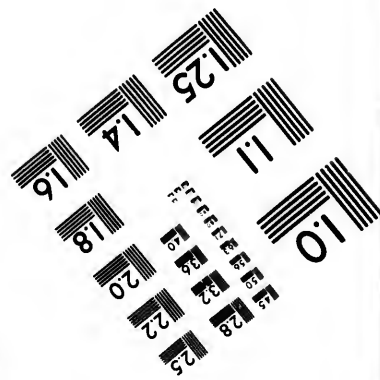
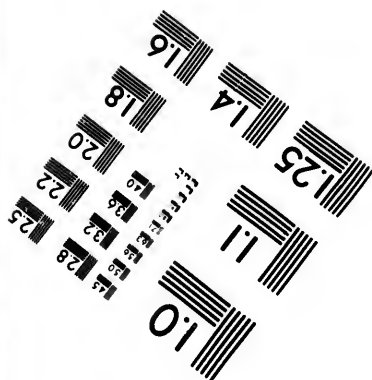
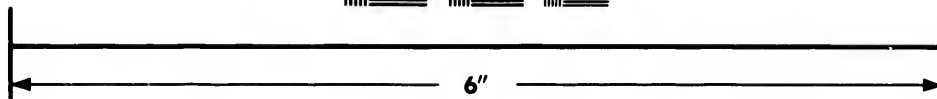
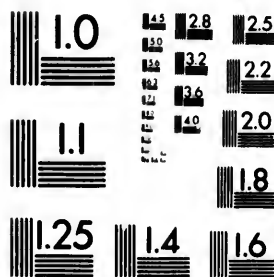


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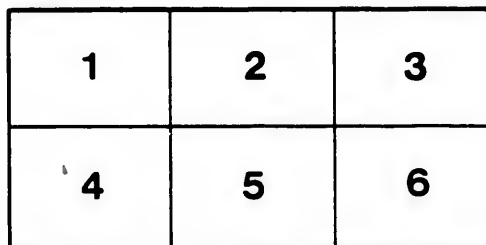
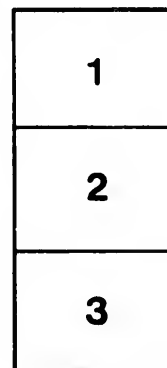
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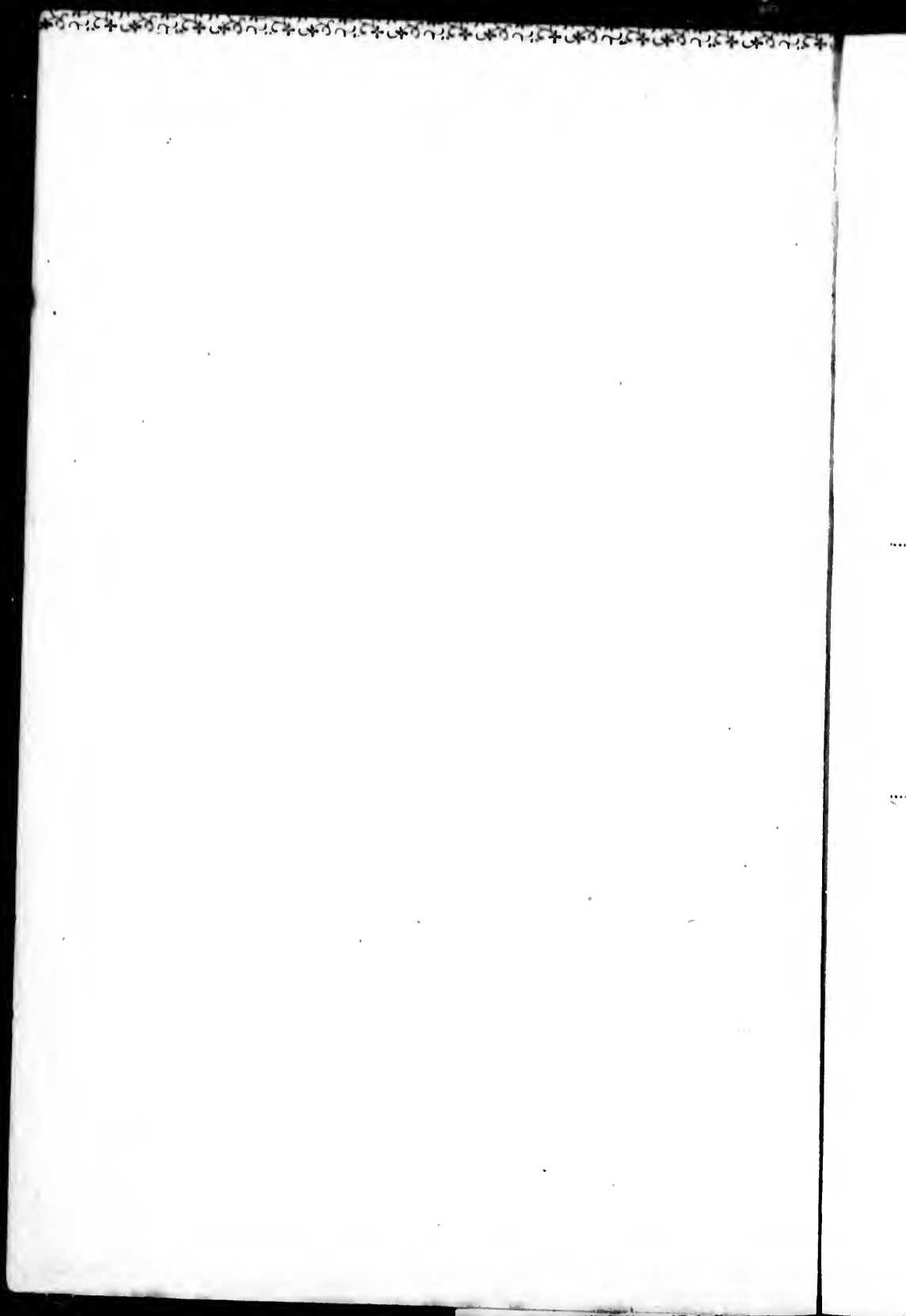
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THE CANADIAN GIRL.

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CANADIAN GIRL;
OR,
THE PIRATE OF THE LAKES.

By MARY BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE COTTAGE GIRL, OR, THE MARRIAGE DAY,"
"THE GIPSEY QUEEN," "JANE SHORE, OR, THE GOLDSMITH'S WIFE,"
"THE JEW'S DAUGHTER," &c.



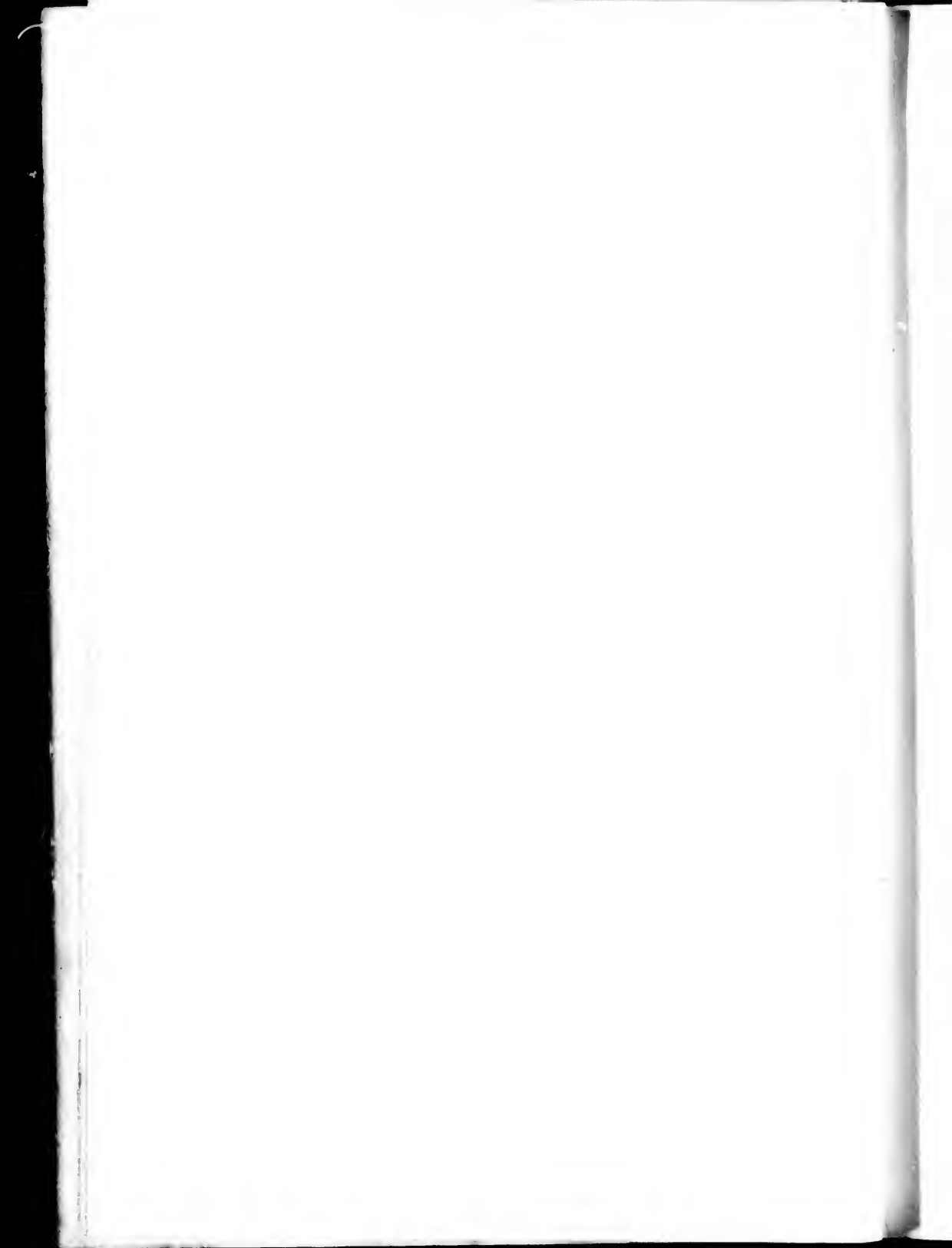
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THE CANADIAN GIRL.



CHAPTER I.

OUT ON THE WIDE WORLD.



TOWARD the close of a warm day, a young girl was walking in one of the wildernesses of Upper Canada. She might be fourteen years of age. Her head and feet were uncovered; and the tattered English frock she wore barely hiding her shoulders, left her arms exposed. As she walked slowly, she leaned on a branch of a tree she had picked up, but it was evident, that with the assistance of this, she could scarcely move onwards, so much was she fatigued. Her solitary journeying had continued nearly all the day; during which she had not seen one human habitation. Occasionally, openings in the underwood, revealed spots of fairy-like beauty, sheltered under the overhanging branches of enormous trees, and in such spots the few flowers which graced the solitude, were gathered.

There were six majestic trees standing apart from the thicket to which they belonged, growing in union side

by side. They were Canadian oaks, of more than the usual size of that species. As the girl advanced toward these oaks, she perceived that the fibres of their roots made the ground very hard and unequal for her blistered feet, therefore she turned aside to the thicket, and followed its course instead of that of the stream.

She had not gone many yards before she heard the click of a rifle behind, and turning her head beheld two Indian hunters in the shade of the group of oaks: one was on his knee taking aim at some object on the top of a cotton-wood tree, beyond the spot where she stood, and the other stood by his companion's side, ready to watch the result of the shot. The next moment the scream of a young eagle rang through the air with the report of the rifle. The bird fell to the earth beating its wings with a loud noise, in the agony of death.

"We have her!" shouted both the hunters, springing forward to seize their prize. "'Tis the calumet eagle, brother," said the taller hunter, "that carried off the red deer last sunset: she's as brave as the whitehead as ever wore plume. I know her scream—it is the fiercest I ever heard."

"She has screeched her last, poor bird!" said the other, who was a twin-brother of the hunter who had just spoken. "We are in luck to-day! this has been the best shot aimed for these twelve moons past! Help me to sling it on my back."

The tallest hunter stood with his black eyes fixed with awe on the thicket, and allowed his brother to buckle the strap around the body of the eagle. The two Indians resembled each other in all points, excepting height. They were muscular and handsome; and had no more than just reached the period of manhood. Their rifles were made of dark wood, and the same weight; the pouch and horn which each had hanging from the shoulder, were of one shape and size; and the primitive garment of skins, with the hair outwards, was worn on both figures. In the deer-skin belt around each waist was placed a knife in a leathern sheath, with a handle of buck-horn, both of one pattern.

"What is it that my brother sees!" asked the shorter Indian.

"Softly!" cried the other. 'Twas a white spirit! No woman of the Pale-faces would be abroad here—'tis an

impossibility! If she had the foot of a hunter she could not reach the nearest settlement before to-morrow's dawn!"

A few words passed between the Indians, and they pressed side by side into the thicket, where the girl had appeared to the taller hunter—but she was not to be seen.

"What did I say to you?" said the Indian who had espied her. "Did I not see a white spirit that had come from the Indian's happy hunting-grounds whither our fathers are gone?"

"We will search further," said the other: "there may be some Pale-faces here, from the farm of the good old white man, the Pastor, as they call him—he that teaches them out of the Great Book; they come many days journey to hear him; they may be lying in the grass now, from fear, thinking we are savage hunters who would take them prisoners and scalp them. These Pale-faces have womens' hearts, and their women are like the fawns, they drop down at the sound of a rifle!"

"No; it was a white spirit," said the taller; "I saw it pass under these outside trees, alone, before you fired. Hark! did not the bushes rustle?" and he stooped, listening for a time. All was still, and they both became convinced that no human being was near.

From the hollow trunk of a decayed tree, when the twin-brothers had disappeared, stepped the girl, half doubtful that she had concealed herself so effectually. She looked on all sides, and again endeavoured to move forward; but her limbs failed to perform their office, and she sank on the ground.

Night came on, and mists hung suspended between the sky and the earth, but the air was refreshing to the wearied and fevered girl. She had found a little honey in the tree-hollow which had sheltered her, and had spread it over half of a cake that had been given to her when she started on her extraordinary journey; with this she drank a little water, that she obtained in the hollow of her hands from a rill which bubbled up from the ground within the thicket, and flowed past her resting-place. When the last morsel of her cake was eaten, she clasped her hands on her knee and looked up to the darkening heavens. Her lips moved with prayer; and instead of expressing apprehension, her countenance was irradiated with a smile of thankfulness. She arranged for herself a

couch of balsam-tree boughs and broad-leaves, in a spot hidden from sight, within the thicket, and there yielded to the welcome slumber that stole over her senses.

When she awoke, it was with a start, and she sprang up crying in shrill tones that sounded far through the thicket, "Father, take me in the boat! Leave me not in the burning ship! O, father, as you hope for mercy, save me! save me!" The words died off her tongue, as she revived to consciousness. Looking at her bed of balsam, her lips moved with thankful emotion. She kneeled down, and thanked the almighty that she was safe. It was strange that so young a girl, unprotected, in a place so wild and lonely should be *thankful* for her *safety*! Yet so it was—and the feeling was ardent too, producing a smile on her lips, as she took her branch and proceeded on her way. The mists were dissipated by the rising sun, which threw its tracks of fire on the lake. The heat increased;—but she walked onwards with the steadiness of one who had from her birth been inured to danger, hardship, and fatigue, and who was supported by a resolution based on no common motives, which buoyed up her spirits to a pitch above that usual with woman.

About noon she rested in a shaded spot, where she found a piece of bison-meat and some scraps of venison, which had been cooked and left by hunters; there were other remnants scattered around, which she collected in the skirt of her frock, as she acknowledged with tears, the kindness of Him who feeds the young ravens when they cry. Thus replenished, she pressed on once more, having bound around her feet some leaves which defended them from the ground. When the leaves wore off she replaced them with fresh ones, but by this time the way had grown softer and easier, lying on a descent, and covered with a layer of tender grass; a breeze, grateful and refreshing, abated the heat; and cascades, and small water courses, varied the plain on which she was entering, and replied to the murmurings of the breeze with a soothing sound.

The recollections of the young girl just introduced, went as far back as her fourth birthday. On that day she was in one of those violent storms which are so frequent on Lake Superior.

During that storm she remembered lying in her father's cabin, while he sat by her, endeavouring to keep down the terror which caused her to scream aloud, and to cling

round his neck in convulsions. Frequently he was called on deck, by the title of "Mate!" and then an old sailor, called Toby Haverstraw, took her father's place, and administered brandy to her. The storm being over, she was led by her father to the forepart of the vessel, and shown the boiling waves, which appeared like mountains of white foam, intersected by valleys and gulps of frightful depth. The clouds seemed to hang so low as to touch the crests of those innumerable heights, and the spectacle was such as the child could never forget. She could retrace with what quickness, after that day, she had imbibed new ideas, and how swiftly her capacity for affection had enlarged itself. Her father was loved with more devotedness;—the water and sky unfolded more wonders;—the ship was more and more a place of strange occurrences;—and these composed her world for years. She learnt to admire the phenomena which caused her dread. Isolated from all but her father, and ignorant of the world, she early entertained the design of devoting her life to his good. He was a man of proud mien, and of a reserved temper, which had procured him the nickname of "Seignior," among the crew, who paid great deference to his nautical skill and courage. He seldom suffered his child to go on deck, unless in company with him, and never kept his eye off her until she returned to it. When she was getting dull, he would send in Toby Haverstraw to entertain her by answering her questions concerning such a coast, sea, or storm; and to provoke her to question him further, the sailor would tell tales of marvellous events he had picked up from seamen at different periods of his life. Hence, Toby became much loved by little Jenny which was the name he bestowed on her. The use of these words was a favour permitted to Toby by the mate her father, and to him only, for none were allowed to address her by any other but the English appellation—Miss Anderson. Her father called her Jane, as did the captain—a good old man, who seemed to leave the management of the ship to Leonard Anderson—his mate.

Jane was sometimes left on shore in the care of persons on whom her father could rely—once she was left at Quebec, in Lower Canada, in the house of the captain's lady, where she learnt more of the nature of good and evil—with the addition of the rudiments of female educa-

tion—than ever she had learnt before. There was an originality about the girl that delighted Madame Barry, and she took considerable pains with her.

This lady was childless, having lost her only son in the disease known as the Marsh fever. Long-enduring grief for his loss had imparted to her bearing an air of touching melancholy. She constantly retained her mourning dress, which she purposed wearing during her life. Her head-dress, composed of white crape, under the surveillance of a French-Canadian milliner of Quebec—suited well the gravity of her matron features, which were marked with the sorrows of fifty years. The captain, her husband, was fifteen years older than herself, and it was while Jane Anderson was at his house that he was gone on what he had hoped would prove his last expedition, before he gave up his sea life. And his last expedition it proved—for he never returned. Madame Barry, leading Jane by the hand, daily visited the Quebec Harbour in search of her husband's vessel, or with the expectation of receiving some intelligence of it; but month after month passed away, after his return was expected, and hope was changed into agonizing doubt and apprehension. At length Madame Barry received tidings that a vessel had been cast away in the north channel of the St. Lawrence, between Ile aux Coudres and Quebec. Further particulars arrived to confirm her worst fears; and it was proved that it was Captain Barry's vessel which had sunk in sight of the bay of La Prairie, on the north side of Ile aux Coudres, and it was supposed that all on board had perished.

In a short time after came more distressing tidings. The weather, at the time of the wrecking of the *Antelope*, belonging to Captain Barry, had been calm, and this circumstance, joined with others of a more suspicious nature, led to the supposition that the ship had been purposely scuttled by some of the crew.

Madame Barry no sooner became convinced of the truth of this report, than she sold off her possessions and entered a convent of Quebec. Pitying the forlorn condition of Jane Anderson, whose father she supposed had perished with the captain, Madame would have taken the friendless girl into the convent with her, and have provided for her education and maintenance there, until she was grown to an advanced age. But her intentions were

frustrated by the disappearance of the object for whose benefit they were exerted.

Jane was wandering in the garden adjoining Madame Barry's residence, when her father and Toby Haverstraw appeared on the path before her, within the gate. She would have screamed for joy, but was prevented by the former, who took her to the St. Lawrence river, and placed her in a boat, which, rowed by Toby and another sailor, quickly reached a ship, that Jane had never seen before. On this vessel she heard her father hailed as "Captain," instead of "Mate," the latter office being assigned to Toby Haverstraw. Before she had done wondering at this alteration, Leonard Anderson directed the "Vulture" to set forward to the St. Lawrence, toward the Lakes of Upper Canada.—It was done;—and the pirate (for such was Anderson) continued navigating on these inland seas, his daughter living in his cabin, until the period of the opening of our story, when Jane had left the ship under circumstances of terror, and had fled to the wilderness.

At the eve of her second day's journey she lay down by a settlement and slept. She had walked during those two days from a river connected with the Ottawa, thirty or forty miles, but had now reached her destination. She was roused about midnight by a North American rattlesnake, which had coiled up under some bank-pines close by the felled tree on which she had pillowed her head. She arose; but found her joints so painful that she could scarcely stand. Now her heart sank; she stood motionless for a time, hardly daring to breathe, but endeavouring to call up sufficient courage to resist the influences of her dreadful situation! Presently, while she peered amid the dusky foliage, the dash of the paddle of a canoe came on her ear as a most welcome sound. She turned her head in the direction whence the sound had come, and beheld a scene of picturesque description:—a basin of clear water from the lake lay stretched out in front of numerous log cabins, which were backed by pines, firs, and cedars; its banks were formed of wild green slopes, bordered with bank-pines and other trees, such as flourish in well-watered districts. She did not observe on the left a deep ravine, which descended from the level land;—but her eye was strained through the gloom on a dozen red lights, which were burning together—stationary and moving—a

few inches above the water. She knew they were formed of blazing pine-knots, placed in iron baskets at the heads of fishing-boats; and thus she was aware that succour was nigh.

"Ah!" she cried, "I shall yet be safe! I have reached the settlement whereto I was directed. In a few minutes I shall have made the fishers hear me, and then I need fear no more!" She endeavoured to call aloud, but her voice was hoarse with the cold she had caught by sleeping on the ground. Having walked with difficulty to that part of the bank farthest from the rattle-snake which she had espied, she strove to attract the attention of the fishers; but failing, sat down close to the water and wept aloud, drooping her head and clasping her hands over it.

CHAPTER II.

NEW SCENES AND ASSOCIATIONS.

IN this valley stood two farms near to each other. Beyond them was the residence of a magistrate of the district, named Wilson. He was the resident pastor also, and engaged himself in this profession. A grandson and grand-daughter, Arthur Lee, and Lucy, his sister, were his endeared companions amid the wilderness; the one adorned his interesting establishment, over which she presided—the other shared his study and toil, and overlooked the cultivation of his grounds.

The wandering daughter of the Pirate of the Lakes, sat employed in making nets at one corner of the apartment of that farm which lay nearest to the pool on which she had seen the fishers. In this apartment a dozen persons were assembled, to whom Pastor Wilson was exclaiming, "Good people—peace! No sense, nor reason, is to be heard in such confusion. Will you be silent—that those may speak who know something of the matter!" His cane was frequently rapped on the floor to assist the effect of his words; and at length the hubbub began to subside.

"Now, Pastor Wilson," cried the master of the farm, "please you, let us know your mind?"

"If you will hear me, Joshua," said the pastor, "I will. Bring the young man hither, and place your family around my chair, farmer. I must first hear the statements of you and your's; then converse with the accused; and I hope to give such a judgment as shall satisfy all of you."

"Judgment!" muttered the farmer, casting his eye toward a young man of prepossessing exterior, who advanced to the arm-chair in which the pastor sat. "Judgment! were I on the States-frontier, out of reach of the law—a stout cord should soon give the rogue judgment! There he stands, pastor!" continued the settler pointing to the youth, who, with a smile of contempt seemed to defy his threats:—"there he stands—the knave! with that care-for-nothing look of his—which I guess has stolen away the wits of all the foolish girls in the two farms!"—

"Softly, my good Joshua," interrupted the pastor; "we will see justice done to you. What is your name, young man?"

"Nicholas Clinton," replied the person addressed.

"And your country?" demanded the pastor.

"Germany."

"Germany—" repeated the interrogator—"your name is not German. Your appearance is English." At these words Nicholas Clinton avoided the pastor's eye, and appeared embarrassed.

"How long have you been from Germany?" said Pastor Wilson.

"Nearly four years," replied Clinton.

"And what were your intentions in emigrating hither?"

"I came to see my mother, who lived in Lower Canada," was the reply; "but the ship in which I sailed was foundered; its commander, Captain Barry, and all his crew sank with it. I got to land by floating on a piece of the wreck, until a vessel picked me up. I made my way with difficulty to this part of the country, and then—"

"He imposed on me, so that I took him into my farm!" exclaimed the backwoodsman; "and here he has been treated like one of my own sons—let him deny it if he can!"

"I never will deny it!" said Clinton. "I have found you hospitable and generous—and I have done all in my power to repay you. I could not toil as you and your sons

have toiled: my frame," he said, surveying his slight figure with a smile, "is of a different quality from yours,—I was never made to wield the hatchet;—but I have kept your reckonings—penned your letters—contracted your bargains—and seen your timber floated down the Ottawa, for sale—besides—"

"Corrupting the household!" cried farmer Joshua.

"Whom have I corrupted?" asked Clinton.

"Whom!" repeated the backwoodsman. "Here, Dan, tell your tale!" With an air of authority he beckoned to one of his sons, whom the females of the household were endeavouring to keep back.

"Come hither, Dan—or it will be worse for you!" exclaimed the father. "Put aside the babbling women, and tell Pastor Wilson the truth!"

These words were answered by the approach of Dan to the head of the room, whither he was followed by his mother and sisters.

"If you speak one word more than is true—may your tongue be blistered for a twelvemonth;" said the settler's wife.

"Go!—you were always a mischief-maker, and a trouble-sower, you were, Dan! Could nothing serve your turn, but you must set this fire raging?" cried his eldest sister.

"I guess," said Dan, "I have made more stir here than I meant to make."

"Why I am glad to hear you say so!" said the pastor, "Well, then after all it is some offence—nothing of any consequence, which Nicholas Clinton has committed."

"He tells you a lie, if he says it is no more!" cried the settler. "There was a time when no son of mine durst speak a lie in my hearing; and as it is, I warn him!"

"Father," said Dan, "I will tell the pastor every word I told you—only do not let mother and the girls rail on me.—Bid them not look at me as if I had invented the story to drive Clinton from our house. As sure as I am standing on our own 'arth, mother," he continued, "I meant Clinton no harm! You know no one in the farm had the liking for him I had. Havn't I taken his part often when my brothers complained against him?—Havn't I been his friend to this present time?"

"It's true!" cried the settler: "I have noticed it."

"His friend!" reiterated the mistress of the farm.—

"You havn't man enough in you, Dan, to be any man's friend, you know you havn't."

"Go—go!" exclaimed the three younger women. "You take his part!—Ill would betide Clinton's cause—if only Dan were to defend it!"

"There now, father!" cried Dan; "they mock me and upbraid me, as if I—"

"Go on!" exclaimed the settler; and his son hastened to give a clear account of Clinton's offence.

The apartment in which this scene occurred, was the principal room of the farm. The industry of the settler's wife and daughters, had kept this in a state of cleanliness. The opposite end of the room led into the sleeping apartments, and it was at this end the pastor sat in an easy chair, to decide upon the case before him. He was nearly seventy years of age, but his cheek was ruddy, and his frame bore no vestige of decay. His countenance expressed the mildness of his disposition; his manners were kindly, and his speech was persuasive, affectionate, and instructive.

At his left hand stood the young man who was known in the farm as Nicholas Clinton, "the scholar." His figure was below the middle height, slenderly formed, but of accurate proportions. His manners were such as might have been formed by superior education and society. On the surface he was all that was pleasing; and no one knew better how to adapt himself to different characters to accomplish an object—than Nicholas Clinton. Farmer Joshua, the Canadian settler, from the States, who was standing opposite Clinton was a specimen of his class. He stood more than six feet in height—of great strength and unrefined manners. His face had been exposed until it had become nearly as dark as that of an Indian, and bushy black hair added to the uncivilised character of his aspect.

All the sons of the settler resembled him. The eldest, who bore his father's name, had married the daughter of a States frontier-man, and had built a farm and cleared some acres of land around it. At this time he had joined his brothers and sisters in his father's house, to hear the charge which Dan, the settler's second son, had brought against the favourite—Clinton.

The wife of old farmer Joshua, was a partner suitable for him. Robust, active, and cleanly, though violent in

her temper, and rough in her manners. Her daughters inherited her virtues and infirmities.

The forlorn Jane dropped her netting as Dan spoke his charge against young Clinton. She saw that all parties were expectant, and as Clinton had behaved to her kindly, her sensibility was awakened for him, and she hoped he would be cleared from the threatened dishonour. When her eye turned toward the accuser, and from him to the accused, the contrast between them increased her prepossession for the latter; and she entertained no doubt of his innocence. Her acquaintance with misfortune, the sense of her solitary situation, with her inexperience, induced her to yield to the first impressions in favour of Clinton.

He had thrilled her heart, when he told the pastor his story, and tears of pity and sympathy filled her eyes. Her attention was fastened on the speech of Dan, which was to this purport:—Clinton had hinted to him how easy it might be to advance themselves in one of the cities of the States, had they a few hundred dollars. Dan began to think there was more in this than met the eye: and, to try the other, pretended to encourage the suggestion, and invited him to speak with freedom how the sum might be obtained. Clinton proposed to Dan to *borrow* from the settler, without his knowledge, a bag of dollars, which he had concealed in the farm.

"There! Pastor Wilson!" cried the settler: "do you hear that? Hanging is too good for him! He has come in and out under my roof as free and welcome as I who built it! He has been idle when it pleased him—and yet he has had as much of my store as any child of my own flesh and blood: and there has not been one of them who would not have done a week's work, where he has done a day's!"

"I acknowledge it,—and I regret it," said Clinton. "Perhaps to you, pastor, I scarcely need say, that habits of contemplation and study, and the indulgence of reveries, for which my temper was always fitted, are not easily overcome, especially amid scenes such as this wilderness supplies. Farmer Joshua has been unable to comprehend my character, and has had so often to accuse me of inattention to the rougher parts of his occupation, that I have feared for some time, an open dismissal from his house."

‘You were formerly accustomed to a sedentary life?’ said the pastor.

‘I was,’ replied Clinton.

‘You have been accustomed to writing, to books, and to accounts?’ asked the pastor. Clinton replied in the affirmative. ‘But for this untoward affair, I should have been glad to accept your services,’ said the pastor.

‘You honour me,’ said Clinton, bowing; and a half smile played on his lips.

‘And now, Nicholas Clinton,’ cried the pastor, ‘let us hear your answer to the settler’s son.’

‘No, sir,’ said Clinton, ‘I make no answer to *him*, whom I despise! He has declared my offence—it is for you to give judgment, (which I trust will be severe enough to satisfy the farmer,) and so the matter is concluded.’

The pastor found it difficult to entertain a belief that Clinton’s intentions had been of so guilty a nature as Dan described. The latter had been reluctant to give his testimony, and had faltered in different parts of it; he had contradicted himself more than once, and at the commencement and termination had said that perhaps Clinton might not have *meant* what he said.

Then the pastor considered what Clinton had remarked concerning his disposition and habits; and the good man could not but feel that the scholar must have been much out of his proper element here, where manners were so rough, language so unpolished, ignorance of literature so entire. He saw that the settler and Clinton could never have assimilated, and farmer Joshua’s bitterness did not prejudice his mind against the young man, but disposed him to be lenient. Suspicions crossed his mind, that the charge was an invention on the part of Dan, and it was under this impression that he requested Clinton to defend himself.

‘Sir,’ said Clinton, ‘only to yourself will I make my remarks on this extraordinary accusation; and I entertain no hope that by them, I shall succeed in removing the stain from my character. But you will be surprised if I attempt to turn my enemy’s weapons against himself; if I charge him with the very design he has made against me. He told me there were dollars to a considerable amount concealed here, or I should not have known that circumstance; and he needed my counsel to turn the money to most account, or he would not have risked a discovery by

placing confidence in me. When I was master of his intentions, I told him, that, if he did not swear to abandon them, I would expose him; then fear drove him on this supposed remedy—and I am made the scape-goat of his guilt."

"What depravity!" exclaimed the pastor. "To whatever part of the world men go, evil flourishes among them!"

"Now may I never handle an axe, or shoulder a rifle more," cried the settler, "if this is not the blackest lie ever mortal coined! Dan! haven't you a word to say for yourself? I'd wager my right arm, boy, you should speak quick enough, if it warn't for the law, you should!"

The pastor fixed a frowning look on the settler's son, who displayed all the signs of guilt on his face, his eyes being fixed wildly on Clinton, while his lips moved inarticulately, and a red hue bronzed his visage.

Dan had been the least liked in the settler's household, except by his father, who regarded all his children with impartiality. At this turn of affairs, family pride inclined those who had always been jarring with him, to stand forward for his vindication; but when they saw his confused looks, and observed his guilty silence, one whispered with the other, and no one spoke for him but the settler himself.

"Where are his brothers—sisters—his mother?" cried farmer Joshua, "have you no nat'ral feeling for the boy! Is there none among you who will use your tongue for him? Shame!—Shame! You could talk fast enough for a worthless puppy!"

