## NORVEL HASTINGS; OR,

The whole of the promontory seemed one noble estate, under the direction of one master; while a lowly roof scen here and there, distant from the "great house," showed the humbler abode of the hired labourer or tenant. Of the latter, there was one in particular which made a marked object in the view, from the singularity of its position and its extremely neat but yet rustic aspect.

It occupied the side, half-way down, of the rock on the bay shore, on which the villa stood, and seemed to belong as much to the domain of the ocean as that of the land. It was built of stone and moss, and overrun with creeping plants, so that its chimney seemed to rise rather from an irregular hillock of leaves, then from a roof-a sort of hanging nest midway the cliff. Though full a third of a mile distant from the mansion, its situation along the curving line of the bay placed it obliquely in sight, westwardly, from the south front of the turreted house. Directly beneath this hanging cottage was the smooth beach, on which usually lay a skiff, or anchored off against it swung a fishing xebec. There was a narrow and perilous path from the hut to the beach, and one scarcely less precipitous leading from it to the top of the cliff, connecting it with the estate. When we add that it was not more than three-quarters of a mile from the cottage, going south, to the extreme end of the promontory, on which the ruined Beacon stood, we have terminated our description of localities, which, being imperfectly comprehended by readers, render the details of a story usually confused and unsatisfactory. est

We now return to the secret and scarcely illuminated inlet, with a description of which we commenced our narrative. It was the autumnal night of the first day of September on which we introduce the reader to this dark and noiseless current, flowing between its leafy banks. Not a sound was heard, save at intervals the wailing ery of the whip-poor-will, or the ceaseless, shrilly song of the winged locust. Far in the blue skies shone a glittering host of stars, but only here and there did one fi trees, to l Sudder or paddle from the creek. If or old, ma in the boy made out, celerity wi the paddle and certain the verson

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