# MILES WALLINGFORD

By James Fenimore Cooper

PREFACE

The conclusion of this tale requires but little preface. Many persons may think that there is too much of an old man's despondency in a few of the opinions of this portion of the work; but, after sixty, it is seldom we view the things of this world *en beau*. There are certain political allusions, very few in number, but pretty strong in language, that the signs of the times fully justify, in the editor's judgment; though he does not profess to give his own sentiments in this work, so much as those of the subject of the narrative himself. "The anti-rent combination," for instance, will prove, according to the editor's conjectures, to be one of two things in this community—the commencement of a dire revelation, or the commencement of a return to the sounder notions and juster principles that prevailed among us thirty years since, than certainly prevail to-day. There is one favorable symptom discoverable in the deep-seated disease that pervades the social system, men dare, and do deal more honestly and frankly with the condition of society in this country, than was done a few years since. This right, one that ought to be most dear to every freeman, has been recovered only by painful sacrifices and a stern resolution; but recovered it has been, in some measure; and, were the pens of the country true to their owner's privileges, we should soon come to a just view of the sacred nature of private character, as well as the target-like vulnerability of public follies and public vice. It is certain that, for a series of dangerous years, notions just the reverse of this have prevailed among us, gradually rendering the American press equally the vehicle of the most atrocious personal calumny, and the most flatulent national self-adulation. It is under such a state of things that the few evils alluded to in this work have had their rise. Bodies of men, however ignorant or small, have come to consider themselves as integral portions of a community that never errs, and, consequently, entitled to esteem themselves infallible. When in debt, they have fancied it political liberty to pay their debts by the strong hand; a very easy transition for those who believe themselves able to effect all their objects. The disease has already passed out of New York into Pennsylvania; it will spread like any other epidemic, throughout the country; and there will soon be a severe struggle among us, between the knave and the honest man. Let the class of the latter look to it. It is to be hoped it is still sufficiently powerful to conquer.

These few remarks are made in explanation of certain opinions of Mr. Wallingford, that have been extorted from him by the events of the day, as he was preparing this work for the press; remarks that might seem out of place were it not a part of his original plan, which contemplated enlarging far more than he has, indeed, on some of the prominent peculiarities of the state of society in which he has passed the greater part of his days.

CHAPTER I.

"But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it;
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove;
Mend when thou canst."

King Lear.

It is almost as impossible to describe minutely what occurred on the boat's reaching the Wallingford, as to describe all the terrific incidents of the struggle between Drewett and myself in the water. I had sufficient perception, however, to see, as I was assisted on board by Mr. Hardings and Neb, that Lucy was not on deck. She had probably gone to join Grace, with a view to be in readiness for meeting the dire intelligence that was expected. I afterwards learned that she was long on her knees in the after cabin, engaged in that convulsive prayer which is apt to accompany sudden and extreme distress in those who appeal to God in their agony.

During the brief moments, and they were but mere particles of time, if one can use such an expression, in which my senses could catch anything beyond the horrid scene in which I was so closely engaged, I had heard shrill screams from the lungs of Chloe; but Lucy's voice had not mingled in the outery. Even now, as we were raised or aided, to the deck, the former stood, with her face glistening with tears, half convulsed with terror and half expanding with delight, uncertain whether to laugh or to weep, looking first at her master and then at her own admirer, until her feelings found vent in the old exclamation of "De feller!"

It was fortunate for Andrew Drewett that a man of Post's experience and steadiness was with us. No sooner was the seemingly lifeless body on board, than Mr. Hardings ordered the water-casks to be got out; and he and Marble would have soon been rolling the poor fellow with all their might, or holding him up by the heels, under the notion that the water he has swallowed must be got of out him, before he could again breathe; but the authority of one so high in the profession soon put a stop to this. Drewett's wet clothes were immediately removed, blankets were warmed at the galley, and the most judicious means were resorted to, in order to restore the circulation. The physician soon detected signs of life, and, ordering all but one or two assistants to leave the spot, in ten minutes Drewett was placed in a warm bed, and might be considered out of danger.