"Dan's got a tongue of his own, let him deny what Clinton says," said the eldest daughter. "If it is not true, let him say so."

"Speak, fool—speak!" cried the settler, turning to his spell-bound son. "Tell the gentleman-rogue he lies!"

"I darn't father—I darn't," articulated Dan, and throwing himself on a seat, he hid his face.

The settler walked into the open air. The pastor arose:—"There is no more to be done," said he: "I leave you, Daniel, to your conscience, and to the punishments which wrong-doing brings. As a Justice, I have no means whereby to demonstrate your offence more per-

fectly. I am afraid that your nearest friends concur in convicting you. My office as a minister gives me the privilege of entreating you to let this discovery work your good. I will not think you are familiar with thoughts of crime—I would rather suppose that you have been tempted beyond your strength, and so have let go your honesty only for a time;—God knows! This young man, Nicholas Clinton, was a stranger in your house: he was far from his relatives and friends; and yet you would have laid on him the imputation of guilt he never committed, and have seen him driven from your father's house, innocent, yet a degraded man—branded with your crime!"

The pastor pressed his hat on his head, grasped his cane in his hand, and replaced his handkerchief in his pocket. "I wish you all good-day," said he to the family of the settler. "My Lucy will be this way to-morrow, with her brother, and may step in among you to dinner, if they will be welcome."

"It is many a month since I saw them," said the settler's wife. "I thought they had put us out of mind. Farmer Joshua will have some plump fruit for them to taste; it is as good as any raised by Mr. Arthur, so you may tell him, pastor." She endeavoured to conceal the pain the disgrace of her son occasioned her, when she came to the door to see the pastor depart.

"I had nearly forgot," said he, "the young man within will hardly like to stay in the farm after this occurrence; and his presence might stand in the way of Daniel's reconciliation with his father. Now as he is destitute of a home, and as employment suitable to his attainments does not abound in these districts, I will take him to assist my grandson and myself, if it be agreeable to him, to you, and to the farmer."

"As for me," said the settler's wife, "I shall be glad to see him so well provided for, and we can't think old Joshua will be sorry to loose him. To speak the sober truth, Pastor Wilson, Clinton has been of little service to him—he is too clever and bookish, for our way of life; he would never make a farmer."

"You are of my opinion," said the pastor; "and it happens fortunately that just such an one as Clinton I have for some time wished to have with me, to—"

"Yes," interrupted the settler's wife, "true: and as I

was saying, Pastor Wilson, Clinton is no helper to old Joshua; and I can't say but I shall be glad to see him away, if I only know he is comfortable; for he is a gentleman, very civil and obliging to me and the girls. I have long seen something in Dan, pastor," she said, "that I have not liked; and thought all was not right."

"I hope he will see his error, and amend it," said the pastor.—"But here comes Nicholas Clinton."

The pastor found the latter was leaving the farm, and was about to go he knew not whither. The pastor held out his hand, Clinton took it, and bade him farewell.

"No," was the rejoinder, "you must walk with me; and while we improve our acquaintance, I may persuade you not to forsake the wilderness just yet, because one unpleasant affair has troubled you in it."

Clinton hesitated, but presently accepted the proposal, and after exchanging adieus with the females of the farm, set forward with the pastor to the house which the latter occupied.

In front of the settlement of farmer Joshua, they passed the fishing-water, called the Trout-pool, on the bank of which Clinton had discovered Jane. The bark in which he was, when he saw her, had been in advance of the others, and as he was raising the spear to strike one of the fish, the appearance of a female figure sitting by the water, startled him. He rowed to the bank, and her entreaties for succour became audible to him. In the other boats were the settler and his sons, and these agreed to take her to the nearest house, which was that of farmer Joshua. It was done; and after Jane had recovered from the effects of her trying journey, she was permitted to remain in the farm, on condition that she would assist the females in their labours. Clinton pointed out the spot where he had first seen her, and described these particulars to the pastor, who was interested in the recital, and wished that he had spoken to her on his visit.

They struck into a pine-wood, where trees lay embedded in the soil, and formed a road a quarter of a mile in length. The way narrowed beyond this, and became dim and uneven—it had been left so by the taste of Arthur Lee, who had permitted the evergreens to grow without pruning. A spring of water murmured by the feet of the travellers. The ground rose steeper and the sweet scent of an orchard mingled on the air. "I can smell," said

Clinton, "some of the fruits of England, and could fancy that I was now approaching one of her happy cottages."

The pastor looked surprised: "England! have you been in England?"

Clinton would have corrected himself, but the pastor added, "I now *know* you are a countryman of mine—I feel convinced of it!"

"I am," said Clinton: "but—as my friends there—move rather in an elevated circle—I had not wished—"

"Say not a word more," said the pastor: "when you are disposed to give me your confidence freely, I will receive it; I bid you welcome to my domain, for we are on the borders of it."

A turn led them to the outskirts of the orchard, which abounded with the fruits of Europe. Clinton expressed his admiration of the scenery, and the pastor's eye ranged around with blameless pride and pleasure. The house stood surrounded by a garden at the bottom of a dell, its white walls contrasted with the dark groves. On the right a descent of water fell into a circular basin, and at a little distance was employed to turn a mill. An irregular path conducted from the spot, where now stood the pastor and Clinton, to the door of the house, passing a slope of the dell, through the orchard and the garden.

"This is a very wilderness of sweets," observed Clinton.

"Stop!" exclaimed the pastor; "my grandchildren are near. Hark, that is Lucy. They are happy you hear, Mr. Clinton."

The clear laugh of a female came on Clinton's ear; it sounded from within the orchard on his right, and while he looked that way the pastor called the names of Arthur and Lucy.

He was joined by the brother and sister, who welcomed him home in the most affectionate manner. The stranger was introduced, and in a few minutes the party moved to the house. But the uncorrupted bliss of these relatives, had the effect of saddening Clinton. Arthur noticing his being behind, turned back to him, and the pastor and young lady stood in the garden until both came up with them again. A seat within a summer-house, was approached, and the four sat down on it, while the pastor related the occurrences which had been the means of separating Clinton from farmer Joshua, on hearing which, they expressed indignation and sympathy. Clin-

ton employed himself in mentally painting the characters of the persons among whom his lot was cast. The young lady was eighteen, her brother, a few years older; their English dress was neat, their countenance beamed with intelligence, health and happiness; and if we would draw the summary of Clinton's conclusions concerning them, it would be this—that they knew little or nothing of the actual world, but inhabited a hemisphere of their own creation—a pure, a bright one—teeming with truth and joy.

CHAPTER III.

ACQUAINTANCE RIPENS INTO LOVE.

CLINTON was not the only stranger introduced about this time into the Pastor's abode. Jane Anderson, the Pirate's daughter, was taken from the farm of the settler by Lucy, to assist in the household affairs of the lodge; and as Arthur Lee became attached to Clinton, so did Lucy to Jane. Often was the Pirate's daughter reminded here of her former residence with Madame Barry, and she loved to talk of her to her young mistress. But her father she never would speak of. Clinton, also, if interrogated on his early life, looked as if suffering hidden pangs, the nature of which were not explained. Thus a mystery hung over them both.

The employments of Clinton confined him to the pastor's study, where he transcribed sermons, letters, and law papers: kept the book of expenses and receipts; and assisted his patron to turn over the tomes which burdened the shelves, in search of choice passages on religion, philosophy, or judicature. In addition to this, he was a valuable assistant to Arthur.

Clinton's earliest morning and late evening hours were devoted to Lucy. He had a fine mellow voice, and she was partial to singing, he practised this accomplishment. There was a guitar in the house, which had not been played upon for years, Clinton found that it was a superior instrument; he had taken lessons from a professor in England, and he turned them to account, so that shortly many a tender air won the ear of Lucy.

He was acquainted with botany, mineralogy, and other sciences, which he brought to the light. Lucy admired his classification of the plants and flowers he gathered in the walks; and, he was never wearied of arranging them in her cabinet.

Clinton endeavoured to make her sensible of the wonders which the microscope was able to reveal; he narrated anecdotes of the habits, governments, and changes which insects assumed.

He gave such names as Lucy approved to all the most beautiful parts of the scenery around the house. The basin of the cascade, was called the Marble Fountain—its diverging channel, the Milky Way—the dell was called the Happy Valley. A bridge was thrown over the Milky Way by the mill, and behind, a path wound up the front of a bold rock, to a commanding situation, where Clinton constructed a couch and table of branches and moss, and at the edge of the precipice, piled a low wall of stones covered with sod—this spot was designated Lucy's Observatory; and here the girl listened to the musical tongue of the designing Clinton, when he pointed out the planets and the fixed stars—explained the changes in the heavens,—the moon's relation to the earth—and the nature of the planetary systems; and when, raising her imagination, he repeated the suppositions of astronomers regarding those tracts of the universe which seem unpeopled, and those tracts which are not only strewn with stars or suns.

Arthur's Seat was a crag half way up a mountain, so named, because, when reached, it afforded a view of the land which Arthur Lee had cultivated. From this crag was seen on the right, rising ground, clothed with trees, that nodded their tops to every wind; on the left, the gentle ascent was odoriferous with fruit-trees; and opposite to the spectator was reared a rugged elevation of granite, bearing Lucy's Observatory, raised on its front, at a small height above the level of the ground. This was the Happy Valley shut in by hills.

The house was small but convenient, with an oven house, and sheds for the cattle. As the polished windows became yellowed with the sunbeams, geraniums, myrtles, musk, and lemon-plants, reared against the walls, were watered by Lucy, and rewarded her by a richer fragrance,

and by more charming tints. Next, she fed her fowls, and after that arranged the domestic operations of the day.

Jane was serious, and always seemed to be full of thought. The pastor took an interest in her, and endeavoured to lead her into religious conversation, but she was so humble that he could scarcely draw anything from her. He observed that at family prayers she seemed much affected, and sometimes he found her sitting by the marble fountain in tears, reading the Scriptures. In the affections she was devoted. Lukewarm feeling had no part in her; and yet she was not of that sort of character to be termed enthusiastic; she was meek, of simple manners, and impenetrable to provocation. She embraced the doctrine that love, *once fixed*, should not be removed on account of any guilt in the object, but should be unchangeable, immortal; "For," said she to Lucy, "otherwise love has no dignity, and is unworthy of the praises bestowed on it."

"I think," said Arthur, "that when the object of affection ceases to be worthy, our love should cease."

"If it does cease," said Jane, "call it not love—call it by some other name. Esteem may cease—respect may cease;—but true love—never."

"What would be the result of that principle upon the morals of communities?" asked Arthur.

"What would be the result!" she repeated: "happiness—peace—*these* would be the result at last. Did you ever know any thing but love, reform the bad? Evil, if selfishness!—take away selfishness, all would be happy. And can indifference, dislike, contempt, and hard reproaches, ever subdue selfishness? No: but love every day will soften it, and subdue it."

Arthur meditated, gazing upon her countenance, her eyes were cast down, and she pressed the hand of Lucy, as if entreating pardon for her boldness. There was another person upon whom her words made much impression—Clinton—whose eye sparkled with pleasure as he persuaded himself her heart was inclined to him; and rejoiced whatever she might discover to his prejudice, would not destroy his power over her. But he deceived himself; Jane thought only of her father, who was the sole object of her solicitude. The dangerous interest she had taken in Clinton had subsided: particularly as his attentions to Lucy appeared so unequivocal, and as she was

aware that the latter had fixed her attentions on him beyond recall.

Of Lucy's prepossession for him, Clinton was aware, for she was too heartless to conceal it. He continued his attentions to her, omitting no means for fixing her attachment, except that of a declaration, which he avoided.

On this day he reclined by her side, after having amused her with some of her strains: the guitar on which he had played was on her knee, and every now and then he whispered to her, and touched the strings with gaiety.

"Leave them to finish their debates, Lucy," said he, bending his head towards Arthur and Jane, "and let us go to the spice-wood thicket in search of some specimens of those plants I told you of yesterday."

"O go, sister, go!" cried Arthur; "we can well spare you both.—I have something particular to say to Jane."

"No doubt," said Clinton, inwardly chafed.

Lucy pressed the hand of Jane; a basket of wild-flowers hung on her arm, which Clinton transferred to his own, taking the guitar, and agreed with Arthur and Jane to meet them at Arthur's Seat in a half an hour. Arthur watched them ascend to the top of the orchard, where they stopped, and waved their hands to him. As soon as they were out of sight, Jane would have returned to the house, but Arthur detained her.

"Stay a few minutes," said he; "I have for some time sought a private conversation with you, and I must not lose the present opportunity. How long have you and Clinton been here, Jane?"

"Two years this month," she answered.

"Do I mistake the meaning of that sigh?" said he;

"Are you not wearied of the Happy Valley?"

"Wearied!" she repeated, "Oh no—not wearied; if I could only hear something of my father I should not wish to leave it; but—"

"Go on," he said.

"I have said too much," she cried. "Let me go, I beg of you!"

"You shall not go, Jane," said Arthur, "until I know whether you will be my wife or no."

Jane turned away from him with surprise. He followed her, and said, "I have not the accomplishments of Clinton, or I would have wooed you differently: but if you

will accept a plain offer from a plain man, Jane, as you are a sensible girl, say so? I have spoken to my grandfather, and you must not think that our engagement would want his favour. He only wishes for the true happiness of my sister and myself; and I have his authority for saying, that he believes you, dearest Jane, can, if you will, make me permanently happy for life."

Jane seemed to wish to say something of moment, but checked herself. She was not indifferent to his suit, yet her demeanour forbade him to hope. After a brief silence Arthur resumed:—"Since the first time I saw you I have been attracted toward you; I have watched your conduct, habits, sentiments, principles. You will not think me bold when I say you have improved in all these since you came here, during the last year. I am sure you will make such a wife as I can repose my heart on; such an one, as I can cherish, because I can truly honour you."

"I am poor," said Jane; "I have nothing—not even any relatives, which the most wretched persons have."

"What do you say, Jane?"—exclaimed Arthur.—
"Have you not a father, and a brother?"

"Yes, I have," answered she; "but all the time I have been here I have heard nothing of my father, and my brother I never saw. My mother took him to England with her, when he was young, and there left him at school, under the care of her father's friends. She returned to Canada, where she died, whilst I was an infant; her remains lie at Quebec; I have seen her grave and mourned over it."

"And where is your father?" asked Arthur. "I will see him, and ask his consent to our union. I love a filial spirit: I would not marry you, Jane, until I had paid him the honour, which is due to him."

"I know your principles, sir," said Jane, "and I cannot tell you how much I respect them;—but oh, my father is—"

She broke off, and was agitated. Arthur was much affected, and he exclaimed, catching her hand to his heart, "Dear Jane, end this mystery. Tell me what your father is. Tell me why you are always so disturbed when he is named; and if to serve you, I am required to give up my fondest hopes, I will pledge myself to do it."

"I do need a friend," said Jane, "and if this promise of yours is sincere, and sacred—"

"Both sincere and sacred, rely upon it, Jane," cried Arthur; "and my word was never yet broken to man or woman."

"Remember," said Jane, "to what you pledge yourself.—You will serve me in regard to my father though even to the loss of—your hopes?"

"I will," he cried; "not but I think you will require less for pity's sake."

"Perhaps I may—perhaps I may not," said Jane; "however, I will tell you all, if you will keep my secret."

"I promise you this, too?" cried Arthur.

"I will not ask you, when you have heard my story, to pity the poor Canadian Girl," she said, "nor to refrain from visiting upon her head, her father's sins. I know you will pity me. I know you will not blame me."

"Blame you, Jane!" ejaculated Arthur.

"Hush, until I have told my story," said Jane, then sitting on the side of the bridge by the mill, she began thus:—

"My mother was born in England, she was the daughter of a clergyman, and in opposition to her father's entreaties had married the mate of a North American vessel, and came with him to Canada, where his parents and friends lived. After a few years she became unhappy, and determined to return to England to her father's house.

"She fulfilled this design, taking my brother with her, but, when she arrived at the parsonage where her early years had been spent, what was her grief to find a stranger filling her father's place; and what was her astonishment to learn, that having had an annuity of four hundred pounds a year bequeathed to him, he had sold his houses and furniture, and was gone out with the money to the country from which she had returned, to settle there. My poor mother sought out the residence of her only sister, who was her senior in years, and who had married a worthy gentleman of small fortune, with her father's consent, but my aunt was dead; and this fresh sorrow almost overwhelmed my mother.

"Her sister's husband was dead, and some distant relations only were left. These persons, being in excellent circumstances, treated her kindly, and undertook to educate and provide for my brother if she would leave him; she acquiesced, and being almost penniless was com-

pelled to accept the means by which to pay for her voyage back to Canada, whither she returned, with decaying health, and with no more money than would maintain her a month.

Jane stopped, and her eyes flowed with tears for her mother's sorrows; while Arthur listened with attention and pity. She proceeded:

"I cannot remember my mother: but I know that I have inherited her grief, which was this—that she was devoted by affection to an erring man, her husband, and my father. I have inherited her grief, but with this difference—he deserted her, and I have been compelled to desert him. For several years I was with him on board the *Antelope*, that vessel in which Clinton tells us he was wrecked, and in which he lost his property. During its last voyage only, I was on shore, and when I again found my father, he was captain of a pirate cruiser." Here she sobbed vehemently. Arthur was startled, and his heart misgave him at the thought of uniting himself to the daughter of a proscribed ruffian. Walking over the bridge, he was at first incapable of consoling her, but after the first shock was over, made amends by the feeling manner with which he pressed her to unburden her mind without reserve, and to rely on his secrecy and counsel.

"My father was always kind to me," she resumed, and took care of me, although he would not allow me to leave him. In all weathers I was retained in his ship, so long as he was in it."

"What!" exclaimed Arthur, "in a pirate's ship! — among a lawless band! He must have taken great care of you. To retain a young girl in such a situation, under such circumstances, for years—that was an evidence of his care of you, was it not?"

Jane was silent! and he paced the bridge disquieted, then said—"And this is true, Jane, that you were kept in a piratical vessel by your father, for—how long?"

"About three years," said Jane, Arthur was transported with indignation.

"He must have been a villain indeed!" cried he. "Bless me, to what has he exposed you! An innocent being like you, three years among a pirate horde!—Good heavens! I could not imagine that a man could have existed so insensible to the proper feelings of a father

however, in other respects, he might be depraved. For my part this is what I never could pardon."

"Go on Jane—tell me all!" said Arthur. "How did you get from this father who took so much care of you?"

"My father at one time had," she said, "a cabin fitted up for me within his own, there I had every thing necessary for my use, and not a week passed without his bringing me some present;—pieces of cotton or muslin, silk or velvet; beads, handkerchiefs, shawls, or trinkets."

"Plundered, I suppose," interrupted Arthur. Jane was humbled to the dust—pang was succeeding pang—but she went on:—"An old sailor, old Toby, constantly kept guard, as it were, so that my cabin could not be approached by any but themselves. A negro woman was brought on board to attend on me, and I only went on deck when my father was with me, and there were seldom more than one or two men about. I knew little more of what was going forward in the vessel than if I had been on shore, and it was many months before I discovered the true character of the cruiser. When I did, I was much frightened and not without reason, for presently after, occurred more than one fight between the crew of the Vulture, my father's vessel, and the crew of a ship he had attacked."

"The Vulture?" cried Arthur. "I have heard of a pirate-vessel by that name—but I interrupt you."

"The noise of the guns," she continued, "of the shrill winds in the sails and cordage—of the giving and receiving of orders for firing—and of the loud tramp of my father's feet on the planks—I can think I hear now. It was after the second of these conflicts, that an old missionary, who had travelled thousands of miles to spread the knowledge of his belief, and had undergone great hardships, and passed through a succession of dangers, was brought from the conquered ship, in which he had been sailing across Lake Superior, and with several persons confined in the cruiser. This old man, during a gale, heard my screams, and in the confusion of the time, was allowed to pass into my cabin, where I sat on the ground beside myself with fear. I never can forget that old man!—his composed manner, the solemnity of his remarks, and the hope, which at such a moment, when an expected death appalled the stoutest-hearted, beamed in his eye. He begged me to be resigned to my Maker's will, and

repeated verses from the Bible he carried, addressing me in the name of God. The Scriptures I had never before thought of, and his quotations affected me as I cannot describe; it was as if I had seen a glorious angel, who, lifting me from the horrors of the deep, gave me assurance of safety, and bade me be in peace. The storm over, the old man obtained access to me occasionally, and every time he came he taught me more of myself, the world and eternity.

"One day he was standing on the deck, looking over the vessel, and speaking to a fellow captive, when, by some false movement, as he turned his head, he was precipitated into the lake; his last words were "Friend—go hence;" and the sailor to whom he had been addressing himself when he was drowned, never forgot them; he left off his bad habits, and went on shore, parted from the Vulture, and all belonging to it, and settled at the bay, which lies forty miles from this valley.

"The pirate's crew, some time after, mutinied against him, and against three men next in command, and set the holds on fire, after securing the boats, filled with the riches of the vessel; but my father, who had been aware of the stratagem, had been taking measures to prevent its success, secured the principal offenders, whereupon the rest yielded without any opposition. When the flames ascended he was horror-struck, but manned the boats with those seamen who adhered to him. These were for pushing off in haste, when I flew on deck shrieking. There I saw the most horrible spectacle you could imagine. The mutineers were left to perish in the fire they had kindled. They prayed, they cursed. Some, struggling in desperation, got loose. One of these jumped into the lake: one ran up the rope ladders and fell headlong from the mast; one darted up and down the deck amidst the smoke; two others grovelled on their knees, shouting to the men in the boats for mercy, but they would not listen to them; and the rest of the mutineers, still bound, with shocking oaths defied God and man.

"I can see the rising flames, and hear the clamour, then around me; I can see the boats sinking on the waves a few yards off; and can distinguish my father standing in the centre of one, holding two pistols, and threatening to shoot the seamen with him if they would not return to the edge of the sinking Vulture to save me—but what

occurred after that is a blank—I felt dizzy, and became insensible.

"Next day I found myself in a bed in a cottage, tended by the wife of the fisherman who had sailed among the pirates of the Vulture. He had been fishing at a distance from the Ottawa, having crossed Lake Nipissing, and the French River, to Lake Huron, when a blaze, in the distant horizon of Huron, informed him of a ship on fire. Jacques, the fisherman, went out to the assistance of the vessel, and had nearly reached it when it went down stern-foremost, and the waters closed above it.

"Jacques was going to return to the shore when he saw a drowning sailor clinging to a plank, supporting the body of a girl. From Jacques' description this sailor must have been Toby, the old mariner whom I have remembered since my infancy. How he had taken me from the burning ship I cannot tell; when I last saw him he was in one of the boats. A billow bore away the plank, and the sailor with it, a wave sweeping the figure he had held close by the fishing-boat. Jacques rescued me, sailed back to the shore, and gave me in charge of his wife. I was conveyed to the bay where they dwelt. I remained with them several weeks, until my father found out my place of refuge, and would have induced me to trust myself again with him in another pirate vessel, which he had obtained, but I could not—dismay seized me at the thought. He said he must compel me; but still his manner was kind."

"Very kind!" muttered Arthur.

"I consulted with the wife of Jacques. She advised me to hire myself in some farm. The idea pleased me, but I had no fit clothing in which to present myself for hire. The fisherman's wife offered to divide her wardrobe with me. I became then hopeful of my future prospects. Jacques undertook to guide me through the woods to the most likely settlement, accompanied by his wife's father, who had some knowledge of the persons by whom I hoped to be hired.

"Next morning early, as I was thinking of my journey, and preparing for, the questions that might be put to me when I should reach the farm, I overheard my father and his second mate speaking beneath the window. A serious alarm obliged them to prepare for flight from this part of America: one of the mutineers had been saved, and had

given testimony against Captain Anderson, so that the lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada had set a price upon the Pirate's life."

"Then it is as I thought," said Arthur, "this is the same renegade whom my grandfather has long been commissioned to take prisoner. But proceed."

"I next heard my father express doubts of Jacques, notwithstanding the latter had made an oath on board the Vulture never to impugn any of those individuals with whom he had been connected. My father gave directions to his mate to remove me from the cottage to the ship. I stayed to hear no more. I stole in great agitation down stairs, and passing out by a door, ran along a road which led to the interior country, leaving behind me all my stock of apparel which had been given me, with my bonnet and shoes. I lingered near the bay for an hour in hopes of seeing Jacques, his wife, or some of her relatives, but as this expectation died off, I became resolute to fear nothing, and to go on my journey as I was, alone. Seeing a barefoot Irish girl singing under the trees, I was inspirited by her example, and having slept through the night, concealed in a heap of hay, set off by daylight, my heart being so fixed on the end I had in view, that the difficulties in the way seemed light."

"You surprise me, my dear Jane," said Arthur; "you must have great strength of character hid under that seeming passiveness we see in your manners. You may comfort yourself now, Jane, with the thought that they *are* passed. And so," he added, taking her hand, "banish these clouds from your face—smile as I have never yet seen you smile—cast your eye round on your own Happy Valley—and toward yon house, which is to be your rightful home. See, Jane, how beautiful everything is about us; and you behold nothing that shall not belong to you. It has been my own resources—my own hands—which have cultivated these slopes, which have built the lodge, the mill, and this bridge; I can say to you—they are your own. But I hope you will not object to my grandfather and my sister Lucy remaining with us in the same lodge, until I have time to construct another."

"Arthur," said Jane, "I came hither a desolate girl, and yet you would give me your affection; I have told you I am the daughter of a man to whom laws have affixed infamy—and still you will not take away your

regard for me. I am neither beautiful, learned, witty, nor rich—but you make up your mind to press upon me the acceptance of your hand. You have asked me for a plain answer. I will give it to you. I never yet did love any one, not even yourself, so well as I have loved my father." She wept violently, then continued, "that is the sincere truth, and I hope I do not pain you when I say it."

"Not pain me!" exclaimed Arthur. "Love a father like that!"

"No," she cried, "not pain you—for you should not suffer yourself to be pained by it. I think I shall—one day—perhaps—regard you better than all the world beside—but that cannot be while my father lives, unless he should be brought out of his present way of life, and be seen living virtuously before the world and heaven."

"This is enthusiasm, Jane; you cannot mean what you say. You will not so sacrifice me to imaginary dreams that may never be realized? For you know little of the true character of mankind—how almost impossible it is to bring about any reformation in men who have been long habituated to vice. Beside, you have no means to put in operation for such a purpose."

"I know I have not," said Jane. "I know I must wait, perhaps long, before I can—"

"I will tell you what I think is the case, now, Jane; you think you never shall esteem me, and you are anxious to rid yourself of my suit—perhaps you may have loved some other person—perhaps may love him still."

Jane walked forward beyond the bridge. Arthur followed her.

"You are my superior," said she: "but you should think that though I am lowly, I am not capable of deceiving you by false hopes. To set the matter at rest, Arthur, hear me say, I never will unite myself to any but you."

"Thanks, dear Jane!—unmeasured thanks!"

"But though I will keep this engagement, I will also keep the other. My father is first—Arthur second;—never forget that. A time will come when you will be first, and all the world beside, secondary."

"Hasten that time, for pity's sake, Jane!"

They ascended to Arthur's Seat, and finding that Clinton and his charge were not arrived, sat down to wait for

them. They spoke with confidence to each other, and Arthur mentioned the attention of Clinton to his sister, concerning which he did not feel at ease.

"He is a stranger," said Arthur, "as regards his connections and birth, for he keeps these concealed; and I have not been satisfied that he was innocent in that affair with the Settler's son. Dan is a simple fellow, and it is hardly likely that he could have invented the charge, so as to produce all the circumstances he now narrates with such accuracy. You were present at the time when the accusation was made before my grandfather—and you felt satisfied of Clinton's innocence?"

"Yes," replied Jane; "but I think little of what was my opinion on that occasion, for I was guided by feeling. I felt much for Clinton—but I know not why. I can see no reason why I should not have felt as much for Dan. Two years has made a difference, Arthur, in my mind. I suspect now, where at that time I should never have suspected—and distrust appearances, that I could then have laid down my life for. Though my father was a Pirate, and I knew he was so, yet my early years were marked by a disbelief of evil. How could I think Clinton could harbour one base thought when, even in a man like my father, I have found noble feelings, and the recollection of former principles, that he had entertained in the days of Captain Barry. He was rendered unhappy by the turbulent life he led. I have seen him weep sadly when he has been talking to me alone; and he has said he would give the world to live over again the last ten years of his life. When I have entreated him to forsake his men, and to hire himself on some foreign ship, or to cruise for himself in a lawful trade, he would say, "No, Jenny Anderson, it is too late now;" or, "Go to your book, my child—think of your poor mother—we will talk of this at a future day." And so, Arthur, having seen good in *him*, who was setting law at defiance, could I think one like Clinton was depraved?"

"My dear Jane," said Arthur, "when I have heard Clinton speak of the occurrence with Dan, I would have staked all I had on his guiltlessness. His plausible statement of what had passed between him and the Settler's son at different times satisfied me; and yet, on examination, I cannot tell why I should feel so satisfied. Impressions in a person's favour are not evidences—neither are

his own representations. We may have been deceived. In private talk with him I have heard such things as I never heard before, that have made me suspicious. He has mixed with metropolitan society in England. He has described to me the gaming saloons, and many other infamous places, with the circumstantiality of one who has been familiar with them, and partaken of their spirit; his acquaintance with places first set me on drawing out more of his recollections, and more of his principles, but he has become more on his guard of late. How he has learned all he knows, amid such glare, and bustle, and confusion, as he describes, I cannot tell. Though he is rather an elegant than a profound scholar. Perhaps a quick fancy, and a strong memory, such as he possesses, might have enabled him to pick up a quantity of facts, such as lie on the surface of the arts and sciences without much trouble, which the play of London talk kept in use. I can see it is not the amount of learning, but the method of using it, which makes a man agreeable. He may dazzle without it; his object not being to enlarge his own mind, but to charm his fellow men, and gratify his self-love.

"I could not oppose him if he is attached to my sister," continued Arthur, "although he is without any means of dependence separate from us; and although I should never wish to see her deprived of those indulgences she has enjoyed. I perceive she is attached to Clinton and I suppose he would have it thought that he returns her affection with equal force. And were it so I should not speak against it. I should pray for her welfare, do her all the good I could, and allow her the privilege of woman, to decide whom she will have for the partner of her joys and sorrows, without interference. But Jane, do you think Clinton sincerely prefers Lucy to every other woman? He fixed his eyes attentively on her until she answered:—

"I think—he does; his behaviour is particular—he is scarcely ever absent from her side when out of the study—he is always striving to amuse her—" she stopped, and Arthur observed—

"You are not satisfied yourself, Jane. Your misgivings keep pace with mine."

She did not wish to increase his doubts, not knowing how it might terminate for Lucy, she said—"Clinton must see that Lucy regards him, and we ought to be

satisfied; for what must he be, who encourages an affection, which he is conscious he cannot return? There cannot exist a more dishonourable man than one capable of such a piece of duplicity. I would not think Clinton was such a man."

"You express yourself strongly Jane," said Arthur, "but not too strongly. It is better to entertain the most distant probability, that Clinton is such a man. Yet he makes no open avowal. If Clinton is wearing a mask, before long, will my sister be laid in the ground, and the earth which I have left untilled for the reception of mortality yonder, will receive her corpse."

"Oh, do not say so!" said Jane, casting her eyes in the direction which his arm pointed out, at the same time, sharing in his forebodings. "No—heaven forbid!"

"The Majesty which created these scenes knows with what sad reluctance I do say it!" exclaimed Arthur. "My sister I love tenderly. Her sensibility has knit our hearts in one—yet the excess of that quality will, I fear, destroy her. Had she passed through your trials, she would long ago have been a sleeper in the ground. Have you not seen the hectic flush on her alabaster cheek? You have admired it, and so has Clinton; but I and grandfather have trembled to look on it. We recognise the sign; we feel that she who displays it, is marked for an early grave.—I grieve to see such brilliancy!"—

"Hush," cried Jane, "they are near."

Lucy's laugh rang from a height near; and Arthur and Jane saw the girl of whom they had been speaking, advancing down a path between two elevations. Clinton was by her side.

Two long ringlets were blown over her face; her black hair was knotted up; a plain white frock, and a white silk scarf, composed her dress.

"See!" whispered Arthur, briefly to Jane, "she is much wasted."

It was so, indeed—Lucy was much wasted. His forebodings had been too correct—she was sinking under the excitement and watchfulness, which had of late possessed her.

"See, my dear brother," said Lucy, taking the basket from Clinton, "we have found many varieties of flowers since we left you. Here is a large wild peach, Clinton

plucked it for Jane, he said, but I shall give it to my brother, and if he will he shall give it to Jane."

Jane raised her eyes to Clinton, and saw him gazing at her with a peculiar expression of the eye. He looked at the peach, and at her, giving her to understand by his glance, that he wished her to take it. But Jane, when the fruit was offered to her by Arthur, refused it, with such a manner as she hoped would convey to Clinton her sense of dislike at his conduct.

The Pastor was seen walking up to the elevation. Lucy went to meet him, but Clinton remained, leaning against the rock at the back of Jane.

