

against him. Beggared, and broken in spirit, he sought for his son to ask relief; but learned that, after running through with an estate by gaming, he had, two months before, fallen in a duel in France. Without means—with a branded name even among the English, who regarded him more as an American than an Englishman, he irresistibly turned his thoughts towards the land he had proved traitorous to; and gladly would have sought it, to throw himself upon his daughter's protection in his old age, if he had dared. But while the war lasted, the land where alone he could find shelter, and open hearts to receive him, he knew was locked to him. Too proud to write to Norvel or his child, he yielded to the dark spirit of his soul, and miserably died by his own hand!

The war prevented the regular transmission of intelligence, and it was two years before Mary learned the fate of either her father or brother; but all that her father suffered was never revealed to her. She only knew that he died broken-hearted at the disappointment caused by the loss of his property under circumstances that seemed to insure its safety.

David Cracklewood became manager of the estate and of the warehouse business after the war. Norvel distinguished himself by several brilliant captures during the war, but was glad, when peace was declared, to return to the society of his lovely wife, and devote his time to overseeing the estate. In the mean while, Mary had upon her mind one cherished wish, which he promised ere long to gratify; and that was to go to England, to visit the grave of her father and brother, and honour them with suitable monuments of marble, and to endeavour to discover the parentage of her husband, whom she secretly believed must be noble born; and by one or two articles found with him when old Skipper Gardner picked him up at sea, she hoped to be able to trace his lineage to its source.

Should we learn that this voyage ever was taken by our hero and heroine, we pledge ourselves to report the discoveries