The terrific scene enacted so directly before his eyes, produced an effect on the Albonny man, who consented to haul aft his main sheet, lower his studding-sail and topsail, come by the wind, stand across to the Wallingford, heave-to, and lower a boat. This occurred just as Drewett was taken below; and, a minute later, old Mrs. Drewett and her two daughters, Helen and Caroline, were brought alongside of us. The fears of these tender relatives were allayed by my report; for, by this time, I could both talk and walk; and Post raised no objection to their being permitted to go below. I seized that opportunity to jump down into the sloops's hold, where Neb brought me some dry clothes; and I was soon in a warm delightful glow, that contributed in no small degree to my comfort. So desperate had been my struggles, however, that it took a good night's rest completely to restore the tone of my nerves and all my strength. My arrangements were barely completed, when I was summoned to the cabin.

Grace met me with extended arms. She wept on my bosom for many minutes. She was dreadfully agitated as it was; though happily she knew nothing of the cause of Chloe's screams, and of the confusion on deck, until I was known to be safe. Then Lucy communicated all the facts to her in as considerate a manner as her own kind and gentle manner could dictate. I was sent for, as just stated, and caressed like any other precious thing that its owner had supposed itself about to lose. We were still in an agitated state, when Mr. Hardinge appeared at the door of the cabin, with a prayer-book in his hand. He demanded our attention, all kneeling in both cabins, while the good, simple-minded old man read some of the collects, the Lord's Prayer, and concluded with the thanksgiving for "a safe return from sea!" He would have given us the marriage ceremony itself, before he would have gone out of the prayer-book for any united worship whatever.

It was impossible not to smile at this last act of pious simplicity, while it was equally impossible not to be touched with such an evidence of sincere devotion. The offering had a soothing influence on all our feelings, and most especially on those of the excited females. As I came out into the main cabin, after this act of devotion, the excellent divine took me in his arms, kissed me just as he had been used to do when a boy, and blessed me aloud. I confess I was obliged to rush on deck to conceal my emotion.

In a few minutes I became sufficiently composed to order sail made on our course, when we followed the Orpheus up the river, soon passing her, and taking care to give her a wide berth—a precaution I long regretted not having used at first. As Mrs. Drewett and her two daughters refused to quit Andrew, we had the whole family added to our party, as it might be, perforce. I confess to having been sufficiently selfish to complain a little, to myself only, however, at always finding these people in my way, during the brief interval I now enjoyed of being near Lucy. As there was no help, after seeing all the canvas spread, I took a seat in one of the chairs that stood on the main debt, and began for the first time coolly to ponder on all that had just passed. While thus occupied, Marble drew a chair to my side, gave me a cordial squeeze of the hand, and began to converse. At this moment, neatly tricked out in dry clothes, stood Neb on the forecastle, with his arms folded, sailor-fashion, as calm as if he had never felt the wind blow; occasionally giving in, however, under the influence of Chloe's smiles and unsophisticated admiration. In those moments of weakness, the black would bow his head, give vent to a short laugh, when suddenly recovering himself, he would endeavor to appear dignified. While this pantomime was in the course of exhibition forward, the discourse aft did not flag.

"Providence intends you for something remarkable, Miles," my mate continued, after or two brief expressions of his satisfaction at my safety; "something uncommonly remarkable, depend on it. First, you were spared in the boat off the Isle of Bourbon; then, in another boat off Delaware Bay; next, you got rid of the Frenchman so dexterously in the British Channel; after that, there was the turn-up with the bloody Smudge and his companions; next comes the recapture of the Crisis; sixthly, as one might say, you picked me up at sea, a runaway hermit; and now here, this very day, seventhly and lastly, are you sitting safe and sound, after carrying as regular a lubbar as ever fell overboard, on your head and shoulders, down to the bottom of the Hudson no less than three times! I consider you to be the only man living who ever sank his three times, and came up to tell of it with his own tongue."

"I am not at all conscious of having said one word about it, Moses," I retorted, a little dryly.

"Every motion, every glance of your eye, boy, tells the story. No, Providence intends you for something remarkable, you may rely on that. One of these days you may go to Congress—who knows?"

"By the same rule, you are to be included, then; for in most of my adventures you have been a sharer, besides having quantities that are exclusively your own. Remember, you have even been a hermit."

