

camp to the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada.

This had been his father's dying wish, and the Governor, who had been the latter's military companion under the Duke of York in that disastrous campaign in the Low Countries, had brought the young man out as his military attaché. Captain Etherington, for so we may name him, was possessed of considerable fortune, but though an only son, owned no estates; and he was now an orphan. He had always understood his father to be the younger son of an old Lincolnshire family, but there had been some mystery connected with him, and as Etherington now rode along out there, so remote from all the vast whirlpool of social influences, he pondered deeply on what it might mean. He had often wondered why there had been so little communication between his father and his people; and when other young men of his regiment had spoken of their families with pride, and had invited him down to their country places, he had once or twice tried to approach his father on the subject of his family; but the latter had been a stern, rather morose man, who kept much to himself, and who, since his retirement from the army, had lived in chambers in London, mixing only with those of his own set, a small military clique, whose leader was a prince of the royal blood. He had, on these occasions, evaded the question, and the young man never quite understood what was peculiar about their family history.

His mother had died when he was very young. He had a miniature of her, showing a beautiful woman, from whom he, no doubt, inherited his delicate features.