

same time to keep a strict watch over, and to allow him even less liberty than might do an ordinary prisoner. His being a captive did not humble him; he treated his keepers and his guards with as much contempt, as though he had been their commander upon the field. We had confined him, but there was no humbling of his spirit. I heard so much of him that I took an interest in the haughty Briton. But he treated with the same sullen disdain that he directed towards my inferiors. I had a daughter who was as dear to me as life itself, for he had had five brothers and they had all died in the cause of the great emperor, with a tri-color on their brow, and the wing of an Eagle over them. She was beautiful,—beautiful as her sainted mother, than whom I boasted not a fairer daughter, (for she was a native of Rome.) Hers was not a beauty that you may see every day amongst the thousand in the regions of the north,—hers was the rare beauty amongst ten thousand the daughters of the sunny south, with a beaming with as bright a loveliness, and would say divinity, as the Medici. Of all the children which that fair being bore unto I had but one, a daughter left,—beautiful as I have said—beautiful as her mother, and a garden beneath the castle, and over a terrace, in which the British prisoner Goldie, was allowed to walk. They saw each other. They got acquainted with each other. He had despised all who had approached; he had even treated me, who had life in my hand, as a dog. But he did so treat my daughter. I afterwards saw, when it was too late, that they had been exchanging looks, words, and smiles with each other. He had been eight-months my prisoner; and one morning I awoke, I was told that my daughter was not to be found, and that the English prisoner, Lieutenant Goldie, also had escaped. I loved both in my heart, for they had robbed me of my happiness,—he had robbed me of my child; though she only could have accomplished it. Shortly after this, (and perhaps because of it,) I was again called to active service, where in my first engagement it was my lot to be made a prisoner, and to remain here; and since then I have heard nothing of my daughter,—my one, dear child, the image of her mother; and nothing of the villain who seduced her from me.’

escaped through the instrumentality of your daughter, and took her with him, he has not a drop of villain’s blood in his whole body. Sir! sir! I have a son, a Lieutenant Goldie, and he has, (as I hope,) been a French prisoner, from the time ye speak of. Therefore, tell me I implore ye, what was he like—was he six inches taller than his father, with light complexion, yellowish hair, an aquiline nose; full, blue eyes, a mole upon his right cheek, and at the time ye saw him, apparently perhaps from two and twenty to three and twenty years of age. O sir,—Count or whatever they call ye, if it be my son that your daughter has liberated and gone away with, she has fallen upon her feet; she has married a good, a kind, and a brave lad; and though I should be the last to say it, the son of an honest man, who will leave him from five to six thousand pounds, besides his commission.’

By the description which he gave me, I had had no doubt but that my poor Robie, and the laddie who had run away with his daughter, (or I might say the laddie with whom his daughter had run away,) were one and the same person.

I ran into the next room, crying—‘Agnes! Agnes! hear woman! I have got news of Robie!’

‘News o’ my bairn!’ she cried before she saw me, ‘speak! Roger speak!’

I could hardly tell her all that the French Count had told me, and I could hardly get her to believe what she heard. But I took her into the room to him, and he told her every thing over again. A hundred questions were asked backward and forward upon both sides, and there was not the smallest doubt, on either of our parts, but that it was my Robie that his daughter had liberated from the prison, and run off with.

‘But O sir,’ said Agnes, ‘where are they now,—baith o’ my bairns, as you say I have twa? Where shall I find them?’

He said that he had but little doubt that they were safe, for his daughter had powerful friends in France, and that as soon as a peace took place, (which he hoped would not be long,) we would all see them again.

Well, the long wished for peace came at last, and in both countries the captives were released from the places of their imprisonment. I have already twice mentioned the infirm state of my wife’s health, and we were residing at Spittal, for the benefit of the sea