"Hu-s-h! not a syllable about it, or the children would run after me as a sight. You must have generalized in a remarkable way, Miles, after you sunk the last time, without much hope of coming up again?"

"Indeed, my friend, you are quite right in your conjecture. So near a view of death is apt to make us all take rapid and wide views of the past. I believe it even crossed my mind that you would miss me sadly."

"Ay," returned Marble, with feeling, "them are the moments to bring out the truth! Not a juster idea passed your brain than that, Master Miles, I can assure you. Missed you! I would have bought a boat and started for Marble Land, never again to quit it, the day after the funeral. But there stands your cook fidgeting and looking this way, as if she had a word to put in the occasion. This expl'ite of Neb's will set the niggers up in the world; and it wouldn't surprise me if it cost you a suit of finery all round."

"A price I will cheerfully pay for my life. It is as you say—Dido certainly wishes to speak to me, and I must give her an invitation to come nearer."

Dido Clawbonny was the cook of the family, and the mother of Chloe. Whatever hypercriticism might object to her color, which was a black out of which all the gloss had fairly glistened itself over the fire, no one could deny her being full blown. Her weight was exactly two hundred, and her countenance a strange medley of the light-heartedness of her race, and the habitual and necessary severity of a cook She often protested that she was, weighed down by "responserbility"; the whole of the discredits of over-done beef, or underdone fish, together with those which attach themselves to heavy bread, lead-like buckwheat cakes, and a hundred other similar cases, belonging exclusively to her office. She had been twice married, the last connection having been formed only a twelve-month before. In obedience to a sign, this important lady now approached.

"Welcome back, Masser Miles," Dido began with a courtesy, meaning, "Welcome back from being half drowned"; "ebberybody so grad you is n't hurt!"

"Thank you, Dido—thank you, with all my heart. If I have gained nothing else by the ducking, I have gained a knowledge of the manner in which my servants love me."

"Lor' bless us all! How we help it, Masser Mile? As if a body can possserbly help how lub come and go! Lub jest like religion, Masser Mile—some get him, and some don't. But lub for a young masser and a young missus, sar—dat jest as nat'ral, as lub for ole masser and ole missus. I t'ink nut'in, of neider."

Luckily, I was too well acquainted with the Clawbonny dialect to need a vocabulary in order to understand the meaning of Dido. All she wished to express was the idea that it was so much a matter of course for the dependents of the family to love its heads, that she did not think the mere circumstance, in itself, worthy of a second thought.

"Well, Dido," I said, "how does matrimony agree with you, in your old age? I hear you took a second partner to yourself, while I was last at sea."

Dido let her eyes fall on the deck, according to the custon of all brides, let their color be what it may; manifested a proper degree of confusion, than courteated, turned her full-moon face so as to resemble a half-moon, and answer, with a very suspicious sort of a sigh.

"Yes, Masser Mile, dat jest so. I did t'ink to wait and ask'e young masser's consent; but Cupid say"—not the god of love, but an old negro of that name, Dido's second partner—"but Cupid say, 'What odd he make to Masser Mile? he long way off, and he won't care;' and so, sah, rader than be tormented so by Cupid, one had altogedder better be married at once—dat all, sah."

"And that is quite enough, my good woman; that everything may be in rule, I give consent now, and most cheerfully."

"T'ankee, sah!" dropping a courtesy, and showing her teeth.

"Of course the ceremony was performed by our excellent rector good Mr. Hardinge?"

"Sartain, sah—no Clawbonny nigger t'ink he marry at all, 'less Masser Hardinge bless him and say Amen. Ebery-body say'e marriage is as good as ole masser and missusses. Dis make two time Dido got married; and both time good, lawful cermunny, as eber was. Oh! yes, sah!"

"And I hope your change of condition has proved to your mind, Dido, now the thing is done. Old Cupid is no great matter in the way of beauty, certainly; but he is an honest, sober fellow enough."

"Yes, sah, he dat, no one can deny. Ah! Masser Mile, 'em 'ere step-husband, after all, nebber jest like a body own husband! Cupid berry honest, and berry sober; but he only step-husband; and dat tell him twenty time already, I do t'ink, if trut' was t'ld."