"Well, children," said the Pastor, when he had reached the crag, "You are enjoying this fine weather in a grand situation. Well. Do not let me disturb you. Nay, Jane, sit still. I see Arthur has been entertaining you with the beautiful. He has been pointing out to your notice every object of the surprising prospect before you, and has instructed you by profound homilies on them. — Very well."

Arthur laughed, while Jane looked down, and when the former took her hand and drew her to the seat of sod on which she had been sitting, not altering his position by her side.

"I came home," said the Pastor, "a half an hour ago, and inquiring for my children, heard that they were all out on a ramble; and, said Irish Deborah, who was stirring a pot of preserves in the kitchen, 'they have got the kitar with 'em, your worship, and the rush basket, so I don't expect 'em afore dark.' Hearing this, I turned about, and bidding her prepare tea, came to look after my runaways." He then talked of a farm he had been visiting.

"Have you had no refreshments, grandfather, since you came back?" inquired Arthur. On being answered in the negative, he called to Lucy, who was standing at the farthest end of the platform, harkening to Clinton, and asked her if she was willing to go to the lodge. Lucy sent Clinton to desire Jane to go first, and see that the preparations for the afternoon meal were made in the garden. Jane was rising in obedience to the request, but Arthur held her back.

"Grandfather," said he, "Jane Anderson must not be looked upon in the character of a servant after this

moment." The Pastor looked neither surprised nor displeased.

"As you will, my son," said he. "I hope you will behave to each other with honour and affection;" and added, "that all your lives henceforth may be as bright as this, Jane," he laid his hand on her head, "I give you my blessing; and, if a mutual love exists between you and my son, there is no inequality of circumstances should sever you. My son, I hope as this maiden appears so destitute of friends and fortune, you will supply to her the place of both."

"That I will," said Arthur, calmly.

"Dear sir," said Jane to the Pastor, "I wish to speak to you alone, when you will give me leave."

"Come to my study this evening," said the Pastor, "there I should like to meet you both together."

"You can have nothing to say, I may not hear," said Arthur, "if you have confidence in me, and have opened your heart to me without reserve."

"I have done so," said Jane, "yet I must speak with the Pastor alone."

"So you shall, my child," said the Pastor. "Come to me after tea."

"Thank you, sir," said Jane.

Lucy and Clinton had heard nothing of this conversation, he had rejoined her as soon as his message was delivered, and she was turning over the specimens in her basket. Clinton was speaking of Jane. He asked Lucy if she was aware of her brother's attachment to the latter. Lucy answered Yes. Clinton wished to know if the Pastor approved his choice. This Lucy could not tell, but thought Arthur had made him acquainted with it.

"Has he indeed!" exclaimed Clinton. "He was bold to take such a step—I should not have had the same hardihood, had I been situated as he is. Jane is fortunate. I fear, Miss Lee, I should not have met the same favour, had my ambition led me to seek the hand of the sister of Arthur." This was said in a passionate manner, and Lucy rejoined—

"You cannot tell—you think too hardly of my grandfather," and there stopped.

Clinton took no notice of the encouragement she had given him, but struck off into another subject while her

face assumed a paleness, as the shock of wounded pride agitated her.

"Jane, I thought you were gone to the lodge," said Lucy, addressing the former, as a relief from the oppressive sensations she felt.

"No—no," said the Pastor, "I could not let her go without us, Arthur looking at Lucy with affection, said to her—"Tie on your bonnet, sister, and draw the scarf over your breast, the breeze is stronger, and though it is warm, yet you had better not meet it without a covering."

"You are tender to me," said Lucy.

The Pastor led the way, and the younger persons followed. Their steps were slow, and they spoke to one another as they went with freedom. Few would have surmised that the heart of either had ever felt a wound. Yet even now, what doubts—what apprehensions—what jealousies—what anguish—what poignant regret rankled beneath those five seemingly happy countenances. The Pastor and the young persons crossed the bridge, and passed a pool, studded with verdure, and surrounded with beautiful willows. The man who performed the office of a miller at the corn mill, was shutting the door on the outside; he touched his hat to the Pastor and Arthur as they passed him, and walked to his house by a bye path. The gate was opened by the Pastor, and he held it back until his friends had passed through, stood leaning against it, with Clinton and his grandson, while Lucy and Jane went to see the table spread for the last meal of the day, which included tea and supper.

The garden covered a large space of ground, and, though arranged with regularity, was useful and ornamental. In front of the kitchen door of the lodge many tubs and pans might be seen, filled with fruit which Deborah, the woman-servant, was about to preserve for winter use.

Deborah was singing to herself one of the old ballads of her country.

"What are you thinking Debby?" said the Pastor. "Have you not forgot Ireland, yet?"

"No, your worship," said Debby. "How should I ever forget the bonnie land where the bones of my father and mother lie? The mud walls of their cabin, are they not still seen upright by the bogs of Kilfenora? I'll never see the place again, I know, where the cabin is.

I'll never kneel to the priest of the parish to say my confessions again—I'll never kiss the cross at the head of my parents' grave—as I have come over sea so far from Ireland, I must never go back again—that I know, but it is not easy to forget her, and I never shall forget her."

"But you are happy here, Debby, are you not?"

"Yes, your worship, happier than I could be anywhere else out of Ireland."

"And how, since you loved your country so sincerely, came you to leave it?"

Deborah's face was all on fire at the question; a chord was touched that vibrated painfully:—"Ah, your worship!" said she, "I came out to be married, your worship; but my husband that was to be, united himself to a Canadian-French peasant, instead of to the girl he had sworn faith to in Ireland, and that was me. I broke a piece of silver with him, twelve years ago next autumn, and here it is;" so saying she drew forth the token she named, which was suspended from her neck by a black ribbon. "He was a playmate of mine, your worship, and went to America to seek a situation. And O'Reilly did send for me, I have his letter in my pocket now. But he deceived me," said Deborah, "and I have never seen the face of him since the first week I landed, when he told me he was wedded to another."

"He behaved ill to you, Debby," said the Pastor. "But why not accept the miller, who is so sincere in his regard for you?"

"O'Reilly has broken his troth," said the girl, "but I have not broken mine; and I'll wear this bit of a silver token till I lie down in my grave, your worship."

"The beautiful flower of constancy can grow, you see, in rough soils," said the Pastor, to Clinton and Arthur as the three walked forward.

The summer-house was large, and shaded with a maple tree, which was clothed with foliage, that drooped on the shingles. The long table was in the middle, chairs stood at the upper end, and stools at the lower. The Pastor occupied the chief place: Lucy on his right, an English tea-urn, and a silver tea-pot, being before her: from the latter she filled the cups with the far-celebrated Chinese decoction; Arthur, on the Pastor's left, dispensed small cakes, which blended with the fumes of the tea, inviting the appetite with the most pleasing smell. Clinton sat

near Lucy, lower down the board, and cut for the domestics as they came in from the fields, house, and outhouses, liberal slices from a pile of beef, that had been boiled. Opposite him Jane helped from a round of pork. On the other parts of the table were grouped new cheese and butter, fresh rich creams, omelets of eggs, custards, buttermilk, syrup of molasses, honey, rolls of rye, barley, and wheat, and sweet cyder.

The conversation was cheerful, and every one contributed to it, each possessing information on one or more points of domestic interest. After tea, Jane conversed with the Pastor in his study, and was leaving him when Clinton met her.

"Jane," he said, "step into the garden with me, I have something to communicate to you, do not deny me."

Jane was aware of the nature of that which he had to communicate to her; yet she hoped, the opportunity might be turned to Lucy's advantage, and be made the means of sparing the family much sorrow. She walked out to a path between rose-bushes, and there stopped until Clinton had joined her. She repelled his gratitude for this concession, and assured him, that it was only a principle of duty which led her to speak with him thus, alone.

"Then I am more bound to thank you," said he; "and first tell me if you have given encouragement to Mr. Lee?"

Jane was silent. He entreated her to tell him. She replied in a low voice—

"I have;" and added, "having answered your question, I take the liberty, Clinton, to require an answer to mine. Have you not given Miss Lee reason to think that you have an unbounded esteem for her?"

"Dear Jane, you are more sensible than she is. I have an unbounded esteem for you. She has a trifling annuity of thirty pounds a year, but you have superior goodness, superior talents—my soul assimilates with yours; with hers it cannot. Many such girls as Lucy I have seen, but never one like you. When first I found you, Jane, by Farmer Joshua's trout-pool, I felt my heart affected for you most strongly; and when I saw your eye kindly bent on me when the Settler's son attempted to injure me, I knew Jane acquitted me, and then I—loved her." The last two words were pronounced with emphasis, and Jane

turned her head, thinking she heard a cry behind the bushes, but, seeing no one she supposed she had been deceived.

"We have been here two years," resumed Clinton; "have been made happy. But can such souls as yours and mine, Jane, bear to be immured longer in regions of rocks and woods? I am wearied of solitude and America. I intend to take my leave of the lodge shortly. What would be my transport if I could have a companion with me—such as Jane! Will you go with me? I will take you to England, to my relatives, who will welcome us to homes of splendour. There are no people in the world like the English nobility; the society in which my friends move is full of spirit. They are rich, and you will have apartments of your own, decorated with enchanting furniture. You will have a fashionable servant, whose duty it will be to attend to you. And I—"

"I thank you, I am quite contented here," said Jane.

Clinton, emboldened by her mildness, went on urging her to leave America with him, omitting nothing that he supposed likely to inflame her imagination in favour of the journey.

"I reply at once—I cannot go from the valley with you—I have given my word to Mr. Lee, and I must keep it."

"You speak coldly, as if love was a set of formal lawyer's deeds—a bundle of written promises. You should elevate your heart to love with more nobility—fervency—passion."

"So I shall love when that passion takes root—When we first came to this valley, Clinton, the Pastor's family were happy.—Is it so now? Does not your heart upbraid you?"

"No," said Clinton. "I know to whom you allude—to Miss Lee. But think you," said he, "she is the only weak woman who has sighed for me? Wherever I have gone Jane, I have found little trouble in persuading ladies to break their hearts for me. They construe a few compliments into confessions of love; a few gallantries, into a positive offer: and when our fancies flit from one to another fair flower—there is a great bother made about nothing, and we get all the blame; whereas the fault all lies with the sentimental sufferers, themselves. A man of spirit professes admiration for every young lady, that he

is pleased with ; but how weak those ladies must be if they suppose that the gentleman is prepared to put himself in matrimonial bonds with them all ! Miss Lee would have seen me play a different part had I intended anything serious. To prevent the valley becoming dull to me, I amused myself with singing, talking, reading, and so on. Miss Lee was captivated with what she was pleased to call my genius ; and I could not be so barbarous as to refrain from repeating that which gave her delight. You, unlike Lucy, have been insensible to all my efforts to entertain you ; pure as ice, and as cold, you have been unkind to me ; no kind glance from you has ever answered to mine ; even my peach Jane refused, though the favoured Mr. Lee presented it to her."

A second feeble sound reached the ear of Jane, from the bushes, and she changed countenance, moved by a painful conjecture. The next instant she was at the spot whence the sound proceeded, and that conjecture received confirmation, for there lay Lucy at the foot of a tulip-tree. The girl had stepped aside to pluck some flowers, which now lay on the soil beside her, and had overheard the conversation between Clinton and Jane. Burning with shame, she had remained standing unable to move, until a faintness came over her senses, and she fell.

"Mr. Clinton !" exclaimed Jane.

"Heavens !" he cried ; "how came Miss Lee in this state ?"

"I have no doubt, Mr. Clinton, she has heard all you have said !" exclaimed Jane.

"I hope not," said he, stooping to raise Lucy. "By Jove ! I would not have had her hear me for a thousand pounds ! It would be the death of her !"

"But even in that case, Mr. Clinton, it would be hard for you to have the blame of the event—it is all the fault of the sentimental sufferer herself."

"Jane—Jane—a sight like this is sufficient punishment for me," he cried, kissing the hand of the insensible girl, protested that he would remedy the evil he had caused were it not too late. Jane said there was no remedy in his power now. She left him, with one knee on the ground, supporting Lucy in a sitting posture, while she hastened to the house. Seeing Deborah, she beckoned her, and turned to the spot where Lucy lay.

"O my young mistress !" exclaimed the Irish girl ; "it's

I will carry you to the house; for I love you for your tinder disposition!" and so saying, she took up the figure, and conveyed it to the door of the lodge, where Arthur stood. He could not see Deborah until she turned an angle of the wall near the doorway, but as soon as his eye fell upon her, he received his sister from her breast. He carried Lucy into the apartment, and laid her on a sofa. The Pastor was called.

Clinton remained in unpleasant suspense outside the house, walking under the windows of the room in which Lucy was. Jane assisted Deborah in restoring her, while Arthur sent off a man to the village for a physician. Lucy opened her eyes and gazed around on the faces collected near her. A sigh which she heaved brought the tears into her brother's eyes.

"Lucy!—sister!" he exclaimed, "do you know us?" She placed his hand on her heart:—

"I am so oppressed, Arthur," she said.

"She has fainted again;" said the Pastor. "I wish the doctor had arrived. Jane, you went into the garden after leaving me, and there found Lucy on the ground, did you not say so?"

"I was speaking with Clinton, sir, by the tulip-trees, when I heard a cry, and going inside the bushes I saw her lying as she is now."

"Well," said he, "it is little use perplexing ourselves to determine the cause of her illness, when she has recovered she will inform us of it, and we must have patience."

The evening wore away, and midnight approached, none of the inmates of the lodge had retired to rest, but all awaited the arrival of the physician with anxiety. Doctor Bathurst arrived, and ordered his patient to be put to bed, which, having been done, he bled her in the arm. This experiment was attended with so little satisfactory result, that he was entreated to remain a day or two in the house, that he might be at hand in case of any serious symptoms occurring. To this he consented, and during the day, he had conversation with Arthur and the Pastor, when he gave it as his opinion that her constitution had been undermined with consumption, which had been hastened by mental agitation, and that she was in danger.

The Pastor received the tidings with silence, but Arthur, impetuous and indignant against Clinton, after his

first burst of distress was over, sought the man whom, in his haste, he accused as the destroyer of his sister. He was passing Lucy's chamber and looked in, the curtains were looped up at the foot of the bed, so that he could see her half raised on pillows, her eyes closed; blinds drawn down to the bottom of the windows, subdued the light, and combined with the furniture of the bed, to exhibit the invalid in the most interesting point of view. Arthur beheld her with melancholy admiration. No object had ever appeared more spotless; but as he looked, the reflection that her days were numbered, smote him with anguish. He went to her; she opened her eyes with a sad smile, and attempted to raise herself:—

"Brother, have you begun harvest yet?" she inquired.

"Not yet in earnest," said he, "but how do you find yourself now?"

"Nearly well again," she answered. "But tell Jane to make tea at five o'clock for the Doctor will not let me come down to-day."

Arthur felt half choked with emotion, and kissed her forehead in silence.

"I feel strangely altered," she said, "since morning; it must be with having been bled, for I see my arm is bandaged." She added, "Brother, look at the flowers when you go down stairs, for I am afraid they have not been watered this morning. I am very cold, winter will not be unwelcome to me—I shall be glad to see it come back, and then Arthur, we shall have the great log burning in the broad kitchen chimney, and the heat, and the sparks, and the corn parching, under Deborah's eye, in the ashes—and the roasted hickory-nuts, and apples—and the mince-pies baking on the hearth—will not all this be delightful? I am very cold; I should be glad to get up before some bright blazing logs now."

"My dear sister," said Arthur, "I will tell Doctor Bathurst that you are cold; perhaps you are not wrapped up sufficiently;" and he began drawing the shawl more closely about her neck.

"That will do, thank you; you may tell the Doctor that I am cold, and please to say to him, that a good fire is all I want to make me well."

"I will tell him so," said Arthur, and kissing her again, he withdrew.

"That coldness—that unconsciousness of her danger

are unfavourable symptoms," said the Doctor to Arthur; "I must not disguise from you the truth of the case."

"She says she has felt strangely altered since this morning."

"She has not altered for the better I am sorry to say," rejoined the Doctor. "These are the periods, sir, when the strength of our fortitude is tried to the utmost. I feel for you. I have passed through the ordeal more than once or twice, having lost a mother, a wife, and a son."

The Doctor was a wealthy man, of much skill, and of delightful manners. His kindness to the patient, and his sympathy for the anxious friends of the patient, pleased wherever he practised. Arthur would have sought Clinton, though he knew not what he could say to him, but Doctor Bathurst detained the former without seeming to do so, and talked him into something like serenity. Arthur proposed walking to meet the Pastor, and the Doctor consented, but said, as he looked around for his hat, "I will first look in upon my charge, and see how she is."

"Do so," said Arthur: "and if possible, give me some hopeful report of her."

He found her worse, but longing to get up, which he promised she should do on the following morning. About midnight she fell into a trance-like sleep—from which the Doctor hoped much; but in an hour she started up with so much violence that she had thrown herself out of bed before she was awake. Jane was sitting on a chair, half asleep, the Doctor and the Pastor who had arrived, had gone to lie down; and Arthur and Clinton were up, below.

"My dear Miss Lee!—my dear Lucy! were you dreaming, that you started so?" asked Jane.

"Dreaming?—yes," answered Lucy, walking across the floor to the looking-glass, "I think I have been dreaming—and such a dream. Let me see how I look." Here she drew a chair to the dressing-table, and sat down as though she had been in perfect health, taking off her cap, and shaking her hair about her, preparatory to setting it in order.

"Lucy—dearest Lucy!—come back to bed!" entreated Jane, "Pray, Miss Lee, come back, or you will get cold!"

Lucy smiled; and said, "Don't be afraid of my health,

Jane—"I am very well;" then went on brushing and combing her hair. At length Jane, stepped out on tip-toe to the door of the room where the Doctor and Pastor were enjoying their repose, and knocked.

"How is she?" inquired the Pastor.

"Miss Lee is up, sir, sitting at the looking-glass," faltered Jane.

"Up! bless me—how is that? before daylight!—so seriously ill! Doctor—do you hear this?—Lucy is up sitting at her glass!"

"You do not say so! I had hoped that her sleep would have done her good; but if this is the case she has not been at all benefitted by it. I am very sorry," said the Doctor, coming out. "Does she look wild at all—have you observed her face?"

Jane answered, "She looks very bright, and handsome, and I never saw her with so much colour before, her eyes are sparkling, and she is lively: but I observed no wildness to speak of."

"Be so kind as to go back to her, Miss Anderson," said the Doctor, "and do not oppose her humour. I will come to you in half a minute."

Jane went; but returned in alarm—"Miss Lee has fastened the door."

The house was disturbed. The Pastor knocked first, and besought his grand-daughter to draw back the bolt, but received no answer. Then Arthur knocked, and entreated; then Jane; then the Doctor; and lastly, Deborah. The landing-place was filled with persons, one only of the inmates was not there, this was—Clinton, who was heard stalking the kitchen in horror of mind; presently he was called to bring up some instruments to burst the door, and came in an instant; but as they were about to be applied to the lock, its bolt gave way, and Lucy appeared, like a vision, dressed in white, with taste. Upon her arm was her little basket, filled with flowers, and a white rose, half-withered, was fastened in her hair; the brightest scarlet rioted on her cheeks, and she stood upright, and smiling.

"Oh, you were in great haste," said she; "but on a dark winter morning, like this, one is not so quick to rise." She bade good morning to every one whom she saw, asked if the fire was kindled in the kitchen, if breakfast was prepared and if the ice had broken.

Opposition, the Doctor feared, would increase her disorder, and dismissing every person except Jane and Arthur, he answered Lucy with ease, that the fire was not lit down stairs, for it was too early, and that he hoped she would allow the domestics and her friends to rest until the sun was up. To the reasonableness of this she agreed, but persisted in walking out to see what quantity of snow had fallen during the night, and put on her bonnet and gloves. The Doctor assumed a different manner.

"My dear Miss Lee," said he, "you must not attempt to go out."

"And why not, Mr. Bathurst?" said Lucy, setting her bonnet in shape.

"Why not, Miss Lee?" cried the Doctor, "why think you I would suffer my daughter to go out to see how much snow is on the ground—before daylight?—No, no.—Indians may be about—rattlesnakes may have crept from their dens and those have no respect at all for young ladies, Miss Lee."

"You think your daughter, Sophia, would not go out now?" said Lucy.

"I am confident of it—I would not allow her to go out."

Lucy sighed, looked at the window, and at Doctor Bathurst, then bursting into tears, allowed herself to be controlled. The Doctor whispered to Arthur to send Deborah to assist Jane in taking off Lucy's clothes. Lucy took the draught which was administered to her, and while the Doctor waited outside, was placed in bed. Leeches were applied to her temples: other remedies were resorted to, and the utmost stillness was maintained.

The same morning it was known in the lodge that Clinton intended immediately, to take leave of the valley. Here, as at Farmer Joshua's, he had been a favourite of the members of the family, and they all were grieved by the intelligence. They had expected he would have been the husband of Miss Lee, and the announcement that he was going to a distant part of America, would have excited disappointment at any period—how much more, then, at the *present*! It was unaccountable to them, that, attached to Lucy as he had appeared to be, he should choose *such* a time for quitting her, and for quitting her, as it seemed—for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

DIREFUL EFFECTS OF UNREQUITED LOVE.

ON the third evening of her illness, Lucy, wandering in mind, contrived to elude the vigilance of her friends. She persuaded Jane to go into an adjoining room, pretending she wished to sleep, and could not while anyone was in the room. No sooner had Jane disappeared, than Lucy darted out of bed, and searched for her clothes. She was unable to find any of them, for they had been removed. She looked round perplexed, until her eye lighted on a white morning dress. Instantly she put it on, and whispered, "this will do," then tying the strings around her waist, said "though it is Christmas, the wind is warm, and I know Clinton admires me in white." She sat down with an air of melancholy, taking into her hand a paper of verses addressed to her by Clinton.

She seemed to recollect where Jane was, and fastened her in, without making any noise. Having performed this, she smiled, and ran out to the landing, and listened there. No one was on the second storey, and she went from room to room without being observed. Here she opened a window, and there she shut one. She set chairs in their order, picked up from the straw-matting of the floors whatever bits of flue had escaped from the beds, then went down stairs, and passed into the open air unperceived.

She reached the Marble Fountain without interruption, and sat down listening to the screaming of the birds fluttering about it. She shook her head, sighed, and spoke to the objects she saw.

Clinton had been wandering over the valley, taking a final view of the beauties it contained, before his departure. He had reached the cascade, on the top of which he stood. Hardly less beautiful than this fall, were the vapours, which congregated above it, and the white foam below. On the other side of the fall, thick woods rose on ascending rocks close to the torrent. The contrast of colours was truly fine. Here, Clinton feasted his imagination and repeated in a loud voice, lines from Byron's *Childe Harold*.

While he stood listening, yielding to sensations vivid, and ecstatic, a darkness came over the sky, which induced him to turn his eye upwards that he might discover the cause. Two clouds were rolling over the valley: the eye of Clinton was rivetted on them, filled with delight. Prudence would have urged him to seek the shelter of the lodge with speed, for the violence of the Canadian storms he had before experienced; but he stood firm, awaiting the shock of the thunder which he knew must follow the meeting of the two clouds. The lowing of the cattle could be heard from the sheds whither the herdsman had driven them. Birds of splendid plumage flew through the air, giving vent to cries of distress: a shot from an unerring hand, brought down the largest of them, on which the eye of Clinton had turned. He pursued with his gaze the fall of the victim, and saw the two Indian twin-brothers, Sassa and Taota, raise it from the ground.

"Ha! they are worthy to be called braves! Well done!" exclaimed Clinton. "The tempest, ah, it does not appal them! They like the roar of the thunder; and when the lightnings flash, why they help it with the flame of their gunpowder. By Jove! that was a confounded blaze!" He shaded his eyes for the moment, as sheets of electrical fire enveloped the valley. When he looked below, he observed that the Indians were running to the lodge. Another peal of thunder and descent of lightning, subdued his daring a little. He overmastered his terrors, and compelled himself to fix his eyes on the line which marked the outline of each cloud; and no grander sight had ever man beheld. The rain burst down as if a deluge was commencing. The ground smoked; the thunder and lightning were unceasing; and the pressure of the atmosphere was nearly suffocating; globes of fire seemed falling from the clouds, which lowered themselves still more. At times, as the storm raged, Clinton fancied he heard cries in the valley, as of persons hallooing in alarm. Presently he perceived the figure of a man, whom he thought to be Arthur, running over the grounds around the house like one distracted.

"There must be something the matter," said Clinton; and seizing the roots of a tree, he swung himself over on a projecting shelf, and obtained a footing. With a step as steady as any mountain hunter he strode to the end of this shelf, from which he leaped on the summit of another

rock, from where he heard the shouts of men, which the rain and thunder overpowered.

"Perhaps the lightning has struck some part of the lodge!" cried Clinton.

There was a path leading to the ground from here, but the rain prevented him availing himself of it, as it formed a channel of the pouring water. He descended by clinging first to one tree, and then to another, where the hill slanted out to the cascade near the house.

Turning round, he saw a figure in white, lying near the foot of the cascade, apparently dead. He felt a shock of fear. At first he could only stand gazing on it, while flashes of lightning quivered about the pallid face. Poor Lucy, in her bewildered state, fancying it was Christmas, had watched the storm come on, and expected a fall of snow. When she found the valley grow so dark, she said to herself, "Christmas is likely to be severe this year; hail may be coming—I will get under the thickest branches of these trees, and Clinton will seek me with a mantle, in which I shall wrap myself, so that the storm will not touch me." She had not sat five minutes under the trees when the lightning clave in sunder the root against which she leaned, and she was laid prostrate. Clinton shook off the paralysing surprise he felt, and hurried to her, as the pastor and Arthur appeared. A few hurried exclamations, a few rapid questions and answers, were all that passed, before Arthur bore his sister back to the house. The Doctor again bled her, and, to the joy of all, she revived, in the possession of her senses.

She remembered nothing of what had passed since the moment when she fainted by the tulip trees. She was alive to all the misery of that moment, and as her eye fell on Clinton, who stood at the foot of the sofa, she hid her face. He ventured once to approach her, and pressed her hand, which trembled in his grasp. This was his farewell of her, for she never saw him after. He was the same evening wandering from the valley, he knew not whither—cared not whither.

No one durst tell Lucy that he was gone. The storm was over. She was not removed from the sofa of the family apartment, and when the family were all withdrawn, she sat up and looked through the window with eyes full of tears. Jane brought her medicine to her.

When Lucy had drank it, she looked at Jane with affection, and rested her head on her bosom.

"Give me your hand, Jane," she murmured; "here, on my heart. Jane, I had hoped to see you married to my brother, but I must now relinquish the hope. I am in my last sickness—I feel it—I know it." There was a mournful silence. Jane kissed the pale forehead which was supported on her bosom.

"How celestial!" Lucy exclaimed, locking her hands in each other. "How wonderfully lovely!" a veil of rich purple cloud was stretching across the moon's track, transparent as the web of gossamer.

Neither of them stirred while this effect was operating, but both sighed with rapture. Presently, Lucy said, "This is such an hour as best suits death."

"My dear Lucy, you are sad," said Jane.

Lucy rejoined, "You think so because I speak of death. But why is death sad? It ought to be pleasant to us to die. Christians should rejoice to die—for to them the dark portals of the grave are openings to glory."

Hitherto she had not mentioned Clinton or the conversation she had overheard. But now she whispered—"Jane, how was it he was not present during family prayer to-night?"

Jane could not bear to say anything that was not true; yet, to tell Lucy the truth, was impossible. She could only again kiss the forehead of the querist in silence.

"You weep, Jane," said Lucy. Then throwing herself from Jane's arms, she sat upright. "There is grief in your countenance," said she. "Grief for me! O God! hold my heart firm while the blow lights."

Jane wound her arms around the sufferer, poured into her ear the softest words which pity could furnish, with the most earnest manner, and might have said something more or less than the truth, had not her organization been so true to her principles, that she was compelled to tell the secret by tears.

Lucy was calm: she spoke with firmness:—"I know you have something to tell me, and it is idle to think of hiding it from me. Has Clinton *gone*?"

This question was asked with an imperative tone, that Jane could not evade.

"Your silence tells me," said Lucy. Jane hung over her. "How shall I comfort you?" she said.

"I now know the worst that can befall me," was Lucy's only rejoinder. Jane placed herself by Lucy's side, and soon fell asleep. When she awoke the sun was shining into the room, she took the hand of Lucy—dropped it—it was icy and rigid, bent her head down to her mouth—but found no breath there; laid her hand on the heart which last night had ached so sadly—but it had ceased for ever to beat; and throwing up her arms to heaven, screamed, "She is dead!—she is dead!"

The wild grief which spread through the house was dismal indeed. The lament was vehement. Arthur, who had given Clinton the coldest adieu possible, on the evening before, was filled with the bitterest resentment against him. He looked on his sister as a victim to his vanity. He felt that her death was to be attributed to Clinton almost wholly. The Doctor strengthened this idea, by saying, that although there had been signs of a consumption having fastened itself on her constitution, yet had she lived peaceably, with a tranquil mind, she might have got over it. Jane repeated the whole of Clinton's conversation which Lucy had overheard, and Doctor Bathurst did not hesitate to say that it had been the shock she had then received which had caused her to die so suddenly.

The sofa on which Lucy had expired, was lifted into the middle of the apartment; two handsome windows threw the beams of the moon on it. The three women-servants, silent and awe-struck, stood at the back of the sofa. Jane knelt at the front, weeping. Arthur leaned, tearless, over the upper arm of the sofa; his look was concentrated, his lips compressed, his face pale, and his eyes turned on his sister's lifeless countenance. All remembered that she was his only sister; that he had never been separated from her a week since his birth; that she had been his friend, his confidante, on all occasions; that she had shared his domestic happiness, his domestic cares: and that they had so tenderly loved each other, that no one could speak of an hour in which they had been or heard at variance.

But when the Pastor entered, to look upon the relics of his grand-daughter, he inspired more sympathy than Arthur, if that were possible. He leaned on the Doctor's arm, and his limbs trembled; coming in front of the sofa he fell on his knees by the side of Jane, repeating the

words "Our Father—Thy will be done—Thy will be done." He removed the counterpane from the arms and neck of the body. The hands were placed palm to palm, near the neck, and between was a piece of paper, which the Pastor drew away. There was a curiosity manifested on each countenance present. A few verses were written on the inner side of the paper, in a fine, bold, running hand."

"This is Clinton's hand-writing," said Arthur.

"The Lord forgive him," said the Pastor, "for trifling so fatally with the happiness of an unsuspecting girl."

These verses were in a passionate strain, flattering her, and avowing an attachment for her of the most ardent nature.

"Dear, broken-hearted girl!" exclaimed Arthur. "Would to God this specious villain had never come to our valley! And now he is gone to employ his arts where other maidens, as happy as Lucy has been, may become as she is; where he may win other hearts as he won my sister's, and cast them forth, like hers, to grief and death."

"Sorry am I," said the Pastor, "that I brought him to this house. But do not reproach me with that error, my grandson. I was deceived in him as Lucy was. I saw, as I thought, something excellent in him. His attainments deceived me. Since he came, except in this sad circumstance, he has conducted himself well. He has made himself agreeable. I observed his attention to Lucy, as I did yours to Jane, and I pleased myself with anticipating many years to come happier than any that had gone before. I had thought to have married the two children of my daughter, to the objects of their choice, and to have spent my old age with them in tranquillity, under the favour, and enjoying the bounty, of heaven. But be the will of God done! Here he uplifted his hands, and tears flowed from his eyes. Arthur raised him to a seat.

"Forgive me, my honoured grandfather," said he, "if, when I said would to God Clinton had never come hither, I seemed to reproach you who introduced him. My heart was clear of any thought of blame to you; and what I suffer now would be aggravated if you were to blame yourself. You are as blameless as our beloved Lucy was."

"No—I now see otherwise," said the Pastor. "I was wrong to suffer my grey hairs to be so imposed upon. Discrimination, caution, and a calm judgment, should attend old age—but I have shown neither: I have been partial to this young man with the impulse of youth—I have my punishment! Ah, my son, I have my punishment!"

"Grandfather, I beseech you, add not to the sorrow of this morning by casting reflections on yourself," said Arthur. The Pastor put him aside, and turned his face to the body.

His anguish became so overpowering that Doctor Bathurst forced him from the room. The house-carpenter constructed a beautiful coffin of black walnut wood, and Jane lined it with white satin.

On the second day after Lucy's death, Arthur went to the spot he had selected for a burial place. It was elevated above the level of the valley, and formed a square, shaded with high trees; and was as retired a spot as any that was to be found throughout the valley.

Arthur passed over the enclosure, sometimes with his eyes fixed on the earth, and then viewing the place with a sorrowful eye. At length he came near the centre, where four of those most melancholy looking trees called the cypress, grew in pairs, leaving room between their twin-roots for two roomy graves.

"Here," said he, "the ground looks as if no mortal foot had ever trodden on it since the world began. Here shall my sister lie."

On Saturday next the grave was finished. The path, and the few steps leading up to the path, were made. The palisades were completed, and shrubs were planted close to it on the inside; besides all this he had placed a seat around each pair of the cypress trees, by the grave, and had planted the borders of the path, which conducted thither, with simple hardy flowering plants.

