

been your own ; although at one time, dearly as I loved your father, I thought it justly forfeited."

Most warmly was Mary greeted by her husband's kindred. Nearly an hour passed quickly in the society of the ladies, together with the fat rosy son of the younger, a glorious boy of a year old. The other parent of the child appeared,—little changed was he from the first time we introduced him. In fact, the costume of Jake Van Ransellaer, on board the Xarifa, in Galway bay, very much better befitted the thriving Yankee farmer.

Kind reader, for the present farewell—if Altham gives us the privilege, we hope soon to renew our acquaintance.

THE END.