"Perhaps you have now said it often enough—twenty times are quite sufficient to tell a man such a fact."

"Yes, sah," dropping another courtesy, "if Masser Mile please."

"I do please, and think you have told him often enough. If a man won't learn a thing in twenty lessons, he is not worth the trouble of teaching. So tell him he's a step-husband no more, but try something else. I hope he makes Chloe a good father?"

"Lor', sah, he no Chloe's fadder, at ail; her fadder dead and gone, and nebber come back. I want to say a word to young masser, 'bout Chloe and dat 'ere fellow, Neb—yes, sah."

"Well, what is it Dido? I see they like each other, and I suppose they wish to get married, too. Is that the object of your visit? If so, I consent without waiting to be asked. Neb will make no step-husband, I can promise you."

"Don't be in a hurry, Masser Mile," said Dido, with an eagerness that showed this ready consent was anything but what she wanted. "Dere many 'jection to Neb, when he ask to marry a young gal in Chloe sitiation. You know, sah, Chloe now Miss Grace's own waitin'-maid. Nobody else help her dress, or do anything in 'e young missus' room, dan Chloe, herself—my darter, Chloe Clawbonny!"

Here was a new turn give to the affair! It was "Like master, like man." Neb's love (or lub, for that was just the word, and just the idea, too) was no more fated to run smooth than my own; and the same objection lay against us both, namely, want of gentility! I determined to say a good word for the poor fellow, however; while it would have been exceeding the usages of the family to interfere in any other manner than by advice, in an affair of the heart.

"If Chloe is my sister's favorite servant, Dido," I remarked, "you are to remember that Neb is mine."

"Dat true, sah, and so Chloe say; but dere great difference, Masser Mile, atween Clawbonny and a ship. Neb own, himself, young masser, he doesn't even lib in cabin, where you lib, sah."

"All that is true, Dido; but there is a difference of another sort between a ship and a house. The house servant may be more liked and trusted than the out-door servant; but we think, at sea, it is more honorable to be a foremast hand than to be in the cabin, unless as an officer. I was a foremast Jack some time, myself; and Neb is only in such a berth as his master once filled."

"Dat a great deal—quite won'erful, sah—berry great deal, and more dan Chloe can say, or I can wish her to say. But, sah, dey say now Neb has save'd young masser's life, young masser must ab him free-paper and no gal of mine shall ebber be free nigger's wife. No, sah; 'scuse me from dat disgrace, which too much for fait'ful ole servant to bear!"

"I am afraid, Dido, Neb is the same way of thinking. I offered him his freedom, the other day, and he refused to receive it. Times are changing in this country; and it will be thought, soon, it is more creditable for a black to be free, than to be any man's slave. The law means to free all hands of you, one of these days."

"Nebber tell me dat, Masser Mile—dat dey nebber come for me or mine; even ole Cupid know better dan dat. Now, sah, Misser Van Blarcum's Brom want to have Chloe, dreadful; but I nebber consent to sich a user"—Dido meant union "nebber. Our family, sah, altogedder too good to marry in among the Van Blarcum's. Nebber has been, and never shall be user atween 'em."

"I was not aware, Dido, that the Clawbonny slaves were so particular about their connections."

"Won'erful particular, sah, and ebber hab been, and ebber will be. Don't t'ink, Masser Mile, I marry old Cupid, myself, if anoder prop'r connection offer in 'e family; but I prefar Bim, to marry into any oder family hereabout."

"Neb is Clawbonny, and my great friend; so I hope you will think better of his suit. Some day Chloe may like to be free; and Neb will always have it in his power to make his wife free, as well as himself."

"Sah, I t'ink as you say, Masser Miles, sah; when I hab done t'inkin', sah, hope young masser and young missus hear what ole cook got to say, afore 'ey gives consent."

"Certainly; Chloe is your daughter, and she shall pay you all due respect; for that, I will answer for my sister as well as for myself. We will never encourage disrespect for parents."

