and his cousin were quietly waiting to hear it, he was fain to overcome his scruples.

“They have openly libelled you, by passing resolutions declaring you to be odious.”

“That, indeed, is a strong measure, and, in the interest of good manners and of good morals, it may call for a rebuke. No one can care less than myself, Mr. Bragg, for the opinions of those who have sufficiently demonstrated that their opinions are of no value, by the heedless manner in which they have permitted themselves to fall into this error; but it is proceeding too far, when a few members of the community presume to take these liberties with a private individual, and that, moreover, in a case affecting a pretended claim of their own; and I desire you to tell those concerned, that if they dare to publish their resolution-declaring me to be odious, I will teach them what they now do not appear to know, that we live in a country of laws. I shall not prosecute them, but I shall indict them for the offence, and I hope this is plainly expressed.”

Aristabulus stood aghast! To indict the public was a step he had never heard of before, and he began to perceive that the question actually had two sides. Still, his awe of public meetings, and his habitual regard for popularity, induced him not to give up the matter, without another struggle.

“They have already ordered their proceedings to be published, Mr. Effingham!” he said, as if such an order were not to be countermanded.

“I fancy, sir, that when it comes to the issue, and the penalties of a prosecution present themselves, their leaders will begin to recollect their individuality, and

to think less of their public character. They who hunt in droves, like wolves, are seldom very valiant when singled out from their pack. The end will show."

"I heartily wish this unpleasant affair might be amicably settled," added Aristabulus.

"One might, indeed, fancy so," observed John Effingham, "since no one likes to be persecuted."

"But, Mr. John, the public thinks *itself* persecuted, in this affair."

"The term, as applied to a body that not only makes, but which executes, the law, is so palpably absurd, that I am surprised any man can presume to use it. But, Mr. Bragg, you have seen documents that cannot err, and know that the public has not the smallest right to this bit of land."

"All very true, sir; but you will please to remember, that the people do not know what I now know."

"And you will please to remember, sir, that when people choose to act affirmatively, in so high-handed a manner as this, they are *bound* to know what they are about. Ignorance in such a matter, is like the drunkard's plea of intoxication; it merely makes the offence worse."

"Do you not think, Mr. John, that Mr. Effingham might have acquainted these citizens with the real state of the case? Are the people so very wrong that they have fallen into a mistake?"

"Since you ask this question plainly, Mr. Bragg, it shall be answered with equal sincerity. Mr. Effingham is a man of mature years; the known child, executor, and heir of one who, it is admitted all round, was the master of the controverted property. Knowing his own business, this Mr. Effingham, in sight of the grave of his fathers, beneath the paternal roof, has the intolerable impudence——"

"Arrogance is the word, Jack," said Mr. Effingham, smiling.

"Ay, the intolerable arrogance to suppose that his

own is his own; and this he dares to affirm, without having had the politeness to send his title-deeds, and private papers, round to those who have been so short a time in the place, that they might well know every thing that has occurred in it for the last half century. Oh thou naughty, arrogant fellow, Ned!"

"Mr. John, you appear to forget that the public has more claims to be treated with attention, than a single individual. If it has fallen into error, it ought to be undeceived."

"No doubt, sir; and I advise Mr. Effingham to send you, his agent, to every man, woman and child in the county, with the Patent of the King, all the mesne conveyances and wills, in your pocket, in order that you may read them at length to each individual, with a view that every man, woman and child, may be satisfied that he or she is not the owner of Edward Effingham's lands!"

"Nay, sir, a shorter process might be adopted."

"It might, indeed, sir, and such a process has been adopted by my cousin, in giving the usual notice, in the news-paper, against trespassing. But, Mr. Bragg, you must know that I took great pains, three years since, when repairing this house, to correct the mistake on this very point, into which I found that your immaculate public had fallen, through its disposition to know more of other people's affairs, than those concerned knew of themselves."

Aristabulus said no more, but gave the matter up in despair. On quitting the house, he proceeded forthwith, to inform those most interested of the determination of Mr. Effingham, not to be trampled on by any pretended meeting of the public. Common sense, not to say common honesty, began to resume its sway, and prudence put in its plea, by way of applying the corrective. Both he and Mr. Dodge, however, agreed that there was an unheard-of temerity in thus resisting the people, and this too without a commensurate

object, as the pecuniary value of the disputed point was of no material consequence to either party.

The reader is not, by any means, to suppose that Aristabulus Bragg and Steadfast Dodge belonged to the same variety of the human species, in consequence of their unity of sentiment in this affair, and certain other general points of resemblance in their manner and modes of thinking. As a matter of necessity, each partook of those features of caste, condition, origin, and association that characterize their particular set; but when it came to the nicer distinctions that mark true individuality, it would not have been easy to find two men more essentially different in character. The first was bold, morally and physically, aspiring, self-possessed, shrewd, singularly adapted to succeed in his schemes where he knew the parties, intelligent, after his tastes, and apt. Had it been his fortune to be thrown earlier into a better sphere, the same natural qualities that rendered him so expert in his present situation, would have conduced to his improvement, and most probably would have formed a gentleman, a scholar, and one who could have contributed largely to the welfare and tastes of his fellow-creatures. That such was not his fate, was more his misfortune than his fault, for his plastic character had readily taken the impression of those things that from propinquity alone, pressed hardest on it. On the other hand Steadfast was a hypocrite by nature, cowardly, envious, and malignant; and circumstances had only lent their aid to the natural tendencies of his disposition. That two men so differently constituted at their births, should meet, as it might be in a common centre, in so many of their habits and opinions, was merely the result of accident and education.

Among the other points of resemblance between these two persons, was that fault of confounding the cause with the effects of the peculiar institutions under which they had been educated and lived. Because

the law gave to the public, that authority which, under other systems, is entrusted either to one, or to the few, they believed the public was invested with far more power than a right understanding of their own principles would have shown. In a word, both these persons made a mistake which is getting to be too common in America, that of supposing the institutions of the country were all means and no end. Under this erroneous impression they saw only the machinery of the government, becoming entirely forgetful that the power which was given to the people collectively, was only so given to secure to them as perfect a liberty as possible, in their characters of individuals. Neither had risen sufficiently above vulgar notions, to understand that public opinion, in order to be omnipotent, or even formidable beyond the inflictions of the moment, must be right; and that, if a solitary man renders himself contemptible by taking up false notions inconsiderately and unjustly, bodies of men, falling into the same error, incur the same penalties, with the additional stigma of having acted as cowards.

There was also another common mistake into which Messrs. Bragg and Dodge had permitted themselves to fall, through the want of a proper distinction between principles. Resisting the popular will, on the part of an individual, they considered arrogance and aristocracy, *per se*, without at all entering into the question of the right, or the wrong. The people, rightly enough in the general signification of the term, they deemed to be sovereign; and they belonged to a numerous class, who view disobedience to the sovereign in a democracy, although it be in his illegal caprices, very much as the subject of a despot views disobedience to his prince.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that Mr. Effingham and his cousin viewed these matters differently. Clear-headed, just-minded, and liberal in all his practices, the former, in particular, was greatly pained by the recent

occurrence; and he paced his library in silence, for several minutes after Mr. Bragg and his companion had withdrawn, really too much grieved to speak.

"This is, altogether, a most extraordinary procedure, John," he at length observed, "and, it strikes me, that it is but an indifferent reward for the liberality with which I have permitted others to use my property, these thirty years; often, very often, as you well know, to my own discomfort, and to that of my friends."

"I have told you, Ned, that you were not to expect the America on your return, that you left behind you on your departure for Europe. I insist that no country has so much altered for the worse, in so short a time."

"That unequalled pecuniary prosperity should sensibly impair the manners of what is termed the world, by introducing suddenly large bodies of uninstructed and untrained men and women into society, is a natural consequence of obvious causes; that it should corrupt morals, even, we have a right to expect, for we are taught to believe it the most corrupting influence under which men can live; but, I confess, I did not expect to see the day, when a body of strangers, birds of passage, creatures of an hour, should assume a right to call on the old and long-established inhabitants of a country, to prove their claims to their possessions, and this, too, in an unusual and unheard-of manner, under the penalty of being violently deprived of them!"

"Long established!" repeated John Effingham, laughing; "what do you term long established? Have you not been absent a dozen years, and do not these people reduce everything to the level of their own habits. I suppose, now, you fancy you can go to Rome, or Jerusalem, or Constantinople, and remain four or five lustres, and then come coolly back to Templeton, and, on taking possession of this house again, call yourself an old resident."

“I certainly do suppose I have that right. How many English, Russians, and Germans, did we meet in Italy, the residents of years, who still retained all their natural and local right and feelings !”

“Ay, that is in countries where society is permanent, and men get accustomed to look on the same objects, hear the same names, and see the same faces, for their entire lives. I have had the curiosity to inquire, and have ascertained that none of the old, permanent families have been active in this affair of the Point, but that all the clamour has been made by those you call the birds of passage. But what of that? These people fancy everything reduced to the legal six months required to vote; and that rotation in persons is as necessary to republicanism as rotation in office.”

“Is it not extraordinary that persons who can know so little on the subject, should be thus indiscreet and positive?”

“It is not extraordinary in America. Look about you, Ned, and you will see adventurers uppermost everywhere; in the government, in your towns, in your villages, in the country, even. We are a nation of changes. Much of this, I admit, is the fair consequence of legitimate causes, as an immense region, in forest, cannot be peopled on any other conditions. But this necessity has infected the entire national character, and men get to be impatient of any sameness, even though it be useful. Everything goes to confirm this feeling, instead of opposing it. The constant recurrences of the elections accustom men to changes in their public functionaries; the great increase in the population brings new faces; and the sudden accumulations of property place new men in conspicuous stations. The architecture of the country is barely becoming sufficiently respectable to render it desirable to preserve the buildings, without which we shall have no monuments to revere. In short, everything con-

tributes to produce such a state of things, painful as it may be to all of any feeling, and little to oppose it."

"You colour highly, Jack; and no picture loses in tints, in being retouched by you."

"Look into the first paper that offers, and you will see the *young men* of the country hardily invited to meet by themselves, to consult concerning public affairs, as if they were impatient of the counsels and experience of their fathers. No country can prosper, where the ordinary mode of transacting the business connected with the root of the government, commences with this impiety."

"This is a disagreeable feature in the national character, certainly; but we must remember the arts employed by the designing to practise on the inexperienced."

"Had I a son, who presumed to denounce the wisdom and experience of his father, in this disrespectful manner, I would disinherit the rascal!"

"Ah, Jack, bachelor's children are notoriously well educated, and well mannered. We will hope, however, that time will bring its changes also, and that one of them will be a greater constancy in persons, things, and the affections."

"Time *will* bring its changes, Ned; but all of them that are connected with individual rights, as opposed to popular caprice, or popular interests, are likely to be in the wrong direction."

"The tendency is certainly to substitute popularity for the right, but we must take the good with the bad. Even you, Jack, would not exchange this popular oppression for any other system under which you have lived."

"I don't know that—I don't know that. Of all tyranny, a vulgar tyranny is to me the most odious."

"You used to admire the English system, but I think observation has lessened your particular admiration in that quarter;" said Mr. Effingham, smiling in a way that his cousin perfectly understood.

“Harkee, Ned; we all take up false notions in youth, and this was one of mine; but, of the two, I should prefer the cold, dogged domination of English law, with its fruits, the heartlessness of a sophistication without parallel, to being trampled on by every arrant blackguard that may happen to traverse this valley, in his wanderings after dollars. There is one thing you yourself must admit; the public is a little too apt to neglect the duties it ought to discharge, and to assume duties it has no right to fulfil.”

This remark ended the discourse.

CHAPTER II.

Her breast was a brave palace, a broad street,
Where all heroic, ample thoughts did meet,
Where nature such a tenement had ta'en,
That other souls, to hers, dwelt in a lane.

JOHN NORTON.

THE village of Templeton, it has been already intimated, was a miniature town. Although it contained within the circle of its houses, half-a-dozen residences with grounds, and which were dignified with names, as has been also said, it did not cover a surface of more than a mile square; that disposition to concentration, which is as peculiar to an American town, as the disposition to diffusion is peculiar to the country population, and which seems almost to prescribe that a private dwelling shall have but three windows in front, and a *façade* of twenty-five feet, having presided at the birth of this spot, as well as at the birth of so many of its predecessors and contemporaries. In one of its more retired streets (for Templeton had its publicity and retirement, the latter after a very village-

fashion, however,) dwelt a widow-bewitched of small worldly means, five children, and of great capacity for circulating intelligence. Mrs. Abbott, for so was this demi-relict called, was just on the verge of what is termed the "good society" of the village, the most uneasy of all positions for an ambitious and *ci-devant* pretty woman to be placed in. She had not yet abandoned the hope of obtaining a divorce and its *suites*; was singularly, nay, rabidly devout, if we may coin the adverb; in her own eyes she was perfection, in those of her neighbours slightly objectionable; and she was altogether a droll, and by no means an unusual compound of piety, censoriousness, charity, proscription, gossip, kindness, meddling, ill-nature, and decency.

The establishment of Mrs. Abbott, like her house, was necessarily very small, and she kept no servant but a girl she called her help, a very suitable appellation, by the way, as they did most of the work of the *ménage* in common. This girl, in addition to cooking and washing, was the confidant of all her employer's wandering notions of mankind in general, and of her neighbours in particular; as often helping her mistress in circulating her comments on the latter, as in anything else.

Mrs. Abbott knew nothing of the Effinghams, except by a hearsay that got its intelligence from her own school, being herself a late arrival in the place. She had selected Templeton as a residence on account of its cheapness, and, having neglected to comply with the forms of the world, by hesitating about making the customary visit to the Wigwam, she began to resent, in her spirit at least, Eve's delicate forbearance from obtruding herself, where, agreeably to all usage, she had a perfect right to suppose she was not desired. It was in this spirit, then, that she sat, conversing with Jenny, as the maid of all work was called, the morning after the conversation related in the last chapter, in her snug little parlour, sometimes plying her needle, and

oftener thrusting her head out of a window which commanded a view of the principal street of the place, in order to see what her neighbours might be about.

"This is a most extraordinary course Mr. Effingham has taken concerning the Point," said Mrs. Abbott, "and I *do* hope the people will bring him to his senses. Why, Jenny, the public has used that place ever since I can remember, and I have now lived in Templeton quite fifteen months.—What *can* induce Mr. Howel to go so often to that barber's shop, which stands directly opposite the parlour windows of Mrs. Bennett—one would think the man was all beard."

"I suppose Mr. Howel gets shaved sometimes," said the logical Jenny.

"Not he; or if he does, no decent man would think of posting himself before a lady's window to do such a thing.—Orlando Furioso," calling to her eldest son, a boy of eleven, "run over to Mr. Jones's store, and listen to what the people are talking about, and bring me back the news, as soon as any thing worth hearing drops from any body; and stop as you come back, my son, and borrow neighbour Brown's gridiron. Jenny, it is most time to think of putting over the potatoes."

"Ma'—" cried Orlando Furioso, from the front door, Mrs. Abbott being very rigid in requiring that all her children should call her 'ma,' being so much behind the age as actually not to know that 'mother' had got to be much the genteeler term of the two; "Ma'," roared Orlando Furioso, "suppose there is no news at Mr. Jones's store?"

"Then go to the nearest tavern; something must be stirring this fine morning, and I'm dying to know what it can possibly be. Mind you bring something besides the gridiron back with you. Hurry, or never come home again as long as you live! As I was saying, Jenny, the right of the public, which is our right, for we are a part of the public, to this Point, is as clear as day, and I am only astonished at the impudence of Mr.

Effingham in pretending to deny it. I dare say his French daughter has put him up to it. They say she is monstrous arrogant!"

"Is Eve Effingham, French," said Jenny, studiously avoiding any of the usual terms of civility and propriety, by way of showing her breeding—"well, I had always thought her nothing but Templeton born!"

"What signifies where a person was born? where they *live*, is the essential thing; and Eve Effingham has lived so long in France, that she speaks nothing but broken English; and Miss Debby told me last week, that in drawing up a subscription paper for a new cushion to the reading-desk of her people, she actually spelt 'charity' 'carrotty.'"

"Is that French, Miss Abbott?"

"I rather think it is, Jenny; the French are very niggardly, and give their poor carrots to live on, and so they have adopted the word, I suppose. You, Byansy-Alzummy-Ann, (Bianca-Alzuma-Ann!)"

"Marm!"

"Byansy-Alzummy-Ann! who taught you to call me marm! Is this the way you have learned your catechism? Say, ma', this instant."

"Ma'."

"Take your bonnet, my child, and run down to Mrs. Wheaton's, and ask her if any thing new has turned up about the Point, this morning; and, do you hear, Byansy-Alzummy-Ann Abbott—how the child starts away, as if she were sent on a matter of life and death!"

"Why, ma', I want to hear the news, too."

"Very likely, my dear, but, by stopping to get your errand, you may learn more than by being in such a hurry. Stop in at Mrs. Green's, and ask how the people liked the lecture of the strange parson, last evening—and ask her if she can lend me a watering-pot. Now, run, and be back as soon as possible. Never loiter when you carry news, child."

"No one has a right to stop the mail, I believe, Miss Abbott," put in Jenny, very appositely.

"That, indeed, have they not, or else we could not calculate the consequences. You may remember, Jenny, the pious, even, had to give up that point, public convenience being too strong for them. Roger-Demetrius-Benjamin!"—calling to a second boy, two years younger than his brother—"your eyes are better than mine—who are all those people collected together in the street. Is not Mr. Howel among them?"

"I do not know, ma'!" answered Roger-Demetrius-Benjamin, gaping.

"Then run, this minute, and see, and don't stop to look for your hat. As you come back, step into the tailor's shop and ask if your new jacket is most done, and what the news is? I rather think, Jenny, we shall find out something worth hearing, in the course of the day. By the way, they do say that Grace Van Cortlandt, Eve Effingham's cousin, is under concern."

"Well, she is the last person I should think would be troubled about any thing, for every body says she is so desperate rich she might eat off of silver, if she liked; and she is sure of being married, some time or other."

"That ought to lighten her concern, you think. Oh! it does my heart good when I see any of those flaunty people right well exercised! Nothing would make me happier than to see Eve Effingham groaning fairly in the spirit! That would teach her to take away the people's Points."

"But, Miss Abbott, then she would become almost as good a woman as you are yourself."

"I am a miserable, graceless, awfully wicked sinner!—Twenty times a day do I doubt whether I am actually converted or not. Sin has got such a hold of my very heart-strings, that I sometimes think they will crack before it lets go. Rinaldo-Rinaldini-Timothy, my child, do you toddle across the way, and

give my compliments to Mrs. Hulbert, and inquire if it be true that young Dickson, the lawyer, is really engaged to Aspasia Tubbs or not? and borrow a skimmer, or a tin pot, or any thing you can carry, for we may want something of the sort in the course of the day. I do believe, Jenny, that a worse creature than myself is hardly to be found in Templeton."

"Why, Miss Abbott," returned Jenny, who had heard too much of this self-abasement to be much alarmed at it, "this is giving almost as bad an account of yourself, as I heard somebody, that I won't name, give of you last week."

"And who is your somebody, I should like to know? I dare say, one no better than a formalist, who thinks that reading prayers out of a book, kneeling, bowing, and changing gowns, is religion! Thank Heaven, I'm pretty indifferent to the opinions of such people. Harkee, Jenny; if I thought I was no better than some persons I could name, I'd give the point of salvation up, in despair!"

"Miss Abbott," roared a rugged, dirty-faced, bare-footed boy, who entered without knocking, and stood in the middle of the room, with his hat on, with a suddenness that denoted great readiness in entering other people's possessions; "Miss Abbott, ma' wants to know if you are likely to go from home this week?"

"Why, what in nature can she want to know that for, Ordeal Bumgrum?" Mrs. Abbott pronounced this singular name, however, "Ordeel."

"Oh! she *warnts* to know."

"So do I *warnt* to know; and know I will. Run home this instant, and ask your mother why she has sent you here with this message. Jenny, I am much exercised to find out the reason Mrs. Bumgrum should have sent Ordeal over with such a question."

"I did hear that Miss Bumgrum intended to make a journey herself, and she may want your company."

"Here comes Ordeal back, and we shall soon be

out of the clouds. What a boy that is for errands! He is worth all my sons put together. You never see him losing time by going round by the streets, but away he goes over the garden fences like a cat, or he will whip through a house, if standing in his way, as if he were its owner, should the door happen to be open. Well, Ordeal?"

But Ordeal was out of breath, and although Jenny shook him, as if to shake the news out of him, and Mrs. Abbott actually shook her fist, in her impatience to be enlightened, nothing could induce the child to speak, until he had recovered his wind.

"I believe he does it on purpose," said the provoked maid.

"It's just like him!" cried the mistress; "the very best news-carrier in the village is actually spoilt, because he is thick-winded."

"I wish folks wouldn't make their fences so high," Ordeal exclaimed, the instant he found breath. "I can't see of what use it is to make a fence people can't climb!"

"What does your mother say?" cried Jenny, repeating her shake, *con amore*.

"Ma, wants to know, Miss Abbott, if you don't intend to use it yourself, if you will lend her your name for a few days, to go to Utica with? She says folks don't treat her half as well when she is called Bum-grum, as when she has another name, and she thinks she'd like to try yours, this time."

"Is that all!—You need n't have been so hurried about such a trifle, Ordeal. Give my compliments to your mother, and tell her she is quite welcome to my name, and I hope it will be serviceable to her."

"She says she is willing to pay for the use of it, if you will tell her what the damage will be."

"Oh! it's not worth while to speak of such a trifle; I dare say she will bring it back quite as good as when she took it away. I am no such unneighbourly or aris-

tocratical person as to wish to keep my name all to myself. Tell your mother she is welcome to mine, and to keep it as long as she likes, and not to say any thing about pay; I may want to borrow hers, or something else, one of these days, though, to say the truth, my neighbours *are* apt to complain of me as unfriendly and proud for not borrowing as much as a good neighbour ought."

Ordeal departed, leaving Mrs. Abbot in some such condition as that of the man who had no shadow. A rap at the door interrupted the further discussion of the old subject, and Mr. Steadfast Dodge appeared in answer to the permission to enter. Mr. Dodge and Mrs. Abbott were congenial spirits, in the way of news, he living by it, and she living on it.

"You are very welcome, Mr. Dodge," the mistress of the house commenced; "I hear you passed the day, yesterday, up at the Effinghamses."

"Why, yes, Mrs. Abbott, the Effinghams insisted on it, and I could not well get over the sacrifice, after having been their shipmate so long. Besides it is a little relief to talk French, when one has been so long in the daily practice of it."

"I hear there is company at the house?"

"Two of our fellow-travellers, merely. An English baronet, and a young man of whom less is known than one could wish. He is a mysterious person, and I hate mystery, Mrs. Abbott."

"In that, then, Mr. Dodge, you and I are alike. I think every thing should be known. Indeed, that is not a free country in which there are any secrets. I keep nothing from my neighbours, and, to own the truth, I do not like my neighbours to keep any thing from me."

"Then you'll hardly like the Effinghams, for I never yet met with a more close-mouthed family. Although I was so long in the ship with Miss Eve, I never heard her once speak of her want of appetite, of sea-sickness, or of any thing relating to her ailings even; nor

can you imagine how close she is on the subject of the beaux; I do not think I ever heard her use the word, or so much as allude to any walk or ride she ever took with a single man. I set her down, Mrs. Abbott, as unqualifiedly artful!"

"That you may with certainty, sir, for there is no more sure sign that a young woman is all the while thinking of the beaux, than her never mentioning them."

"That I believe to be human nature; no ingenuous person ever thinks much of the particular subject of conversation. What is your opinion, Mrs. Abbott, of the contemplated match at the Wigwam?"

"Match!" exclaimed Mrs. Abbott.—"What, already! It is the most indecent thing I ever heard of! Why, Mr. Dodge, the family has not been home a fortnight, and to think so soon of getting married! It is quite as bad as a widower's marrying within the month."

Mrs. Abbott made a distinction, habitually, between the cases of widowers and widows, as the first, she maintained, might get married whenever they pleased, and the latter only when they got offers; and she felt just that sort of horror of a man's thinking of marrying too soon after the death of his wife, as might be expected in one who actually thought of a second husband before the first was dead.

"Why, yes," returned Steadfast, "it is a little premature, perhaps, though they have been long acquainted. Still, as you say, it would be more decent to wait and see what may turn up in a country, that, to them, may be said to be a foreign land."

"But, who are the parties, Mr. Dodge?"

"Miss Eve Effingham, and Mr. John Effingham."

"Mr. John Effingham!" exclaimed the lady, who had lent her name to a neighbour, aghast, for this was knocking one of her own day-dreams in the head; "well this is too much! But he shall not marry her,

sir; the law will prevent it, and we live in a country of laws. A man cannot marry his own niece."

"It is excessively improper, and ought to be put a stop to. And yet these Effinghams do very much as they please."

"I am very sorry to hear that; they are extremely disagreeable," said Mrs. Abbott, with a look of eager inquiry, as if afraid the answer might be in the negative.

"As much so as possible; they have hardly a way that you would like, my dear ma'am; and are as close-mouthed as if they were afraid of committing themselves."

"Desperate bad news-carriers, I am told, Mr. Dodge. There is Dorindy (Dorinda) Mudge, who was employed there by Eve and Grace one day; she tells me she tried all she could to get them to talk, by speaking of the most common things; things that one of my children knew all about; such as the affairs of the neighbourhood, and how people are getting on; and, though they would listen a little, and that is something, I admit, not a syllable could she get in the way of answer, or remark. She tells me that, several times, she had a mind to quit, for it is monstrous unpleasant to associate with your tongue-tied folks."

"I dare say Miss Effingham could throw out a hint now and then, concerning the voyage and her late fellow-travellers," said Steadfast, casting an uneasy glance at his companion.

"Not she. Dorindy maintains that it is impossible to get a sentiment out of her concerning a single fellow-creature. When she talked of the late unpleasant affair of poor neighbour Bronson's family—a melancholy transaction that, Mr. Dodge, and I shouldn't wonder if it went to nigh break Mrs. Bronson's heart—but when Dorindy mentioned this, which is bad enough to stir the sensibility of a frog, neither of my young ladies replied, or put a single question. In this respect Grace

is as bad as Eve, and Eve is as bad as Grace, they say. Instead of so much as seeming to wish to know any more, what does my Miss Eve do, but turn to some daubs of paintings, and point out to her cousin what she was pleased to term peculiarities in Swiss usages. Then the two hussies would talk of nature, "our beautiful nature" Dorindy says Eve had the impudence to call it, and, as if human nature and its failings and backsliding were not a fitter subject for a young woman's discourse, than a silly conversation about lakes, and rocks, and trees, and as if she *owned* the nature about Templeton. It is my opinion, Mr. Dodge, that downright ignorance is at the bottom of it all, for Dorindy says that they actually know no more of the intricacies of the neighbourhood than if they lived in Japan."

"All pride, Mrs. Abbott; rank pride. They feel themselves too great to enter into the minutiae of common folks' concerns. I often tried Miss Effingham, coming from England; and things touching private interests, that I know she did and must understand, she always disdainfully refused to enter into. Oh! she is a real Tartar, in her way; and what she does not wish to do, you never can make her do!"

"Have you heard that Grace is under concern?"

"Not a breath of it; under whose preaching was she sitting, Mrs. Abbott?"

"That is more than I can tell you; not under the church parson's, I'll engage; no one ever heard of a real, active, regenerating, soul-reviving, spirit-groaning, and fruit-yielding conversion under *his* ministry."

"No, there is very little unction in that persuasion generally. How cold and apathetic they are, in these soul-stirring times! Not a sinner has been writhing on *their* floor, I'll engage, nor a wretch transferred into a saint, in the twinkling of an eye, by *that* parson. Well, we have every reason to be grateful, Mrs. Abbott."

"That we have, for most glorious have been our

privileges! To be sure that is a sinful pride that can puff up a wretched, sinful being like Eve Effingham to such a pass of conceit, as to induce her to think she is raised above thinking of, and taking an interest in the affairs of her neighbours. Now, for my part, conversion has so far opened *my* heart, that I do actually feel as if I wanted to know all about the meanest creature in Templeton."

"That's the true spirit, Mrs. Abbott; stick to that, and your redemption is secure. I only edit a newspaper, by way of showing an interest in mankind."

"I hope, Mr. Dodge, the press does not mean to let this matter of the Point sleep; the press is the true guardian of the public rights, and I can tell you the whole community looks to it for support, in this crisis."

"We shall not fail to do our duty," said Mr. Dodge, looking over his shoulder, and speaking lower. "What! shall one insignificant individual, who has not a single right above that of the meanest citizen in the county, oppress this great and powerful community! What if Mr. Effingham does own this point of land——"

"But he does *not* own it," interrupted Mrs. Abbott. "Ever since I have known Templeton, the public has owned it. The public, moreover, says it owns it, and what the public says, in this happy country, is law."

"But, allowing that the public does not own——"

"It *does* own it, Mr. Dodge," the nameless repeated, positively.

"Well, ma'am, own or no own, this is not a country in which the press ought to be silent, when a solitary individual undertakes to trample on the public. Leave that matter to us, Mrs. Abbott; it is in good hands, and shall be well taken care of."

"I'm piously glad of it!"

"I mention this to you, as to a friend," continued Mr. Dodge, cautiously drawing from his pocket a manuscript, which he prepared to read to his companion, who sat with a devouring curiosity, ready to listen.

The manuscript of Mr. Dodge contained a professed account of the affair of the Point. It was written obscurely, and was not without its contradictions, but the imagination of Mrs. Abbott supplied all the vacuums, and reconciled all the contradictions. The article was so liberal of its professions of contempt for Mr. Effingham, that every rational man was compelled to wonder, why a quality, that is usually so passive, should, in this particular instance, be aroused to so sudden and violent activity. In the way of facts, not one was faithfully stated; and there were several deliberate, unmitigated falsehoods, which went essentially to colour the whole account.

"I think this will answer the purpose," said Steadfast, "and we have taken means to see that it shall be well circulated."

"This will do them good," cried Mrs. Abbott; almost breathless with delight. "I hope folks will believe it."

"No fear of that. If it were a party thing, now, one half would believe it, as a matter of course, and the other half would not believe it, as a matter of course; but, in a private matter, lord bless you, ma'am, people are always ready to believe any thing that will give them something to talk about."

Here the *tête à tête* was interrupted by the return of Mrs. Abbott's different messengers, all of whom, unlike the dove sent forth from the ark, brought back something in the way of hopes. The Point was a general theme, and, though the several accounts flatly contradicted each other, Mrs. Abbott, in the general benevolence of her pious heart, found the means to extract corroboration of her wishes from each.

Mr. Dodge was as good as his word, and the account appeared. The press throughout the country seized with avidity on any thing that helped to fill its columns. No one appeared disposed to inquire into the truth of the account, or after the character of the

original authority. It was in print, and that struck the great majority of the editors and their readers, as a sufficient sanction. Few, indeed, were they, who lived so much under a proper self-control; as to hesitate; and this rank injustice was done a private citizen, as much without moral restraint, as without remorse, by those, who, to take their own accounts of the matter, were the regular and habitual champions of human rights!

John Effingham pointed out this extraordinary scene of reckless wrong, to his wondering cousin, with the cool sarcasm, with which he was apt to assail the weaknesses and crimes of the country. His firmness, united to that of his cousin, however, put a stop to the publication of the resolutions of Aristabulus's meeting, and when a sufficient time had elapsed to prove that these prurient denouncers of their fellow-citizens had taken wit in their anger, he procured them, and had them published himself, as the most effectual means of exposing the real character of the senseless mob, that had thus disgraced liberty, by assuming its professions and its usages.

To an observer of men, the end of this affair presented several strong points for comment. As soon as the truth became generally known, in reference to the real ownership, and the public came to ascertain that instead of hitherto possessing a right, it had, in fact, been merely enjoying a favour, those who had committed themselves by their arrogant assumptions of facts, and their indecent outrages, fell back on their self-love, and began to find excuses for their conduct in that of the other party. Mr. Effingham was loudly condemned for not having done the very thing, he, in truth, had done, viz: telling the public it did not own his property; and when this was shown to be an absurdity, the complaint followed that what he had done, had been done in precisely such a mode, although it was the mode constantly used by every one else. From these vague and indefinite accusations, those most im-

plicated in the wrong, began to deny all their own original assertions, by insisting that they had known all along, that Mr. Effingham owned the property, but that they did not choose he, or any other man, should presume to tell them what they knew already. In short, the end of this affair exhibited human nature in its usual aspects of prevarication, untruth, contradiction, and inconsistency, notwithstanding the high profession of liberty made by those implicated; and they who had been the most guilty of wrong, were loudest in their complaints, as if they alone had suffered.

“This is not exhibiting the country to us, certainly, after so long an absence, in its best appearance,” said Mr. Effingham, “I must admit, John; but error belongs to all regions, and to all classes of institutions.”

“Ay, Ned, make the best of it, as usual; but, if you do not come round to my way of thinking, before you are a twelvemonth older, I shall renounce prophesying. I wish we could get at the bottom of Miss Effingham’s thoughts, on this occasion.”

“Miss Effingham has been grieved, disappointed, nay, shocked,” said Eve, “but, still she will not despair of the republic. None of our respectable neighbours, in the first place, have shared in this transaction, and that is something; though I confess I feel some surprise that any considerable portion of a community, that respects itself, should quietly allow an ignorant fragment of its own numbers, to misrepresent it so grossly, in an affair that so nearly touches its own character for common sense and justice.”

“You have yet to learn, Miss Effingham, that men can get to be so saturated with liberty, that they become insensible to the nicer feelings. The grossest enormities are constantly committed in this good republic of ours, under the pretence of being done by the public, and for the public. The public have got to bow to that bugbear, quite as submissively as Gesler could have wished the Swiss to bow to his own cap,

as to the cap of Rodolph's substitute. Men will have idols, and the Americans have merely set up themselves."

"And yet, cousin Jack, you would be wretched were you doomed to live under a system less free. I fear you have the affectation of sometimes saying that which you do not exactly feel."

CHAPTER III.

"Come, these are no times to think of dreams—
We'll talk of dreams hereafter."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE day succeeding that in which the conversation just mentioned occurred, was one of great expectation and delight in the Wigwam. Mrs. Hawker and the Bloomfields were expected, and the morning passed away rapidly, under the gay buoyancy of the feelings that usually accompany such anticipations in a country-house. The travellers were to leave town the previous evening, and, though the distance was near two hundred and thirty miles, they were engaged to arrive by the usual dinner hour. In speed, the Americans, so long as they follow the great routes, are unsurpassed; and even Sir George Templemore, coming, as he did, from a country of MacAdamized roads and excellent posting, expressed his surprise, when given to understand that a journey of this length, near a hundred miles of which were by land, moreover, was to be performed in twenty-four hours, the stops included.

"One particularly likes this rapid travelling," he remarked, "when it is to bring us such friends as Mrs. Hawker."

"And Mrs. Bloomfield," added Eve, quickly. "I

rest the credit of the American females on Mrs. Bloomfield."

"More so, than on Mrs. Hawker, Miss Effingham?"

"Not in all that is amiable, respectable, feminine, and lady-like; but certainly more so, in the way of mind. I know, Sir George Templemore, as a European, what your opinion is of our sex in this country."

"Good heaven, my dear Miss Effingham!—My opinion of your sex, in America! It is impossible for any one to entertain a higher opinion of your countrywomen—as I hope to show—as, I trust, my respect and admiration have always proved—nay, Powis, you, as an American, will exonerate me from this want of taste—judgment—feeling——"

Paul laughed, but told the embarrassed and really distressed baronet, that he should leave him in the very excellent hands into which he had fallen.

"You see that bird, that is sailing so prettily above the roofs of the village," said Eve, pointing with her parasol in the direction she meant; for the three were walking together on the little lawn, in waiting for the appearance of the expected guests; "and I dare say you are ornithologist enough to tell its vulgar name."

"You are in the humour to be severe this morning—the bird is but a common swallow."

"One of which will not make a summer, as every one knows. Our cosmopolitanism is already forgotten, and with it, I fear, our frankness."

"Since Powis has hoisted his national colours, I do not feel as free on such subjects as formerly," returned Sir George, smiling. "When I thought I had a secret ally in him, I was not afraid to concede a little in such things, but his avowal of his country has put me on my guard. In no case, however, shall I admit my insensibility to the qualities of your countrywomen. Powis, as a native, may take that liberty; but, as for myself, I shall insist they are, at least, the equals of any females I know."

“In *naïveté*, prettiness, delicacy of appearance, simplicity, and sincerity——”

“In sincerity, think you, dear Miss Effingham?”

“In sincerity, above all things, dear Sir George Templemore. Sincerity—nay, frankness is the last quality I should think of denying them.”

“But to return to Mrs. Bloomfield—she is clever, exceedingly clever, I allow; in what is her cleverness to be distinguished from that of one of her sex, on the other side of the ocean?”

“In nothing, perhaps, did there exist no differences in national characteristics. Naples and New-York are in the same latitude, and yet, I think you will agree with me, that there is little resemblance in their populations.”

“I confess I do not understand the allusion—are you quicker witted, Powis?”

“I will not say that,” answered Paul; “but I think I do comprehend Miss Effingham’s meaning. You have travelled enough to know, that; as a rule, there is more aptitude in a southern, than in a northern people. They receive impressions more readily, and are quicker in all their perceptions.”

“I believe this to be true; but, then, you will allow that they are less constant, and have less perseverance?”

“In that we are agreed, Sir George Templemore,” resumed Eve, “though we might differ as to the cause. The inconstancy of which you speak, is more connected with moral than physical causes, perhaps, and we, of this region, might claim an exemption from some of them. But, Mrs. Bloomfield is to be distinguished from her European rivals, by a frame so singularly feminine as to appear fragile, a delicacy of exterior, that, were it not for that illumined face of hers, might indicate a general feebleness, a sensitiveness and quickness of intellect that amount almost to inspiration; and, yet all is balanced by a practical common sense, that

renders her as safe a counsellor as she is a warm friend. This latter quality causes you sometimes to doubt her genius, it is so very homely and available. Now it is in this, that I think the American woman, when she does rise above mediocrity, is particularly to be distinguished from the European. The latter, as a genius, is almost always in the clouds, whereas, Mrs. Bloomfield, in her highest flights, is either all heart, or all good sense. The nation is practical, and the practical qualities get to be imparted even to its highest order of talents."

"The English women are thought to be less excitable, and not so much under the influence of sentimentalism, as some of their continental neighbours."

"And very justly—but——"

"But, what, Miss Effingham—there is, in all this, a slight return to the cosmopolitism, that reminds me of our days of peril and adventure. Do not conceal a thought, if you wish to preserve that character."

"Well, to be sincere, I shall say that your women live under a system too sophisticated and factitious to give fair play to common sense, at all times. What, for instance, can be the habitual notions of one, who, professing the doctrines of Christianity, is accustomed to find money placed so very much in the ascendant, as to see it daily exacted in payment for the very first of the sacred offices of the church? It would be as rational to contend that a mirror which had been cracked into radii, by a bullet, like those we have so often seen in Paris, would reflect faithfully, as to suppose a mind familiarized to such abuses would be sensitive on practical and common sense things."

"But, my dear Miss Effingham, this is all habit."

"I know it is all habit, Sir George Templemore, and a very bad habit it is. Even your devoutest clergymen get so accustomed to it, as not to see the capital mistake they make. I do not say it is absolutely sinful, where there is no compulsion; but, I hope you

agree with me, Mr. Powis, when I say I think a clergyman ought to be so sensitive on such a subject, as to refuse even the little offerings for baptisms, that it is the practice of the wealthy of this country to make."

"I agree with you entirely, for it would denote a more just perception of the nature of the office they are performing; and they who wish to give can always make occasions."

"A hint might be taken from Franklin, who is said to have desired his father to ask a blessing on the pork-barrel, by way of condensation," put in John Effingham, who joined them as he spoke, and who had heard a part of the conversation. "In this instance, an average might be struck in the marriage fee, that should embrace all future baptisms. But here comes neighbour Howel to favour us with his opinion. Do you like the usages of the English church, as respects baptisms, Howel?"

"Excellent, the best in the world, John Effingham."

"Mr. Howel is so true an Englishman," said Eve, shaking hands cordially with their well-meaning neighbour, "that he would give a certificate in favour of polygamy, if it had a British origin."

"And is not this a more natural sentiment for an American than that which distrusts so much, merely because it comes from the little island?" asked Sir George, reproachfully.

"That is a question I shall leave Mr. Howel himself to answer."

"Why, Sir George," observed the gentleman alluded to, "I do not attribute my respect for your country, in the least, to origin. I endeavour to keep myself free from all sorts of prejudices. My admiration of England arises from conviction, and I watch all her movements with the utmost jealousy, in order to see if I cannot find her tripping, though I feel bound to say I have never yet detected her in a single error. What a very different picture, France—I hope your govern-

ess is not within hearing, Miss Eve; it is not her fault; she was born a French woman, and we would not wish to hurt her feelings—but what a different picture France presents! I have watched her narrowly too, these forty years, I may say, and I have never yet found her right; and this, you must allow, is a great deal to be said by one who is thoroughly impartial.”

“This is a terrible picture, indeed, Howel, to come from an unprejudiced man,” said John Effingham; “and I make no doubt Sir George Templemore will have a better opinion of himself for ever after—he for a valiant lion, and you for a true prince. But yonder is the ‘exclusive extra,’ which contains our party.”

The elevated bit of lawn on which they were walking commanded a view of the road that led into the village, and the travelling vehicle engaged by Mrs. Hawker and her friends, was now seen moving along it at a rapid pace. Eve expressed her satisfaction, and then all resumed their walk, as some minutes must still elapse previously to the arrival.

“Exclusive extra!” repeated Sir George; “that is a peculiar phrase, and one that denotes any thing but democracy.”

“In any other part of the world a thing would be sufficiently marked, by being ‘extra,’ but here it requires the addition of ‘exclusive,’ in order to give it the ‘tower stamp,’” said John Effingham, with a curl of his handsome lip. “Any thing may be as exclusive as it please, provided it bear the public impress. A stage-coach being intended for every body, why, the more exclusive it is, the better. The next thing we shall hear of will be exclusive steamboats, exclusive railroads, and both for the uses of the exclusive people.”

Sir George now seriously asked an explanation of the meaning of the term, when Mr. Howel informed him that an ‘extra’ in America meant a supernumerary coach, to carry any excess of the ordinary number of passengers; whereas an ‘exclusive extra’ meant a coach expressly engaged by a particular individual.

“The latter, then, is American posting,” observed Sir George.

“You have got the best idea of it that can be given,” said Paul. “It is virtually posting with a coachman, instead of postillions, few persons in this country, where so much of the greater distances is done by steam, using their own travelling carriages. The American ‘exclusive extra’ is not only posting, but, in many of the older parts of the country, it is posting of a very good quality.”

“I dare say, now, this is all wrong, if we only knew it,” said the simple-minded Mr. Howel. “There is nothing exclusive in England, ha, Sir George?”

Every body laughed except the person who put this question, but the rattling of wheels and the tramping of horses on the village bridge, announced the near approach of the travellers. By the time the party had reached the great door in front of the house, the carriage was already in the grounds, and at the next moment, Eve was in the arms of Mrs. Bloomfield. It was apparent, at a glance, that more than the expected number of guests was in the vehicle; and as its contents were slowly discharged, the spectators stood around it, with curiosity, to observe who would appear.

The first person that descended, after the exit of Mrs. Bloomfield, was Captain Truck, who, however, instead of saluting his friends, turned assiduously to the door he had just passed through, to assist Mrs. Hawker to alight. Not until this office had been done, did he even look for Eve; for, so profound was the worthy captain’s admiration and respect for this venerable lady, that she actually had got to supplant our heroine, in some measure, in his heart. Mr. Bloomfield appeared next, and an exclamation of surprise and pleasure proceeded from both Paul and the baronet, as they caught a glimpse of the face of the last of the travellers that got out.

“Ducie!” cried Sir George. “This is even better than we expected.”

“Ducie!” added Paul, “you are several days before the expected time, and in excellent company.”

The explanation, however, was very simple. Captain Ducie had found the facilities for rapid motion much greater than he had expected, and he reached Fort Plain, in the eastward cars, as the remainder of the party arrived in the westward. Captain Truck, who had met Mrs. Hawker's party in the river boat, had been intrusted with the duty of making the arrangements, and recognizing Captain Ducie, to their mutual surprise, while engaged in this employment, and ascertaining his destination, the latter was very cordially received into the “exclusive extra.”

Mr. Effingham welcomed all his guests with the hospitality and kindness for which he was distinguished. We are no great admirers of the pretension to peculiar national virtues, having ascertained, to our own satisfaction, by tolerably extensive observation, that the moral difference between men is of no great amount; but we are almost tempted to say, on this occasion, that Mr. Effingham received his guests with American hospitality; for if there be one quality that this people can claim to possess in a higher degree than that of most other christian nations, it is that of a simple, sincere, confiding hospitality. For Mrs. Hawker, in common with all who knew her, the owner of the Wigwam entertained a profound respect; and though his less active mind did not take as much pleasure as that of his daughter, in the almost intuitive intelligence of Mrs. Bloomfield, he also felt for this lady a very friendly regard. It gave him pleasure to see Eve surrounded by persons of her own sex, of so high a tone of thought and breeding; a tone of thought and breeding, moreover, that was as far removed as possible from any thing strained or artificial: and his welcomes were cordial in proportion. Mr. Bloomfield was a quiet, sensible, gentleman-like man, whom his wife fervently loved, without making any parade of her attachment;

and he was also one who had the good sense to make himself agreeable wherever he went. Captain Ducie, who, Englishman-like, had required some urging to be induced to present himself before the precise hour named in his own letter, and who had seriously contemplated passing several days in a tavern, previously to showing himself at the Wigwam, was agreeably disappointed at a reception, that would have been just as frank and warm, had he come without any notice at all: for the Effinghams knew that the usages which sophistication and a crowded population perhaps render necessary in older countries, were not needed in their own; and then the circumstance that their quondam pursuer was so near a kinsman of Paul Powis', did not fail to act essentially in his favour.

