

"Was his health good, when you last visited him?"

"It was," said I, "as was that of the beautiful Constance, his grand-daughter."

"Indeed? You seem to know all about him. Is Constance so *very* beautiful?"

"She is," I replied, "as fair a creature as ever breathed."

"How came you acquainted with Mr. Montrose?"

I related every thing as it appeared in my introductory chapter, and concluded by telling him that "he had done me the honour to relate the particulars of his life."

"Then, he of course told you about the father of Constance, the unfortunate Osborne?"

"Yes," I answered, "I heard all about the sufferings of that much injured young man—and have even shed tears at the recital of his woes."

"I thank you sincerely," he replied, "nor will you wonder at my expressing my thanks, when I inform you that he who was Charles Osborne, and who is now the EARL OF BANCROFT, is the man with whom you are conversing. (I bowed.)

"I am happy," he continued, "to have met with a person who knows my father, and as my arrival is unexpected, you will do me a favour by proceeding to the cottage before me, and giving him these letters, as well as preparing him for the event of my arrival."

I assented, and in twenty minutes was inside Montrose cottage. In as few words, and in as delicate a manner as I could, I acquainted Mr. Montrose of his son's arrival, and delivered the letters. He opened one which bore a black seal, it announced the death of the Earl of Danswa, the brother of Mr. Montrose, without issue, by which event the title devolved upon the latter. The lovely Constance was rejoiced at the idea of meeting with her father, and her beautiful eyes were suffused with tears of joy. At this moment the door slowly opened, and Lord Bancroft entered. Mr. M. rose from his chair. "Charles, my dear boy," was all he could utter, then pointing to Constance, she was the next moment in the arms of her father. Such a scene was too sacred to be witnessed by a stranger, so leaving the cottage unobserved, I returned to Fort Charlotte.

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"Hallo, you sir—going to sleep all day?—A man, here's a ducky been waiting for you half hour, and you've been sleeping as sound as a top—come, rouse and give the fellow his answer."

"Eh!" rubbing my eyes, "cursed cruel of you, Mr. Henry, to disturb a fellow after that manner. I had a delicious dream concerning Constance, when you awoke me by your confounded bawling—hang your ugly throat, its enough to make a parson swear."

"Oh, very well, Mr. M., if that's the way with you, lie there if you choose, but as you were dreaming of Constance, here's a juvenile specimen of Warren's blacking, who can illustrate the particulars of your dream, better than any thing I can say or do for you."

"No more Warren brackn'n' dan be your-serref, Massa Henry, but praps Lord Danswa, or Bancrof' no tink me serve dis way, when me bring message from dem to misser M."

"What?" said I, "a message from the cottage? give it me, my sable mercury, I'll attend you in an instant."

"No, know noting 'bout sable mercry, Massa M.—mercry in de grass yander, dem call 'mometer, wat tell 'bout de wedder."

"Why, confound it Sambo, you are rather saucy this morning."

"Be sure I saucy, masser M., Garramighty! pritty ting, me head futman to two great lord, and must be sarv'd dis way, when me come on errand, nebber sabey sich a dem ting in me life."

The above conversation occurred one morning about a fortnight after the arrival of Lord Bancroft. I had rather overslept myself, having only returned about four o'clock that morning from playing at a ball which was held in the Court House on the previous night.—Having arose, and hastily dressed myself, I took the note from the little slave, who had come from the cottage, and having broken the seal, read as follows—

"As Lord Danswa and my father contemplate proceeding to England, in a few days, the former has desired me to request your attendance at the cottage, as soon as you can make it convenient.

Yours,

CONSTANCE."

I lost no time in complying with the request contained in the above note, and in about two hours from the time I received it, I was again at Montrose cottage. Upon entering the place, I found Constance alone. She had, since I last saw her, assumed a dress of the same sable hue as that worn by her father, which seemed to give additional lustre to her charms. I entered unperceived, she was employed in giving the finishing touches to a miniature. I caught a glimpse of it and was beyond measure gratified on perceiving my own features.