Dido renewed and redoubled her thanks, made another profound courtesy, and withdrew with a dignity that, I dare say, in Neb's and Chloe's eyes, boded little good. As for myself, I now mused on the character of the things of this world. Here were people of the very humblest class known in a nation—nay, of a class sealed by nature itself, and doomed to inferiority—just as tenacious of the very distinctions that were making me so miserable, and against which certain persons, who were wiser than the rest of the world, declaim without understanding them, and even go so far, sometimes, as to deny their existence. My cook reasoned, in her sphere, much as I knew that Rupert reasoned, as the Drewetts reasoned, as the world reasoned, and, as I feared, even Lucy reasoned in my own case! The return of Marble, who had left my side as soon as Dido opened her budget, prevented my dwelling long on this strange—I had almost said, uncouth—coincidence, and brought my mind back to present things.

"As the old woman has spun her yarn, Miles," the mate resumed, "we will go on with matters and things. I have been talking with the mother of the youngster that fell overboard, and giving her some advice for the benefit of her son in time to come, and what do you think she gives as the reason for the silly thing he did?"

"It is quite out of my power to say—that he was a silly fellow naturally, perhaps."

"Love. It seems the poor boy is in love with this sweet friend of yours, Rupert's sister, and it was nothing more nor less than love which made him undertake to play rope-dancer on our main-boom!"

Did Mrs. Drewett tell you this with her own mouth, Marble?"

"That did she, Captain Wallingford, for, while you were discussing Neb and Chloe, with old Dido, we, that is, the doctor, the mother, and myself, were discussing Andrew and Lucy between ourselves. The good old lady gave me to understand it was a settled thing, and that she looked on Miss Hardinge already as a third daughter."

This was a strange subject for Mrs. Drewett to discuss with a man like Marble, or even with Post, but some allowances were to be made for Marble's manner of viewing his own connection with the dialogue, and more for the excited condition of the mother's feelings. She was scarcely yet in possession of all her faculties, and might very well commit an indiscretion of this nature, more especially in her conversation with a man in Post's position, overlooking or disregarding the presence of the mate. The effect of all that had passed was to leave a strong impression on my mind that I was too late. Lucy must be engaged, and waited only to become of age in order to make the settlements she intended in favor of her brother, ere she was married. Her manner to myself as merely the result of habit and sincere friendship, a little increased in interest and gentleness, perhaps, on account of the grevious wrong she felt we had received from Rupert. What right had I to complain, admitting all this to be true? I had scarcely been aware of my own passion for the dear girl, for years, and had certainly never attempted to make her acquainted with it. She had made me no pledges, plighted no faith, received no assurances of attachment, was under no obligation to wait my pleasure. So sincere was my affection for Lucy, that I rejoiced even in my misery, when I remembered that not the slightest imputation could be laid on her deportment, truth, or frankness. On the whole, it was perhaps the more natural that she should love Andrew Drewett, one she met for the first time after she became of an age to submit to such impressions, than to love me, whom she had been educated to treat with the familiarity and confidence of a brother. Yes, I was even just enough to admit this.

The scene of the morning, and the presence of Mrs. Drewett and her daughters, produced an entire change in the spirits and intercourse of our party. The ladies remained below most of the time, and as for Drewett himself, he was advised by Post not to quit his berth until he found his strength restored. Mr. Hardinge passed much time by Andrew Drewett's side, offering such attentions as might be proper from a father to a son. At least it so seemed to me. This left Marble and myself in possession of the quarter-deck, though we had occasional visits from all below—Grace, Lucy, and old Mrs. Drewett excepted.

In the meantime, the Wallingford continued to ascend the river, favored until evening by a light southerly breeze. She outsailed everything, and just as the sun was sinking behind the fine termination of the Catskill range of mountains, we were some miles above the outlet of the stream that has lent it its name.