"We can offer but little, in these retired mountains, to interest a traveller and a man of the world, Captain Ducie," said Mr. Effingham, when he went to pay his compliments more particularly, after the whole party was in the house; "but there is a common interest in our past adventures to talk about, after all other topics fail. When we met on the ocean, and you deprived us so unexpectedly of our friend Powis, we did not know that you had the better claim of affinity to his company."

Captain Ducie coloured slightly, but he made his answer with a proper degree of courtesy and gratitude.

"It is very true," he added, "Powis and myself are relatives, and I shall place all my claims to your hospitality to his account; for I feel that I have been the unwilling cause of too much suffering to your party, to bring with me any very pleasant recollections, notwithstanding your kindness in including me as a friend, in the adventures of which you speak."

"Dangers that are happily past, seldom bring very unpleasant recollections, more especially when they were connected with scenes of excitement. I understand, sir, that the unhappy young man, who was the

principal cause of all that passed, anticipated the sentence of the law, by destroying himself."

"He was his own executioner, and the victim of a silly weakness that, I should think, your state of society was yet too young and simple to encourage. The idle vanity of making an appearance, a vanity, by the way, that seldom besets gentlemen, or the class to which it may be thought more properly to belong, ruins hundreds of young men in England, and this poor creature was of the number. I never was more rejoiced than when he quitted my ship, for the sight of so much weakness sickened one of human nature. Miserable as his fate proved to be, and pitiable as his condition really was, while in my charge, his case has the alleviating circumstance with me, of having made me acquainted with those whom it might not otherwise have been my good fortune to meet!"

This civil speech was properly acknowledged; and Mr. Effingham addressed himself to Captain Truck, to whom, in the hurry of the moment, he had not yet said half that his feelings dictated.

"I am rejoiced to see you under my roof, my worthy friend," taking the rough hand of the old seaman between his own whiter and more delicate fingers, and shaking it with cordiality, "for this *is* being under my roof, while those town residences have less the air of domestication and familiarity. You will spend many of your holidays here, I trust; and when we get a few years older, we will begin to prattle about the marvels we have seen in company."

The eye of Captain Truck glistened, and, as he returned the shake by another of twice the energy, and the gentle pressure of Mr. Effingham by a squeeze like that of a vice, he said in his honest off-hand manner:—

"The happiest hour I ever knew was that in which I discharged the pilot, the first time out, as a ship-master; the next great event of my life, in the way of happiness, was the moment I found myself on the deck of the Montauk, after we had given those greasy Arabs a

hint that their room was better than their company; and I really think this very instant must be set down as the third. I never knew, my dear sir, how much I truly loved you and your daughter, until both were out of sight."

"That is so kind and gallant a speech, that it ought not to be lost on the person most concerned. Evé, my love, our worthy friend has just made a declaration which will be a novelty to you, who have not been much in the way of listening to speeches of this nature."

Mr. Effingham then acquainted his daughter with what Captain Truck had just said.

"This is certainly the first declaration of the sort I ever heard, and with the simplicity of an unpractised young woman, I here avow that the attachment is reciprocal," said the smiling Evé. "If there is an indiscretion in this hasty acknowledgement, it must be ascribed to surprise, and to the suddenness with which I have learned my power, for your *parvenues* are not always perfectly regulated."

"I hope Mamselle V. A. V. is well," returned the Captain, cordially shaking the hand the young lady had given him, "and that she enjoys herself to her liking in this outlandish country?"

"Mademoiselle Viefville will return you her thanks in person, at dinner; and I believe she does not yet regret *la belle France* unreasonably; as I regret it myself, in many particulars, it would be unjust not to permit a native of the country some liberty in that way."

"I perceive a strange face in the room—one of the family, my dear young lady?"

"Not a relative, but a very old friend.—Shall I have the pleasure of introducing you, Captain?"

"I hardly dared to ask it, for I know you must have been overworked in this way, lately, but I confess I *should* like an introduction; I have neither introduced, nor been introduced since I left New-York, with the exception of the case of Captain Ducie, whom I made properly acquainted with Mrs. Hawker and her party, as you may suppose. They know each other regu-

larly now, and you are saved the trouble of going through the ceremony yourself."

"And how is it with you and the Bloomfields? Did Mrs. Hawker name you to them properly?"

"That is the most extraordinary thing of the sort I ever knew! Not a word was said in the way of introduction, and yet I slid into an acquaintance with Mrs. Bloomfield so easily, that I could not tell how it was done, if my life depended on it. But this very old friend of yours, my dear young lady——"

"Captain Truck, Mr. Howel; Mr. Howel, Captain Truck;" said Eve, imitating the most approved manner of the introductory spirit of the day with admirable self-possession and gravity. "I am fortunate in having it in my power to make two persons whom I so much esteem acquainted."

"Captain Truck is the gentleman who commands the Montauk?" said Mr. Howel, glancing at Eve, as much as to say, "am I right?"

"The very same, and the brave seaman to whom we are all indebted for the happiness of standing here at this moment."

"You are to be envied, Captain Truck; of all the men in your calling, you are exactly the one I should most wish to supplant. I understand you actually go to England twice every year!"

"Three times, sir, when the winds permit. I have even seen the old island four times, between January and January."

"What a pleasure! It must be the very acme of navigation to sail between America and England!"

"It is not unpleasant, sir, from April to November, but the long nights, thick weather, and heavy winds knock off a good deal of the satisfaction for the rest of the year."

"But I speak of the country; of old England itself; not of the passages."

"Well, England has what I call a pretty fair coast.

It is high, and great attention is paid to the lights; but of what account is either coast or lights, if the weather is so thick, you cannot see the end of your flying-jib-boom!"

"Mr. Howel alludes more particularly to the country, inland," said Eve; "to the towns, the civilization, and the other proofs of cultivation and refinement. To the government, especially."

"In my judgment, sir, the government is much too particular about tobacco, and some other trifling things I could name. Then it restricts pennants to King's ships, whereas, to my notion, my dear young lady, a New-York packet is as worthy of wearing a pennant as any vessel that floats. I mean, of course, ships of the regular European lines, and not the Southern traders."

"But these are merely spots on the sun, my good sir," returned Mr. Howel; "putting a few such trifles out of the question, I think you will allow that England is the most delightful country in the world?"

"To be frank with you, Mr. Howel, there is a good deal of hang-dog weather, along in October, November and December. I have known March any thing but agreeable, and then April is just like a young girl with one of your melancholy novels, now smiling, and now blubbering."

"But the morals of the country, my dear sir; the moral features of England must be a source of never-dying delight to a true philanthropist," resumed Mr. Howel, as Eve, who perceived that the discourse was likely to be long, went to join the ladies. "An Englishman has most reason to be proud of the moral excellencies of his country!"

"Why, to be frank with you, Mr. Howel, there are some of the moral features of London, that are any thing but very beautiful. If you could pass twenty-four hours in the neighbourhood of St. Catharine's, you would see sights that would throw Templeton

into fits. The English are a handsome people, I allow; but their morality is none of the best-featured."

"Let us be seated, sir; I am afraid we are not exactly agreed on our terms, and, in order that we may continue this subject, I beg you will let me take a seat next you, at table."

To this Captain Truck very cheerfully assented, and then the two took chairs, continuing the discourse very much in the blind and ambiguous manner in which it had been commenced; the one party insisting on seeing every thing through the medium of an imagination that had got to be diseased on such subjects; or with a species of monomania; while the other seemed obstinately determined to consider the entire country as things had been presented to his limited and peculiar experience, in the vicinity of the docks.

"We have had a very unexpected, and a very agreeable attendant in Captain Truck," said Mrs. Hawker, when Eve had placed herself by her side, and respectfully taken one of her hands. "I really think if I were to suffer shipwreck, or to run the hazard of captivity, I should choose to have both occur in his good company."

"Mrs. Hawker makes so many conquests," observed Mrs. Bloomfield, "that we are to think nothing of her success with this mer-man; but what will you say, Miss Effingham, when you learn that I am also in favour, in the same high quarter. I shall think the better of masters, and boatswains, and Trinculos and Stephanos, as long as I live, for this specimen of their craft."

"Not Trinculos and Stephanos, dear Mrs. Bloomfield; for, *à l'exception pres de* Saturday-nights, and sweet-hearts and wives, a more exemplary person in the way of libations does not exist than our excellent Captain Truck. He is much too religious and moral for so vulgar an excess as drinking."

"Religious!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloomfield, in sur-

prise. "This is a merit to which I did not know he possessed the smallest claims. One might imagine a little superstition, and some short-lived repentances in gales of wind; but scarcely any thing as much like a trade wind, as religion!"

"Then you do not know him; for a more sincerely devout man, though I acknowledge it is after a fashion that is perhaps peculiar to the ocean, is not often met with. At any rate, you found him attentive to our sex?"

"The pink of politeness, and, not to embellish, there is a manly deference about him, that is singularly agreeable to our frail vanity. This comes of his packet-training, I suppose, and we may thank you for some portion of his merit. His tongue never tires in your praises, and did I not feel persuaded that your mind is made up never to be the wife of any republican American, I should fear this visit exceedingly. Notwithstanding the remark I made concerning my being in favour, the affair lies between Mrs. Hawker and yourself. I know it is not your habit to trifle even on that very popular subject with young ladies, matrimony; but this case forms so complete an exception to the vulgar passion, that I trust you will overlook the indiscretion. Our *golden* captain, for *copper* he is not, protests that Mrs. Hawker is the most delightful old lady he ever knew, and that Miss Eve Effingham is the most delightful young lady he ever knew. Here, then, each may see the ground she occupies, and play her cards accordingly. I hope to be forgiven for touching on a subject so delicate."

"In the first place," said Eve, smiling, "I should wish to hear Mrs. Hawker's reply."

"I have no more to say, than to express my perfect gratitude," answered that lady, "to announce a determination not to change my condition, on account of extreme youth, and a disposition to abandon the field to my younger, if not fairer, rival."

“Well, then,” resumed Eve, anxious to change the subject, for she saw that Paul was approaching their group, “I believe it will be wisest in me to suspend a decision, circumstances leaving so much at my disposal. Time must show what that decision will be.”

“Nay,” said Mrs. Bloomfield, who saw no feeling involved in the trifling, “this is unjustifiable coquetry, and I feel bound to ascertain how the land lies. You will remember I am the Captain’s confidant, and you know the fearful responsibility of a friend in an affair of this sort; that of a friend in the duello being insignificant in comparison. That I may have testimony at need, Mr. Powis shall be made acquainted with the leading facts. Captain Truck is a devout admirer of this young lady, sir, and I am endeavouring to discover whether he ought to hang himself on her father’s lawn, this evening, as soon as the moon rises, or live another week. In order to do this, I shall pursue the categorical and inquisitorial method—and so defend yourself Miss Effingham. Do you object to the country of your admirer?”

Eve, though inwardly vexed at the turn this pleasantry had taken, maintained a perfectly composed manner, for she knew that Mrs. Bloomfield had too much feminine propriety to say any thing improper, or any thing that might seriously embarrass her.

“It would, indeed, be extraordinary, should I object to a country which is not only my own, but which has so long been that of my ancestors,” she answered steadily. “On this score, my knight has nothing to fear.”

“I rejoice to hear this,” returned Mrs. Bloomfield, glancing her eyes, unconsciously to herself, however, towards Sir George Templemore, “and, Mr. Powis, you, who I believe are a European, will learn humility in the avowal. Do you object to your swain that he is a seaman?”

Eve blushed, notwithstanding a strong effort to appear composed, and, for the first time since their acquaintance, she felt provoked with Mrs. Bloomfield. She hesitated before she answered in the negative, and this too in a way to give more meaning to her reply, although nothing could be farther from her intentions.

“The happy man *may* then be an American and a seaman! Here is great encouragement. Do you object to sixty?”

“In any other man I should certainly consider it a blemish, as my own dear father is but fifty.”

Mrs. Bloomfield was struck with the tremor in the voice, and with the air of embarrassment, in one who usually was so easy and collected; and with feminine sensitiveness she adroitly abandoned the subject, though she often recurred to this stifled emotion in the course of the day, and from that moment she became a silent observer of Eve's deportment with all her father's guests.

“This is hope enough for one day,” she said, rising; “the profession and the flag must counterbalance the years as best they may, and the Truck lives another revolution of the sun! Mrs. Hawker, we shall be late at dinner, I see by that clock, unless we retire soon.”

Both the ladies now went to their rooms; Eve, who was already dressed for dinner, remaining in the drawing-room. Paul still stood before her, and, like herself, he seemed embarrassed.

“There are men who would be delighted to hear even the little that has fallen from your lips in this trifling,” he said, as soon as Mrs. Bloomfield was out of hearing. “To be an American and a seaman, then, are not serious defects in your eyes?”

“Am I to be made responsible for Mrs. Bloomfield's caprices and pleasantries?”

“By no means; but I do think you hold yourself responsible for Miss Effingham's truth and sincerity.

I can conceive of your silence, when questioned too far, but scarcely of any direct declaration, that shall not possess both these high qualities."

Eve looked up gratefully, for she saw that profound respect for her character dictated the remark; but rising, she observed—

"This is making a little *badinage* about our honest, lion-hearted, old captain, a very serious affair. And now, to show you that I am conscious of, and thankful for, your own compliment, I shall place you on the footing of a friend to both the parties, and request you will take Captain Truck into your especial care, while he remains here. My father and cousin are both sincerely his friends, but their habits are not so much those of their guests, as yours will probably be; and to you, then, I commit him, with a request that he may miss his ship and the ocean as little as possible."

"I would I knew how to take this charge, Miss Effingham!—To be a seaman is not always a recommendation with the polished, intelligent, and refined."

"But when one is polished, intelligent, and refined, to be a seaman is to add one other particular and useful branch of knowledge to those which are more familiar. I feel certain Captain Truck will be in good hands, and now I will go and do my *devoirs* to my own especial charges, the ladies."

Eve bowed as she passed the young man, and she left the room with as much haste as at all became her. Paul stood motionless quite a minute after she had vanished, nor did he awaken from his reverie, until aroused by an appeal from Captain Truck, to sustain him, in some of his matter-of-fact opinions concerning England, against the visionary and bookish notions of Mr. Howel.

"Who is this Mr. Powis?" asked Mrs. Bloomfield of Eve, when the latter appeared in her dressing-room, with an unusual impatience of manner.

“You know, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, that he was our fellow-passenger in the Montauk, and that he was of infinite service to us, in escaping from the Arabs.”

“All this I know, certainly; but he is a European, is he not?”

Eve scarcely ever felt more embarrassed than in answering this simple question.

“I believe not; at least, I think not; we thought so when we met him in Europe, and even until quite lately; but he has avowed himself a countryman of our own, since his arrival at Templeton.”

“Has he been here long?”

“We found him in the village on reaching home. He was from Canada, and has been in waiting for his cousin, Captain Ducie, who came with you.”

“His cousin!—He has English cousins, then! Mr. Ducie kept this to himself, with true English reserve. Captain Truck whispered something of the latter’s having taken out one of his passengers, *the* Mr. Powis, the hero of the rocks, but I did not know of his having found his way back to our—to his country. Is he as agreeable as Sir George Templemore?”

“Nay, Mrs. Bloomfield, I must leave you to judge of that for yourself. I think them both agreeable men; but there is so much caprice in a woman’s tastes, that I decline thinking for others.”

“He is a seaman, I believe,” observed Mrs. Bloomfield, with an abstracted manner—“he *must* have been, to have manœuvred and managed as I have been told he did. Powis—Powis—that is not one of our names, neither—I should think he must be from the south.”

Here Eve’s habitual truth and dignity of mind did her good service, and prevented any further betrayal of embarrassment.

“We do not know his family,” she steadily answered. “That he is a gentleman, we see; but of his origin and connections he never speaks.”

“His profession would have given him the notions

of a gentleman, for he was in the navy I have heard, although I had thought it the British navy. I do not know of any Powises in Philadelphia, or Baltimore, or Richmond, or Charleston; he must surely be from the interior."

Eve could scarcely condemn her friend for a curiosity that had not a little tormented herself, though she would gladly change the discourse.

"Mr. Powis would be much gratified, did he know what a subject of interest he has suddenly become with Mrs. Bloomfield," she said, smiling.

"I confess it all; to be very sincere, I think him the most distinguished young man, in air, appearance, and expression of countenance, I ever saw. When this is coupled with what I have heard of his gallantry and coolness, my dear, I should not be woman to feel no interest in him. I would give the world to know of what State he is a native, if native, in truth, he be."

"For that we have his own word. He was born in this country, and was educated in our own marine."

"And yet from the little that fell from him, in our first short conversation, he struck me as being educated above his profession."

"Mr. Powis has seen much as a traveller; when we met him in Europe, it was in a circle particularly qualified to improve both his mind and his manners."

"Europe! Your acquaintance did not then commence, like that with Sir George Templemore, in the packet?"

"Our acquaintance with neither, commenced in the packet. My father had often seen both these gentlemen, during our residences in different parts of Europe."

"And your father's daughter?"

"My father's daughter, too," said Eve, laughing. "With Mr. Powis, in particular, we were acquainted under circumstances that left a vivid recollection of

his manliness and professional skill. He was of almost as much service to us on one of the Swiss lakes, as he has subsequently been on the ocean."

All this was news to Mrs. Bloomfield, and she looked as if she thought the intelligence interesting. At this moment the dinner-bell rang, and all the ladies descended to the drawing-room. The gentlemen were already assembled, and as Mr. Effingham led Mrs. Hawker to the table, Mrs. Bloomfield gaily took Eve by the arm, protesting that she felt herself privileged, the first day, to take a seat near the young mistress of the Wigwam.

"Mr. Powis and Sir George Templemore will not quarrel about the honour," she said, in a low voice, as they proceeded towards the table.

"Indeed you are in error, Mrs. Bloomfield; Sir George Templemore is much better pleased with being at liberty to sit next my cousin Grace."

"Can this be so!" returned the other, looking intently at her young friend.

"Indeed it is so, and I am very glad to be able to affirm it. How far Miss Van Cortlandt is pleased that it is so, time must show: but the baronet betrays every day, and all day, how much he is pleased with her."

"He is then a man of less taste, and judgment, and intelligence, than I had thought him."

"Nay, dearest Mrs. Bloomfield, this is not necessarily true; or, if true, need it be so openly said?"

"*Se non e vero, e ben trovato.*"

CHAPTER IV.

“Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past.”

BRYANT.

CAPTAIN DUCIE had retired for the night, and was sitting reading, when a low tap at the door roused him from a brown study. He gave the necessary permission, and the door opened.

“I hope, Ducie, you have not forgotten the secretary I left among your effects,” said Paul entering the room, “and concerning which I wrote you when you were still at Quebec.”

Captain Ducie pointed to the case, which was standing among his other luggage, on the floor of the room.

“Thank you for this care,” said Paul, taking the secretary under his arm, and retiring towards the door; “it contains papers of much importance to myself, and some that I have reason to think are of importance to others.”

“Stop, Powis—a word before you quit me. Is *Templemore de trop?*”

“Not at all; I have a sincere regard for Templemore, and should be sorry to see him leave us.”

“And yet I think it singular a man of his habits should be rustivating among these hills, when I know that he is expected to look at the Canadas, with a view to report their actual condition at home.”

“Is Sir George really entrusted with a commission of that sort?” inquired Paul, with interest.

“Not with any positive commission, perhaps, for none was necessary. Templemore is a rich fellow, and has no need of appointments; but, it is hoped and

understood, that he will look at the provinces, and report their condition to the government. I dare say he will not be impeached for his negligence, though it may occasion surprise."

"Good night, Ducie; Templemore prefers a wigwam to your walled Quebec, and *natives* to colonists; that is all."

In a minute, Paul was at the door of John Effingham's room, where he again tapped, and was again told to enter.

"Ducie has not forgotten my request, and this is the secretary that contains poor Mr. Monday's papers," he remarked, as he laid his load on a toilet-table, speaking in a way to show that the visit was expected. "We have, indeed, neglected this duty too long, and it is to be hoped no injustice, or wrong to any, will be the consequence."

"Is that the package?" demanded John Effingham, extending a hand to receive a bundle of papers that Paul had taken from the secretary. "We will break the seals this moment, and ascertain what ought to be done, before we sleep."

"These are papers of my own, and very precious are they," returned the young man, regarding them a moment, with interest, before he laid them on the toilet. "Here are the papers of Mr. Monday."

John Effingham received the package from his young friend, placed the lights conveniently on the table, put on his spectacles, and invited Paul to be seated. The gentlemen were placed opposite each other, the duty of breaking the seals, and first casting an eye at the contents of the different documents, devolving, as a matter of course, on the senior of the two, who, in truth, had alone been entrusted with it.

"Here is something signed by poor Monday himself, in the way of a general certificate," observed John Effingham, who first read the paper, and then handed it to Paul. It was, in form, an unsealed letter;

and it was addressed "to all whom it may concern." The certificate itself was in the following words:

"I, John Monday, do declare and certify, that all the accompanying letters and documents are genuine and authentic. Jane Dowse, to whom and from whom, are so many letters, was my late mother, she having intermarried with Peter Dowse, the man so often named, and who led her into acts for which I know she has since been deeply repentant. In committing these papers to me, my poor mother left me the sole judge of the course I was to take, and I have put them in this form, in order that they may yet do good, should I be called suddenly away. All depends on discovering who the person called Bright actually is, for he was never known to my mother, by any other name. She knows him to have been an Englishman, however, and thinks he was, or had been, an upper servant in a gentleman's family. JOHN MONDAY."

This paper was dated several years back, a sign that the disposition to do right had existed some time in Mr. Monday; and all the letters and other papers had been carefully preserved. The latter also appeared to be regularly numbered, a precaution that much aided the investigations of the two gentlemen. The original letters spoke for themselves, and the copies had been made in a clear, strong, mercantile hand, and with the method of one accustomed to business. In short, so far as the contents of the different papers would allow, nothing was wanting to render the whole distinct and intelligible.

John Effingham read the paper No. 1, with deliberation, though not aloud; and when he had done, he handed it to his young friend, coolly remarking—

"That is the production of a deliberate villain."

Paul glanced his eye over the document, which was an original letter signed, 'David Bright,' and addressed to 'Mrs. Jane Dowse.' It was written with exceeding art, made many professions of friendship, spoke of the

writer's knowledge of the woman's friends in England, and of her first husband in particular, and freely professed the writer's desire to serve her, while it also contained several ambiguous allusions to certain means of doing so, which should be revealed whenever the person to whom the letter was addressed should discover a willingness to embark in the undertaking. This letter was dated Philadelphia, was addressed to one in New-York, and it was old.

"This is, indeed, a rare specimen of villany," said Paul, as he laid down the paper, "and has been written in some such spirit as that employed by the devil when he tempted our common mother. I think I never read a better specimen of low, wily, cunning."

"And, judging by all that we already know, it would seem to have succeeded. In this letter you will find the gentleman a little more explicit; and but a little; though he is evidently encouraged by the interest and curiosity betrayed by the woman in this copy of the answer to his first epistle."

Paul read the letter just named, and then he laid it down to wait for the next, which was still in the hands of his companion.

"This is likely to prove a history of unlawful love, and of its miserable consequences," said John Effingham in his cool manner, as he handed the answers to letter No. 1, and letter No. 2, to Paul. "The world is full of such unfortunate adventures, and I should think the parties English, by a hint or two you will find in this very honest and conscientious communication. Strongly artificial, social and political distinctions render expedients of this nature more frequent, perhaps, in Great Britain, than in any other country. Youth is the season of the passions, and many a man in the thoughtlessness of that period lays the foundation of bitter regret in after life."

As John Effingham raised his eyes, in the act of extending his hand towards his companion, he perceived

that the fresh ruddy hue of his embrowned cheek deepened, until the colour diffused itself over the whole of his fine brow. At first an unpleasant suspicion flashed on John Effingham, and he admitted it with regret, for Eve and her future happiness had got to be closely associated, in his mind, with the character and conduct of the young man; but when Paul took the papers, steadily, and by an effort seemed to subdue all unpleasant feelings, the calm dignity with which he read them completely effaced the disagreeable distrust. It was then John Effingham remembered that he had once believed Paul himself might be the fruits of the heartless indiscretion he condemned. Commiseration and sympathy instantly took the place of the first impression, and he was so much absorbed with these feelings that he had not taken up the letter which was to follow, when Paul laid down the paper he had last been required to read.

“This does, indeed, sir, seem to foretell one of those painful histories of unbridled passion, with the still more painful consequences,” said the young man with the steadiness of one who was unconscious of having a personal connexion with any events of a nature so unpleasant. “Let us examine farther.”

John Effingham felt emboldened by these encouraging signs of unconcern, and he read the succeeding letters aloud, so that they learned their contents simultaneously. The next six or eight communications betrayed nothing distinctly, beyond the fact that the child which formed the subject of the whole correspondence, was to be received by Peter Dowse and his wife, and to be retained as their own offspring, for the consideration of a considerable sum, with an additional engagement to pay an annuity. It appeared by these letters also, that the child, which was hypocritically alluded to under the name of the ‘pet,’ had been actually transferred to the keeping of Jane Dowse, and that several years passed, after this arrangement, be-

fore the correspondence terminated. Most of the later letters referred to the payment of the annuity, although they all contained cold inquiries after the 'pet,' and answers so vague and general, as sufficiently to prove that the term was singularly misapplied. In the whole, there were some thirty or forty letters, each of which had been punctually answered, and their dates covered a space of near twelve years. The perusal of all these papers consumed more than an hour, and when John Effingham laid his spectacles on the table, the village clock had struck the hour of midnight.

"As yet," he observed, "we have learned little more than the fact, that a child was made to take a false character, without possessing any other clue to the circumstances than is given in the names of the parties, all of whom are evidently obscure, and one of the most material of whom, we are plainly told, must have borne a fictitious name. Even poor Monday, in possession of so much collateral testimony that we want, could not have known what was the precise injustice done, if any, or, certainly, with the intentions he manifests, he would not have left that important particular in the dark."

"This is likely to prove a complicated affair," returned Paul, "and it is not very clear that we can be of any immediate service. As you are probably fatigued, we may without impropriety defer the further examination to another time."

To this John Effingham assented, and Paul, during the short conversation that followed, brought the secretary from the toilet to the table, along with the bundle of important papers that belonged to himself, to which he had alluded, and busied himself in replacing the whole in the drawer from which they had been taken.

"All the formalities about the seals, that we observed when poor Monday gave us the packet, would seem to be unnecessary," he remarked, while thus occupied, "and it will probably be sufficient if I leave the secretary in your room, and keep the keys myself."

“One never knows,” returned John Effingham, with the greater caution of experience and age. “We have not read all the papers, and there are wax and lights before you; each has his watch and seal, and it will be the work of a minute only, to replace every thing as we left the package, originally. When this is done, you may leave the secretary, or remove it, at your own pleasure.”

“I will leave it; for, though it contains so much that I prize, and which is really of great importance to myself, it contains nothing for which I shall have immediate occasion.”

“In that case, it were better that I place the package in which we have a common interest in an *armoire*, or in my secretary, and that you keep your precious effects more immediately under your own eye.”

“It is immaterial, unless the case will inconvenience you, for I do not know that I am not happier when it is out of my sight, so long as I feel certain of its security, than when it is constantly before my eyes.”

Paul said this with a forced smile, and there was a sadness in his countenance that excited the sympathy of his companion. The latter, however, merely bowed his assent, and the papers were replaced, and the secretary was locked and deposited in an *armoire*, in silence. Paul was then about to wish the other good night, when John Effingham seized his hand, and by a gentle effort induced him to resume his seat. An embarrassing, but short pause succeeded, when the latter spoke.

“We have suffered enough in company, and have seen each other in situations of sufficient trial to be friends,” he said. “I should feel mortified; did I believe you could think me influenced by an improper curiosity, in wishing to share more of your confidence than you are perhaps willing to bestow; I trust you will attribute to its right motive the liberty I am

now taking. Age makes some difference between us, and the sincere and strong interest I feel in your welfare, ought to give me a small claim not to be treated as a total stranger. So jealous and watchful has this interest been, I might with great truth call it affection, that I have discovered you are not situated exactly as other men in your condition of life are situated, and I feel persuaded that the sympathy, perhaps the advice, of one so many years older than yourself, might be useful. You have already said so much to me, on the subject of your personal situation, that I almost feel a right to ask for more."

John Effingham uttered this in his mildest and most winning manner; and few men could carry with them, on such an occasion, more of persuasion in their voices and looks. Paul's features worked, and it was evident to his companion that he was moved, while, at the same time, he was not displeased.

"I am grateful, deeply grateful, sir, for this interest in my happiness," Paul answered, "and if I knew the particular points on which you feel any curiosity, there is nothing that I can desire to conceal. Have the further kindness to question me, Mr. Effingham; that I need not touch on things you do not care to hear."

"All that really concerns your welfare, would have interest with me. You have been the agent of rescuing not only myself, but those whom I most love, from a fate worse than death; and, a childless bachelor myself, I have more than once thought of attempting to supply the places of those natural friends that I fear you have lost. Your parents——"

"Are both dead. I never knew either," said Paul, who spoke huskily, "and will most cheerfully accept your generous offer, if you will allow me to attach to it a single condition."

"Beggars must not be choosers," returned John Effingham, "and if you will allow me to feel this inte-

rest in you, and occasionally to share in the confidence of a father; I shall not insist on any unreasonable terms. What is your condition?"

"That the word money may be struck out of our vocabulary, and that you leave your will unaltered. Were the world to be examined, you could not find a worthier or a lovelier heiress, than the one you have already selected; and whom Providence itself has given you. Compared with yourself, I am not rich; but I have a gentleman's income, and as I shall probably never marry, it will suffice for all my wants."

John Effingham was more pleased than he cared to express with this frankness, and with the secret sympathy that had existed between them; but he smiled at the injunction; for, with Eve's knowledge, and her father's entire approbation, he had actually made a codicil to his will, in which their young protector was left one half of his large fortune.

"The will may remain untouched, if you desire it," he answered, evasively, "and that condition is disposed of. I am glad to learn so directly from yourself, what your manner of living and the reports of others had prepared me to hear, that you are independent. This fact, alone, will place us solely on our mutual esteem, and render the friendship that I hope is now brought within a covenant, if not now first established, more equal and frank. You have seen much of the world, Powis, for your years and profession?"

"It is usual to think that men of my profession see much of the world, as a consequence of their pursuits; though I agree with you, sir, that this is seeing the world only in a very limited circle. It is now several years since circumstances, I might almost say the imperative order of one whom I was bound to obey, induced me to resign, and since that time I have done little else but travel. Owing to certain adventitious causes, I have enjoyed an access to European society that few of our countrymen possess, and I hope the

advantage has not been entirely thrown away. It was as a traveller on the continent of Europe, that I had the pleasure of first meeting with Mr. and Miss Effingham. I was much abroad, even as a child, and owe some little skill in foreign languages to that circumstance."

"So my cousin has informed me. You have set the question of country at rest, by declaring that you are an American, and yet I find you have English relatives. Captain Ducie, I believe, is a kinsman?"

"He is; we are sister's children, though our friendship has not always been such as the connexion would infer. When Ducie and myself met at sea, there was an awkwardness, if not a coolness, in the interview, that, coupled with my sudden return to England, I fear did not make the most favourable impression, on those who witnessed what passed."

"We had confidence in your principles," said John Effingham, with a frank simplicity, "and, though the first surmises were not pleasant, perhaps, a little reflection told us that there was no just ground for suspicion."

"Ducie is a fine, manly fellow, and has a seaman's generosity and sincerity. I had last parted from him on the field, where we met as enemies; and the circumstance rendered the unexpected meeting awkward. Our wounds no longer smarted, it is true; but, perhaps, we both felt shame and sorrow that they had ever been inflicted."

"It should be a very serious quarrel that could arm sister's children against each other," said John Effingham, gravely.

"I admit as much. But, at that time, Captain Ducie was not disposed to admit the consanguinity, and the offence grew out of an intemperate resentment of some imputations on my birth; between two military men, the issue could scarcely be avoided. Ducie challenged, and I was not then in the humour to balk him.

A couple of flesh-wounds happily terminated the affair. But an interval of three years had enabled my enemy to discover that he had not done me justice; that I had been causelessly provoked to the quarrel, and that we ought to be firm friends. The generous desire to make suitable expiation, urged him to seize the first occasion of coming to America that offered; and when ordered to chase the *Montauk*, by a telegraphic communication from London, he was hourly expecting to sail for our seas, where he wished to come, expressly that we might meet. You will judge, therefore, how happy he was to find me unexpectedly in the vessel that contained his principal object of pursuit, thus killing, as it might be, two birds with one stone."

"And did he carry you away with him, with any such murderous intention?" demanded John Effingham, smiling.

"By no means; nothing could be more amicable than Ducie and myself got to be, when we had been a few hours together in his cabin. As often happens, when there have been violent antipathies and unreasonable prejudices, a nearer view of each other's character and motives removed every obstacle; and long before we reached England, two warmer friends could not be found, or a more frank intercourse between relatives could not be desired. You are aware, sir, that our English cousins do not often view their cis-atlantic relatives with the most lenient eyes."

"This is but too true," said John Effingham proudly, though his lip quivered as he spoke, "and it is, in a great measure, the fault of that miserable mental bondage which has left this country, after sixty years of nominal independence, so much at the mercy of a hostile opinion. It is necessary that we respect ourselves in order that others respect us."

"I agree with you, sir, entirely. In my case, however, previous injustice disposed my relatives to receive me better, perhaps, than might otherwise have

been the case. I had little to ask in the way of fortune, and feeling no disposition to raise a question that might disturb the peerage of the Ducies, I became a favourite."

"A peerage!—Both your parents, then, were English?"

"Neither, I believe; but the connection between the two countries was so close, that it can occasion no surprise a right of this nature should have passed into the colonies. My mother's mother became the heiress of one of those ancient baronies, that pass to the heirs-general, and, in consequence of the deaths of two brothers, these rights, which however were never actually possessed by any of the previous generation, centered in my mother and my aunt. The former being dead, as was contended, without issue——"

"You forget yourself!"

"Lawful issue," added Paul, reddening to the temples, "I should have added—Mrs. Ducie, who was married to the younger son of an English nobleman, claimed and obtained the rank. My pretension would have left the peerage in abeyance, and I probably owe some little of the opposition I found, to that circumstance. But, after Ducie's generous conduct, I could not hesitate about joining in the application to the crown, that, by its decision, the abeyance might be determined in favour of the person who was in possession; and Lady Dunluce is now quietly confirmed in her claim."

"There are many young men in this country, who would cling to the hopes of a British peerage with greater tenacity!"

"It is probable there are; but my self-denial is not of a very high order, for, it could scarcely be expected the English ministers would consent to give the rank to a foreigner who did not hesitate about avowing his principles and national feelings. I shall not say I did not covet this peerage, for it would be supererogatory; but I am born an American, and will die an American;

and an American who swaggers about such a claim, is like the daw among the peacocks. The less that is said about it, the better."

"You are fortunate to have escaped the journals, which, most probably, would have *begraced* you, by elevating you at once to the rank of a duke."

"Instead of which, I had no other station than that of a dog in the manger. If it makes my aunt happy to be called Lady Dunluce, I am sure she is welcome to the privilege; and when Ducie succeeds her, as will one day be the case, an excellent fellow will be a peer of England. *Voilà tout!* You are the only countryman, sir, to whom I have ever spoken of the circumstance, and with you I trust it will remain a secret."

"What! am I precluded from mentioning the facts in my own family? I am not the only sincere, the only warm friend, you have in this house, Powis."

"In that respect, I leave you to act your pleasure, my dear sir. If Mr. Effingham feel sufficient interest in my fortunes, to wish to hear what I have told you, let there be no silly mysteries,—or—Mademoiselle Vieffville——"

"Or Nanny Sidley, or Annette," interrupted John Effingham, with a kind smile. "Well, trust to me for that; but, before we separate for the night, I wish to ascertain beyond question one other fact, although the circumstances you have stated scarce leave a doubt of the reply."

"I understand you, sir, and did not intend to leave you in any uncertainty on that important particular. If there can be a feeling, more painful than all others, with a man of any pride, it is to distrust the purity of his mother. Mine was beyond reproach, thank God, and so it was most clearly established, or I could certainly have had no legal claim to the peerage."

"Or your fortune——" added John Effingham, drawing a long breath, like one suddenly relieved from an unpleasant suspicion.

“My fortune comes from neither parent, but from one of those generous dispositions, or caprices, if you will, that sometimes induce men to adopt those who are alien to their blood. My guardian adopted me, took me abroad with him, placed me, quite young, in the navy, and dying, he finally left me all he possessed. As he was a bachelor, with no near relative, and had been the artisan of his own fortune, I could have no hesitation about accepting the gift he so liberally bequeathed. It was coupled with the condition that I should retire from the service, travel for five years, return home, and marry. There is no silly forfeiture exacted in either case, but such is the general course solemnly advised by a man who showed himself my true friend for so many years.”

“I envy him the opportunity he enjoyed of serving you. I hope he would have approved of your national pride, for I believe we must put that at the bottom of your disinterestedness, in the affair of the peerage.”

“He would, indeed, although he never knew any thing of the claim which arose out of the death of the two lords who preceded my aunt, and who were the brothers of my grandmother. My guardian was in all respects a man, and, in nothing more, than in a manly national pride. While abroad a decoration was offered him, and he declined it with the character and dignity of one who felt that distinctions which his country repudiated, every gentleman belonging to that country ought to reject; and yet he did it with a respectful gratitude for the compliment, that was due to the government from which the offer came.”

“I almost envy that man,” said John Effingham, with warmth. “To have appreciated you, Powis, was a mark of a high judgment; but it seems he properly appreciated himself, his country, and human nature.”

“And yet he was little appreciated in his turn. That man passed years in one of our largest towns, of no more apparent account among its population than any

one of its commoner spirits, and of not half as much as one of its bustling brokers, or jobbers."

"In that there is nothing surprising. The class of the chosen few is too small every where, to be very numerous at any given point, in a scattered population like that of America. The broker will as naturally appreciate the broker, as the dog appreciates the dog, or the wolf the wolf. Least of all is the manliness you have named, likely to be valued among a people who have been put into men's clothes before they are out of leading-strings. I am older than you, my dear Paul," it was the first time John Effingham ever used so familiar an appellation, and the young man thought it sounded kindly—"I am older than you, my dear Paul, and will venture to tell you an important fact that may hereafter lessen some of your own mortifications. In most nations there is a high standard to which man at least affects to look; and acts are extolled and seemingly appreciated, for their naked merits. Little of this exists in America, where no man is much praised for himself, but for the purposes of party, or to feed national vanity. In the country in which, of all others, political opinion ought to be the freest, it is the most persecuted, and the community-character of the nation induces every man to think he has a right of property in all its fame. England exhibits a great deal of this weakness and injustice, which, it is to be feared, is a vicious fruit of liberty; for it is certain that the sacred nature of opinion is most appreciated in those countries in which it has the least efficiency. We are constantly deriding those governments which fetter opinion, and yet I know of no nation in which the expression of opinion is so certain to attract persecution and hostility as our own, though it may be, and is, in one sense, free."

"This arises from its potency. Men quarrel about opinion here, because opinion rules. It is but one mode of struggling for power. But to return to my guar-

dian; he was a man to think and act for himself, and as far from the magazine and newspaper existence that most Americans, in a moral sense, pass, as any man could be."

"It is indeed a newspaper and magazine existence," said John Effingham, smiling at Paul's terms, "to know life only through such mediums! It is as bad as the condition of those English who form their notions of society from novels written by men and women who have no access to it, and from the records of the court journal. I thank you sincerely, Mr. Powis, for this confidence, which has not been idly solicited on my part, and which shall not be abused. At no distant day we will break the seals again, and renew our investigations into this affair of the unfortunate Monday, which is not yet, certainly, very promising in the way of revelations."

The gentlemen shook hands cordially, and Paul, lighted by his companion, withdrew. When the young man was at the door of his own room, he turned, and saw John Effingham following him with his eye. The latter then renewed the good night, with one of those winning smiles that rendered his face so brilliantly handsome, and each retired.

CHAPTER V.

"Item, a capon, 2s. 2d.

Item, sauce, 4d.

Item, sack, two gallons, 5s. 8d.

Item, bread, a half-penny."

SHAKSPEARE.

THE next day John Effingham made no allusion to the conversation of the previous night, though the squeeze of the hand he gave Paul, when they met, was

an assurance that nothing was forgotten. As he had a secret pleasure in obeying any injunction of Eve's, the young man himself sought Captain Truck, even before they had breakfasted, and, as he had made an acquaintance with 'the commodore,' on the lake, previously to the arrival of the Effinghams, that worthy was summoned, and regularly introduced to the honest ship-master. The meeting between these two distinguished men was grave, ceremonious and dignified, each probably feeling that he was temporarily the guardian of a particular portion of an element that was equally dear to both. After a few minutes passed, as it might be, in the preliminary points of etiquette, a better feeling and more confidence was established, and it was soon settled that they should fish in company, the rest of the day; Paul promising to row the ladies out on the lake, and to join them in the course of the afternoon.

As the party quitted the breakfast-table, Eve took an occasion to thank the young man for his attention to their common friend, who, it was reported, had taken his morning's repast at an early hour, and was already on the lake, the day by this time having advanced within two hours of noon.

"I have dared even to exceed your instructions, Miss Effingham," said Paul, "for I have promised the Captain to endeavour to persuade you, and as many of the ladies as possible, to trust yourselves to my seamanship, and to submit to be rowed out to the spot where we shall find him and his friend the commodore riding at anchor."

"An engagement that my influence shall be used to see fulfilled. Mrs. Bloomfield has already expressed a desire to go on the Otsego-Water, and I make no doubt I shall find other companions. Once more let me thank you for this little attention, for I too well know your tastes, not to understand that you might find a more agreeable ward."

“Upon my word, I feel a sincere regard for our old Captain, and could often wish for no better companion. Were he, however, as disagreeable as I find him, in truth, pleasant and frank, your wishes would conceal all his faults.”

“You have learned, Mr. Powis, that small attentions are as much remembered as important services, and after having saved our lives, wish to prove that you can discharge *les petits devoirs sociaux*, as well as perform great deeds. I trust you will persuade Sir George Templemore to be of our party, and at four we shall be ready to accompany you; until then I am contracted to a gossip with Mrs. Bloomfield in her dressing-room.”

We shall now leave the party on the land, and follow those who have already taken boat, or the fishermen. The beginning of the intercourse between the salt-water navigator and his fresh-water companion was again a little constrained and critical. Their professional terms agreed as ill as possible, for when the Captain used the expression ‘ship the oars,’ the commodore understood just the reverse of what it had been intended to express; and, once, when he told his companion to ‘give way,’ the latter took the hint so literally as actually to cease rowing. All these professional niceties induced the worthy ship-master to undervalue his companion, who, in the main, was very skilful in his particular pursuit, though it was a skill that he exerted after the fashions of his own lake, and not after the fashions of the ocean. Owing to several contre-tems of this nature, by the time they reached the fishing-ground the Captain began to entertain a feeling for the commodore, that ill comported with the deference due to his titular rank.

“I have come out with you, commodore,” said Captain Truck, when they had got to their station, and laying a peculiar emphasis on the appellation he used, “in order to *enjoy* myself, and you will confer an

especial favour on me by not using such phrases as 'cable-rope,' 'casting anchor,' and 'titivating.' As for the two first, no seaman ever uses them; and I never heard such a word on board a ship, as the last. D——e, sir, if I believe it is to be found in the dictionary, even."

"You amaze me, sir! 'Casting anchor,' and 'cable-rope' are both Bible phrases, and they must be right."

"That follows by no means, commodore, as I have some reason to know; for my father having been a parson, and I being a seaman, we may be said to have the whole subject, as it were, in the family. St. Paul—you have heard of such a man as St. Paul, commodore?—"

"I know him almost by heart, Captain Truck; but St. Peter and St. Andrew were the men most after my heart. Ours is an ancient calling, sir, and in those two instances you see to what a fisherman can rise. I do not remember to have ever heard of a sea-captain who was converted into a saint."

"Ay, ay, there is always too much to do on board ship to have time to be much more than a beginner in religion. There was my mate, v'y'ge before last, Tom Leach, who is now master of a ship of his own, had he been brought up to it properly, he would have made as conscientious a parson as did his grandfather before him. Such a man would have been a seaman, as well as a parson. I have little to say against St. Peter or St. Andrew, but, in my judgment, they were none the better saints for having been fishermen; and, if the truth were known, I dare say they were at the bottom of introducing such lubberly phrases into the Bible, as 'casting-anchor,' and 'cable-rope.'"

"Pray, sir," asked the commodore, with dignity, "what are *you* in the practice of saying, when you speak of such matters; for, to be frank with you, *we* always use these terms on these lakes."

"Ay, ay, there is a fresh-water smell about them.

We say 'anchor,' or 'let go the anchor,' or 'dropped the anchor,' or some such reasonable expression, and not 'cast anchor,' as if a bit of iron, weighing two or three tons, is to be jerked about like a stone big enough to kill a bird with. As for the 'cable-ropes,' as you call it, we say the 'cable,' or 'the chain,' or 'the ground tackle,' according to reason and circumstances. You never hear a real 'salt' flourishing his 'cable-ropes,' and his 'casting-anchors,' which are altogether too sentimental and particular for his manner of speaking. As for 'ropes,' I suppose you have not got to be a commodore, and need being told how many there are in a ship."

