

and cruelly deprived of them both. Years of anguish have I endured since then, having used every means to trace them, but without having gained the slightest intelligence respecting them, and I had given them up as lost. Judge then my feelings, Sir, upon finding my son in the felon who inhabits yonder dungeon. Daley, circumstances have come to my knowledge which make me believe that it was through your means I lost my wife and child. The man who never bowed the knee to any save his Maker now lowly supplicates you—misery has made me humble: tell me, what have you done with her whom I adored? Use your interest to restore my unhappy boy again to society—to that child made motherless through *your* means; do but this, and I will not only pardon all your cruelty to me, but I will supplicate that holy Being, who holds each man's destiny in his hands, in your behalf, that he may extend His pardon to you also. If you have the feelings of a man, Daley, spurn not my request, it is that of a bereaved husband—of an unhappy father.'

"'Upon my word,' he replied, 'I was not aware that the gallant Captain Montrose had been so eloquent. Pray,' added he, in a tone of irony, which made my blood boil, 'is it long since you took orders?'

"I looked at him;—I did not imagine till then that there existed a being so demoniac among the most noble of God's creatures. I endeavoured, however, to appear calm and collected, as I replied in a firm tone:

"'Major Daley, this is no child's game which we are playing; I require an answer to a simple question, and in doing so, believe me I am not actuated by any feeling of vengeance—*what has become of my wife?*' I spoke those last words with peculiar emphasis. Indeed I had not a doubt that she was dead, by the recital which I had heard from my son, but I wished, if possible, to know all concerning her.

"The villain arose from his chair—'Leave the room,' said he, 'nor pester me any longer concerning your strumpet or her brat—leave the room, sir!'

"I had borne thus far with a coolness that surprised even myself, but when I heard the memory of my injured wife insulted, and my noble son's name coupled with so disgraceful an epithet, and by a demon who had caused the destruction of both, I was no longer master of my passions. I raised my hand, and the next moment he was stretched at my feet. The noise of his fall brought in the orderly and several of his servants; I was removed by force

or I should have killed him on the spot. I returned to my quarters. In half an hour I received an order through the Adjutant to draw up my sword, and to remain in my room a prisoner. Charges were preferred against me, and I was ordered to hold myself in readiness to proceed to Barbados by the first opportunity, there to be tried by a general Court Martial!

"One evening, about a week before I was to have sailed for Head Quarters, a grand ball was given at Government House, upon the arrival of a new Governor. Every officer in the garrison was invited, save myself, who was a prisoner. Taking advantage of their absence, I sought an interview with my son. As I was generally liked by the men of the regiment, I found no difficulty in persuading the sergeant of the guard to give me ingress to his prison. He exhorted him to bear up against his misfortune, and having acquainted him that I was to depart the following week for Barbados, and that it would probably be the last time I would be able to see him, I took an affecting leave of him, and returned to my room.

"Far different was the scene which was that moment enacting in the upper-barrack guard-room, which I will take upon me to relate, as I heard the account.

"The guard for that night consisted of an Englishman named John Jarvis; a Scotchman named Alexander Magill, and two Irishmen, who severally answered to the names of Pat Murphy and Michael Rooney, the latter a corporal in command of the guard. After the draw-bridge was raised, the watch set, and every thing quiet, John Jarvis having been relieved by Sandy Magill, Corporal Rooney thus broke the silence which had reigned in the guard-room:

"'I'll tell yez what it is, boys, an' it's a opinion over an' over agin, as well as over mother's son in the ridgmint, that this big major of ours is playin' the very devil with us min, an be-me-sowkins I'm thinkin' that if it let go on in this a-way much longer, there'll be no stannin' him at all, at all.'

"'True for you, corporal jewel,' said Pat Murphy, 'an' God knows its time fur id is put a stop to—there's poor Sarjint Asbury wife he kilt out an' out; there's himself, got to be thransported, and our own Captain, the furrst out to be the Sarjint's own father, undher a'rest, an' goin' to be thrird; faith, meself that's thinkin' he'll soon give us the same sauce, if we don't take care uv his.'  
"As to that, Pat,' said Jarvis, 'we can ex-