A leveller landscape can scarce be imagined than that which presented itself from the deck of the sloop. It was the first time I had ascended the river, or, indeed, that any of the Clawbonny party had been up it so high, Mr. Hardinge excepted; and everybody was called on deck to look at the beauties of the hour. The sloop was about a mile above Hudson, and the view was to be gazed at toward the south. This is, perhaps, the finest reach of this very beautiful stream, though it is not the fashion to think so; the Highlands being the part usually preferred. It is easy enough for me, who have since lived among the sublimity of the Swiss and Italian lakes, to understand that there is nothing of a very sublime character, relatively considered, in any of the reaches of the Hudson; that it would be difficult to find a river that has so much which is exquisitely beautiful; and this, too, of a beauty which borders on the grand. Lucy was the first person to create any doubts in my mind concerning the perfection of the Highlands. Just as the cockney declaims about Richmond Hill—the island view from Mont-Martre, of a clouded day, is worth twenty of it—but just as the provincial London cockney declaims about Richmond Hill so has the provincial American been in the habit of singing the praises of the Highlands of the Hudson. The last are sufficiently striking, I will allow; but they are surpassed in their own kind by a hundred known mountain landscapes; while the softer parts of the river have scarcely a rival. Luey, I repeat, was the first person to teach me this distinction—Lucy, who then had never seen either Alps or Apennines. But her eye was as true as her principles, her tongue, or her character. All was truth about this dear girl—truth unadultered and unalloyed.

"Certainly, my dear Mrs. Drewett," the dear girl said, as she stood supporting the old lady, who leaned on her arm, gazing on the glorious sunset, "the Highlands have nothing to equal this! To me this seems all that art could achieve; while I confess the views in the mountains have ever appeared to want something that the mind can imagine."

Mrs. Drewett, though a respectable, was a commonplace woman. She belonged to the vast class that do most of their thinking by proxy; and it was a sort of heresy in her eyes to fancy anything could surpass the Highlands. Poor Mrs. Drewett! She was exceedingly cockney, without having the slightest suspicion of it. Her best object to be everybody else's best. She combated Lucy's notion warmly, therefore, protesting that the Highlands could not have a superior. This is a sort of argument it is not easy to overcome; and her companion was content to admire the scene before her in silence, after urging one or twe reasons in support of her opinion, in her own quiet unpretending manner.

I overheard this little argument, and was a close observer of the manner of the parties. Mrs. Drewett was extremely indulgent, even while warmest, seeming to me to resist Lucy's opinion as an affectionate mother would contend with the mistaken notions of a very favorite child. On the other hand, Lucy appeared confiding, and spoke as the young of her sex are most apt to do, when they utter their thoughts to ears they feel must be indulgent.

A sunset cannot last forever; and even this, sweet as it had been, soon became tame and tasteless to me. As the ladies now disappeared, I determined to anchor, the wind failing, and the tide coming ahead. Marble and myself had a sort of state-room fitted up for us in the hold; and thither I was glad to retire, standing really in need of rest, after the terrible exertions of that day. What passed in the cabins that evening, I had no opportunity of knowing, though I heard laughing, and happy female voices, through the bulkheads, hours after my own head was on its pillow. When Marble came down to turn in, he told me the cabin party had revived, and that there had been much pleasant discourse among the young people; and this in a way to cause even him to derive great satisfaction as a listener.

Neb gave us a call at daylight. The wind was fresh at west-north-west, but the tide was just beginning to run on the flood. I was so impatient to be rid of my guests, that all hands were called immediately, and we got the sloop under way. The pilot professed himself willing to beat up through the narrow passage above, and the Wallingford's greatest performance being on the wind, I was determined to achieve my deliverance that very tide. The sloop drew more water than was usual for the up-river craft, it is true; but she was light, and just at the moment, could go wherever the loaded Albany vessels went. Those were not the days of vast public works; and as for sea-going crafts, none had ever crossed the Overslaugh, so far as had come to my knowledge. Times have changed greatly since; but the reader will remember I am writing of that remote period in American history, the year of Our Lord 1803.

The anchor was no sooner aweigh, than the deck became a scene of activity. The breeze was stiff, and it enabled me to show the Wallingford off to advantage among the dull, flat-bottomed craft of that day. There were reaches in which the wind favored us, toe; and by the time the ladies reappeared, we were up among the islands, worming our way through the narrow channels with rapidity and skill. To me and to Marble also, the scene was entirely novel; and between the activity that our evolutions required, and the constant change of scene, we had little leisure to attend to those in the cabin. Just as breakfast was announced, indeed, the vessel was approaching the more difficult part of the river; and all we got of that meal, we took on deck, at snatches, between the many tacks we made. As good luck would have it, however, the wind backed more to the westward about 8 o'clock; and we were enabled to stem the ebb that began to make at the same time. This gave us the hope of reaching the end of our passage without again anchoring.

