

reverence each other's works,—full names and initials, besides portraits without number, as if a strong desire of immortality in this world possessed their minds in the last hours of their existence. Other thoughts were hers who occupied the room at present. Busy with the things pertaining to a future world, she needed no such device to guard against the terrors of a dreadful death. Her fate was sealed and she murmured not at the decrees of providence, inscrutable as they were,—consoled with the reflection that whatever had been allotted her to do, she had performed. She had sat long thus, and again the thought that she should see her son once more, made her sick at heart; because at best it seemed a strange delusion—weaning her mind from weightier matters that should have occupied it. Thus absorbed she heeded not the tread of men upon the pavement leading to her cell, nor did the key grating in the huge lock, nor the creaking door arrest her thoughts.

A young man stood within the walls, and behind him an aged servitor looked eagerly towards her bending form. Many minutes they had stood regarding her. The young man looked first at her, and after, at a miniature taken from his bosom. The faces were the same, but time had spared the one and marred the other's beauty. Benevolence was strongly marked in both, but it had mellowed to a holier character in the original—the inborn love of doing good, had been strengthened by the practice of religious duties.

"It is she!" murmured the youth, and the tones thrilled through her frame.

"My son!"

"My mother!" were the simultaneous cries of Roger Gaunt and his parent, as they rushed to each other's arms. The voice and look of the father survived in the person of the son, and the yearning heart of Mrs. Gaunt needed no other introduction to her offspring.

Leaving the workings of affection such as theirs, as matters too sacred for portrayal, we hasten to inform the reader that after the action in the Thames, Roger Gaunt had been removed to a Dutch vessel, which sailed shortly afterwards for one of the settlements recently established by the Dutch; in the newly discovered regions; and after being carried to different colonies, they were finally left in care of a fur trader, in New-Amsterdam. Being shortly after separated, the recollections of home which had been kept alive by the faithful servant, faded from Roger's mind in his absence. Years had rolled on, and when they again met

the colony had changed masters, and was now a British possession, under the name of New-York. The desire of returning to his parents was revived, and as there was now no obstacle to the accomplishment of their wishes, they embarked on board the first ship bound for London, where they had arrived as has been seen.

Roger Gaunt had been bred in the school of adversity, which had often thrown him on his own resources under circumstances of difficulty and danger; and now, although little acquainted with the world, such as he found it in the great metropolis of England, he never for a moment yielded to despondency. Of an ardent temperament, and in the hey-day of youth, he at once determined to run all hazards to effect the escape of his mother. Putting himself in correspondence with Roderick, he hastily collected such money and valuables as were at hand, and then set about gaining over the gaoler to his interest, by means of bribes. This proved an easier task than he had prepared for. After enlarging upon the beauties of the country he had recently left, and the facilities it afforded for avoiding detection and arrest, the man consented at the prospect of a reward to assist and accompany them in their flight. So far all went on prosperously, but on making enquiries, he found that the fleet that was preparing to sail for the New World, had to wait for a convoy, which would not probably arrive until after the day fixed for the execution. Other means of escape from the kingdom were therefore sought, and when at length one had been found, the gaoler became alarmed at the increased difficulty of the undertaking, and refused to concur. Meanwhile, as day after day sped past, their anxieties increased, and Roger redoubled his efforts. Many schemes were framed between him and the young sailor who had brought him home, for secreting them on board his vessel, which was to form part of the fleet, until the time of sailing should arrive, but all to no purpose, as the gaoler remained obdurate.

Thousands were assembled on the day appointed to witness the mournful spectacle of the execution. It was already past the hour, and the torch-bearer stood ready to fire the pile, when a horseman dashed down with intelligence that the prisoner had effected her escape. Up rose one mighty shout of triumph—the crowd heaved like a huge wave swelling toward a sanded shore, and then spread itself in joyous groups, like the bubbles on the beach. Fortunately for the parties so nearly interested in the event, an order for sail-