

and with these words, the mysterious speaker rose and stepped towards the door. "Come back a moment—come back!" cried Fowler as loudly as he could while the door was closing. It was re-opened, and he heard the sound of returning footsteps.

"Well, what is the matter?"—"You think you are concealed from me; but you are mistaken. I know you," continued Fowler in an agitated tone—"I recollect your voice. You are—*Sir William Gwynne!*"

Fowler heard his visitor suddenly utter a gasping sound, and spring from the seat on which he was in the act of sitting down: then he heard the sound of a stifled groan—of attempts to suppress violent emotion; and at length his visitor staggered out of the room, closing the door after him with an unsteady hand. Fowler was left alone for three hours: his food wretched stuff at best, was not brought him as usual; and, faint with hunger, and worn out with agitation and suspense, he at length dropped asleep.

Before twenty-four hours had expired, the wretched persecuted Fowler, in almost the last degree of exhaustion, was placed on board a sloop in the Channel. He lay in a state rather of profound stupor than sleep, in his hammock, when he was suddenly roused, in the middle of the night, and carried on board another vessel, which was a French Brig, bound for America. Confused as he was, he heard the respective crews taking leave of one another, in a confused jargon of French and English; and presently after, all became again quiet around him, he fell asleep. He had asked, while on board the former vessel, for a draught of beer, to quench his raging thirst; and the stupor which speedily followed, proved that it had been drugged.

On the third day of his passage, the bandage was removed from his eyes, and the pinions from his arms and legs. The light almost blinded him for some minutes, his eyes had so long been kept closed; and his benumbed and strained limbs seemed scarce to have the power of motion left them. At length he was able to see that he lay in a tolerably comfortable berth. Every thing about him wore a foreign appearance; and the poor waggoner, lonely and deserted, closed his eyes, sobbed, and shed tears at the recollection of his sufferings, and the illness which yet oppressed him. This was his situation, when a strange figure of a cabin-boy, his head hid in a great hairy cap, suddenly made his appearance at his bed-side, and said something to him in the French language. Fowler shook his head, intimating that he did not understand him. The cabin-boy, after making several motions, as if to make himself intelligible to the Englishman, presently withdrew, and returned with a basin-full of pea-soup or broth, which he proffered good-lu-

morely to his passenger, who rose up in bed, and eat it with absolute voracity. It was the first food he had taken with relish for many a long day. He was waiting for the re-appearance of the cabin-boy, to make signs for something to drink, when another of the crew made his appearance—a tall, muscular, uncouth-looking fellow, with a world of ill-fitting clothes, and his head covered with a great red nightcap—who in bad, broken English, asked Fowler whether he could dress and go on deck. Unprepossessing as was his aspect, Fowler felt a regard for him, merely for the sake of the few words he had uttered of English. They soon got into conversation about indifferent matters, chiefly touching the country to which they were sailing—America; of which the Frenchman gave him an enthusiastic description. When Fowler was able to leave his bed, this man helped to dress him, assisted him up the cabin steps and supported him while he walked to and fro on the deck; lost, for some time, in wonder and admiration at the novel scenery—the world of uninterrupted waters which surrounded him—the vessel, with all her sails bellied out by the fresh breeze bounding over the blue foaming waters, which sparkled and flashed in the vivid sunlight! He forgot for a while, his sufferings—the mysterious wrongs he was enduring; and while the momentary excitement and glow were upon his feelings, in an hour of unguarded confidence he told his new companion all that had befallen him in England, and the manner of his being conveyed on ship-board, as far as he himself recollected it. The sailor listened to him with features full of interest, which deepened however, into indignation as Fowler went on. His "Sacres!" "Pestes!" "Mon Dieu!" "Diables!" as the eager and foolish Fowler went on with his narrative, were incessant.

"Ah, ha, would not you kill de dam cruel man vat do you this, ver ever you see him, mon pauvre Anglais?" asked the sailor, clenching his fist. "No, no," replied Fowler, "but if ever I get back to England, I may get him hanged for it. Do you think I could get back? I suppose there are plenty of ships in America?"

"Ay, ma foi! ver good; but how you get de money for come?" inquired the Frenchman, shaking his head. "Oh, why, I'm to have fifty pounds directly when I get into America!" The sailor seemed confounded.

"Fifty pounds when you get America?—and you say you ill used? Begar, mon ami! I vish dat some one would take me away from my countrie, and use me the ver same bad way you are!"—"Oh," proceeded Fowler, "besides that, I'm to have five pounds a month for ever and ever, if I will but stop there?"

The sailor stared again, shrugged his shoul-