On Saturday, the day before the funeral, the Pastor was shut up in his library, where he had remained unseen during the past week. Jane was compelled to receive all the friends that came to the valley on this occasion, and they were not few. Among them were Miss Bathurst, Farmer Joshua and his wife and a son of the latter, who had once been an admirer of Miss Lee. It was usual for many persons to come from settlements around to the Sabbath

services, conducted by the Pastor in a log-house, on his grandson's estate. Those who came from places the most distant sometimes arrived on the Saturday evening, at the lodge, where they always found a bed and a hospitable welcome. It was thought the preparations for the Sabbath, by public prayer, in the chapel, would not be performed on the present evening; but the place was lighted as usual, and at the usual time the Pastor entered, leaning on the arm of his grandson.

There was no pulpit; a chair, a reading-desk, and cushion, included all that was provided for the minister, the assembly having for their seats, rude benches, chairs, stools, and blocks of wood.

"My friends," said the Pastor, "since last we met here to celebrate the praises of the Eternal, I have lost one who was dear to me." His voice trembled, but grew stronger. "Shall I say lost? You knew her; she met with us here from week to week: she has sung with us of the joys of heaven. Tell me, is she not living yet? May not the hearts of the bereaved fasten on the belief that she is happy, though we see her not?"

According to the simplicity of that assembly one did not hesitate to reply to the Pastor—it was the Indian, Sassa, whose brother sat by him, all the fire of his eyes quenched in tears of feeling.

"My father asks," said Sassa, "if our white sister is living yonder," he pointed with his finger upwards, "and if she be happy?" He looked around, standing in a noble position. There was something elevated on his countenance, his eye was full of expression. "My father who taught us in the Great Book, asks this—and Sassa the brave tells his father—Yes. Has she not lived as the Great Spirit told her to live?—therefore she must be gone to that happy country where the Great Spirit is. Has she not conversed with the Great Spirit here, and has he not called her away with his voice? He will not deceive his children, look and see." Sassa pointed to the folio on the Pastor's reading desk; the minister bowed his face, for the Indian had strengthened his heart, and he thanked God for the words of the convert. "The Red Men know that they will not die," said Sassa. "They know they must go from their tribe, from their wives, and from the prairies in which they have hunted—but they will not die! Ask them—they will tell you they shall eat

buffalo-flesh, and corn, and fish, after the earth is laid on them. They will tell you the bad Indians will be punished, the good Indians will be very happy. And if the Red men know all this, do not the White men know more? Look in the Great Book, and see." Again he pointed, and the Pastor said to the assembly,

"He has spoken well. Let there be no repinings in Christian mourners' hearts. Some are here, who have lost beings whose lives seemed as dear as their own. Shall we murmur at Providence? The Indians teach us lessons, shall we not show them examples? Help me to say, God be thanked for our sorrows, as well as our joys, for we know that all things shall work together for good to them that love God."

The usual form of devotion was gone through, and did not occupy a half an hour. The concluding prayer was offered up by Arthur, it was brief and affecting.

On coming out of the chapel the Pastor saw his principal communicants collecting around him; each condoled with him, speaking with the utmost good-will. He shook hands with each, and informed them that the burial would take place shortly after the next sunrise, that the services of the Sabbath might proceed without any interruption. After this scene, he returned to his study, and spent most part of the night in prayer. Arthur retired to his room, and remained secluded until the day dawned. The family apartment accommodated all the females of the house, including the visitors. The coffin had been removed to the chamber which Lucy had occupied. In the kitchen, beds accommodated the male servants and visitors. Upon Jane had fallen the mantle of Lucy's authority; all the house had been placed under her superintendence.

As it was growing dark she went with Deborah to the poultry-yard, where they fed the fowls. Jane was stooping to caress one of the birds when she saw Clinton. He seemed looking at the windows of the house. She raised herself and turning to Deborah, whispered—

"Who is he standing near us there?"

"Hush, darling! its the villain who desarted dear Miss Lucy, as O'Reilly desarted me," said Deborah. "Ill luck light on him, for a desaiver as he is!"

Clinton came near. His appearance was altered. He seemed to have joined himself to the hunters of the woods,

for he carried a carbine and shot pouch, a knife, and a wallet; a pack was slung at his back; a cap of fur covered his head, and he wore leggings.

"Miss Anderson," said he, "will you tell me why it is that I see the windows of the lodge all curtained so closely?"

"Oh! agra! Is it yourself that asks?" began Deborah. "Shame on ye for a desaiver! and its I that wish you may never meet with any one to love you as she who lies, poor young lady! in her coffin, in that chamber which you may see over the kitchen, only the window-curtains hide it. You know that room well enough, many's the time I have heard you playing the kitar under it, witching the heart out of her with your singing, like a false gintleman as you were, and shame on ye!"

Clinton placed his carbine on the ground, and seemed moved:—"Miss Anderson," said he, "can you not so far feel for me, as to permit me for a moment to view this being who loved me? Deborah, dismiss your anger and contrive to bring me in sight of the body."

"Me, is it, that would bring you in sight of Miss Lucy, poor darling?—No, that I won't! We should have had a wedding in the house instead of a burying if you had not been a base desaiver! I'll contrive r such thing at any rate! Miss Jane may do as she will, but you won't persuade me."

She was walking away, but Clinton stopped her, saying, "O Deborah, you cannot mean all this bitterness against me! Do you forget telling me all about O'Reilly and Ireland? Come, I know you will forgive me, Debby! and if it will be any satisfaction to you to learn it, that I am far from happy."

"Happy, is it? Oh, then, ye'll never be happy again, I'll wager anything," said Deborah; but she relaxed her repulsive demeanour. Clinton perceiving this, urged his request to her with such persuasion that she yielded, and turning to Jane, said, "Its but a trifling matter he asks, Miss Jane, I'm in a mind just to step with him up the back-kitchen stairs. Maybe the sight of the corse 'll do his soul good."

"You may do as you think proper," said Jane; "I cannot take upon me any of the blame."

"Lave that to me, darling," said Deborah; and Clinton

followed the latter, as she led the way to the chamber of death.

"Go in, and make haste to come out," cried Deborah, and admitting him into the room. "Maybe it was what I had no right to do, the bringing him here," she said to herself, as she stood listening on the landing-place; "but for the life of me I couldn't deny him. Oh, murther! there's Mr. Arthur comin'! Was ever anything so unlucky?"

She rapped on the door, not once only, but several times, and as the summons was not answered by Clinton's appearance, put her head into the room, and cried, in as loud a whisper as she could produce, "Sir, Mr. Lee's comin'!"

"By Jove, that's unfortunate?" exclaimed Clinton; and the words had hardly left his lips when he heard Arthur addressing Deborah thus:—

"Why are you standing here, Deborah? Is there any one in the chamber?" The Irish girl answered readily—

"Yes, a gintleman, there is, Mr. Arthur."

"Who is he?"

"Hush, sir," said the cunning girl, "or you will disturb his honour, the Pastor, for he has complained afore now against talkin' in this passage, which he says, disturbs him at his prayers."

"My voice will not disturb him, Deborah. You have not answered my question— who is the gentleman within?"

Deborah was seized with a cough, which afforded her an opportunity for preparing her next evasion.

"If you please to step down stairs with me, Mr. Arthur, I have something to tell you, which its my duty not to conceal."

"Surely," thought Clinton, "she is not going to tell him I am here!" The next minute he heard them both go down stairs, and would have opened the door, and passed out, but it was fastened.

"I have placed myself in an awkward position here," said he. His voice startled himself; it sounded like an unhallowed discord, in such a scene as this in which he stood.

A lamp burnt on a table by the bed on which the coffin was placed. Clinton took it up, and surveyed the room, wishing to fix every object there in his remembrance. A

drawer in the looking-glass caught his attention, and he drew it out: there were some articles of jewellery he had seen Lucy wear, in it, and a note superscribed to himself. He returned the drawer to its place, but retained the note in his hand, and examined every letter of the direction with emotions strange and perplexed. Presently he opened the paper, and read two verses, written in delicate characters. Their simplicity and truth touched the cords of his better nature, and, too late, he regretted that he had trifled with the heart that had dictated them. They were as follows:—

Farewell! was never wish so true,
As this which Lucy breathes for you;
Was never prayer so fervent given
Into the sacred charge of heaven.

When Lucy's form and voice are gone,
And one low grave is hers alone;
When of her faults and griefs none tell,
May you with health and hopes—FAREWELL.

He was overpowered almost to suffocation. The note was put in his breast; his feet approached the bed; he bent over the coffin and touched the hand which had penned the verses; it was cold and fair as ice—he raised it to his lips, then dropped it with despair; he spoke the name of the deceased girl with anguish, but there was no response on her lips. Mysterious change! at his lightest whisper, a month ago, her heart would have palpitated violently; her eyes would have betrayed a sweet confusion; her cheeks would have been dyed with blushes; now, the heart was pulseless, the eye unmoved, and the cheeks had parted with colour for ever. His power over her could be exerted no more. A mightier magician had bound her in his spells.

The door was unlocked, and Deborah stepped in on tiptoe, securing it behind her, and standing to listen. Arthur was heard retiring to his room.

"It's a nice predicament that I have got myself in for you, Mr. Clinton," said she.

"I hope you have not told Mr. Lee that I am here," said Clinton.

"Lave that to me," said Deborah; "I told him that I'd seen you about the house, and he's gone back to his chamber—no, he's a-comin' to this room, and sure enough

he'll come *in* this time. O, where'll I hide myself out of his sight!"

"Rather talk of hiding me," said Clinton, looking to see if there was any closet in the room. There was not, and he had only time to throw himself on the floor on the opposite side of the bed, and to bid Deborah unlock the door, before Arthur entered, with a slow step. Deborah was busy dusting the posts.

"You will oblige me by leaving me alone here, a few minutes," said Arthur; and his sunken voice expressed how much his heart was burdened.

"Oh to be sure, sir—but now I think of it," said she, "Miss Jane said an hour ago, that she wanted to spake with you, and I forgot to tell you—but if you would please to go to her in the garden—not on the pond side, but on the other."

"I will go to her shortly, Deborah," said Arthur.

Deborah's invention was now at a stand. She was obliged to leave the room, and as she went out, she muttered:—

"He is sure to be seen by Mr. Lee, and he'll say who it was let him up to the chamber. I'd like to know how I shall get out of the bog in which I have thrust myself. It's true, if I'm put out of this place," she added, "I'd have little trouble to find another, where I'd get as much wages as I have here, and no better, for there's no better to be had in the Canadas: and go where I might, I should be happier no where than I am here. So I'll listen, and if I hear them talkin' I'll run to the Pastor, and tell him how it happened that I let Mr. Clinton into the house, and if that doesn't get me out of the scrape, I must seek another habitation."

Arthur leaned in silence over the coffin of his sister, and Clinton heard his sobs growing louder, until the mourner's tears fell in a shower on the face of the dead. Arthur's nerves were unstrung by the indulgence of sorrow, and he could not avoid giving way to the conviction that it was a supernatural appearance which arose so suddenly before him. He dropped upon a chair; but the blood rushed back to the centre of life with impetuosity, when he recognised Clinton's voice from the gloom which enveloped that part of the chamber in which the figure stood.

"However extraordinary," said Clinton, "my appear-

ance here may seem to you, I beg you to believe that I had no object in entering this chamber, than that of beholding for the last time, the fair being before me."

Arthur arose from the chair—trembling with passion.

"Mr. Clinton," he said, "your audacity is equal to your falsehood. It would be incredible to me, that you could be so lost to true feeling, as to insult my sister's sacred remains by your presence here, if I did not see and hear you. Tell me, by what means you gained admittance into this house. Who was presumptuous enough to bring you hither? Whoever that individual was, though it was Miss Anderson herself, she should lose my friendship from this hour, and nothing should recall it."

"I shall not say who it was admitted me," said Clinton. "I persuaded them with difficulty, and they are not to blame."

"Your refusal to tell me will be of no avail," said Arthur, "I shall know after the interment, who it is. I *will* discover—and when I have discovered, I shall not forgive. This concerns you but little. I shall not dispute what you assert, Mr. Clinton, that to see my sister as she *is*, as *you have made her*, was the object which brought you hither. But now you have gratified your curiosity. You have seen her breathless, colourless—DEAD—stretched in a coffin—prepared for a grave—which grave you may see near the cascade. I recommend you to look into it; and feed your vanity with the thought that the weak girl, who, to-morrow at this time, will say to the worm 'Thou art my sister, and my brother,' died of a broken heart—and that you had broken it. And if you have the courage, look at your victim in the presence of her brother. Come near, sir;" he took up the lamp and passed it over the coffin from the head to the foot. "She is here—view her." He put down the lamp, and walked to the door, and opened it, throwing it back to the full breadth of the doorway.

"Mr. Clinton," said he, "your presence here, is an unexampled impertinence. I request that you leave this room, and this house *immediately*."

Instead of complying, Clinton sat on a chair and deliberately drew his belt tighter, saying—

"I obey no man's bidding. I am an adopted son of the woods. I now come and go as I list. I shall lodge in this

house to-night. It is the fashion for American farmers to be hospitable. It is the fashion for American wanderers who become their guests, to remain in the quarters provided until they are tired of them. I shall stay to-night in this house."

"You refuse to go?" said Arthur.

"I will not budge a step, by Jove. Take care Mr. Lee how you lay hands on me; I warn you—you see I have a knife in my belt."

"By heaven, you shall go!" exclaimed Arthur, seizing him by the collar to throw him out of the room, and disarm him. A fierce struggle ensued; and Arthur, being Clinton's superior in strength succeeded in his aim. Clinton was sent reeling out on the landing place, and Arthur drew the door close and locked it.

"I am not desirous to disturb the house," said he, "and I shall not say anything more to you, Mr. Clinton, to-night. To-morrow is the day of my sister's burial; during its hours, you will be safe from me; but if, on the day succeeding that you are about these premises."

"I shall be in them," said Clinton, whose eye expressed a most dangerous sense of the indignity he had received. "And I shall be in them with one intention, that of seeking from you the only satisfaction for this insult which it is in your power to give me. On Monday, either I must have your life—or you mine."

"Be it so," said Arthur; and at that time he forgot that his principles were opposed to duelling.

They parted. Arthur returned to his chamber and there remained, Clinton went to a back kitchen, where the miller and Jacob, the field-labourer, were sitting at a table. They were speaking in under tones, and enjoying a jug of cider. Clinton approached them, and laying a hand on the shoulder of each exclaimed—

"Well Jacob and Thomas! are you holding a private consultation on the qualities of loam and grass, and the grinding of Indian corn, oats, and barley?"

"You here again, Mr. Clinton?" said the miller, rising. "I cannot but say I am glad to see you, in spite of all that is said to your disparagement. Sit down—take a drink of cider."

"That I will, for I am thirsty, and a little tired," said Clinton.

Jacob filled for him a goblet, which Clinton rested on his knee.

"You do not drink," said the miller; as he spoke the goblet fell from the hand which had held it, and, on looking at Clinton's face, the two men perceived that he had fainted. His eyes were half closed, and his breathing became inaudible.

"To my belief," said the miller, "he has not such shallow feelings as some suppose. I'd be sworn it is the death of Miss Lucy has made him ill. He loved her well enough."

Jacob said, shaking his head, "Don't believe it, Thomas; if I have any skill in reading signs, he was more partial to Miss Anderson, and I will tell you why—Miss Anderson cared nothing for him, Miss Lee could scarcely live out of his sight."

"A strange reason," said the miller; "the woman that loved me I should love."

"But Mr. Clinton is another sort of character, I guess," said Jacob; "he fancies he knows what the affection of the heart is, but I don't think he does. All he sought from Miss Lee, all he would seek from twenty other ladies, to whom he would talk soft nonsense, was, and would be, to be *loved*; but the deuce a grain of true love would he give to any one of them. Yet, Thomas, women always listen to such as him with more favour than to a plain, honest, man. Only to mention Mr. Lee, why before one lady would attach herself to him, a dozen would die for this gentleman here."

"No—no; you are too sharp in your discourse, Jacob," said the miller.

"Who is too sharp?" inquired Clinton, making an effort to recover himself. As he opened his eyes they fell upon a stranger who had just entered the kitchen.

The stranger appeared fifty years of age, of majestic proportions, his dress was that of a French-Canadian mariner. As he came into the light his weather-beaten face exhibited a classic outline. When he drew off the fur cap from his head, his brows were seen adorned with an abundance of black hair, which added to the stern effect of his countenance. In his eye slept all the fierce passions of which men are capable, but his mouth was not without softer traits. His voice could express every variation of passion. It was perfectly at his command.

"Your servant, friends," said the stranger. He started as he saw Clinton, over whose countenance an angry flush was spreading. The former was invited to sit down, which he did without hesitation; and when the cider was put toward him, he said—

"Thank you, friends; I will drink with you; the weather is hot, and I have walked many miles during the last six hours. Yes, this is capital cider," said he, after he had drank—"very good indeed; and I think I can let you taste some liquor of another kind, which is as good in its own way." So saying, he drew out from a breast pocket a flask, and asking for a goblet, poured out a little of a kind of strong wine, that each who tasted pronounced delicious.

"Are you better, Mr. Clinton?" inquired the miller.

"Oh, yes—I am well now, I thank you." And as he thus replied, Clinton pushed his chair back, and walked up and down the kitchen.

"You have had a death in the house I have heard," said the mariner to Jacob.

"Yes, we have," said Jacob; "and the house is so full of visitors, that I expect you will be obliged to sleep in this kitchen, for all the beds that could be made up in the kitchen and parlour are engaged. First come, first served, you have heard that saying in your travels, I dare say."

"I shall sleep as soundly on the stones of this kitchen, as on the best feather bed in the world," said the mariner. "I have lodged hard and soft in my time. I have slept on the top of a rocking mast, and in all kinds of rough situations."

Here Deborah entered the kitchen.

"You have had a hard day of it, Debby," said the miller. "Are the folks all asleep in the parlour and great kitchen?"

"All in the fair way of going to sleep," answered she. "But what'll I do for Mr. Clinton and the sailor? There's no help but they must wait till daybreak, and then get a bit of slumber in the beds that will be emptied then."

"This navigator shall have my place on the pillow," said Jacob. "The night is not so long now, and it's a queer affair if I cannot stay up a few hours at such a time as this."

"And Mr. Clinton shall have mine," said the miller;

"so give yourself no more uneasiness about accommodations, but go and take rest yourself—you are tired enough."

"I'm vexed enough," said Deborah, in Clinton's hearing; then she muttered something to herself in the Irish language.

"Deborah," whispered Clinton, "I shall not say who introduced me to the chamber, and Mr. Lee cannot discover if Miss Anderson plays her part well. You must impart to her your inimitable shrewdness and tact."

"I think you was clane out of your senses," said she, "to get up in the sight of Mr. Arthur without the laast necessity. I thought I'd have dropped when I see you!"

"How came you to know that I did so?"

"I was peeping through the key-hole," answered Deborah.

"Indeed!" said Clinton; "and how long were you so engaged?"

"Oh, not long. As soon as I heard you spake I was off fast enough to the Pastor."

"What was your intention in going to the Pastor?" he asked; "to engage him as your friend in the trouble your kindness had brought on you, was that it?"

"Oh, you have hit it. I had no other intention. But little luck had I when I went. I might as well have saved my breath to say my prayers with."

"But what passed between you and the old gentleman?"

"Why," said Deborah, "this was what passed:—I rapped at the door, and heard him get off his knees, and shut his book. Come in, says he, and in I went. He seemed in no distress of mind, which was no wonder. I beg your pardon, says I, for intruding on you in this way. Never mind, Deborah, says he, is anything the matter? Then I said my say, and tould him how I had seen you, and how you had persuaded me to let you have a peep at the bonny corpse of my young misthress, and how Mr. Arthur had seen you in the burial-roon, and how I was afraid I should be found fault with; but he catches me up sharp, and, says he, Deborah, did you say my grandson has seen Mr. Clinton there? O, sir, says I, they are both there this blessed minute. Then Deborah, says he, you have most likely done a mischief which you can never repair; and so he goes away without a word

to Mr. Lee's room, and laves me standing in the middle of the floor without the laast relief for my mind."

"Well, you must make up your mind to the worst, Debby," said Clinton; "I am sorry I have led you into such an affair, but it is not to be helped now."

"And that's thrue," said Deborah; "and so I shall keep myself as asy as I can, and the timpist may make as big a noise as it likes.—By St. Patrick, it shall be all the same to me! I can only be bade to quit; and though it would be a heart-sore to me, yet I would make no word about the same, but quit, and quickly too. I should find a bit of bacon and a pratee somewhere, no fear of that."

Clinton and the mariner refused to avail themselves of the offers of the miller and Jacob, and it was understood that they were to remain up together. Before the latter left them, the sailor was asked to what vessel he belonged—when and where he had left it—what countries he had visited in it—and what articles it traded in. Clinton was standing with his back to the person interrogated, but he turned round and fastened upon him a look which the mariner seemed to avoid uneasily; he spoke with freedom enough, and did not seem at a loss for a reply.

"Why," said he, "my schooner, that is, my captain's, is a tight vessel, and can bear a gale as well as any ship; she runs fast when there is occasion, and her crew are a bold set; as for her trade, she carries furs, tobacco, wood-ashes, and all sorts of things. She never stops long in one place, but goes about the lakes. I will show you with this bit of chalk her way on the waters."

He drew, with accuracy, on the table, a map, on which Clinton looked with curious attention.

"Now," said the mariner, "you may suppose that to be the St. Lawrence, with the gulf at this end! next me, opening to the Atlantic ocean. But at that end of the river, farthest from me, fancy my ship takes her start. There," his finger was placed at the end of a slanting line, and moved along a stroke diverging horizontally, "where the St. Lawrence ends, twelve miles wide, starts my schooner on the Lake of the Thousand Isles, Ontario, which is one hundred and eighty-five miles long. Here the States are on one side, British Upper Canada on the other. Now as we go along, we may dip into Navy Bay, on the English side, or into Burlington Bays, or into the

bays on the American shore, and change our cargo as often as we can make good bargains."

"There are plenty of steamboats on Lake Ontario," said the miller.

"Yes, there are," said the mariner, "and canoes are plentiful on all the lakes; some of them carry heavy burdens too; but they are of all sizes."

"Well now," said Jacob, leaning his head between his hands, while his eyes were settled on the chalk mark on which the seaman's finger rested, "when this schooner has got to the end of this Lake of a Thousand Isles—"

"Then it takes a turn past Niagara Falls," resumed the mariner, "and is in Lake Erie, which is two hundred and fifty miles long. We may have rough treatment here; navigation is no easy work among Erie's rocks, and waters run shallower in this lake than the others, and that circumstance, with the heavy north-west and south-west gales, makes it dangerous for sailors who are not expert. Mind, all the way we go, the States are on one side, and English-Canada on the other." Now with his finger he turned a corner of the square he had drawn, and moved downwards on a third line, which curved inwards. "The corner you see is Lake St. Clair, which is a sort of passage for us to Lake Huron. This water is two hundred and fifty miles long, one hundred and ninety miles broad, and eight hundred and sixty feet deep—it covers five million acres."

"And all fresh water—not salt!" exclaimed Deborah.

"Not in the least salt," said the mariner; "as fresh as that milk you carry."

"I have heard that it has many large bays and islands," said the miller.

"A countless number," said the mariner; "and by looking in on some of the Indians, and the half-breed hunters, to be found upon them, we may pick up articles worth seeking. The coasts are so set with islands and bays, that they are grand and singular; and how many fine rivers flow into it is not known. However, suppose the vessel at the end of Huron, here she reaches the bottom of my square, at this right hand corner, and gets through river St. Mary into Lake Superior."

There was now a movement of increased interest around the table, for this inland sea, and the most remote

of all the lakes, had not been visited by any one whom the listeners had met before.

"If you are not rocked in your hammocks here," said the mariner, "it is not for want of waves; and there is a ground-swell rolling you about so lustily, that if you had been at sea a hundred years I would defy you not to feel qualmish about the stomach. There are from two hundred to two hundred and fifty rivers running into this lake. The coast, on the Canada side, is twelve hundred miles long, and never eye of man saw sublimer shores than there are to be found here; but the mists and cold are terrible, and—"

"Go on to your next place," said the miller.

"Beyond here, I *have* taken a dip into the Mexican Gulf, and Hudson's Bay, but my ordinary route confines me to the four lakes I have spoken of, and their branching rivers."

"And pray what rank do you hold in this schooner?" inquired Clinton.

"I am a common sailor," was the answer.

"Pray did you ever navigate a vessel from England to the Canadas?" inquired Clinton.

The keenest glance was shot on the mariner from the querist's eye, as the question was put, and the former shrank within himself, while his breath was caught back in a gasp; then a gleam of ferocity was seen darkly lighting his face, and he returned the glance of Clinton with one from which the young man recoiled.

There was something unaccountable to the lookers on, in the manners of the two toward each other. It was apparent they had met before, and not under pleasant circumstances. No one felt satisfied with the mariner. His bearing had something singular about it. Though a French-Canadian, he conversed in English, with correctness of pronunciation; and though a common sailor, he could speak in a superior manner, without using nautical phrases; his gestures had a remarkable dignity in them. All this awakened curiosity, and his reply to Clinton was waited for eagerly.

"Why, yes, I have crossed the Atlantic more than once," said the mariner, "why do you ask?"

"Because I suspect I have seen you before."

"Very likely—though I have no recollection of you."

"You have no recollection of me!" repeated Clinton;

"were you never *mate* in a vessel that brought out emigrants from England? I should think you might remember me."

"You will find more liquor in the flask," said the mariner to Jacob; "as you are going to rest let me advise you to drink it; it will make you sleep sound."

"I sleep sound enough," said Jacob; "labour in the open air is better than all liquors to make one sleep."

"Yet I have found it insufficient sometimes," said the mariner.

"A burdened conscience is apt to prevent sleep," said Clinton, in a low voice.

"It is so," said the mariner; "but my conscience is as free as any man's; and it is as clear as yours, young sir."

"What do you know of my conscience?" said Clinton.

"What do you know of mine?" retorted the mariner.

"Nothing, it may be," said Clinton.

"But have you been a mate in an American vessel?" inquired the miller.

"If I had," said the mariner, "I should hardly be a common sailor now."

Next morning was most beautiful. At four o'clock Clinton lifted the latch of the back-kitchen door of the lodge, and passed along the path which crossed the garden. A little rain had fallen in the night, and the flowers gave forth a delightful odour, and their colours were lovely. But Clinton heeded them not—he was wrapped in thought. Beyond the garden he pursued a path which had been a sheep walk. On his right, streams were flowing over the broken rocks. A mild wind curled the pools on the ground, and awakened animation everywhere. The sky in the east was coloured with roseate blushes of Aurora.

Clinton had walked nearly a quarter of a mile, when the way he was upon, began to ascend; some fowl fluttered past him, as he came to a natural platform.

"This, then, is the place where Lucy's grave is made," said he, as he went up to the level of the enclosure, and walked along its borders. His mind agitated by many recollections. He reverted to his life in England. Scene after scene was revived before him; his school hours, his vacations; the aching of heart he had experienced when his fellow boys rejoiced, for he had no mother to welcome

him back to the mansion he called his home, no father to bless him. His uncle and aunt were his nearest relatives, and these were not kind enough to satisfy the yearnings of his affections.

Then arose before his memory, pictures of another kind. Tears were in his eyes, as he recalled his first dream of love; which had given a wrong bias to all his after life. A high-born lady, accomplished and beautiful, had visited at the house where he had found that he was dwelling by sufferance — a dependant, according to all the painful meaning of the term. He was introduced to her as a relative, who had been educated and maintained by them, and who was about to be placed in a merchant's office, with the hope that he might make his way in the world. The flush which rose on the youth's fair cheek, excited the sympathy of the lady. She found him the most agreeable individual in the house, and little dreaming of the fatal inroads she was making on Clinton's heart, did her utmost to chase from his countenance the pain she saw there. She played on the piano-forte to him; she painted for him; she walked with him; and sentimentalised with him. The result had been his life had become bound up in her; he would have lived for her—died for her. But his attachment was ridiculed. He was told that it was the height of folly for him to think of her. She was high-born, he was low-born; she, when of age, would have a large fortune—he was penniless. The lady said nothing, but obeyed the mandate of her father, and returned to her home. Clinton went into a London merchant's office. To assuage the mortification of his feelings he plunged into every gaiety. His employers remonstrated with him; his relatives wrote to him didactic letters, written in a severe strain. All was of no avail. To supply the expenses he was incurring, he resorted to fraud; his career was ruinous; he was in a delirium, whirled to destruction at headlong speed, in a vehicle of glitter, and intoxication. This could not last long. He was dismissed from the post in the firm to which he belonged, and bade to leave the house. Now he saw himself without friends and means of subsistence, excepting only such as guilt might furnish. Before he delivered up the key of the desk, he took therefrom a sum of money, which he thought would not be missed for some days, and absconded with it. A few hours before his departure, a letter was put into his hand, which, had he

read before he left, would have saved him from the commission of the act. But he had reached Liverpool, when he intended to embark for America with his booty, before he opened the page. Ah! the sweat-drops trickled from Clinton's forehead now, as he recollected his perusal of the letter. It was from the lady whose lightest word had still the magic in it for him. And she had written to him a remonstrance against the course she had heard he was pursuing, had begged him, for her sake, to quit it; had enclosed him a cheque for a hundred pounds, and given him a hint, which it was madness to him to understand, that if his affection for her remained unchanged, she would bestow herself and fortune upon him as soon as she was of age, provided that in the intermediate time (a year) she should hear, as a proof of his continued affection for her, that he had altered his way of life.

He took a post-chaise, and rode to the seat of the lady's father. Leaving it at the door of an inn, he walked over the lawn, and entered the shrubbery of the mansion. There he saw her alone, sitting with a book of poems in her hand, which Clinton had given her. Her beauty was tarnished by grief, her eyes were dim. She shrieked, as he stepped before her, wild, and haggard.

"Lady Hester," said he, "your letter came too late. I had just given the death blow to my character. I am come to take a hasty but an eternal farewell of you—you, who, I swear by all that is holy and true, have been my only love, since the hour I saw you first. It has been my passion for you, which has ruined me. Ah! Lady Hester, do not forget that, when you hear me branded in the public newspapers as a villain—as a *thief*. I had taken nearly a thousand pounds from the desk of my employers, just before your letter was put into my hands. Had it arrived a few hours before, I should have been here now, your penitent, devoted, and happy—too happy servant for life. As it is, I fly from justice. I go to a distant land. I shall see you no more. The chaise in which I came hither, is waiting near. Every moment I linger exposes me to a fearful risk. Adieu;—your gift I return; I have forfeited you, and your money I cannot take." The lady's agitation was extreme, she forcibly restrained the outward expression of it. Her face became white as marble.

"Clinton," she said, "if you will restore the money, and

remain in England, I will undertake you shall be provided for respectably; and then," she added, "I shall go to Italy, and reside there permanently.

He dropped upon his knees before her, and she gave him her hand, which he held between his. "It is in vain," said he, "bright lady, my presence shall not pollute the air of the land in which you dwell; and yet you shall not be compelled to forsake your native clime to avoid me. Dwell here, innocent and blessed as you are. By this time, all London knows of the loss of the money. Another twenty-four hours must see me on my way to a foreign hemisphere." He produced a brown paper parcel, and laid it on a seat before her, with her cheque upon it, "Here," said he, "are two-thirds of the money. You would do me a great service, if you could find any means of restoring it to the owners."

"I know one of the partners," said the lady; "I will order my carriage this afternoon, and make up the amount they have lost from my purse."

"My heart is unutterably grateful to you," said Clinton; "but now, all that I feel must be concentrated in one terrible word—adieu."

"Adieu!" exclaimed Lady Hester; "heaven grant you may live more happily, than you have lived here, in the scenes to which you are going!" Her fortitude began to yield, she drew her hand away, and Clinton eight hours after was on board a North American ship. During this voyage, he lost all he had excepting the articles that he wore. The vessel was cast away by the mate, and part of the crew. The unfortunate Captain Barry perished, and Clinton, and three other passengers, narrowly escaped losing their lives.

"Have I," said Clinton, "fulfilled that part of Lady Hester's wish, which it was in my power to fulfil—have I lived wiser since I left England?" The grave of Lucy answered him in the negative; recollections of the lost peace of mind of the Settler's son, lost through his artifice, answered him in the negative. He sighed: conscience reproached him.

"Some demon must be propelling me on to ruin," said he. He paused, and resumed, "I was once told by those relations on whom I depended, that my father had been wild, and my mother a woman of sorrow, so I suppose I

inherit from him, my erratic disposition, and from her, my sufferings.

"I am now," he proceeded, "in the country of which I was told my father was a native, and in which my mother died. Scanty has been the history I have received of them in England, and who in Canada can I find to fill up the outlines? Where shall I look for my mother's grave? where shall I learn whether my father be alive or dead. He was a seaman—he may have been swallowed up in the ocean, or be sailing thousands of miles from the spot where his son now is. My imagination clings to him whatever he may have been. Like me, he may have made himself an alien from all who valued him. Had we met, we might have battled with reproach together. My mother left an abundant home to go with him on the world of waters. He deserted her and her infant, my erring self, in a foreign land; and she returned broken-hearted to her country, and her friends. But an innocent sorrow is better to be endured than a guilty one. He may have been the least to be envied of the two, My poor mother when she parted from me, with the presentiment, I have been led to understand, that she should never see me more—left with the relatives to whom she entrusted me, her endeared picture. *That* I lost on board the ship in which I was wrecked, and never did article more regretted pass from my possession. Had I a mine of gold, I would barter it to regain that picture; but I fear it is in the custody of the greedy waves. As yet, I have heard nothing of those two cousins of mine, that I used to be told dwelt in North America; my mother's father, who had taken them out with him from England, my uncle heard, had died shortly after the decease of my mother."

