

too," he added, with a sneer, and an emphasis upon the "when."

I was provoked beyond all endurance, and spoke to him in a disrespectful manner.

He immediately ordered me under arrest, and directed me to report myself at head-quarters the next morning, at nine o'clock.

With all his assumption of coolness, he was in a towering passion too, and forgot himself for a moment, as much as I had done. He said, as I bowed, and was retiring—"Remember New Year's Eve!"—and this expression saved me.

"Well!" I said to myself, "this is indeed a sad mess I've got into. Under arrest—to report myself fifty miles off in the morning, and now nearly night—and weary and worn out with fatigue to begin with."

Luckily I'd another horse, and was on the road in half an hour.

I was tried by a court martial, about a month afterwards. The trial lasted three weeks more, partly owing to the difficulty in getting down one of my principal witnesses from Carillon, on account of the bad state of the roads. The winter was just then breaking up.

The examination of this witness completed my defence. He was a smart clever fellow. He repented to the court all that had passed between us, and did not omit to lay a proper stress upon the tone and manner; especially the triumphant tone in which he said "Remember New Year's Eve!"

I must here explain, that some one at the mess on that evening, alluded to a certain individual, who was living in a state of open and shameless immorality; upon which, I made some strong general remark, expressive of my abhorrence of such conduct. He was unfortunately guilty of the same crime, but of this I was ignorant, and he knew it, yet, notwithstanding, he took what I said, to himself, and was now, as the court perceived, determined to be revenged upon me.

I was not acquitted—that, I did not expect, nor was I punished beyond a simple reprimand. This, under all the circumstances, instead of a disgrace, was a great triumph to me.

By this time, the navigation was open, and we were ordered down to Quebec, to embark for the West Indies, and not for the East or Australia, as we anticipated.

My persecutor would have had no cause to regret the failure of his scheme of revenge, had he known how keenly and how bitterly I felt its effects. All my plans of revisiting the far-off cottage by the lake were thereby frustrated; and my Mary! When should I see her again! and my poor servant, too! What had become of him?

I wrote to Henry Wrottesley, requesting him to go to the Squatter's hut, and try to ascertain

McPhaul's fate. I also requested him to take charge of, my *cooteau de chasse*, which I missed soon after I had left the house, and thought I must have left it there.

I of course gave him a particular account of all the untoward circumstances that had occurred, which would satisfactorily account for my not returning according to my promise.

I concluded my letter, by requesting him to give a song that I enclosed, to his sister, and I ventured to express a hope that they would all like it, and that when they sung it, they would remember me.

This letter never reached its destination.

Glencoin* where the cottage stood, the name the Wrottesleys had given to that lovely vale, after that its very prototype in which their home in "Merrie Englands" had been, was some twenty miles away from the nearest post office, from which their letters were transmitted by private, and sometimes careless hands, and thus most likely mine was lost.

After waiting anxiously for a couple of months, I wrote again. But months and months flew by, and still no answer came; at length, when a full half year or more had passed and gone, I wrote a long letter to Mr. Wrottesley himself. I told him frankly how I loved his daughter, and that I had reason to believe, at the moment I left his hospitable roof, or thought I had, that my suit for her fair hand might, under her father's sanction, be successful. To obtain this if possible, I intended to have returned to Glencoin in a week or two, had not certain difficulties arisen to prevent me. I then went on to say, how anxiously desirous I had been to establish a friendly correspondence with his son, in order, in the first place, to inform him of these difficulties, so as to account for my broken promise, and then that I might thus become a little longer, if not better known, than a week's sojourn in the house had made me, before I presumed to address myself to him thus formally, upon a subject of such deep importance as his daughter's future destiny through life. I also stated, that although I feared the worst from his son's long and apparently de-

* "Glencoin," a romantic valley on the banks of Ullswater, that most beautiful of all the Lakes in Westmorland and Cumberland, with the exception perhaps of Windermere, which may have more attractions for those who had rather be pleased than astonished, while to the deeply contemplative mind, solitude seems to have placed her throne on the mountains of Ullswater; if indeed, we may call it solitude to range amid the magnificence of Nature, and "hold high converse with her charms!"—

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath no'er, or rarely, been.