

**THE EFFINGHAMS, OR,  
HOME AS I FOUND IT. IN  
TWO VOLUMES. VOL. I**

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The Effingham, Or, Home as I Found It. In Two Volumes. Vol. I by Frederick Jackson

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**FREDERICK JACKSON**

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THE  
EFFINGHAMS,

OR

HOME AS I FOUND IT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VICTIM OF CHANCERY," &c.

VOL. I.

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SAMUEL COLMAN,  
NEW YORK.

1841.

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THE  
EFFINGHAMS,  
OR  
HOME AS I FOUND IT.

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CHAPTER I.

What change is this?  
Surely, it was a dream that wakes  
To such reality!

THE name of Effingham will be familiar to our readers, as of American as well as English extraction. The family, of whose memoirs the following pages form a part, were first known in this country, in the State of New Jersey, in or about Morristown, or Monmouth. They afterwards became inhabitants of a village in Otsego county, in this state, which, as is supposed, from some associations of English recollections, was called Templeton. The elder branch of the family here rose to the dignity of office, and great respectability; but after his decease, many years

since, the junior, who has severally passed under the names of Edward and James Effingham, becoming dissatisfied with the field for ambition here offered to his genius, embarked with his daughter, Eve, then only a child, for Europe. There, if we take his own word for it, his extraordinary genius raised him to great consequence among the aristocracy, and his countrymen have in consequence awarded to him the *title and arms* of Sir James Effingham; the latter being an emblazonment on a shield, of a green-grocer's shop and a cart wheel, indicative of the origin and occupation of his ancestors. After remaining for some years in Europe, and wearing his honors well, Sir James, with the natural sympathy which every one feels for the scenes of early life, determined to return to America; and the occasion was thought of sufficient importance to be announced to the world in a publication, entitled "Homeward Bound." But alas! for the disappointments to which our hopes and affections are often doomed! Sir James had, by the elevation of his position, become unfitted to enjoy the simple state of society here. The court paid to his society, and the homage awarded to his genius there, had rendered his feelings arbitrary, and his pretensions lofty; and, as is too often the case with poor human nature, too much flattery had spoiled his sense of truth and justice, and greatly raised his conceit of himself.

When Sir James Effingham determined on returning home, he signified to his friends his intention of ordering his town-house in New York to be prepared for his reception, which he said was one of the largest and most elegant in the city, designing to pass a month or two there, then to repair to Washington for a few weeks at the close of the season, and to visit his country residence at Templeton, when the spring should fairly open.

But, in the absence of this important appendage of an affected pompous style of living, Eve found herself, within an hour after she landed, crammed into an upper room of a boarding house, on Hudson Square. Unfortunately for her, her father had neither the justice to consider the discomfort of toiling up and down three flights of stairs many times a day, nor the generosity to remedy the inconvenience, by providing apartments at a little more expense, had his judgment pointed out to him the propriety of doing so. Unlike so many around him, who were content to live in an easy and quiet style of elegance, he had spent his time and money abroad, in efforts to mingle in the society of, to him, high sounding names; and in aping their ostentatious follies, had expended as much in a week, as would have rendered him comfortable in his proper sphere for a twelvemonth, which he now sought to retrieve, by indulging in that penuriousness which demands



of a wife, or a daughter, the submission to such inconvenience and drudgery, as, in this country, is esteemed wholly unbefitting the well educated of the sex. Affecting to be a man of the world, Sir James was either without the requisite knowledge to form a proper judgment of his duty to others, or, he was destitute of that principle of justice and fairness, which should have permitted those who depended on him for happiness to share equitably in the good things which Providence had sufficiently bestowed on him. In other words, he was content, to make other people unhappy the greater part of their lives, to acquire the power and the means of an occasional indulgence of his own desire of ostentatious show. To this disposition it was owing, that now, Eve was to exchange the enticements of company, and the pleasures of travel, for months of privation, and scenes of bickering; and, once in a week at least, to be called to an account, of how she had expended her pin money.

One of Eve's first visitors, was her cousin, Grace Van Courtlandt. They were sister's children; and as the latter was without father or mother most of their time for many years was spent together, until the former was taken abroad; when, the natural surliness of Sir James refusing even the earnest solicitations of his daughter to take her cousin along with her, a separation ensued of course.

Her paternal grandfather, who was an aged man, had committed her education in some degree to the care of Sir James. This grandfather was now dead, and it was supposed that the return of Sir James, had some reference to the control of her fortune, before she should become mistress of it herself.

Not to elaborate our work too much, we shall pass very lightly over those conversations between mistress and maid, on the announcement of a visitor, in which novelists display their learning in the use of bad French, and confine ourselves much to matters of fact.

Eve Effingham, though naturally a beautiful girl, and possessed of a mind capable of being trained to all the proprieties and even elegancies of life, had, by the association, contracted some of her father's travelled boobyism, and as she descended slowly the three flights of stairs, that usually elevated her above the vulgarity of a boarding house drawing-room, she coned with some care, what should be her style of salutation and address to her cousin.

Eve was so young when she left this country, and had been so long absent, that she really knew but very little of American manners;—she had a strong desire to please, a characteristic of her naturally good temper, but her notions of the means of pleasing, were drawn from the obsequiousness, with which her father, while in Europe, had paid

court to, and fawned around, those whose notice he desired.

She had heard her father and her cousin John often speak of the awkward, and sometimes embarrassing simplicity and freedom of American manners, which, so often and so effectually, brings at once to its proper level, the boasting and pretensions of ignorant Europeans, whenever they chance to gain admission to a circle beyond the usual maximum of their boarding-house and bar-room associations; and her thoughts were so much balanced between the desire to please, with the means of pleasing, and still to impress on the mind of her visitor her own imagined superiority, that she entered the drawing-room where her cousin sat, still in a state of uncertainty. The hotel and post-coach life which Eve had led abroad, had brought her little in contact with that refined elegance always to be found among the higher circles in Europe; and unfortunately for her own happiness, on her return to her native country, she had contracted in too great a degree, that haughty and supercilious manner, which shuts out from the soul its native delicate sensibilities, and renders its possessor equally disagreeable and contemptible as a companion. But the perceptions of a young lady will always detect and admire true elegance whenever it comes before her; and when Eve saw in the person of her cousin, as she rose to meet her, a most beau-