His reveries were interrupted by Jacob, who said that he had come to see if the rain that had fallen in the night, had washed down any of the mould from the side of the grave. Clinton walked with him to the cypress trees; some of the earth had fallen into the cavity which had been dug between them. The American threw his spade in, and rested one hand upon the ground and sprang in after the implement. While he was employed in throwing up the soil, Clinton observed the approaching funeral procession. The coffin had been placed before the house where a hymn was sung around it, and as soon as

the sun began to ascend the east, four men took it on their shoulders—six ladies, attired in white, bore up the pall, and the funeral advanced.

The persons who preceded the coffin, were the principal members of the Pastor's chapel, and were in their ordinary sabbath dresses. The Pastor leaning on his grandson's arm, followed next to the body. The former wore his clerical dress, as he had always worn it, and his countenance looked resigned: the latter neat and manly, seemed to have strengthened himself for this melancholy hour. Jane and Miss Bathurst were two of the pall-bearers. Deborah followed, with her fellow-servants, after the Doctor and Farmer Joshua, with a train of mourners.

When the path the procession was upon began to descend, the sobs of Jane, and Deborah, broke the silence that prevailed. On each side were stumps of trees. On two of these stumps that were covered with green moss, the coffin was rested, while the men who bore it changed sides. Arthur covered his face until again the procession set forward.

One of the persons who walked first, commenced a hymn, which sounded solemnly in that solitude. By the time it was finished, the burying ground was nigh. Clinton had gone to that side of the enclosure where the mountain rose, and stood behind a detached stone, to view the lowering of the body into its final abode.

No sooner had the Pastor entered the enclosure than he opened a prayer-book, and attended by the sympathy of all present, went to the head of the procession, and began to read the burial service. At first, his voice could scarcely be heard, but soon it became more distinct; and seldom have words fallen more impressively on human ears, than those of that service, on the ears of the mourners.

The coffin was not immediately lowered into the grave, but rested by it on a board supported by two logs, while the Pastor read the lesson from the fifteenth chapter of the epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians.

When all was over, and the last look had been taken at the coffin, Arthur lost his self-possession, and yielded to grief.

"My dear son," said the Pastor, "be comforted—look up!" he pointed to the orb of day shining in the sky;

"the Sun of Righteousness smiles upon us in our affliction. Be comforted; this morning air is reviving to our bodies, and the influences of the Eternal Spirit shall, in like manner, revive our drooping minds! Do not sink, my dear Son, but support me, whom age and bereavements have robbed of that elasticity which youth possesses. I am in the autumn of my days—you in the spring. All that is before me in this world is cheerless, but you have a thousand pleasures in store for you."

"I had but one sister," said Arthur, "she is gone—where shall I look for another?"

The pastor said no more, his heart was cast down. The procession did not return to the lodge in the order in which it had left it. The elders of the Pastor's flock came around him, and he walked first by the side of one, and then of another, leaving Arthur to give his arm to Jane, in the rear.

"Now Jane, we have parted from Lucy indeed!" said Arthur, "while her body was in the house, she did not seem wholly gone from us, but now—"

He was checked by his tears; Jane was unable to speak a word to him, but she pressed the arm on which she rested, as a token that she shared his grief.

Breakfast had been prepared for the mourners in the large sitting room. Jane went into the kitchen, after having taken off her bonnet and gloves. Her first step inside the kitchen was arrested in its advance, as a fear crept over her frame, mixed with affection and delight. The mariner was standing by the hearth, on which cakes were warming. His back was toward her, but she could not fail to recognise in that figure, the person of her father!

The opening of the door caused him to turn his head slightly, and he saw her. The next minute she had sprung to his breast, and was folded to her parent's heart.

"My Jenny!" said he, kissing her face and forehead; "I have walked forty miles to seek you. I heard you were in this district, and I could no longer be without my darling. You must go back with me, you must indeed, Jenny!"

She made no answer but her forehead sank on his shoulder, and she wept. He spoke to her in a most

soothing manner, and placed her on his knee, and drew her arm around his neck.

"You know," said he, "my Jenny, your mother is dead, and I know not what has become of your brother. You should not desert me altogether, bad as I am, for I have no one but you to care anything about me, and to guide me."

"My dear father!" said Jane, "much do I wish, you know I do, that we could live together—and why may we not? Only give up that trade of piracy, and I will never part from you, but obey your wish and consent."

"Conditions, Jenny!" said the Pirate. "You should not forget I have an authority to command, as well as an affection with which to entreat. Tell me, if I have ever given you cause to complain of ill-usage?"

"Never," she answered; "you were always kind to me."

During this meeting, which was affecting and painful, no one but themselves had been in the kitchen. But, as steps were heard approaching, Jane drew her arm from her father's neck, and arose from his knee.

"Not a word, Jenny, to any one, of who I am, or I am destroyed!" he whispered; and Jane pretended to be engaged in examining the cakes. The feint succeeded. Deborah, who entered, had no suspicion that in the mariner, Jane had found her father.

"If you please, Miss Anderson, his honour the Pastor, and Mr. Arthur, wish you would come to the breakfast," said Deborah.

Jane went, and joined the breakfast party! Arthur noticed her tremour as she placed herself in the seat which had been Lucy's, to make, and pour the tea. Attributing it to the agitating ceremony in which she had been engaged, and to regret for Lucy, he spoke to her with tenderness, and took the cup which was shaking in her hand from her, replacing it on the tray. Presently she rallied, and performed her office with composure, while he relapsed into the sorrow which wrapped him in a sort of insensibility. The Pastor said nothing until the conclusion of the repast, but it was too evident that he was suffering intensely the whole time.

When the table was cleared, he went through the morn-

ing devotions with difficulty, and frequently he was compelled to stop to wipe away the tears.

CHAPTER V.

AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR.

"NOW," said Clinton inwardly, as he folded a letter on the kitchen table, and addressed it to Mr. Lee, "it is done; and the twelfth hour from this may see me senseless as a clod. Deborah, put that into Mr. Lee's hand, and let no other person see it or look at it."

"Is it I that would show it to any other person?" said Deborah; "Sure and I can carry a litter to its right owner, and make no mistake." She flung her head as she spoke, and Clinton, who was not aware of the notions of right and wrong which some of the Irish people are gifted with, said to her,

"Pray be not offended, Debby. I had no intention of wounding your feelings. The letter is important, and private, or I should not on any account have said the words which have sounded so unpleasantly to you."

"Unplisintly! Och, then, you say the truth, Mr. Clinton. Unplisint too!" As soon as Deborah had left the kitchen, she went to her chamber, and holding the letter end-wise against the light of the candle, peeping through it to make out its contents. These, at first baffled her, but presently she managed to get a sight of them, by pulling out one of the end-folds.

"It is jist as I thought," said she, "it's a challenge to fight at half-past three o'clock in the morning. Mr. Lee is to mate him beyond the cornfields, and there they will murder one another for nothing at-all-at-all, if I don't prevint; but by St. Pathrick, I will prevint it, or may I never knale to a catholic priest agin."

The loosened fold was tucked in. The letter pronounced all in "dacent order," and in a few minutes Mr. Lee received it from Deborah's hands. Next, she went to the Pastor and addressed him.

"May it plase your honour," said she.

"Well, Deborah," said he, "what have you to say to me?"

"Only, that Mr. Clinton is intending to mate Mr. Lee early to-morrow morning, to fight him with pistols and swords; and I could not kape myself back from tilling you of it. They're going to mate beyond the cornfields at half-past three o'clock on the Monday morning."

"I hope not," said the Pastor, "my grandson, I hope, would not so forget the principles I have taught him. I feel confident he would not throw away his life, or the life of Mr. Clinton in a duel, knowing that there is a judgment to come. You must be mistaken, Deborah."

"I have just carried the challenge in a litter to Mr. Arthur myself. I should have brought it to you, I gave my word to Mr. Clinton that no other person but Mr. Lee should see it. I took a peep at the litter myself, and saw the maning of it, and that is the maning I have tould you."

"You make nice distinctions, Debby," said the Pastor; "you seem to think you have not broken your word to the writer of the letter although you have read it, and informed me of the contents."

"I have not, your honour," said Deborah; "I only promised to let no other person look at it or rade it."

"I cannot stay to argue the point with you now, Debby," said the Pastor, "I must go to my grandson and learn how far this statement is correct."

Arthur was writing in a chamber, when the Pastor entered to him.

"Arthur," said the latter, "is it true that you have received a challenge from Mr. Clinton, to fight him with swords and pistols?"

"With swords or pistols, my dear grandfather," replied Arthur. "But sit down, and do not distress yourself. You shall hear my explanation of the circumstance which gave rise to this challenge, and then read the letter itself. I found Mr. Clinton in the room in which the remains of my sister were. I was confounded at his insolence in entering the private rooms of this house. That he should have dared to go into that room, was an act of impertinent curiosity and vanity. I expelled him by force, and promised either to take his life, or forfeit mine, as the only satisfaction I could render him for having wounded his pride."

The Pastor then read Clinton's letter, the contents ran thus:—

"Sir—I shall expect that you meet me, as I consider you bound yourself by your word to do, at half-past three to-morrow morning, beyond the corn-fields to render me the only compensation for the insult I have received from you, which I will accept, namely, your life. If I fail to take that by honourable means, I shall be ready to yield my own. One of us must perish to-morrow morning. You are at liberty to choose your own weapons. Small swords would be, I think, the best. You have pistols however, and you can adopt which you think proper."

"And have you answered this letter?" inquired the Pastor.

"I have," replied Arthur; "you shall see my reply before I seal it."

The Pastor was shocked to read as follows:—

"Sir,—I shall not fail to meet you with short swords, which I believe we can both handle a little expertly, at half-past three, beyond the cornfields."

"You cannot intend to rush into the presence of your Immortal Judge in such an impious manner? Surely I am not deceived in you!" said the Pastor.

Arthur went to his grandfather, and took his hand. "You are not deceived in me," said he; "but, if you will allow me I will remain silent as to the resolution I have formed concerning this matter until after the hour of meeting, named in the letters, is passed."

"And then your soul may be beyond the reach of exhortation, and instruction," said the Pastor.

"Not so, I trust," said Arthur. "My dear grandfather, suffer me to keep what I purpose hid within my own breast, and believe that you will see me at breakfast with you to-morrow morning, without being stigmatised as a coward, and without having denied my principles. Let your mind be at rest. With the blessing of God all shall be well."

"I am glad to hear you speak in this manner," said the Pastor; "and I will not think you will venture to risk your eternal welfare by voluntarily quitting life through such a passage of destruction, or that you will put yourself in the way of periling the soul of Clinton; or that you will leave me of your own accord, quite desolate."

"I will do neither of these things," said Arthur;

"satisfy yourself with assurance to that effect. I am myself sorry that I should have contemplated such a thing."

"Yet you will send that reply which you have written?"

"I must send it; and if you hear me going out in the morning be not alarmed. I assure you, if God so permit, all shall be well with me."

"I rely on you—my grandson. You never yet broke a promise to me, and I cannot think you will now."

"Depend upon me, grandfather."

The Pastor wished him good night, and left him. The divine worship of the day was over, and all retired to rest. At half-past three next morning there was rain falling, but this did not deter Clinton, who had slept in the kitchen, from dressing for his engagement. Just before he left the house he looked at a very small ivory miniature of Lady Hester, then placed it inside his waistcoat next his heart, that, in case he was struck there by the ball or the sword, it might be shivered on the fountain of life. He had about him Lucy's farewell verses: for next to the object of his love he placed in his affections the memory of her who had loved him, he took with him a roll of paper, and two letters, which he had written in case of his death. Arthur was at the place before him with small swords. The young men haughtily greeted each other, and whatever fears Clinton might have felt, all vanished. He was eager for the desperate contest. Arthur was somewhat depressed—not with cowardice, but with moral energy struggling with natural temper. He felt that peculiar recklessness which the presence of a foe produces in men of ardent blood, and he could have fought with Clinton to the death: but, within his mind was throned a principle which checked every impulse of this sort. But it was the force of the conflict between the desire to fight his adversary, and the principle which denied its gratification, that produced the gloom on his brow.

"Now, Mr. Lee, I am ready," said Clinton.

"And I," said Arthur, "but not to fight. Mr. Clinton, you have known me two years and upwards—did you ever have reason to think that I was devoid of the spirit of a brave man?"

"I never knew an individual of a manlier spirit than yourself; I do not think it would be easy to know one."

"I thank you," said Arthur. "Now I may speak to you with more frankness; and as you have had the candour to acknowledge so much, you will perhaps not deny me a just appreciation of the motives which dictate what I am going to say. Mr. Clinton, I cannot use weapons of blood, in our quarrel. I refuse to fight. I refuse to take your life—I refuse to yield mine, unless I am forcibly deprived of it."

"What do you mean, sir? I am not to be trifled with."

"I will not trifle with you, Mr. Clinton. Do you think, that I fear to meet the point of a sword like this which invites your hand? Speak, is it timidity which causes me to refuse to fight?"

"I will not say it is," said Clinton; "I believe you are as bold as I am."

"Then, sir," said Arthur, "you say true; and I dare, if the fear of God, sir, would suffer me, I would prove it to you unequivocally. But a mighty arm holds mine passive; and if a thousand reputations were at stake, I dare not fight."

"Then we are to return as we came, I presume," said Clinton.

Arthur looked as if he would have replied with strokes of death; but PRINCIPLE was too mighty for him; and he paced the sod with struggles of the most trying kind, which man is called to endure. The chivalrous nature of Clinton also showed itself more to advantage.

"I almost feel, Mr. Lee," said he, "that you are superior to me. I acknowledge the excellence of the principle which has led to your refusal to fight, though I could by no means adopt it; and I have only to request that you will give me your assurance that you are sensible I was willing to redeem my insulted honour, even at the price of life."

"That I will willingly do," said Arthur; "it cannot be denied."

"Then now we part," said Clinton. "I will no more trouble you with my presence. You have reason to wish my absence from the valley, and I can no longer be happy in it. Before we separate I must give you a paper signed with my name, which contains a statement of the mutiny

of the crew and mate of the Antelope vessel, commanded by Captain Barry, who was murdered by them on ship board, while entering the St. Lawrence river; several emigrants were on board beside myself, and might be found to substantiate my statement." Clinton here handed to Arthur a roll of paper, and resumed, "A mariner is in the lodge now, and intends to set out on his return to his ship this morning. That is the mate of the Antelope."

"What! the Pirate?" exclaimed Arthur.

"No doubt a pirate," said Clinton, "although he passes for a common sailor."

"The father of Jane Anderson!" exclaimed Arthur.

Clinton echoed his words in surprise. Arthur was grieved with himself; he had betrayed the secret of his betrothed.

"Sir," said he, "I have said what I should not have said. As a man of honour, impart not to any living being, the disgraceful relationship."

"I will not," said Clinton. "The knowledge of such a fact shall never pass my lips, without Miss Anderson or yourself gives me a release from the promise I make you. But you will see, Mr. Lee, that the man I have named, be he mate, or pirate, or common sailor, does not escape you. It is a case which requires the sacrifice of any personal feelings you may have towards Miss Anderson. His life is forfeit to justice, and he ought not to be left at large."

"I hope," said Arthur, "no personal feelings will deter me from fulfilling my duty. I shall take care that the mariner be in safe confinement, if my grandfather determines to commit him upon the credit of your written statement."

"Hold him safe on that," said Clinton; "I shall make my way to the Lieutenant-Governor, from whom you may expect to hear. He will require the prisoner from you."

They parted with cold politeness, Clinton taking one of the unfrequented paths that led up to the top of a mountain, and Arthur returning to the lodge. The Pastor had not slept in the night; fears for his grandson agitated him every hour, and as soon as he heard Arthur leave the house, he walked into the garden.

So happy was the old gentleman to see the latter return

uninjured, that he grasped him by the hand and shook it repeatedly.

"I feared that you would not be firm enough," said he; "I know how difficult it is for a young man to bear the least imputation on his courage. But, thank the Lord, you have been strengthened for the trial."

"I am thankful that the trial is over, and I hope that I may never be subjected to such another," said Arthur; "and now, grandfather, oblige me by mentioning this occurrence no more, for, whenever it is alluded to, I shall be tempted to wish that I had met Clinton in his own temper."

The Pastor said, "I deem it a mercy that they are not stained with the blood of one of your rash young men."

Clinton's account of the mutiny of the Antelope was put into the Pastor's hands by Arthur, without explanation.

"I wish you to read it throughout," said Arthur, "as soon as you can, and then I will speak to you on a subject of some importance to me, which is connected with it."

"Must I read it this forenoon?" asked the Pastor, "because I have some writing in hand which I am anxious to finish."

"Read it as early as you can," replied Arthur.

"I shall betake myself to the perusal after the morning prayers," said the Pastor, who retired to his library.

Arthur went to the door of Jane's room, and knocked several times. As there was no answer he concluded that she had risen, although it was not five o'clock; he stepped down stairs to the kitchen, the house-door was open, and the mariner was preparing to set out. Jane weeping, hung on his breast, while he was urging her to go with him to his ship, speaking in a low voice. As Arthur came near, the mariner said—

"You will not, you say, Jenny?—did I ever expect to hear my darling say so? Would your mother have so left me if I had entreated her to go with me for my good? You will not? Well, I go back without having accomplished my errand. When you hear of my death, Jenny, perhaps an evil death—and when you hear of the crimes I shall have committed, after having been refused by my daughter my supplication to her, you will think of this.

But I dare not stay longer. Clinton was on board the vessel of Captain Barry, and he is dangerous to me. I have hazarded my life in staying here so long—and why have I hazarded it? that I might gain my child back to my heart; but she tells me I am a Pirate—she will not dwell with me."

"No—no; I did not say that; you mistook my meaning. I said I was afraid to go again in a pirate-ship. I suffered so dreadfully formerly."

"It is all the same meaning. You will not go with me, But my heart so clings to hope, I will ask you once more. Will you, Jenny Anderson, forsake me now for ever?"

Jane wept most agonizingly, and her answer was unintelligible.

"I have done," said the Pirate, "I go, and whatever becomes of me henceforward I care not."

He was turning to depart, when Arthur appeared close to the door. Jane started, and the Pirate frowned, clutching the handle of a knife which had been concealed in the sash of his waist, and drawing it half out to view.

"Unintentionally, I have heard your words to your daughter;" said Arthur, "and, though against my will, have received in them confirmation of a statement which has this morning been made by Clinton you have named; he asserts that you are the murderer of Captain Barry, and the robber of the contents of his ship. Yield yourself a prisoner to the laws you have violated."

"No—do not detain him, Mr. Lee!" entreated Jane, using all her influence with Arthur for her father's sake. "He never was guilty of murder! Do not believe Clinton. He falsely accused the Settler's son; he is capable of falsely accusing another. I have told you the worst of my father; he has been a Pirate—but not a murderer!"

"And so you have betrayed me, Jane!" exclaimed the Pirate.

"Let him not think so, Mr. Lee," said Jane; "remember that you sought my confidence, and that you bade me rely on your secrecy and friendship."

"I have not forgotten it, my dear Jane," said Arthur, "and nothing that you have said to me shall hurt him. I arrest him as a murderer, not as a Pirate."

"Mr. Lee, my father is no murderer!" said Jane. She

was again encircled by her father's arm, and a warm energy was added to the quiet expression of her face.

There is such a thing among virtuous people, as the pride of virtue, which some imagine to be necessary to its existence. Such pride marred the uprightness of Arthur. The Pirate found little favour at his hands, although the parent of his betrothed. To favour the escape of such a man from the just vengeance of the law, Arthur would have thought nothing less than a crime—a crime which he was too proud, as well as too conscientious to commit.

"My dear Jane," said he, "whether he is a murderer or not, remains to be proved. He is charged with the crime, and I cannot allow him to go from hence until he has been examined by my grandfather."

"You will find it difficult to prevent me from going," said the Pirate.

"If my father remains," said Jane, "he will be condemned as a Pirate, though he be acquitted as a murderer."

"Clinton's accusation says nothing of piracy," said Arthur, "and I shall disclose nothing which Jane has entrusted to me in confidence," at the same time he reddened, for he remembered he had that morning informed Clinton of nearly all he himself knew.

"Mr. Lee, you cannot suppose that he will not be known. Have not all the magistrates of Upper Canada been commissioned to take him prisoner, as the notorious Pirate of the Lakes? Would not Pastor Wilson discover who he was?"

"Good bye, Jenny, my child, good bye," said the Pirate; "it may be a long time before you see me again, and then you may regret that you chose the society of a lover, in preference to that of a father."

He was turning away, leaving Jane much distressed, when Arthur who had stepped aside a moment, returned to the door with a loaded pistol, which he aimed at the Pirate, who was off his guard. Jane sprang on her father's neck, stretching out her hand as though to repel the ball.

"You alarm yourself needlessly, my dear Jane," said Arthur. "I only mean to show this man, whom you call your father, that he must remain, and abide the result of an examination."

"And that result," said Jane, "will be his death."

"I should be sorry for your sake, Jane," said Arthur, "if it were so."

"Put aside your pistol, sir," said the Pirate, "I render myself up."

"First hand me the knife, and what other arms you carry," said Arthur.

The Pirate delivered them up, and followed Arthur into a room, which was locked upon him.

Jane remained leaning against one side of the doorway, until Arthur endeavoured to justify himself in the conduct he had pursued towards her father.

"Mr. Lee," said she, "I had deceived myself with the belief that my peace was dearer to you than I find it to be. I will not so deceive myself again. Our engagement is broken."

"Jane," began Arthur, but she interrupted him by a firmness equal to his own.

"Do not distress me more, Mr. Lee. I am not to be shaken from my determination;" and when she had thus spoken, she retired to a room adjoining that in which her father was; here, sinking on her knees she leaned her head on the seat, covered with her apron, and abandoned herself for a time to her affliction.

"I have no one to advise with now—no one to cheer me," said she. "If Lucy were alive, things would not be as they are. Full soon I feel her loss—a loss indeed for me! All my fair prospect of happiness here is overcast with darkness. But all the disappointments in the world, should be as nothing to me, if my FATHER were only in safety. Well I know he can hope for no mitigation of his doom, he will die—he will die." Here she sobbed aloud.

"What's the matter thin, Miss Jane, darlin?" asked Deborah, who had entered the room. "Sure and I'd like to know what it is ye're braking your heart for."

"Oh, Deborah, nothing at all—in particular," said Jane, rising, looking out at the window.

It was not easy for Jane, in her present frame, to deny Deborah, who was allowed to coax from her an explanation of her tears.

"I love you, darlin," said she, "and I would grudge no hardship to you a service. Only tell me your cause of sorrow."

"My father, Deborah, is a prisoner in the next room."

"Your father! did you say your father, darlin?" exclaimed Deborah.

"Yes, it is indeed he, whom Mr. Lee has confined there;" and here followed another flood of tears.

Deborah was put in possession of the remaining facts, namely, that the mariner and Jane's father were one and the same person; that Mr. Clinton had accused him of the murder of a ship-captain, and that Mr. Lee persisted in confining him on that accusation, until Pastor Wilson should have examined him. Jane said nothing about her father being a Pirate, but she said she could not undertake to assert that he had not been a guilty man. Still he was her father, and being such she thought Mr. Lee would have had a little consideration for her feelings. However, she saw clearly that all the ideas she had entertained of settling peacefully in the lodge, must be renounced. She had resisted her father's wish, that she would again share his fortunes, and she would resist them no longer. If he was freed, she should go with him to his ship; if he was sent to jail, she should attend him in his confinement, and remain with him to the last moment of his life.

"And I commend you for the resolution," said Deborah; "I would do the same." But if you go from the lodge, darlin, I would persuade you to take me with you. I'd never be happy here, if you left me without yourself. I'd go with you to the world's end, and keep your spirits up in all weathers. "Keep your heart up, Miss Jane, things will turn out better than you expect. Take my word for it darlin, your father will be alright again soon."

"I wish I could hope," said Jane.

"You must hope; it becomes a Christian to hope, and especially one who has made a warm friend of an Irish girl," said Deborah.

CHAPTER VI.

CONNUBIAL LOVE, V. PARENTAL AFFECTION.

IT was afternoon when the Pastor was seated in his chair of authority in his library. Arthur arranged before him the paper which Clinton had given him, with

several law-books, pen and ink, parchments, writing-paper, and letters sealed with the Lieutenant-Governor's official seal.

"That will do, my son," said the Pastor; "now bring this guilty man before me."

Two men went with Arthur to the room wherein they supposed the Pirate to be confined. The door appeared locked, but when Arthur applied the key, he found that it could not be opened, the fastenings having been injured. He then knocked, but received no answer.

"This is strange," said he; "surely the prisoner has not escaped!"

"What is the matter?—where is the prisoner?" asked the Pastor, coming into the kitchen.

"The prisoner seems to have flown, or else he is dead," said one of the men. "We have hammered loud enough at the door, in which Mr. Lee says he shut him up, but no answer could we get. And the lock has had some tricks played with it, so that we shall find it no easy matter to get in."

"Where is Deborah—where is Jane?"

"Grandfather," said Arthur, "I know not where they are. I can see nothing of them."

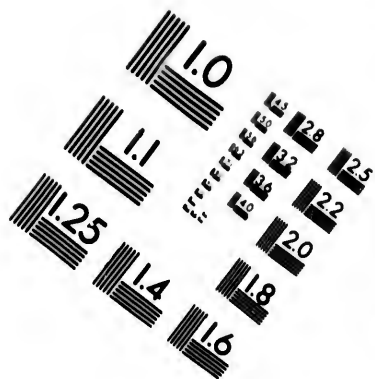
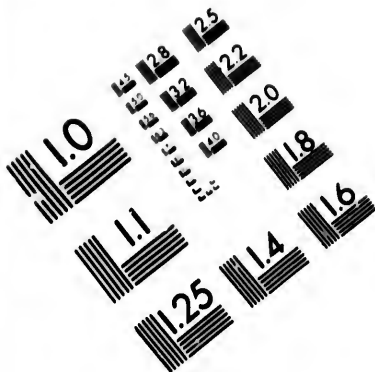
Jane and Deborah could not be found anywhere in the house, for they had taken their clothes and departed. The door was burst inwards; there was no prisoner to be seen; but as Arthur stood surveying the room, he perceived a letter on the table. Opening it, he read these lines:—

"Mr. Lee, do not charge me with my father's escape. I discovered this morning early that he was gone, and determined to follow his steps, with the hope of finding him now where I knew he had left his ship. Deborah had received her discharge from you, and she considered herself at liberty to go where she pleased. She is with me, and is determined not to leave me during the time I may spend in my father's ship. We hope you will find all right in the house, and I bid you, sir, farewell."

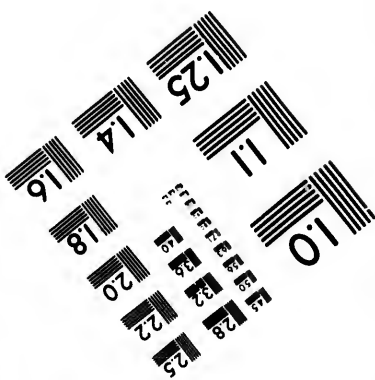
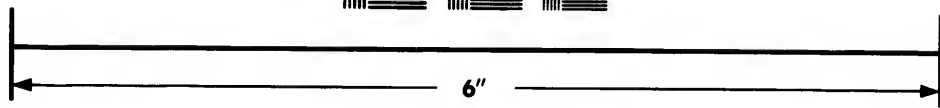
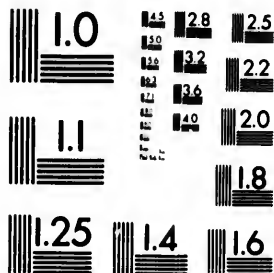
"So perishes," said the Pastor, when he too had read the letter, "my last dream of domestic happiness."

In the meantime, Clinton had reached the house of the Lieutenant-Governor, and had had an interview with him. Nothing could exceed the vexation of the Governor when his messengers returned from the Pastor with the intelligence that the Pirate had made his escape.





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He was a passionate man, and he burst into a drawing-room which opened upon a lawn, and began pacing up and down with angry exclamations.

"What ails you, my dear Governor? you seem put out of your way," said the Lieutenant-Governor's lady.

"No ill news from England, I hope, Governor," said a lady, about twenty-five years of age.

"No, Lady Cleveland, I have received no news from England to-day."

"Then what can be the matter with you?" said his Excellency's lady.

"That cursed Pirate has escaped me again, madam," said his Excellency.

"Be seated, sir, be seated," said the Lieutenant-Governor to Clinton, who stood near the door in a posture of humility.

"I thank you, your Excellency," said Clinton, occupying the chair nearest to him.

"You were an emigrant, you say, in this lost vessel, and saw the death of Captain Barry, and the seizure of his ship?"

Clinton bowed.

"Would you, as you know this Pirate, have any objection to go in search of him on the Lakes?"

"Not the slightest—only one, at least."

"What objection is that?"

"I am compelled to speak it, or I should not, your Excellency—I am without money."

"This young man, my dear," said the Governor, "lost all his property in that ship of which I was speaking to you this morning."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, "I am sorry to hear he suffered such a disaster. Have a glass of wine, sir," and she went to a decanter, and poured some Madeira. Clinton could not but take the glass she offered with her hand, and with a gesture of genuine gratitude, he drank.

"Hester, my love," said the lady, "have you a return of that throbbing in the temples you told me of this morning?"

"No—dear madam; you are kind to inquire," said Lady Cleveland. "Perhaps you will have the kindness," she resumed, "to lend me your arm into the lawn—I do not feel well."

Faint as that whisper of Lady Cleveland's had been, it

reached the heart of Clinton; he arose from his chair, and remained standing, with one foot advanced, gazing after her, until the closing of the door roused him.

"It cannot be—I surely dream!" he exclaimed aloud.

The Governor was astonished.

"What are you looking at, sir, so attentively?" he asked.

"May I entreat that your Excellency will inform me the name borne by the young lady who has just gone into the garden?"

"Lady Cleveland is her name. She bears her husband's name: he is a colonel—Colonel Cleveland. They have come from the mother country by appointment under the British crown."

"Her husband!" echoed Clinton.

"Her husband; Colonel Cleveland of the hussars. But it is not possible you have known the lady before?"

"I had a passing recollection of her figure," said Clinton. "But now to business, if your Excellency pleases."

"Yes, to business," said the Governor. "You will be accommodated in Toronto to-night. My servants will put you somewhere to sleep, and in the morning I will tell you what I have decided upon."

Next morning the Governor sent for Clinton into the same drawing room, and the latter was allowed a certain provision on consideration of his assisting in the pursuit of the Pirate. The engagement, which was much to Clinton's satisfaction, was barely concluded when Letitia ran into the room.

"How provoking," said she; "we have hardly been in Toronto a month, and now we are to go to some out of the way place, I know not where, I hate travelling."

"Suppose you take your favourite, the kitten, with you," said the Governor, "you will not hate to travel then, eh, little lady?"

"Ah! she is such a pretty creature," said Letitia, "but I will tell you why I do not like to travel," continued she; "my sister was happier by half at home in England—but that is between ourselves, as my Governess would say in French." Here she broke into a laugh; "Nice dull companions they are, my sister, and the stiff Colonel, grand, silent papa, and my governess, with her never-ending—hush Lady Letitia—don't look about you so, Lady Letitia

—do demean yourself more becoming your dignified station, Lady Letitia."

"But are you really going away?" asked the Governor.

"My governess, and our maids are packing up," said Letitia.

"I am surprised—so soon—I was not informed," muttered the Governor.

Clinton was gazing at the young sister of Lady Cleveland with a look that puzzled the Governor. It was a look sorrowful, tender, and intense.

"You do not know this lady, I presume?" said his Excellency.

"I do not," replied Clinton.

When he had left the room, he had to cross some intricate passages, and in doing so, found that he had pursued a different direction from that which he had intended to take. He waited until some servant should be passing, and put him right. While he stood listening for approaching footsteps, he perceived a door half open, which might conduct to some outlet such as he wanted; going close to it, he pushed it inwards, and saw a small withdrawing room, into which he stepped. He was coming out again, vexed at having thus perplexed himself, when he heard the voices of Lady Cleveland, and the Governor's lady, employed in earnest conversation in a room adjoining one side of the withdrawing room; the partition was thin, and now and then a word reached Clinton's ear. For one moment there was a struggle between inclination and honour, but inclination prevailed, and he moved to that thin wall through which the sounds passed.

The ladies were sitting on a sofa, close to the inner side of the wall. They were alone, for their conversation was confidential.