"I do not pretend to have counted them, but I have seen a ship, sir, and one under full sail, too, and I know there were as many ropes about her as there are pines on the Vision."

"Are there more than seven of these trees on your mountain? for that is just the number of ropes in a merchant-man; though a man-of-war's-man counts one or two more."

"You astonish me, sir! But seven ropes in a ship? — I should have said there are seven hundred!"

"I dare say, I dare say; that is just the way in which a landsman pretends to criticise a vessel. As for the ropes, I will now give you their names, and then you can lay athwart hawse of these canoe gentry, by the hour, and teach them rigging and modesty, both at the same time. In the first place," continued the captain, jerking at his line, and then beginning to count on his fingers — "There is the 'man-rope;' then come the 'bucket-rope,' the 'tiller-rope,' the 'bolt-rope,' the 'foot-rope,' the 'top-rope,' and the 'limber-rope.' I have followed the seas, now, more than half a century, and never yet heard of a 'cable-rope,' from any one who could hand, reef, and steer."

"Well, sir, every man to his trade," said the com-

modore, who just then pulled in a fine pickerel, which was the third he had taken, while his companion rejoiced in no more than a few fruitless bites. "You are more expert in ropes than in lines, it would seem. I shall not deny your experience and knowledge; but in the way of fishing, you will at least allow that the sea is no great school. I dare say, now, if you were to hook the 'sogdollager,' we should have you jumping into the lake to get rid of him. Quite probably, sir, you never before heard of that celebrated fish?"

Notwithstanding the many excellent qualities of Captain Truck, he had a weakness that is rather peculiar to a class of men, who, having seen so much of this earth, are unwilling to admit they have not seen it all. The little brush in which he was now engaged with the commodore, he conceived due to his own dignity, and his motive was duly to impress his companion with his superiority, which being fairly admitted, he would have been ready enough to acknowledge that the other understood pike-fishing much better than himself. But it was quite too early in the discussion to make any such avowal, and the supercilious remark of the commodore's putting him on his mettle, he was ready to affirm that he had eaten 'sogdollagers' for breakfast, a month at a time, had it been necessary.

"Pooh! pooh! man," returned the captain, with an air of cool indifference, "you do not surely fancy that you have any thing in a lake like this, that is not to be found in the ocean! If you were to see a whale's flukes thrashing your puddle, every cruiser among you would run for a port; and as for 'sogdollagers,' we think little of them in salt-water; the flying-fish, or even the dry dolphin, being much the best eating."

"Sir," said the commodore, with some heat, and a great deal of emphasis, "there is but *one* 'sogdollager' in the world, and he is in this lake. No man has ever

seen him, but my predecessor, the 'Admiral,' and myself."

"Bah!" ejaculated the captain, "they are as plenty as soft clams, in the Mediterranean, and the Egyptians use them as a pan-fish. In the East, they catch them to bait with, for hallibut, and other middling sized creatures, that are particular about their diet. It is a good fish, I own, as is seen in this very circumstance."

"Sir," repeated the commodore, flourishing his hand, and waxing warm with earnestness, "there is but one 'sogdollager' in the universe, and that is in Lake Otsego. A 'sogdollager' is a salmon trout, and not a species; a sort of father to all the salmon trout in this part of the world; a scaly patriarch."

"I make no doubt *your* 'sogdollager' is scaly enough; but what is the use in wasting words about such a trifle? A whale is the only fish fit to occupy a gentleman's thoughts. As long as I have been at sea, I have never witnessed the taking of more than three whales."

This allusion happily preserved the peace; for, if there were any thing in the world for which the commodore entertained a profound, but obscure reverence, it was for a whale. He even thought better of a man for having actually seen one, gambolling in the freedom of the ocean; and his mind became suddenly oppressed by the glory of a mariner, who had passed his life among such gigantic animals. Shoving back his cap, the old man gazed steadily at the captain a minute, and all his displeasure about the 'sogdollagers' vanished, though, in his inmost mind, he set down all that the other had told him on that particular subject, as so many parts of a regular 'fish story.'

"Captain Truck," he said, with solemnity, "I acknowledge myself to be but an ignorant and inexperienced man, one who has passed his life on this lake, which, broad and beautiful as it is, must seem a pond in the eyes of a seaman like yourself, who have passed your days on the Atlantic——"

“Atlantic!” interrupted the captain contemptuously, “I should have but a poor opinion of myself, had I seen nothing but the Atlantic! Indeed, I never can believe I am at sea at all, on the Atlantic, the passages between New-York and Portsmouth being little more than so much canalling along a tow-path. If you wish to say any thing about oceans, talk of the Pacific, or of the Great South Sea, where a man may run a month with a fair wind, and hardly go from island to island. Indeed, that is an ocean in which there is a manufactory of islands, for they turn them off in lots to supply the market, and of a size to suit customers.”

“A manufactory of islands!” repeated the commodore, who began to entertain an awe of his companion, that he never expected to feel for any human being on Lake Otsego; “are you certain, sir, there is no mistake in this?”

“None in the least; not only islands, but whole Archipelagos are made annually, by the sea insects in that quarter of the world; but, then, you are not to form your notions of an insect in such an ocean, by the insects you see in such a bit of water as this.”

“As big as our pickerel, or salmon trout, I dare say?” returned the commodore, in the simplicity of his heart, for by this time his local and exclusive conceit was thoroughly humbled, and he was almost ready to believe any thing.

“I say nothing of their size, for it is to their numbers and industry that I principally allude now. A solitary shark, I dare say, would set your whole Lake in commotion?”

“I think we might manage a shark, sir. I once saw one of those animals, and I do really believe the sog-dollager would outweigh him. I do think we might manage a shark, sir.”

“Ay, you mean an in-shore, high-latitude fellow.”

But what would you say to a shark as long as one of those pines on the mountain?"

"Such a monster would take in a man, whole?"

"A man! He would take in a platoon, Indian file. I dare say one of those pines, now, may be thirty or forty feet high!"

A gleam of intelligence and of exultation shot across the weather-beaten face of the old fisherman, for he detected a weak spot in the other's knowledge. The worthy Captain, with that species of exclusiveness which accompanies excellence in any one thing, was quite ignorant of most matters that pertain to the land. That there should be a tree, so far inland, that was larger than his main-yard, he did not think probable, although that yard itself was made of part of a tree; and, in the laudable intention of duly impressing his companion with the superiority of a real seaman over a mere fresh-water navigator, he had inadvertently laid bare a weak spot in his estimate of heights and distances, that the Commodore seized upon, with some such avidity as the pike seizes the hook. This accidental mistake alone saved the latter from an abject submission, for the cool superiority of the Captain had so far deprived him of his conceit, that he was almost ready to acknowledge himself no better than a dog, when he caught a glimpse of light through this opening.

"There is not a pine, that can be called of age, on all the mountain, which is not more than a hundred feet high, and many are nearer two," he cried in exultation, flourishing his hand. "The sea may have its big monsters, Captain, but our hills have their big trees. Did you ever see a shark of half that length?"

Now, Captain Truck was a man of truth, although so much given to occasional humorous violations of its laws, and, withal, a little disposed to dwell upon the marvels of the great deep, in the spirit of exaggeration, and he could not, in conscience, affirm any thing so ex-

travagant as this. He was accordingly obliged to admit his mistake, and from this moment, the conversation was carried on with a greater regard to equality. They talked, as they fished, of politics, religion, philosophy, human nature, the useful arts, abolition, and most other subjects that would be likely to interest a couple of Americans who had nothing to do but to twitch, from time to time, at two lines dangling in the water. Although few people possess less of the art of conversation than our own countrymen, no other nation takes as wide a range in its discussions. He is but a very indifferent American that does not know, or thinks he knows, a little of every thing, and neither of our worthies was in the least backward in supporting the claims of the national character in this respect. This general discussion completely restored amity between the parties; for, to confess the truth, our old friend the Captain was a little rebuked about the affair of the tree. The only peculiarity worthy of notice, that occurred in the course of their various digressions, was the fact, that the commodore insensibly began to style his companion "General;" the courtesy of the country, in his eyes, appearing to require that a man who had seen so much more than himself, should, at least, enjoy a title equal to his own in rank, and that of Admiral being proscribed by the sensitiveness of republican principles. After fishing a few hours, the old laker pulled the skiff up to the Point so often mentioned, where he lighted a fire on the grass, and prepared a dinner. When every thing was ready, the two seated themselves, and began to enjoy the fruits of their labours in a way that will be understood by all sportsmen.

"I have never thought of asking you, general," said the commodore, as he began to masticate a perch, "whether you are an aristocrat or a democrat. We have had the government pretty much upside-down, too, this morning, but this question has escaped me."

“As we are here by ourselves under these venerable oaks, and talking like two old messmates,” returned the general, “I shall just own the truth, and make no bones of it. I have been captain of my own ship so long, that I have a most thorough contempt for all equality. It is a vice that I deprecate, and, whatever may be the laws of this country, I am of opinion, that equality is no where borne out by the Law of Nations; which, after all, commodore, is the only true law for a gentleman to live under.”

“That is the law of the strongest, if I understand the matter, general.”

“Only reduced to rules. The Law of Nations, to own the truth to you, is full of categories, and this will give an enterprising man an opportunity to make use of his knowledge. Would you believe, commodore, that there are countries, in which they lay taxes on tobacco?”

“Taxes on tobacco! Sir, I never heard of such an act of oppression under the forms of law! What has tobacco done, that any one should think of taxing it?”

“I believe, commodore, that its greatest offence is being so general a favourite. Taxation, I have found, differs from most other things, generally attacking that which men most prize.”

“This is quite new to me, general; a tax on tobacco! The law-makers in those countries cannot ch^{ew}. I drink to your good health, sir, and to many happy returns of such banquets as this.”

Here the commodore raised a large silver punch-bowl, which Pierre had furnished, to his lips, and fastening his eyes on the boughs of a knarled oak, he looked like a man who was taking an observation, for near a minute. All this time, the captain regarded him with a sympathetic pleasure, and when the bowl was free, he imitated the example, levelling his own eye at a cloud, that seemed floating at an angle of forty-five degrees above him, expressly for that purpose.

"There is a lazy cloud!" exclaimed the general, as he let go his hold to catch breath; "I have been watching it some time, and it has not moved an inch."

"Tobacco!" repeated the commodore, drawing a long breath, as if he was just recovering the play of his lungs, "I should as soon think of laying a tax on punch. The country that pursues such a policy must, sooner or later, meet with a downfall. I never knew good come of persecution."

"I find you are a sensible man, commodore, and regret I did not make your acquaintance earlier in life. Have you yet made up your mind on the subject of religious faith?"

"Why, my dear general, not to be nibbling like a sucker with a sore mouth, with a person of your liberality, I shall give you a plain history of my adventures, in the way of experiences, that you may judge for yourself. I was born an Episcopalian; if one can say so, but was converted to Presbyterianism at twenty. I stuck to this denomination about five years, when I thought I would try the Baptists, having got to be fond of the water, by this time. At thirty-two I fished a while with the Methodists; since which conversion, I have chosen to worship God pretty much by myself, out here on the lake."

"Do you consider if any harm, to hook a fish of a Sunday?"

"No more than it is to eat a fish of a Sunday. I go altogether by faith, in my religion, general, for they talked so much to me of the uselessness of works, that I've got to be very unparticular as to what I do. Your people who have been converted four or five times, are like so many pickerel, which strike at every hook."

"This is very much my case. Now, on the river—of course you know where the river is?"

"Certain," said the commodore; "it is at the foot of the lake."

"My dear commodore, when we say 'the river,'

we always mean the Connecticut; and I am surprised a man of your sagacity should require to be told this. There are people on the river who contend that a ship should heave-to of a Sunday. They did talk of getting up an Anti-Sunday-Sailing-Society, but the shipmasters were too many for them, since they threatened to start a society to put down the growing of inyens, (the captain would sometimes use this pronunciation) except of week-days. Well, I started in life, on the platform tack, in the way of religion, and I believe I shall stand on the same course till orders come to 'cast anchor,' as you call it. With you, I hold out for faith, as the one thing needful. Pray, my good friend, what are your real sentiments concerning 'Old Hickory.'

"Tough, sir;—Tough as a day in February on this lake. All fins, and gills, and bones."

"That is the justest character I have yet heard of the old gentleman; and then it says so much in a few words; no category about it. I hope the punch is to your liking?"

On this hint the old fisherman raised the bowl a second time to his lips, and renewed the agreeable duty of letting its contents flow down his throat, in a pleasant stream. This time, he took aim at a gull that was sailing over his head, only relinquishing the draught as the bird settled into the water. The 'general' was more particular; for selecting a stationary object, in the top of an oak, that grew on the mountain near him, he studied it with an admirable abstruseness of attention, until the last drop was drained. As soon as this startling fact was mentioned, however, both the *convives* set about repairing the accident, by squeezing lemons, sweetening water, and mixing liquors, *secundem artem*. At the same time, each lighted a cigar, and the conversation, for some time, was carried on between their teeth.

"We have been so frank with each other to-day, my excellent commodore," said Captain Truck, "that did

I know your true sentiments concerning Temperance Societies, I should look on your inmost soul as a part of myself. By these free communications men get really to know each other."

"If liquor is not made to be drunk, for what is it made? Any one may see that this lake was made for skiffs and fishing; it has a length, breadth, and depth, suited to such purposes. Now, here is liquor distilled, bottled, and corked, and I ask if all does not show that it was made to be drunk. I dare say your temperance men are ingenious, but let them answer that if they can."

"I wish, from my heart, my dear sir, we had known each other fifty years since. That would have brought you acquainted with salt-water, and left nothing to be desired in your character. We think alike, I believe, in every thing but on the virtues of fresh-water. If these temperance people had their way, we should all be turned into so many Turks, who never taste wine, and yet marry a dozen wives."

"One of the great merits of fresh-water, general, is what I call its mixable quality."

"There would be an end to Saturday nights, too, which are the seamen's tea-parties."

"I question if many of them fish in the rain, from sunrise to sunset."

"Or, stand their watches in wet pee-jackets, from sunset to sunrise. Splicing the main brace at such times, is the very quintessence of human enjoyments."

"If liquors were not made to be drunk," put in the commodore, logically, "I would again ask for what are they made? Let the temperance men get over that difficulty if they can."

"Commodore, I wish you twenty more good hearty years of fishing in this lake, which grows, each instant, more beautiful in my eyes, as I confess does the whole earth; and to show you that I say no more than I think, I will clench it with a draught."

Captain Truck now brought his right eye to bear on the new moon, which happened to be at a convenient height, closed the left one, and continued in that attitude until the commodore began seriously to think he was to get nothing besides the lemon-seeds for his share. This apprehension, however, could only arise from ignorance of his companion's character, than whom a juster man, according to the notions of ship-masters, did not live; and had one measured the punch that was left in the bowl when this draught was ended, he would have found that precisely one half of it was still untouched, to a thimblefull. The commodore now had his turn; and before he got through, the bottom of the vessel was as much uppermost as the butt of a clubbed firelock. When the honest fisherman took breath after this exploit, and lowered his cup from the vault of heaven to the surface of the earth, he caught a view of a boat crossing the lake, coming from the Silent Pine, to that Point on which they were enjoying so many agreeable hallucinations on the subject of temperance.

"Yonder is the party from the Wigwam," he said, "and they will be just in time to become converts to our opinions, if they have any doubts on the subjects we have discussed. Shall we give up the ground to them, by taking to the skiff, or do you feel disposed to face the women?"

"Under ordinary circumstances, commodore, I should prefer your society to all the petticoats in the State, but there are two ladies in that party, either of whom I would marry, any day, at a minute's warning."

"Sir," said the commodore with a tone of warning, "we, who have lived bachelors so long, and are wedded to the water, ought never to speak lightly on so grave a subject."

"Nor do I. Two women, one of whom is twenty, and the other seventy—and hang me if I know which I prefer."

“You would soonest be rid of the last, my dear general, and my advice is to take her.”

“Old as she is, sir, a king would have to plead hard to get her consent. We will make them some punch, that they may see we were mindful of them in their absence.”

To work these worthies now went in earnest, in order to anticipate the arrival of the party, and as the different compounds were in the course of mingling, the conversation did not flag. By this time both the salt-water and the fresh-water sailor were in that condition when men are apt to think aloud, and the commodore had lost all his awe of his companion.

“My dear sir,” said the former, “I am a thousand times sorry you came from that river, for, to tell you my mind without any concealment, my only objection to you is that you are not of the middle states. I admit the good qualities of the Yankeès, in a general way, and yet they are the very worst neighbours that a man can have.”

“This is a new character of them, commodore, as they generally pass for the best, in their own eyes. I should like to hear you explain your meaning.”

“I call him a bad neighbour who never remains long enough in a place to love any thing but himself. Now, sir, I have a feeling for every pebble on the shore of this lake, a sympathy with every wave,”—here the commodore began to twirl his hand about, with the fingers standing apart, like so many spikes in a *chevaux-de-frise*—“and each hour, as I row across it, I find I like it better; and yet, sir, would you believe me, I often go away of a morning to pass the day on the water, and, on returning home at night, find half the houses filled with new faces.”

“What becomes of the old ones?” demanded Captain Truck; for this, it struck him, was getting the better of him with his own weapons. “Do you mean that the people come and go like the tides?”

“Exactly so, sir; just as it used to be with the herrings in the Otsego, before the Susquehannah was dammed, and is still, with the swallows.”

“Well, well, my good friend, take consolation. You’ll meet all the faces you ever saw here, one day, in heaven.”

“Never; not a man of them will stay there, if there be such a thing as moving. Depend on it, sir,” added the commodore, in the simplicity of his heart, “heaven is no place for a Yankee, if he can get farther west, by hook or by crook. They are all too uneasy for any steady occupation. You, who are a navigator, must know something concerning the stars; is there such a thing as another world, that lies west of this?”

“That can hardly be, commodore, since the points of the compass only refer to objects on this earth. You know, I suppose, that a man starting from this spot, and travelling due west, would arrive, in time, at this very point, coming in from the east; so that what is west to us, in the heavens, on this side of the world, is east to those on the other.”

“This I confess I did not know, general. I have understood that what is good in one man’s eyes, will be bad in another’s; but never before have I heard that what is west to one man, lies east to another. I am afraid, general, that there is a little of the sogdollager bait in this?”

“Not enough, sir, to catch the merest fresh-water gudgeon that swims. No, no; there is neither east nor west off the earth, nor any up and down; and so we Yankees must try and content ourselves with heaven. Now, commodore, hand me the bowl, and we will get it ready down to the shore, and offer the ladies our homage. And so you have become a laker in your religion, my dear commodore,” continued the general, between his teeth, while he smoked and squeezed a lemon at the same time, “and do your worshipping on the water?”

"Altogether of late, and more especially since my dream."

"Dream! My dear sir, I should think you altogether too innocent a man to dream."

"The best of us have our failings, general. I do sometimes dream, I own, as well as the greatest sinner of them all."

"And of what did you dream—the sogdollager?"

"I dreamt of death."

"Of slipping the cable!" cried the general, looking up suddenly. "Well, what was the drift?"

"Why, sir, having no wings, I went down below, and soon found myself in the presence of the old gentleman himself."

"That was pleasant—had he a tail? I have always been curious to know whether he really has a tail or not."

"I saw none, sir, but then we stood face to face, like gentlemen, and I cannot describe what I did not see."

"Was he glad to see you, commodore?"

"Why, sir, he was civilly spoken, but his occupation prevented many compliments."

"Occupation!"

"Certainly, sir; he was cutting out shoes, for his imps to travel about in, in order to stir up mischief."

"And did he set you to work?—This is a sort of State-Prison affair, after all!"

"No sir, he was too much of a gentleman to set me at making shoes as soon as I arrived. He first inquired what part of the country I was from, and when I told him, he was curious to know what most of the people were about in our neighbourhood."

"You told him; of course, commodore?"

"Certainly, sir, I told him their chief occupation was quarrelling about religion; making saints of themselves, and sinners of their neighbours. 'Hollo!' says the Devil, calling out to one of his imps, 'boy, run and catch my horse—I must be off, and have a finger in

that pie. What denominations have you in that quarter, commodore?" So I told him, general, that we had Baptists, and Quakers, and Universalists, and Episcopalians, and Presbyterians, old-lights, new-lights, and blue-lights; and Methodists——. 'Stop,' said the Devil, 'that's enough; you imp, be nimble with that horse.—Let me see, commodore, what part of the country did you say you came from?' I told him the name more distinctly this time ——"

"The very spot?"

"Town and county."

"And what did the Devil say to that?"

"He called out to the imp, again—'Hollo, you boy, never mind that horse; *these* people will all be here before I can get there.'"

Here the commodore and the general began to laugh, until the arches of the forest rang with their merriment. Three times they stopped, and as often did they return to their glee, until, the punch being ready, each took a fresh draught, in order to ascertain if it were fit to be offered to the ladies.

CHAPTER VI.

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?"

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE usual effect of punch is to cause people to see double; but, on this occasion, the mistake was the other way, for two boats had touched the strand, instead of the one announced by the commodore, and they brought with them the whole party from the Wigwam, Steadfast and Aristabulus included. A domestic or two had also been brought to prepare the customary repast.

Captain Truck was as good as his word, as respects

the punch, and the beverage was offered to each of the ladies in form, as soon as her feet had touched the green sward which covers that beautiful spot. Mrs. Hawker declined drinking, in a way to delight the gallant seaman; for so completely had she got the better of all his habits and prejudices, that every thing she did seemed right and gracious in his eyes.

The party soon separated into groups, or pairs, some being seated on the margin of the limpid water, enjoying the light cool airs, by which it was fanned, others lay off in the boats fishing, while the remainder plunged into the woods, that, in their native wildness, bounded the little spot of verdure, which, canopied by old oaks, formed the arena so lately in controversy. In this manner, an hour or two soon slipped away, when a summons was given for all to assemble around the viands.

The repast was laid on the grass, notwithstanding Aristabulus more than hinted that the public, his beloved public, usually saw fit to introduce rude tables for that purpose. The Messrs. Effinghams, however, were not to be taught by a mere bird of passage, how a rustic fête so peculiarly their own, ought to be conducted, and the attendants were directed to spread the dishes on the turf. Around this spot, rustic seats were *improvisés*, and the business of *restauration* proceeded. Of all there assembled, the Parisian feelings of Mademoiselle Vieffville were the most excited; for to her, the scene was one of pure delights, with the noble panorama of forest-clad mountains, the mirror-like lake, the overshadowing oaks, and the tangled brakes of the adjoining woods.

“*Mais, vraiment ceci surpasse les Tuileries, même dans leur propre genre!*” she exclaimed, with energy. “*On passerait volontiers par les dangers du désert pour y parvenir.*”

Those who understood her, smiled at this characteristic remark, and most felt disposed to join in the enthusiasm. Still, the manner in which their com-

panions expressed the happiness they felt, appeared tame and unsatisfactory to Mr. Bragg and Mr. Dodge, these two persons being accustomed to see the young of the two sexes indulge in broader exhibitions of merry-making than those in which it comported with the tastes and habits of the present party to indulge. In vain Mrs. Hawker, in her quiet dignified way, enjoyed the ready wit and masculine thoughts of Mrs. Bloomfield, appearing to renew her youth; or, Eve, with her sweet simplicity, and highly cultivated mind and improved tastes, seemed like a highly-polished mirror, to throw back the flashes of thought and memory, that so constantly gleamed before both; it was all lost on these thoroughly matter-of-fact utilitarians. Mr. Effingham, all courtesy and mild refinement, was seldom happier; and John Effingham was never more pleasant, for he had laid aside the severity of his character, to appear, what he ought always to have been, a man in whom intelligence and quickness of thought could be made to seem secondary to the gentler qualities. The young men were not behind their companions, either, each, in his particular way, appearing to advantage, gay, regulated, and full of a humour that was rendered so much the more agreeable, by drawing its images from a knowledge of the world, that was tempered by observation and practice.

Poor Grace, alone, was the only one of the whole party, always excepting Aristabulus and Steadfast, who, for those fleeting but gay hours, was not thoroughly happy. For the first time in her life, she felt her own deficiencies, that ready and available knowledge, so exquisitely feminine in its nature and exhibition, which escaped Mrs. Bloomfield and Eve, as it might be from its own excess; which the former possessed almost intuitively, a gift of Heaven, and which the latter enjoyed, not only from the same source, but as a just consequence of her long and steady self-

denial, application, and a proper appreciation of her duty to herself, was denied one who, in ill-judged compliance with the customs of a society that has no other apparent aim than the love of display, had precluded herself from enjoyments that none but the intellectual can feel. Still Grace was beautiful and attractive; and though she wondered where her cousin, in general so simple and unpretending, had acquired all those stores of thought, that, in the *abandon* and freedom of such a fête, escaped her in rich profusion, embellished with ready allusions and a brilliant though chastened wit, her generous and affectionate heart could permit her to wonder without envying. She perceived, for the first time, on this occasion, that if Eve were indeed a Hajji, it was not a Hajji of a common school; and, while her modesty and self-abasement led her bitterly to regret the hours irretrievably wasted in the frivolous levities so common to those of her sex with whom she had been most accustomed to mingle, her sincere regret did not lessen her admiration for one she began tenderly to love.

As for Messrs. Dodge and Bragg, they both determined, in their own minds, that this was much the most stupid entertainment they had ever seen on that spot, for it was entirely destitute of loud laughing, noisy merriment, coarse witticisms, and practical jokes. To them it appeared the height of arrogance, for any particular set of persons to presume to come to a spot, rendered sacred by the public suffrage in its favour, in order to indulge in these outlandish dog-in-the-mangerisms.

Towards the close of this gay repast, and when the party were about to yield their places to the attendants, who were ready to re-ship the utensils, John Effingham observed—

“I trust, Mrs. Hawker, you have been duly warned of the catastrophe-character of this point, on which woman is said never to have been wooed in vain.

Here are Captain Truck and myself, ready at any moment to use these carving knives, *faute des Bowies*, in order to show our desperate devotion; and I deem it no more than prudent in you, not to smile again this day, lest the cross-eyed readings of jealousy should impute a wrong motive."

"Had the injunction been against laughing, sir, I might have resisted, but smiles are far too feeble to express one's approbation, on such a day as this; you may, therefore, trust to my discretion. Is it then true, however, that Hymen haunts these shades?"

"A bachelor's history of the progress of love, may be, like the education of his children, distrusted; but so sayeth tradition; and I never put my foot in the place, without making fresh vows of constancy to myself. After this announcement of the danger, dare you accept an arm, for I perceive signs that life cannot be entirely wasted in these pleasures, great as they may prove."

The whole party arose, and separating naturally, they strolled in groups or pairs again, along the pebbly strand, or beneath the trees, while the attendants made the preparations to depart. Accident, as much as design, left Sir George and Grace alone, for neither perceived the circumstance until they had both passed a little rise in the formation of the ground, and were beyond the view of their companions. The baronet was the first to perceive how much he had been favoured by fortune, and his feelings were touched by the air of gentle melancholy, that shaded the usually bright and brilliant countenance of the beautiful girl.

"I should have thrice enjoyed this pleasant day," he said, with an interest in his manner, that caused the heart of Grace to beat quicker, "had I not seen that to you it has been less productive of satisfaction, than to most of those around you. I fear you may not be as well, as usual?"

"In health, never better, though not in spirits, perhaps."

“I could wish I had a right to inquire why you, who have so few causes in general to be out of spirits, should have chosen a moment so little in accordance with the common feeling.”

“I have chosen no moment; the moment has chosen me, I fear. Not until this day, Sir George Templemore, have I ever been truly sensible of my great inferiority to my cousin, Eve.”

“An inferiority that no one but yourself would observe or mention.”

“No, I am neither vain enough, nor ignorant enough, to be the dupe of this flattery,” returned Grace, shaking her hands and head, while she forced a smile; for even the delusions those we love pour into our ears, are not without their charms. “When I first met my cousin, after her return, my own imperfections rendered me blind to her superiority; but she herself has gradually taught me to respect her mind, her womanly character, her tact, her delicacy, principles, breeding, every thing that can make a woman estimable, or worthy to be loved! Oh! how have I wasted in childish amusements, and frivolous vanities, the precious moments of that girlhood which can never be recalled, and left myself scarcely worthy to be an associate of Eve Effingham!”

The first feelings of Grace had so far gotten the control, that she scarce knew what she said, or to whom she was speaking; she even wrung her hands, in the momentary bitterness of her regrets, and in a way to arouse all the sympathy of a lover.

“No one but yourself would say this, Miss Van Cortlandt, and least of all your admirable cousin.”

“She is, indeed, my admirable cousin! But what are *we*, in comparison with such a woman. Simple and unaffected as a child, with the intelligence of a scholar; with all the graces of a woman, she has the learning and mind of a man. Mistress of so many languages——”

“But you, too, speak several, my dear Miss Van Cortlandt.”

“Yes,” said Grace, bitterly, “I *speak* them, as the parrot repeats words that he does not understand. But Eve Effingham has used these languages as means, and she does not tell you merely what such a phrase or idiom signifies, but what the greatest writers have thought and written.”

“No one has a more profound respect for your cousin than myself, Miss Van Cortlandt, but justice to you requires that I should say her great superiority over yourself has escaped me.”

“This may be true, Sir George Templemore, and for a long time it escaped me too. I have only learned to prize her as she ought to be prized by an intimate acquaintance; hour by hour, as it might be. But even you must have observed how quick and intuitively my cousin and Mrs. Bloomfield have understood each other to-day; how much extensive reading, and what polished tastes they have both shown, and all so truly feminine! Mrs. Bloomfield is a remarkable woman, but she loves these exhibitions, for she knows she excels in them. Not so with Eve Effingham, who, while she so thoroughly enjoys every thing intellectual, is content, always, to seem so simple. Now, it happens, that the conversation turned once to-day on a subject that my cousin, no later than yesterday, fully explained to me, at my own earnest request; and I observed that, while she joined so naturally with Mrs. Bloomfield in adding to our pleasure, she kept back half what she knew, lest she might seem to surpass her friend. No—no—no—there is not such another woman as Eve Effingham in this world!”

“So keen a perception of excellence in others, denotes an equal excellence in yourself.”

“I know my own great inferiority now, and no kindness of yours, Sir George Templemore, can ever persuade me into a better opinion of myself. Eve has

travelled, seen much in Europe that does not exist here, and, instead of passing her youth in girlish trifling, has treated the minutes as if they were all precious, as she well knew them to be."

"If Europe, then, does indeed possess these advantages, why not yourself visit it, dearest Miss Van Cortlandt?"

"I—I a Hajji!" cried Grace with childish pleasure, though her colour heightened, and, for a moment, Eve and her superiority was forgotten.

Certainly Sir George Templemore did not come out on the lake that day with any expectation of offering his baronetcy, his fair estate, with his hand, to this artless, half-educated, provincial, but beautiful girl. For a long time he had been debating with himself the propriety of such a step, and it is probable that, at some later period, he would have sought an occasion, had not one now so opportunely offered, notwithstanding all his doubts and reasonings with himself. If the "woman who hesitates is lost," it is equally true that the man who pretends to set up his reason alone against beauty, is certain to find that sense is less powerful than the senses. Had Grace Van Cortlandt been more sophisticated, less natural, her beauty might have failed to make this conquest; but the baronet found a charm in her *naïveté*, that was singularly winning to the feelings of a man of the world. Eve had first attracted him by the same quality; the early education of American females being less constrained and artificial than that of the English; but in Eve he found a mental training and acquisitions that left the quality less conspicuous, perhaps, than in her scarcely less beautiful cousin; though, had Eve met his admiration with any thing like sympathy, her power over him would not have been easily weakened. As it was, Grace had been gradually winding herself around his affections, and he now poured out his love, in a language that her unpractised and already favourably disposed feelings had

no means of withstanding. A very few minutes were allowed to them, before the summons to the boat; but when this summons came, Grace rejoined the party, elevated in her own good opinion, as happy as a cloudless future could make her, and without another thought of the immeasurable superiority of her cousin.

By a singular coincidence, while the baronet and Grace were thus engaged on one part of the shore, Eve was the subject of a similar proffer of connecting herself for life, on another. She had left the circle, attended by Paul, her father, and Aristabulus; but no sooner had they reached the margin of the water, than the two former were called away by Captain Truck, to settle some controverted point between the latter and the commodore. By this unlooked-for desertion, Eve found herself alone with Mr. Bragg.

"That was a funny and comprehensive remark Mr. John made about the 'Point,' Miss Eve," Aristabulus commenced, as soon as he found himself in possession of the ground. "I should like to know if it be really true that no woman was ever unsuccessfully wooed beneath these oaks? If such be the case, we gentlemen ought to be cautious how we come here."

Here Aristabulus simpered, and looked, if possible, more amiable than ever; though the quiet composure and womanly dignity of Eve, who respected herself too much, and too well knew what was due to her sex, even to enter into, or, so far as it depended on her will, to permit any of that common-place and vulgar trifling about love and matrimony, which formed a never-failing theme between the youthful of the two sexes, in Mr. Bragg's particular circle, sensibly curbed his ambitious hopes. Still he thought he had made too good an opening, not to pursue the subject.

"Mr. John Effingham sometimes indulges in pleasantries," Eve answered, "that would lead one astray who might attempt to follow."

"Love is a jack-o'-lantern," rejoined Aristabulus,

sentimentally. "That I admit; and it is no wonder so many get swamped in following his lights. Have you ever felt the tender passion, Miss Eve?"

Now, Aristabulus had heard this question put at the *soirée* of Mrs. Houston, more than once, and he believed himself to be in the most polite road for a regular declaration. An ordinary woman, who felt herself offended by this question, would, most probably, have stepped back, and, raising her form to its utmost elevation, answered by an emphatic "sir!" Not so with Eve. She felt the distance between Mr. Bragg and herself to be so great, that by no probable means could he even offend her by any assumption of equality. This distance was the result of opinions, habits, and education, rather than of condition, however; for, though Eve Effingham could become the wife of a gentleman only, she was entirely superior to those prejudices of the world that depend on purely factitious causes. Instead of discovering surprise, indignation, or dramatic dignity, therefore, at this extraordinary question, she barely permitted a smile to curl her handsome mouth; and this so slightly, as to escape her companion's eye.

"I believe we are to be favoured with as smooth water, in returning to the village, as we had in the morning, while coming to this place," she simply said. "You row sometimes, I think, Mr. Bragg?"

"Ah! Miss Eve, such another opportunity may never occur again, for you foreign ladies are so difficult of access! Let me, then, seize this happy moment, here, beneath the hymeneal oaks, to offer you this faithful hand and this willing heart. Of fortune you will have enough for both, and I say nothing about the miserable dross. Reflect, Miss Eve, how happy we might be, protecting and soothing the old age of your father, and in going down the hill of life in company; or, as the song says, 'and hand in hand we'll go, and sleep the'gither at the foot, John Anderson, my Joe.'"

“You draw very agreeable pictures, Mr. Bragg, and with the touches of a master!”

“However agreeable you find them, Miss Eve, they fall infinitely short of the truth. The tie of wedlock, besides being the most sacred, is also the dearest; and happy, indeed, are they who enter into the solemn engagement with such cheerful prospects as ourselves. Our ages are perfectly suitable, our disposition entirely consonant, our habits so similar as to obviate all unpleasant changes, and our fortunes precisely what they ought to be to render a marriage happy, with confidence on one side, and gratitude on the other. As to the day, Miss Eve, I could wish to leave you altogether the mistress of that, and shall not be urgent.”

Eve had often heard John Effingham comment on the cool impudence of a particular portion of the American population, with great amusement to herself; but never did she expect to be the subject of an attack like this in her own person. By way of rendering the scene perfect, Aristabulus had taken out his penknife, cut a twig from a bush, and he now rendered himself doubly interesting by commencing the favourite occupation of whittling. A cooler picture of passion could not well have been drawn.

“You are bashfully silent, Miss Eve! I make all due allowances for natural timidity, and shall say no more at present—though, as silence universally ‘gives consent——’”

“If you please, sir,” interrupted Eve, with a slight motion of her parasol, that implied a check. “I presume our habits and opinions, notwithstanding you seem to think them so consonant with each other, are sufficiently different to cause you not to see the impropriety of one, who is situated like yourself, abusing the confidence of a parent, by making such a proposal to a daughter without her father’s knowledge; and, on that point, I shall say nothing. But as you

have done me the honour of making me a very unequivocal offer of your hand, I wish that the answer may be as distinct as the proposal. I decline the advantage and happiness of becoming your wife, sir——”

“Time flies, Miss Eve!”

“Time does fly, Mr. Bragg; and, if you remain much longer in the employment of Mr. Effingham, you may lose an opportunity of advancing your fortunes at the west, whither I understand it has long been your intention to emigrate——”

“I will readily relinquish all my hopes at the west, for your sake.”

“No, sir, I cannot be a party to such a sacrifice. I will not say forget *me*, but forget your hopes here, and renew those you have so unreflectingly abandoned beyond the Mississippi. I shall not represent this conversation to Mr. Effingham in a manner to create any unnecessary prejudices against you; and while I thank you, as every woman should, for an offer that must infer some portion, at least, of your good opinion, you will permit me again to wish you all lawful success in your western enterprises.”

Eve gave Mr. Bragg no farther opportunity to renew his suit; for, she curtsied and left him, as she ceased speaking. Mr. Dodge, who had been a distant observer of the interview; now hastened to join his friend, curious to know the result, for it had been privately arranged between these modest youths, that each should try his fortune in turn, with the heiress, did she not accept the first proposal. To the chagrin of Steadfast, and probably to the reader's surprise, Aristabulus informed his friend that Eve's manner and language had been full of encouragement.

“She thanked me for the offer, Mr. Dodge,” he said, “and her wishes for my future prosperity at the west, were warm and repeated. Eve Effingham is, indeed, a charming creature!”

“At the west! Perhaps she meant differently from

what you imagine. I know her well; the girl is full of art."

"Art, sir! she spoke as plainly as woman could speak, and I repeat that I feel considerably encouraged. It is something, to have had so plain a conversation with Eve Effingham."

Mr. Dodge swallowed his discontent, and the whole party soon embarked, to return to the village; the commodore and general taking a boat by themselves, in order to bring their discussions on human affairs in general, to a suitable close.

That night, Sir George Templemore, asked an interview with Mr. Effingham, when the latter was alone in his library.

"I sincerely hope this request is not the forerunner of a departure," said the host kindly, as the young man entered, "in which case I shall regard you as one unmindful of the hopes he has raised. You stand pledged by implication, if not in words, to pass another month with us."

"So far from entertaining an intention so faithless, my dear sir, I am fearful that you may think I trespass too far on your hospitality."

He then communicated his wish to be allowed to make Grace Van Cortlandt his wife. Mr. Effingham heard him with a smile, that showed he was not altogether unprepared for such a demand, and his eye glistened as he squeezed the other's hand.

"Take her with all my heart, Sir George," he said, "but remember you are transferring a tender plant into a strange soil. There are not many of your countrymen to whom I would confide such a trust, for I know the risk they run who make ill-assorted unions——"

"Ill-assorted unions, Mr. Effingham!"

"Yours will not be one, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, I know; for in years, birth and fortune, you and my dear niece are as much on an equality as can be desired: but it is too often an ill-assorted union for

an American woman to become an English wife. So much depends on the man, that with one in whom I have less confidence than I have in you, I might justly hesitate. I shall take a guardian's privilege, though Grace be her own mistress, and give you one solemn piece of advice—always respect the country of the woman you have thought worthy to bear your name.”

“I hope always to respect every thing that is hers; but, why this particular caution?—Miss Van Cortlandt is almost English in her heart.”

“An affectionate wife will take her bias in such matters, generally from her husband. Your country will be her country, your God her God. Still, Sir George Templemore, a woman of spirit and sentiment can never wholly forget the land of her birth. You love us not in England, and one who settles there will often have occasion to hear gibes and sneers on the land from which she came——”

“Good God, Mr. Effingham, you do not think I shall take my wife into society where——”

“Bear with a proser's doubts, Templemore. You will do all that is well-intentioned and proper, I dare say, in the usual acceptation of the words; but I wish you to do more; that which is wise. Grace has now a sincere reverence and respect for England, feelings that in many particulars are sustained by the facts, and will be permanent; but, in some things, observation, as it usually happens with the young and sanguine, will expose the mistakes into which she has been led by enthusiasm and the imagination. As she knows other countries better, she will come to regard her own with more favourable and discriminating eyes, losing her sensitiveness on account of peculiarities she now esteems, and taking new views of things. Perhaps you will think me selfish, but I shall add, also, that if you wish to cure your wife of any homesickness, the surest mode will be to bring her back to her native land.”

“Nay, my dear sir,” said Sir George, laughing, “this is very much like acknowledging its blemishes.”

“I am aware it has that appearance, and yet the fact is otherwise. The cure is as certain with the Englishman as with the American; and with the German as with either. It depends on a general law, which causes us all to over-estimate by-gone pleasures and distant scenes, and to undervalue those of the present moment. You know I have always maintained there is no real philosopher short of fifty, nor any taste worth possessing that is a dozen years old.”

Here Mr. Effingham rang the bell, and desired Pierre to request Miss Van Cortlandt to join him in the library. Grace entered blushing and shy, but with a countenance beaming with inward peace. Her uncle regarded her a moment intently, and a tear glistened in his eye, again, as he tenderly kissed her burning cheek.

“God bless you, love,” he said — “’tis a fearful change for your sex, and yet you all enter into it radiant with hope, and noble in your confidence. Take her, Templemore,” giving her hand to the baronet, “and deal kindly by her. You will not desert us entirely. I trust I shall see you both once more in the Wigwam before I die.”

“Uncle—uncle—” burst from Grace, as, drowned in tears, she threw herself into Mr. Effingham’s arms; “I am an ungrateful girl, thus to abandon all my natural friends. I have acted wrong——”

“Wrong, dearest Miss Van Cortlandt!”

“Selfishly, then, Sir George Templemore,” the simple-hearted girl ingenuously added, scarcely knowing how much her words implied—“Perhaps this matter might be reconsidered.”

“I am afraid little would be gained by that, my love,” returned the smiling uncle, wiping his eyes at the same instant. “The second thoughts of ladies usually confirm the first, in such matters. God bless

you, Grace;—Templemore, may Heaven have you, too, in its holy keeping. Remember what I have said, and to-morrow we will converse further on the subject. Does Eve know of this, my niece?"

The colour went and came rapidly in Grace's cheek, and she looked to the floor, abashed.

"We ought then to send for her," resumed Mr. Effingham, again reaching towards the bell.

"Uncle—" and Grace hurriedly interposed, in time to save the string from being pulled. "Could I keep such an important secret from my dearest cousin!"

"I find that I am the last in the secret, as is generally the case with old fellows, and I believe I am even now *de trop*."

Mr. Effingham kissed Grace again affectionately, and, although she strenuously endeavoured to detain him, he left the room.

"We must follow," said Grace, hastily wiping her eyes, and rubbing the traces of tears from her cheeks—"Excuse me, Sir George Templemore; will you open——"

He did, though it was not the door, but his arms. Grace seemed like one that was rendered giddy by standing on a precipice, but when she fell, the young baronet was at hand to receive her. Instead of quitting the library that instant, the bell had announced the appearance of the supper-tray, before she remembered that she had so earnestly intended to do so.

CHAPTER VII.

“This day, no man thinks
He has business at his house.”

KING HENRY VIII.

THE warm weather, which was always a little behind that of the lower counties, had now set in among the mountains, and the season had advanced into the first week in July. “Independence Day,” as the fourth of that month is termed by the Americans, arrived; and the wits of Templeton were taxed, as usual, in order that the festival might be celebrated with the customary intellectual and moral treat. The morning commenced with a parade of the two or three uniformed companies of the vicinity, much gingerbread and spruce-beer were consumed in the streets, no light potations of whiskey were swallowed in the groceries, and a great variety of drinks, some of which bore very ambitious names, shared the same fate in the taverns.

Mademoiselle Viefville had been told that this was the great American *fête*; the festival of the nation; and she appeared that morning in gay ribands, and with her bright, animated face, covered with smiles for the occasion. To her surprise, however, no one seemed to respond to her feelings; and as the party rose from the breakfast-table, she took an opportunity to ask an explanation of Eve, in a little ‘aside.’

“*Est-ce que je me suis trompée, ma chère?*” demanded the lively Frenchwoman. “Is not this *la célébration de votre indépendance?*”

“You are not mistaken, my dear Mademoiselle Viefville, and great preparations are made to do it honour. I understand there is to be a military parade, an oration, a dinner, and fire-works.”

“*Monsieur votre père*——?”

“*Monsieur mon père* is not much given to rejoicings, and he takes this annual joy; much as a valetudinarian takes his morning draught.”

“*Et Monsieur Jean Effingham*——?”

“Is always a philosopher; you are to expect no antics from him.”

“*Mais ces jeunes gens, Monsieur Bragg, Monsieur Dodge, et Monsieur Powis, même!*”

“*Se réjouissent en Américains.* I presume you are aware that Mr. Powis has declared himself to be an American?”

Mademoiselle Viefville looked towards the streets, along which divers tall, sombre-looking countrymen, with faces more lugubrious than those of the mutes of a funeral, were sauntering, with a desperate air of enjoyment; and she shrugged her shoulders, as she muttered to herself, “*que ces Américains sont drôles!*”

At a later hour, however, Eve surprised her father, and indeed most of the Americans of the party, by proposing that the ladies should walk out into the street, and witness the fête.

“My child, this is a strange proposition to come from a young lady of twenty,” said her father.

“Why strange, dear sir?—We always mingled in the village fêtes in Europe.”

“*Certainement,*” cried the delighted Mademoiselle Viefville; “*c’est de rigueur, même.*”

“And it is *de rigueur*, here, Mademoiselle, for young ladies to keep out of them,” put in John Effingham. “I should be very sorry to see either of you three ladies in the streets of Templeton to-day.”

