

went to give? So I mused at first from my very waywardness. By and bye I began to think there *was* something in my lot to make my life a burthen: and I had actually half-slid myself from my last hold on this world, when—heavens! what a fancy must he have who could picture such loveliness as burst upon my eyesight! I sprang back upon the world, because a new hope, almost too mighty for conception, had found existence in my bosom, and she, my guardian angel then, is now the beacon light that guides me through the stormy waves of life.”

“You are certain of success, then?”

“No more so than he who reads the tender tale of love in a face as ingenuous as the sunlight—more certain I would not be for some time to come;—the very thought of obstacles interposing ’twixt me and happiness;—the very idea that fortune may mar a conquest half achieved, is the melody of love. Tut! man, certain! I’d not be *certain* for the world. I want to struggle hard before I conquer. The victory then will be more prized.”

“So feels and speaks the soldier, flushed with his first successes; next comes defeat, and then—.”

“But then defeat does not always follow victory.”

“Too sanguine, Home, by half.”

“Upon my life! you’ve turned a croaker, George. You are an *anomaly*. At one moment you hold up the world to my doubting fancy as a fairy picture. Again you dash your brush upon the canvass and scatter the beautiful conception.”

“I see you are in no mood to learn my lessons, and there’s little use in driving an unwilling scholar; so let me ask how you mean to support a wife.”

“Oh! as to that I have long since made up my mind. The rents of the estate will soon pay off the mortgages if they are so appropriated. And you know I’ve been promised a place in one of our embassies, as an inducement to turn from my evil ways, so I mean to avail myself of the next vacancy that offers.”

But who were Morris Home and George Nevers? will be enquired naturally enough, and perhaps long before we have thought proper to disclose to the reader the secret of their parentage and prospects in life. Sufficient has appeared in the preceding pages to show that they were both Americans, and that the first,—we give him a priority of introduction, because we opine that he is of a character as we find him to interest most, the generality of the fair sex—

and quite right it should be so, for had not their influence reclaimed him?—That birth or other casualty has opened to him the offices of commonwealth, when thousands, even in this land of equal rights, with no more than moral worth and great ability to recommend them, sigh in vain for a participation in the emoluments of offices which the form of the constitution holds up like the cup of Tantalus before their glowing eyeballs. His father had been a faithful servant of the commonwealth, in the capacity of a Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, and was not, as is too often the case, likely to prove “a hard bargain” to the nation, by entailing upon it a succession of worthless descendants to riot on its vitals, for we have seen that the son bade fair to form an exception to the general rule.—Morris had lost his father when he was very young, and had in consequence, been deprived of the saving effects of that severer discipline which such an one is alone capacitated to enforce. He had nevertheless, made considerable progress in the acquisition of knowledge, under a private tutor, whom his mother had wisely procured for him, instead of sending him to a crowded academy, where the ductility of the lash is made the medium of illustration of many a problem too difficult for comprehension by the unassisted youthful intellect. At the university where he subsequently met with Nevers, he had shared with him in grasping with little seeming effort, the highest academic honours. His acquirements, therefore, added to his unflinching probity and lofty sentiment—under proper guidance, the germs of patriotism—fitted him, with more experience, for the highest offices.

George Nevers had lived to twenty seven, without making the slightest stir in the world. The calm current of his life had glided on, unruffled. The ladies had often threatened to destroy the equilibrium of his mind, but their efforts had always ended by their young him a churl. The male portion of the community had early descried the glimmering of genius that smouldered in his bosom; and had sought to fan it into lively action. But the cause that made him shun the society of the fair sex, which he was admirably suited to grace, shut his ears to the seductive persuasions of the other. He well knew that the few first years of his majority, were well spent in treasuring up a store of knowledge which would render his first success more brilliant, and his public cares less burthensome. But he who seeks not, will sometimes have forced upon him that,