"I will not ask you to stay longer, dear Lady Cleveland," said the Governor's lady; and these words Clinton heard. Lady Cleveland spoke softly, and it was with difficulty the strained ear of the listener could distinguish the purport of her exclamations. Something like gratification darted through his breast, when he made out the principal part of the following speech:

"I dissemble in public. I appear openly in all the glitter of rank, and wealth, and fashion, but in secret, my heart is breaking. Had the Colonel been the man my

father asserted him to be, my peace of mind would have been restored by this time. But I have been compelled by private persecution, into a union with a man who has no more regard for me than for his horse, or his dog—nay, I question whether there is anything belonging to him which he sets at a lower rate than his wife."

"Hah! is it thus with her!" exclaimed Clinton, with a smile of mingled pleasure. "I am not the only sufferer by her marriage then. She—she herself is miserable! Oh, what strange pranks doth fate and fortune in this world!"

"But my dear Lady Cleveland," the Governor's lady was heard remonstrating, "time and patience may work wonders with the Colonel yet. Bless you, my dear, I have seen many instances where husbands who began ill, ended well; and so I have seen many begin well, and yet turn out good-for-nothing creatures before long. Have patience, dear, and don't let your spirits droop."

"An opera dancer in London," were the next words he made shut to hear; they had been spoken by Lady Hester Cleveland with much else that seemed to be important, if he might judge by the senior lady's exclamations of "indeed!—Really!—I am sorry to hear you say so!—I should not have thought the Colonel so depraved!"

"I will not remain with him much longer," said Lady Cleveland, and a shower of tears accompanied the speech. "The earl, my father, may argue and plead for the Colonel," she resumed, "and for the dignity of his house, and for the reputation of his eldest daughter, as long as he will—I cannot bear what I now bear much longer, and I will not. Oh, my more than mother, kind madam, let me unburden my mind fully to you! There is a relief in opening the heart to a friend, such as you are to me, after it has been long shut up with unutterable sorrows." Her speech was more vehement, and her sobs mingled with every sentence in the most afflicting manner.

"Lay your head on my breast—there, love," said Mrs. Markham, the Governor's lady. "Now tell me all that burdens your heart. I wish I could relieve you with any more substantial comfort than my poor advice and sympathy, but since I cannot they are your own."

Clinton was unable to make out the melancholy recital which the young peeress was now rapidly unfolding to the ear which was painfully bent to her. He conjectured

rightly that it concerned himself. He leaned against the wall overcome with the tumult of his feelings. He longed to burst through into her presence—to kneel before her—to express the homage of his soul—and to pour into her heart the balm of affection. All that was evil in him he fancied he could renounce for ever, if he were but with her. But the figure of the Colonel came between those heated visions, and he cursed his existence, and wished that he had never been born. He returned into the passage, and as nearly as he could, retraced his steps. Going along he met Colonel Cleveland, who was returning from a public square of the town, in which he had been reviewing some troops of militia. He appeared nearly as old as Lady Cleveland's father.

"He must be forty, at least," said Clinton to himself. The Colonel was thirty-five, and he had grown to this age in vice, and excess of every kind. His manners, uniform, and his gallantries, had made him fashionable in English high life, and his high-born relations, had prejudiced the Earl of Wilton in his favour. But it was no wonder that the lofty female mind, united to his, shrank from him as it did, and loathed the ties which bound it to a companion so grovelling and gross.

After the Colonel had passed, several servants appeared carrying luncheon to the Governor's table. Clinton waited until they returned, and followed them to the kitchen. Here he learned that the Colonel had been twice before in Toronto, and that during his two former visits, he had acquired the character among the Canadians, of a man of loose morals, although a soldier, and a liberal commander. Clinton next went into the thoroughfare of the small town, with the hope of diverting his thoughts, but he grew wearied of observing things that had no relation to what concerned him most, and he walked as fast as possible in that direction which seemed least frequented. When he stopped he had reached the extremity of Toronto harbour. Here, where Clinton was, the spot was known as Gibraltar Point; it formed the entrance of the harbour, and was protected by a fort. The flocks of wild fowl gathered about the ponds here, took the attention of Clinton. His eyes were pursuing a crowd of water-fowls which were splashing among the weeds near the brink, and a smile was relaxing his mouth, when a noise startled him. He turned—and saw the

Pirate. His first impulse was to throw himself on the mariner, and exclaim, "In the name of the Lieutenant-Governor, I arrest you! Yield, you are my prisoner!"

The Pirate shook him off, and laughed satirically. "Think you," said he, "I ventured into the jaws of that shark, some call justice, without being provided for every emergency. See, I am well armed." He raised his boat-cloak, and exhibited a sash stuck full with hand weapons. "You perceive," said he, "you have little chance in a contest with me. You have no such brawny limbs as these to show;" he bared his arms, which were of great strength, and again laughed, but as he did so, his eye settled upon Clinton with an expression of eagerness, and to the surprise of the young man, he snatched off the covering from Clinton's head, and exclaimed in accents faltering as any woman's—

"Do not, for the love of the virgin mother of Jesus, turn your head an inch! keep it where it is a minute, it is—it must be her look! The same—and no other—I could not mistake it! and yet—and yet—"

He staggered back from Clinton like one distracted, and hid his face with his arm.

Clinton knew not what to make of a conduct so extraordinary. While he was in doubt, he perceived another person within call, whom he was about to call to his assistance, to apprehend the Pirate, when the latter prevented him.

"Hush! as you value your life or peace," said he. "There is a secret of importance to you bound up in the present moment. It rests with you to render, not me, but yourself wretched or otherwise for the residue of your days. You know this picture."

The Pirate took from a pocket the likeness of Clinton's mother, which the latter had lost on the Antelope.

"Know it!" exclaimed Clinton, "villain! murderer! dare you ask me the question here—where the avengers of the deed which you acted at the time when I lost this article, stand with open prison-doors ready to award to you that punishment you merit? Still, if you have one spark of honour left in your breast, return me that picture."

"Return it!—no, never!" said the Pirate, replacing the portrait in his pocket, surveying the features of Clinton with scrutinising looks. "No—never! Tell me

who was the female whose features are traced on this bit of ~~wood~~ which you lost—was she your mother? and was she an English woman?"

Canton felt constrained instantly to reply.

"She was my mother, but you are strangely impertinent to put these questions to me."

The Pirate covered his face again, but his face showed the vehemence of his emotions. He grasped the arm of Clinton, and whispered in his ear three words that electrified the hearer. Now Clinton gazed on the Pirate, and trembled with speechless sensations.

A whistle was raised to the Pirate's lips, and a low sound passed over the pond. It was answered by three pirate seamen, who sprang up from the bushes of the pond.

"Draw the boat to the outside of the harbour, and take us in directly," was the command they received.

"Aye captain," was the response, and in five minutes a boat floated into sight close to the borders of the beach. The Pirate stepped into it, and motioned to Clinton to join him, which the latter did.

"Are we to paddle her to the ship, captain?" asked one of the seamen.

"To the ship," was the Pirate's reply; and after this he remained standing in the boat in earnest thought, while it glided outwards, from the harbour, on Lake Ontario, near the head of which, Toronto is situated. A ship soon appeared in sight; she was lying on her anchor without motion, her top sails were fastened down, and her hull had a capacious appearance.

Clinton, as the boat approached the ship, asked the Pirate—

"What flag do you exhibit?"

"Only that of a fresh-water trader," replied the Pirate, pointing to one which was hanging from the top of the mast.

The boat was soon under the ship's side, and the ease with which the Pirate mounted to the deck, convinced Clinton that the former was here in his proper element. Two men on deck had been singing as they examined some cables. One verse had been concluded, and a chorus, in which their comrades joined, was now roared out.

"Silence, rascals!" shouted the Pirate, as he assisted

Clinton to ascend. "Haverstraw, is this obeying my directions? I commanded you to preserve strict silence while I was absent?"

"I say, captain, it's no use leaving me to keep order, for no one minds me."

"Who has dared to disobey you, Toby Haverstraw? Tell me—as you love your own life."

"I do not matter my poor worn out life much," said the old man, "but I'll tell no lie to you—for why should I, seeing I have one leg in the grave, and the other ready to follow it, captain? Michael and Jonas, yonder, are the two men who have told me they will not obey me; they are as good buccaneers as I or you, they say, and they will do as they like."

"Will they so—ha, indeed!" cried the captain, dislodging from his belt two pistols, which he took one in each hand and presented to the temples of the two offenders. "How say you, Michael and Jonas, shall I or you govern this vessel?"

To a question thus put, the answer was not likely to be bold; yet the hardened fellows gave no tokens of submission.

"You are captain, we don't deny it—keep your captainship—but we want to have no other captain," were the words of one of the two men.

"This is not the first time you have attempted to spread mutiny in the ship," said the Pirate; "I will say no more to you now, but if I hear of a whisper of this sort again, some of your lives shall answer it—you hear me."

Clinton was conducted by the captain into the interior of the ship, where he noticed how strictly everything was arranged, and how well all was arranged for defence. To a remark which he made, the Pirate replied—

"Yes, I am not a little proud of my weather-tight cruiser. I have seldom seen a better built, or better furnished, lady of the waters, than this vessel. But you should see her sailing! she can skim the waters like a swallow; if she were built of cork, she could not swim through troubled seas more buoyantly. These are my private cabins, enter."

Clinton followed his conductor into a room of good size, furnished in the style of an English drawing-room.

"'Tis excites your surprise, I see," said the Pirate, locking the door.

"Certainly it does," said Clinton. "I little expected to see a place so fitted up in a—"

"Pirate's vessel, you were going to say," said the captain. "You may speak out plainly, I can bear it. There must be henceforth no secrets between us two, if I can succeed in proving to you, now you are here, the reality of what I told you on Gibraltar Point."

"If you can prove it," said Clinton, "there shall be no secrets between us."

"Then the best way," said the Pirate, "to do that will be to relate to you the history of my past life. You say you can stop here until dusk; we have eight hours to spare and I shall be able to open all my budget to you during that time. But I must have another listener."

The Pirate went to a door, and called—"Jenny—Jenny Anderson."

"What!—can Miss Anderson be here!" exclaimed Clinton.

"Cap. " said our former Irish acquaintance, "Miss Jane will be in to ye in a half a quarter of a minute."

"And Deborah here too!—what wonder next!" exclaimed Clinton.

Deborah nodded her head to the latter, by way of recognition, and withdrew it.

The Pirate fixed his eyes on Clinton.

"I am astonished," said he, "that I did not recognise you before. Now every expression upon your face reminds me of her whom I never truly valued until I had lost—of her who was an angel on my wild path, and whose instructions and principles, had I followed them, would have conducted me safe through the dangerous seas, in which I have shipwrecked honour, conscience, and hope. Yes, you are like her! She had your figure too, only more feminine. How strange to think I should not have known you before!"

As he was speaking this, a confused noise was heard overhead, and the captain, begging to be excused a few minutes, hurried on deck to see the cause of the disturbance. He did not return for a quarter of an hour, and during this space, Jane Anderson entered. Deborah had informed her that Clinton was here, she did not show

much surprise at seeing him. She coolly met his greeting, and sat on the sofa, as he occupied a chair near her.

"I accidentally learnt," said he, "that you were the daughter of the Pirate, as we must call him, before I left the valley, but I have yet to learn how he escaped, and how, and where it happened that you joined him."

"And I," said Jane, "cannot tell how it is I see you here on amicable terms with my father."

"To tell you the truth," said Clinton, "I had just agreed with the Lieutenant-Governor to assist in the search after the captain, and was walking on the peninsula beach, when I saw the man whose capture I was meditating, and he made a mysterious assertion, which he is now to give me proofs of. He says, Jane, that the picture I lost on board Captain Barry's vessel, was the picture of his wife. Now I know that it was a genuine resemblance of my mother—and what follows."

"This is too strange for belief," said Jane, yet looking at the features of Clinton with anxious curiosity. "I cannot think that you are my brother—my brother, what an idea!"

"Your brother he certainly is," said the Pirate, re-entering; "fetch a looking-glass, and examine your features both of you, in it, and compare them with the picture of your lamented mother."

Jane fetched a hand-mirror, and the picture Clinton had lost was laid on the table. Smiles were exchanged as each, in turn, presented a face for the reflection of the mirror.

"Really we three do look to have a family likeness to each other," said Clinton; "and this portrait would pass for that of the mother of Miss Anderson. The mouth is exactly yours, Jane."

"And the eyes are strikingly like yours," said Jane; "and see, father, the shape of the forehead, yes, you must be my brother;" and in her joy at having found a relative so long dreamt of, she caught his hand, and pressed it to her heart.

"My dear sister! from this hour you have in me a friend and protector," said Clinton, kissing her cheek.

The Pirate looked on his children with feelings of the strongest kind.

"Nicholas!" he exclaimed, giving vent to his emotions. "Nicholas, my son! guilty as I am, and unworthy of my

childrens' love, I do crave it, and I feel it the only pleasure of my existence. However bad you know me to be, do not set me down as being without natural affection. Do not utterly despise me, Nicholas!"

"Father!" exclaimed Clinton, "for now I do not doubt you to be my parent, believe me, though I have seen but half your years, I have lived as reckless and bad a life as yourself—perhaps worse. If I meet an erring father, you meet an erring son. But for my sister's sake, father, we must both amend."

"Oh!" cried Jane, "how great will be our happiness if my father will be persuaded to leave the way of life he is now in! Try, brother, to persuade him!" The mild eyes of the speaker, eloquent with persuasive tears, were turned to the face of the Pirate, and she caught at the belief that she should now gain her dearest wish. The Pirate replied—

"Don't agitate yourself, my Jenny: all will be right some day. Nicholas and I will talk the matter over by ourselves; but now let us have a glass of wine together, and then for my story."

While the Pirate was bringing on the table some wine, Jane whispered to Clinton, "Do not rest until you have induced him to forsake the evil men he is now associated with."

Clinton assured her he would do his best; and the Pirate handed to each a costly wine-cup, which he told them had once graced a richer board than any he had sat down to for a long period.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PIRATE'S STORY.

THIS introduced the story of the Pirate's past life, which he told in the following words:—

"The adventures I have passed through are too many for me to relate in full. I must confine myself to the most important. I was the only child of poor parents, who died in my infancy, and left me without home or friends. I was taken into an indigent relative's cabin, and lived

there in a half-starved condition, until my third year; the cabin stood on the extensive seignorie of a rich man of eccentric habits; he was accustomed to take long walks and rides alone, but never had been known to pass the boundaries of his estate. There was not a hut tenanted from him, that he did not visit at intervals with regularity. He inquired at such visits into the wants of all the inmates, and never failed to leave a blessing behind him. But his aim was not to prevent the necessity of forethought and industry on the part of the peasants, but to assist them. The woman with whom I was, he had visited duly for three years, but had bestowed little on her, for she was not a worthy character, and her temper was as deplorable as her habits, but at the end of the third year, to her astonishment, he told her that he would remove from her one who was a cause of misery to her, the urchin she had taken out of charity, and that he would have the boy provided for at his own expense. I was removed to a large baronial house; a man of learning was hired to inform me in languages and the sciences; a yearly provision was made over to me upon singular conditions, and the bulk of his fortune, and his residence, were secured to me at his death. Would you think it possible, that with such advantages, I could be unhappy? Yet, so I was. But I must explain some of the causes that made me so. I must never stir beyond his grounds—then I must not go beyond the gardens around the house without being accompanied by him or my tutor—then I must hold no intercourse with any persons that had not first been seen and approved by him—then three times a day I must attend prayers, long and dull ones, repeated word for word the year round. I feel that such obligations must seem to you trifling sources of disquietude—yet they caused me to throw away fortune and favour. I could not endure that my inclinations, which were of a wandering gay nature, should be continually checked as they were by my tutor's ill-judged representations—that my benefactor would be angry—that he would cut off my expectations. And let him, I at last broke out, I will no more be immured as I have been. This place is like a prison to me, and I have found companions beyond it that suit my taste well. I will not take a single dollar with me, nor more clothes than these I wear. I will seek my fortune on the sea, I care

not to whatever part of the world chance may direct me, and let my way be rough or smooth I shall not heed, so I am at liberty, and master of my actions.

"The tutor repeated my words with exaggeration to my foster-father, who called me before him, put the deed which had been executed in my favour into my hands, and asked me in a peremptory way, if I would comply with the conditions it contained, if not, the world was before me, I might go whither I chose, but from his house, and his presence, I must be for ever banished. My proud spirit over-mastered prudence, gratitude, and every other feeling; I threw the deed from me and refused to be bound by any rules such as it prescribed whatever was the consequence. The document was burned before my face, and I was discarded. But just as I was leaving the house, I saw the good but eccentric man, standing in the way I had to go, waiting to speak to me a parting word. At the sight of tears in his face, I felt some pangs of shame and regret, but if so I am confident neither my words nor manner betrayed them. He held out to me a pocket-book, which I have no doubt contained bank notes to a large amount, and begged me to take it as a final gift. I declined, thanked him in the strongest terms for all his liberality to me, and hoped he would find some worthier being on whom to shower his bounties. Thus we parted, and I became a common sailor on the Canadian waters.

"You will easily guess that I was not made happy by this change. For a while I pleased myself with my apparent freedom from restraint and set myself to learn the art of ship-management. But too soon the realities of my condition forced themselves on my notice. I found I was placed among companions who excited in me dislike, and that I was subordinate to men, whose tyranny, sensuality, and want of refinement, made me despise them. For some time I kept myself aloof from all, and hid the passions which burned within me, employing myself with my new profession, and making myself master of its theory and practice. At length, my success, and some praises it drew forth from the master of the vessel, brought upon me the envy of the crew, who jeered me for my lofty humours as they termed them, and detested me because I would not join them in their carousals. I left this ship, and joined myself to another of larger con-

struction, and of a different craft, which sailed in waters more difficult of navigation. My object was to perfect myself in seamanship that I might raise myself to the command of a vessel. And after beating about a good while, and suffering much that I should be glad to forget, I did get advanced until I was second in command, and I may say first in skill, on board the Antelope, owned by Captain Barry. Drink again, my son.

"The next event of importance I must relate to you," said the Pirate, "is my first meeting with your mother. It happened in this way:—Captain Barry had an acquaintance living near the sea-coast in England and in one of my earliest voyages to the mother country, with the Captain, I was invited with him to spend a day at this gentleman's house. I went, and there became acquainted with your mother, who was on a visit at the house, being in delicate health, and on terms of friendship with the gentleman's eldest daughter.

"I wish I could describe to you the only woman I ever loved as I remember her. That picture of her which is before you was taken years afterwards, when hardship and sorrow had taken the gloss from her beauty. You may see by the likeness that hers was not a common face. It shows her fair, but she was fairer than the painter could delineate, for hers was a fairness of the soul which shone through her countenance. Her hair was light and soft, as it appears in the portrait; but that shade of melancholy diffused over her forehead and mouth was not there when first I knew her.

"I was full of stories of American life and sea adventures; the lady loved to listen to them, and the more I narrated the more she seemed interested; and the more she listened the more I had to narrate, until we were both so pleased with each other's society that it became necessary to our happiness. Our ship lay to off that coast a fortnight during which I contrived to see the charming girl who had bewitched me every day. The Antelope steered up the Thames to London, and on returning anchored at the same coast, where I renewed my acquaintance with your mother, and asked her to become a sailor's wife.

"Poor Fanny! then her sorrows began. She was in character what her daughter is now—affectionate, mild, and of a filial temper. Her parents objected to me on

grounds that I have since seen to be reasonable enough, but which I then thought frivolous. She had been brought up in a religious way—I had no concern about religion: she was of domestic habits of life—I had no other home but a ship, and was constantly roving over the world of waters. But these objections my passion would not listen to. I pressed for an union, and, when the time of my departure from England was fixed, my earnestness overcame Fanny's scruples, and we were privately married in a village church near the house in which we first met. Thus love conquered, and so I thought it ought to do, but I did comprehend the conscientious spirit I had won. She drooped under self blame, for the violation of duty to her parents. "I have given them sorrow," was her cry, "who never gave me other than happiness; the tears and sighs of my father and my mother will always be present with me go where I will; there home was a paradise, until my disobedience set regret and misery in it; their broken peace will pursue me to my last hour though I go to the ends of the earth."

"When those complaints came to be repeated, I was angry. I told her I would have sacrificed twenty parents, and twenty sets of brothers and sisters for her sake. "Ah, my love," said she, "you never knew the love and tenderness of one such father and mother as mine, or I hope you would not say so."

"Her father was setting out to fetch her back to her home, when she arrived there to take her farewell of him and the rest of the family. She took with her the friend with whom she had been on a visit that the intelligence of her marriage might be softened to her relatives by the representations of that lady. They received that intelligence with grief, but after the first burst of trouble was over Fanny received every kindness from them which it was in their power to bestow. I received a note from her desiring me to come to her at the parsonage. I complied with her wish, though it was no wish of mine, for I had no desire to see the persons who had so opposed my suit. The reception I met was one of genuine feeling, and I felt that it was a pity to remove Fanny from such a happy circle. I felt that I had committed an error in clandestinely obtaining her hand—an error whose bitter fruits I could not count, and, after listening to the unsel-

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fish speeches of the good father for an hour or two, I was so wrought upon, that I offered to quit my claim upon Fanny, to renounce her society, and to leave her in the bosom of her family. But this proposal was on no side received with assent. The clergyman declared that to part man and wife was a sin he durst not commit. Fanny threw herself on my neck before all the family, and affirmed she would never desert me willingly. I promised that as soon as I reached Canada I would settle there with the money I was to receive as Fanny's marriage portion, and after that only make short voyages on the Canadian waters. With this understanding my wife and I left England."

"But father," said Jane, "I always supposed you had parents in Canada when my mother came out with you from Britain. All you have told us of your early life is new to me."

"I have had peculiar reasons, Jenny," said the Pirate, "for keeping you in the dark on many points—some of them I shall confess, as I am at my confessions. Your mother knew the truth of my birth and breeding, and she did not expect, what she did not receive, the kindness of any friends of mine when she reached the end of her voyage."

"Our married life," he continued, "was not happy. To trace the progress of our happiness would be too much for me, but I will tell you the real sources whence it proceeded as it appears to me. If Fanny had been of a more adventurous, spirited character, I should have been happier with her; I should not have loved her so tenderly as I did, but should have been happier with her. This was the fountain of our infelicity I feel persuaded, and others sprang out with it. She regretted her separation from her relatives too much, and too much lamented the act of disobedience which she had committed. She too little entered into my schemes of enterprise—too little cared for my advancement. She was too anxious for retirement—and too much loved virtue and religion."

"In Quebec I furnished a house for her, and there you, and Nicholas, was born, and there some of your mother's saddest hours were spent."

At this point of the Pirate's narrative the noise overhead was repeated, and Jane looked alarmed. The Pirate pressed her back to her seat."

"Sit still," said he; "Toby will keep a watch on the two villains above deck, and if they are not to be otherwise checked, I will silence them by harsher measures than I have yet used."

The noise came nearer—several feet were heard coming down the companion-ladder, and a person fell to the foot of it. The Pirate seized his pistols, and stood at the cabin door. Clinton rose up and took the hand of his newly-found sister to quiet her apprehensions.

"Do you know what is the matter?" he asked.

She answered in an under tone, "Two of the worst men of this evil crew have often threatened father with—hark!—yes, it is them who have come down. Toby's voice, too—surely it was not him who fell! Kind old Toby, who once saved me in the waters at the risk of his own life—what can they be quarrelling about now?" she added.

"Jenny—sit down, and be at your ease!" said the Pirate, with anxious gestures.

"Cap'n, come out!" exclaimed a coarse voice; "and clear yerself!"

The door was thrown open by the Pirate, and with pistol cocked he stepped out, saying with self-possession, in a manner calculated to daunt every adversary, "Who speaks? Of what am I called on to clear myself? Hah! Toby on the ground!" he cried, "how came he there?"

The old sailor had struck his head against the foot of the ladder, and was stunned. The Pirate raised him, keeping his eye on the two men, and kneeling on one knee. Raising his voice, he called up the seamen above—

"How did Haverstraw get in this condition?"

A black looking down, replied, "Massa Captin, dat Jonas it was who trow him down de steps. You did trow de old man down, cause him say to you de Captin had not sold de vessel to de Governor in Toronto. Michael and Jonas say, Massa Captin, dat you hab been in de town to sell de vessel and de buccaneers. Dey say dat you hab brought aboard one of de Governor's people to spy de vessel, and they will hab his life and kill you too."

"Cuss you, you black fool!" exclaimed Jonas from below, "I wish I was behind you, I do! Take care of yerself, you tarnation fool you, from this minute! As

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"Me tell de truth, Jonas," said the black, coming down a step or two of the ladder, having a cutlass in his hand. "Me am not frightened wid big words. You say Massa Captin sell dis vessel and de brave buccaneers to de Governor, and you trow down old Toby cause him take Massa Captin's part; and you say—"

Here one of the desperadoes below made a rush at the black, and pulled him down: but the Pirate, letting Haverstraw's head fall to the ground, stood between them, and exclaimed—

"Not another word or movement of discord here, or you die! Silence, faithful negro! Silence, Michael, Jonas—malicious disturbers. I will come to you there, and satisfy the crew, if they are to be satisfied, concerning things in which they would never have doubted me, had it not been for your good offices, Michael and Jonas!"

Jonas said, in reply—

"The crew aint to be satisfied; they know you have been to the Governor's, and mean to swamp the vessel, and give up the buccaneers to swing outside Toronto gaol. They have had a eye on your outsailings and insailings, for many-a-day they have, and 'tis no use spinning 'em any more smooth yarns, Cap'n, for they know what it comes to."

"Villain!" muttered the Pirate, who trembled lest his son and daughter should have heard what had passed, for their sakes he dissembled and said,

"Here I will say not a word more—hear not a word. Go on deck, I will come in a second or two; and then whether you, Michael and Jonas shall be heard, or whether you shall be masters of the ears and confidence of the crew, or whether I shall have my due influence in my own ship—must be permanently decided. Now go on deck," he said to the black, "go up, good fellow, you have done me a great service—it shall not go unrewarded—"

"No, nigger, it shan't, I promise thee," said Michael, meaningly. "No, Cap'n," he went on, "above deck I will not go. You have a critter of the Governor's in that same cabin of yourn; let him come out and show himself. He and his employers would give us a taste of lynching,

"I guess," cried the fellow, "let him come out, and he shall give us his opinion if it's suitable to his palate!"

Often had the Pirate been in danger from the ferocious tempers of the men with whom he was associated, but never before had he felt the dismay he felt now. Clinton was in peril owing to a mistaken notion of his errand here being spread among the sailors—how was the father to dispossess the band of the poisonous idea in time to rescue him? Having scarcely a moment for reflection the Pirate locked the cabin door on the outside, and calling on the black to follow him, hastened up the ladder.

The negro was a runaway American slave. Merry, as he was named, had been a favourite in the ship, he had offended no one, but obliged even the most sullen by his accommodating disposition. To two persons he had attached himself from the first hour of his admission into the vessel—those persons were the Captain and Haverstraw.

"Keep close to me, Merry, my good fellow," said the Pirate, pausing at the top of the ladder.

"Yes, Massa Captin—me stand by you," whispered the black, "but dere be big black looks ready for you, I can tell, Massa, and amost a bushel of swords de men got out of de room where you lock 'em up, and powder too. By gor, Massa, dey got powder in all dere pistols, and balls too—de rascals!"

"Hah! have they been to the powder room!" exclaimed the Pirate. "Well, Merry, we must make the best of a bad matter; now come on, and speak not a word, or half a word, nor lift your hand, unless I bid you."

"Me hear, Massa Captin—me mind what him say," said the black.

The deck was crowded with seamen, all armed as if for a fight; there was whispering loud and fierce, some men were walking up and down with dangerous looks, and some in a group were waiting the approach of the Pirate.

"I thought that when I came up last I had dispersed you all to your employments," said he, sternly; "how is it I find you here in this disorderly way? Do you want to bring destruction on us? Do you not think that passing vessels and boats have observed you? Come away to your places, while there is probability of your being safe. Put by your arms and disperse."

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After a little hesitation the sailors declared their determination not to separate.

"Jonas says you have sold us to the Governor," said one sailor.

"Jonas lies!" exclaimed the Pirate.

"Michael says you have a spy of the Toronto assembly men in your cabin now."

"Michael lies!" exclaimed the Pirate.

The two causers of the disturbance came up, determined not to let pass this opportunity for ruining the Captain, as they had for some time waited for such an one. They stood face to face with him, and reasserted their falsehoods. The sailors grew more irritated. Clinton's life was demanded. The Pirate's features grew pale, and his heart quaked.

"Merry," he whispered, "my faithful Merry, get out the small boat—tell me when it is ready, you may do it with a little skill and boldness."

"Me hab got it ready—it is on de water, Massa Captain, awaiting for you. Me saw de debil in all de crew, and me was afeard for you and Fader Toby, so me said noting but dropped de boat from the vessel side while de sailors were busy wid de bad notions dat Michael and Jonas put into 'em—de rascals!"

The Pirate turned to the men who were on the point of rushing down to drag forth Clinton from the cabin, and said, "You will stop an instant, sailors! *generous* and *just* men—you will hear me tell you *who* he is you are going to destroy. He is—my own son! His mother, whose bones and ashes lie in Quebec, was the wife of my bosom. Now, if you will, bring him up!—insult him!—injure him!—take from him that breath he derived from me—your Captain, whom you have each sworn, yes, *sworn*, to serve and obey! Why do you not go to fetch him to death? I will stand still and look on—I will be passive—while my son is in his expiring agonies!"

The listeners were surprised, moved, they looked one on another.

"Some of you have been fathers," continued the Pirate. —"What of that—bring up my son to death! Some of you have lived in society in times past, and have been married to the women of your hearts.—What of that—bring up the first-born of *my* wife to death! I have been true to you to the present moment—I have made no gain

but what you have shared—I have been the first here to expose myself to danger, and the last to shrink from hardship—I have consulted your comforts—promoted your interests. But what of that!—You have conceived a suspicion against me. Fetch up my son—and sacrifice him—I will not stir a hand to save him from your malice!" and so the Pirate sat down on a seat at the side of the deck.

In the meantime Jane and Clinton remained in the cabin. The latter concealed the extent of his fears that he might support the spirits of his sister. They had heard all that had passed at the foot of the companion-ladder, and both stood close to the cabin door listening to every sound that came from the deck. Presently they heard Toby Haverstraw get up and totter. Jane spoke to him, and asked if he had been hurt by his fall.

"No, my dear Miss," he answered; "my head is confused, but it will soon go off."

He was ascending the ladder with weak steps to see what was passing above, and to render his Captain assistance, when the latter came down.

"I am glad, Toby, to see you on your legs again," said he, "as I want to send you ashore instantly. Hark you, go up, say not a word to any of the men if you can avoid it, put yourself as quietly as possible in the boat which is on the water, and, as soon as this stranger in my cabin is by your side, push off, and move as quickly as you like to Toronto beach."

The old man did not stay to speak a word, but made all haste to fulfil his Captain's request.

The cabin door was unlocked; the Pirate entered, still with assumed composure. His countenance was dark, and there was a slumbering vengeance in his eye, which augured ill, at some future hour, for those who had humbled and disturbed him.

"Nicholas," said he, "I must cut short our conference. Much I had intended to say to you must be left unsaid until a more favourable opportunity. Embrace your sister, and part from her at once, the boat waits for you. Her heart will be with you while you are absent from her; for to be affectionate to the relatives God has given her, is part of her religion, as it was of her mother's."

Now Jane was pressed to the heart of her father and

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her brother. "These days of terror!" she exclaimed; "would to God they were passed!"

"They will only pass, I fear, with my life," said the Pirate, and, after a few sentences more, Clinton left the cabin. As he was about to spring into the boat, he was detained by one of the men who had endeavoured to excite a mutiny.

"You must not go, young gentleman," said he, "until you have signed yourself as one of us; so that if we should be trussed on a gibbet for the entertainment of the folks in Toronto, you may keep us company."

Seeing several ruffianly individuals standing by the speaker, armed, Clinton, after unavailing remonstrances, deemed it prudent to comply with the demand. After he had placed his name at the bottom of the list of pirates, he was allowed to enter the boat, and Haverstraw who was in it, rowed off. They had not gone many yards before a shot came whistling by the head of Clinton, and dropped in the lake. This made Toby hasten the progress of the little bark, which soon floated in safety at the edge of the limestone beach of gravel.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEETING OF LADY HESTER WITH CLINTON.

AFTER Haverstraw returned to the ship, Clinton walked by the lake, endeavouring to calm the fever of his mind by the tranquillising influence of nature, which he was fitted to feel. But there were two spirits in his breast which the most potent spells of nature could not exorcise—conscience and passion. New ties were now entwined around him, with new sorrows, pains and anxieties. His father he had been prepared to love, before he met him, and he now did love him—yes, love him even for his error's sake. But his sister, she was a character so excellent in her purity, gentleness, piety, and devotedness to her parent, that he shrank from himself with abhorrence when he thought of her. It had been with shame that he had sat in her presence—remembering all that had passed in the Pastor's settlement—knowing she

was a mourner for Lucy, whose death he charged himself with having caused—and feeling satisfied that *she* had suspected latterly the truth of his statements regarding the son of the backwoodsman.

Once after a fit of remorseful melancholy, he stopped in his walk, raised his eyes from the gravel, and while a light flashed in them, and while his cheek burned, the name of "Lady Hester," broke from his lips, in an accent of lively passion. All other feelings—remembrances—obligations—were cast in an instant from his mind. She, and she alone, was now the object of his heated thoughts.

