

cut the throat of my own conscience, had it been a thing of flesh and blood, for spitting thoughtlessness and folly in my teeth. I took no oath, but I resolved, firmly, resolutely, deeply resolved, to be wise for the future; and let me tell you my good fellow, such a resolution is worth twenty hasty words. I sold my watch, the only piece of property worth twenty shillings that I had left, and with the money it produced in my pocket, I set out for Liverpool. That town, or city, or whatever you have a mind to call it, was not then what it is now. I was strolling along by the Duke's little Dock, and saw a schooner of about a hundred and sixty tons burden.—Her masts lay well back, and I observed her decks were double laid. I saw her character in a moment. I went on board—I inquired of the commander if he would ship a hand. He gave me a knowing look, and inquired if ever I had been in the 'trade' before. I mentioned my name and the ship in which I had last served. 'The deuce you are!' he said; 'what! you Cookson! ship you, ay, and a hundred like you, if I could get them.' I need hardly tell you the vessel was a privateer.—Within three days the schooner left the Mersey, and I had the good fortune to be shipped as mate. For two years we boxed about the Mediterranean, and I had cleared, as my share of prize money, nearly a thousand pounds. At that period, our skipper, thinking he had made enough, resigned the command in favor of me. My first cruise was so successful, that I was enabled to purchase a privateer of my own, which I named the 'Jess.' For, d'ye see, her idea was like a never-waning moonlight in my brain—her emphatic words, 'Hope! hope! hope!' whispered eternally in my breast, and I did hope. Sleeping or waking, on sea or on shore, a day never passed but the image of my Jess arose on my sight, smiling and saying—'Hope!' In four years more I had cleared ten thousand pounds, and I sold the schooner for another thousand. I now thought myself a match for Jess, and resolved to go to the old man—her father, I mean—and offer to take her without a shilling. Well, I had sold my craft at Plymouth, and before proceeding to the north, was stopping a few days in a small town in the south west of England, to breathe a little land air—for my face, you see, had become a little rough by constant exposure to the weather. Well, sir, the windows of my lodging faced the jail, and for three days I observed the handsomest figure that ever graced a woman, enter the prison at meal times. It was the very figure—the very gait

of my Jess—only her appearance was not genteel enough. But I had never seen her face. On the fourth day I got a glimpse of it. Powers of earth! it was her! it was my Jess! I rushed down stairs like a madman—I flew to the prison door and knocked. The jailor opened it. I eagerly inquired who the young lady was that had just entered. He abruptly replied, 'The daughter of a debtor.' 'For Heavens sake,' I returned, 'let me speak with them.' He refused. I pushed a guinea into his hand, and he led me to the debtor's room. And there, sir, there stood my Jess—my saviour—my angel—there she stood, administering to the wants of her gray haired father. I won't, because I can't, describe to you the tragedy scene that ensued. The old man had lost all that he possessed in the world—his thousands had taken wing and flown away, and he was now pining in jail for fifty—and his daughter, my noble Jess supported him by the labours of her needle. I paid the debt before I left the prison, and out I came with Jess upon one arm, and the old man on the other. We were married within a month. I went to sea again—but I will pass over that; and when the peace was made, we came down here to Northumberland, and purchased a bit of ground and a snug cabin, about five miles from this, and there six little Cooksons are romping about and calling my Jess their mother, and none of them orphans, like their father, thank Heaven. And now, sir, you have heard the narrative of Squire Ben—what do you think of it?"

### THE FAIR.

You may smile, reader, at the idea of a story entitled "The Fair;" but read on, and you may find it an appropriate title to a touching, though simple tale. This may seem like the writer's praising his own production, but that is neither here nor there amongst authors; it is done every day: and not amongst authors only, but amongst trades, crafts, and professions. If a man does not speak well of his own wares, whom does he expect to do it for him, when every person is busy selling wares of his own? You know the saying, "he's a silly gardener that lichtlies his ain leeks." But to go on with "The Fair."

On a Fair day, nature always turns