

rather than inflict pain on you;—what would Graham think of this separation, after the amity he has observed so long existing among us?—but I hear the boat is down. Keep up your courage, love; you are *all* to me, be what you may to others. I'll see Mr. Barnard and his son in the boat, and then step down and fetch you."

By the time Strickland reached the deck, the frigate was hove to, and the *Venus*, with several other vessels, stretching over towards the harbour's mouth, (Portsmouth.) Mr. Barnard and Robert, by our hero's desire, first entered the boat, after which, in spite of Graham's entreaties, descended Widow Dawson. "You have Mr. Barnard's address, Graham: *there* you will either find or hear of me and of Mrs. Dawson," said Strickland; "and can you blame a female for fearing to remain in custody, without a protector, in the hands of a warm old bachelor? I am sure you cannot" "Such things must not be, Captain Graham," observed Mr. Barnard. In a few minutes our hero handed down Madam Belcour, and taking, for the present, a friendly leave of the truly friendly Graham,—accompanied by many "Long lifes to your Honours, and long lifes to your Honour's lady," from Barney, the boat pushed off, and speedily landed at the sallyport, where Strickland presented the crew with a guinea, to drink his health, and advising them to push aboard speedily, as the vessel was already wearing, they proceeded to an hotel, ordered two private apartments, and four bed rooms: one for Madam B., one for Mr. Barnard and his son, one for our hero, and one for Mrs. Dawson; and having ordered two post chaises to be ready by nine in the