“Why so, cousin Jack? Have we any thing to fear from the rudeness of our countrymen? I have always understood, on the contrary, that in no other part of the world is woman so uniformly treated with respect and kindness, as in this very republic of ours; and yet, by all these ominous faces, I perceive that it will

not do for her to trust herself in the streets of a village on a *festa*."

"You are not altogether wrong, in what you now say, Miss Effingham, nor are you wholly right. Woman, as a whole, is well treated in America; and yet it will not do for a *lady* to mingle in scenes like these, as ladies may and do mingle with them in Europe."

"I have heard this difference accounted for," said Paul Powis, "by the fact that women have no legal rank in this country. In those nations where the station of a lady is protected by legal ordinances, it is said she may descend with impunity; but, in this, where all are equal before the law, so many misunderstand the real merits of their position, that she is obliged to keep aloof from any collisions with those who might be disposed to mistake their own claims."

"But I wish for no collisions, no associations, Mr. Powis, but simply to pass through the streets, with my cousin and Mademoiselle Vieffville, to enjoy the sight of the rustic sports, as one would do in France, or Italy, or even in republican Switzerland, if you insist on a republican example."

"Rustic sports!" repeated Aristabulus with a frightened look—"the people will not bear to hear their sports called rustic, Miss Effingham."

"Surely, sir,"—Eve never spoke to Mr. Bragg, now, without using a repelling politeness—"surely, sir, the people of these mountains will hardly pretend that their sports are those of a capital."

"I merely mean, ma'am, that the *term* would be monstrously unpopular; nor do I see why the sports in a city"—Aristabulus was much too peculiar in his notions, to call any place that had a mayor and aldermen a town,—"*should not be just as rustic as those of a village.* The contrary supposition violates the principle of equality."

"And do *you* decide against us, dear sir?" Eve added, looking at Mr. Effingham.

“Without stopping to examine causes, my child, I shall say that I think you had better all remain at home.”

“*Voilà, Mademoiselle Vieffville, une fête Americaine!*”

A shrug of the shoulders was the significant reply.

“Nay, my daughter, you are not entirely excluded from the festivities; all gallantry has not quite deserted the land.”

“A young lady shall walk *alone* with a young gentleman—shall ride alone with him—shall drive out alone with him—shall not move *without* him, *dans le monde, mais*, she shall not walk in the crowd, to look at *une fête avec son père!*” exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieffville, in her imperfect English. “*Je désespère, vraiment, to understand some habitudes Americaines!*”

“Well, Mademoiselle, that you may not think us altogether barbarians, you shall, at least, have the benefit of the oration.”

“You may well call it *the* oration, Ned; for, I believe one, or, certainly one skeleton, has served some thousand orators annually, any time these sixty years.”

“Of this skeleton, then, the ladies shall have the benefit. The procession is about to form, I hear; and by getting ready immediately, we shall be just in time to obtain good seats.”

Mademoiselle Vieffville was delighted; for, after trying the theatres, the churches, sundry balls, the opera, and all the admirable gaieties of New-York, she had reluctantly come to the conclusion that America was a very good country *pour s’ennuyer*, and for very little else; but here was the promise of a novelty. The ladies completed their preparations, and, accordingly, attended by all the gentlemen, made their appearance in the assembly, at the appointed hour.

The orator, who, as usual, was a lawyer, was already in possession of the pulpit, for one of the village churches had been selected as the scene of the ceremonies. He was a young man, who had recently been

called to the bar, it being as much in rule for the legal tyro to take off the wire-edge of his wit in a Fourth of July oration, as it was formerly for a Mousquetaire to prove his spirit in a duel. The academy which, formerly, was a servant of all work to the public, being equally used for education, balls, preaching, town-meetings, and caucuses, had shared the fate of most American edifices in wood, having lived its hour and been burned; and the collection of people, whom we have formerly had occasion to describe, appeared to have also vanished from the earth, for nothing could be less alike in exterior, at least, than those who had assembled under the ministry of Mr. Grant, and their successors, who were now collected to listen to the wisdom of Mr. Writ. Such a thing as a coat of two generations was no longer to be seen; the latest fashion, or what was thought to be the latest fashion, being as rigidly respected by the young farmer, or the young mechanic, as by the more admitted bucks, the law student, and the village shop-boy. All the red cloaks had long since been laid aside to give place to imitation merino shawls, or, in cases of unusual moderation and sobriety, to mantles of silk. As Eve glanced her eye around her, she perceived Tuscan hats, bonnets of gay colours and flowers, and dresses of French chintzes, where fifty years ago would have been seen even men's woollen hats, and homely English calicoes. It is true that the change among the men was not quite as striking, for their attire admits of less variety; but the black stock had superseded the check handkerchief and the bandanna; gloves had taken the places of mittens; and the coarse and clownish shoe of "cow-hide" was supplanted by the calf-skin boot.

"Where are your peasants, your rustics, your milk and dairy maids—the *people*, in short"—whispered Sir George Templemore to Mrs. Bloomfield, as they took their seats; "or is this occasion thought to be too intellectual for them, and the present assembly composed only of the *élite*?"

“These *are* the people, and a pretty fair sample, too, of their appearance and deportment. Most of these men are what you in England would call operatives, and the women are their wives, daughters, and sisters.”

The baronet said nothing at the moment, but he sat looking around him with a curious eye for some time, when he again addressed his companion.

“I see the truth of what you say, as regards the men, for a critical eye can discover the proofs of their occupations; but, surely, you must be mistaken as respects your own sex; there is too much delicacy of form and feature for the class you mean.”

“Nevertheless, I have said naught but truth.”

“But look at the hands and the feet, dear Mrs. Bloomfield. Those are French gloves, too, or I am mistaken.”

“I will not positively affirm that the French gloves actually belong to the dairy-maids, though I have known even this prodigy; but, rely on it, you see here the proper female counterparts of the men, and singularly delicate and pretty females are they, for persons of their class. This is what you call democratic coarseness and vulgarity, Miss Effingham tells me, in England.”

Sir George smiled, but, as what it is the fashion of the country to call ‘the exercises,’ just then began, he made no other answer.

These exercises commenced with instrumental music, certainly the weakest side of American civilization. That of the occasion of which we write, had three essential faults, all of which are sufficiently general to be termed characteristic, in a national point of view. In the first place, the instruments themselves were bad; in the next place, they were assorted without any regard to harmony; and, in the last place, their owners did not know how to use them. As in certain American *cities*—the word is well applied here—she is esteemed the greatest belle who can contrive

to utter her nursery sentiments in the loudest voice, so in Templeton, was he considered the ablest musician who could give the greatest *éclat* to a false note. In a word, clamour was the one thing needful, and as regards time, that great regulator of all harmonies, Paul Powis whispered to the captain that the air they had just been listening to, resembled what the sailors call a 'round robin;' or a particular mode of signing complaints practised by seamen, in which the nicest observer cannot tell which is the beginning, or which the end.

It required all the Parisian breeding of Mademoiselle Vieffville to preserve her gravity during this overture, though she kept her bright animated, French-looking eyes, roaming over the assembly, with an air of delight that, as Mr. Bragg would say, made her very popular. No one else in the party from the Wigwam, Captain Truck excepted, dared look up, but each kept his or her eyes riveted on the floor, as if in silent enjoyment of the harmonies. As for the honest old seaman, there was as much melody in the howling of a gale to his unsophisticated ears, as in any thing else, and he saw no difference between this feat of the Templeton band and the sighings of old Boreas; and, to say the truth, our nautical critic was not so much out of the way.

Of the oration it is scarcely necessary to say much, for if human nature is the same in all ages, and under all circumstances, so is a fourth of July oration. There were the usual allusions to Greece and Rome, between the republics of which and that of this country, there exists some such affinity as is to be found between a horse-chestnut and a chestnut-horse; or that of mere words; and a long catalogue of national glories that might very well have sufficed for all the republics, both of antiquity and of our own time. But when the orator came to speak of the American character, and particularly of the intelligence of the nation, he was most

felicitous, and made the largest investments in popularity. According to his account of the matter, no other people possessed a tithe of the knowledge, or a hundredth part of the honesty and virtue of the very community he was addressing; and after labouring for ten minutes to convince his hearers that they already knew every thing, he wasted several more in trying to persuade them to undertake further acquisitions of the same nature.

“How much better all this might be made,” said Paul Powis, as the party returned towards the Wigwam, when the ‘exercises’ were ended, “by substituting a little plain instruction on the real nature and obligations of the institutions, for so much unmeaning rhapsody. Nothing has struck me with more surprise and pain, than to find how far, or it might be better to say, how high, ignorance reaches on such subjects, and how few men, in a country where all depends on the institutions, have clear notions concerning their own condition.”

“Certainly this is not the opinion we usually entertain of ourselves,” observed John Effingham. “And yet it ought to be. I am far from underrating the ordinary information of the country, which, as an average information, is superior to that of almost every other people; nor am I one of those who, according to the popular European notion, fancy the Americans less gifted than common in intellect; there can be but one truth in any thing, however, and it falls to the lot of very few, any where, to master it. The Americans, moreover, are a people of facts and practices, paying but little attention to principles, and giving themselves the very minimum of time for investigations that lie beyond the reach of the common mind; and it follows that they know little of that which does not present itself in their every-day transactions. As regards the practice of the institutions, it is regulated here, as elsewhere, by party, and party is never an honest or a disinterested expounder.”

“Are you, then, more than in the common dilemma,” asked Sir George, “or worse off than your neighbours?”

“We are worse off than our neighbours, for the simple reason that it is the intention of the American system, which has been deliberately framed, and which is moreover the result of a bargain, to carry out its theory in practice; whereas, in countries where the institutions are the results of time and accidents, *improvement* is only obtained by *innovations*. Party invariably assails and weakens power. When power is the possession of a few, the many gain by party; but when power is the legal right of the many, the few gain by party. Now, as party has no ally as strong as ignorance and prejudice, a right understanding of the principles of a government is of far more importance in a popular government, than in any other. In place of the eternal eulogies on facts, that one hears on all public occasions in this country, I would substitute some plain and clear expositions of principles; or, indeed, I might say, of facts as they are connected with principles.”

“*Mais, la musique, Monsieur,*” interrupted Mademoiselle Vieffville, in a way so droll as to raise a general smile, “*qu’en pensez-vous?*”

“That it is music, my dear Mademoiselle, in neither fact nor principle.”

“It only proves that a people can be free, Mademoiselle,” observed Mrs. Bloomfield, “and enjoy fourth of July orations, without having very correct notions of harmony or time. But do our rejoicings end here, Miss Effingham?”

“Not at all—there is still something in reserve for the day, and all who honour it. I am told the evening, which promises to be sufficiently sombre, is to terminate with a fête that is peculiar to Templeton, and which is called ‘The Fun of Fire.’”

“It is an ominous name, and ought to be a brilliant ceremony.”

As this was uttered, the whole party entered the Wigwam.

“The Fun of Fire” took place, as a matter of course, at a later hour. When night had set in, every body appeared in the main street of the village, a part of which, from its width and form, was particularly adapted to the sports of the evening. The females were mostly at the windows, or on such elevated stands as favoured their view, and the party from the Wigwam occupied a large balcony that topped the piazza of one of the principal inns of the place.

The sports of the night commenced with rockets, of which a few, that did as much credit to the climate as to the state of the pyrotechnics of the village, were thrown up, as soon as the darkness had become sufficiently dense to lend them brilliancy. Then followed wheels, crackers and serpents, all of the most primitive kind, if, indeed, there be any thing primitive in such amusements. The “Fun of Fire” was to close the rejoicings, and it was certainly worth all the other sports of that day, united, the gingerbread and spruce beer included.

A blazing ball cast from a shop-door, was the signal for the commencement of the Fun. It was merely a ball of rope-yarn, or of some other similar material, saturated with turpentine, and it burned with a bright, fierce flame until consumed. As the first of these fiery meteors sailed into the street, a common shout from the boys, apprentices, and young men, proclaimed that the fun was at hand. It was followed by several more, and in a few minutes the entire area was gleaming with glancing light. The whole of the amusement consisted in tossing the fire-balls with boldness, and in avoiding them with dexterity, something like competition soon entering into the business of the scene.

The effect was singularly beautiful. Groups of dark

objects became suddenly illuminated, and here a portion of the throng might be seen beneath a brightness like that produced by a bonfire, while all the back-ground of persons and faces were gliding about in a darkness that almost swallowed up a human figure. Suddenly all this would be changed; the brightness would pass away, and a ball alighting in a spot that had seemed abandoned to gloom, it would be found peopled with merry countenances, and active forms. The constant changes from brightness to deep darkness, with all the varying gleams of light and shadow, made the beauty of the scene, which soon extorted admiration from all in the balcony.

“*Mais, c'est charmant!*” exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieffville, who was enchanted at discovering something like gaiety and pleasure among the “*tristes Américains,*” and who had never even suspected them of being capable of so much apparent enjoyment.

“These are the prettiest village sports I have ever witnessed,” said Eve, “though a little dangerous, one would think. There is something refreshing, as the magazine writers term it, to find one of these miniature towns of ours condescending to be gay and happy in a village fashion. If I were to bring my strongest objection to American country life, it would be its ambitious desire to ape the towns, converting the ease and *abandon* of a village, into the formality and stiffness that render children in the clothes of grown people so absurdly ludicrous.”

“What!” exclaimed John Effingham; “do you fancy it possible to reduce a free-man so low, as to deprive him of his stilts! No, no, young lady; you are now in a country where if you have two rows of flounces on your frock, your maid will make it a point to have three, by way of maintaining the equilibrium. This is the noble ambition of liberty.”

“Annette’s foible is a love of flounces, cousin Jack, and you have drawn that image from your eye, instead

of your imagination. It is a French, as well as an American ambition, if ambition it be."

"Let it be drawn whence it may, it is true. Have you not remarked, Sir George Templemore, that the Americans will not even bear the ascendancy of a capital? Formerly, Philadelphia, then the largest town in the country, was the political capital; but it was too much for any one community to enjoy the united consideration that belongs to extent and politics; and so the honest public went to work to make a capital, that should have nothing else in its favour, but the naked fact that it was the seat of government, and I think it will be generally allowed, that they have succeeded to admiration. I fancy Mr. Dodge will admit that it would be quite intolerable, that country should not be town, and town country."

"This is a land of equal rights, Mr. John Effingham, and I confess that I see no claims that New-York possesses, which does not equally belong to Templeton."

"Do you hold, sir," inquired Captain Truck, "that a ship is a brig, and a brig a ship?"

"The case is different; Templeton is a town, is it not, Mr. John Effingham?"

"A town, Mr. Dodge, but not town. The difference is essential."

"I do not see it, sir. Now, New-York, to my notion is not a *town*, but a *city*."

"Ah! This is the critical acumen of the editor! But you should be indulgent, Mr. Dodge, to us laymen, who pick up our phrases by merely wandering about the world; or in the nursery perhaps, while you, of the favoured few, by living in the condensation of a province, obtain a precision and accuracy to which we can lay no claim."

The darkness prevented the editor of the Active Inquirer from detecting the general smile, and he remained in happy ignorance of the feeling that produced it. To say the truth, not the smallest of the besetting

vices of Mr. Dodge had their foundation in a provincial education, and in provincial notions; the invariable tendency of both being to persuade their subject that he is always right, while all opposed to him in opinion are wrong. That well-known line of Pope, in which the poet asks, "what can we reason, but from what we know?" contains the principle of half our foibles and faults, and perhaps explains fully that proportion of those of Mr. Dodge, to say nothing of those of no small number of his countrymen. There are limits to the knowledge, and tastes, and habits of every man, and, as each is regulated by the opportunities of the individual, it follows of necessity, that no one can have a standard much above his own experience. That an isolated and remote people should be a provincial people, or, in other words, a people of narrow and peculiar practices and opinions, is as unavoidable as that study should make a scholar; though in the case of America, the great motive for surprise is to be found in the fact that causes so very obvious should produce so little effect. When compared with the bulk of other nations, the Americans, though so remote and insulated, are scarcely provincial, for it is only when the highest standard of this nation is compared with the highest standard of other nations, that we detect the great deficiency that actually exists. That a moral foundation so broad should uphold a moral superstructure so narrow, is owing to the circumstance that the popular sentiment rules, and as every thing is referred to a body of judges that, in the nature of things, must be of very limited and superficial attainments, it cannot be a matter of wonder, to the reflecting, that the decision shares in the qualities of the tribunal. In America, the gross mistake has been made of supposing, that, because the mass rules in a political sense, it has a right to be listened to and obeyed in all other matters, a practical deduction that can only lead, under the most favourable exercise of power, to a very hum-

ble mediocrity. It is to be hoped, that time, and a greater concentration of taste, liberality, and knowledge than can well distinguish a young and scattered population, will repair this evil, and that our children will reap the harvest of the broad fields of intelligence that have been sowed by ourselves. In the mean time, the present generation must endure that which cannot easily be cured; and, among its other evils, it will have to submit to a great deal of very questionable information, not a few false principles, and an unpleasant degree of intolerant and narrow bigotry, that are propagated by such apostles of liberty and learning as Steadfast Dodge, Esquire.

We have written in vain, if it now be necessary to point out a multitude of things in which that professed instructor and Mentor of the public, the editor of the *Active Inquirer*, had made a false estimate of himself, as well as of his fellow-creatures. That such a man should be ignorant, is to be expected, as he had never been instructed; that he was self-sufficient was owing to his ignorance, which oftener induces vanity than modesty; that he was intolerant and bigoted, follows as a legitimate effect of his provincial and contracted habits; that he was a hypocrite, came from his homage of the people; and that one thus constituted, should be permitted, periodically, to pour out his vapidity, folly, malice, envy, and ignorance, on his fellow-creatures, in the columns of a newspaper, was owing to a state of society in which the truth of the wholesome adage "that what is every man's business is nobody's business," is exemplified not only daily, but hourly, in a hundred other interests of equal magnitude, as well as to a capital mistake, that leads the community to fancy that whatever is done in their name, is done for their good.

As the "Fun of Fire" had, by this time, exhibited most of its beauties, the party belonging to the *Wigwam* left the balcony, and, the evening proving mild,

they walked into the grounds of the building, where they naturally broke into groups, conversing on the incidents of the day, or of such other matters as came uppermost. Occasionally, gleams of light were thrown across them from a fire-ball; or a rocket's starry train was still seen drawn in the air, resembling the wake of a ship at night, as it wades through the ocean.

CHAPTER VIII.

Gentle Octavia,

Let your best love draw to that point, which seeks
But to preserve it.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

WE shall not say it was an accident that brought Paul and Eve side by side, and a little separated from the others; for a secret sympathy had certainly exercised its influence over both, and probably contributed as much as any thing else towards bringing about the circumstance. Although the Wigwam stood in the centre of the village, its grounds covered several acres, and were intersected with winding walks, and ornamented with shrubbery, in the well-known English style, improvements also of John Effingham; for, while the climate and forests of America offer so many inducements to encourage landscape gardening, it is the branch of art that, of all the other ornamental arts, is perhaps the least known in this country. It is true, time had not yet brought the labours of the projector to perfection, in this instance; but enough had been done to afford very extensive, varied, and pleasing walks. The grounds were broken, and John Effingham had turned the irregularities to good account, by planting and leading paths among them, to the great amusement of the lookers-on, however, who, like true disci-

ples of the Manhattanese economy, had already begun to calculate the cost of what they termed grading the lawns, it being with them as much a matter of course to bring pleasure grounds down to a mathematical surface, as to bring a rail-road route down to the proper level.

Through these paths, and among the irregularities, groves, and shrubberies, just mentioned, the party began to stroll; one group taking a direction eastward, another south, and a third westward; in a way soon to break them up into five or six different divisions. These several portions of the company ere long got to move in opposite directions, by taking the various paths, and while they frequently met, they did not often re-unite. As has been already intimated, Eve and Paul were alone, for the first time in their lives, under circumstances that admitted of an uninterrupted confidential conversation. Instead of profiting immediately, however, by this unusual occurrence, as many of our readers may anticipate, the young man continued the discourse, in which the whole party had been engaged when they entered the gate that communicated with the street.

“I know not whether you felt the same embarrassment as myself, to-day, Miss Effingham,” he said, “when the orator was dilating on the glories of the republic, and on the high honours that accompany the American name. Certainly, though a pretty extensive traveller, I have never yet been able to discover that it is any advantage abroad to be one of the ‘fourteen millions of freemen.’”

“Are we to attribute the mystery that so long hung over your birth-place, to this fact,” Eve asked, a little pointedly.

“If I have made any seeming mystery, as to the place of my birth, it has been involuntary on my part, Miss Effingham, so far as you, at least, have been concerned. I may not have thought myself authorized

to introduce my own history into our little discussions, but I am not conscious of aiming at any unusual concealments. At Vienna, and in Switzerland, we met as travellers; and now that you appear disposed to accuse me of concealment, I may retort, and say that, neither you nor your father ever expressly stated in my presence that you were Americans."

"Was that necessary, Mr. Powis?"

"Perhaps not; and I am wrong to draw a comparison between my own insignificance, and the *éclat* that attended you and your movements."

"Nay," interrupted Eve, "do not misconceive me. My father felt an interest in you, quite naturally, after what had occurred on the lake of Lucerne, and I believe he was desirous of making you out a countryman,—a pleasure that he has at length received."

"To own the truth, I was never quite certain, until my last visit to England, on which side of the Atlantic I was actually born, and to this uncertainty, perhaps, may be attributed some of that cosmopolitanism to which I made so many high pretensions in our late passage."

"Not know where you were born!" exclaimed Eve, with an involuntary haste, that she immediately repented.

"This, no doubt, sounds odd to you, Miss Effingham, who have always been the pride and solace of a most affectionate father, but it has never been my good fortune to know either parent. My mother, who was the sister of Ducie's mother, died at my birth, and the loss of my father even preceded hers. I may be said to have been born an orphan."

Eve, for the first time in her life, had taken his arm, and the young man felt the gentle pressure of her little hand, as she permitted this expression of sympathy to escape her, at a moment she found so intensely interesting to herself.

"It was, indeed, a misfortune, Mr. Powis, and I fear

you were put into the navy through the want of those who would feel a natural concern in your welfare."

"The navy was my own choice; partly, I think, from a certain love of adventure, and quite as much, perhaps, with a wish to settle the question of my birth-place, practically at least, by enlisting in the service of the one that I first knew, and certainly best loved."

"But of that birth-place, I understand there is now no doubt?" said Eve, with more interest than she was herself conscious of betraying.

"None whatever; I am a native of Philadelphia; that point was conclusively settled in my late visit to my aunt, Lady Dunluce, who was present at my birth."

"Is Lady Dunluce also an American?"

"She is; never having quitted the country until after her marriage to Colonel Ducie. She was a younger sister of my mother's, and, notwithstanding some jealousies and a little coldness that I trust have now disappeared, I am of opinion she loved her; though one can hardly answer for the durability of the family ties in a country where the institutions and habits are as artificial as in England."

"Do you think there is less family affection, then, in England than in America?"

"I will not exactly say as much, though I am of opinion that neither country is remarkable in that way. In England, among the higher classes, it is impossible that the feelings should not be weakened by so many adverse interests. When a brother knows that nothing stands between himself and rank and wealth, but the claims of one who was born a twelvemonth earlier than himself, he gets to feel more like a rival than a kinsman, and the temptation to envy or dislike, or even hatred, sometimes becomes stronger than the duty to love."

"And yet the English, themselves, say that the services rendered by the elder to the younger brother, and the gratitude of the younger to the elder, are so many additional ties."

“It would be contrary to all the known laws of feeling, and all experience, if this were so. The younger applies to the elder for aid in preference to a stranger, because he thinks he has a claim; and what man who fancies he has a claim, is disposed to believe justice is fully done him; or who that is required to discharge a duty, imagines he has not done more than could be properly asked?”

“I fear your opinion of men is none of the best, Mr. Powis!”

“There may be exceptions, but such I believe to be the common fate of humanity. The moment a duty is created, a disposition to think it easily discharged follows; and of all sentiments, that of a continued and exacting gratitude is the most oppressive. I fear more brothers are aided, through family pride, than through natural affection.”

“What, then, loosens the tie among ourselves, where no law of primogeniture exists?”

“That which loosens every thing. A love of change that has grown up with the migratory habits of the people; and which, perhaps, is, in some measure, fostered by the institutions. Here is Mr. Bragg to confirm what I say, and we may hear his sentiments on this subject.”

As Aristabulus, with whom walked Mr. Dodge, just at that moment came out of the shrubbery, and took the same direction with themselves, Powis put the question, as one addresses an acquaintance in a room.

“Rotation in feelings, sir,” returned Mr. Bragg, “is human nature, as rotation in office is natural justice. Some of our people are of opinion that it might be useful could the whole of society be made periodically to change places, in order that every one might know how his neighbour lives.”

“You are, then, an Agrarian, Mr. Bragg?”

“As far from it as possible; nor do I believe you will find such an animal in this county. Where

property is concerned, we are a people that never let go, as long as we can hold on, sir; but, beyond this, we like lively changes. Now, Miss Effingham, everybody thinks frequent changes of religious instructors, in particular, necessary. There can be no vital piety without keeping the flame alive with excitement."

"I confess, sir, that my own reasoning would lead to a directly contrary conclusion, and that there can be no vital piety, as you term it, *with* excitement."

Mr. Bragg looked at Mr. Dodge, and Mr. Dodge looked at Mr. Bragg. Then each shrugged his shoulders, and the former continued the discourse.

"That may be the case in France, Miss Effingham," he said, "but, in America, we look to excitement as the great purifier. We should as soon expect the air in the bottom of a well to be elastic, as that the moral atmosphere shall be clear and salutary, without the breezes of excitement. For my part, Mr. Dodge, I think no man should be a judge, in the same court, more than ten years at a time, and a priest gets to be rather common-place and flat after five. There are men that may hold out a little longer, I acknowledge; but to keep real, vital, soul-saving regeneration stirring, a change should take place as often as once in five years, in a parish; that is my opinion, at least."

"But, sir," rejoined Eve, "as the laws of religion are immutable, the modes by which it is known universal, and the promises, mediation, and obligations are every where the same, I do not see what you propose to gain by so many changes."

"Why, Miss Effingham, we change the dishes at table, and no family of my acquaintance, more than this of your honourable father's; and I am surprised to find you opposed to the system."

"Our religion, sir," answered Eve, gravely, "is a duty, and rests on revelation and obedience; while our diet may, very innocently, be a matter of mere taste, or even of caprice, if you will."

“Well, I confess I see no great difference, the main object in this life being to stir people up, and to go ahead. I presume you know, Miss Eve, that many people think that we ought to change our own parson, if we expect a blessing on the congregation.”

“I should sooner expect a curse would follow an act of so much heartlessness, sir. Our clergyman has been with us since his entrance into the duties of his holy office, and it will be difficult to suppose that the Divine favour would follow the commission of so selfish and capricious a step, with a motive no better than the desire for novelty.”

“You quite mistake the object, Miss Eve, which is to stir the people up; a hopeless thing, I fear, so long as they always sit under the same preaching.”

“I have been taught to believe that piety is increased, Mr. Bragg, by the aid of the Holy Spirit’s sustaining and supporting us in our good desires; and I cannot persuade myself that the Deity finds it necessary to save a soul, by the means of any of those human agencies by which men sack towns, turn an election, or incite a mob. I hear that extraordinary scenes are witnessed in this country, in some of the other sects; but I trust never to see the day, when the apostolic, reverend, and sober church, in which I have been nurtured, shall attempt to advance the workings of that Divine power, by a profane, human hurrah.”

All this was Greek to Messrs. Dodge and Bragg, who, in furthering their objects, were so accustomed to “stirring people up,” that they had quite forgotten that the more a man was in “an excitement,” the less he had to do with reason. The exaggerated religious sects, which first peopled America, have had a strong influence in transmitting to their posterity false notions on such subjects; for while the old world is accustomed to see Christianity used as an ally of government, and perverted from its one great end to be the instrument of ambition, cupidity, and selfishness, the new world

has been fated to witness the reaction of such abuses, and to run into nearly as many errors in the opposite extreme. The two persons just mentioned, had been educated in the provincial school of religious notions, that is so much in favour, in a portion of this country; and they were striking examples of the truth of the adage, that "what is bred in the bone will be seen in the flesh," for their common character, common in this particular at least, was a queer mixture of the most narrow superstitions and prejudices, that existed under the garb of religious training, and of unjustifiable frauds, meannesses, and even vices. Mr. Bragg was a better man than Mr. Dodge, for he had more self-reliance, and was more manly; but, on the score of religion, he had the same contradictory excesses, and there was a common point, in the way of vulgar vice, towards which each tended, simply for the want of breeding and tastes, as infallibly as the needle points to the pole. Cards were often introduced in Mr. Effingham's drawing-room, and there was one apartment expressly devoted to a billiard-table; and many was the secret fling, and biting gibe, that these pious devotees passed between themselves, on the subject of so flagrant an instance of immorality, in a family of so high moral pretensions; the two worthies not unfrequently concluding their comments by repairing to some secret room in a tavern, where, after carefully locking the door, and drawing the curtains, they would order brandy, and pass a refreshing hour in endeavouring to relieve each other of the labour of carrying their odd sixpences, by means of little shoemaker's loo.

On the present occasion, however, the earnestness of Eve produced a pacifying effect on their consciences, for, as our heroine never raised her sweet voice above the tones of a gentlewoman, its very mildness and softness gave force to her expressions. Had John Effingham uttered the sentiments to which they had just listened,

it is probable Mr. Bragg would have attempted an answer; but, under the circumstances, he preferred making his bow, and diverging into the first path that offered, followed by his companion. Eve and Paul continued their circuit of the grounds, as if no interruption had taken place.

“This disposition to change is getting to be universal in the country,” remarked the latter, as soon as Aristabulus and his friend had left them, “and I consider it one of the worst signs of the times; more especially since it has become so common to connect it with what it is the fashion to call excitement.”

“To return to the subject which these gentlemen interrupted,” said Eve, “that of the family ties; I have always heard England quoted as one of the strongest instances of a nation in which this tie is slight, beyond its aristocratical influence; and I should be sorry to suppose that we are following in the footsteps of our good-mother, in this respect at least.”

“Has Mademoiselle Viefville never made any remark on this subject?”

“Mademoiselle Viefville, though observant, is discreet. That she believes the standard of the affections as high in this as in her own country, I do not think; for, like most Europeans, she believes the Americans to be a passionless people, who are more bound up in the interests of gain, than in any other of the concerns of life.”

“She does not know us!” said Paul so earnestly as to cause Eve to start at the deep energy with which he spoke. “The passions lie as deep, and run in currents as strong here, as in any other part of the world, though, there not being as many factitious causes to dam them, they less seldom break through the bounds of propriety.”

For near a minute the two paced the walk in silence, and Eve began to wish that some one of the party would again join them, that a conversation which she

felt was getting to be awkward, might be interrupted. But no one crossed their path again, and without rudeness, or affectation, she saw no means of effecting her object. Paul was too much occupied with his own feelings to observe his companion's embarrassment, and, after the short pause mentioned, he naturally pursued the subject, though in a less emphatic manner than before.

"It was an old, and a favourite theory, with the Europeans," he said, with a sort of bitter irony, "that all the animals of this hemisphere have less gifted natures than those of the other; nor is it a theory of which they are yet entirely rid. The Indian was supposed to be passionless, because he had self-command; and what in the European would be thought exhibiting the feelings of a noble nature, in him has been represented as ferocity and revenge. Miss Effingham, you and I have seen Europe, have stood in the presence of its wisest, its noblest and its best; and what have they to boast beyond the immediate results of their factitious and laboured political systems, that is denied to the American—or rather would be denied to the American, had the latter the manliness and mental independence, to be equal to his fortunes?"

"Which, you think he is not."

"How can a people be even independent that imports its thoughts, as it does its wares,—that has not the spirit to invent even its own prejudices?"

"Something should be allowed to habit, and to the influence of time. England, herself, probably has inherited some of her false notions, from the Saxons and Normans."

"That is not only possible, but probable; but England, in thinking of Russia, France, Turkey, or Egypt, when induced to think wrong, yields to an English, and not to an American interest. Her errors are at least requited, in a degree, by serving her own ends, whereas ours are made, too often, to oppose our most

obvious interests. We are never independent unless when stimulated by some strong and pressing moneyed concern, and not often then beyond the plainest of its effects.—Here is one, apparently, who does not belong to our party.”

Paul interrupted himself, in consequence of their meeting a stranger in the walk, who moved with the indecision of one uncertain whether to advance or to recede. Rockets frequently fell into the grounds, and there had been one or two inroads of boys, which had been tolerated on account of the occasion; but this intruder was a man in the decline of life, of the condition of a warm tradesman seemingly, and he clearly had no connection with sky-rockets, as his eyes were turned inquiringly on the persons of those who passed him, from time to time, none of whom had he stopped, however, until he now placed himself before Paul and Eve, in a way to denote a desire to speak.

“The young people are making a merry night of it,” he said, keeping a hand in each coat-pocket, while he unceremoniously occupied the centre of the narrow walk, as if determined to compel a parley.

Although sufficiently acquainted with the unceremonious habits of the people of the country to feel no surprise at this intrusion, Paul was vexed at having his tête à tête with Eve so rudely broken; and he answered with more of the hauteur of the quarter-deck, than he might otherwise have done, by saying coldly—

“Perhaps, sir, it is your wish to see Mr. Effingham—or—” hesitating an instant, as he scanned the stranger’s appearance—“some of his people. The first will soon pass this spot, and you will find most of the latter on the lawn, watching the rockets.”

The man regarded Paul a moment, and then he removed his hat respectfully.

“Please, sir, can you inform me if a gentleman called Captain Truck—one that sails the packets between New-York and England, is staying at the Wigwam at present.”

Paul told him that the captain was walking with Mr. Effingham, and that the next pair that approached would be they. The stranger fell back, keeping his hat respectfully in his hand, and the two passed.

“That man has been an English servant, but has been a little spoiled by the reaction of an excessive liberty to do as he pleases. The “please, sir,” and the attitude can hardly be mistaken, while the *nonchalance* of his manner “à nous aborder” sufficiently betrays the second edition of his education.”

“I am curious to know what this person can want with our excellent captain—it can scarcely be one of the Montauk’s crew!”

“I will answer for it, that the fellow has not enough seamanship about him to whip a rope,” said Paul, laughing; “for if there be two temporal pursuits that have less affinity than any two others, they are those of the pantry and the tar-bucket. I think it will be seen that this man has been an English servant, and he has probably been a passenger on board some ship commanded by our honest old friend.”

Eve and Paul now turned, and they met Mr. Effingham and the captain just as the two latter reached the spot where the stranger still stood.

“This is Captain Truck, the gentleman for whom you inquired,” said Paul.

The stranger looked hard at the captain, and the captain looked hard at the stranger, the obscurity rendering a pretty close scrutiny necessary, to enable either to distinguish features. The examination seemed to be mutually unsatisfactory, for each retired a little, like a man who had not found a face that he knew.

“There must be two Captain Trucks, then, in the trade,” said the stranger; “this is not the gentleman I used to know.”

“I think you are as right in the latter part of your remark, friend, as you are wrong in the first,” returned

the captain. "Know you, I do not, and yet there are no more two Captain Trucks in the English trade, than there are two Miss Eve Effinghams, or two Mrs. Hawkers in the universe. I am John Truck, and no other man of that name ever sailed a ship between New-York and England, in my day, at least."

"Did you ever command the Dawn, sir?"

"The Dawn! That I did; and the Regulus, and the Manhattan, and the Wilful Girl, and the Deborah-Angelina, and the Sukey and Katy, which, my dear young lady, I may say, was my first love. She was only a fore-and-after, carrying no standing topsail, even, and we named her after two of the river girls, who were flyers, in their way; at least, I thought so then; though a man by sailing a packet comes to alter his notions about men and things, or, for that matter, about women and things, too. I got into a category, in that schooner, that I never expect to see equalled; for I was driven ashore to windward in her, which is gibberish to you, my dear young lady, but which Mr. Powis will very well understand, though he may not be able to explain it."

"I certainly know what you mean," said Paul, "though I confess I am in a category, as well as the schooner, so far as knowing how it could have happened."

"The Sukey and Katy ran away with me, that's the upshot of it. Since that time I have never consented to command a vessel that was called after *two* of our river young women, for I do believe that one of them is as much as a common mariner can manage. You see, Mr. Effingham, we were running along a weather-shore, as close in as we could get, to be in the eddy, when a squall struck her a-beam, and she luffed right on to the beach. No helping it. Helm hard up, peak down, head sheets to windward, and main sheet flying, but it was all too late; away she went plump ashore to windward. But for that accident, I think I might have married."

“And what connexion could you find between matrimony and this accident, captain?” demanded the laughing Eve.

“There was an admonition in it, my dear young lady, that I thought was not to be disregarded. I tried the Wilful Girl next, and she was thrown on her beam-ends with me; after which I renounced all female names, and took to the Egyptian.”

“The Egyptian!”

“Certainly, Regulus, who was a great snake-killer, they tell me, in that part of the world. But I never saw my way quite clear as bachelor, until I got the Dawn. Did you know that ship, friend?”

“I believe, sir, I made two passages in her while you commanded her.”

“Nothing more likely; we carried lots of your countrymen, though mostly forward of the gangways. I commanded the Dawn more than twenty years ago.”

“It is all of that time since I crossed with you, sir; you may remember that we fell in with a wreck, ten days after we sailed, and took off her crew and two passengers. Three or four of the latter had died with their sufferings, and several of the people.”

“All this seems but as yesterday! The wreck was a Charleston ship, that had started a butt.”

“Yes, sir—yes, sir—that is just it—she had started, *but* could not get in. That is just what they said at the time. I am David, sir—I should think you *cannot* have forgotten David.”

The honest captain was very willing to gratify the other's harmless self-importance, though, to tell the truth, he retained no more personal knowledge of the David of the Dawn, than he had of David, King of the Jews.

“Oh, David!” he cried, cordially—“are *you* David? Well, I did not expect to see you again in this world, though I never doubted where we should be, hereafter. I hope you are very well, David; what sort of wea-

ther have you made of it since we parted? If I recollect aright, you worked your passage;—never at sea before.”

“I beg your pardon, sir; I never was at sea before the *first* time, it is true; but I did not belong to the crew, I was a passenger.”

“I remember, now, you were in the steerage,” returned the captain, who saw daylight ahead.

“Not at all, sir, but in the cabin.”

“Cabin!” echoed the captain, who perceived none of the requisites of a cabin-passenger in the other—“Oh! I understand, in the pantry?”

“Exactly so, sir. You may remember my master—he had the left-hand state-room to himself, and I slept next to the scuttle-butt. You recollect master, sir?”

“Out of doubt, and a very good fellow he was. I hope you live with him still?”

“Lord bless you, sir, he is dead!”

“Oh! I recollect hearing of it, at the time. Well, David, I hope if ever we cross again, we shall be ship-mates once more. We were beginners, then, but we have ships worth living in, now.—Good night.”

“Do you remember Dowse, sir, that we got from the wreck?” continued the other, unwilling to give up his gossip so soon. “He was a dark man, that had had the small-pox badly. I think, sir, you will recollect *him*, for he was a hard man in other particulars, besides his countenance.”

“Somewhat flinty about the soul; I remember the man well; and so, David, good night; you will come and see me, if you are ever in town. Good night, David.”

David was now compelled to leave the place, for Captain Truck, who perceived that the whole party was getting together again, in consequence of the halt, felt the propriety of dismissing his visiter, of whom, his master, and Dowse, he retained just as much recollection as one retains of a common stage-coach companion after twenty years. The appearance of Mr.

Howel, who just at that moment approached them, aided the manœuvre, and, in a few minutes the different groups were again in motion, though some slight changes had taken place in the distribution of the parties.

CHAPTER IX.

“How silver sweet sound lovers’ tongues at night,
Like softest music to attending ears!”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

“A poor matter, this of the fire-works,” said Mr. Howel, who, with an old bachelor’s want of tact, had joined Eve and Paul in their walk. “The English would laugh at them famously, I dare say. Have you heard Sir George allude to them at all, Miss Eve?”

“It would be great affectation for an Englishman to deride the fire-works of any *dry* climate,” said Eve laughing; “and I dare say, if Sir George Templemore has been silent on the subject, it is because he is conscious he knows little about it.”

“Well, that is odd! I should think England the very first country in the world for fire-works. I hear, Miss Eve, that, on the whole, the baronet is rather pleased with us; and I must say that he is getting to be very popular in Templeton.”

“Nothing is easier than for an Englishman to become popular in America,” observed Paul, “especially if his condition in life be above that of the vulgar. He has only to declare himself pleased with America; or, to be sincerely hated, to declare himself displeased.”

“And in what does America differ from any other country, in this respect?” asked Eve, quickly.

“Not much, certainly; love induces love, and dis-

like, dislike. There is nothing new in all this; but the people of other countries, having more confidence in themselves, do not so sensitively inquire what others think of them. I believe this contains the whole difference."

"But Sir George does *rather* like us?" inquired Mr. Howel, with interest.

"He likes some of us particularly well," returned Eve. "Do you not know that my cousin Grace is to become Mrs.—I beg her pardon—Lady Templemore, very shortly?"

"Good God!—Is that possible—Lady Templemore! —Lady Grace Templemore!"

"Not Lady Grace Templemore, but Grace, Lady Templemore, and graceful Lady Templemore in the bargain."

"And this honour, my dear Miss Eve, they tell me you refused!"

"They tell you wrong then, sir," answered the young lady, a little startled with the suddenness and *brusquerie* of the remark, and yet prompt to do justice to all concerned. "Sir George Templemore never did me the honour to propose *to* me, or *for* me, and consequently he *could* not be refused."

"It is very extraordinary!—I hear you were actually acquainted in Europe?"

"We were, Mr. Howel, actually acquainted in Europe, but I knew hundreds of persons in Europe, who have never dreamed of asking me to marry them."

"This is very strange—quite unlooked for—to marry Miss Van Cortlandt! Is Mr. John Effingham in the grounds?"

Eve made no answer, but Paul hurriedly observed—

"You will find him in the next walk, I think, by returning a short distance, and taking the first path to the left."

Mr. Howel did as told, and was soon out of sight.

"That is a most earnest believer in English superi-

ority, and, one may say, by his strong desire to give you an English husband, Miss Effingham, in English merit."

"It is the weak spot in the character of a very honest man. They tell me such instances were much more frequent in this country thirty years since, than they are to-day."

"I can easily believe it, for I think I remember some characters of the sort, myself. I have heard those who are older than I am, draw a distinction like this between the state of feeling that prevailed forty years ago, and that which prevails to-day; they say that, formerly, England absolutely and despotically thought for America, in all but those cases in which the interests of the two nations conflicted; and I have even heard competent judges affirm, that so powerful was the influence of habit, and so successful the schemes of the political managers of the mother country, that even many of those who fought for the independence of America, actually doubted of the propriety of their acts, as Luther is known to have had fits of despondency concerning the justness of the reformation he was producing; while, latterly, the leaning towards England is less the result of a simple mental dependence,—though of that there still remains a disgraceful amount—than of calculation, and a desire in a certain class to defeat the dominion of the mass, and to establish that of a few in its stead."

"It would, indeed, be a strange consummation of the history of this country, to find it becoming monarchical!"

"There are a few monarchists no doubt springing up in the country, though almost entirely in a class that only knows the world through the imagination and by means of books; but the disposition, in our time, is to aristocracy, and not to monarchy. Most men that get to be rich, discover that they are no happier for their possessions; perhaps every man who has not been

trained and prepared to use his means properly, is in this category, as our friend the captain would call it, and then they begin to long for some other untried advantages. The example of the rest of the world is before our own wealthy, and, *faute d'imagination*, they imitate because they cannot invent. Exclusive political power is also a great ally in the accumulation of money, and a portion have the sagacity to see it; though I suspect more pine for the vanities of the exclusive classes, than for the substance. Your sex, Miss Effingham, as a whole, is not above this latter weakness, as I think you must have observed in your intercourse with those you met abroad."

"I met with some instances of weakness, in this way," said Eve, with reserve, and with the pride of a woman, "though not more, I think, than among the men; and seldom, in either case, among those whom we are accustomed to consider people of condition at home. The self-respect and the habits of the latter, generally preserved them from betraying this feebleness of character, if indeed they felt it."

"The Americans abroad may be divided into two great classes; those who go for improvement in the sciences or the arts, and those who go for mere amusement. As a whole, the former have struck me as being singularly respectable, equally removed from an apish servility and a swaggering pretension of superiority; while, I fear, a majority of the latter have a disagreeable direction towards the vanities."

"I will not affirm the contrary," said Eve, "for frivolity and pleasure are only too closely associated in ordinary minds. The number of those who prize the elegancies of life, for their intrinsic value, is every where small, I should think; and I question if Europe is much better off than ourselves, in this respect."

"This may be true, and yet one can only regret that, in a case where so much depends on example, the tone of our people was not more assimilated

to their facts. I do not know whether you were struck with the same peculiarity, but, whenever I felt in the mood to hear high monarchical and aristocratical doctrines blindly promulgated, I used to go to the nearest American Legation."

"I have heard this fact commented on," Eve answered, "and even by foreigners, and I confess it has always struck me as singular. Why should the agent of a republic make a parade of his anti-republican sentiments?"

"That there are exceptions, I will allow; but, after the experience of many years, I honestly think that such is the rule. I might distrust my own opinion, or my own knowledge; but others, with opportunities equal to my own, have come to the same conclusion. I have just received a letter from Europe, complaining that an American Envoy Extraordinary, who would as soon think of denouncing himself, as utter the same sentiments openly at home, has given an opinion against the utility of the vote by ballot; and this, too, under circumstances that might naturally be thought to produce a practical effect."