At length we reached the Overslaugh which as was apt to be the case, as well sprinkled with vessels aground. The pilot carried us through them all, however; if not literally with flying colors, which would have been regarded as an insult by the less fortunate, at least with complete success. Then Albany came into view, leaning against its sharp acclivity, and spreading over its extensive bottom-land. It was not the town it is to-day, by quite three fourths less in dwellings and people; but it was then, as now, one of the most picturesque looking places in America. There is no better proof, in its way, how much more influence the talking and writing part of mankind have than the mere actors, than is to be found in the relative consideration of Albany, on the scale of appearance and position, as compared with those enjoyed by a hundred other towns, more especially in the Eastern States. Almost without a competitor, as to beauty of situation, or at least on a level with Richmond and Burlington, among the inland towns, it was usually esteemed a Dutch place that every pretender was at liberty to deride, in my younger days. We were a people by no means addicted to placing our candle under a bushel, and yet I cannot recall a single civil expression in any native writer touching the beauties of Albany. It may have been owing to the circumstance that so much of the town was under the hill at the beginning of the century, and that strangers had few opportunities of seeing it to advantage; but I rather think its want of the Anglo-Saxon origin was the principal reason it was so little in favor.

Glad enough was I to reach the wharves, with their line of storehouses, that then literally spouted wheat into the sloops that crowded the quays, on its way to feed the contending armies of Europe. Late as it was in the season, wheat was still pouring outward through all the channels of the country, enriching the farmers with prices that frequently rose as high as $2.50 the bushel and sometimes as high as $3. Yet no one was so poor in America as to want bread! The dearer the grain, the higher the wages of the laborer, and the better he lived.

It was not at all late when the Wallingford was slowly approaching the wharf where it was intended to bring up. There was a sloop ahead of us, which we had been gradually approaching for the last two hours, but which was enabled to keep in advance in consequence of the lightness of the wind. This dying away of the breeze rendered the approaching moonlide calm and pleasant; and everybody inboard, even to Grace, came on deck, as we moved slowly past the dwellings on the eastern bank, in order to get a view of the town. I proposed that the Clawbonny party should land, contrary to our original intention, and profit by the opportunity to see the political capital of the state at our leisure. Both Grace and Lucy were inclined to listen favorably; and the Drewetts, Andrew and his sisters, were delighted at this prospect of our remaining together a little longer. Just at this moment, the Wallingford, true to her character, was coming up with the sloop ahead, and was already doubling on her quarter. I was giving some orders, when Lucy and Chloe, supporting Grace, passed me on their way to the cabin. My poor sister was as pale as death, and I could see that she trembled so much she could hardly walk. A significant glance from Lucy bade me not to interfere, and I had sufficient self-command to obey. I turned to look at the neighboring sloop, and found at once an explanation of my sister's agitation. The Mortons and Rupert were on her quarter-deck, and so near as to render it impossible to avoid speaking, at least to the former. At this embarassing instant Lucy returned to my side, with a view, as I afterward learned, to urge me to carry the Wallingford to some place so distant, as to remove the danger of any intercourse. This accident rendered the precaution useless, the whole party in the other vessel catching sight of my companion at the same moment.

"This is an agreeable surprise!" called out Emily, in whose eyes Rupert's sister could not be an object of indifference. "By your brother's and Mrs. Drewett's account, we had supposed you at Clawbonny, by the bedside of Miss Wallingford."

"Miss Wallingford is here, as are my father and Mrs. Drewett, and—"

Lucy never let it be known who that other "and" was intended to include.

"Well, this is altogether surprising!" put in Rupert, with a steadiness of voice that really astounded me. "At the very moment we were giving you lots of credit for your constancy in friendship, and all that sort of thing, here you are, Mademoiselle Lucie, trotting off to the Springs, like all the rest of us, bent on pleasure."

