

like a broad mirror—so still, that the wind raised not a ripple on its level surface—the spirit of peace seemed to have breathed around, and fair nature slumbered in her sweetest rest; my feelings gradually partook of the soothing character which pervaded nature all round me, and sinking back in the carriage, I observed not how far I had proceeded, till a noise of voices awoke me from the reverie into which I had fallen. I looked from the window and saw that I had entered my native village, which was thronged with a multitude of people; and what a contrast to the scene I had lately been contemplating. The day still shone forth in all its former beauty, but the mind of man (reflected in its true mirror—the human face) was widely at variance with such a calm; the knitted brow and flashing eye of anger met my observation wherever I turned, while imprecations and expressions of rage, or ill-suppressed threats of vengeance, burst from the lips of those around. On arriving at the open space where the market-house stood, so dense was the crowd that the carriage could not proceed. I observed that the general gaze was directed towards one point, and looking towards the spot, I turned my eyes away in horror, on beholding a gibbet, from which a human form was suspended; in doing so, however, a female figure caught my attention; a strange curiosity compelled me to look again, and what were my feelings, to discover in that place of horror, oh, God! my mother? Her face was pale and motionless as marble—her gentle blue eye was riveted on the suspended form above; the whole truth flashed at once on my mind I had arrived in time to behold my father's execution! I sprang from the carriage, and dashing aside the military who attempted in vain to arrest my progress—I was by mother's side; I caught her in my arms—I called her aloud! at last her eyes rested on mine for a moment; one long piercing scream was her only answer, and she rested inanimate in my arms; I bore her away from the fatal spot, for her form was small, and slight, and easily supported; mechanically I reached the house I once called home, but I found it no longer such; a party of soldiers who

occupied it refused me entrance; I madly begged to be permitted to take in my beloved burthen, till animation might be restored. I received but taunts and laughter from the brutal soldiery, and in despair I sat me down on the steps; I took her small delicate hand in mine, it was cold as the stone on which we rested; I put my hand to her heart, but no pulse beat there; I pressed her lips to mine, but the breath of life came not from them—it had passed away with that long cry of agony—and they were cold and white as the little hand that rested in mine. My mother was dead.

What took place immediately after this I have no recollection. I was told afterwards that I had been conveyed thence by a poor cotter to his residence, from whence, in brain fever, I was removed to my uncle's home, where my recovery was despaired of; would that it had been my lot to have passed away from this world of pain! As I recovered, I was made fully acquainted with the particulars which had lately taken place in my family. My father had been connected with the insurrection, and Major Williamson's activity, in the cause of government, had discovered it, and he had become his accuser and judge.

The instigation was not required to stir up my feelings against one whom I considered the murderer of both my parents! and if at times a thought of Louisa and early days passed across my mind, I cast it from me as an unhallowed recollection, and nursed the desire of vengeance as a feeling which should alone engross my every thought. I accordingly, as soon as my health permitted, organized a resolute band, with whom I intended to attack the house of Major Williamson, which was, at all times, protected by a military force. At the time appointed my party was ready. The night was such a one as well suited the purpose for which we met. Not a single star's small light broke through the intense darkness, and the wind blew in fitful gales, mourning amidst the trees, and sweeping the fallen leaves with rustling sound, that drowned the little noise our cautious footsteps made. Louisa was living, and I almost wavered in my purpose, as