

ders, and said, "Ah, sacre! you be ver well content wid you cruel, bon ami! You are lucky man! Begar, I wish I was kidnapp!—Do not you go away from America. Ah, ha! dam happy glorieuse countree! better than France or England! Ah, ha! lucky man!"

Little did poor Fowler imagine, while making these unreserved communications, that his newly found confidant was the ruffian heavily fee'd and hired by Sir William Gwynne and others, to accompany him to America—to watch all his doings—to pay him all the monies spoken of—and without hesitation to take his life, if he attempted to return to England!

When they reached America, Fowler had greatly recovered both his health and spirits. His curiosity was abundantly roused and gratified by the new and prodigious scenes he was approaching. On landing at New-York, he put up with several of the crew, at a small house of entertainment in the suburbs. All of them drank deeply; and Fowler was carried to bed in a state of insensibility. When he awoke, about the middle of the next day, he overthrew a stool that was placed by his bed-side; and on accidentally casting his eyes on the floor, he saw it strewn with bank notes! This circumstance soon collected his scattered intellects, and recalled him to a sense of the singular misery and mystery of his situation. In a foreign country, without a single relative, friend, or acquaintance among its inhabitants—smuggled from home in a fearful and atrocious manner, he knew not why nor wherefore—forbidden to return, under penalty of instant death, which he knew not when or how to evade. What was to become of him? What was he to do? The thought never occurred to one so ignorant and inexperienced as he was of putting himself at once under the protection of the civic authority of New-York; and even if it had, it is probable Fowler would have feared taking such a step, lest his murder should be the consequence.—He lay tossing about in bed, completely bewildered, and irresolute what to do. When he rose, he found his ship companions had left the house, even the one most intimate with him. He went down at once to the ship by which he had come, sought out the captain, and contrived to ask him—whether or not he would take him back again? He was promptly answered in the negative; and told that the ship was to proceed immediately to South America. Wearied and disappointed afraid of seeking out an English ship, lest his life should be sacrificed as had been threatened, he returned to the inn he had left, and endeavored to seek solace in drink. He was soon afterwards joined by several of the crew, and his own intimate friend among the number; and they all fell to drinking again. Fowler was in-

formed that they had leave of absence from their ship for a few days, before it proceeded to South America, and proposed to take a journey into the interior of the country. He was asked to accompany them; and, his fancy being inflamed with their accounts of the luxuriance and magnificence of the scenes he would witness, he consented. I need not describe their excursion. Drink, merry conversation, and incessant change of scene soon dissipated Fowler's moodiness, and he seemed to enjoy his jaunt as keenly as any of the party. One incident must be mentioned, as it materially influenced the fortunes of Fowler, and forwarded the scheme of those who had sent him from England. His favorite companion (Francis Leroux by name) took the opportunity one evening, when he and Fowler had strayed far from their companions, and were viewing a sweet cottage with a pretty patch of land about it, the whole of which was marked for sale, of making Fowler a proposal that greatly surprised him. He began by saying that he had long been tired of a sailor's life, and desired to settle in America; but had not a favorable opportunity till then; that he and Fowler seemed to have agreed very well on ship-board, and he did not see why they should quarrel on land.

"And so—what you say to we live here together? Is it not better than sail the great d— sea? You tell me you have money—fifty pounds—and so have I, little, what I save. We both buy this place, and both live and work here together, and so we get rich—very soon; and then we go home, you to your country, and I to my own! Eh! vat you say to this?" he inquired anxiously; at the same time taking out a small leathern purse, he shewed Fowler several pieces of gold coin, and notes for money on American banks.—Fowler, as soon as his astonishment had a little subsided, promptly refused to accede to his companion's proposal, saying that nothing should keep him from England;—that he would go back, come what might."

"Ah, mon ami! And what you do when you go there?"—"Find out the people that sent me away, and get them hanged."

"Aha!—First catch your fish, and then cook him; but what if him no bite? sacre!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

*Patent.*—When Charles the 2d saw a man climb to the top of the flag-staff on the pinnacle of Salisbury spire, "Odds fish!" said he, "this man shall have a patent, that no body shall do this but himself."

*A Judge's Advice.*—A certain Judge, after hearing a florid discourse from a younger, advised him to pluck out some feathers from the wings of his imagination, and put them into the tail of his judgment.—*Percy.*