"*Tant pis.* To me all this is inexplicable!"

"It has its solution, Miss Effingham, like any other problem. In ordinary times, extraordinary men seldom become prominent, power passing into the hands of clever managers. Now, the very vanity, and the petty desires, that betray themselves in glittering uniforms, puerile affectations, and feeble imitations of other systems, probably induce more than half of those who fill the foreign missions to apply for them, and it is no more than we ought to expect that the real disposition should betray itself, when there was no longer any necessity for hypocrisy."

"But I should think this necessity for hypocrisy would never cease! Can it be possible that a people, as much attached to their institutions as the great

mass of the American nation is known to be, will tolerate such a base abandonment of all they cherish!"

"How are they to know any thing about it? It is a startling fact, that there is a man at this instant, who has not a single claim to such a confidence, either in the way of mind, principles, manners, or attainments, filling a public trust abroad, who, on all occasions, except those which he thinks will come directly before the American people, not only proclaims himself opposed to the great principles of the institutions, but who, in a recent controversy with a foreign nation, actually took sides against his own country, informing that of the opposing nation, that the administration at home would not be supported by the legislative part of the government!"

"And why is not this publicly exposed?"

"*Cui bono!* The presses that have no direct interest in the matter, would treat the affair with indifference or levity, while a few would mystify the truth. It is quite impossible for any man in a private station to make the truth available in any country, in a matter of public interest; and those in public stations seldom or never attempt it, unless they see a direct party end to be obtained. This is the reason that we see so much infidelity to the principles of the institutions, among the public agents abroad, for they very well know that no one will be able to expose them. In addition to this motive, there is so strong a desire in that portion of the community which is considered the highest, to effect a radical change in these very institutions, that infidelity to them, in their eyes, would be a merit, rather than an offence."

"Surely, surely, other nations are not treated in this cavalier manner!"

"Certainly not. The foreign agent of a prince, who should whisper a syllable against his master, would be recalled with disgrace; but the servant of the people is differently situated, since there are so many to be

persuaded of his guilt. I could always get along with all the attacks that the Europeans are so fond of making on the American system, but those which they quoted from the mouths of our own diplomatic agents."

"Why do not our travellers expose this?"

"Most of them see too little to know any thing of it. They dine at a diplomatic table, see a star or two, fancy themselves obliged, and puff elegancies that have no existence, except in their own brains. Some think with the unfaithful, and see no harm in the infidelity. Others calculate the injury to themselves, and no small portion would fancy it a greater proof of patriotism to turn a sentence in favour of the comparative 'energies' and 'superior intelligence' of their own people, than to point out this or any other disgraceful fact, did they even possess the opportunities to discover it. Though no one thinks more highly of these qualities in the Americans, considered in connexion with practical things, than myself, no one probably gives them less credit for their ability to distinguish between appearances and reality, in matters of principle."

"It is probable that were we nearer to the rest of the world, these abuses would not exist, for it is certain they are not so openly practised at home. I am glad, however, to find that, even while you felt some uncertainty concerning your own birth-place, you took so much interest in us, as to identify yourself in feeling, at least, with the nation."

"There was one moment when I was really afraid that the truth would show I was actually born an Englishman——"

"Afraid!" interrupted Eve; "that is a strong word to apply to so great and glorious a people."

"We cannot always account for our prejudices, and perhaps this was one of mine; and, now that I know that to be an Englishman is not the greatest possible merit in your eyes, Miss Effingham, it is in no manner lessened."

“In my eyes, Mr. Powis! I do not remember to have expressed any partiality for, or any prejudice against the English: so far as I can speak of my own feelings, I regard the English the same as any other foreign people.”

“In words you have not certainly; but acts speak louder than words.”

“You are disposed to be mysterious to-night. What act of mine has declared *pro* or *con* in this important affair.”

“You have at least done what, I fear, few of your countrywomen would have the moral courage and self-denial to do, and especially those who are accustomed to living abroad—refused to be the wife of an English baronet of a good estate and respectable family.”

“Mr. Powis,” said Eve, gravely, “this is an injustice to Sir George Templemore, that my sense of right will not permit to go uncontradicted, as well as an injustice to my sex and me. As I told Mr. Howel, in your presence, that gentleman has never proposed for me, and of course cannot have been refused. Nor can I suppose that any American gentlewoman can deem so paltry a thing as a baronetcy, an inducement to forget her self-respect.”

“I fully appreciate your generous modesty, Miss Effingham; but you cannot expect that I, to whom Templemore’s admiration gave so much uneasiness, not to say pain, am to understand you, as Mr. Howel has probably done, too broadly. Although Sir George may not have positively proposed, his readiness to do so, on the least encouragement, was too obvious to be overlooked by a near observer.”

Eve was ready to gasp for breath, so completely by surprise was she taken, by the calm, earnest, and yet respectful manner, in which Paul confessed his jealousy. There was a tremor in his voice, too, usually so clear and even, that touched her heart, for feeling responds

to feeling, as the echo answers sound, when there exists a real sympathy between the sexes. She felt the necessity of saying something, and yet they had walked some distance, ere it was in her power to utter a syllable.

“I fear my presumption has offended you, Miss Effingham,” said Paul, speaking more like a corrected child, than the lion-hearted young man he had proved himself.

There was deep homage in the emotion he betrayed, and Eve, although she could barely distinguish his features, was not slow in discovering this proof of the extent of her power over his feelings.

“Do not call it presumption,” she said; “for, one who has done so much for us all, can surely claim some right to take an interest in those he has so well served. As for Sir George Templemore, you have probably mistaken the feeling created by our common adventures for one of more importance. He is warmly and sincerely attached to my cousin, Grace Van Cortlandt.”

“That he is so now, I fully believe; but that a very different magnet first kept him from the Canadas, I am sure.—We treated each other generously, Miss Effingham, and had no concealments, during that long and anxious night, when all expected that the day would dawn on our captivity. Templemore is too manly and honest to deny his former desire to obtain you for a wife, and I think even he would admit that it depended entirely on yourself to be so, or not.”

“This is an act of self-humiliation that he is not called on to perform,” Eve hurriedly replied; “such allusions, now, are worse than useless, and they might pain my cousin, were she to hear them.”

“I am mistaken in my friend’s character, if he leave his betrothed in any doubt, on this subject. Five minutes of perfect frankness now, might obviate years of distrust, hereafter.”

“And would you, Mr. Powis, avow a former weakness of this sort, to the woman you had finally selected for your wife?”

“I ought not to quote myself for authority, for or against such a course, since I have never loved but one, and her with a passion too single and too ardent ever to admit of competition. Miss Effingham, there would be something worse than affectation—it would be trifling with one who is sacred in my eyes, were I now to refrain from speaking explicitly, although what I am about to say is forced from me by circumstances, rather than voluntary, and is almost uttered without a definite object. Have I your permission to proceed?”

“You can scarcely need a permission, being the master of your own secrets, Mr. Powis.”

Paul, like all men agitated by strong passion, was inconsistent, and far from just; and Eve felt the truth of this, even while her mind was ingeniously framing excuses for his weaknesses. Still, the impression that she was about to listen to a declaration that possibly ought never to be made, weighed upon her, and caused her to speak with more coldness than she actually felt. As she continued silent, however, the young man saw that it had become indispensably necessary to be explicit.

“I shall not detain you, Miss Effingham, perhaps vex you,” he said, “with the history of those early impressions, which have gradually grown upon me, until they have become interwoven with my very existence. We met, as you know, at Vienna, for the first time. An Austrian of rank, to whom I had become known through some fortunate circumstances, introduced me into the best society of that capital, in which I found you the admiration of all who knew you. My first feeling was that of exultation, at seeing a young countrywoman—you were then almost a child, Miss Effingham—the greatest attraction of a capital celebrated for the beauty and grace of its women——”

“Your national partialities have made you an unjust judge towards others, Mr. Powis,” Eve interrupted him by saying, though the earnestness and passion with which the young man uttered his feelings, made music to her ears: “what had a young, frightened, half-educated American girl to boast of, when put in competition with the finished women of Austria?”

“Her surpassing beauty, her unconscious superiority, her attainments, her trembling simplicity and modesty, and her meek purity of mind. All these did you possess, not only in my eyes, but in those of others; for these are subjects on which I dwelt too fondly to be mistaken.”

A rocket passed near them at the moment, and, while both were too much occupied by the discourse to heed the interruption, its transient light enabled Paul to see the flushed cheeks and tearful eyes of Eve, as the latter were turned on him, in a grateful pleasure, that his ardent praises extorted from her, in despite of all her struggles for self-command.

“We will leave to others this comparison, Mr. Powis,” she said, “and confine ourselves to less doubtful subjects.”

“If I am then to speak only of that which is beyond all question, I shall speak chiefly of my long cherished, devoted, unceasing love. I adored you at Vienna, Miss Effingham, though it was at a distance, as one might worship the sun; for, while your excellent father admitted me to his society, and I even think honoured me with some portion of his esteem, I had but little opportunity to ascertain the value of the jewel that was contained in so beautiful a casket; but when we met the following summer in Switzerland, I first began truly to love. Then I learned the justness of thought, the beautiful candour, the perfectly feminine delicacy of your mind; and, although I will not say that these qualities were not enhanced in the eyes of so young a man, by the extreme beauty of their possessor, I will

say that, as weighed against each other, I could a thousand times prefer the former to the latter, unequalled as the latter almost is, even among your own beautiful sex."

"This is presenting flattery in its most seductive form, Powis."

"Perhaps my incoherent and abrupt manner of explaining myself deserves a rebuke; though nothing can be farther from my intentions than to seem to flatter, or in any manner to exaggerate. I intend merely to give a faithful history of the state of my feelings, and of the progress of my love."

Eve smiled faintly, but very sweetly, as Paul would have thought, had the obscurity permitted more than a dim view of her lovely countenance.

"Ought I to listen to such praises, Mr. Powis," she asked; "praises which only contribute to a self-esteem that is too great already?"

"No one but yourself would say this; but your question does, indeed, remind me of the indiscretion that I have fallen into, by losing that command of my feelings, in which I have so long exulted. No man should make a woman the confidant of his attachment, until he is fully prepared to accompany the declaration with an offer of his hand;—and such is not my condition."

Eve made no dramatic start, assumed no look of affected surprise, or of wounded dignity; but she turned on her lover, her serene eyes, with an expression of concern so eloquent, and of a wonder so natural, that, could he have seen it, it would probably have overcome every difficulty on the spot, and produced the usual offer, notwithstanding the difficulty that he seemed to think insurmountable.

"And yet," he continued, "I have now said so much, involuntarily as it has been, that I feel it not only due to you, but in some measure to myself, to add that the fondest wish of my heart, the end and aim of all my day-dreams, as well as of my most sober thoughts for the

future, centre in the common wish to obtain you for a wife."

The eye of Eve fell, and the expression of her countenance changed, while a slight but uncontrollable tremor ran through her frame. After a short pause, she summoned all her resolution, and in a voice, the firmness of which surprised even herself, she asked—

"Powis, to what does all this tend?"

"Well may you ask that question, Miss Effingham! You have every right to put it, and the answer, at least, shall add no further cause of self-reproach. Give me, I entreat you, but a minute to collect my thoughts, and I will endeavour to acquit myself of an imperious duty, in a manner more manly and coherent, than I fear has been observed for the last ten minutes."

They walked a short distance in profound silence, Eve still under the influence of astonishment, in which an uncertain and indefinite dread of, she scarce knew what, began to mingle; and Paul, endeavouring to quiet the tumult that had been so suddenly aroused within him. The latter then spoke:

"Circumstances have always deprived me of the happiness of experiencing the tenderness and sympathy of your sex, Miss Effingham, and have thrown me more exclusively among the colder and ruder spirits of my own. My mother died at the time of my birth, thus cutting me off, at once, from one of the dearest of earthly ties. I am not certain that I do not exaggerate the loss in consequence of the privations I have suffered; but, from the hour when I first learned to feel, I have had a yearning for the tender, patient, endearing, disinterested love of a mother. You, too, suffered a similar loss, at an early period, if I have been correctly informed——"

A sob—a stifled, but painful sob, escaped Eve; and, inexpressibly shocked, Paul ceased dwelling on his own sources of sorrow, to attend to those he had so unintentionally disturbed.

“I have been selfish, dearest Miss Effingham,” he exclaimed—“have overtaxed your patience—have annoyed you with griefs and losses that have no interest for you, which can have no interest, with one happy and blessed as yourself.”

“No, no, no, Powis—you are unjust to both. I, too, lost my mother when a mere child, and never knew her love and tenderness. Proceed; I am calmer, and earnestly intreat you to forget my weakness, and to proceed.”

Paul did proceed, but this brief interruption in which they had mingled their sorrows for a common misfortune, struck a new chord of feeling, and removed a mountain of reserve and distance, that might otherwise have obstructed their growing confidence.

“Cut off in this manner, from my nearest and dearest natural friend,” Paul continued, “I was thrown, an infant, into the care of hirelings; and, in this at least, my fortune was still more cruel than your own; for the excellent woman who has been so happy as to have had the charge of your infancy, had nearly the love of a natural mother, however she may have been wanting in the attainments of one of your own condition in life.”

“But we had both of us, our fathers, Mr. Powis. To me, my excellent, high principled, affectionate—nay tender father, has been every thing. Without him, I should have been truly miserable; and with him, notwithstanding these rebellious tears, tears that I must ascribe to the infection of your own grief, I have been truly blest.”

“Mr. Effingham deserves this from you, but I never knew my father, you will remember.”

“I am an unworthy confidant, to have forgotten this so soon. Poor Powis, you were, indeed, unhappy!”

“He had parted from my mother before my birth,

and either died soon after, or has never deemed his child of sufficient worth to make him the subject of interest sufficient to excite a single inquiry into his fate."

"Then he never knew that child!" burst from Eve, with a fervour and frankness, that set all reserves, whether of womanly training, or of natural timidity, at defiance.

"Miss Effingham!—dearest Miss Effingham—Eve, my own Eve, what am I to infer from this generous warmth! Do not mislead me! I can bear my solitary misery, can brave the sufferings of an isolated existence; but I could not live under the disappointments of such a hope, a hope fairly quickened by a clear expression from your lips."

"You teach me the importance of caution, Powis, and we will now return to your history, and to that confidence of which I shall not again prove a faithless repository. For the present at least, I beg that you will forget all else."

"A command so kindly—so encouragingly given—do I offend, dearest Miss Effingham?" Eve, for the second time in her life, placed her own light arm and beautiful hand, through the arm of Paul, discovering a bewitching but modest reliance on his worth and truth, by the very manner in which she did this simple and every-day act, while she said more cheerfully—

"You forget the substance of the command, at the very moment you would have me suppose you most disposed to obey it."

"Well, then, Miss Effingham, you shall be more implicitly minded. *Why* my father left my mother so soon after their union, I never knew. It would seem that they lived together but a few months, though I have the proud consolation of knowing that my mother was blameless. For years I suffered the misery of doubt on a point that is ever the most tender with man, a distrust of his own mother; but all this has been happily, blessedly, cleared up, during my late visit to

England. It is true that Lady Dunluce was my mother's sister, and as such might have been lenient to her failings; but a letter from my father, that was written only a month before my mother's death, leaves no doubt not only of her blamelessness as a wife, but bears ample testimony to the sweetness of her disposition. This letter is a precious document for a son to possess, Miss Effingham!"

Eve made no answer; but Paul fancied that he felt another gentle pressure of the hand, which, until then, had rested so lightly on his own arm, that he scarcely dared to move the latter, lest he might lose the precious consciousness of its presence.

"I have other letters from my father to my mother," the young man continued, "but none that are so cheering to my heart as this. From their general tone, I cannot persuade myself that he ever truly loved her. It is a cruel thing, Miss Effingham, for a man to deceive a woman on a point like that!"

"Cruel, indeed," said Eve, firmly. "Death itself were preferable to such a delusion."

"I think my father deceived himself as well as my mother; for there is a strange incoherence and a want of distinctness in some of his letters, that caused feelings, keen as mine naturally were on such a subject, to distrust his affection from the first."

"Was your mother rich?" Eve asked innocently; for, an heiress herself, her vigilance had early been directed to that great motive of deception and dishonesty.

"Not in the least. She had little besides her high lineage, and her beauty. I have her picture, which sufficiently proves the latter; had, I ought rather to say, for it was her miniature, of which I was robbed by the Arabs, as you may remember, and I have not seen it since. In the way of money, my mother had barely the competency of a gentlewoman; nothing more."

The pressure on Paul was more palpable, as he spoke of the miniature; and he ventured to touch his companion's arm, in order to give it a surer hold of his own.

"Mr. Powis was not mercenary, then, and it is a great deal," said Eve, speaking as if she were scarcely conscious that she spoke at all.

"Mr. Powis!—He was every thing that was noble and disinterested. A more generous, or a less selfish man, never existed than Francis Powis."

"I thought you never knew your father personally!" exclaimed Eve in surprise.

"Nor did I. But, you are in an error, in supposing that my father's name was Powis, when it was Assheton."

Paul then explained the manner in which he had been adopted while still a child, by a gentleman called Powis, whose name he had taken, on finding himself deserted by his own natural parent, and to whose fortune he had succeeded, on the death of his voluntary protector.

"I bore the name of Assheton until Mr. Powis took me to France, when he advised me to assume his own, which I did the more readily, as he thought he had ascertained that my father was dead, and that he had bequeathed the whole of a very considerable estate to his nephews and nieces, making no allusion to me in his will, and seemingly anxious even to deny his marriage; at least, he passed among his acquaintances for a bachelor to his dying day."

"There is something so unusual and inexplicable in all this, Mr. Powis, that it strikes me you have been to blame, in not inquiring more closely into the circumstances than, by your own account, I should think had been done."

"For a long time, for many bitter years, I was afraid to inquire, lest I should learn something injurious to a mother's name. Then there was the arduous and confined

service of my profession, which kept me in distant seas; and the last journey and painful indisposition of my excellent benefactor, prevented even the wish to inquire after my own family. The offended pride of Mr. Powis, who was justly hurt at the cavalier manner in which my father's relatives met his advances, aided in alienating me from that portion of my relatives, and put a stop to all additional proffers of intercourse from me. They even affected to doubt the fact that my father had ever married."

"But of that you had proof?" Eve earnestly asked.

"Unanswerable. My aunt Dunluce was present at the ceremony, and I possess the certificate given to my mother by the clergyman who officiated. Is it not strange, Miss Effingham, that with all these circumstances in favour of my legitimacy, even Lady Dunluce and her family, until lately, had doubts of the fact."

"That is indeed unaccountable, your aunt having witnessed the ceremony."

"Very true; but some circumstances, a little aided perhaps by the strong desire of her husband, General Ducie, to obtain the revival of a barony that was in abeyance, and of which she would be the only heir, assuming that my rights were invalid, inclined her to believe that my father was already married, when he entered into the solemn contract with my mother. But from that curse too, I have been happily relieved."

"Poor Powis!" said Eve, with a sympathy that her voice expressed more clearly even than her words; "you have, indeed, suffered cruelly, for one so young."

"I have learned to bear it, dearest Miss Effingham, and have stood so long a solitary and isolated being, one in whom none have taken any interest——"

"Nay, say not that—*we*, at least, have always felt an interest in you—have always esteemed you, and now have learned to——"

"Learned to——?"

"Love you," said Eve, with a steadiness that after-

wards astonished herself; but she felt that a being so placed, was entitled to be treated with a frankness different from the reserve that it is usual for her sex to observe on similar occasions.

“Love!” cried Paul, dropping her arm. “Miss Effingham!—Eve—but that *we!*”

“I mean my dear father—cousin Jack—myself.”

“Such a feeling will not heal a wound like mine. A love that is shared with even such men as your excellent father, and your worthy cousin, will not make me happy. But, why should I, unowned, bearing a name to which I have no legal title, and virtually without relatives, aspire to one like you!”

The windings of the path had brought them near a window of the house, whence a stream of strong light gleamed upon the sweet countenance of Eve, as raising her eyes to those of her companion, with a face bathed in tears, and flushed with natural feeling and modesty, the struggle between which even heightened her loveliness, she smiled an encouragement that it was impossible to misconstrue.

“Can I believe my senses! Will *you—do you—can* you listen to the suit of one like me?” the young man exclaimed, as he hurried his companion past the window, lest some interruption might destroy his hopes.

“Is there any sufficient reason why I should not, Powis?”

“Nothing but my unfortunate situation in respect to my family, my comparative poverty, and my general unworthiness.”

“Your unfortunate situation in respect to your relatives would, if any thing, be a new and dearer tie with us; your comparative poverty is merely comparative, and can be of no account, where there is sufficient already; and as for your general unworthiness, I fear it will find more than an offset, in that of the girl you have so rashly chosen from the rest of the world.”

“Eve—dearest Eve—” said Paul, seizing both her

hands, and stopping her at the entrance of some shrubbery, that densely shaded the path, and where the little light that fell from the stars enabled him still to trace her features—"you will not leave me in doubt on a subject of this nature—am I really so blessed?"

"If accepting the faith and affection of a heart that is wholly yours, Powis, can make you happy, your sorrows will be at an end——"

"But your father?" said the young man, almost breathless in his eagerness to know all.

"Is here to confirm what his daughter has just declared," said Mr. Effingham, coming out of the shrubbery beyond them, and laying a hand kindly on Paul's shoulder. "To find that you so well understand each other, Powis, removes from my mind one of the greatest anxieties I have ever experienced. My cousin John, as he was bound to do, has made me acquainted with all you have told him of your past life, and there remains nothing further to be revealed. We have known you for years, and receive you into our family with as free a welcome as we could receive any precious boon from Providence."

"Mr. Effingham!—dear sir," said Paul, almost gasping between surprise and rapture—"this is indeed beyond all my hopes—and this generous frankness, too, in your lovely daughter——"

Paul's hands had been transferred to those of the father, he knew not how; but releasing them hurriedly, he now turned in quest of Eve again, and found she had fled. In the short interval between the address of her father and the words of Paul, she had found means to disappear, leaving the gentlemen together. The young man would have followed, but the cooler head of Mr. Effingham perceiving that the occasion was favourable to a private conversation with his accepted son-in-law, and quite as unfavourable to one, or at least to a very rational one, between the lovers, he quietly took the young man's arm, and led him

towards a more private walk. There half an hour of confidential discourse calmed the feelings of both, and rendered Paul Powis one of the happiest of human beings.

CHAPTER X.

“You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.”

HAMLET.

ANN SIDLEY was engaged among the dresses of Eve, as she loved to be, although Annette held her taste in too low estimation ever to permit her to apply a needle, or even to fit a robe to the beautiful form that was to wear it, when our heroine glided into the room and sunk upon a sofa. Eve was too much absorbed with her own feelings to observe the presence of her quiet unobtrusive old nurse, and too much accustomed to her care and sympathy to heed it, had it been seen. For a moment she remained, her face still suffused with blushes, her hands lying before her folded, her eyes fixed on the ceiling, and then the pent emotions found an outlet in a flood of tears.

Poor Ann could not have felt more shocked, had she heard of any unexpected calamity, than she was at this sudden outbreaking of feeling in her child. She went to her, and bent over her with the solicitude of a mother, as she inquired into the causes of her apparent sorrow.

“Tell me, Miss Eve, and it will relieve your mind,” said the faithful woman; “your dear mother had such feelings sometimes, and I never dared to question her about them; but you are my own child, and nothing can grieve you without grieving me.”

The eyes of Eve were brilliant, her face continued to be suffused, and the smile which she gave through her tears was so bright, as to leave her poor attendant in deep perplexity as to the cause of a gush of feeling that was very unusual in one of the other's regulated mind.

"It is not grief, dear Nanny,"—Eve at length murmured—"any thing but that! I am not unhappy. Oh! no; as far from unhappiness as possible."

"God be praised it is so, ma'am! I was afraid that this affair of the English gentleman and Miss Grace might not prove agreeable to you, for he has not behaved as handsomely as he might, in that transaction."

"And why not, my poor Nanny?—I have neither claim, nor the wish to possess a claim, on Sir George Templemore. His selection of my cousin has given me sincere satisfaction, rather than pain; were he a countryman of our own, I should say unalloyed satisfaction, for I firmly believe he will strive to make her happy."

Nanny now looked at her young mistress, then at the floor; at her young mistress again, and afterwards at a rocket that was sailing athwart the sky. Her eyes, however, returned to those of Eve, and encouraged by the bright beam of happiness that was glowing in the countenance she so much loved, she ventured to say—

"If Mr. Powis were a more presuming gentleman than he is, ma'am——"

"You mean a less modest, Nanny," said Eve, perceiving that her nurse paused.

"Yes, ma'am—one that thought more of himself, and less of other people, is what I wish to say."

"And were this the case?"

"I might think *he* would find the heart to say what I know he feels."

"And did he find the heart to say what you know he feels, what does Ann Sidley think should be my answer?"

“Oh, ma'am, I know it would be just as it ought to be. I cannot repeat what ladies say on such occasions, but I know that it is what makes the hearts of the gentlemen leap for joy.”

There are occasions in which woman can hardly dispense with the sympathy of woman. Eve loved her father most tenderly, had more than the usual confidence in him, for she had never known a mother; but had the present conversation been with him, notwithstanding all her reliance on his affection, her nature would have shrunk from pouring out her feelings as freely as she might have done with her other parent, had not death deprived her of such a blessing. Between our heroine and Ann Sidley, on the other hand, there existed a confidence of a nature so peculiar, as to require a word of explanation before we exhibit its effects. In all that related to physical wants, Ann had been a mother, or even more than a mother to Eve, and this alone had induced great personal dependence in the one, and a sort of supervisory care in the other, that had brought her to fancy she was responsible for the bodily health and well-doing of her charge. But this was not all. Nanny had been the repository of Eve's childish griefs, the confidant of her girlish secrets; and though the years of the latter soon caused her to be placed under the management of those who were better qualified to store her mind, this communication never ceased; the high-toned and educated young woman reverting with unabated affection, and a reliance that nothing could shake, to the long-tried tenderness of the being who had watched over her infancy. The effect of such an intimacy was often amusing; the one party bringing to the conferences, a mind filled with the knowledge suited to her sex and station, habits that had been formed in the best circles of christendom, and tastes that had been acquired in schools of high reputation; and the other, little more than her single-hearted love, a fidelity that ennobled her nature, and a

simplicity that betokened perfect purity of thought. Nor was this extraordinary confidence without its advantages to Eve; for, thrown so early among the artificial and calculating, it served to keep her own ingenuousness of character active, and prevented that cold, selfish, and unattractive sophistication, that mere women of fashion are apt to fall into, from their isolated and factitious mode of existence. When Eve, therefore, put the questions to her nurse, that have already been mentioned, it was more with a real wish to know how the latter would view a choice on which her own mind was so fully made up, than any silly trifling on a subject that engrossed so much of her best affections.

“But you have not told me, dear Nanny,” she continued, “what *you* would have that answer be. Ought I, for instance, ever to quit my beloved father?”

“What necessity would there be for that, ma’am? Mr. Powis has no home of his own; and, for that matter, scarcely any country——”

“How can you know this, Nanny?” demanded Eve, with the jealous sensitiveness of a young love.

“Why, Miss Eve, his man says this much, and he has lived with him long enough to know it, if he had a home. Now, I seldom sleep without looking back at the day, and often have my thoughts turned to Sir George Templemore and Mr. Powis; and when I have remembered that the first had a house and a home, and that the last had neither, it has always seemed to me that *he* ought to be the one.”

“And then, in all this matter, you have thought of convenience, and what might be agreeable to others, rather than of me.”

“Miss Eve!”

“Nay, dearest Nanny, forgive me; I know your last thought, in every thing, is for yourself. But, surely, the mere circumstance that he had no home, ought not to be a sufficient reason for selecting any

man, for a husband. With most women it would be an objection."

"I pretend to know very little of these feelings, Miss Eve. I have been wooed, I acknowledge; and once I do think I might have been tempted to marry, had it not been for a particular circumstance."

"You! You marry, Ann Sidley!" exclaimed Eve, to whom the bare idea seemed as odd and unnatural, as that her own father should forget her mother, and take a second wife. "This is altogether new, and I should be glad to know what the lucky circumstance was, which prevented what, to me, might have proved so great a calamity."

"Why, ma'am, I said to myself, what does a woman do, who marries? She vows to quit all else to go with her husband, and to love him before father and mother, and all other living beings on earth—is it not so, Miss Eve?"

"I believe it is so, indeed, Nanny—nay, I am quite certain it is so," Eve answered, the colour deepening on her cheek, as she gave this opinion to her old nurse, with the inward consciousness that she had just experienced some of the happiest moments of her life, through the admission of a passion that thus overshadowed all the natural affections. "It is, truly, as you say."

"Well, ma'am, I investigated my feelings, I believe they call it, and after a proper trial, I found that I loved you so much better than any one else, that I could not, in conscience, make the vows."

"Dearest Nanny! my kind, good, faithful old nurse! let me hold you in my arms: and, I, selfish, thoughtless, heartless girl, would forget the circumstance that would be most likely to keep us together, for the remainder of our lives! Hist! there is a tap at the door. It is Mrs. Bloomfield; I know her light step. Admit her, my kind Ann, and leave us together."

The bright searching eye of Mrs. Bloomfield was

riveted on her young friend, as she advanced into the room; and her smile, usually so gay and sometimes ironical, was now thoughtful and kind.

“Well, Miss Effingham,” she cried, in a manner that her looks contradicted, “am I to condole with you, or to congratulate?—For a more sudden, or miraculous change did I never before witness in a young lady, though whether it be for the better or the worse—These are ominous words, too—for ‘better or worse, for richer or poorer’——”

“You are in fine spirits this evening, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, and appear to have entered into the gaieties of the Fun of Fire, with all your——”

“Might, will be a homely, but an expressive word. Your Templeton Fun of Fire is fiery fun, for it has cost us something like a general conflagration. Mrs. Hawker has been near a downfall, like your great namesake, by a serpent’s coming too near her dress; one barn, I hear, has actually been in a blaze, and Sir George Templemore’s heart is in cinders. Mr. John Effingham has been telling me that he should not have been a bachelor, had there been two Mrs. Bloomfields in the world, and Mr. Powis looks like a rafter dug out of Herculaneum, nothing but coal.”

“And what occasions this pleasantry?” asked Eve, so composed in manner that her friend was momentarily deceived.

Mrs. Bloomfield took a seat on the sofa, by the side of our heroine, and regarding her steadily for near a minute, she continued—

“Hypocrisy and Eve Effingham can have little in common, and my ears must have deceived me.”

“Your ears, dear Mrs. Bloomfield!”

“My ears, dear Miss Effingham. I very well know the character of an eaves-dropper, but if gentlemen will make passionate declarations in the walks of a garden, with nothing but a little shrubbery between his ardent declarations and the curiosity of those

who may happen to be passing, they must expect to be overheard."

Eve's colour had gradually increased as her friend proceeded; and when the other ceased speaking, as bright a bloom glowed on her countenance, as had shone there when she first entered the room.

"May I ask the meaning of all this?" she said, with an effort to appear calm.

"Certainly, my dear; and you shall also know the feelings that prompt it, as well as the meaning," returned Mrs. Bloomfield, kindly taking Eve's hand in a way to show that she did not mean to trifle further on a subject that was of so much moment to her young friend. "Mr. John Effingham and myself were staring at a point where two walks approach each other, just as you and Mr. Powis were passing in the adjoining path. Without absolutely stopping our ears, it was quite impossible not to hear a portion of your conversation. We both tried to behave honourably; for I coughed, and your kinsman actually hemmed, but we were unheeded."

"Coughed and hemmed!" repeated Eve, in greater confusion than ever. "There must be some mistake, dear Mrs. Bloomfield, as I remember to have heard no such signals."

"Quite likely, my love, for there was a time when I too had ears for only one voice; but you can have affidavits to the fact, *à la mode de New England*, if you require them. Do not mistake my motive, nevertheless, Miss Effingham, which is any thing but vulgar curiosity"—here Mrs. Bloomfield looked so kind and friendly, that Eve took both her hands and pressed them to her heart—"you are motherless; without even a single female connexion of a suitable age to consult with on such an occasion, and fathers after all are but men——"

"Mine is as kind, and delicate, and tender, as any woman can be, Mrs. Bloomfield."

“I believe it all, though he may not be quite as quick-sighted, in an affair of this nature.—Am I at liberty to speak to you as if I were an elder sister?”

“Speak, Mrs. Bloomfield, as frankly as you please, but leave me the mistress of my answers.”

“It is, then, as I suspected,” said Mrs. Bloomfield, in a sort of musing manner; “the men have been won over, and this young creature has absolutely been left without a protector in the most important moment of her life!”

“Mrs. Bloomfield!—What does this mean?—What *can* it mean?”

“It means merely general principles, child; that your father and cousin have been parties concerned, instead of vigilant sentinels; and, with all their pretended care, that you have been left to grope your way in the darkness of female uncertainty, with one of the most pleasing young men in the country constantly before you, to help the obscurity.”

It is a dreadful moment, when we are taught to doubt the worth of those we love; and Eve became pale as death, as she listened to the words of her friend. Once before, on the occasion of Paul's return to England, she had felt a pang of that sort, though reflection, and a calm revision of all his acts and words since they first met in Germany, had enabled her to get the better of indecision, and when she first saw him on the mountain, nearly every unpleasant apprehension and distrust had been dissipated by an effort of pure reason. His own explanations had cleared up the unpleasant affair, and, from that moment, she had regarded him altogether with the eyes of a confiding partiality. The speech of Mrs. Bloomfield now sounded like words of doom to her, and, for an instant, her friend was frightened with the effects of her own imperfect communication. Until that moment Mrs. Bloomfield had formed no just idea of the extent to which the feelings of Eve were interested in Paul, for she had but an imperfect knowledge

of their early association in Europe, and she sincerely repented having introduced the subject at all. It was too late to retreat, however, and, first folding Eve in her arms, and kissing her cold forehead, she hastened to repair a part, at least, of the mischief she had done.

“My words have been too strong, I fear,” she said, “but such is my general horror of the manner in which the young of our sex, in this country, are abandoned to the schemes of the designing and selfish of the other, that I am, perhaps, too sensitive when I see any one that I love thus exposed. You are known, my dear, to be one of the richest heiresses of the country; and, I blush to say that no accounts of European society that we have, make fortune-hunting a more regular occupation there, than it has got to be here.”

The paleness left Eve's face, and a look of slight displeasure succeeded.

“Mr. Powis is no fortune-hunter, Mrs. Bloomfield,” she said, steadily; “his whole conduct for three years has been opposed to such a character; and, then, though not absolutely rich, perhaps, he has a gentleman's income, and is removed from the necessity of being reduced to such an act of baseness.”

“I perceive my error, but it is now too late to retreat. I do not say that Mr. Powis is a fortune-hunter, but there are circumstances connected with his history, that you ought at least to know, and that immediately. I have chosen to speak to you, rather than to speak to your father, because I thought you might like a female confidant on such occasion, in preference even to your excellent natural protector. The idea of Mrs. Hawker occurred to me, on account of her age; but I did not feel authorised to communicate to her a secret of which I had myself become so accidentally possessed.”

“I appreciate your motive fully, dearest Mrs. Bloomfield,” said Eve, smiling with all her native sweetness, and greatly relieved, for she now began to think that too keen a sensitiveness on the subject of Paul had

unnecessarily alarmed her, "and beg there may be no reserves between us. If you know a reason why Mr. Powis should not be received as a suitor, I entreat you to mention it."

"Is he Mr. Powis at all?"

Again Eve smiled, to Mrs. Bloomfield's great surprise, for, as the latter had put the question with sincere reluctance, she was astonished at the coolness with which it was received.

"He is not Mr. Powis, legally perhaps, though he might be, but that he dislikes the publicity of an application to the legislature. His paternal name is Assheton."

"You know his history, then!"

"There has been no reserve on the part of Mr. Powis; least of all, any deception."

Mrs. Bloomfield appeared perplexed, even distressed; and there was a brief space, during which her mind was undecided as to the course she ought to take. That she had committed an error by attempting a consultation, in a matter of the heart, with one of her own sex, after the affections were engaged, she discovered when it was too late; but she prized Eve's friendship too much, and had too just a sense of what was due to herself, to leave the affair where it was, or without clearing up her own unasked agency in it.

"I rejoice to learn this," she said, as soon as her doubts had ended, "for frankness, while it is one of the safest, is one of the most beautiful traits in human character; but beautiful though it be, it is one that the other sex uses least to our own."

"Is our own too ready to use it to the other?"

"Perhaps not: it might be better for both parties, were there less deception practised during the period of courtship, generally: but as this is hopeless, and might destroy some of the most pleasing illusions of life, we will not enter into a treatise on the frauds of Cupid. Now to my own confessions, which I make

all the more willingly, because I know they are uttered to the ear of one of a forgiving temperament, and who is disposed to view even my follies favourably."

The kind but painful smile of Eve, assured the speaker she was not mistaken, and she continued, after taking time to read the expression of the countenance of her young friend—

"In common with all of New-York, that town of babbling misses, who prattle as water flows, without consciousness or effort, and of whiskered masters, who fancy Broadway the world, and the flirtations of miniature drawing-rooms, human nature, I believed, on your return from Europe, that an accepted suitor followed in your train, in the person of Sir George Templemore."

"Nothing in my department, or in that of Sir George, or in that of any of my family, could justly have given rise to such a notion," said Eve, quickly.

"Justly! What has justice, or truth, or even probability, to do with a report, of which love and matrimony are the themes? Do you not know *society* better than to fancy this improbability, child?"

"I know that our own sex would better consult their own dignity and respectability, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, if they talked less of such matters; and that they would be more apt to acquire the habits of good taste, not to say of good principles, if they confined their strictures more to things and sentiments than they do, and meddled less with persons."

"And pray, is there no tittle-tattle, no scandal, no commenting on one's neighbours, in other civilized nations besides this?"

"Unquestionably; though I believe, as a rule, it is every where thought to be inherently vulgar, and a proof of low associations."

"In that, we are perfectly of a mind; for, if there be any thing that betrays a consciousness of inferiority, it is our rendering others of so much obvious

importance to ourselves, as to make them the subjects of our constant conversation. We may speak of virtues, for therein we pay an homage to that which is good; but when we come to dwell on personal faults, it is rather a proof that we have a silent conviction of the superiority of the subject of our comments to ourselves, either in character, talents, social position, or something else that is deemed essential, than of our distaste for his failings. Who, for instance, talks scandal of his grocer, or of his shoemaker? No, no, our pride forbids this; we always make our betters the subject of our strictures by preference, taking up with our equals only when we can get none of a higher class."

"This quite reconciles me to having been given to Sir George Templemore, by the world of New-York," said Eve, smiling.

"And well it may, for they who have prattled of your engagement, have done so principally because they are incapable of maintaining a conversation on any thing else. But, all this time, I fear I stand accused in your mind, of having given advice unasked, and of feeling an alarm in an affair that affected others, instead of myself, which is the very sin that we lay at the door of our worthy Manhattanese. In common with all around me, then, I fancied Sir George Templemore an accepted lover, and, by habit, had gotten to associate you together in my pictures. On my arrival here, however, I will confess that Mr. Powis, whom, you will remember, I had never seen before, struck me as much the most dangerous man.—Shall I own all my absurdity?"

"Even to the smallest shade."

"Well, then, I confess to having supposed that, while the excellent father believed you were in a fair way to become Lady Templemore, the equally excellent daughter thought the other suitor, infinitely the most agreeable person."

“What! in contempt of a betrothal?”

“Of course I, at once, ascribed that part of the report to the usual embellishments. We do not like to be deceived in our calculations, or to discover that even our gossip has misled us. In pure resentment at my own previous delusion, I began to criticise this Mr. Powis——”

“Criticise, Mrs. Bloomfield!”

“To find fault with him, my dear; to try to think he was not just the handsomest and most engaging young man I had ever seen; to imagine what he ought to be, in place of what he was; and among other things, to inquire *who* he was?”

“You did not think proper to ask that question of any of *us*,” said Eve, gravely.

“I did not; for I discovered by instinct, or intuition, or conjecture—they mean pretty much the same thing, I believe—that there was a mystery about him; something that even his Templeton friends did not quite understand, and a lucky thought occurred of making my inquiries of another person.”

“They were answered satisfactorily,” said Eve, looking up at her friend, with the artless confidence that marks her sex, when the affections have gotten the mastery of reason.

“*Cosi, cosi.* Bloomfield has a brother who is in the Navy, as you know, and I happened to remember that he had once spoken of an officer of the name of Powis, who had performed a clever thing in the West Indies, when they were employed together against the pirates. I wrote to him one of my usual letters, that are compounded of all things in nature and art, and took an occasion to allude to a certain Mr. Paul Powis, with a general remark that he had formerly served, together with a particular inquiry if he knew any thing about him. All this, no doubt, you think very officious; but believe me, dear Eve, where there

was as much interest as I felt and feel in you, it was very natural."

"So far from entertaining resentment, I am grateful for your concern, especially as I know it was manifested cautiously, and without any unpleasant allusions to third persons."

"In that respect I believe I did pretty well. Tom Bloomfield—I beg his pardon, Captain Bloomfield, for so he calls himself, at present—knows Mr. Powis well; or, rather *did* know him, for they have not met for years, and he speaks of his personal qualities and professional merit highly, but takes occasion to remark that there was some mystery connected with his birth, as, before he joined the service he understood he was called Assheton, and at a later day, Powis, and this without any public law, or public avowal of a motive. Now, it struck me that Eve Effingham ought not to be permitted to form a connection with a man so unpleasantly situated, without being apprised of the fact. I was waiting for a proper occasion to do this ungrateful office myself, when accident made me acquainted with what has passed this evening, and perceiving that there was no time to lose, I came hither, more led by interest in you, my dear, perhaps, than by discretion."

"I thank you sincerely for this kind concern in my welfare, dear Mrs. Bloomfield, and give you full credit for the motive. Will you permit me to inquire how much you know of that which passed this evening?"

"Simply that Mr. Powis is desperately in love, a declaration that I take it is always dangerous to the peace of mind of a young woman, when it comes from a very engaging young man."

"And my part of the dialogue—" Eve blushed to the eyes as she asked this question, though she made a great effort to appear calm—"my answer?"

"There was too much of woman in me—of true, genuine, loyal, native woman, Miss Effingham, to listen to that, had there been an opportunity. We were but

a moment near enough to hear any thing, though that moment sufficed to let us know the state of feelings of the gentleman. I ask no confidences, my dear Eve, and now that I have made my explanations, lame though they be, I will kiss you and repair to the drawing-room, where we shall both be soon missed. Forgive me, if I have seemed impertinent in my interference, and continue to ascribe it to its true motive."

"Stop, Mrs. Bloomfield, I entreat, for a single moment; I wish to say a word before we part. As you have been accidentally made acquainted with Mr. Powis's sentiments towards me, it is no more than just that you should know the nature of mine towards him——"

Eve paused involuntarily, for, though she had commenced her explanation, with a firm intention to do justice to Paul, the bashfulness of her sex held her tongue tied, at the very moment her desire to speak was the strongest. An effort conquered the weakness, and the warm-hearted, generous-minded girl succeeded in commanding her voice.

"I cannot allow you to go away with the impression, that there is a shade of any sort on the conduct of Mr. Powis," she said. "So far from desiring to profit by the accidents that have placed it in his power to render us such essential service, he has never spoken of his love until this evening, and then under circumstances in which feeling, naturally, perhaps I might say uncontrollably, got the ascendancy."

"I believe it all, for I feel certain Eye Effingham would not bestow her heart heedlessly."

"Heart!—Mrs. Bloomfield!"

"Heart, my dear; and now I insist on the subject's being dropped, at least, for the present. Your decision is probably not yet made—you are not yet an hour in possession of your suitor's secret, and prudence demands deliberation. I shall hope to see you in the drawing-room, and until then, adieu."

Mrs. Bloomfield signed for silence, and quitted the room with the same light tread as that with which she had entered it.

CHAPTER XI.

“To show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.”

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Mrs. Bloomfield entered the drawing-room, she found nearly the whole party assembled. The Fun of Fire had ceased, and the rockets no longer gleamed athwart the sky; but the blaze of artificial light within, was more than a substitute for that which had so lately existed without.

Mr. Effingham and Paul were conversing by themselves, in a window-seat, while John Effingham, Mrs. Hawker, and Mr. Howel were in an animated discussion on a sofa; Mr. Wenham had also joined the party, and was occupied with Captain Ducie, though not so much so as to prevent occasional glances at the trio just mentioned. Sir George Templemore and Grace Van-Cortlandt were walking together in the great hall, and were visible through the open door, as they passed and repassed.

“I am glad of your appearance among us, Mrs. Bloomfield,” said John Effingham, “for, certainly more Anglo-mania never existed than that which my good friend Howel manifests this evening, and I have hopes that your eloquence may persuade him out of some of those notions, on which my logic has fallen like seed scattered by the way-side.”

“I can have little hopes of success where Mr. John Effingham has failed.”

“I am far from being certain of that; for, somehow,

Howel has taken up the notion that I have gotten a grudge against England, and he listens to all I say with distrust and distaste."

"Mr. John uses strong language habitually, ma'am," cried Mr. Howel, "and you will make some allowances for a vocabulary that has no very mild terms in it; though, to be frank, I do confess that he seems prejudiced on the subject of that great nation."

"What is the point in immediate controversy, gentlemen?" asked Mrs. Bloomfield, taking a seat.

"Why here is a review of a late American work, ma'am, and I insist that the author is skinned alive, whereas, Mr. John insists that the reviewer exposes only his own rage, the work having a national character, and running counter to the reviewer's feelings and interests."

