

an aspen-leaf. Norvel had search immediately made for the Creole; but he could nowhere be found.

Believing that his revenge would be successful, he had left instantly in a skiff, and skirted the coast till he reached the mouth of the Kennebec, twenty miles eastward; where he found a coaster that picked him up, and left him on the quay at Portland; from which place he finally took shipping for Cuba, where all further trace of him disappears.

At noon, on the day these events transpired, Norvel took leave of his bride of an hour, placing her under the protection of his mother and brother, and eke David—honest David Cracklewood—and set sail in the privateer, to convey his father-in-law to St. Johns, as he had pledged. On the passage, Dirk Harder, whom he took with him, till he could give him up to the laws, succeeded in escaping overboard at night, as the schooner was passing near an island; but, as he was heavily ironed, it was believed he sunk instantly to the bottom; as it was pronounced by all on board impossible for a man to swim or float a minute, manacled and fettered as he was.

After a week's absence, the privateer once more reached her anchorage; and the young husband flew to meet his bride. He informed her, that he had left her father in a pilot-boat off St. Johns, whence an English vessel was the next day to sail for Halifax, in which he was to embark.

We might lengthen our tale by dwelling on the disappointment of our merchant on reaching Halifax, and learning there the appalling *truth* touching the pillage of his warehouse. He found himself a beggar. The English captain of the plundering frigate refused to surrender what had been legally obtained; which, he said, was not his to restore, it belonging to his officers and crew. Unable to obtain redress at Halifax, the almost frantic merchant took passage for England, and made an appeal to the Court of Admiralty; but it was decided