

ing Heaven for so happy a meeting ! then suddenly clasping him in his arms, wet his face with a shower of tears. The company thought he was intoxicated, as the Indians are too apt to be, and pushed him away : But Edward, who now perfectly recollected him, cried out, with great emotion—

‘ Oh ! do not drive him away—It is William ! ’

‘ And who is William, child ? ’ said the father Rector.

‘ I am his father’s servant, Sir,’ said William. ‘ Captain Neville is his father, and my master ; a gentleman of high fortune. A party of Hurons carried the child and me off, about eight years ago. I became a prisoner to the Algonquins, and was adopted by them : but fortunately, after a long captivity, have made my escape from them : and now, if I can carry my master’s son back to him, and his afflicted lady, I shall be contented.’

The Father Rector stood silent a few moments ; during which time, William was kissing the hands of Edward, and bathing them with his tears.

‘ Your master’s son,’ said the Rector, ‘ had a singular mark upon his breast ; do you know what it is ? ’ ‘ Yes, Sir,’ replied William ; ‘ it is a bow and arrow.’

‘ There needed not this confirmation,’ said a gentleman, who had always been particularly solicitous that Edward should be restored to his parents : ‘ The young gentleman immediately recollected this man, notwithstanding he was so young when they were separated, and the alteration that years and misery have made in his person—It is just that he should be immediately sent back to his parents ; the Governor will, doubtless, be of the same opinion.’

‘ There is no necessity for any application to the Governor,’ said the Father Rector, who thought fit to yield with a good grace ; ‘ I have no reason to be ashamed of the improvements my young pupil has made under my tuition ; I will complete the good work, and take upon myself the care of providing for his return to the English colonies.’

He was as good as his word. William’s strength was restored by proper nourishment, and decent clothing was provided for him.

Edward’s time was sufficiently employed till their departure, in paying farewell visits to his numerous friends and admirers at Montreal, and in attending to the departing documents of the Father Rector ; among which religion held the first place.

When the moment of parting came, the good father mixed so many tears with his

embraces, that Edward, quite overcome with gratitude, tenderness, and grief, almost fainted in his arms. They were obliged to carry him away by force ; and it was many hours before his mind was free enough from those impressions to entertain those natural emotions of joy which the expectation of seeing his parents excited.

This joy, however, was not without alloy : it was possible one or both his parents might be dead, and he might be again an orphan, without having the good fortune to meet with such a protector as he had found in the good Jesuit. His mind was thus fluctuating between hope and fear, when they arrived at Oswego ; and here William assured him they should get certain intelligence of all they desired so much to know.

When they presented themselves at the gate of the Fort, William desired to be immediately introduced to the commanding officer. It is the detestable Lieutenant Blood who now holds that place, madam, and whom fortune now furnished with an opportunity of gratifying the hatred that boiled in his breast against Mr. Neville, ever since the Governor had removed him from the command at Albany to give it to him.

As soon as William came into his presence, after making many a low bow, the fierce and haughty air of this petty commander, seeming to exact such homage, he begged to be informed if Captain Neville and his lady were living, and still in the province ?

‘ And what business have you, fellow, with Captain Neville ? ’ said the Lieutenant in a surly tone. William told him, he was that gentleman’s unfortunate servant, who nine years ago had been carried off by a party of the Hurons, together with his master’s son, then a child of three years old, and had ever since been a prisoner among the Indians. He proceeded to give him an account of all that had happened to them from that period ; to which the Lieutenant listened with an air of incredulity and contempt. When he had finished—

‘ And so, fellow,’ said he with a dreadful frown, ‘ you expect I should believe this fine tale, do you ? ’

William, in great surprize, asked him if he did not recollect that Captain Neville lost his only son at the Fall of Cuhas, who was supposed to be drowned ?

‘ I remember nothing of the matter,’ replied he.

The man, now more astonished, leading up Edward to him, and shewing him the mark on his breast, ‘ This is my master’s son,’