"Nay, I protest against this statement of the case, for I affirm that the reviewer exposes a great deal more than his rage, since his imbecility, ignorance, and dishonesty are quite as apparent as any thing else."

"I have read the article," said Mrs. Bloomfield, after glancing her eye at the periodical, "and I must say that I take sides with Mr. John Effingham in his opinion of its character."

"But do you not perceive, ma'am, that this is the idol of the nobility and gentry; the work that is more in favour with people of consequence in England than any other. Bishops are said to write for it!"

"I know it is a work expressly established to sustain one of the most factitious political systems that ever existed, and that it sacrifices every high quality to attain its end."

"Mrs. Bloomfield, you amaze me! The first writers of Great Britain figure in its pages."

"That I much question, in the first place; but even if it were so, it would be but a shallow mystification. Although a man of character might write one article

in a work of this nature, it does not follow that a man of no character does not write the next. The principles of the communications of a periodical are as different as their talents."

"But the editor is a pledge for all.—The editor of this review is an eminent writer himself."

"An eminent writer may be a very great knave, in the first place, and one fact is worth a thousand conjectures in such a matter. But we do not know that there is any responsible editor to works of this nature at all, for there is no name given in the title-page, and nothing is more common than vague declarations of a want of this very responsibility. But if I can prove to you that this article *cannot* have been written by a man of common honesty, Mr. Howel, what will you then say to the responsibility of your editor?"

"In that case I shall be compelled to admit that he had no connexion with it."

"Any thing in preference to giving up the beloved idol!" said John Effingham laughing. "Why not add at once, that he is as great a knave as the writer himself? I am glad, however, that Tom Howel has fallen into such good hands, Mrs. Bloomfield, and I devoutly pray you may not spare him."

We have said that Mrs. Bloomfield had a rapid perception of things and principles, that amounted almost to intuition. She had read the article in question, and, as she glanced her eyes through its pages, had detected its fallacies and falsehoods, in almost every sentence. Indeed, they had not been put together with ordinary skill, the writer having evidently presumed on the easiness of the class of readers who generally swallowed his round assertions, and were so clumsily done that any one who had not the faith to move mountains would have seen through most of them without difficulty. But Mr. Howel belonged to another school, and he was so much accustomed to shut his eyes to the palpable mystification mentioned by Mrs. Bloom-

field, that a lie, which, advanced in most works, would have carried no weight with it, advanced in this particular periodical became elevated to the dignity of truth.

Mrs. Bloomfield turned to an article on America, in the periodical in question, and read from it several disparaging expressions concerning Mr. Howel's native country, one of which was, "The American's first plaything is the rattle-snake's tail."

"Now, what do you think of this assertion in particular, Mr. Howel?" she asked, reading the words we have just quoted.

"Oh! that is said in mere pleasantry—it is only wit."

"Well, then, what do you think of it as wit?"

"Well, well, it may not be of a very pure water, but the best of men are unequal at all times, and more especially in their wit."

"Here," continued Mrs. Bloomfield, pointing to another paragraph, "is a positive statement or misstatement, which makes the cost of the 'civil department of the United States Government,' about six times more than it really is."

"Our government is so extremely mean, that I ascribe that error to generosity."

"Well," continued the lady, smiling, "here the reviewer asserts that Congress passed a law *limiting* the size of certain ships, in order to please the democracy; and that the Executive privately evaded this law, and built vessels of a much greater size; whereas the provision of the law is just the contrary, or that the ships should not be *less* than of seventy-four guns; a piece of information, by the way, that I obtained from Mr. Powis."

"Ignorance, ma'am; a stranger cannot be supposed to know all the laws of a foreign country."

"Then why make bold and false assertions about them, that are intended to discredit the country? Here

is another assertion—"ten thousand of the men that fought at Waterloo would have marched through North America?" Do you believe that, Mr. Howel?"

"But that is merely an opinion, Mrs. Bloomfield; any man may be wrong in his opinion."

"Very true, but it is an opinion uttered in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight; and after the battles of Bunker Hill, Cowpens, Plattsburg, Saratoga, and New-Orleans! And, moreover, after it had been proved that something very like ten thousand of the identical men who fought at Waterloo, could not march even ten miles into the country."

"Well, well, all this shows that the reviewer is sometimes mistaken."

"Your pardon Mr. Howel; I think it shows, according to your own admission, that his wit, or rather its wit, for there is no *his* about it—that its wit is of a very indifferent quality as witticisms even; that it is ignorant of what it pretends to know; and that its opinions are no better than its knowledge: all of which, when fairly established against one who, by his very pursuit, professes to know more than other people, is very much like making it appear contemptible."

"This is going back eight or ten years—let us look more particularly at the article about which the discussion commences."

"*Volontiers.*"

Mrs. Bloomfield now sent to the library for the work reviewed, and opening the review she read some of its strictures; and then turning to the corresponding passages in the work itself, she pointed out the unfairness of the quotations, the omissions of the context, and, in several flagrant instances, witticisms of the reviewer, that were purchased at the expense of the English language. She next showed several of those audacious assertions, for which the particular periodical was so remarkable, leaving no doubt with any candid person, that they were purchased at the expense of truth.

"But here is an instance that will scarce admit of cavilling or objection on your part, Mr. Howel," she continued; "do me the favour to read the passage in the review."

Mr. Howel complied, and when he had done, he looked expectingly at the lady.

"The effect of the reviewer's statement is to make it appear that the author has contradicted himself, is it not?"

"Certainly, nothing can be plainer."

"According to your favourite reviewer, who accuses him of it, in terms. Now let us look at the fact. Here is the passage in the work itself. In the first place you will remark that this sentence, which contains the alleged contradiction, is mutilated; the part which is omitted, giving a directly contrary meaning to it, from that it bears under the reviewer's scissors."

"It has some such appearance, I do confess."

"Here you perceive that the closing sentence of the same paragraph, and which refers directly to the point at issue, is displaced, made to appear as belonging to a separate paragraph, and as conveying a different meaning from what the author has actually expressed."

"Upon my word, I do not know but you are right!"

"Well, Mr. Howel, we have had wit of no very pure water, ignorance as relates to facts, and mistakes as regards very positive assertions. In what category, as Captain Truck would say, do you place this?"

"Why does not the author reviewed expose this?"

"Why does not a gentleman wrangle with a detected pick-pocket?"

"It is literary swindling," said John Effingham, "and the man who did it, is inherently a knave."

"I think both these facts quite beyond dispute," observed Mrs. Bloomfield, laying down Mr. Howel's favourite review with an air of cool contempt; "and I must say I did not think it necessary to prove the general character of the work, at this late date, to any American of ordinary intelligence; much less to a sensible man, like Mr. Howel."

"But, ma'am, there may be much truth and justice in the rest of its remarks," returned the pertinacious Mr. Howel, "although it has fallen into these mistakes."

"Were you ever on a jury, Howel?" asked John Effingham, in his caustic manner.

"Often; and on grand juries, too."

"Well, did the judge never tell you, when a witness is detected in lying on one point, that his testimony is valueless on all others?"

"Very true; but this is a review, and not testimony."

"The distinction is certainly a very good one," resumed Mrs. Bloomfield, laughing, "as nothing, in general, can be less like honest testimony than a review!"

"But I think, my dear ma'am, you will allow that all this is excessively biting and severe—I can't say I ever read any thing sharper in my life."

"It strikes me, Mr. Howel, as being nothing but epithets, the cheapest and most contemptible of all species of abuse. Were two men, in your presence, to call each other such names, I think it would excite nothing but disgust in your mind. When the thought is clear and poignant, there is little need to have recourse to mere epithets; indeed, men never use the latter, except when there is a deficiency of the first."

"Well, well, my friends," cried Mr. Howel, as he walked away towards Grace and Sir George, "this is a different thing from what I at first thought it, but still I think you undervalue the periodical."

"I hope this little lesson will cool some of Mr. Howel's faith in foreign morality," observed Mrs. Bloomfield, as soon as the gentleman named was out of hearing; "a more credulous and devout worshipper of the idol, I have never before met."

"The school is diminishing, but it is still large. Men like Tom Howel, who have thought in one direction all their lives, are not easily brought to change their notions, especially when the admiration which proceeds from distance, distance 'that lends enchantment

to the view,' is at the bottom of their faith. Had this very article been written and printed round the corner of the street in which he lives, Howel would be the first to say that it was the production of a fellow without talents or principles, and was unworthy of a second thought."

"I still think he will be a wiser, if not a better man, by the exposure of its frauds."

"Not he. If you will excuse a homely and a coarse simile, 'he will return like a dog to his vomit, or the sow to its wallowing in the mire.' I never knew one of that school thoroughly cured, until he became himself the subject of attack, or, by a close personal communication, was made to feel the superciliousness of European superiority. It is only a week since I had a discussion with him on the subject of the humanity and the relish for liberty in his beloved model; and when I cited the instance of the employment of the tomahawk, in the wars between England and this country, he actually affirmed that the Indian savages killed no women and children, but the wives and offspring of their enemies; and when I told him that the English, like most other people, cared very little for any liberty but their own, he coolly affirmed that their own was the only liberty worth caring for!"

"Oh yes," put in young Mr. Wenham, who had overheard the latter portion of the conversation, "Mr. Howel is so thoroughly English, that he actually denies that America is the most civilized country in the world, or that we speak our language better than any nation was ever before known to speak its own language."

"This is so manifest an act of treason," said Mrs. Bloomfield, endeavouring to look grave, for Mr. Wenham was any thing but accurate in the use of words himself, commonly pronouncing "been," "ben," "does," "dooze," "nothing," "nawthing," "few," "foo," &c. &c. &c., "that, certainly, Mr. Howel should be arraigned at the bar of public opinion for the outrage."

"It is commonly admitted, even by our enemies, that our mode of speaking is the very best in the world, which, I suppose, is the real reason why our literature has so rapidly reached the top of the ladder."

"And is that the fact?" asked Mrs. Bloomfield, with a curiosity that was not in the least feigned.

"I believe no one denies *that*. You will sustain me in this, I fancy, Mr. Dodge?"

The editor of the *Active Inquirer* had approached, and was just in time to catch the subject in discussion. Now the modes of speech of these two persons, while they had a great deal in common, had also a great deal that was not in common. Mr. Wenham was a native of New-York, and his dialect was a mixture that is getting to be sufficiently general, partaking equally of the Doric of New England, the Dutch cross, and the old English root; whereas, Mr. Dodge spoke the pure, unalloyed Tuscan of his province, rigidly adhering to all its sounds and significations. "Dissipation," he contended, meant "drunkenness;" "ugly," "vicious;" "clever," "good-natured;" and "humbly," (homely) "ugly." In addition to this finesse in significations, he had a variety of pronunciations that often put strangers at fault, and to which he adhered with a pertinacity that obtained some of its force from the fact, that it exceeded his power to get rid of them. Notwithstanding all these little peculiarities, peculiarities as respects every one but those who dwelt in his own province, Mr. Dodge had also taken up the notion of his superiority on the subject of language, and always treated the matter as one that was placed quite beyond dispute, by its publicity and truth.

"The progress of American Literature," returned the editor, "is really astonishing the four quarters of the world. I believe it is very generally admitted, now, that our pulpit and bar are at the very summit of these two professions. Then we have much the best poets of the age, while eleven of our novelists surpass any

of all other countries. The American Philosophical Society is, I believe, generally considered the most acute learned body now extant, unless, indeed, the New-York Historical Society may compete with it, for that honour. Some persons give the palm to one, and some to the other; though I myself think it would be difficult to decide between them. Then to what a pass has the drama risen of late years! Genius is getting to be quite a drug in America!"

"You have forgotten to speak of the press, in particular," put in the complacent Mr. Wenham. "I think we may more safely pride ourselves on the high character of the press, than any thing else."

"Why, to tell you the truth, sir," answered Steadfast, taking the other by the arm, and leading him so slowly away, that a part of what followed was heard by the two amused listeners, "modesty is so infallibly the companion of merit, that *we* who are engaged in that high pursuit do not like to say any thing in our own favour. You never detect a newspaper in the weakness of extolling itself; but, between ourselves, I may say, after a close examination of the condition of the press in other countries, I have come to the conclusion, that, for talents, taste, candour, philosophy, genius, honesty, and truth, the press of the United States stands at the very——"

Here Mr. Dodge passed so far from the listeners, that the rest of the speech became inaudible, though from the well-established modesty of the man and the editor, there can be little doubt of the manner in which he concluded the sentence.

"It is said in Europe," observed John Effingham, his fine face expressing the cool sarcasm in which he was so apt to indulge, "that there are *la vieille* and *la Jeune France*. I think we have now had pretty fair specimens of *old* and *young* America; the first distrusting every thing native, even to a potatoe; and the second distrusting nothing, and least of all, itself."

“There appears to be a sort of pendulum-uneasiness in mankind,” said Mrs. Bloomfield, “that keeps opinion always vibrating around the centre of truth, for I think it the rarest thing in the world to find man or woman who has not a disposition, as soon as an error is abandoned, to fly off into its opposite extreme. From believing we had nothing worthy of a thought, there is a set springing up who appear to have jumped to the conclusion that we have every thing.”

“Ay, this is *one* of the reasons that all the rest of the world laugh at us.”

“Laugh at us, Mr. Effingham! Even *I* had supposed the American name had, at last, got to be in good credit in other parts of the world.”

“Then even *you*, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, are notably mistaken. Europe, it is true, is beginning to give us credit for not being quite as bad as she once thought us; but we are far, very far, from being yet admitted to the ordinary level of nations, as respects goodness.”

“Surely they give us credit for energy, enterprize, activity——”

“Qualities that they prettily term, rapacity, cunning, and swindling! I am far, very far, however, from giving credit to all that it suits the interests and prejudices of Europe, especially of our venerable kinswoman, Old England, to circulate and think to the prejudice of this country, which, in my poor judgment, has as much substantial merit to boast of as any nation on earth; though, in getting rid of a set of ancient vices and follies, it has not had the sagacity to discover that it is fast falling into pretty tolerable—or if you like it better—intolerable substitutes.”

“What then do *you* deem our greatest error—our weakest point?”

“Provincialisms, with their train of narrow prejudices, and a disposition to set up mediocrity as perfection, under the double influence of an ignorance that

unavoidably arises from a want of models, and of the irresistible tendency to mediocrity, in a nation where the common mind so imperiously rules."

"But does not the common mind rule every where? Is not public opinion always stronger than law?"

"In a certain sense, both these positions may be true. But in a nation like this, without a capital, one *that is all provinces*, in which intelligence and tastes are scattered, this common mind wants the usual direction, and derives its impulses from the force of numbers, rather than from the force of knowledge. Hence the fact, that the public opinion never or seldom rises to absolute truth. I grant you that *as* a mediocrity, it is well; much better than common even; but it is still a mediocrity."

"I see the justice of your remark, and I suppose we are to ascribe the general use of superlatives, which is so very obvious, to these causes."

"Unquestionably; men have gotten to be afraid to speak the truth, when that truth is a little beyond the common comprehension; and thus it is that you see the fulsome flattery that all the public servants, as they call themselves, resort to, in order to increase their popularity, instead of telling the wholesome facts that are needed."

"And what is to be the result?"

"Heaven knows. While America is so much in advance of other nations, in a freedom from prejudices of the old school, it is fast substituting a set of prejudices of its own, that are not without serious dangers. We may live through it, and the ills of society may correct themselves, though there is one fact that menaces more evil than any thing I could have feared."

"You mean the political struggle between money and numbers, that has so seriously manifested itself of late!" exclaimed the quick-minded and intelligent Mrs. Bloomfield.

"*That* has its dangers; but there is still another evil

of greater magnitude. I allude to the very general disposition to confine political discussions to political men. Thus, the private citizen, who should presume to discuss a political question, would be deemed fair game for all who thought differently from himself. He would be injured in his pocket, -reputation, domestic happiness, if possible; for, in this respect, America is much the most intolerant nation I have ever visited. In all other countries, in which discussion is permitted at all, there is at least the *appearance* of fair play, whatever may be done covertly; but here, it seems to be sufficient to justify falsehood, frauds, nay, barefaced rascality, to establish that the injured party has had the audacity to meddle with public questions, not being what the public chooses to call a public man. It is scarcely necessary to say that, when such an opinion gets to be effective, it must entirely defeat the real intentions of a popular government."

"Now you mention it," said Mrs. Bloomfield, "I think I have witnessed instances of what you mean."

"Witnessed, dear Mrs. Bloomfield! Instances are to be seen as often as a man is found freeman enough to have an opinion independent of party. It is not for connecting himself with party that a man is denounced in this country, but for daring to connect himself with truth. Party will bear with party, but party will not bear with truth. It is in politics as in war; regiments or individuals may desert, and they will be received by their late enemies with open arms; the honour of a soldier seldom reaching to the pass of refusing succour of any sort; but both sides will turn and fire on the countrymen who wish merely to defend their homes and firesides."

"You draw disagreeable pictures of human nature, Mr. Effingham."

"Merely because they are true, Mrs. Bloomfield. Man is worse than the beasts, merely because he has a code of right and wrong, which he never respects.

They talk of the variation of the compass, and even pretend to calculate its changes, though no one can explain the principle that causes the attraction or its vagaries at all. So it is with men; they pretend to look always at the right, though their eyes are constantly directed obliquely; and it is a certain calculation to allow of a pretty wide variation — but here comes Miss Effingham, singularly well attired, and more beautiful than I have ever before seen her!”

The two exchanged quick glances, and then, as if fearful of betraying to each other their thoughts, they moved towards our heroine, to do the honours of the reception.

CHAPTER XII.

“Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord, whose hand must take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.”

CORDELIA.

As no man could be more gracefully or delicately polite than John Effingham, when the humour seized him, Mrs. Bloomfield was struck with the kind and gentlemanlike manner with which he met his young kinswoman on this trying occasion, and the affectionate tones of his voice, and the winning expression of his eye, as he addressed her. Eve herself was not unobservant of these peculiarities, nor was she slow in comprehending the reason. She perceived at once that he was acquainted with the state of things between her and Paul. As she well knew the womanly fidelity of Mrs. Bloomfield, she rightly enough conjectured that the long observation of her cousin, coupled with the few words accidentally overheard that evening,

had even made him better acquainted with the true condition of her feelings, than was the case with the friend with whom she had so lately been conversing on the subject.

Still Eve was not embarrassed by the conviction that her secret was betrayed to so many persons. Her attachment to Paul was not the impulse of girlish caprice, but the warm affection of a woman, that had grown with time, was sanctioned by her reason, and which, if it was tinctured with the more glowing imagination and ample faith of youth, was also sustained by her principles and her sense of right. She knew that both her father and cousin esteemed the man of her own choice, nor did she believe the little cloud that hung over his birth could do more than have a temporary influence on his own sensitive feelings. She met John Effingham, therefore, with a frank composure, returned the kind pressure of his hand, with a smile such as a daughter might bestow on an affectionate parent, and turned to salute the remainder of the party, with that lady-like ease which had got to be a part of her nature.

“There goes one of the most attractive pictures that humanity can offer,” said John Effingham to Mrs. Bloomfield, as Eve walked away; “a young, timid, modest, sensitive girl, so strong in her principles, so conscious of rectitude, so pure of thought, and so warm in her affections, that she views her selection of a husband, as others view their acts of duty and religious faith. With her love has no shame, as it has no weakness.”

“Eve Effingham is as faultless as comports with womanhood; and yet I confess ignorance of my own sex, if she receive Mr. Powis as calmly as she received her cousin.”

“Perhaps not, for in that case, she could scarcely feel the passion. You perceive that he avoids oppressing her with his notice, and that the meeting passes

off without embarrassment. I do believe there is an elevating principle in love, that, by causing us to wish to be worthy of the object most prized, produces the desired effects by stimulating exertion. There, now, are two as perfect beings as one ordinarily meets with, each oppressed by a sense of his or her unworthiness to be the choice of the other."

"Does love, then, teach humility; successful love, too?"

"Does it not? It would be hardly fair to press this matter on you, a married woman; for, by the pandects of American society, a man may philosophize on love, prattle about it, trifle on the subject, and even analyze the passion with a miss in her teens, and yet he shall not allude to it, in a discourse with a matron. Well, *chacun à son goût*; we are, indeed, a little peculiar in our usages, and have promoted a good deal of village coquetry, and the flirtations of the may-pole, to the drawing-room."

"Is it not better that such follies should be confined to youth, than that they should invade the sanctity of married life, as I understand is too much the case elsewhere?"

"Perhaps so; though I confess it is easier to dispose of a straight-forward proposition from a mother, a father, or a commissioned friend, than to get rid of a young lady, who, *propria personâ*, angles on her own account. While abroad, I had a dozen proposals——"

"Proposals!" exclaimed Mrs. Bloomfield, holding up both hands, and shaking her head incredulously.

"Proposals! Why not, ma'am?—am I more than fifty? am I not reasonably youthful for that period of life, and have I not six or eight thousand a year——"

"Eighteen, or you are much scandalized."

"Well, eighteen, if you will," coolly returned the other, in whose eyes money was no merit, for he was born to a fortune, and always treated it as a means, and not as the end of life; "every dollar is a mag-

net, after one has turned forty. Do you suppose that a single man, of tolerable person, well-born, and with a hundred thousand francs of *rentes*, could entirely escape proposals from the ladies in Europe?"

"This is so revolting to all our American notions, that, though I have often heard of such things, I have always found it difficult to believe them!"

"And is it more revolting for the friends of young ladies to look out for them, on such occasions, than that the young ladies should take the affair into their own hands, as is practised quite as openly, here?"

"It is well you are a confirmed bachelor, or declarations like these would mar your fortunes. I will admit that the school is not as retiring and diffident as formerly; for we are all ready enough to say that no times are equal to our own times; but I shall strenuously protest against your interpretation of the nature and artlessness of an American girl."

"Artlessness!" repeated John Effingham, with a slight lifting of the eye-brows; "we live in an age when new dictionaries and vocabularies are necessary to understand each other's meaning. It is artlessness, with a vengeance, to beset an old fellow of fifty, as one would besiege a town. Hist!—Ned is retiring with his daughter, my dear Mrs. Bloomfield, and it will not be long before I shall be summoned to a family council. Well, we will keep the secret until it is publicly proclaimed."

John Effingham was right, for his two cousins left the room together, and retired to the library, but in a way to attract no particular attention, except in those who were enlightened on the subject of what had already passed that evening. When they were alone, Mr. Effingham turned the key, and then he gave a free vent to his paternal feelings.

Between Eve and her parent, there had always existed a confidence exceeding that which it is common to find between father and daughter. In one sense,

they had been all in all to each other, and Eve had never hesitated about pouring those feelings into his breast, which, had she possessed another parent, would more naturally have been confided to the affection of a mother. When their eyes first met, therefore, they were mutually beaming with an expression of confidence and love, such as might, in a measure, have been expected between two of the gentler sex. Mr. Effingham folded his child to his heart, pressed her there tenderly for near a minute in silence, and then kissing her burning cheek he permitted her to look up.

“This answers all my fondest hopes, Eve”—he exclaimed; “fulfils my most cherished wishes for thy sake.”

“Dearest sir !”

“Yes, my love, I have long secretly prayed that such might be your good fortune; for, of all the youths we have met, at home or abroad, Paul Powis is the one to whom I can consign you with the most confidence that he will cherish and love you as you deserve to be cherished and loved !”

“Dearest father, nothing but this was wanting to complete my perfect happiness.”

Mr. Effingham kissed his daughter again, and he was then enabled to pursue the conversation with greater composure.

“Powis and I have had a full explanation,” he said, “though in order to obtain it, I have been obliged to give him strong encouragement——”

“Father !”

“Nay, my love, your delicacy and feelings have been sufficiently respected, but he has so much diffidence of himself, and permits the unpleasant circumstances connected with his birth to weigh so much on his mind, that I have been compelled to tell him, what I am sure you will approve, that we disregard family connections, and look only to the merit of the individual.”

"I hope, father, nothing was said to give Mr. Powis reason to suppose we did not deem him every way our equal."

"Certainly not. He is a gentleman, and I can claim to be no more. There is but one thing in which connections ought to influence an American marriage, where the parties are suited to each other in the main requisites, and that is to ascertain that neither should be carried, necessarily, into associations for which their habits have given them too much and too good tastes to enter into. A *woman*, especially, ought never to be transplanted from a polished to an unpolished circle; for, when this is the case, if really a lady, there will be a dangerous clog on her affection for her husband. This one great point assured, I see no other about which a parent need feel concern."

"Powis, unhappily, has no connections in this country; or none with whom he has any communications; and those he has in England are of a class to do him credit."

"We have been conversing of this, and he has manifested so much proper feeling that it has even raised him in my esteem. I knew his father's family, and must have known his father, I think, though there were two or three Asshetons of the name of John. It is a highly respectable family of the middle states, and belonged formerly to the colonial aristocracy. Jack Effingham's mother was an Assheton."

"Of the same blood, do you think, sir? I remembered this when Mr. Powis mentioned his father's name, and intended to question cousin Jack on the subject."

"Now you speak of it, Eve, there *must* be a relationship between them. Do you suppose that our kinsman is acquainted with the fact that Paul is, in truth, an Assheton?"

Eve told her father that she had never spoken with their relative on the subject, at all.

"Then ring the bell, and we will ascertain at once

how far my conjecture is true. You can have no false delicacy, my child, about letting your engagement be known to one as near and as dear to us, as John."

"Engagement, father!"

"Yes, engagement," returned the smiling parent, "for such I already deem it. I have ventured, in your behalf, to plight your troth to Paul Powis, or what is almost equal to it; and in return I can give you back as many protestations of unequalled fidelity, and eternal constancy, as any reasonable girl can ask."

Eve gazed at her father in a way to show that reproach was mingled with fondness, for she felt that, in this instance, too much of the precipitation of the other sex had been manifested in her affairs; still, superior to coquetry and affectation, and much too warm in her attachments to be seriously hurt, she kissed the hand she held, shook her head reproachfully, even while she smiled, and did as had been desired.

"You have, indeed, rendered it important to us to know more of Mr. Powis, my beloved father," she said, as she returned to her seat, "though I could wish matters had not proceeded quite so fast."

"Nay, all I promised was conditional, and dependent on yourself. You have nothing to do, if I have said too much, but to refuse to ratify the treaty made by your negotiator."

"You propose an impossibility," said Eve, taking the hand, again, that she had so lately relinquished, and pressing it warmly between her own; "the negotiator is too much revered, has too strong a right to command, and is too much confided in to be thus dishonoured. Father, I *will*, I *do*, ratify all you *have*, all you *can* promise in my behalf."

"Even, if I annul the treaty, darling?"

"Even, in that case, father. I will marry none without your consent, and have so absolute a confidence in your tender care of me, that I do not even hesitate to say, I will marry him to whom you contract me."

“Bless you, bless you, Eve; I do believe you, for such have I ever found you, since thought has had any control over your actions. Desire Mr. John Effingham to come hither”—then, as the servant closed the door, he continued,—“and such I believe you will continue to be until your dying day.”

“Nay, reckless, careless father, you forget that you yourself have been instrumental in transferring my duty and obedience to another. What if this sea-monster should prove a tyrant, throw off the mask, and show himself in his real colours? Are you prepared, then, thoughtless, precipitate, parent”—Eve kissed Mr. Effingham’s cheek with childish playfulness, as she spoke, her heart swelling with happiness the whole time, “to preach obedience where obedience would then be due?”

“Hush, precious—I hear the step of Jack; he must not catch us fooling in this manner.”

Eve rose; and when her kinsman entered the room, she held out her hand kindly to him, though it was with an averted face and a tearful eye.

“It is time I was summoned,” said John Effingham, after he had drawn the blushing girl to him and kissed her forehead, “for what between *tête à têtes* with young fellows, and *tête à têtes* with old fellows, this evening, I began to think myself neglected. I hope I am still in time to render my decided disapprobation available?”

“Cousin Jack!” exclaimed Eve, with a look of reproachful mockery, “*you* are the last person who ought to speak of disapprobation, for you have done little else but sing the praises of the applicant, since you first met him.”

“Is it even so? then, like others, I must submit to the consequences of my own precipitation and false conclusions. Am I summoned to inquire how many thousands a year I shall add to the establishment of the new couple? As I hate business, say five at once;

and when the papers are ready, I will sign them, without reading."

"Most generous cynic," cried Eve, "I would I dared, now, to ask a single question!"

"Ask it without scruple, young lady, for this is the day of your independence and power. I am mistaken in the man, if Powis do not prove to be the captain of his own ship, in the end."

"Well, then, in whose behalf is this liberality really meant; mine, or that of the gentleman?"

"Fairly enough put," said John Effingham, laughing, again drawing Eve towards him and saluting her cheek; "for if I were on the rack, I could scarcely say which I love best, although you have the consolation of knowing, pert one, that you get the most kisses."

"I am almost in the same state of feeling myself, John, for a son of my own could scarcely be dearer to me than Paul."

"I see, indeed, that I *must* marry," said Eve hastily, dashing the tears of delight from her eyes, for what could give more delight than to hear the praises of her beloved, "if I wish to retain my place in your affections. But, father, we forget the question you were to put to cousin Jack."

"True, love. John, your mother was an Assheton?"

"Assuredly, Ned; you are not to learn my pedigree at this time of day, I trust."

"We are anxious to make out a relationship between you and Paul; can it not be done?"

"I would give half my fortune, Eve consenting, were it so!—What reason is there for supposing it probable, or even possible?"

"You know that he bears the name of his friend, and adopted parent, while that of his family is really Assheton."

"Assheton!" exclaimed the other, in a way to show that this was the first he had ever heard of the fact.

"Certainly; and as there is but one family of this

name, which is a little peculiar in the spelling—for here it is spelt by Paul himself, on this card—we have thought that he must be a relation of yours. I hope we are not to be disappointed.”

“Assheton!—It is, as you say, an unusual name; nor is there more than one family that bears it in this country, to my knowledge. Can it be possible that Powis is truly an Assheton?”

“Out of all doubt,” Eve eagerly exclaimed; “we have it from his own mouth. His father was an Assheton, and his mother was——”

“Who?” demanded John Effingham, with a vehemence that startled his companions.

“Nay, that is more than I can tell you, for he did not mention the family name of his mother; as she was a sister of Lady Dunluce, however, who is the wife of General Ducie, the father of our guest, it is probable her name was Dunluce.”

“I remember no relative that has made such a marriage, or who *can* have made such a marriage; and yet do I personally and intimately know every Assheton in the country.”

Mr. Effingham and his daughter looked at each other, for it at once struck them all painfully, that there must be Asshetons of another family.

“Were it not for the peculiar manner in which this name is spelled,” said Mr. Effingham, “I could suppose that there are Asshetons of whom we know nothing, but it is difficult to believe that there can be such persons of a respectable family of whom we never heard, for Powis said his relatives were of the Middle States——”

“And that his mother was called Dunluce?” demanded John Effingham earnestly, for he too appeared to wish to discover an affinity between himself and Paul.

“Nay, father, this I think he did not say; though it is quite probable; for the title of his aunt is an ancient

barony, and those ancient baronies usually became the family name."

"In this you must be mistaken, Eve, since he mentioned that the right was derived through his mother's mother, who was an Englishwoman."

"Why not send for him at once, and put the question?" said the simple-minded Mr. Effingham; "next to having him for my own son, it would give me pleasure, John, to learn that he was lawfully entitled to that which I know you have done in his behalf."

"That is impossible," returned John Effingham. "I am an only child, and as for cousins through my mother, there are so many who stand in an equal degree of affinity to me, that no one in particular can be my heir-at-law. If there were, I am an Effingham; my estate came from Effinghams, and to an Effingham it should descend in despite of all the Asshetons in America."

"Paul Powis included!" exclaimed Eve, raising a finger reproachfully.

"True, to him I have left a legacy; but it was to a Powis, and not to an Assheton."

"And yet he declares himself legally an Assheton, and not a Powis."

"Say no more of this, Eve; it is unpleasant to me. I hate the name of Assheton, though it was my mother's, and could wish never to hear it again."

Eve and her father were mute, for their kinsman, usually so proud and self-restrained, spoke with suppressed emotion, and it was plain that, for some hidden cause, he felt even more than he expressed. The idea that there should be any thing about Paul that could render him an object of dislike to one as dear to her as her cousin, was inexpressibly painful to the former, and she regretted that the subject had ever been introduced. Not so with her father. Simple, direct, and full of truth, Mr. Effingham rightly enough believed that mysteries in a family could lead to no good, and

he repeated his proposal of sending for Paul, and having the matter cleared up at once.

“You are too reasonable, Jack,” he concluded, “to let an antipathy against a name that was your mother’s, interfere with your sense of right. I know that some unpleasant questions arose concerning your succession to my aunt’s fortune, but that was all settled in your favour twenty years ago, and I had thought to your entire satisfaction.”

“Unhappily, family quarrels are ever the most bitter, and usually they are the least reconcileable,” returned John Effingham, evasively.—“I would that this young man’s name were any thing but Assheton! I do not wish to see Eve plighting her faith at the altar, to any one bearing that accursed name!”

“I shall plight my faith, if ever it be done, dear cousin John, to the man, and not to his name.”

“No, no—he must keep the appellation of Powis, by which we have all learned to love him, and to which he has done so much credit.”

“This is very strange, Jack, for a man who is usually as discreet and as well regulated as yourself. I again propose that we send for Paul, and ascertain precisely to what branch of this so-much-disliked family he really belongs.”

“No, father, if you love me, not now!” cried Eve, arresting Mr. Effingham’s hand as it touched the bell-cord; “it would appear distrustful, and even cruel, were we to enter into such an inquiry so soon. Powis might think we valued his family, more than we do himself.”

“Eve is right, Ned; but I will not sleep without learning all. There is an unfinished examination of the papers left by poor Monday, and I will take an occasion to summon Paul to its completion, when an opportunity will offer to renew the subject of his own history; for it was at the other investigation that he first spoke frankly to me, concerning himself.”

“Do so, cousin Jack, and let it be at once,” said Eve, earnestly. “I can trust you with Powis alone, for I know how much you respect and esteem him in your heart. See, it is already ten.”

“But, he will naturally wish to spend the close of an evening like this engaged in investigating something very different from Mr. Monday’s tale,” returned her cousin; the smile with which he spoke chasing away the look of chilled aversion that had so lately darkened his noble features.

“No, not to-night,” answered the blushing Eve. “I have confessed weakness enough for one day. To-morrow, if you will—if he will,—but not to-night. I shall retire with Mrs. Hawker, who already complains of fatigue; and you will send for Powis, to meet you in your own room, without unnecessary delay.”

Eve kissed John Effingham coaxingly, and as they walked together out of the library, she pointed towards the door that led to the chambers. Her cousin laughingly complied, and when in his own room, he sent a message to Paul to join him.

“Now, indeed, may I call you a kinsman,” said John Effingham, rising to receive the young man, towards whom he advanced, with extended hands, in his most winning manner. “Eve’s frankness and your own discernment have made us a happy family!”

“If any thing could add to the felicity of being acceptable to Miss Effingham,” returned Paul, struggling to command his feelings, “it is the manner in which her father and yourself have received my poor offers.”

“Well, we will now speak of it no more. I saw from the first which way things were tending, and it was my plain-dealing that opened the eyes of Templemore to the impossibility of his ever succeeding, by which means his heart has been kept from breaking.”

“Oh! Mr. Effingham, Templemore never loved Eve Effingham! I thought so once, and he thought so, too; but it could not have been a love like mine.”

“It certainly differed in the essential circumstance of reciprocity, which, in itself, singularly qualifies the passion, so far as duration is concerned. Templemore did not exactly know the reason why he preferred Eve; but, having seen so much of the society in which he lived, I was enabled to detect the cause. Accustomed to an elaborate sophistication, the singular union of refinement and nature caught his fancy; for the English seldom see the last separated from vulgarity; and when it is found, softened by a high intelligence and polished manners, it has usually great attractions for the *blasés*.”

“He is fortunate in having so readily found a substitute for Eve Effingham!”

“This change is not unnatural, neither. In the first place, I, with this truth-telling tongue, destroyed all hope, before he had committed himself by a declaration; and then Grace Van Cortlandt possesses the great attraction of nature, in a degree quite equal to that of her cousin. Besides, Templemore, though a gentleman, and a brave man, and a worthy one, is not remarkable for qualities of a very extraordinary kind. He will be as happy as is usual for an Englishman of his class to be, and he has no particular right to expect more. I sent for you, however, less to talk of love, than to trace its unhappy consequences in this affair, revealed by the papers of poor Monday. It is time we acquitted ourselves of that trust. Do me the favour to open the dressing-case that stands on the toilet-table; you will find in it the key that belongs to the bureau, where I have placed the secretary that contains the papers.”

Paul did as desired. The dressing-case was complicated and large, having several compartments, none of which were fastened. In the first opened, he saw a miniature of a female so beautiful, that his eye rested on it, as it might be, by a fascination. Notwithstanding some difference produced by the fashions of different

periods, the resemblance to the object of his love, was obvious at a glance. Borne away by the pleasure of the discovery, and actually believing that he saw a picture of Eve, drawn in a dress that did not in a great degree vary from the present attire, fashion having undergone no very striking revolution in the last twenty years, he exclaimed—

“This is indeed a treasure, Mr. Effingham, and most sincerely do I envy you its possession. It is like, and yet, in some particulars, it is unlike—it scarcely does Miss Effingham justice about the nose and forehead!”

John Effingham started when he saw the miniature in Paul’s hand, but recovering himself, he smiled at the eager delusion of his young friend, and said with perfect composure—

“It is not Eve, but her mother. The two features you have named in the former came from my family; but in all the others, the likeness is almost identical.”

“This then is Mrs. Effingham!” murmured Paul, gazing on the face of the mother of his love, with a respectful melancholy, and an interest that was rather heightened than lessened by a knowledge of the truth. “She died young, sir?”

“Quite; she can scarcely be said to have become an angel too soon, for she was always one.”

This was said with a feeling that did not escape Paul, though it surprised him. There were six or seven miniature-cases in the compartment of the dressing-box, and supposing that the one which lay uppermost belonged to the miniature in his hand, he raised it, and opened the lid with a view to replace the picture of Eve’s mother, with a species of pious reverence. Instead of finding an empty case, however, another miniature met his eye. The exclamation that now escaped the young man was one of delight and surprise.

“That must be my grandmother, with whom you

are in such raptures, at present," said John Effingham, laughing—"I was comparing it yesterday with the picture of Eve, which is in the Russia-leather case, that you will find somewhere there. I do not wonder, however, at your admiration, for she was a beauty in her day, and no woman is fool enough to be painted after she grows ugly."

"Not so—not so—Mr. Effingham! This is the miniature I lost in the Montauk, and which I had given up as booty to the Arabs. It has, doubtless, found its way into your state-room, and has been put among your effects by your man, through mistake. It is very precious to me, for it is nearly every memorial I possess of my own mother!"

"Your mother!" exclaimed John Effingham rising. "I think there must be some mistake, for I examined all those pictures this very morning, and it is the first time they have been opened since our arrival from Europe. It cannot be the missing picture."

"Mine it is certainly; in that I cannot be mistaken!"

"It would be odd indeed, if one of my grandmothers, for both are there, should prove to be your mother.—Powis, will you have the goodness to let me see the picture you mean."

Paul brought the miniature and a light, placing both before the eyes of his friend.

"That!" exclaimed John Effingham, his voice sounding harsh and unnatural to the listener,—“that picture like *your* mother!"

"It is her miniature—the miniature that was transmitted to me, from those who had charge of my childhood. I cannot be mistaken as to the countenance, or the dress."

"And your father's name was Assheton?"

"Certainly—John Assheton, of the Asshetons of Pennsylvania."

John Effingham groaned aloud; when Paul stepped

back equally shocked and surprised, he saw that the face of his friend was almost livid, and that the hand which held the picture shook like the aspen.

“Are you unwell, dear Mr. Effingham?”

“No—no—’tis impossible! This lady never had a child. Powis, you have been deceived by some fancied, or some real resemblance. This picture is mine, and has not been out of my possession these five and twenty years.”

“Pardon me, sir, it is the picture of my mother, and no other; the very picture lost in the Montauk.”

The gaze that John Effingham cast upon the young man was ghastly; and Paul was about to ring the bell, but a gesture of denial prevented him.

“See,” said John Effingham, hoarsely, as he touched a spring in the setting, and exposed to view the initials of two names interwoven with hair—“is this, too, yours?”

Paul looked surprised and disappointed.

“That certainly settles the question; my miniature had no such addition; and yet I believe that sweet and pensive countenance to be the face of my own beloved mother, and of no one else.”

John Effingham struggled to appear calm; and, replacing the pictures, he took the key from the dressing case, and, opening the bureau, he took out the secretary. This he signed for Powis, who had the key, to open; throwing himself into a chair, though every thing was done mechanically, as if his mind and body had little or no connection with each other.

“Some accidental resemblance has deceived you as to the miniature,” he said, while Paul was looking for the proper number among the letters of Mr. Monday. “No—no—that *cannot* be the picture of your mother. She left no child. Assheton did you say, was the name of your father?”

“Assheton—John Assheton—about that, at least, there can have been no mistake. This is the num-

ber at which we left off—will you, sir, or shall I, read?"

The other made a sign for Paul to read; looking, at the same time, as if it were impossible for him to discharge that duty himself.

"This is a letter from the woman who appears to have been entrusted with the child, to the man Dowse," said Paul, first glancing his eyes over the page,—“it appears to be little else but gossip—ha!—what is this, I see?"

John Effingham raised himself in his chair, and he sat gazing at Paul, as one gazes who expects some extraordinary developement, though of what nature he knew not.

"This is a singular passage," Paul continued—"so much so as to need elucidation. 'I have taken the child with me to get the picture from the jeweller, who has mended the ring, and the little urchin knew it at a glance.'"

"What is there remarkable in that? Others beside ourselves have had pictures; and this child knows its own better than you."

"Mr. Effingham, such a thing occurred to myself! It is one of those early events of which I still retain, have ever retained, a vivid recollection. Though little more than an infant at the time, well do I recollect to have been taken in this manner to a jeweller's, and the delight I felt at recovering my mother's picture, that which is now lost, after it had not been seen for a month or two."

"Paul Blunt—Powis—Assheton"—said John Effingham, speaking so hoarsely as to be nearly unintelligible, "remain here a few minutes—I will rejoin you."

John Effingham arose, and, notwithstanding he rallied all his powers, it was with extreme difficulty he succeeded in reaching the door, steadily rejecting the offered assistance of Paul, who was at a loss what to think of so much agitation in a man usually so self-pos-

sessed and tranquil. When out of the room, John Effingham did better, and he proceeded to the library, followed by his own man, whom he had ordered to accompany him with a light.

“Desire Captain Ducie to give me the favour of his company for a moment,” he then said, motioning to the servant to withdraw. “You will not be needed any longer.”

It was but a minute before Captain Ducie stood before him. This gentleman was instantly struck with the pallid look, and general agitation of the person he had come to meet, and he expressed an apprehension that he was suddenly taken ill. But a motion of the hand forbade his touching the bell-cord, and he waited in silent wonder at the scene which he had been so unexpectedly called to witness.

“A glass of that water, if you please, Captain Ducie,” said John Effingham, endeavouring to smile with gentlemanlike courtesy, as he made the request, though the effort caused his countenance to appear ghastly again. A little recovered by this beverage, he said more steadily—

“You are the cousin of Powis, Captain Ducie.”

“We are sisters’ children, sir.”

“And your mother is——”

“Lady Dunluce—a peeress in her own right.”

“But, what—her family name?”

“Her own family name has been sunk in that of my father, the Ducies claiming to be as old and as honourable a family, as that from which my mother inherits her rank. Indeed the Dunluce barony has gone through so many names, by means of females, that I believe there is no intention to revive the original appellation of the family which was first summoned.”

“You mistake me—your mother—when she married—was——”

“Miss Warrender.”

“I thank you, sir, and will trouble you no longer,”

returned John Effingham, rising and struggling to make his manner second the courtesy of his words—"I have troubled you, abruptly—incoherently I fear—your arm——"

Captain Ducie stepped hastily forward, and was just in time to prevent the other from falling senseless on the floor, by receiving him in his own arms.

CHAPTER XIII.

What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her."

HAMLET.

THE next morning, Paul and Eve were alone in that library which had long been the scene of the confidential communications of the Effingham family. Eve had been weeping, nor were Paul's eyes entirely free from the signs of his having given way to strong sensations. Still happiness beamed in the countenance of each, and the timid but affectionate glances with which our heroine returned the fond, admiring look of her lover, were any thing but distrustful of their future felicity. Her hand was in his, and it was often raised to his lips, as they pursued the conversation.

"This is so wonderful," exclaimed Eve, after one of the frequent musing pauses in which both indulged, "that I can scarcely believe myself awake. That you, Blunt, Powis, Assheton, should, after all, prove an Effingham!"

"And that I, who have so long thought myself an orphan, should find a living father, and he a man like Mr. John Effingham!"

"I have long thought that something heavy lay at the honest heart of cousin Jack—you will excuse me, Powis,

but I shall need time to learn to call him by a name of greater respect."

"Call him always so, love, for I am certain it would pain him to meet with any change in you. He is your cousin Jack."

"Nay, he may some day unexpectedly become *my* father too, as he has so wonderfully become yours," rejoined Eve, glancing archly at the glowing face of the delighted young man; "and then cousin Jack might prove too familiar and disrespectful a term."

"So much stronger does your claim to him appear than mine, that I think, when that blessed day shall arrive, Eve, it will convert him into *my* cousin Jack, instead of your father. But call *him* as you may, why do you still insist on calling *me* Powis?"

"That name will ever be precious in my eyes! You abridge me of my rights, in denying me a change of name. Half the young ladies of the country marry for the novelty of being called Mrs. Somebody-else, instead of the Misses they were, while I am condemned to remain Eve Effingham for life."