"No, Rupert," answered Lucy, in a tone which I thought could not fail to bring the heartless coxcomb to some sense of the feeling he ought to manifest; "I am going to no Springs. Doctor Post has advised a change of scene and air for Grace; and Miles has brought us all up in his sloop, that we may endeavor to contribute to the dear sufferer's comfort, in one united family. We shall not land in Albany."

I took my cue from these last words, and understood that I was not even to bring the sloop alongside the wharf.

"Upon my word, it is just as she says, colonel!" cried Rupert. "I can see my father on the forecastle, with Post, and divers others of my acquaintance. Ay, and there's Drewett, as I live! Wallingford, too! How fare you noble captain, up in this fresh-water stream? You must be strangely out of your latitude."

"How do you do, Mr. Hardinge?" I coldly returned the salutation; and then I was obliged to speak to the major and his daughter. But Neb was at the helm, and I had given him a sign to steer farther from our companion. This soon reduced the intercourse to a few wavings of handkerchiefs, and kissings of the hand, in which all the Drewetts came in for a share. As for Lucy, she walked aside, and I seized the occasion to get a word in private.

"What am I to do with the sloop?" I asked. "It will soon be necessary to come to some decision."

"By no means go to the wharf. Oh! this has been most cruel. The cabin windows are open, and Grace must have heard every syllable. Not even a question as to her health! I dread to go below and witness the effect."

TO BE CONTINUED

# NE TEMERE DECREE

## SOME IMPERIALISTS

BY JOHN S. EWART, K. C., BARRISTER AT LAW (NON CATHOLIC)

(In order to draw attention to the purpose for which quotations are employed, italics not appearing in the original are sometimes made use of.)

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK

In Kingdom Papers No. 4, I said:

Perhaps the most satisfactory feature of Canada's very rapid progress towards independence is the fact that the great majority of those who still regard themselves as staunch Imperialists not only contentedly accept the advances which, from time to time, are made, but that they themselves are learning to use, with apparent pleasure, the language of Nationalism." And in illustration of what I meant, I quoted language of Lord Grey, which, (if its authorship were unknown) would, by many Canadians, have been ascribed to some foolish Nationalist. I want to give a few other illustrations.

1. Mr. Lyttleton: The Right Hon. Alfred Lyttleton is a strong Imperialist. He succeeded Mr. Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary, and pursued that gentleman's Imperialistic methods in dealing with the colonies. It was he who proposed to turn the conferences into a council, with the hope that it might grow into a parliament. This was in 1906. In 1911, he wrote one of the chapters of a book entitled "British Dominions" (edited by Prof. Ashley.) and from that chapter (pp. 16-18) I make the following quotations:

"But action should be organized in the clear appreciation of the fact that, as between the parent country and the Dominions, there is now a practical equality of status. Permit me for a minute to dwell on this topic. In 1905, I wrote on behalf of the Government (That is, the British Government) a circular despatch to the Governments of the Dominions touching Imperial organization, and making certain suggestions, some of which have borne fruit, with respect to the conference then anticipated as about to take place. In this despatch the expression "States of Empire" occurred, and was noticed as being a novelty in nomenclature; but now it has passed into the normal currency of descriptive terms. Ten years before, Lord Ripon, writing on behalf of the Liberal Government of the day, expressed himself thus: 'To give colonies the power of negotiating treaties for themselves, without reference to Her Majesty's Government, would be to give them an international status as separate and sovereign states, and would be equivalent to breaking up the Empire into a number of independent states; a result which Her Majesty's Government are satisfied would be injurious equally to the colonies and to the mother country, and would be desired by neither. Negotiations, between Her Majesty's Government and the sovereign of a foreign state, must be conducted by the representative of Her Majesty at the Court of the Foreign Power, who will inform the Government and seek instructions from them, as necessity arises.' But it will be in your recollection that quite recently, and with the full approval of His Majesty's present Government, the Dominion of Canada carried on independently exactly such negotiations as Lord Ripon had criticised. Technically these negotiations were carried on with the knowledge of His Majesty's representative; but, it has been authoritatively stated in parliament, and not denied, that at no stage of the proceedings was His Majesty's Government consulted. Now I desire specially to emphasize that, although regret has been expressed that Canada should have had to deal as an


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