

enough to see her expire, and from a small vial which lay near her, marked "*Laudanum*," I had no doubt that she had hastened her own death, rather than endure shame."

"As I had been thus the occasion of her death, I resolved to compensate for it in some measure, by giving her child an education due to his rank. For this purpose I left him with my own father, as I was obliged to rejoin my regiment, telling him that he was the son of an intimate friend, who had died abroad, and that his mother had not long survived the death of her husband. I also informed him—which was indeed true—that the trinket round his neck bore the miniatures of his parents. I sent home yearly remittances through the regimental agent for his support, and requested that he should bear my name until I should return to claim him. My next advices from home informed me that my young *protégé* had eloped as he had attained the age of eighteen, with the daughter of a rich merchant in the neighbourhood, named Glowden. I heard no further account of him until you informed me that he resided in the person of Charles Osborne. I did feel a little compunction for your sorrows as you knelt on that day at my feet, yet my evil genius would not permit me to acknowledge it, and I received you with insult, instead of giving you the satisfaction for which you on that day took so humble a position. Can you forgive me, Montrose, as you glance your eye over these pages? I dare not hope it! Yet I must endeavour, while life is left me, to seek the pardon of an offended God. When these times meet your eye I shall be no more, yet if I leave not your forgiveness, oh! Montrose, curse not my memory; but I know your noble heart, and I firmly believe that in my grave you will bury all animosity against the unfortunate being who now signs himself,

"The penitent

ST. GEORGE RODERICK DALEY.*

*Signed in presence of us—James M'Pherson, Adjutant, John Dunn, Surgeon."

"Thus was the story of the *ex-ditant* Charles Osborne, confirmed in the most minute particulars; I was now assured of the death of my wife, and through Daley's means. But I had forgiven the unfortunate man, and, I waited not with the dead! I but gave the tribute

*The author thinks it necessary to apologize for having drawn a British officer in the character of such a villain as Major Daley, and to state that that gentleman has no existence save in imagination. The manner of his death is, however, no fiction. A Major of a regiment which was stationed in Saint Vincent before the "South Lincoln" sought those shores, was shot by the sentry on duty at the draw-bridge, near the upper-barricade guard, as is here stated. The sentry suffered for his crime as recorded in the narrative. The author would also apologize for having introduced a certain gallant Colonel and his lady, in the characters of Lt. Colonel and Mrs. Thoroughgood, but the "*capitales scribendi*" having seized him, he could not resist the opportunity of doing them that justice which their actions so eminently merit.

of a few tears to the memory of my Isabella and again sought my son.

"By the death of Daley, I, as senior captain, succeeded to the vacant majority, and in consequence, to the command of the regiment. I took it upon myself, as I also commanded the garrison, to release Charles from his confinement, and to give him a room in my own quarters—only requiring his promise that he would not attempt to escape; this he readily gave, and the next arrival from Barbados brought his unconditional pardon. Upon the arrival of Colonel Thoroughgood in a few days, I purchased my son's discharge, and having sold my commission, I retired to this little cottage, and selected the widow of a brother officer, who had died some months previous, as governess for my little grand-daughter, who has faithfully fulfilled her trust.

"By my desire my son went to sojourn on the continent, where he had resided for about ten years, till by the death of his grand-father last year, the title reverted to him, when he returned to England. I therefore expect the announcement of his having taken possession of the title and estates every packet, when I intend to revisit Europe; and as an elder brother enjoys the family title, I will devote the remainder of my days to the service of him, who has supported me through all my trials and afflictions."

He ceased, and I ventured to inquire, "what had become of the man who had shot the Major?" He informed me briefly that he was tried for wilful murder, and executed in presence of every soldier in the garrison, upon the very spot where the murder was committed, and that one of the others having confessed their share in the transaction, the remaining two were transported for the term of their natural lives.

Thus ended the story of Mr. Montrose, and evening being now waxed late, I returned to the garrison fully convinced of the impenetrable distance between me and the beautiful MAID OF SAINT VINCENT.

CHAPTER VI.

"In my bosom memory lingers,
Past enjoyments to recal;
Like the sun-beam's golden fingers,
Bright in some deserted hall.

Solitude and Other Poems.

To those who have ever dwelt in tropic latitudes, it will be unnecessary to paint the beauties attending the first dawn of morning in the West Indies. Yet, as many of the Amaran-