

tant who was a prudent man, although he was willing enough to marry his daughter to the nephew of an *honourable*,—which he had supposed me to be,—yet he could not think of bringing her to a person unknown. He therefore forbade Adelaide to receive any more of my visits until my parentage could be known. For this purpose I immediately waited on Mr. Daley, but he informed me that he knew nothing, save what he had already informed Mr. Glowden in my presence, he merely knew that the miniatures were likenesses of my father and mother, and that I had been entrusted to his care by one who had informed him that my father had been in the army, had been abroad, and that my mother did not long survive him. Not having been able to gain any further information concerning my parents, I determined no longer to be a burden to Mr. Daley. That evening I sought an interview with Adelaide, determined it should be my last. She heard me, but love being stronger than prudence, we at once eloped and were in a few days joined beyond the power of man to separate us, but we soon found that love alone could not support us, and—having relinquished the name of Daley, which I had previously borne, for the one I bear at present—I enlisted in this corps, about a year subsequent to my wife having been delivered of a girl. With the remainder you are acquainted, but it is a source of happiness to me that my parents live not to blush at the fate of their unhappy son.' He ceased, and I found it necessary to reply—

"'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'my noble boy, my brave fellow, you have at least, one parent, who will not blush to own such a son, your fate is not caused through any depravity of your own, but in the manly and virtuous act of protecting the honour of your wife. Come then, no longer Osborne, but Charles ———, the scion of a noble house—come to my arms, receive the embrace of *your father*!'

"A feeling of joy, to which I had long been a stranger, diffused itself through my frame at that moment, as I pressed my long lost son to my heart; and *he*—how did *he* receive the tidings? Though stretched upon the hard boards which formed the excuse for a guard-room in the damp bomb-proof dungeon of Fort Charlotte, though worn to a thread by confinement—though full of grief for the loss of a wife whom he tenderly loved, and though weak from hunger and fatigue of mind and body, yet a fire kindled in his eye as I announced myself his father, which seemed to dissipate all his sorrows—like the bright beams

of the morning sun, struggling to escape from the dark clouds which obscured him from our view, until at length, bursting forth in all his unclouded splendour, the glorious monarch of the day sheds light and life, where a moment previous all was darkness and overpowering gloom.

"I could endure no longer—nature was stronger than I, and I wept. A tear was given to the memory of his sainted mother—his little history had left no doubt on my mind, from the mention of the name of Mr. Daley, who was father to the major, that the latter had been the cause of her abduction, and that she had fallen a victim to his machinations; this I determined at all hazards to be assured of, and having given my son another embrace, I left his prison, with a promise to visit him at an early period, and proceeded in the direction of Major Daley's quarters.

"Since this officer had joined the regiment, a recollection of his former attempt to injure me, had been the means of my keeping him entirely at a distance. We never spoke—not even at the mess-table—except when duty rendered it necessary; it had now, however, become proper for me to have the matter cleared up as regarded the fate of my wife, and it was for this purpose that I sought an interview with Major Daley.

"Upon arriving at his quarters, I sent up my name by the servant and was thereupon shown into the drawing-room. In a few minutes he appeared, and as he entered the room, desired an orderly who was in attendance to remain within call; and having desired me to be seated, addressed me in an apparent easy manner, as follows:

"'May I be permitted to ask to what extraordinary chance am I indebted for the *honour* of a visit from Captain Montrose?'

"'Major Daley,' I answered, 'it is *indeed* something more than ordinary which has made me an intruder upon you at this moment, and as you hope for mercy at the bar of a righteous God, I conjure you to give me a patient hearing. It is the man whom you once attempted to injure in the most tender point who now humbly sues to you.' I paused, overcome by conflicting emotions, and foolishly imagined that I had made some impression upon him, as, in a hollow voice, he bade me proceed: I continued—'You doubtless remember my beautiful, my adored Isabella?'—he started—'I once was blessed beyond all earthly beings in the society of her, and of a lovely boy; but, oh! gracious God! in one night I was suddenly