He recalled, with minuteness, every word which he had overheard her say to the Governor's lady—her sobs and her expressions of hatred against her husband. He dwelt upon them until his thought was interrupted by the passing by of many persons. He found he had walked with rapid steps to the most frequented part of the beach, and that his abstraction had drawn upon him the notice of several individuals.

Confused by this discovery he stood still, and affected to be engaged in observing the motions of half a dozen men who were conveying stores into a steam vessel, upon which the eyes of many gossips were bent. From the small talk among them, he learned that this was the vessel appointed to "hunt the Pirate," and that forty picked men were paid to man it.

How miraculously had a few hours altered his feelings with regard to that Pirate; he could not look upon the vessel without a shudder.

As he was anxious to escape the loiterers of the lower orders, which the closing of the hours of trade, and the calmness of the evening, had drawn from the streets of Toronto, he ascended the nearest cliff. At length, he sat down to rest near the edge of the Toronto cliffs. At first, he suffered his head to drop on a rock, and closed his eyes, then forgetting himself, started up, and as he thought of Lady Hester—*married*—wrung his hands and groaned. Afterwards he shed tears, as he looked over the lake, and saw the distant vessel which contained his father and his sister.

Imagining himself to be alone he did not restrain the outward expression of his feelings, but found a relief in giving them vent; when he grew calmer, he drew a flute from his pocket, and played on it the air of a song which

had been composed by Lady Hester during his first acquaintance with her, and which he had often sung to the unfortunate Lucy.

"There are homes of happiness!" said Clinton, as he watched the lights that twinkled among the darker woods; "but I—and those dear to me—are wanderers! Ah, I could dream now of a bower of love on one of yonder lovely islands—no society but the ancient trees and their denizens, and the beloved object—what would be the censure of the world to *us* there? She, whose name is set in diamonds in my soul, should never be again the slave of a foul tyrant!"

The breeze from the lake had grown brisker as the evening advanced, and it was at the present moment that it bore to Clinton a scarf, which dropped beside his feet. He looked along the cliffs, on the side where the article had been buoyed along, and saw two ladies proceeding toward the town. He took up the scarf, and followed them with it, but when he had gone some way he stopped—the figures of the ladies were those of Mrs. Markham and Lady Hester. He suspected that they had witnessed his reverie—if so Lady Hester was in possession of the present state of his feelings; but the distance from the place where he had been sitting corrected this idea. His heart throbbed with intense emotions as he approached her—she was just looking around for the stray article.

"Madam," said he; she started, and that trembling intonation of voice went to her heart. "This scarf is yours. The wind conveyed it to my feet, and I am happy in restoring it to its owner."

"I thank you, Mr. Clinton," said she.

At that instant Mrs. Markham felt the left hand of Lady Hester press heavy on her arm; she perceived that her friend trembled, and saw her eyelids sinking with faintness, and her lips turning white. Clinton also observed these symptoms of agitation, and he triumphed with a bitter joy.

Presently the ladies rested on a seat, and Clinton stood by the side of Mrs. Markham conversing on the beauties of the view.

"This evening has been most enchanting," said he, "one regrets to see it fade."

Lady Hester asked Mrs. Markham if she was willing to proceed as night was setting in.

"For a moment longer let me detain you," said Clinton, going to the side of Lady Hester, and pointing over the lake. "Observe that high-land in the distance, how beautifully it is defined against that soft sky—and those refractions of the lake how lovely they are."

Lady Hester replied to his remarks on the scenery in monosyllables, and avoided meeting his eye.

Mrs. Markham was so much pleased with the young man that she would have asked him to walk with them into Toronto, had she not seen too visibly impressed on Lady Hester's face, the pain of mind she was enduring.

"We shall hardly get home before it is dark, my dear," said Mrs. Markham. She took Lady Hester's arm; "we have loitered too long here, you have some fatigue you know to bear to-morrow. Mr. Clinton, you have heard I suppose at what hour the packet will leave Toronto?"

"Do you mean, madam, the vessel in which I am to sail?"

"Yes, that one which the Governor has been so busy fitting out for the capture of this Pirate whom all the folks are talking about."

"No, I have not received any notice to-day from his Excellency, to acquaint me with the time proposed for setting out; I have not been in the town since morning."

"Then you have not heard the news of the Pirate, with which the whole town is ringing from one end to the other?"

"What news, madam?" said Clinton. "No,—I have heard none."

"It was reported to the Governor, while he was sitting at his wine after dinner, that a brig had been plundered close to the harbour last night by the Pirate's men, and that he had been seen on the beach to-day in disguise."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Clinton. "And his Excellency is satisfied of the truth of the report?"

"O, perfectly; but it is said that the pirates are in the harbour now, under a false appearance. The Governor intends as soon as it is dark to-night, to make a private scrutiny, and, if he discovers nothing, you will be called on to join the bold band who are engaged to search for the privateers, at ten o'clock next forenoon."

"I shall be ready," said Clinton.

"I wish you less danger with your enterprise than I fear you will have—and good weather too," said Mrs. Markham; "the water and the sky promise well for you at present. I hope their flattering appearances may not prove deceitful."

"Lady Cleveland too, I have heard," said Clinton, "intends to quit Toronto by water in a few hours—for *her* I hope the elements may be calm, I am indifferent to their changes for my own sake." These words were not lost on Lady Hester.

"Well, we may not see you again—not until this projected expedition is over;" said Mrs. Markham. "I wish you well. Your life has been unfortunate I know; but you must not despond; you cannot tell what good things Providence may yet have in store for you."

"It can have nothing better for me in this world;" said Clinton, "than the good wishes of a heart like yours."

Mrs. Markham's eyes were moistened with the tears of kindness as she gave him her hand, and pronounced a good bye, her heart full of the melancholy tale Lady Hester had told her of his early disappointment. Lady Hester, just as they were turning from him, offered her hand; he took it, pressed it, and said, "Peace and health be with you lady!"

Thus this unexpected meeting terminated—but not so its consequences.

Clinton determined to apprise his father of his danger; having left the value of a small canoe with its owner, he paddled himself out from a sand-bank, at the foot of the cliffs, and made to the spot where the Pirate's vessel lay.

He found the ship he sought spreading all her sails to the wind as if about to wing its way to a safer distance from its pursuers. Lanterns were moving about the decks, and as Clinton glided under the gun-wale he heard the Pirate issuing commands to the crew. His mind was relieved of some of its apprehensions. "All is quiet within the ship," said he to himself—"that is a happiness!"

"Who goes there?" shouted a pair of brazen lungs.

"It is your Captain's son," answered Clinton. "I bring you important intelligence."

"Why did you come so close without hailing us?" said the speaker: "you might have had a half score of bullets

into your boat before you had thought of saying your prayers."

The Pirate started when he heard that his son had returned to the ship. He waited Clinton's appearance.

The orderly scene, which the vessel presented to Clinton's eye when he stepped on deck, was new to him and inspired him with interest. The privateers were busy everywhere, and their Captain's orders were repeated and answered by them, both below and aloft.

The Pirate beckoned to Clinton to stand by him, then proceeded with his duty. When the ship was in sailing order, and the privateers were in their respective places ready to unfetter the ship from her moorings, and to guide her out into deeper waters, before he exchanged a word with his son, he called near two men, and said—

"There shall not one word pass between me and this young man on his visit hither but in your presence. You have seen that I have not yet spoken with him. I demand that you will now be witnesses for me with the rest of the crew, and repeat to them every sentence you will hear pass between us. I sacrifice my feelings to the safety of the ship. I shall behave to my son as to a stranger, that the confidence of my men, now once again restored to me, may be preserved."

The two mariners he addressed muttered something to the effect that they did not wish to separate father and son. Now the Pirate, though he made concessions to his men as a *body*, was too wary to do so with them *individually*, but he made every man feel subordinate to him. As he would make no concessions but to the *whole* crew, so he would receive no remission of them but from the *whole*; as if he had not heard what the two men whom he had called near had spoken, he turned to Clinton.

"Nicholas," said he, "what has brought you back to the ship to-night? Have you forgot the peril in which you were so recently placed by the suspicion that was here entertained against you?"

"I have come," said Clinton, "to tell you that the Governor is making search for you in the harbour. Even while I speak, armed officers are at hand prepared to surround you."

"How has he learned we are in the harbour?" asked one of the men, with a sinister look.

"That I know not," said Clinton, "but," he added, "in

my opinion, the informant would hardly have risked his life to give you warning of flight. But this is not all—there was a brig rifled last night by you, at a spot not far from here, so the Governor has received tidings, and he has heard that the captain of the men who rifled her, was to-day in disguise in Toronto.”

“This is news indeed!” exclaimed the Pirate. “Thanks, my son! In an hour I shall laugh at all pursuit,” he added: “I have got stores enough here to last under a long chase. I fear nothing, only let me get my anchor on board again. I have held our foes at bay before this. Have you anything more of consequence to say?”

“No, I have told you all that I know of the Governor’s movements,” replied Clinton. “And I have compromised my honour to save you, for before I knew that in the Pirate I had a father, I had engaged with the Governor to join those who were to endeavour to capture him.”

“Well now, if you join *us* instead of them, gallant young sir,” said a third privateer, “we shall be glad to shake hands with you, and you shall have my voice toward making you one in command under your father. He is a bold buccaneer, no one can deny it, and carries his brains full of learning. We have all been proud of him as our Cap’n, until those two fellows you saw last afternoon made a hubbub here with a parcel of lies—but they have had a taste of hemp this evening, and are lying in a watery hammock under our gunnel, below the bottom of your canoe there; but as I was saying, blow me, you must have had your father’s spirit to venture back here now; and as there is something genteel in your cut, and you have got a head full of scholarly brains like our Captain; why you shall have my voice toward the making you his mate.”

Clinton expressed a due sense of the proposed honour, but declined it, although it was pressed upon him by several others of the privateers, and objected to by none, all being desirous of conciliating their Captain and of inducing him to forget the bad treatment he had received from their hands.

“I refuse you,” said Clinton, “because I think I can do you better service by keeping my engagement with the Governor. The vessel which is to pursue you starts at ten to-morrow. I shall go with it; and if you will decide

on some signals by which I may make known to you our approach to your hiding places, I may prevent you being surprised."

"You know then that we do not intend to keep on the open lake?" said the Pirate; "I am positive that I did not tell you that."

"You did not, but I surmised as much," said Clinton; "and I do not ask to be informed in what caverns or rocks on the shores you intend to hide. You will most likely be kept on the move, for they are hardy men who will come after you, but this I ask, that wherever you hide you will light a flame on some height that commands a view over the water, and, when our vessel is so near that I can see it, I shall warn you by three pistol discharges."

"And you will take a catholic oath," said a privateer, "not to tell the Governor's men that we are hiding where the light burns?"

"I will take oath," said Clinton, "to say nothing that may endanger the life of my father and of those who are faithful to him. I am one of you—ready to assist in preserving you, although not among you."

The signal he proposed was decided upon, with others likely to suit the different exigences that were expected, and Clinton made himself on good terms with all the vessel.

Just before the vessel started off, Clinton had gone down the cabin companion-way to speak to his sister a few words before quitting the vessel. He found Deborah with her in a small cabin, that looked comfortable.

Neither of the two heard Clinton open the door or come in; and, as Deborah's face as well as Jane's was turned from the cabin entrance, they did not see him, until he touched his sister's neck, and thus drew her attention to him.

"My brother!" exclaimed the latter, meeting his embrace, "have you ventured to come back?"

"Only for a few minutes, dear sister, to cheer you, and say adieu again. There must be no fear in your breast, until I see you again. Everything is in as good train as possible. Our father will evade every pursuer without a shot being fired, or a life being endangered. I have satisfied the crew of my friendly intentions, and now I am going to aid their plans of escape in an effective manner."

"Do be careful of your own safety, and of your reputation too, my dear brother!"

"I will—for your sake, Jane! and when the peril which threatens our father is safely got over, I feel persuaded we shall be happy. We will then hide ourselves in some quiet home on land, unless you should forsake us for the society of Mr. Lee, you know, Jane."

She answered his smile by a pensive shake of the head, and blushed.

"There is no Lucy for you now," said she.

He in his turn coloured, but his was the dye of shame and compunction—hers, of innocence.

"Forgive me the allusion," said she.

"I do," said Clinton; "but never—O never, mention that name again in my hearing! I deeply repent the part I played in that affair."

"Let the remembrance of it be a check on you in future, dearest Nicholas!" said Jane.

"It shall!" said Clinton, "and you erase from your mind the recollection of that unworthy conversation I had with you—I mean that which proved so fatal to her you named—and all which you observed that was displeasing in my behaviour to you while we were in the valley—forget it all."

"It is all forgotten," said Jane. "But when shall we meet again—and where?"

"I wish I could answer you satisfactorily," said Clinton, "but I am sorry to say that is not in my power now. Do not let your heart sink!" he exclaimed. "You trust in a ruling Providence, that guides all events in this strange world—make it your stay now—and believe that we shall meet again, and with more peaceful prospects."

The ship now took her first movement forwards. She went as smoothly as possible, after her first spring, and as fleet as a wild deer scouring some prairie.

Clinton stood for an instant, then kissed his sister affectionately, shook hands with Deborah, told her to make herself and Jane as happy as she could, and hastened on deck. The canoe in which he had come had been drawn out of water, it was lowered. Clinton grasped the hand of his father, and said—

"Some hard struggle may await you—but I hope whatever happens your courage and skill will bear you well through it."

"I have no fear," said the Pirate again. "I am glad we are off, and since that is effected I am confident of escaping all who seek me, though they were ten thousand in number. You heard that Jonas and Michael have suffered death? I was *compelled* to make an example of them—they were rank villains!" yet, as the Pirate spoke of the necessity, he groaned.

In another instant Clinton was in his canoe. "Remember the signals," said he to the Pirate. The latter nodded to his son, and waved his cap until the Fearless had left the boat so far behind that, under the gloom of night, it was not to be distinguished. Clinton had to go back two miles to get a landing, but the lake was in so quiescent a state that he would have felt secure had the distance been twenty miles. Having landed, he drew the canoe on the beach, and walked to the hut of the civilised Indian to whom it belonged. He had received from the latter the dollars he had left with him as security for his return with the canoe, and was going toward Toronto, when a figure in military attire rushed by him, and Clinton recognised Colonel Cleveland, whom he observed stalking with frantic gestures, under the precipice of the cliffs.

CHAPTER IX.

REMORSE AND SUICIDE.

COLONEL CLEVELAND had been spending the evening in the fort at the mouth of the harbour, with a party of officers, belonging to the regiment whose head-quarters are settled here. He left the table about eleven o'clock, having sent his servant forward to the Governor's residence with a number of despatches, which he had undertaken to convey to the different forts on the frontiers of Niagara, Erie, and Huron. He was so much disordered by the quantity of wine he had taken to feel more than usually irritable. As he went along he stopped, and his eye looked on the various objects in sight, resting fixedly on the shipping and the piers, whilst he was striving to connect some angry thoughts flitting in disorder about his brain.

"Where could that fool Williams have heard that Lady Cleveland wished to separate from me?" said he at last. "Where the devil could he have heard it? Separate from me! No, by —, she shall never do that! Never! no, by —, I will pistol myself if she leaves me! I know she detests me—but she shall stay with me!—yes, by —! Perhaps I am a horrid wretch—perhaps I am; but whatever I may be, stay with me she *shall*."

He stopped again, and exclaimed,

"There is a hell within me! I hate to go into her presence! Her looks are arrows—and every word she speaks to me is like a sword that cuts my heart to the core! But she shall never separate from me! She may abhor me as she will—she may as often as she likes reproach me with that scorn which she knows stings me so much—but by —, she shall never go from my side!"

He now went forwards into the main street of Toronto, muttering to himself—

"What right had Williams to make use of her name at all? If I was going to stay another day in this place I would make him ask my pardon for his — boldness. There was every one at the table took up the matter. "On my soul," said Cornet Brown, "I shall be — sorry for you, Cleveland, if you lose that fine woman." "And so shall I—and I," said Dickens and Thompson. And I had to run the gauntlet there. I was made a butt for every one's rally. By —, Williams should pay dearly for it if I was going to stay here?"

In this mood the Colonel entered the Governor's house.

"His Excellency, with the Earl, and the ladies, sir, are in the small drawing-room," said the servant who admitted him. "You are requested to go to them."

"What! has not Lady Cleveland retired yet?" exclaimed the Colonel.

"No, sir," replied the servant: "Lady Cleveland is with the Earl, and Governor, and my lady, they have been waiting up for you, sir."

"Tell my valet to wait for me in my dressing-room."

The Colonel entered the room in which his friends sat, while they were in the midst of a consultation, which his appearance checked.

"I have disturbed your conversation," said he, "pray, if it be not of a private nature, proceed with it."

"It concerns you particularly," said the stately Earl.

"Ah, I suspected so, for I heard my name pronounced by you as I entered."

"You did," said the Earl, "I was observing, that when I bestowed on you the hand of Lady Hester, my eldest daughter, the hope and pride of my ancient family, I little thought ever to have seen the hour in which I should be called upon to demand your separation from her."

"Demand my separation from her!" repeated the Colonel. "What the ——— do you mean?"

The Earl heard the coarse expression used by his son-in-law, and took the hand of his daughter into his own.

"I beg," said he to the Colonel, "that you will allow this unpleasant but most necessary change in our family arrangements, to be concluded without discord, which you must be aware can be productive of no good whatever. I assure you, Colonel, my daughter is *determined* henceforth to live apart from you—and I am no less determined to carry her wishes into effect."

"And by ——— I am determined too," exclaimed the Colonel, advancing to the table, on which he struck his clenched hand, "Hester shall not leave me while there is breath in my body! No, by ———! She is my wife! and never shall she live under the protection of any man but her husband while I exist—no—not even under her father's."

"Protection!" echoed the earl, "indeed, Colonel, my daughter has never known the protection of a husband. You have neglected her—you have not protected her! This is my most serious complaint; and I tell you honestly, I cannot trust Lady Hester under such mere *nominal* protection as you are likely to afford her, during the voyage which it has been intended she should take with you. I have received certain letters by which I am informed that my presence is required speedily in England, and it is my determination to take Lady Hester with me to the peaceful home of her ancestors; there, I hope, she will regain that peace which her unhappy marriage has, during the last two years, banished from her bosom.

"My Lord—you are mistaken in me—upon my soul you are!" cried the Colonel. "I am not the tame fool you take me for! You will not rob me of my wife so easily as you imagine!" He raised his voice to a shout—"she is mine! and by ———, I will have her!"

The Governor interfered to soothe the Colonel, who

was related to him. Mrs. Markham endeavoured to persuade Lady Hester to withdraw to her chamber, but the Earl detained her.

"A few minutes longer, madam, my daughter must remain," said he, "it is necessary for my purposes that she state her wish regarding Colonel Cleveland before him, the Governor, and yourself, which done, she may retire, and make herself easy as to the result of the affair."

"Her wish—yes—let Hester state her wish before me," said the Colonel. "Let her tell me to my face, if she can have the heart to do it, that she is determined to separate from me for ever."

Lady Hester was pale as she raised her eyes to the Colonel's face, and arose from her chair. The glance was aided by the proud expression of her lip, and the Colonel felt that he had nothing to hope from her.

"The Colonel has violated every vow he made to me at the altar," said she. "I am convinced he has not the smallest worthy regard for me, and I am *determined* upon a separation."

When these decisive words had been spoken, the Colonel stood like one turned to stone. The Governor was alarmed by the madness of his stare, and endeavoured to draw him to the couch, but he shook off his relative with fierceness, and rushed after Lady Hester, who, accompanied by Mrs. Markham, was going up stairs to her chamber. When Lady Hester heard him coming she stood still, leaning against the baluster; and Mrs. Markham afterwards said, "That she never had seen or imagined a figure so expressive as Hester's was at that minute, of stern resolution." It was terrible to behold her; she was calm; her features were rigid, whitened with the intensity of her feelings to an unnatural fairness. The Colonel seized her arm.

"Hester," said he, and he kneeled on one of the stairs at her feet. "Hester!—*my wife!*—hear me! Will you give me up for ever? Will you not try me a little longer? Will you not permit me one chance more of winning back your lost affections? O, Hester! call back your former words! Tell me—we shall not separate! Tell me you will not throw me from you! Have pity on me!"

"Colonel," said Lady Hester, "rise. There have been times when your entreaties would have moved me. Now, *they cannot*. Your dissipation—your licentiousness—have

been without bounds. Ah! shall I repeat to you what I learned to-day that your paramours, Colonel, have made my unspotted name a subject for their ridicule in your hearing? After that, will your venture to call me *your wife*! No, Colonel," said she, turning away, "my mind is made up."

She was moving forward to a landing-place, when the Colonel with hoarse voice and raging look, shaking his extended arm toward her, and becoming convulsed from head to foot—

"Be it so—proud, unyielding woman! But mark me—by heaven and earth, the hour that separates us, shall prove the hour of death to you or me!"

"No more of this kind of language I do beseech you, Colonel," said the Governor.

"My dear madam," cried the Earl, waving his hand to Mrs. Markham, "do urge Lady Hester forward to her room. Hester, leave all to me; rest quietly to-night. Depend on it, since I have been induced to take this affair in hand I will conduct it to a proper conclusion. Good night.

The Colonel rushed out of the house bareheaded, and the Earl, after lying down a few hours on the couch, sent for the two principal solicitors of the town, and remained closeted with them for two hours. The Governor dispatched his servants to search for the Colonel, but he was not to be found, until, at eight o'clock in the morning, he returned into the house. His appearance and actions were those of a person completely deranged; he sent for his goods from the packet in which he was to have sailed, and laying them out in the yard began to destroy them without mercy. Mrs. Markham was melted by the distress of mind he was enduring, and almost turned a pleader for him with Lady Hester.

"I expected this, dear madam," said Lady Hester. "I expected your kind nature would give way when you saw him raging with disappointment. I respect your feelings—I know how to value them—but I *am impenetrable*. Unjust treatment has steeled me."

Mrs. Markham sent for a surgeon, fearing the Colonel was out of his senses, and then hurried down, followed by her maid, to the yard where the latter was. He had in his hands a costly dressing-case and workbox belonging to Lady Hester, which he was dashing together with such

violence that the beautiful interiors, consisting of silver and gold-mounted glass, and tortoise-shell utensils, fell in shattered fragments to the ground.

"My dear Colonel, what are you doing!" exclaimed Mrs. Markham. "Give me those boxes, and let me speak a quiet word or two with you."

He turned upon her a furious stare, and the maid who was with Mrs. Markham, ran back affrighted. Not so did Mrs. Markham.

"I have made chocolate for you, Colonel," said she, "in your own room; if you will go there you shall be alone as long as you choose.

"What do you want with me!" he exclaimed.

"To comfort you," she replied.

"Comfort! what the —— right have you to comfort me? A thousand fiends have got possession of me, and if they tempt me, I might do something terrible!"

"My dear sir, I know you will not harm me. I know that you must see a friend in me. You are satisfied that I feel for you. I want to draw you into the house, out of sight of the servants, who you perceive are all looking at you frightened and astonished. Give me those boxes, and let me lead you to the privacy of your chamber. Come, you will be better there."

He allowed her to take the shells of the boxes from his grasp, a loud groan burst from his chest; he looked round to see who was observing him, and turned to examine the countenance of the matronly lady who had interfered with him. He recognized her—

"Mrs. Markham," he muttered, "I am a lost wretch!"

She took his hand, and led him to the house, and to the dressing-room which he had occupied. There she persuaded him to allow the medical gentleman to examine his pulse, and to take a little blood from his arm; after which he drank a cup of chocolate, and then lay on the bed, exhausted with the agitation of the night.

The Colonel did not long remain in a state of quiet. He sent a servant to inform Lady Hester that he wished to see her. The servant returned with a reply that she was too much indisposed to leave her room.

"Then I will go to her," said the Colonel. He went to her chamber door, it was fastened; he knocked, Lady Hester's maid came out, and the lock was secured behind her.

"I must see your lady," said the Colonel. The maid replied that Lady Cleveland was too unwell to be spoken with.

"Go in and tell her that I am here," said the Colonel, "and that I swear I will see her!—and see her *alone*, too, mind that!"

The girl assured him she durst not go in with such a message, for her lady was ill, and both the doctor, the Earl, and Lady Cleveland, had given orders that she should not be disturbed. The Colonel mused in silence an instant, his eyes rolling in their sockets, and his forehead knit into a frown.

"I will send her a note,"—said he, "yes, that is what I will do;" and he returned to his dressing-room, and called for paper, pen, and ink. His valet brought the first he could meet with in the house. The Colonel wrote the following letter, in distorted characters, that denoted the state of his mind:—

"Lady Cleveland.—You have refused to see me. I understand well why you have done so. Your illness is only a pretence to promote the schemes of your father, and work my ruin. Madam, let me tell you one truth before I humble myself for the last time; it is this—if I have wronged you, you have wronged me!—You married me without loving me! Your father was the cause I know; but whatever was the cause, you stood up at the altar of God and vowed to love, and honour, and obey me—while you knew that you never could do either. I ask you, if I was not injured then? If you had loved me, you would have sought by tender attentions, and by those winning looks and words of kindness, in which I have seen some women excel, to lure me from my bad habits and connexions. If you had conscientiously honoured me, you would have refrained from those scornful expressions which have often driven me back to wickedness, when I was inclined to repent. But now I ask if you will recall your determination of last night? I shall sue no more for your forgiveness if this attempt fails. I make no promises of reformation, and my reason is this—I have often made them to myself, and always broken them. But if you will throw yourself on my heart once more, apart from all *other influences*, and trust to me, you *may* save me—I believe it is certain that you *will*—and I shall bless you, Hester, and you may be happy with me."

In an hour Lady Hester's *femme de chambre* brought to the Colonel a reply, which he eagerly read:—

"Colonel Cleveland—I am exceedingly sorry that you should not have considered my word decisive, and that I should be put to the painful necessity of again declaring to you that *it is so*."

When the Colonel had read thus far he threw down the letter and started across the room. He had indulged a little hope since his last appeal to her, and now it was dashed from him, he felt over again all the horrors he had lately suffered. He grew black in the face, and his breath became gasping. Presently he took the letter up and read on:

"This distressing duty to myself and my relations done—and oh, that I could tell how to soften to you our final parting!—I turn with the utmost regret to other particulars of your note, that especially demand my attention.

"It may be too true, Colonel, that when we pledged to each other our hands at the altar, I had not a heart to give you. My father committed a common, but serious error—he made my marriage one of family accommodation, rather than of love. Yet you are incorrect in saying I knew that I could not keep my vow at the time I made it. I did intend to fulfil to you all the duty and affection of a wife; and I know so much of my own heart that I should have done it, had you been true.

"Again, with respect to the Earl, my father, duty to him requires me to give you my warmest assurance that he has striven to turn my thoughts from the painful event which we now anticipate—that he has exhausted every argument to induce me to remain with you—and that it was not until last evening that he gave my wishes on the subject any encouragement."

"Lies!" burst forth the Colonel, crumpling up the letter in his hand. "I'll not believe her! 'Tis the Earl, and no one else, who has hardened her heart!—My curses on him!" He again opened the letter.

"I forgive you all the sorrow you have occasioned me; I am at peace with you as far as my own feelings are concerned; and I entreat you, Colonel, pardon in me everything which has given you dissatisfaction, and let us part with mutual kindness."

Again the Colonel gathered up the letter and stared about him to see if he was unobserved; assured that he was, he opened the lock of a carpet bag and took out a pair of pistols, the priming of which he examined, then laid them on the table.

"Now will I strike a blow on that proud woman's heart," said he, "which shall last her all her life! I will live one half hour from this time, but not another minute, so help me God!"

This frantic resolution he proceeded to confirm by a formal oath, and searched in a book-case for an old Bible that he had observed, which he found; he laid his hand

on it, and kissed the leaves where they opened, at the same time repeating to himself certain awful words.

"There—it is settled!" said he, laying the sacred volume on one side, and sitting down to write to Lady Hester. His distraction seemed to be past, and a stillness came over him. He placed his gold repeater before him on the dressing-table, the minute hand was at the figure six, the hour-hand between two and three.

"The first strike of three," said the Colonel, "shall free me from this cursed life, and shall plant a scorpion in Hester's flinty heart!" He wrote a few sentences—

"Hester,—I have asked you for pity and forgiveness twice. I ask no more. My death be on you! My blood shall cry out against you when I am in the earth! Hard-hearted woman! I refuse your forgiveness, and I refuse to forgive! I have no peace in heart toward you, and you are guilty of hypocrisy when you tell me that you have toward me! If you had one feeling of kindness for me, you would not have made a suicide of me! The watch you gave me on our marriage-day is before me. I listen as I write to its tickings—every single tick tells of a moment gone. There are not many moments to be sounded before the hour of three strikes—and then Hester—and then—we shall have parted indeed! My pistols are in my hands—five minutes only remain to me. I shall now close this note and send it to you. I am an atheist as you know, and as such I boldly dare all that eternity has in store for me! You—you only, and your father—have caused the act which I am now on the point of committing! and so farewell,—farewell for ever! Four minutes only remain for me!"

He opened his door and sent up the note to Lady Hester. The housemaid to whom he gave it observed the singularity of his aspect and the vacant horror of his eye; she ran up stairs to Lady Hester's room without a moment's delay, and knocked at the door. The waiting woman appeared.

"Tell Lady Cleveland," said the housemaid, "that I am convinced the Colonel is intending something dreadful! Oh, do beg of her to come down to him! He stared at me in the most dismal manner!—I am frightened to death!"

"What is that?" cried Lady Hester within the chamber. "Come in, Nancy."

The servant went in; the lady was in morning dishabille; she had been lying down on the outside of the bed,

but had started up when she heard a second knocking, supposing the Colonel was at the door.

"What is the matter, Nancy?" she exclaimed, her lips blanched with fear; she perceived the note in the house-maid's hand, and taking it and unsealing it, while the woman described the Colonel's countenance, cast her eye over the contents. She uttered an exclamation of dread; the Colonel's note dropped to the floor; she looked bewildered; then cried to the two women who stood by—

"Go down!—alarm the house!—The Colonel intends to destroy himself! Fly!—or you will be too late to prevent the dreadful deed!"

"Who shall I send to the Colonel, my lady?" asked the waiting-woman; "the Earl—the Governor?"

"Both—whoever you meet with first!" replied Lady Hester. She herself rushed down to the Colonel's room.

"Cleveland!—admit me!" she loudly exclaimed. At that moment the report of a pistol within smote on her brain. She shrieked, and running back fell into the arms of her father, who, with the Governor, his lady, and his servants, was hurrying to the spot.

"My child!—Lady Hester!" reiterated the Earl. At first she heard him not, but started up from his breast, as the door was burst open by the Colonel's valet and others. A pool of blood lay around a chair and was pouring its streams toward the entrance of the room; still sitting upright, with the watch, and pen and ink before him, appeared the suicide! his stiffening hands grasping the pistol with which he had shot himself in the head, and his features frightfully convulsed.

"My husband!" cried Lady Hester, breaking from her father's grasp. She was the first who reached him; her hands took the deadly instrument from his and cast them across the ensanguined floor; she then threw herself on his knees, and, embracing him, held up his falling body. "My dear Colonel!" she exclaimed. "My dearest husband!" He rivetted on her his dying eyes—he tried to speak, but finding himself unable, his eyes remained gazing on her features with an expression of revengeful exultation, until the heavy lids fell over them and relieved her from their dreadful look. He was instantly attended by a skilful surgeon, who discovered, that whether from unsteadiness of the Colonel's hands, or from any other cause, both the pistol balls had missed

his brain and had lodged themselves at the back of his head, in consequence he lived for more than an hour after the act and retained his senses nearly the whole of that time. He was laid on a bed, his shoulders raised on high pillows; his face was towards Lady Hester who kneeled by him; his hand was clasped in hers.

In the distraction of her mind she forgot the reasoning with which she had steeled herself against his supplications. She accused herself of the catastrophe, and implored the Colonel to pardon her with agonising tears. He for some time seemed not to hear her, but opening his eyes, he drew her hand nearer towards him: she saw that he wished to speak to her, and bent her ear to his lips. Her feelings may not be described, when he uttered in an emphatic whisper her own words of the previous night—"I am impenetrable."

After this he grew anxious to live and sent for another surgeon, and also, to every one's surprise, for a clergyman. The reverend person not coming directly, he requested that a dissenting minister might be sent for. That gentleman was at home, and came with speed; he spoke to the dying man with gentleness, but earnestly. The Colonel pointed to a table by the window, and on being asked the reason, said—"The Bible there—bring it." The volume was brought, and the minister, supposing that he wished to hear some portion of the sacred word, had opened it, but he made signs that it should be closed. He then beckoned to the Governor to come near, and bade him take the book from the minister, which he did.

"Major-general Markham," said the Colonel, "give that Bible to our fellow-officers at the fort. Tell them I swore on it, and by it, and by the God who it is said dictated it, to shoot myself at three o'clock this afternoon. 'Twas the oath of a soldier, and I have kept it. But tell them I would now give all the treasures of ten thousand worlds to live! Tell them it is horrible to die! Warn them against self-murder. It is better to be a living worm than a dying man." He stopped, and every listener's face was pale, every heart chilled. He began again.—"Give them my word, that they are fools who mock at God, and scoff at a hereafter. There is a life to come, Markham—I am certain of it now; but what it is, or where it is, I know not. They and you have time to search out the matter—

I have not. I must jump the black abyss—and take all consequences.”