"If you object to the appellation, I can continue to call myself Powis. This has been done so long now as almost to legalize the act."

"Indeed, no—you are an Effingham, and as an Effingham ought you to be known. What a happy lot is mine! Spared even the pain of parting with my old friends, at the great occurrence of my life, and finding my married home the same as the home of my childhood!"

"I owe every thing to you, Eve, name, happiness, and even a home."

"I know not that. Now that it is known that you are the great-grandson of Edward Effingham, I think your chance of possessing the Wigwam would be quite equal to my own, even were we to look different ways in quest of married happiness. An arrangement of that nature would not be difficult to make, as John

Effingham might easily compensate a daughter for the loss of her house and lands by means of those money-yielding stocks and bonds, of which he possesses so many."

"I view it differently. You were Mr.—my father's heir—how strangely the word father sounds in unaccustomed ears!—But you were my father's chosen heir, and I shall owe to you, dearest, in addition to the treasures of your heart and faith, my fortune."

"Are you so very certain of this, ingrate?—Did not Mr. John Effingham—cousin Jack—adopt you as his son even before he knew of the natural tie that actually exists between you?"

"True, for I perceive that you have been made acquainted with most of that which has passed. But I hope, that in telling you his own offer, Mr.—that my father did not forget to tell you of the terms on which it was accepted?"

"He did you ample justice, for he informed me that you stipulated there should be no altering of wills, but that the unworthy heir already chosen, should still remain the heir."

"And to this Mr—"

"Cousin Jack," said Eve, laughing, for the laugh comes easy to the supremely happy.

"To this cousin Jack assented?"

"Most true, again. The will would not have been altered, for your interests were already cared for."

"And at the expense of yours, dearest Eve!"

"It would have been at the expense of my better feelings, Paul, had it not been so. However, that will can never do either harm or good to any, now."

"I trust it will remain unchanged, beloved, that I may owe as much to you as possible."

Eve looked kindly at her betrothed, blushed even deeper than the bloom which happiness had left on her cheek, and smiled like one who knew more than she cared to express.

“What secret meaning is concealed behind that look of portentous signification?”

“It means, Powis, that I have done a deed that is almost criminal. I have destroyed a will.”

“Not my father’s!”

“Even so—but it was done in his presence, and if not absolutely with his consent, with his knowledge. When he informed me of your superior rights, I insisted on its being done, at once, so, should any accident occur, you will be heir at law, as a matter of course. Cousin Jack affected reluctance, but I believe he slept more sweetly, for the consciousness that this act of justice had been done.”

“I fear he slept little, as it was; it was long past midnight before I left him, and the agitation of his spirits was such as to appear awful in the eyes of a son!”

“And the promised explanation is to come, to renew his distress! Why make it at all? is it not enough that we are certain that you are his child? and for that, have we not the solemn assurance, the declaration of almost, a dying man!”

“There should be no shade left over my mother’s fame. Faults there have been, somewhere, but it is painful, oh! how painful! for a child to think evil of a mother.”

“On this head you are already assured. Your own previous knowledge, and John Effingham’s distinct declarations, make your mother blameless.”

“Beyond question; but this sacrifice must be made to my mother’s spirit. It is now nine; the breakfast-bell will soon ring, and then we are promised the whole of the melancholy tale. Pray with me, Eve, that it may be such as will not wound the ear of a son!”

Eve took the hand of Paul within both of hers, and kissed it with a sort of holy hope, that in its exhibition caused neither blush nor shame. Indeed so bound together were these young hearts, so ample and con-

finding had been the confessions of both, and so pure was their love, that neither regarded such a manifestation of feeling, differently from what an acknowledgement of a dependence on any other sacred principle would have been esteemed. The bell now summoned them to the breakfast-table, and Eve, yielding to her sex's timidity, desired Paul to precede her a few minutes, that the sanctity of their confidence might not be weakened by the observation of profane eyes.

The meal was silent; the discovery of the previous night, which had been made known to all in the house, by the declarations of John Effingham as soon as he was restored to his senses, Captain Ducie having innocently collected those within hearing to his succour, causing a sort of moral suspense that weighed on the vivacity if not on the comforts of the whole party, the lovers alone excepted.

As profound happiness is seldom talkative, the meal was a silent one, then; and when it was ended, they who had no tie of blood with the parties most concerned with the revelations of the approaching interview, delicately separated, making employments and engagements that left the family at perfect liberty; while those who had been previously notified that their presence would be acceptable, silently repaired to the dressing-room of John Effingham. The latter party was composed of Mr. Effingham, Paul, and Eve, only. The first passed into his cousin's bed-room, where he had a private conference that lasted half an hour. At the end of that time, the two others were summoned to join him.

John Effingham was a strong-minded and a proud man, his governing fault being the self-reliance that indisposed him to throw himself on a greater power, for the support, guidance, and counsel, that all need. To humiliation before God, however, he was not unused, and of late years it had got to be frequent with him, and it was only in connexion with his fellow-crea-

tures that his repugnance to admitting even of an equality existed. He felt how much more just, intuitive, conscientious even, were his own views than those of mankind, in general; and he seldom deigned to consult with any as to the opinions he ought to entertain, or as to the conduct he ought to pursue. It is scarcely necessary to say, that such a being was one of strong and engrossing passions, the impulses frequently proving too imperious for the affections, or even for principles. The scene that he was now compelled to go through, was consequently one of sore mortification and self-abasement; and yet, feeling its justice no less than its necessity, and having made up his mind to discharge what had now become a duty, his very pride of character led him to do it manfully, and with no uncalled-for reserves. It was a painful and humiliating task, notwithstanding; and it required all the self-command, all the sense of right, and all the clear perception of consequences, that one so quick to discriminate could not avoid perceiving, to enable him to go through it with the required steadiness and connexion.

John Effingham received Paul and Eve, seated in an easy chair; for, while he could not be said to be ill, it was evident that his very frame had been shaken by the events and emotions of the few preceding hours. He gave a hand to each, and, drawing Eve affectionately to him, he imprinted a kiss on a cheek that was burning, though it paled and reddened in quick succession, the heralds of the tumultuous thoughts within. The look he gave Paul was kind and welcome, while a hectic spot glowed on each cheek, betraying that his presence excited pain as well as pleasure. A long pause succeeded this meeting, when John Effingham broke the silence.

“There can now be no manner of question, my dear Paul,” he said, smiling affectionately but sadly, as he looked at the young man, “about your being my

son. The letter written by John Assheton to your mother, after the separation of your parents, would settle that important point, had not the names, and the other facts that have come to our knowledge, already convinced me of the precious truth; for precious and very dear to me is the knowledge that I am the father of so worthy a child. You must prepare yourself to hear things that it will not be pleasant for a son to listen——”

“No, no—cousin Jack—*dear* cousin Jack!” cried Eve, throwing herself precipitately into her kinsman’s arms, “we will hear nothing of the sort. It is sufficient that you are Paul’s father, and we wish to know no more—will hear no more.”

“This is like yourself, Eve, but it will not answer what I conceive to be the dictates of duty. Paul had two parents; and not the slightest suspicion ought to rest on one of them, in order to spare the feelings of the other. In showing me this kindness you are treating Paul inconsiderately.”

“I beg, dear sir, you will not think too much of me, but entirely consult your own judgment—your own sense of—in short, dear father, that you will consider yourself before your son.”

“I thank you, my children—what a word, and what a novel sensation is this, for me, Ned!—I feel all your kindness, but if you would consult my peace of mind, and wish me to regain my self-respect, you will allow me to disburthen my soul of the weight that oppresses it. This is strong language; but, while I have no confessions of deliberate criminality, or of positive vice to make, I feel it to be hardly too strong for the facts. My tale will be very short, and I crave your patience, Ned, while I expose my former weakness to these young people.” Here John Effingham paused, as if to recollect himself; then he proceeded with a seriousness of manner that caused every syllable he uttered to tell on the ears of his listeners. “It is well

known to your father, Eve, though it will probably be new to you," he said, "that I felt a passion for your sainted mother, such as few men ever experience for any of your sex. Your father and myself were suitors for her favour at the same time, though I can scarcely say, Edward, that any feeling of rivalry entered into the competition."

"You do me no more than justice, John, for if the affection of my beloved Eve could cause me grief, it was because it brought you pain."

"I had the additional mortification of approving of the choice she made; for, certainly, as respected her own happiness, your mother did more wisely in confiding it to the regulated, mild, and manly virtues of your father, than in placing her hopes on one as eccentric and violent as myself."

"This is injustice, John. You may have been positive, and a little stern, at times, but never violent, and least of all with a woman."

"Call it what you will, it unfitted me to make one so meek, gentle, and yet high-souled, as entirely happy as she deserved to be, and as you did make her, while she remained on earth. I had the courage to stay and learn that your father was accepted, (though the marriage was deferred two years in consideration for my feelings,) and then with a heart, in which mortified pride, wounded love, a resentment that was aimed rather against myself than against your parents, I quitted home, with a desperate determination never to rejoin my family again. This resolution I did not own to myself, even, but it lurked in my intentions unowned, festering like a mortal disease; and it caused me, when I burst away from the scene of happiness of which I had been a compelled witness, to change my name, and to make several inconsistent and extravagant arrangements to abandon my native country even."

"Poor John!" exclaimed his cousin, involuntarily, "this would have been a sad blot on our felicity, had we known it!"

“I was certain of that, even when most writhing under the blow you had so unintentionally inflicted, Ned; but the passions are tyrannical and inconsistent masters. I took my mother’s name, changed my servant, and avoided those parts of the country where I was known. At this time, I feared for my own reason, and the thought crossed my mind, that by making a sudden marriage I might supplant the old passion, which was so near destroying me, by some of that gentler affection which seemed to render you so blest, Edward.”

“Nay, John, this was, itself, a temporary tottering of the reasoning faculties.”

“It was simply the effect of passions, over which reason had never been taught to exercise a sufficient influence. Chance brought me acquainted with Miss Warrender, in one of the southern states, and she promised, as I fancied, to realize all my wild schemes of happiness and resentment.”

“Resentment, John?”

“I fear I must confess it, Edward, though it were anger against myself. I first made Miss Warrender’s acquaintance as John Assheton, and some months had passed before I determined to try the fearful experiment I have mentioned. She was young, beautiful, well-born, virtuous and good; if she had a fault, it was her high spirit—not high temper, but she was high-souled and proud.”

“Thank God, for this!” burst from the inmost soul of Paul, with unrestrainable feeling.

“You have little to apprehend, my son, on the subject of your mother’s character; if not perfect, she was wanting in no womanly virtue, and might, nay ought to have made any reasonable man happy. My offer was accepted, for I found her heart disengaged. Miss Warrender was not affluent, and, in addition to the other unjustifiable motives that influenced me, I thought there would be a satisfaction in believing that

I had been chosen for myself, rather than for my wealth. Indeed, I had got to be distrustful and ungenerous, and then I disliked the confession of the weakness that had induced me to change my name. The simple, I might almost say, loose laws of this country, on the subject of marriage, removed all necessity for explanations, there being no bans nor license necessary, and the christian name only being used in the ceremony. We were married, therefore, but I was not so unmindful of the rights of others, as to neglect to procure a certificate, under a promise of secrecy, in my own name. By going to the place where the ceremony was performed, you will also find the marriage of John Effingham and Mildred Warrender duly registered in the books of the church to which the officiating clergyman belonged. So far, I did what justice required, though, with a motiveless infatuation for which I can now hardly account, which *cannot* be accounted for, except by ascribing it to the inconsistent cruelty of passion, I concealed my real name from her with whom there should have been no concealment. I fancied, I tried to fancy I was no impostor, as I was of the family I represented myself to be, by the mother's side; and I wished to believe that my peace would easily be made when I avowed myself to be the man I really was. I had found Miss Warrender and her sister living with a well-intentioned but weak aunt, and with no male relative to make those inquiries which would so naturally have suggested themselves to persons of ordinary worldly prudence. It is true, I had become known to them under favourable circumstances, and they had good reason to believe me an Assheton from some accidental evidence that I possessed, which unanswerably proved my affinity to that family, without betraying my true name. But there is so little distrust in this country, that, by keeping at a distance from the places in which I was personally known, a life might have passed without exposure."

“This was all wrong, dear cousin Jack,” said Eve, taking his hand and affectionately kissing it, while her face kindled with a sense of her sex’s rights, “and I should be unfaithful to my womanhood were I to say otherwise. You had entered into the most solemn of all human contracts, and evil is the omen when such an engagement is veiled by any untruth. But, still, one would think you might have been happy with a virtuous and affectionate wife!”

“Alas! it is but a hopeless experiment to marry one, while the heart is still yearning towards another. Confidence came too late; for, discovering my unhappiness, Mildred extorted a tardy confession from me; a confession of all but the concealment of the true name; and justly wounded at the deception of which she had been the dupe, and yielding to the impulses of a high and generous spirit, she announced to me that she was unwilling to continue the wife of any man on such terms. We parted, and I hastened into the southwestern states, where I passed the next twelvemonth in travelling, hurrying from place to place, in the vain hope of obtaining peace of mind. I plunged into the prairies, and most of the time mentioned was lost to me as respects the world, in the company of hunters and trappers.”

“This, then, explains your knowledge of that section of the country,” exclaimed Mr. Effingham, “for which I have never been able to account! We thought you among your old friends in Carolina, all that time.”

“No one knew where I had secreted myself, for I passed under another feigned name, and had no servant, even. I had, however, sent an address to Mildred, where a letter would find me; for, I had begun to feel a sincere affection for her, though it might not have amounted to passion, and looked forward to being reunited, when her wounded feelings had time to regain their tranquillity. The obligations of wedlock are too serious to be lightly thrown aside, and

I felt persuaded that neither of us would be satisfied in the end, without discharging the duties of the state into which we had entered."

"And why did you not hasten to your poor wife, cousin Jack," Eve innocently demanded, "as soon as you returned to the settlements?"

"Alas! my dear girl, I found letters at St. Louis announcing her death. Nothing was said of any child, nor did I in the least suspect that I was about to become a father. When Mildred died, I thought all the ties, all the obligations, all the traces of my ill-judged marriage were extinct; and the course taken by her relations, of whom, in this country, there remained very few, left me no inclination to proclaim it. By observing silence, I continued to pass as a bachelor, of course; though had there been any apparent reason for avowing what had occurred, I think no one who knows me, can suppose I would have shrunk from doing so."

"May I inquire, my dear sir," Paul asked, with a timidity of manner that betrayed how tenderly he felt it necessary to touch on the subject at all—"may I inquire, my dear sir, what course was taken by my mother's relatives?"

"I never knew Mr. Warrender, my wife's brother, but he had the reputation of being a haughty and exacting man. His letters were not friendly; scarcely tolerable; for he affected to believe I had given a false address at the west, when I was residing in the middle states, and he threw out hints that to me were then inexplicable, but which the letters left with me, by Paul, have sufficiently explained. I thought him cruel and unfeeling at the time, but he had an excuse for his conduct."

"Which was, sir——?" Paul eagerly inquired.

"I perceive by the letters you have given me, my son, that your mother's family had imbibed the opinion, that I was John Assheton, of Lancaster, a man

of singular humours, who had made an unfortunate marriage in Spain, and whose wife, I believe, is still living in Paris, though lost to herself and her friends. My kinsman lived retired, and never recovered the blow. As he was one of the only persons of the name, who could have married your mother, her relatives appear to have taken up the idea that he had been guilty of bigamy, and of course that Paul was illegitimate. Mr. Warrender, by his letters, appears even to have had an interview with this person, and, on mentioning his wife, was rudely repulsed from the house. It was a proud family, and Mildred being dead, the concealment of the birth of her child was resorted to, as a means of averting a fancied disgrace. As for myself, I call the all-seeing eye of God to witness, that the thought of my being a parent never crossed my mind, until I learned that a John Assheton was the father of Paul, and that the miniature of Mildred Warrender, that I received at the period of our engagement, was the likeness of his mother. The simple declaration of Captain Ducie concerning the family name of his mother, removed all doubt."

"But, cousin Jack, did not the mention of Lady Dunluce, of the Ducies, and of Paul's connections, excite curiosity?"

"Concerning what, dear? I could have no curiosity about a child of whose existence I was ignorant. I did know that the Warrenders had pretensions to both rank and fortune in England, but never heard the title, and cared nothing about money that would not, probably, be Mildred's. Of General Ducie I never even heard, as he married after my separation, and subsequently to the receipt of my brother-in-law's letters, I wished to forget the existence of the family. I went to Europe, and remained abroad seven years, and as this was at a time when the continent was closed against the English, I was not in a way to hear any thing on the subject. On my return, my wife's

aunt was dead; the last of my wife's brothers was dead; her sister must then have been Mrs. Ducie; no one mentioned the Warrenders, all traces of whom were nearly lost in this country, and to me the subject was too painful to be either sought or dwelt on. It is a curious fact, that, in 1829, during our late visit to the old world, I ascended the Nile with General Ducie for a travelling companion. We met at Alexandria, and went to the cataracts and returned in company. He knew me as John Effingham, an American traveller of fortune, if of no particular merit, and I knew him as an agreeable English general officer. He had the reserve of an Englishman of rank, and seldom spoke of his family, and it was only on our return, that I found he had letters from his wife, Lady Dunluce; but little did I dream that Lady Dunluce was Mabel Warrender. How often are we on the very verge of important information, and yet live on in ignorance and obscurity! The Ducies appear finally to have arrived at the opinion that the marriage was legal, and that no reproach rests on the birth of Paul, by the inquiries made concerning the eccentric John Assheton."

"They fancied, in common with my uncle Warrender, for a long time, that the John Assheton whom you have mentioned, sir," said Paul, "was my father. But some accidental information, at a late day, convinced them of their error, and then they naturally enough supposed that it was the only other John Assheton that could be heard of, who passes, and probably with sufficient reason, for a bachelor. This latter gentleman I have myself always supposed to be my father, though he has treated two or three letters I have written to him, with the indifference with which one would be apt to treat the pretensions of an impostor. Pride has prevented me from attempting to renew the correspondence lately."

"It is John Assheton of Bristol, my mother's brother's son, as inveterate a bachelor as is to be found in

the Union!" said John Effingham, smiling, in spite of the grave subject and deep emotions that had so lately been uppermost in his thoughts. "He must have supposed your letters were an attempt at mystification on the part of some of his jocular associates, and I am surprised that he thought it necessary to answer them at all."

"He did answer but one, and that reply certainly had something of the character you suggest, sir. I freely forgive him, now I understand the truth, though his apparent contempt gave me many a bitter pang at the time. I saw Mr. Assheton once in public, and observed him well, for, strange as it is, I have been thought to resemble him."

"Why strange? Jack Assheton and myself have, or rather had a strong family likeness to each other, and, though the thought is new to me, I can now easily trace this resemblance to myself. It is rather an Assheton than an Effingham look, though the latter is not wanting."

"These explanations are very clear and satisfactory," observed Mr. Effingham, "and leave little doubt that Paul is the child of John Effingham and Mildred Warrender; but they would be beyond all cavil, were the infancy of the boy placed in an equally plain point of view, and could the reasons be known why the Warrenders abandoned him to the care of those who yielded him up to Mr. Powis."

"I see but little obscurity in that," returned John Effingham. "Paul is unquestionably the child referred to in the papers left by poor Monday, to the care of whose mother he was intrusted, until, in his fourth year, she yielded him to Mr. Powis, to get rid of trouble and expense, while she kept the annuity granted by Lady Dunluce. The names appear in the concluding letters; and had we read the the latter through at first, we should earlier have arrived at the same conclusion. Could we find the man called Dowse, who appears to

have instigated the fraud, and who married Mrs. Monday, the whole thing would be explained."

"Of this I am aware," said Paul, for he and John Effingham had perused the remainder of the Monday papers together, after the fainting fit of the latter, as soon as his strength would admit; "and Captain Truck is now searching for an old passenger of his, who I think will furnish the clue. Should we get this evidence, it would settle all legal questions."

"Such questions will never be raised," said John Effingham, holding out his hand affectionately to his son; "you possess the marriage certificate given to your mother, and I avow myself to have been the person therein styled John Assheton. This fact I have endorsed on the back of the certificate; while here is another given to me in my proper name, with the endorsement made by the clergyman that I passed by another name, at the ceremony."

"Such a man, cousin Jack, was unworthy of his cloth!" said Eve with energy.

"I do not think so, my child. He was innocent of the original deception; this certificate was given after the death of my wife, and might do good, whereas it could do no harm. The clergyman in question is now a bishop, and is still living. He may give evidence if necessary, to the legality of the marriage."

"And the clergyman by whom I was baptized is also alive," cried Paul, "and has never lost sight of me. He was, in part, in the confidence of my mother's family, and even after I was adopted by Mr. Powis, he kept me in view as one of his little Christians as he termed me. It was no less a person than Dr. ———."

"This alone would make out the connection and identity," said Mr. Effingham, "without the aid of the Monday witnesses. The whole obscurity has arisen from John's change of name, and his ignorance of the fact that his wife had a child. The Ducies appear to have had plausible reasons, too, for distrusting the

legality of the marriage; but all is now clear, and as a large estate is concerned, we will take care that no further obscurity shall rest over the affair."

"The part connected with the estate is already secured," said John Effingham, looking at Eve with a smile. "An American can always make a will, and one that contains but a single bequest is soon written. Mine is executed, and Paul Effingham, my son by my marriage with Mildred Warrender, and lately known in the United States' Navy as Paul Powis, is duly declared my heir. This will suffice for all legal purposes, though we shall have large draughts of gossip to swallow."

"Cousin Jack!"

"Daughter Eve!"

"Who has given cause for it?"

"He who commenced one of the most sacred of his earthly duties, with an unjustifiable deception. The wisest way to meet it, will be to make our avowals of the relationship as open as possible."

"I see no necessity, John, of entering into details," said Mr. Effingham; "you were married young, and lost your wife within a year of your marriage. She was a Miss Warrender, and the sister of Lady Dunluce; Paul and Ducie are declared cousins, and the former proves to be your son, of whose existence you were ignorant. No one will presume to question any of us, and it really strikes me that all rational people ought to be satisfied with this simple account of the matter."

"Father!" exclaimed Eve, with her pretty little hands raised in the attitude of surprise, "in what capital even, in what part of the world, would such a naked account appease curiosity? Much less will it suffice here, where every human being, gentle or simple, learned or ignorant, refined or vulgar, fancies himself a constitutional judge of all the acts of all his fellow-creatures?"

“We have at least the consolation of knowing that no revelations will make the matter any worse, or any better,” said Paul, “as the gossips would tell their own tale, in every case, though its falsehood were as apparent as the noon-day sun. A gossip is essentially a liar, and truth is the last ingredient that is deemed necessary to his other qualifications; indeed, a well authenticated fact is a death-blow to a gossip. I hope, my dear sir, you will say no more than that I am your son, a circumstance much too precious to me to be omitted.”

John Effingham looked affectionately at the noble young man, whom he had so long esteemed and admired; and the tears forced themselves to his eyes, as he felt the supreme happiness that can alone gladden a parent's heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

“For my part, I care not: I say little; but when the time comes, there shall be smiles.” — N.Y.M.

ALTHOUGH Paul Effingham was right, and Eve Effingham was also right, in their opinions of the art of gossiping, they both forgot one qualifying circumstance, that, arising from different causes, produces the same effect, equally in a capital and in a province. In the first, marvels form a nine days' wonder from the hurry of events; in the latter, from the hurry of talking. When it was announced in Templeton that Mr. John Effingham had discovered a son in Mr. Powis, as that son had conjectured, every thing but the truth was rumoured and believed, in connection with the circumstance. Of course it excited a good deal of a natural and justifiable curiosity and surprise

in the trained and intelligent, for John Effingham had passed for a confirmed bachelor; but they were generally content to suffer a family to have feelings and incidents that were not to be paraded before a neighbourhood. Having some notions themselves of the delicacy and sanctity of the domestic affections, they were willing to respect the same sentiments in others. But these few excepted, the village was in a tumult of surmises, reports, contradictions, confirmations, rebutters, and sur-rebutters, for a fortnight. Several village *élégants*, whose notions of life were obtained in the valley in which they were born, and who had turned up their noses at the quiet, reserved, gentleman-like Paul, because he did not happen to suit their tastes, were disposed to resent his claim to be his father's son, as if it were an injustice done to their rights; such commentators on men and things uniformly bringing every thing down to the standard of self. Then the approaching marriages at the Wigwam had to run the gauntlet, not only of village and county criticisms, but that of the mighty Emporium itself, as it is the fashion to call the confused and tasteless collection of flaring red brick houses, marten-box churches, and colossal taverns, that stands on the island of Manhattan; the discussion of marriages being a topic of never-ending interest in that well regulated social organization, after the subjects of dollars, lots, and wines, have been duly exhausted. Sir George Templemore was transformed into the Honourable Lord George Templemore, and Paul's relationship to Lady Dunluce was converted, as usual, into his being the heir apparent of a Duchy of that name; Eve's preference for a nobleman, as a matter of course, to the *aristocratical* tastes imbibed during a residence in foreign countries; Eve, the intellectual, feminine, instructed Eve, whose European associations, while they had taught her to prize the refinement, grace, *retenue*, and tone of an advanced condition of society, had also taught her to despise its

mere covering and glitter! But, as there is no protection against falsehood, so is there no reasoning with ignorance.

A sacred few, at the head of whom were Mr. Steadfast Dodge and Mrs. Widow-Bewitched Abbott, treated the matter as one of greater gravity, and as possessing an engrossing interest for the entire community.

"For my part, Mr. Dodge," said Mrs. Abbott, in one of their frequent conferences, about a fortnight after the *éclaircissement* of the last chapter, "I do not believe that Paul Powis is Paul Effingham at all. You say that you knew him by the name of Blunt when he was a younger man?"

"Certainly, ma'am. He passed universally by that name formerly, and it may be considered as at least extraordinary that he should have had so many aliases. The truth of the matter is, Mrs. Abbott, if truth could be come at, which I always contend is very difficult in the present state of the world——"

"You never said a juster thing, Mr. Dodge!" interrupted the lady, feelings impetuous as hers seldom waiting for the completion of a sentence, "I never can get hold of the truth of any thing now; you may remember you insinuated that Mr. John Effingham himself was to be married to Eve, and, lo and behold! it turns out to be his son!"

"The lady may have changed her mind, Mrs. Abbott; she gets the same estate with a younger man."

"She's monstrous disagreeable, and I'm sure it will be a relief to the whole village when she is married, let it be to the father, or to the son. Now, do you know, Mr. Dodge, I have been in a desperate taking about one thing, and that is to find that, bony fie-dy, the two old Effinghams are not actually brothers! I knew that they *called* each other cousin Jack and cousin Ned, and that Eve affected to call her uncle *cousin* Jack, but then she has so many affectations, and the old people are so foreign, that I looked upon all

that as mere pretence; I said to myself a neighbourhood *ought* to know better about a man's family than he *can* know himself, and the neighbourhood all declared they were brothers; and yet it turns out, after all, that they are only cousins!"

"Yes, I do believe that, for once, the family was right in that matter, and the public mistaken."

"Well, I should like to know who has a better right to be mistaken than the public, Mr. Dodge. This is a free country, and if the people can't sometimes be wrong, what is the mighty use of their freedom? We are all sinful wretches, at the best, and it is vain to look for any thing but vice from sinners."

"Nay, my dear Mrs. Abbott, you are too hard on yourself, for every body allows that *you* are as exemplary as you are devoted to your religious duties."

"Oh! I was not speaking particularly of myself, sir; I am no egotist in such things, and wish to leave my own imperfections to the charity of my friends and neighbours. But, do you think, Mr. Dodge, that a marriage between Paul Effingham, for so I suppose he must be called, and Eve Effingham, will be legal? Can't it be set aside, and if that should be the case, wouldn't the fortune go to the public?"

"It *ought* to be so, my dear ma'am, and I trust the day is not distant when it will be so. The people are beginning to understand their rights, and another century will not pass, before they will enforce them by the necessary penal statutes. We have got matters so now, that a man can no longer indulge in the aristocratic and selfish desire to make a will, and, take my word for it, we shall not stop until we bring every thing to the proper standard."

The reader is not to suppose from his language that Mr. Dodge was an agrarian, or that he looked forward to a division of property, at some future day; for, possessing in his own person already, more than what could possibly fall to an individual share, he had not

the smallest desire to lessen its amount by a general division. In point of fact he did not know his own meaning, except as he felt envy of all above him, in which, in truth, was to be found the whole secret of his principles, his impulses, and his doctrines. Any thing that would pull down those whom education, habits, fortune, or tastes, had placed in positions more conspicuous than his own, was, in his eyes, reasonable and just—as any thing that would serve him, in person, the same ill turn, would have been tyranny and oppression. The institutions of America, like every thing human, have their bad as well as their good side; and while we firmly believe in the relative superiority of the latter, as compared with other systems, we should fail of accomplishing the end set before us in this work, did we not exhibit, in strong colours, one of the most prominent consequences that has attended the entire destruction of factitious personal distinctions in the country, which has certainly aided in bringing out in bolder relief than common, the prevalent disposition in man to covet that which is the possession of another, and to decry merits that are unattainable.

“Well, I rejoice to hear this,” returned Mrs. Abbott, whose principles were of the same loose school as those of her companion, “for I think no one should have rights but those who have experienced religion, if you would keep vital religion in a country. There goes that old sea-lion, Truck, and his fishing associate, the commodore, with their lines and poles, as usual, Mr. Dodge; I beg you will call to them, for I long to hear what the first can have to say about his beloved Effinghams, now?”

Mr. Dodge complied, and the navigator of the ocean and the navigator of the lake, were soon seated in Mrs. Abbott’s little parlour, which might be styled the focus of gossip, near those who were so lately its sole occupants.

“This is wonderful news, gentlemen,” commenced

Mrs. Abbott, as soon as the bustle of the entrance had subsided. "Mr. Powis is Mr. Effingham, and it seems that Miss Effingham is to become Mrs. Effingham. Miracles will never cease, and I look upon this as one of the most surprising of my time."

"Just so, ma'am," said the commodore, winking his eye, and giving the usual flourish with a hand; "your time has not been that of a day neither, and Mr. Powis has reason to rejoice that he is the hero of such a history. For my part, I could not have been more astonished, were I to bring up the sogdollager with a trout-hook, having a cheese paring for the bait."

"I understand," continued the lady, "that there are doubts after all, whether this miracle be really a true miracle. It is hinted that Mr. Powis is neither Mr. Effingham nor Mr. Powis, but that he is actually a Mr. Blunt. Do you happen to know any thing of the matter, Captain Truck?"

"I have been introduced to him, ma'am, by all three names, and I consider him as an acquaintance in each character. I can assure you, moreover, that he is A, No. 1, on whichever tack you take him; a man who carries a weather helm in the midst of his enemies."

"Well, I do not consider it a very great recommendation for one to have enemies, at all. Now, I dare say, Mr. Dodge, *you* have not an enemy on earth?"

"I should be sorry to think that I had, Mrs. Abbott. I am every man's friend, particularly the poor man's friend, and I should suppose that every man *ought* to be my friend. I hold the whole human family to be brethren, and that they ought to live together as such."

"Very true, sir; quite true—we *are* all sinners, and ought to look favourably on each other's failings. It is no business of mine—I say it is no business of ours, Mr. Dodge, who Miss Eve Effingham marries; but were she *my* daughter, I do think I should not like her

to have three family names, and to keep her own in the bargain!"

"The Effinghams hold their heads very much up, though it is not easy to see *why*; but so they do, and the more names the better, perhaps, for such people," returned the editor. "For my part, I treat them with condescension, just as I do every body else; for it is a rule with me, Captain Truck, to make use of the same deportment to a king on his throne, as I would to a beggar in the street."

"Merely to show that you do not feel yourself to be above your betters. We have many such philosophers in this country."

"Just so," said the commodore.

"I wish I knew," resumed Mrs. Abbott; for there existed in her head, as well as in that of Mr. Dodge, such a total confusion on the subject of deportment, that neither saw nor felt the cool sarcasm of the old sailor; "I wish I knew, now, whether Eve Effingham has really been regenerated! What is your opinion, commodore?"

"Re-what, ma'am," said the commodore, who was not conscious of ever having heard the word before; for, in his Sabbaths on the water, where he often worshipped God devoutly in his heart, the language of the professedly pious was never heard; "I can only say she is as pretty a skiff as floats, but I can tell you nothing about resuscitation—indeed, I never heard of her having been drowned."

"Ah, Mrs. Abbott, the very best friends of the Effinghams will not maintain that they are pious. I do not wish to be invidious, or to say unneighbourly things; but were I upon oath, I could testify to a great many things, which would unqualifiedly show, that none of them have ever experienced."

"Now, Mr. Dodge, you know how much I dislike scandal," the widow-bewitched cried affectedly, "and I cannot tolerate such a sweeping charge. I insist on

the proofs of what you say, in which, no doubt, these gentlemen will join me."

By proofs, Mrs. Abbott meant allegations.

"Well, ma'am, since you insist on my *proving* what I have said, you shall not be disappointed. In the first place, then, they *read* their family prayers out of a book."

"Ay, ay," put in the captain; "but that merely shows they have some education; it is done every where."

"Your pardon, sir; no people but the Catholics and the church people commit this impiety. The idea of *reading* to the Deity, Mrs. Abbott, is particularly shocking to a pious soul."

"As if the Lord stood in need of letters! *That* is very bad, I allow; for at *family* prayers, a form becomes mockery."

"Yes, ma'am; but what do you think of cards?"

"Cards!" exclaimed Mrs. Abbott, holding up her pious hands, in holy horror.

"Even so; foul paste-board, marked with kings and queens," said the captain. "Why this is worse than a common sin, being unqualifiedly anti-republican."

"I confess I did not expect this! I had heard that Eve Effingham was guilty of indiscretions, but I did not think she was so lost to virtue, as to touch a card. Oh! Eve Effingham; Eve Effingham, for what is your poor diseased soul destined!"

"She dances, too, I suppose you know that," continued Mr. Dodge, who finding his popularity a little on the wane, had joined the meeting himself, a few weeks before, and who did not fail to manifest the zeal of a new convert.

"Dances!" repeated Mrs. Abbott, in holy horror.

"Real fi diddle de di!" echoed Captain Truck.

"Just so," put in the commodore; "I have seen it with my own eyes. But, Mrs. Abbott, I feel bound to tell you that your own daughter——"

"Biansy-Alzummy-Anne!" exclaimed the mother in alarm.

"Just so; my-aunty-all-suit-me-anne, if that is her name. Do you know, ma'am, that I have seen your own blessed daughter, my-aunty-Anne, do a worse thing, even, than dancing!"

"Commodore, you are awful! What *could* a child of mine do that is worse than dancing?"

"Why, ma'am, if you *will* hear all, it is my duty to tell you. I saw aunty-Anne (the commodore was really ignorant of the girl's name) jump a skipping-rope, yesterday morning, between the hours of seven and eight. As I hope ever to see the sogdollager, again, ma'am, I did!"

"And do you call this as bad as dancing?"

"Much worse, ma'am, to my notion. It is jumping about without music, and without any grace, either, particularly as it was performed by my-aunty-Anne."

"You are given to light jokes. Jumping the skipping-rope is not forbidden in the bible."

"Just so; nor is dancing, if I know any thing about it; nor, for that matter, cards."

"But waste of time is; a sinful waste of time; and evil passions, and all unrighteousness."

"Just so. My-aunty-Anne was going to the pump for water—I dare say you sent her—and she was misspending her time; and as for evil passions, she did not enjoy the hop, until she and your neighbour's daughter had pulled each other's hair for the rope, as if they had been two she-dragons. Take my word for it, ma'am, it wanted for nothing to make it sin of the purest water, but a cracked fiddle."

While the commodore was holding Mrs. Abbott at bay, in this manner, Captain Truck, who had given him a wink to that effect, was employed in playing off a practical joke at the expense of the widow. It was one of the standing amusements of these worthies, who had gotten to be sworn friends and constant associates, after they had caught as many fish as they wished, to retire to the favourite spring, light, the one his cigar,

the other his pipe, mix their grog, and then relieve their ennui, when tired of discussing men and things, by playing cards on a particular stump. Now, it happens that the captain had the identical pack which had been used on all such occasions in his pocket, as was evident in the fact that the cards were nearly as distinctly marked on their backs, as on their faces. These cards he showed secretly to his companion, and when the attention of Mrs. Abbott was altogether engaged in expecting the terrible announcement of her daughter's errors, the captain slipped them, kings, queens and knaves, high, low, jack and the game, without regard to rank, into the lady's work-basket. As soon as this feat was successfully performed, a sign was given to the commodore that the conspiracy was effected, and that disputant in theology gradually began to give ground, while he continued to maintain that jumping the rope was a sin, though it might be one of a nominal class. There is little doubt, had he possessed a smattering of phrases, a greater command of biblical learning, and more zeal, that the fisherman might have established a new shade of the Christian faith; for, while mankind still persevere in disregarding the plainest mandates of God, as respects humility, the charities, and obedience, nothing seems to afford them more delight than to add to the catalogue of the offences against his divine supremacy. It was perhaps lucky for the commodore, who was capital at casting a pickerel line, but who usually settled his polemics with the fist, when hard pushed, that Captain Truck found leisure to come to the rescue.

"I'm amazed, ma'am," said the honest packet-master, "that a woman of your sanctity should deny that jumping the rope is a sin, for I hold that point to have been settled by all our people, these fifty years. You will admit that the rope cannot be well-jumped without levity."

"Levity, Captain Truck! I hope you do not insinuate that a daughter of mine discovers levity?"

“Certainly, ma’am; she is called the best rope-jumper in the village, I hear; and levity, or lightness of carriage, is the great requisite for skill in the art. Then there are ‘vain repetitions’ in doing the same thing over and over so often, and ‘vain repetitions’ are forbidden even in our prayers. I can call both father and mother to testify to that fact.”

“Well, this is news to me! I must speak to the minister about it.”

“Of the two, the skipping-rope is rather more sinful than dancing, for the music makes the latter easy; whereas, one has to force the spirit to enter into the other. Commodore, our hour has come, and we must make sail. May I ask the favour, Mrs. Abbott, of a bit of thread to fasten this hook afresh?”

The widow-bewitched turned to her basket, and raising a piece of calico, to look for the thread “high, low, jack and the game,” stared her in the face. When she bent her eyes towards her guests, she perceived all three gazing at the cards, with as much apparent surprise and curiosity, as if two of them knew nothing of their history.

“Awful!” exclaimed Mrs. Abbott, shaking both hands,—“awful—awful—awful! The powers of darkness have been at work here!”

“They seem to have been pretty much occupied, too,” observed the captain, “for a better thumbed pack I never yet found in the fore-castle of a ship.”

“Awful—awful—awful!—This is equal to the forty days in the wilderness, Mr. Dodge.”

“It is a trying cross, ma’am.”

“To my notion, now,” said the captain, “those cards are not worse than the skipping-rope, though I allow that they might have been cleaner.”

But Mrs. Abbott was not disposed to view the matter so lightly. She saw the hand of the devil in the affair, and fancied it was a new trial offered to her widowed condition.

"Are these actually cards!" she cried, like one who distrusted the evidence of her senses.

"Just so, ma'am," kindly answered the commodore; "This is the ace of spades, a famous fellow to hold when you have the lead; and this is the Jack, which counts one, you know, when spades are trumps. I never saw a more thorough-working pack in my life."

"Or a more thoroughly worked pack," added the captain, in a condoling manner. "Well, we are not all perfect, and I hope Mrs. Abbott will cheer up and look at this matter in a gayer point of view. For myself I hold that a skipping-rope is worse than the Jack of spades, sundays or week days. Commodore, we shall see no pickerel to-day, unless we tear ourselves from this good company."

Here the two wags took their leave, and retreated to the skiff; the captain, who foresaw an occasion to use them, considerately offering to relieve Mrs. Abbott from the presence of the odious cards, intimating that he would conscientiously see them fairly sunk in the deepest part of the lake.

When the two worthies were at a reasonable distance from the shore, the commodore suddenly ceased rowing, made a flourish with his hand, and incontinently began to laugh, as if his mirth had suddenly broken through all restraint. Captain Truck, who had been lighting a cigar, commenced smoking, and, seldom indulging in boisterous merriment, he responded with his eyes, shaking his head from time to time, with great satisfaction, as thoughts more ludicrous than common came over his imagination.

"Harkee, commodore," he said, blowing the smoke upward, and watching it with his eye until it floated away in a little cloud, "neither of us is a chicken. You have studied life on the fresh water, and I have studied life on the salt. I do not say which produces

the best scholars, but I know that both make better Christians than the jack-screw system."

"Just so. I tell them in the village that little is gained in the end by following the blind; that is my doctrine, sir."

"And a very good doctrine it would prove, I make no doubt, were you to enter into it a little more fully——"

"Well, sir, I can explain——"

"Not another syllable is necessary. I know what you mean as well as if I said it myself, and, moreover, short sermons are always the best. You mean that a pilot ought to know where he is steering, which is perfectly sound doctrine. My own experience tells me, that if you press a sturgeon's nose with your foot, it will spring up as soon as it is loosened. Now the jack-screw will heave a great strain, no doubt; but the moment it is let up, down comes all that rests on it, again. This Mr. Dodge, I suppose you know, has been a passenger with me once or twice?"

"I have heard as much—they say he was tigerish in the fight with the niggers—quite an out-and-outer."

"Ay, I hear he tells some such story himself; but harkee, commodore, I wish to do justice to all men, and I find there is very little of it inland, hereaway. The hero of that day is about to marry your beautiful Miss Effingham; other men did their duty too, as, for instance, was the case with Mr. John Effingham; but Paul Blunt-Powis-Effingham finished the job. As for Mr. Steadfast Dodge, sir, I say nothing, unless it be to add that he was nowhere near *me* in that transaction; and if any man felt like an alligator in Lent, on that occasion, it was your humble servant."

"Which means that he was not nigh the enemy, I'll swear before a magistrate."

"And no fear of perjury. Any one who saw Mr. John Effingham and Mr. Powis on that day, might have sworn that they were father and son; and any

one who *did not see* Mr. Dodge might have said at once, that he did not belong to their family. That is all, sir; I never disparage a passenger, and, therefore, shall say no more than merely to add, that Mr. Dodge is no warrior."

"They say he has experienced religion, lately, as they call it."

"It is high time, sir, for he had experienced sin quite long enough, according to my notion. I hear that the man goes up and down the country disparaging those whose shoe-ties he is unworthy to unloose, and that he has published some letters in his journal, that are as false as his heart; but let him beware, lest the world should see, some rainy day, an extract from a certain log-book belonging to a ship called the Montauk. I am rejoiced at this marriage after all, commodore, or marriages rather, for I understand that Mr. Paul Effingham and Sir George Templemore intend to make a double bowline of it to-morrow morning. All is arranged, and as soon as my eyes have witnessed that blessed sight, I shall trip for New-York again."

"It is clearly made out then, that the young gentleman is Mr. John Effingham's son?"

"As clear as the north-star in a bright night. The fellow who spoke to me at the Fun of Fire has put us in a way to remove the last doubt, if there were any doubt. Mr. Effingham himself, who is so cool-headed and cautious, says there is now sufficient proof to make it good in any court in America. That point may be set down as settled, and, for my part, I rejoice it is so, since Mr. John Effingham has so long passed for an old bachelor, that it is a credit to the corps to find one of them the father of so noble a son."

Here the commodore dropped his anchor, and the two friends began to fish. For an hour neither talked much, but having obtained the necessary stock of perch; they landed at the favourite spring, and prepared a fry. While seated on the grass, alternating be-

tween the potations of punch, and the mastication of fish, these worthies again renewed the dialogue in their usual discursive, philosophical, and sentimental manner.

"We are citizens of a surprisingly great country, commodore," commenced Mr. Truck, after one of his heaviest draughts; "every body says it, from Maine to Florida, and what every body says must be true."

"Just so, sir. I sometimes wonder how so great a country ever came to produce so little a man as myself."

"A good cow may have a bad calf, and that explains the matter. Have you many as virtuous and pious women in this part of the world, as Mrs. Abbott?"

"The hills and valleys are filled with them. You mean persons who have got so much religion that they have no room for any thing else?"

"I shall mourn to my dying day, that you were not brought up to the sea! If you discover so much of the right material on fresh-water, what would you have been on salt? The people who suck in nutriment from a brain and a conscience like those of Mr. Dodge, too, commodore, must get, in time, to be surprisingly clear-sighted."

"Just so; his readers soon overreach themselves. But it's of no great consequence, sir; the people of this part of the world keep nothing long enough to do much good, or much harm."

"Fond of change, ha?"

"Like unlucky fishermen, always ready to shift the ground. I don't believe, sir, that in all this region you can find a dozen graves of sons, that lie near their fathers. Every body seems to have a mortal aversion to stability."

"It is hard to love such a country, commodore!"

"Sir, I never try to love it. God has given me a pretty sheet of water, that suits my fancy and wants, a beautiful sky, fine green mountains, and I am satis-

fied. One may love God, in such a temple, though he love nothing else."

"Well, I suppose if you love nothing, nothing loves you, and no injustice is done."

"Just so, sir. Self has got to be the idol, though in the general scramble a man is sometimes puzzled to know whether he is himself, or one of the neighbours."

"I wish I knew your political sentiments, commodore; you have been communicative on all subjects but that, and I have taken up the notion that you are a true philosopher."

"I hold myself to be but a babe in swaddling-clothes compared to yourself, sir; but such as my poor opinions are, you are welcome to them. In the first place, then, sir, I have lived long enough on this water to know that every man is a lover of liberty in his own person, and that he has a secret distaste for it in the persons of other people. Then, sir, I have got to understand that patriotism means bread and cheese, and that opposition is every man for himself."

