

As the morning sun gleamed strongly through the little casement beneath which Henry and Martin reposed, Henry raised himself on his arm, and gazed out on the beautiful scene. The sea was calm, and the ripple which rolled playfully along the strand, coloured by the hues of heaven, was as graceful as the flower wreaths of dancing girls. Beyond, the bay stretched across from head-land to head-land, in placid splendor; and the gorgeous clouds at the horizon, seemed to rest on an element, as pure and unearthly as that to which they belonged. "Martin," said Henry stirring his still sleeping companion. Martin awoke and sat up, rubbing his eyes and wishing his guest a good morning. "Martin, what vessel is that which is beating off the land?" Martin looked out awhile and answered, "It's no easy matter to tell us from this distance, but I believe its one of the Merikan ships from Waterford, there was six or seven ov em waiten for a wind, and the breeze last night was purty fair." "Could we get on board her Martin?" said Henry eagerly. "Haith we could do droller things nor that"—replied Martin—"if we had the mind, but what in the name o fortune id we do aboard her, out there?" "Don't she look very beautiful?"—said Henry—"gliding over the calm deep like a bird with outstretched wings? and the meeting of the sky and sea yonder, invites one to sail into them. Looking out there, it is difficult to imagine that any such paltry world as this lies beyond such unearthly beauty." "Oh! masha"—ejaculated Martin—"I thought you woke too soon, your not done dreamin yet; turn on to'ther side, an try will another nap bring you to your senses." "Get up Martin"—said Henry rising—"and assist me to get a fishing boat, that may put me on board that vessel whatever she is; I'm resolved to leave the country, it seems my only hope from distraction or worse; and the Almighty, in pity to me, has put this opportunity in my way. Give me your assistance this once Martin, and Heaven bless you for your loyalty and love to an unfortunate friend." Martin in vain endeavoured to shake his young guest's resolution, and after some consideration he no longer looked on his hurried departure as either preposterous or foolish. He was on very ill terms with his father, had been sorely disappointed in love, had some violent enemies, and was possessed of ardent passions which might hurry him to vent his