

indignant feelings in a manner disgraceful to himself. His heart had no home. What then could he lose by travel? He had sufficient means under his controul--and surely the open sea is better than the rocky coast, for the tempest-driven bark. They proceeded hastily, ere the tired family had risen, to a fishing station where a boat might be procured. They soon reached the romantic Cove, which scooped out by a running stream from the interior, and by the clamorous waves from the coast, appeared most romantically sheltered, and was richly ornamented by little shrubberies and garden patches. The boats were hauled on the beach; one of them being quickly hired by our travellers, was launched; Henry after a moment's conversation with Martin, pressed his hand affectionately, and depositing a small purse within it, bade him a long farewell, and stepped on board. The sail was spread, and they made out rapidly, going rather close to a steady breeze. Martin stood awhile gazing on the lessening boat; the occurrences of the last few hours seemed, in the pure air of the morning, as the vagaries of a dream; and instead of that boat appearing as the vehicle of his broken-hearted friend's banishment, it danced over the shining swells like a fairy bark, which was freighted only with the beautiful and the happy. It was evident that she would soon overtake the vessel, which made but little progress beating against a head wind, and cramped in her exertions by proximity to the land.

Martin now proceeded to fulfil the last request of the Exile, which was, that he would inform his father of his departure, that his absence might not occasion any improper suspicions. Henry was to write respecting remittances when his place of rest was arrived at. An hour's walk brought Martin to the vicinity of Mount Burrows: his road to which, passed by the comfortable farm of Williams-town. As he arrived at the gate which opened to an old avenue, at the extremity of which the house was situated, he paused. Signs of sickness and care were visible about the dwelling, the windows were closed and curtained, and the usual activity and life were banished from its out-offices and yard; but the sheep grazed as happily as ever on the lawn before the door, and the birds sent up a full anthem from the verdant laybrinths around. Martin recollected the wanderer of the deep, who so