

wife, and making off to Californy to git gold ; and niver a grain of that same has the boy set eyes on, nor a letther at all to say he was coming for his own. And Will, draming his father would be atin by savages, will nades come out to sake him ; and he niver likin' to talk about him. Maybe your honor will be excusin' his manners, in regard he were born in England, and knowing no betther, poor boy."

By inquiries made of Captain Scruton, Harold learnt that the father of William Arncliffe had been the English valet of an Irish nobleman ; that he had married the pretty sister of Peggy Maurice, and, with his savings, had returned to England to commence business ; but, after some years of imprudence and extravagance, he had brought his wife to her sister to die, and left his boy to live on the poor Irish peasants, till he went to California in the sanguine hope of making another fortune.

With the imperfect education, the shyness, and the prejudices of an English boy of his class, William pined in his aunt's comfortless cabin for two years, waiting in vain to hear from his father ; and when poverty compelled the widow Maurice and her family to emigrate, the charity of the benevolent lady who owned their cabin having furnished the means, the poor women, in compassion to the unhappy deserted boy, selected California as their destination, that he might accompany them, in the forlorn hope of discovering the fate of his father.

It was some time before the painful reserve of the boy gave way before the frank kindness of Harold Crofton, and he was induced to speak of himself and of his intentions. It had been the wish of his fond mother to