"If the truth were known, I believe, commodore, you have buoyed out the channel!"

"Just so. After being pulled about by the salt of the land, and using my freeman's privileges at their command, until I got tired of so much liberty, sir, I have resigned, and retired to private life, doing most of my own thinking out here on the Otsego-Water, like a poor slave as I am."

"You ought to be chosen the next President!"

"I owe my present emancipation, sir, to the sogdolager. I first began to reason about such a man as this Mr. Dodge, who has thrust himself and his ignorance together into the village, lately, as an expounder of truth, and a ray of light to the blind. Well, sir, I said to myself, if this man be the man I know him to be as a man, can he be any thing better as an editor?"

“That was a home question put to yourself, commodore; how did you answer it?”

“The answer was satisfactory, sir, to myself, whatever it might be to other people. I stopped his paper, and set up for myself. Just about that time the sogdolager nibbled, and instead of trying to be a great man, over the shoulders of the patriots and sages of the land, I endeavoured to immortalize myself by hooking him. I go to the elections now, for that I feel to be a duty, but instead of allowing a man like this Mr. Dodge to tell me how to vote, I vote for the man in public that I would trust in private.”

“Excellent! I honour you more and more every minute I pass in your society. We will now drink to the future happiness of those who will become brides and bridegrooms to-morrow. If all men were as philosophical and as learned as you, commodore, the human race would be in a fairer way than they are to-day.”

“Just so; I drink to them with all my heart. Is it not surprising, sir, that people like Mrs. Abbott and Mr. Dodge should have it in their power to injure such as those whose happiness we have just had the honour of commemorating in advance?”

“Why, commodore, a fly may bite an elephant, if he can find a weak spot in his hide. I do not altogether understand the history of the marriage of John Effingham, myself; but we see the issue of it has been a fine son. Now I hold that when a man fairly marries, he is bound to own it, the same as any other crime; for he owes it to those who have not been as guilty as himself, to show the world that he no longer belongs to them.”

“Just so; but we have flies in this part of the world that will bite through the toughest hide.”

“That comes from there being no quarter-deck in your social ship, commodore. Now aboard of a well-regulated packet, all the thinking is done aft; they who

are desirous of knowing whereabouts the vessel is, being compelled to wait till the observations are taken, or to sit down in their ignorance. The whole difficulty comes from the fact that sensible people live so far apart in this quarter of the world, that fools have more room than should fall to their share. You understand me, commodore?"

"Just so," said the commodore, laughing, and winking. "Well, it is fortunate that there are some people who are not quite as weak-minded as some other people. I take it, Captain Truck, that you will be present at the wedding?"

The captain now winked in his turn, looked around him to make sure no one was listening, and laying a finger on his nose, he answered, in a much lower key than was usual for him—

"You can keep a secret, I know, commodore. Now what I have to say is not to be told to Mrs. Abbott, in order that it may be repeated and multiplied, but is to be kept as snug as your bait, in the bait-box."

"You know your man, sir."

"Well then, about ten minutes before the clock strikes nine, to-morrow morning, do you slip into the gallery of New St. Paul's, and you shall see beauty and modesty, when 'unadorned, adorned the most.' You comprehend?"

"Just so," and the hand was flourished even more than usual.

"It does not become us bachelors to be too lenient to matrimony, but I should be an unhappy man, were I not to witness the marriage of Paul Powis to Eve Effingham."

Here both the worthies, "freshened the nip," as Captain Truck called it, and then the conversation soon got to be too philosophical and contemplative for this unpretending record of events and ideas.

CHAPTER XV.

“Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet ;
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;
And all combined, save what thou must confine
By holy marriage.”

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE morning chosen for the nuptials of Eve and Grace arrived, and all the inmates of the Wigwam were early afoot, though the utmost care had been taken to prevent the intelligence of the approaching ceremony from getting into the village. They little knew, however, how closely they were watched ; the mean artifices that were resorted to by some who called themselves their neighbours, to tamper with servants, to obtain food for conjecture, and to justify to themselves their exaggerations, falsehoods, and frauds. The news did leak out, as will presently be seen, and through a channel that may cause the reader, who is unacquainted with some of the peculiarities of American life, a little surprise.

We have frequently alluded to Annette, the *femme de chambre* that had followed Eve from Europe, although we have had no occasion to dwell on her character, which was that of a woman of her class, as they are well known to exist in France. Annette was young, had bright, sparkling black eyes, was well made, and had the usual tournure and manner of a Parisian grisette. As it is the besetting weakness of all provincial habits to mistake graces for grace, flourishes for elegance, and exaggeration for merit, Annette soon acquired a reputation in her circle, as a woman of more than usual claims to distinction. Her attire was in the height of the fashion, being of

Eve's cast-off clothes, and of the best materials, and attire is also a point that is not without its influence on those who are unaccustomed to the world.

As the double ceremony was to take place before breakfast, Annette was early employed about the person of her young mistress, adorning it in the bridal robes. While she worked at her usual employment, the attendant appeared unusually agitated, and several times pins were badly pointed, and new arrangements had to supersede or to supply the deficiencies of her mistakes. Eve was always a model of patience, and she bore with these little oversights with a quiet that would have given Paul an additional pledge of her admirable self-command, as well as of a sweetness of temper that, in truth, raised her almost above the commoner feelings of mortality.

"*Vous êtes un peu agitée, ce matin, ma bonne Annette,*" she merely observed, when her maid had committed a blunder more material than common.

"*J'espère que Mademoiselle a été contente de moi, jusqu' à présent,*" returned Annette, vexed with her own awkwardness, and speaking in the manner in which it is usual to announce an intention to quit a service.

"Certainly, Annette, you have conducted yourself well, and are very expert in your *métier*. But why do you ask this question, just at this moment?"

"*Parceque*—because—with mademoiselle's permission, I intended to ask for my *congé*."

"*Congé!* Do you think of quitting me, Annette?"

"It would make me happier than any thing else to die in the service of mademoiselle, but we are all subject to our destiny"—the conversation was in French—"and mine compels me to cease my services as a *femme de chambre*."

"This is a sudden, and for one in a strange country, an extraordinary resolution. May I ask, Annette, what you propose to do?"

Here, the woman gave herself certain airs, endeavoured to blush, did look at the carpet with a studied modesty that might have deceived one who did not know the genus, and announced her intention to get married, too, at the end of the present month.

“Married!” repeated Eve — “surely not to old Pierre, Annette?”

“Pierre, Mademoiselle! I shall not condescend to look at Pierre. *Je vais me marier avec un avocat.*”

“*Un avocat!*”

“*Oui Mademoiselle.* I will marry myself with Monsieur Aristabule Bragg, if Mademoiselle shall permit.”

Eve was perfectly mute with astonishment, notwithstanding the proofs she had often seen of the wide range that the ambition of an American of a certain class allows itself. Of course, she remembered the conversation on the Point, and it would not have been in nature, had not a mistress who had been so lately wooed, felt some surprise at finding her discarded suitor so soon seeking consolation in the smiles of her own maid. Still her surprise was less than that which the reader will probably experience at this announcement; for, as has just been said, she had seen too much of the active and pliant enterprise of the lover, to feel much wonder at any of his moral *tours de force*. Even Eve, however, was not perfectly acquainted with the views and policy that had led Aristabulus to seek this consummation to his matrimonial schemes, which must be explained explicitly, in order that they may be properly understood.

Mr. Bragg had no notion of any distinctions in the world, beyond those which came from money, and political success. For the first he had a practical deference that was as profound as his wishes for its enjoyments; and for the last he felt precisely the sort of reverence, that one educated under a feudal system, would feel for a feudal lord. The first, after several

unsuccessful efforts, he had found unattainable by means of matrimony, and he turned his thoughts towards Annette, whom he had for some months held in reserve, in the event of his failing with Eve and Grace, for on both these heiresses had he entertained designs, as a *pis aller*. Annette was a dress-maker of approved taste, her person was sufficiently attractive, her broken English gave piquancy to thoughts of no great depth, she was of a suitable age, and he had made her proposals and been accepted, as soon as it was ascertained that Eve and Grace were irretrievably lost to him. Of course, the Parisienne did not hesitate an instant about becoming the wife of *un avocat*; for, agreeably to her habits, matrimony was a legitimate means of bettering her condition in life. The plan was soon arranged. They were to be married as soon as Annette's month's notice had expired, and then they were to emigrate to the far west, where Mr. Bragg proposed to practise law, or keep school, or to go to Congress, or to turn trader, or to saw lumber, or, in short, to turn his hand to any thing that offered; while Annette was to help along with the *ménage*, by making dresses, and teaching French; the latter occupation promising to be somewhat peripatetic, the population being scattered, and few of the dwellers in the interior deeming it necessary to take more than a quarter's instruction in any of the higher branches of education; the object being to *study*, as it is called, and not to *know*. Aristabulus, who was filled with *go-aheadism*, would have shortened the delay, but this Annette positively resisted; her *esprit de corps* as a servant, and all her notions of justice, repudiating the notion that the connexion which had existed so long between Eve and herself, was to be cut off at a moment's warning. So diametrically were the ideas of the *fiancés* opposed to each other, on this point, that at one time it threatened a rupture, Mr. Bragg asserting the natural independence of man to a degree that

would have rendered him independent of all obligations that were not effectually enacted by the law, and Annette maintaining the dignity of a European *femme de chambre*, whose sense of propriety demanded that she should not quit her place without giving a month's warning. The affair was happily decided by Aristabulus's receiving a commission to tend a store, in the absence of its owner; Mr. Effingham, on a hint from his daughter, having profited by the annual expiration of the engagement, to bring their connexion to an end.

This termination to the passion of Mr. Bragg would have afforded Eve a good deal of amusement at any other moment; but a bride cannot be expected to give too much of her attention to the felicity and prospects of those who have no natural or acquired claims to her affection. The cousins met, attired for the ceremony, in Mr. Effingham's room, where he soon came in person, to lead them to the drawing-room. It is seldom that two more lovely young women are brought together on similar occasions. As Mr. Effingham stood between them, holding a hand of each, his moistened eyes turned from one to the other in honest pride, and in an admiration that even his tenderness could not restrain. The *toilettes* were as simple as the marriage ceremony will permit; for it was intended that there should be no unnecessary parade; and, perhaps, the delicate beauty of each of the brides was rendered the more attractive by this simplicity, as it has often been justly remarked, that the fair of this country are more winning in dress of a less conventional character, than when in the elaborate and regulated attire of ceremonies. As might have been expected, there was most of soul and feeling in Eve's countenance, though Grace wore an air of charming modesty and nature. Both were unaffected, simple and graceful, and we may add that both trembled as Mr. Effingham took their hands.

"This is a pleasing and yet a painful hour," said

that kind and excellent man; "one in which I gain a son, and lose a daughter."

"And *I*, dearest uncle," exclaimed Grace, whose feelings trembled on her eye-lids, like the dew ready to drop from the leaf, "have *I* no connexion with your feelings?"

"You are the daughter that I lose, my child; for Eve will still remain with me. But Templemore has promised to be grateful, and I will trust his word."

Mr. Effingham then embraced with fervour both the charming young women, who stood appalled for the most important event of their lives, lovely in their youth, beauty, innocence, and modesty; and taking an arm of each, he led them below. John Effingham, the two bridegrooms, Captain Ducie, Mr. and Mrs. Bloomfield, Mrs. Hawker, Captain Truck, Mademoiselle Viefville, Annette, and Ann Sidley, were all assembled in the drawing-room, ready to receive them; and as soon as shawls were thrown around Eve and Grace; in order to conceal the wedding dresses, the whole party proceeded to the church.

The distance between the Wigwam and New St. Paul's was very trifling, the solemn pines of the churchyard blending, from many points, with the gayer trees in the grounds of the former; and as the buildings in this part of the village were few, the whole of the bridal train entered the tower, unobserved by the eyes of the curious. The clergyman was waiting in the chancel, and as each of the young men led the object of his choice immediately to the altar, the double ceremony began without delay. At this instant Mr. Aristabulus Dodge and Mrs. Abbot advanced from the rear of the gallery, and coolly took their seats in its front. Neither belonged to this particular church, though, having discovered that the marriages were to take place that morning by means of Annette, they had no scruples on the score of delicacy about thrusting themselves forward on the occasion; for, to

the latest moment, that publicity-principle which appeared to be interwoven with their very natures, induced them to think that nothing was so sacred as to be placed beyond the reach of curiosity. They entered the church, because the church they held to be a public place, precisely on the principle that others of their class conceive if a gate be blown open by accident, it removes all the moral defences against trespassers, as it removes the physical.

The solemn language of the prayers and vows proceeded none the less for the presence of these unwelcome intruders; for, at that grave moment, all other thoughts were hushed in those that more properly belonged to the scene. When the clergyman made the usual appeal to know if any man could give a reason why those who stood before him should not be united in holy wedlock, Mrs. Abbott nudged Mr. Dodge, and, in the fulness of her discontent, eagerly inquired in a whisper, if it were not possible to raise some valid objection. Could she have had her pious wish, the simple, unpretending, meek, and *church-going* Eve, should never be married. But the editor was not a man to act openly in any thing, his particular province lying in insinuations and innuendoes. As a hint would not now be available, he determined to postpone his revenge to a future day. We say revenge, for Steadfast was of the class that consider any happiness, or advantage, in which they are not ample participators, wrongs done to themselves.

That is a wise regulation of the church, which makes the marriage ceremony brief, for the intensity of the feelings it often creates would frequently become too powerful to be suppressed, were it unnecessarily prolonged. Mr. Effingham gave away both the brides, the one in the quality of parent, the other in that of guardian, and neither of the bridegrooms got the ring on the wrong finger. This is all we have to say of the immediate scene at the altar. As soon as

the benediction was pronounced, and the brides were released from the first embraces of their husbands, Mr. Effingham, without even kissing Eve, threw the shawls over their shoulders, and, taking an arm of each, he led them rapidly from the church, for he felt reluctant to suffer the holy feelings that were uppermost in his heart to be the spectacle of rude and obtrusive observers. At the door, he relinquished Eve to Paul, and Grace to Sir George, with a silent pressure of the hand of each, and signed for them to proceed towards the Wigwam. He was obeyed, and in less than half an hour from the time they had left the drawing-room, the whole party was again assembled in it.

What a change had been produced in the situation of so many, in that brief interval!

"Father!" Eve whispered, while Mr. Effingham folded her to his heart, the unbidden tears falling from both their eyes—"I am still thine!"

"It would break my heart to think otherwise, darling. No, no—I have not lost a daughter, but have gained a son."

"And what place am I to occupy in this scene of fondness?" inquired John Effingham, who had considerably paid his compliments to Grace first, that she might not feel forgotten at such a moment, and who had so managed that she was now receiving the congratulations of the rest of the party; "am I to lose both son and daughter?"

Eve, smiling sweetly through her tears, raised herself from her own father's arms, and was received in those of her husband's parent. After he had fondly kissed her forehead several times, without withdrawing from his bosom, she parted the rich hair on his forehead, passing her hand down his face, like an infant, and said softly—

"Cousin Jack!"

"I believe this must be my rank and estimation still!

Paul shall make no difference in our feeling; we will love each other as we have ever done."

"Paul can be nothing new between you and me. You have always been a second father in my eyes, and in my heart, too, dear—dear cousin Jack."

John Effingham pressed the beautiful, ardent, blushing girl to his bosom again; and as he did so, both felt, notwithstanding their language, that a new and dearer tie than ever bound them together. Eve now received the compliments of the rest of the party, when the two brides retired to change the dresses in which they had appeared at the altar, for their more ordinary attire.

In her own dressing-room, Eve found Ann Sidley, waiting with impatience to pour out her feelings, the honest and affectionate creature being much too sensitive to open the floodgates of her emotions in the presence of third parties.

"Ma'am—Miss Eve—Mrs. Effingham!" she exclaimed as soon as her young mistress entered, afraid of saying too much, now that her nursing had become a married woman.

"My kind and good Nanny!" said Eve, taking her old nurse in her arms, their tears mingling in silence for near a minute. "You have seen your child enter on the last of her great earthly engagements, Nanny, and I know you pray that they may prove happy."

"I do—I do—I do—ma'am—madam—Miss Eve—what am I to call you in future, ma'am?"

"Call me Miss Eve, as you have done since my childhood, dearest Nanny."

Nanny received this permission with delight, and twenty times that morning she availed herself of the permission; and she continued to use the term until, two years later, she danced a miniature Eve on her knee, as she had done its mother before her, when matronly rank began silently to assert its rights, and our present bride became Mrs. Effingham.

“I shall not quit you, ma’am, now that you are married?” Ann Sidley timidly asked; for, although she could scarcely think such an event within the bounds of probability, and Eve had already more than once assured her of the contrary with her own tongue, still did she love to have assurance made doubly sure. “I hope nothing will ever happen to make me quit you, ma’am?”

“Nothing of that sort, with my consent, ever shall happen, my excellent Nanny. And now that Annette is about to get married, I shall have more than the usual necessity for your services.”

“And Mamerzelle, ma’am?” inquired Nanny, with sparkling eyes; “I suppose she, too, will return to her own country, now you know every thing, and have no farther occasion for her?”

“Mademoiselle Viefville will return to France in the autumn, but it will be with us all; for my dear father, cousin Jack, my husband—” Eve blushed as she pronounced the novel word—“and myself, not forgetting you my old nurse, will all sail for England, with Sir George and Lady Templemore, on our way to Italy, the first week in October.”

“I care not, ma’am, so that I go with you. I would rather we did not live in a country where I cannot understand all that the people say to you, but wherever you are will be my earthly paradise.”

Eve kissed the true-hearted woman, and, Annette entering, she changed her dress.

The two brides met at the head of the great stairs, on their way back to the drawing-room. Eve was a little in advance, but, with a half-concealed smile, she gave way to Grace, curtsying gravely, and saying—

“It does not become *me* to precede Lady Templemore—I, who am only Mrs. Paul Effingham.”

“Nay, dear Eve, I am not so weak as you imagine. Do you not think I should have married him had he not been a baronet?”

“Templemore, my dear coz, is a man any woman might love, and I believe, as firmly as I hope it sincerely, that he will make you happy.”

“And yet there is one woman who would not love him, Eve!”

Eve looked steadily at her cousin for a moment, was startled, and then she felt gratified that Sir George had been so honest, for the frankness and manliness of his avowal was a pledge of the good faith and sincerity of his character. She took her cousin affectionately by the hand, and said—

“Grace, this confidence is the highest compliment you can pay me, and it merits a return. That Sir George Templemore may have had a passing inclination for one who so little deserved it, is possibly true—but my affections were another’s before I knew him.”

“You never would have married Templemore, Eve; he says himself, now, that you are quite too continental, as he calls it, to like an Englishman.”

“Then I shall take the first good occasion to undeceive him; for I do *like* an Englishman, and he is the identical man.”

As few women are jealous on their wedding-day, Grace took this in good part, and they descended the stairs together, side by side, reflecting each other’s happiness, in their timid but conscious smiles. In the great hall, they were met by the bridegrooms, and each taking the arm of him who had now become of so vast importance to her, they paced the room to and fro, until summoned to the *déjeuner à la fourchette*, which had been prepared under the especial superintendence of Mademoiselle Viefville, after the manner of her country.

Wedding-days, like all formally prepared festivals, are apt to go off a little heavily. Such, however, was not the case with this, for every appearance of premeditation and preparation vanished with this meal. It is true the family did not quit the grounds, but, with

this exception, ease and tranquil happiness reigned throughout. Captain Truck was alone disposed to be sentimental, and, more than once, as he looked about him, he expressed his doubts whether he had pursued the right course to attain happiness.

"I find myself in a solitary category," he said, at the dinner-table, in the evening. "Mrs. Hawker, and both the Messrs. Effinghams, *have been* married; every body else *is* married, and I believe I must take refuge in saying that I *will be* married, if I can now persuade any one to have me. Even Mr. Powis, my right-hand man, in all that African affair, has deserted me, and left me like a single dead pine in one of your clearings, or a jewel-block dangling at a yard-arm, without a sheave. Mrs. Bride—" the captain styled Eve thus, throughout the day, to the utter neglect of the claims of Lady Templemore—"Mrs. Bride, we will consider my forlorn condition more philosophically, when I shall have the honour to take you, and so many of this blessed party, back again to Europe, where I found you. Under your advice I think I might even yet venture."

"And I am overlooked entirely," cried Mr. Howel, who had been invited to make one at the wedding-feast; "what is to become of me, Captain Truck, if this marrying mania go any further?"

"I have long had a plan for your welfare, my dear sir, that I will take this opportunity to divulge; I propose, ladies and gentlemen, that we enlist Mr. Howel in our project for this autumn, and that we carry him with us to Europe. I shall be proud to have the honour of introducing him to his old friend, the island of Great Britain."

"Ah! that is a happiness, I fear, that is not in reserve for me!" said Mr. Howel, shaking his head. "I have thought of these things, in my time, but age will now defeat any such hopes."

"Age, Tom Howel!" said John Effingham; "you are but fifty, like Ned and myself. We were all boys together, forty years ago, and yet you find us, who

have so lately returned, ready to take a fresh departure. Pluck up heart; there may be a steam-boat ready to bring you back, by the time you wish to return."

"Never," said Captain Truck, positively. "Ladies and gentlemen, it is morally impossible that the Atlantic should ever be navigated by steamers. That doctrine I shall maintain to my dying day; but what need of a steamer, when we have packets like palaces?"

"I did not know, captain, that you entertained so hearty a respect for Great Britain—it is encouraging, really, to find so generous a feeling toward the old island in one of her descendants. Sir George and Lady Templemore, permit me to drink to your lasting felicity."

"Ay—ay—I entertain no ill-will to England, though her tobacco laws are none of the genteelest. But my wish to export you, Mr. Howel, is less from a desire to show you England, than to let you perceive that there are other countries in Europe——"

"Other countries!—Surely you do not suppose I am so ignorant of geography, as to believe that there are no other countries in Europe—no such places as Hanover, Brunswick, and Brunswick Lunenberg, and Denmark; the sister of old George the Third married the king of that country; and Wurtemberg, the king of which married the Princess Royal——"

"And Mecklenburg-Strelitz," added John Effingham, gravely, "a princess of which actually married George the Third *propria personâ*, as well as by proxy. Nothing can be plainer than your geography, Howel; but, in addition to these particular regions, our worthy friend the captain wishes you to know also, that there are such places as France, and Austria, and Russia, and Italy; though the latter can scarcely repay a man for the trouble of visiting it."

"You have guessed my motive, Mr. John Effingham, and expressed it much more discreetly than I could possibly have done," cried the captain. "If Mr. Howel will do me the honour to take passage with me,

going and coming, I shall consider the pleasure of his remarks on men and things, as one of the greatest advantages I ever possessed."

"I do not know but I might be induced to venture as far as England, but not a foot farther."

"*Pas à Paris!*" exclaimed Mademoiselle Vieville, who wondered why any rational being would take the trouble to cross the Atlantic, merely to see *Ce mélancolique Londres*; "you will go to *Paris*, for my sake, Monsieur Howel?"

"For your sake, indeed, Mam'selle, I would do any thing, but hardly for my own. I confess I have thought of this, and I will think of it farther. I should like to see the King of England and the House of Lords, I confess, before I die."

"Ay, and the Tower, and the Boar's-Head at East-Cheap, and the statue of the Duke of Wellington, and London Bridge, and Richmond Hill, and Bow Street, and Somerset House, and Oxford Road, and Bartlemy Fair, and Hungerford Market, and Charing-Cross—*old* Charing-Cross, Tom Howel!"—added John Effingham, with a good-natured nod of the head.

"A wonderful nation!" cried Mr. Howel, whose eyes sparkled as the other proceeded in his enumeration of wonders. "I do not think, after all, that I can die in peace, without seeing *some* of these things—*all* would be too much for me. How far is the Isle of Dogs, now, from St. Catherine's Docks, captain?"

"Oh! but a few cables' lengths. If you will only stick to the ship until she is fairly docked, I will promise you a sight of the Isle of Dogs before you land, even. But then you must promise me to carry out no tobacco!"

"No fear of me; I neither smoke nor chew, and it does not surprise me that a nation as polished as the English should have this antipathy to tobacco. And one might really see the Isle of Dogs before landing? It is a wonderful country! Mrs. Bloomfield, will you ever be able to die tranquilly without seeing England?"

“I hope, sir, whenever that event shall arrive, that it may be met tranquilly, let what may happen previously. I do confess, in common with Mrs. Effingham, a longing desire to see Italy; a wish that I believe she entertains from her actual knowledge, and which I entertain from my anticipations.”

“Now, this really surprises me. What *can* Italy possess to repay one for the trouble of travelling so far?”

“I trust, cousin Jack,” said Eve, colouring at the sound of her own voice, for on that day of supreme happiness and intense emotions, she had got to be so sensitive as to be less self-possessed than common, “that our friend Mr. Wenham will not be forgotten, but that he may be invited to join the party.”

This representative of *la jeune Amérique* was also present at the dinner, out of regard to his deceased father, who was a very old friend of Mr. Effingham's, and, being so favourably noticed by the bride, he did not fail to reply.

“I believe an American has little to learn from any nation but his own,” observed Mr. Wenham, with the complacency of the school to which he belonged, “although one might wish that all of this country should travel, in order that the rest of the world might have the benefit of the intercourse.”

“It is a thousand pities,” said John Effingham, “that one of our universities, for instance, was not ambulant. Old Yale was so, in its infancy; but unlike most other creatures, it went about with greater ease to itself when a child, than it can move in manhood.”

“Mr. John Effingham loves to be facetious,” said Mr. Wenham with dignity; for, while he was as credulous as could be wished, on the subject of American superiority, he was not quite as blind as the votaries of the Anglo-American school, who usually yield the control of all their faculties and common sense to their masters, on the points connected with their besetting

weaknesses. "Every body is agreed, I believe, that the American imparts more than he receives, in his intercourse with Europeans."

The smiles of the more experienced of this young man's listeners were well-bred and concealed, and the conversation turned to other subjects. It was easy to raise the laugh on such an occasion, and contrary to the usage of the Wigwam, where the men usually left the table with the other sex, Captain Truck, John Effingham, Mr. Bloomfield, and Mr. Howel, made what is called a night of it. Much delicious claret was consumed, and the honest captain was permitted to enjoy his cigar. About midnight he swore he had half a mind to write a letter to Mrs. Hawker, with an offer of his hand; as for his heart, that she well knew she had possessed for a long time.

The next day, about the hour when the house was tranquil, from the circumstance that most of its inmates were abroad on their several avocations of boating, riding, shopping, or walking, Eve was in the library, her father having left it, a few minutes before, to mount his horse. She was seated at a table, writing a letter to an aged relative of her own sex, to communicate the circumstance of her marriage. The door was half open, and Paul appeared at it unexpectedly, coming in search of his young bride. His step had been so light, and so intently was our heroine engaged with her letter, that his approach was unnoticed, though it had now been a long time that the ear of Eve had learned to know his tread, and her heart to beat at its welcome sound. Perhaps a beautiful woman is never so winningly lovely as when, in her neat morning attire, she seems fresh and sweet as the new-born day. Eve had paid a little more attention to her toilette than usual even, admitting just enough of a properly selected jewelry, a style of ornament that so singularly denotes the refinement of a gentlewoman, when used understandingly, and which so infallibly betrays vulgarity under other circumstances, while her attire

had rather more than its customary finish, though it was impossible not to perceive, at a glance, that she was in an undress. The Parisian skill of Annette, on which Mr. Bragg based so many of his hopes of future fortune, had cut and fitted the robe to her faultlessly beautiful person, with a tact, or it might be truer to say a contact, so perfect, that it even left more charms to be imagined than it displayed, though the outline of the whole figure was that of the most lovely womanhood. But, notwithstanding the exquisite modelling of the whole form, the almost fairy lightness of the full, swelling, but small foot, about which nothing seemed lean and attenuated, the exquisite hand that appeared from among the ruffles of the dress, Paul stood longest in nearly breathless admiration of the countenance of his "bright and blooming bride." Perhaps there is no sentiment so touchingly endearing to a man, as that which comes over him as he contemplates the beauty, confiding faith, holy purity and truth that shine in the countenance of a young, unpractised, innocent woman, when she has so far overcome her natural timidity as to pour out her tenderness in his behalf, and to submit to the strongest impulses of her nature. Such was now the fact with Eve. She was writing of her husband, and, though her expressions were restrained by taste and education, they partook of her unutterable fondness and devotion. The tears stood in her eyes, the pen trembled in her hand, and she shaded her face as if to conceal the weakness from herself. Paul was alarmed, he knew not why, but Eve in tears was a sight painful to him. In a moment he was at her side, with an arm placed gently around her waist, and he drew her fondly towards his bosom.

"Eve—dearest Eve!" he said—"what mean these tears?"

The serene eye, the radiant blush, and the meek tenderness that rewarded his own burst of feeling, reassured the young husband, and, deferring to the sen-

sitive modesty of so young a bride, he released his hold, retaining only a hand.

"It is happiness, Powis—nothing but excess of happiness, which makes us women weaker, I fear, than even sorrow."

Paul kissed her hands, regarded her with an intensity of admiration, before which the eyes of Eve rose and fell, as if dazzled while meeting his looks, and yet unwilling to lose them; and then he reverted to the motive which had brought him to the library.

"My father—*your* father, that is now——"

"Cousin Jack!"

"Cousin Jack, if you will, has just made me a present, which is second only to the greater gift I received from your own excellent parent, yesterday, at the altar. See, dearest Eve, he has bestowed this lovely image of yourself on me; lovely, though still so far from the truth. And here is the miniature of my poor mother, also, to supply the place of the one carried away by the Arabs."

Eve gazed long and wistfully at the beautiful features of this image of her husband's mother. She traced in them that pensive thought, that winning kindness, that had first softened her heart towards Paul, and her lips trembled as she pressed the insensible glass against them.

"She must have been very handsome, Eve, and there is a look of melancholy tenderness in the face, that would seem almost to predict an unhappy blighting of the affections."

"And yet this young, ingenuous, faithful woman entered on the solemn engagement we have just made, Paul, with as many reasonable hopes of a bright future as we ourselves!"

"Not so, Eve—confidence and holy truth were wanting at the nuptials of my parents. When there is deception at the commencement of such a contract, it is not difficult to predict the end."

"I do not think, Paul, you ever deceived; that noble heart of yours is too generous!"

"If any thing can make a man worthy of such a love, dearest, it is the perfect and absorbing confidence with which your sex throw themselves on the justice and faith of ours. Did that spotless heart ever entertain a doubt of the worth of any living being on which it had set its affections?"

"Of itself, often, and they say self-love lies at the bottom of all our actions."

"You are the last person to hold this doctrine, beloved, for those who live most in your confidence, declare that all traces of self are lost in your very nature."

"Most in my confidence! My father—my dear, kind father, has then been betraying his besetting weakness, by extolling the gift he has made."

"Your kind, excellent father, knows too well the total want of necessity for any such thing. If the truth must be confessed, I have been passing a quarter of an hour with worthy Ann Sidley."

"Nanny—dear old Nanny!—and you have been weak enough, traitor, to listen to the eulogiums of a nurse on her child!"

"All praise of thee, my blessed Eve, is grateful to my ears, and who can speak more understandingly of those domestic qualities which lie at the root of domestic bliss, than those who have seen you in your most intimate life, from childhood down to the moment when you have assumed the duties of a wife?"

"Paul, Paul, thou art beside thyself; too much learning hath made thee mad!"

"I am not mad, most beloved and beautiful Eve, but blessed to a degree that might indeed upset a stronger reason."

"We will now talk of other things," said Eve, raising his hand to her lips in respectful affection, and looking gratefully up into his fond and eloquent eyes; "I hope the feeling of which you so lately spoke has

subsided, and that you no longer feel yourself a stranger in the dwelling of your own family."

"Now that I can claim a right through you, I confess that my conscience is getting to be easier on this point. Have you been yet told of the arrangement that the older heads meditate in reference to our future means?"

"I would not listen to my dear father when he wished to introduce the subject, for I found that it was a project that made distinctions between Paul Effingham and Eve Effingham, two that I wish, henceforth, to consider as one in all things."

"In this, darling, you may do yourself injustice as well as me. But perhaps you may not wish *me* to speak on the subject, neither."

"What would my lord?"

"Then listen, and the tale is soon told. We are each other's natural heirs. Of the name and blood of Effingham, neither has a relative nearer than the other, for, though but cousins in the third degree, our family is so small as to render the husband, in this case, the natural heir of the wife, and the wife the natural heir of the husband. Now your father proposes that his estates be valued, and that my father settle on you a sum of equal amount, which his wealth will fully enable him to do, and that I become the possessor in reversion, of the lands that would otherwise have been yours."

"You possess me, my heart, my affections, my duty; of what account is money after this!"

"I perceive that you are so much and so truly woman, Eve, that we must arrange all this without consulting you at all."

"Can I be in safer hands? A father that has always been too indulgent of my unreasonable wishes—a second parent that has only contributed too much to spoil me in the same thoughtless manner—and a——"

"Husband," added Paul, perceiving that Eve hesitated at pronouncing to his face a name so novel

though so endearing, "who will strive to do more than either in the same way."

"Husband," she added, looking up into his face with a smile innocent as that of an infant, while the crimson tinge covered her forehead, "if the formidable word must be uttered, who is doing all he can to increase a self-esteem that is already so much greater than it ought to be."

A light tap at the door caused Eve to start and look embarrassed, like one detected in a fault, and Paul to release the hand that he had continued to hold during the brief dialogue.

"Sir—ma'am"—said the timid, meek voice of Ann Sidley, as she held the door ajar, without presuming to look into the room; "Miss Eve—Mr. Powis."

"Enter, my good Nanny," said Eve, recovering her self-composure in a moment, the presence of her nurse always appearing to her as no more than a duplication of herself. "What is your wish?"

"I hope I am not unreasonable, but I knew that Mr. Effingham was alone with you, here, and I wished—that is, ma'am,—Miss Eve—Sir——"

"Speak your wishes, my good old nurse—am I not your own child, and is not this your own child's"—again Eve hesitated, blushed, and smiled, ere she pronounced the formidable word—"husband."

"Yes, ma'am; and God be praised that it is so. I dreamt, it is now four years, Miss Eve; we were then travelling among the Denmarkers, and I dreamt that you were married to a great prince——"

"But your dream has not come true, my good Nanny, and you see by this fact that it is not always safe to trust in dreams."

"Ma'am, I do not esteem princes by the kingdoms and crowns, but by their qualities—and if Mr. Powis be not a prince, who is?"

"That, indeed, changes the matter," said the gratified young wife; "and I believe, after all, dear Nan-

ny, that I must become a convert to your theory of dreams."

"While I must always deny it, good Mrs. Sidley, if this is a specimen of its truth," said Paul, laughing. "But, perhaps this prince proved unworthy of Miss Eve, after all?"

"Not he, sir; he made her a most kind and affectionate husband; not humouring all her idle wishes, if Miss Eve could have had such wishes, but cherishing her, and counselling her, and protecting her, showing as much tenderness for her as her own father, and as much love for her as I had myself."

"In which case, my worthy nurse, he proved an invaluable husband," said Eve, with glistening eyes—"and I trust, too, that he was considerate and friendly to you?"

"He took me by the hand, the morning after the marriage, and said, Faithful Ann Sidley, you have nursed and attended my beloved when a child, and as a young lady; and I now entreat you will continue to wait on and serve her as a wife to your dying day. He did, indeed, ma'am; and I think I can now hear the very words he spoke so kindly. The dream, so far, has come good."

"My faithful Ann," said Paul, smiling, and taking the hand of the nurse, "you have been all that is good and true to my best beloved, as a child, and as a young lady; and now I earnestly entreat you to continue to wait on her, and to serve her as *my* wife, to your dying day."

Nanny clapped her hands with a scream of delight, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed, as she hurried from the room,

"It has all come true—it has all come true!"

A pause of several minutes succeeded this burst of superstitious but natural feeling.

"All who live near you appear to think you the common centre of their affections," Paul resumed, when his swelling heart permitted him to speak.

“We have hitherto been a family of love—God grant it may always continue so.”

Another delicious silence, which lasted still longer than the other, followed. Eve then looked up into her husband's face with a gentle curiosity, and observed—

“You have told me a great deal, Powis—explained all but one little thing, that, at the time, caused me great pain. Why did Ducie, when you were about to quit the Montauk together, so unceremoniously stop you, as you were about to get into the boat first; is the etiquette of a man-of-war so rigid as to justify so much rudeness, I had almost called it—?”

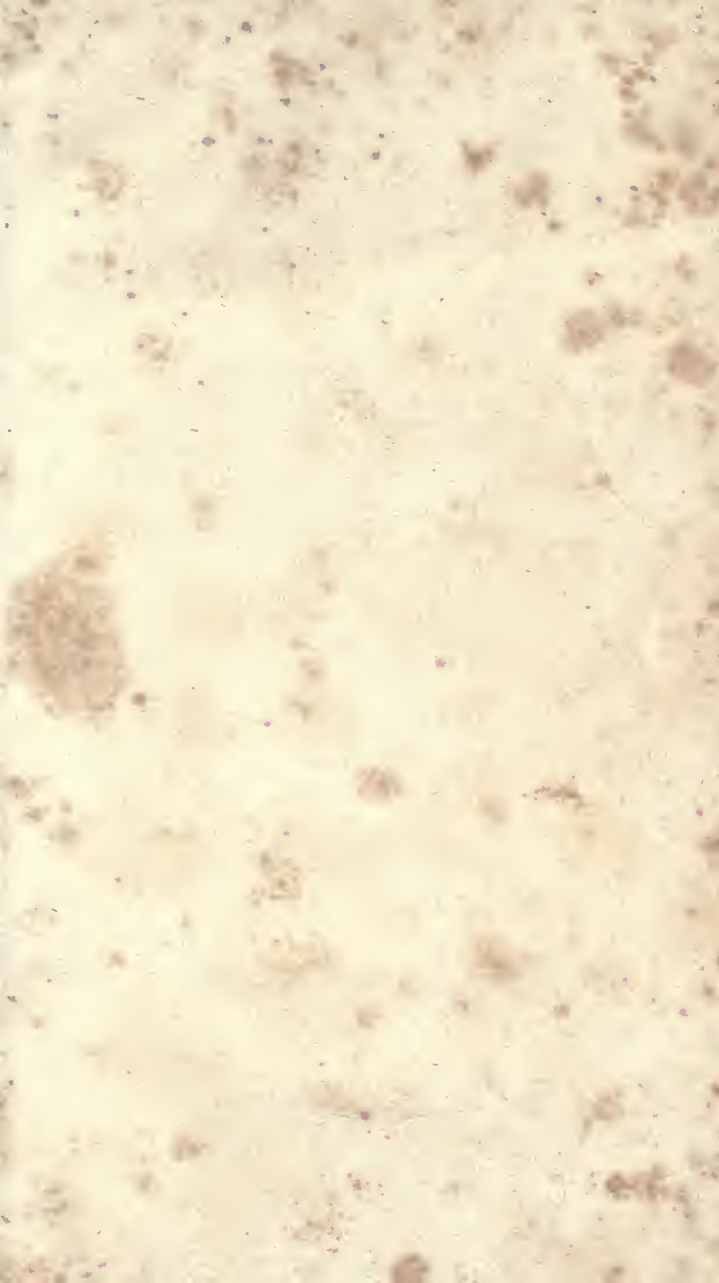
“The etiquette of a vessel of war is rigid certainly, and wisely so. But what you fancied rudeness, was in truth a compliment. Among us sailors, it is the inferior who goes first *into* a boat, and who *quits* it last.”

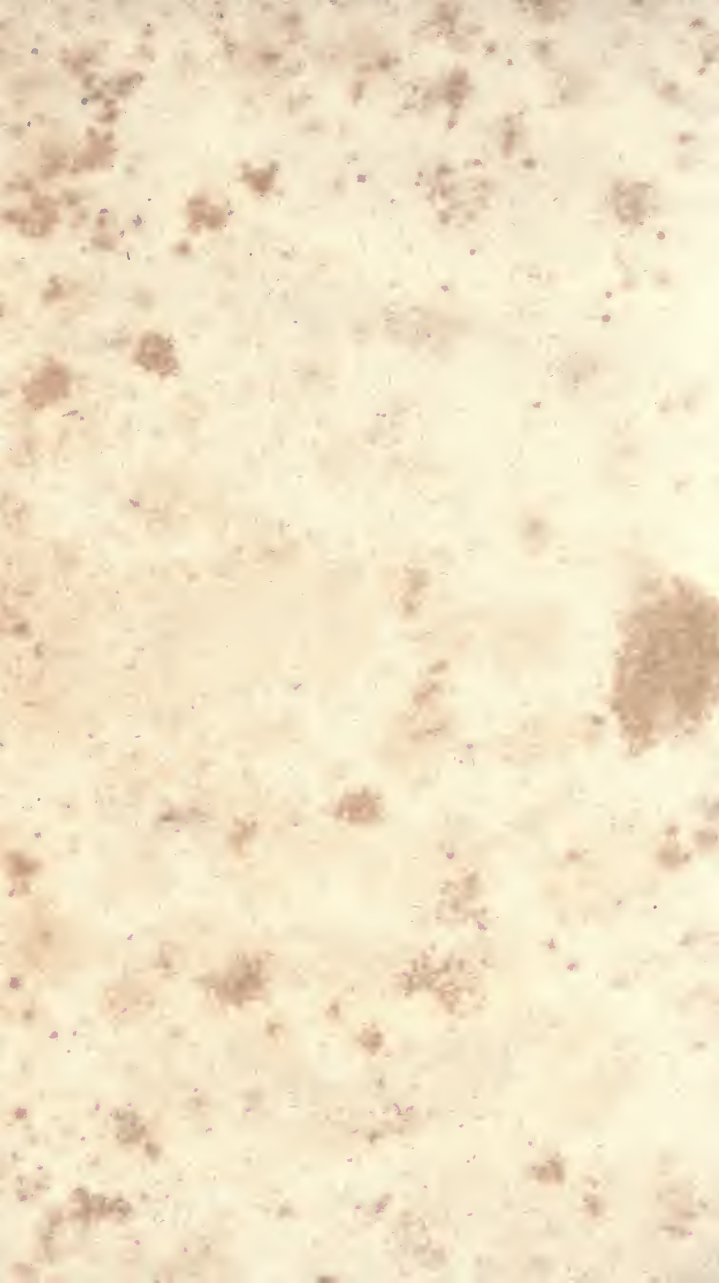
“So much, then, for forming a judgment, ignorantly! I believe it is always safer to have no opinion, than to form one without a perfect knowledge of all the accompanying circumstances.”

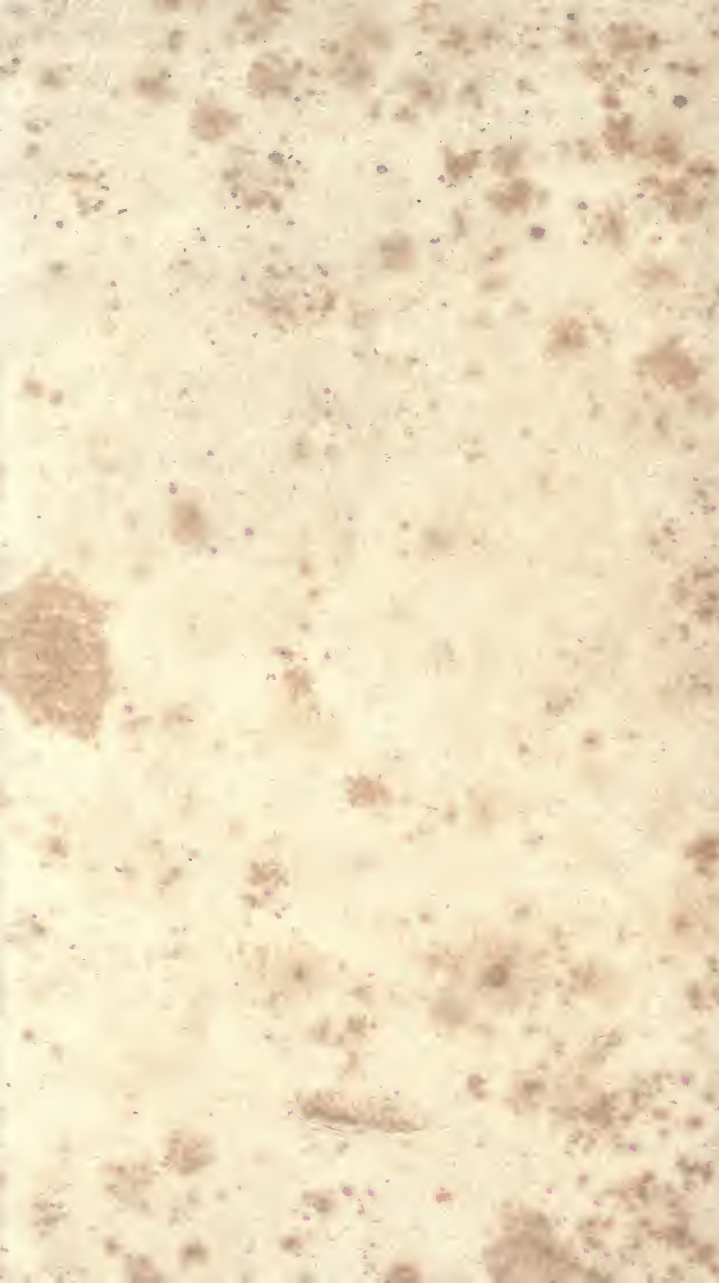
“Let us adhere to this safe rule through life, dearest, and we may find its benefits. An absolute confidence, caution in drawing conclusions, and a just reliance on each other, may keep us as happy to the end of our married life, as we are at this blessed moment, when it is commencing under auspices so favourable as to seem almost providential.”

THE END









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