Lady Hester was scarcely able to endure the scene; and Mrs. Markham was shocked beyond expression.

“But though it be the twelfth hour,” pleaded the minister, addressing the Colonel, “you may find repentance and salvation, and an immortal crown, yet: only believe in Him who disappoints none who trust in Him;” and he sought to draw the sufferer from his impious despair;—but it was in vain.”

“Sir,” cried the suicide, “I now stand between two worlds; the one I am leaving is all I have any knowledge of, is all I have any affection for. The one I am going to, is one vast accumulation of gloom. “Where the treasure is,”—I know that text, sir—“there the heart will be.” Now all my treasure is on *this* side the grave—I have nothing at all on the other. Doctor!” he exclaimed, turning to the medical gentleman who stood on the side of the bed opposite to the minister—“doctor; are you sure I cannot out-live this affair? Now if you can give me a straw of hope to catch at, do; for by — it is horrible to sink like this.”

“You must not allow me to deceive you,” said the doctor; “it is impossible that you can recover unless the Almighty were to work a miracle in your favour.”

“The Almighty!” reiterated the Colonel, “what have I to do with the Almighty? I have denied His existence, sir! I have made a jest of His laws—of His name—of His book—and of all who professed to serve Him! And what makes a sensible man talk of miracles? Miracles!—trash! Hark you doctor!” he added, “if there is a God, and if He ever performed one miracle, I shall go into perdition!—’tis true, by —”

Mrs. Markham and Lady Hester were taken from the room, both overcome by that which they had heard and witnessed. As they went out, the Colonel exclaimed—

“There!—I have seen the last of those two! Markham,” said he, catching the Governor’s arm, but fixing his eyes on the Earl, “I have plagued my wife for her obstinacy—she will suffer for it when I am gone;—that is a supreme satisfaction for me now! A smile played on his lips, which, when the Governor observed, he whispered to the Earl—

"I have seen many death-beds, but never one so shocking as this." The Earl uplifted his hands in silence.

"Let us pray that the grace of God may yet shine upon him," said the minister. All knelt down around the death-bed, while he supplicated heaven with solemn fervour; every eye was moistened with tears, every heart was thrilled with awe. The prayer over, the minister exhorted the Colonel to confess his sins to God, and to trust to the divine word for acceptance with Him; but he was repulsed.

"Tell me not of such things," cried the Colonel. "Away with your canting folly! I hate the sound of it! I have no hope—none! and none will I seek!—*there is not time!*" he added. He grew delirious, and the shocking language he had learnt in the bad company he had frequented, was so vented forth that the minister pressed his hands on his ears.

In this way the Colonel died, his last moments being more horrible than any that had preceded them. His remains were laid out, and the room cleansed of the blood with which it was stained. Night had scarcely darkened the apartment before the Colonel, the man of pleasure, lay stretched out cold as mountain ice, his spirit had winged its way to that tribunal before which every human soul must appear.

Lady Hester, during the night, was attended by the wife of the Governor, who suggested every argument she could think of that was likely to calm her friend's mind. The Earl, every hour came to her room to inquire how his daughter did. Receiving unfavourable accounts, he became restless, which Lady Hester learning, she sent for him, and Mrs. Markham withdrew leaving them together.

"My dear daughter, you look ill," said the Earl. Lady Hester put into his hands the Colonel's letters, and her reply, which had been taken from the pocket of the deceased. The Earl read them in silence, and wept.

"My dear—" he began, "Hester, my love, you blamed me justly. I am now convinced I erred in giving your hand to this misguided man. Yes, my daughter, I am forced to confess myself the destroyer of the happiness of your life. I hope I have no necessity of entreating you to turn an indifferent ear to what the unhappy man wrote in these letters concerning your behaviour

to him since marriage. His upbraidings were the effect of disappointment. He had no genuine cause of complaint. Your conduct has been correct, my love, I have regarded it with the earnest eye of a parent, and there has not been the least flaw in it.

On the seventh day after the Colonel's death, he was interred in the burying-ground of the Protestant Church of Toronto.

The funeral was one of pomp, suitable to the rank and wealth of the deceased. A train of mourning carriages, in which were the Earl, the Governor, and their male friends in Canada, mostly officers, followed. Military honours were paid to the deceased over the grave. At seven o'clock in the evening a funeral party assembled to dinner in the Governor's house. Lady Hester did not appear, but Mrs. Markham presided at the table, the Earl and his youngest daughter sitting on her right.

The Colonel's first night in the grave was the most distressing to Lady Hester of any that she had endured. Unable to sleep, her imagination was possessed with the change that had taken place. Where was he, whose erring conduct had filled her heart to overflowing with the gall of bitterness, with scorn, contempt, and indignation! He was lying in the grave! Her thoughts penetrated the earth in which he was lying. Then her mind strove to break from these reflections, and to view the departed Colonel's present condition by the light of religion; but the more she meditated, the more she found that religion shed no light on it at all, but rather a darker, deeper and more awful than that material one from which she shrank.

Lady Hester was a woman of no ordinary character; she possessed a powerful mind, with its usual concomitants—strong passions. She had an excellent constitution, had known little bodily pain, and no privations. In society, Lady Hester Cleveland had been a brilliant woman; her words, looks, manners, letters, even the smallest billet, her dress at all times, her sarcasms, her raillery, her music, her painting—all were brilliant. By women of a feebler mould, she had been feared for the poignancy of her wit and satire, her facility in which was certainly a snare to her; by those of quiet temperament, she had been disliked for the dazzling intellectual animation, which spread a sort of magical fascination around

her circle wherever she moved; but Lady Hester scarcely knew that she was witty or satirical, animated or fascinating; she well knew that among her female circle of acquaintances she was not loved; her discerning eye saw into the souls of the crowd of flatterers who ever gathered about her as the star of fashion. But little was her heart satisfied with empty adulation, it thirsted for love, disinterested, fervid, such as her feelings told her she could well return; unfortunately there was only one, of all who had sued, in whom she fancied she perceived a realization of her ideal picture; and to that one (Clinton!) she could not ever dream of being united.

The lovely widow remained in the house of Mrs. Markham for two months after the Colonel's demise. The last two years had seen her lose much of her brilliancy; mortified feelings, arising from the Colonel's infidelity, had dulled the sparkling light which a glowing intellect had kindled in her eye, and sobered the captivating energy of her manners. The Colonel's awful death confirmed this alteration. A new world had opened before her, ETERNITY, seen through the tremendous gates of DEATH. With her characteristic strength she surveyed the sublime region, with scrutinising eye. She did not fly from the dread scene to society, but shunned society that she might contemplate it. The longer she dwelt on it, the more she loved the mighty images which it called around her, until this present mortal life—so brief, petty, yet so painful—lost its charms in her heart, and she dedicated all the choicest of her feelings to a preparation for that grand futurity on which her imagination was now fixed.

The Earl of Wilton hoped once more to see his daughter the admired of fashion's chief circles in England, and his thoughts glanced round the peerage in search of a second distinguished individual on whom to bestow her hand. Eager to take her back to England, and London, he lost no time in proposing their voyage, but Lady Hester declared her intention to remain in America until the following spring.

"I shall mix no more with the world of fashion," said she; "I have done with it."

"Lady Hester! my dear!" exclaimed the Earl, "I do not understand you! At your age! with your wealth! beauty! talents! and wit!"

"With all these advantages," said Lady Hester, "I intend—not to shut myself up in a convent, and do not look so much alarmed, my dear sir—but to travel in America privately, and to seek for enjoyment only in the study of her sublimities, in meditation with my own heart, and in tranquil intercourse with my two or three travelling companions, one of whom I am sure will be—the Earl of Wilton, my accomplished papa."

"No such thing, Hester!" cried the Earl. "What enjoyment should I have going about a great wilderness? and America is little better; I see nothing to admire in American scenery more than in English scenery, not I—one place is as good as another to me; besides there have been some changes lately in the English cabinet, and I wish to go to London; Lord R—— writes to say that he desires to consult with me on diplomatic movements in which I am interested; and there is my steward in Huntingdonshire, too, wishes to see me, and—"

"Oh, you will easily get over all these obstacles," said Lady Hester, "you must stay with me six months longer, papa, and by the end of that period—"

"You will be ready to accompany me back to England," said the Earl.

Lady Hester smiled, and neither assented to or denied this conclusion of her sentence.

"Well, the next six months will include the winter season," said the Earl. "How do you propose to plan your tour, and what places will you first visit? If I remain it will be to please you, and shall consider myself entitled to a leading voice on the question. I propose that you spend a month at Kingston, a month at Montreal, a month at Quebec; and then suppose you give a month at Niagara, and pass the other two months at the lakes."

This arrangement was adopted by Lady Hester. It was the middle of November when she took leave of Mrs. Markham and the Governor, and, with her young sister, the governess, and the Earl left the capital of Upper Canada in a vessel that had been elegantly fitted up for their use.

The voyagers were passing out of the channel of the harbour, when they fixed their parting look on Toronto.

As evening advanced, the fishing-boats in the creeks and bays, with their lights, were a picturesque sight.

The Niagara shore came in view, and villages, divided by meadows, streams, and woods, appeared under a soft dry haze. The travellers entered the Niagara river, and landed at the town of the same name. They had a letter for the brother of the American representative of the town, from the Governor of Toronto, and having sent it to his house while they engaged apartments at an inn, he came to them, and invited them to make their home beneath his roof as long as they stayed in the district. They accepted his offer, and after resting a night at the inn, were welcomed with hospitality at his rich farm, on the borders of the river, outside the town. Mr. Charleston, as their host was named, was an intelligent man. The Earl and the Governor walked out with him to view the news-rooms and institutions, the buildings in progress, the chief depôts of trades.

Lady Hester and the Earl, with Letitia and her governess, accompanied by Mr. Charleston and his daughter went to see the celebrated Falls, on the third day after the arrival of the former in Niagara. To prepare Letitia to understand the spectacle which they were about to view, the Earl informed her that this river was a channel by which the lakes of Huron, Michigan, Superior, and Erie, with their countless rivers, rush from the interior of North America to pour themselves into the ocean. The travellers left the farm by daylight, but early as it was, they found the road to the Falls crowded with visitors in vehicles. The enjoyment of the day was lessened to Lady Hester by the sight of the thousands who were gathered about the place of attraction, for her weeds of widowhood, and the painful feelings of her heart, were little suited to such hilarity as here presented itself. As she gazed upon the mighty cataract her eye scarce knew where to rest—she was astounded. The gigantic liquid sheet of emerald and of silver, “horribly beautiful!”—its semicircular front, nearly three quarters of a mile broad, shrouded by revolving columns of mist that rose perpetually from the thundering gulf—inspired her with sublime admiration; while a lovely sunbow, radiant in the midst of those columns, awakened sensations still more exquisite; the vivid colours of that beautiful iris, long fascinated her gaze. But now the columns become broken, the arches of the bow melted from their centre that remained unaltered, the spray formed into prodigious

shapes, and a number of shattered rainbows appeared, playing in fragments about them. Entranced, she watched this splendid transformation, then her soul found a welcome relief in the soft placidity of the island on the river and the opposite American shore, which contrasted with the awfulness of the wild rapids and the matchless cataract which they overlooked.

Letitia, after the first enchantment had subsided in her breast, was pleased with the sight of thousands of water-fowl, who flew a little over the Niagara river to the brink of the Falls, there advancing in the air about the mists fronting the stupendous sheet of water, and lingering in the neighbourhood with joy and wonder; ducks of many species were among these migratory birds, and pointed out to Letitia by the governess. Frequently were some of the interesting creatures borne down by the glassy current into the gulf and drowned.

The Earl had chiefly interested himself with calculating the altitude of the two cataracts and their curvilinear length, and, coming to the conclusion that these great falls were not so large as many others in different parts of the world, he decided that they had no particular claim to praise.

The travellers left the flat surface of the Table Rock, which juts over the abyss, by steps cut in its lofty side, and crossed the ferry below the Falls, to have a complete front view of them; there, on the water, Lady Hester was more awe-struck with the scene, than before, but, turning her head, the Niagara, with the flocks of birds flying along with, or upon its current, now appeared flowing on toward Lake Ontario, thirteen miles distant, without exhibiting one trace of that tremendous agitation which it had passed through, and whilst she was delighted with this beautiful change, it suggested to her many similitudes of the changes of human life.

At Queenston, seven miles from the Falls, Lady Hester and her friends dined at six in the evening, and staid a night. Next morning they went four miles above the town to view the Whirlpool of the Niagara. The country was now altered, rising into high ridges, known as the Queenston Heights; the river passes between perpendicular precipices; the current becomes rapid and powerful; leaving the direct channel it advances with maddening velocity round the circularly excavated banks; then

regains its ordinary course, which dashes along, confined between frowning rocks. Here Lady Hester renewed her former sublime sensations, and elevated her thoughts to that Being, whose varied works of beauty and of grandeur, form a continual feast for the enlarged soul.

The travellers returned to Niagara before nightfall, and, as the lovely weather was shortly expected to give place to the rainy season, they determined to lose no time in sailing up the more interior lakes. Lady Hester made presents to the daughters of their host, and parted from them for a short period intending to return and remain with them a week before visiting Lower Canada. The master of the vessel the travellers had hired, was a skilful sailor. The trim ship was stored under his eye with provisions for a month, and the travellers passed from the Niagara, through the Chippewa River, into Lake Erie, on the day after their visit to the Whirlpool.

CHAPTER X.

THE PURSUIT OF THE PIRATE.

THE steamer in which were the pursuers of the Pirate, had been all this time beating about the Lake Erie, it having been supposed that he was hiding about some of the promontories on the coast, which was the case. The Fearless moved only by night on the lake, and lay concealed during the day in places dangerous of approach. Thus week after week passed, and the pursuers gained no advantage although they kept up the chase. Clinton was perpetually glancing round the shores in search of the signal light, which sometimes glimmered on a misty height in the remote distance, sometimes flamed on rocks more near. The passing of wild-fowl frequently served him with a pretext for firing the shots which informed the Pirate of the situation of his adversary.

But now the hunted vessel had been driven near the mouth of the lake, where the American beach was wild, presenting a gloomy picture. Here, mists were spreading around, even at mid-day, a dismal obscurity. In a cove of this district the Pirate had lain two days in a perilous situation; he now emerged before dark, trusting

to the mist as a cover, and proceeded some miles up the lake. The mist grew thicker as he advanced, and the darkness about ten o'clock was so dense that he became every minute fearful of coming in contact with some vessel. A light could hardly be seen a few yards off, so that no craft was distinguishable to the eye, nor could any approaching be heard, on account of the noise of the surf dashing among the rocks. He was guiding the ship with caution in its intricate course when that happened which he feared most. A concussion took place between the Fearless and a sloop coming from an opposite direction; the blow was violent, but the Pirate became aware that he had sustained but a slight injury, while the other had suffered seriously.

"Bring up a couple of lighted torches!" shouted he, at the head of the companion-stairs; they were put into his hand. "Merry, lower the boat!" he cried. "Ho! Haverstraw! where are you?"

"Here, at your elbow, Captain," said the sailor.

"Stop the ship!" exclaimed the Pirate; it was instantly done. He then sprang into the boat, and darted to the spot, where the screams of females, and the distressed shouts of male voices, announced the fate of the vessel that had been struck. He waved the blazing torches in the fog, and presently perceived a sloop, with her mast thrown down, and her timbers split, in the act of sinking; the head was under water, and several ladies, and male figures, were clinging to the rails at the hinder end of the deck. The unfortunate vessel went down within half a minute after receiving the shock, but with promptness and courage, the Pirate, assisted by the black, succeeded in picking out of the water two ladies, a gentleman, and two sailors, who were safely lodged in the boat.

One of the ladies, the last person rescued, cried out as soon as she was in the boat—"Thank God! I live! But are you *all* here?" she asked in agonising anxiety. "Father! sister! Miss Gresham!—let me hear your voices if you exist!" The former and the latter, to her great satisfaction, answered—"We are here!—we are safe!—thank heaven!" but when she repeated the name of "Letitia!" no reply was returned.

"There is a lady still struggling in the water, Merry!" cried the Pirate, giving the torches to the black. "She has caught the floating spar on our lee! Keep the flame

playing here as well as the fog will let you—I must plunge to save her, for she is sinking!" He said no more, but bound a cord round his waist in an instant, and threw himself into the lake, while Merry twisted the other end of the cord round his arm.

The vessel which had sunk so suddenly, was that in which Lady Hester and her friends left Niagara, they had been bewildered in the fog.

The Earl and Lady Hester were horrified when they saw Letitia sink within a few yards from them, stretching out her arms, and calling on the Earl to save her. Then the gloom baffled their sight, but presently the torch-rays penetrating to the surface of the water, they beheld the Pirate diving where she had gone down; a moment of suspense followed, and obscurity again prevailed. Now the splashing of a strong swimmer was heard close by the boat, and the Pirate called out, "Merry!—the lights!" The black lowered the torches, stooping over the boat's side. The Pirate was treading the water, and striking out one arm to keep himself afloat, while with the other arm he supported the senseless body of the child. His strength resisted well with the force of the current, and he succeeded in seizing hold of the boat. Merry passed the torches to the Earl who, with Lady Hester, stood by him trembling, and balancing himself on the edge of the boat, took Letitia from the Pirate, and raised her to the arms of her father. The Pirate sprang in, and in ten minutes more all were on the deck of the Fearless.

"Haverstraw," said the Pirate, "go down to the hold—unstop a bottle of my best wine; and bring it to my cabin. Merry, go down and hand a light to the foot of the ladder for these strangers." It was done, and the Pirate led the way to his cabin, where a bright fire was burning cheerfully.

"Jenny, my dear," called the Pirate at the door of the inner cabin. Jane came out immediately, but shrank back at the sight of the strangers.

Lady Hester felt no surprise at the elegant appearance of the furniture around her, for she knew not as yet the character of the ship in which she was, but supposed it was some trading vessel. This idea was confirmed by the Pirate's introduction of Jane as his daughter, for there was something so modest about her figure, that had Lady Hester suspected the truth it would have been difficult for

her to persuade herself that such a girl was living among a gang of privateers.

"Come forward, Jenny," said the Pirate; "the ship we struck against has gone to the bottom, but I and Merry have been fortunate enough to save all her passengers, those three ladies and that gentleman, as well as two of her seamen. We ourselves have received little damage, and that little will soon be put to rights. But now do you see that the youngest lady is in a senseless condition; you must attend to her directly, and let Deborah assist you. She requires strict and immediate attention."

The sofa was in front of the fire; Lady Hester sat down there, and the Earl who had carried the form of Letitia down the ladder, placed her on her sister's lap, and anxiously looking in her face, called her by name, but no sign of animation was discernible. Jane, having set Deborah about making up a good fire in the inner cabin, proposed that Letitia should be taken in there and laid in a warm hammock. At this instant Haverstraw entered with the wine, and touching his white locks, told the strangers that he had once been a surgeon in an American man-of-war, and that he had prescribed for all the ailments of the crew of the Fearless ever since it had been under the present Captain; therefore if they would allow him to advise for the lady, he had no doubt but he should bring her to again, "that is," said he, "if the life has not parted from her. There is a time appointed for old and young, and when it is filled up they must die, no help of man can prevent it; but, if Providence will it so, I shall bring the young lady round again, by your leaves."

"Lady, believe me, you may safely trust the old man," said Jane, to Lady Hester; "he is not without skill in cases like this."

"Come near, then," said the Earl to Toby; "look at the child, and tell us, if you can, the speediest and best remedies for her revival."

Haverstraw did so, and in conformity with his directions Letitia was undressed, and placed in hot blankets in Jane's hammock, with her head and shoulders raised; she was then rubbed with the hand, and bladders of hot water applied to her extremities and laid on the pit of her stomach. This did not succeed for some time, and the Earl began to weep in despair. Lady Hester, and the governess, lost all hope of seeing her revive. But old

Toby, holding a hand looking-glass to her lips, exclaimed, "She breathes!" and begged all parties to preserve silence, "for," said he, "her life is just now like a lark on the point of taking wing, the least disturbance about her may startle it away."

The Earl was pleased with this caution, he thought it judicious, and as his confidence in Haverstraw rose, he grasped the tar's hand, and cried, "Restore her, my good friend and I will give you fifty dollars, aye a hundred!" Haverstraw answered sedately—

"I am more than fourscore years old, and have neither wife nor child, mother nor sister; I have no house-rent to pay, and the old jacket and trousers you see me in will serve me well till my Captain brings me another off shore. So you see I have no want of money, thank you the same. I will do my best for the young lady, but Providence will have its rule, sir."

The Earl looked surprised, for he had not been accustomed to have offers of money rejected. Haverstraw took no notice of what the Earl had said, but in his simplicity went on giving advice for Letitia. Jane seconded loudly, and a low cask having been rolled in, it was shortly filled with warm water, and the child was immersed in a bath to the neck. Ten minutes passed, and a gasp or two gave the first welcome sign of her restoration. She breathed feebly after this, but was recovering. Toby directed Jane to give her a little warm wine which he had made ready. Letitia swallowed a tea-spoonful or two before she was taken out of the bath, and when laid in bed drank the rest in small quantities; she then fell into a sleep, and anxiety for her was lost in thankfulness.

"My honest friend," whispered the Earl to Haverstraw, "remember that I owe you a recompense, your presence of mind and careful attention to my darling, have saved her, and you must not—shall not—be unrewarded. And what shall I say to you?" continued the Earl, addressing the Pirate, who re-entered the cabin to enquire what success had attended the efforts made for Letitia; "to *you*, who risked your own life for hers? My gratitude is more than I can express."

"Do not attempt to express it," said the Pirate, "I give you my assurance that I did no more for your daughter than any other man with a true spirit would have done. The black who assisted me so boldly is much

entitled to your gratitude; but for him you would none of you have been alive now."

"Call him hither," said the Earl, "I will reward him with a hundred dollars. I am a man of rank and fortune."

Merry came into the cabin; and the Earl, taking from his pocket a leathern case, and opening it, said:

"You have done me a great benefit, and here are notes on the Toronto bank which will bring you a hundred dollars."

Merry received the slips of stamped paper with a dubious air, and staring first at the Earl, then at the Pirate, then at the notes, as if he thought some trick was being played upon him.

"They are your own, put them to a wise use, good fellow," said the Earl; "perhaps your Captain here may advise you how best to dispose of them for your advantage. Don't spend them in liquors."

"Me hab a hunder dollars!" cried Merry, "O, lor-a-me! a hundred dollars!—a hundred dollars!" his white teeth were exposed by his grin of joy, and his black eyes sparkled. "No, Massa, me not spend dem, de angels! in rum, and Virginia leaf, and brandy. Me gib de crew *one* treat—no more, by gor—only *one* Massa; and me only buy one lot ob Virginia, and rum, and brandy—no more den *one*, Massa, or I'm no blacky, and den all de rest shall buy me free from dat massa I run away from; and I will walk out afore him, and laugh at his cowskin, and his law—he—he—he!—O, lor-a-me!—dat will be joy!"

"What?" exclaimed the Earl, "you ran away from your master, did you?—Well, if you give me his name and tell me where he lives, I will make the bargain for you, for I suspect you will not have enough money in hand."

"Him is a hash merchant, in Kingston," said Merry. "Him make pothash, pearlhash, and grow rice. Him cunning fox, Massa; him call me strong, tall, ail noting, ask great price for me; tell you dat if he not make me free, he will catch me some day or oder, and make me work wid de cowskin; he sly, rich, old fox—he get—he get get—neber lose noting at all."

"If this is his character I must deal cunningly with him," said the Earl; "I am not afraid but I shall bring him to points—give me his name?"

"Somers," answered the black; "Massa Philip Somers. I don't care one fig for him," he added, "while I am wid de brave bucca—" he checked himself before concluding the word, as the Pirate gave him a warning look, and correcting himself, said—"I mean while I am wid de Captain here. Old Somers must look sharp to catch hold ob me, now—he—he;—me laugh at de ole fox now. He get a taste of gunpowder by gor, if he come a-nigh here!—he—he—he!"

"If you feel yourself so safe, why are you so anxious to purchase freedom from his claims?" asked the Earl.

"'Cause me like to dance and sing in Kingston wid my 'quaintances," cried Merry, "and now me can't go dere 'cause ob de old hash-merchant, wid his yellow face, and his red eyes; I'd sooner see a tiger-cat at my heels den him, he a'most whipped de strength out ob my bones afore."

"Well, you shall go to Kingston or where you like in future, and be afraid of no man," said the Earl, "I will see that your purchase is made from Somers so that he can never again have any power over you. Within two months at the farthest, you may write yourself a free man."

The black, overjoyed at the prospect of getting rid of the uneasy fears which had disturbed his quiet, held out the notes to the Earl, with the intention of returning them. The latter was pleased with this reliance, which he put to the proof by taking back the money. When Merry was quitting the cabin to whisper his good fortune among the crew, he said to him—

"But you have forgot the Virginia leaf, and the rum, and the brandy, and the treat to your friends of this ship; take the hundred dollars, I will buy your freedom with other money."

"And now, once more, sir, what can I do for you?" said the Earl, turning to the Pirate. "You have done me an unspeakable good; my darling Letitia!—would have been lost but for you. You placed your life at hazard for her. No, Captain Anderson, you must say in what I can serve you. I have much influence among persons of distinction on this side of the Atlantic, and it shall be used for you to any honourable extent, and in any honourable way you think proper."

The Pirate meditated; some changes passed over his

face; he began to speak, but his voice was at first lost in agitation.

"Sir, or my lord," he resumed, "(for I do not know by which to address you, since you tell me you are a man of rank,) were I to persevere in a compliance with my first impulse, I should refuse the acceptance of any favours from you on the present understanding; but there are struggling in my breast thoughts, yearnings, and reviving principles, which overcome that impulse;—yes, they overcome it!" he exclaimed, "I master that impulse.—I accept your kindness!"

The Earl was surprised by his manner; he fixed his eyes on him with expectancy, and listened with attention to the Pirate's full tones, expressive, against his will, of powerful ambition.

"Sir, I am a man who has ever thirsted for distinction. Had my situation afforded me the opportunity, I should never have rested until I had reached some dazzling goal beyond the stretch of ordinary ambition. I have wished for command over my fellows—I always thought I wished it for their good, but that was self-deception. Dependency of any description has always been torture to me. I have fancied myself out of my proper sphere. So it is when I hear of heroes—whether they be naval or military, whether they have lived in the present, or a remote age. You see, sir, the disease which has been my bane."

"It is one, said the Earl, "which has made a few great men, but many villains. From what I have seen of you I should say, had circumstances favoured you, you would have been distinguished."

"As it is," exclaimed the Pirate, "I am a villain! Rightly, sir, have you said, that the passion for distinction makes many villains—I know it. Some of the finest spirits in the world, depraved by this deceitful semblance, which they embrace with eagerness, become first dispirited with ill-success, then despairing, then reckless, and so the world of rogues is abundantly populated. It was thus that I became what I am."

"You!—Why are you not a merchant?" demanded the Earl.

"No," replied the Pirate, "I am an outlaw, flying from the face of justice, heading a turbulent set of adventurers of all nations."

The astonishment of the Earl may be imagined; his

first thought was for his daughters. "Good heavens! my children in a ship of this description!" he exclaimed.

"Do not, sir, fear, either for them or for yourself," said the Pirate, "I tolerate no bloodshed on the Fearless, except when driven by the necessity for self-preservation. You and your party are safe here. The ladies will remain with my daughter, and it will be better for them to be kept in ignorance of the truth until they leave us, to spare them unnecessary alarm; as for yourself you shall have the use of my hammock and sleeping cabin, and there you will find both bolt and key inside to make you sleep secure against intrusion. The two sailors saved with you I will put with the negro and the old man you have seen, they are always ready to execute my slightest wish, and will watch their safety well."

"This is a very awkward situation to find one's self in when it is least expected," said the Earl. "I must say you speak very fair, indeed, Captain—but I cannot easily reconcile myself to the discovery, and that's the truth. In a ship of rovers! Bless me! it is dreadful to think of! Not a single servant at hand—no weapon in my possession.—We might almost as well have been drowned."

The Pirate caught the word "weapon." "To ease you still further, sir," said he, "and to satisfy you of my good intentions toward you, I will provide you with weapons. Here is my dagger, and knife, both of fine temper you see, and in the best condition—keep them concealed about you; and step here to my cabin, I will show you defence sufficient for a dozen men."

The Earl stepped to the place named, and the Pirate showed him a row of arms placed on the wall, ready for use, behind a screen at the head of the hammock; he pointed out several horns of powder, and a bag of shot, and drew his attention to the fastenings of the door.

"I assure you," said the Pirate, "You will have no need of these; there they are, and I resign this cabin to your use while you are in my ship, for night and day."

"Thank you; I feel reassured now," said the Earl. "But now tell me how it happens, that a man of superior education, such as you are, can persuade yourself to remain in a post so dishonourable as this which you occupy now."

"That is the matter of which I wish to speak," said the

Pirate. "This vessel is mine; I purchased it of a slave owner; but were I to attempt to leave the band, and claim my property for my support, the crew would prevent my going, and perhaps take away my life. The great want of private means has detained me here. I have a daughter, for her I must provide accommodations: she cannot bear hardship as I might. Here is the plain case: if you bestow on me a gift of a few hundred dollars (three hundred is as much as I would accept, less than that would answer my purpose,) I shall quit piracy for ever."

"Five hundred you must receive," said the Earl. "I give them freely, congratulating you on your resolutions, and I wish you prosperity in a better avocation."

"I now only wish for a hearth in retirement, and food and clothing sufficient for nature's needs," said the Pirate. "Let it be as you have said, generous sir; five hundred dollars I will take as your free gift, for I can never hope to repay it, and with the money my child and I will fly from this life, and she shall remember your name (if you will let me know it,) in her daily prayers."

A few minutes after this conversation the Pirate saw his daughter pass by the door and step down to the hold, to fetch something which she wanted for a supper for her guests. He followed her, and called her by name. She trembled, fearing it was some of the crew, but recognising her father smiled, returning his caress, and asked him many questions which the presence of the strangers had prevented.

"You nearly sunk, father, Haverstraw tells me, when you were striving to save the youngest lady, who is fast recovering."

"It is true I did," said the Pirate, "and had I lost my presence of mind for a moment, you would have seen no more of the father who has been such a trouble to you."

"Why do you speak in that way?" said Jane, "have I not always loved you as well as ever daughter loved a father?"

"Forgive me, Jenny; you are full of tenderness to me—tenderness, ill deserved! But you have often entreated me to quit these privateers I am leagued with, what would you say if I could now promise you that you should very soon have your wish?"

"Say!" exclaimed Jane; "I should say heaven help you to carry out your purpose."

"Heaven waits that prayer, then," said the Pirate, "for I promise you, by all my hopes to see you happy, that if it be practicable, I will not see another moon rise over me in this ship! O, Jenny! for thy sake chiefly, and for thy brother's, I determine on this change; for as for me I am lost to society, to myself, to my God, and it is little matter where or with whom I dwell. The strangers whom Merry and I have rescued, are persons of distinction: Merry will gain by what he did for them, not only a hundred dollars, but his freedom from the slave-master who owns him; and I have compelled myself to stoop to receive five hundred dollars from the gentleman, in consideration of what I did; and with that five hundred dollars I will loosen myself from the bands which bind me to the Fearless and her crew, and maintain you in some secret place on land."

"Oh, this is the happiest news that ever sounded in my ears!" said Jane. He passed his arm round her waist, and said—

"Now study to be cheerful a little longer; within a month you will have solid ground beneath your feet, and no fears of shipwreck, fights, or mutinies, to distress you more."

"Understand my true feelings, father," said Jane, "it is not to save either of us from distress that I would draw you from a Pirate's life; honest distress, I would not shrink from sharing with you; but here, father, there can never be either honour or honesty."

"You speak severely, Jenny; is there no honesty in old Toby?—in brave Merry? is there no honour in your father's breast?"

"Yes—there is," said Jane, "but—" she stopped, casting her eyes to the ground, while the Pirate's features revealed the feelings of humiliation.

"But what?" said he, "go on, why are you afraid to speak?"

"I was going to say," said Jane, "that it cannot be honest or right to be a friend of bad men. I see I offend you." She paused, and resumed; "It is a great sin for a man who knows anything better, to be connected with this crew. They live by the ruin of worthy men. They plunder peaceful vessels they spread dismay around."

"What else?" said the Pirate.

"I will say no more," exclaimed Jane, looking in his face.

"To have my daughter for my judge!" exclaimed the irritated Pirate, "I tell you, Jane, I had rather bear the hangman's gripe, than have any crimes set out before me by you! What have you to do with my being a Pirate? tell me that, Jenny. To you I am a father only; it is my men's province, and only theirs, to see a Pirate in me."

"Dear father," said Jane, "my love for you is always ready to cover a multitude of sins, and no crimes on your part would weaken it. But I would do you good. I know your pains produced by the consciousness of partaking in guilt, and I would lure you from guilt. I would not help you to call dark light, and light dark; but I would win you from the dark to the light I must see you as you are. I cannot persuade myself that you are not a Pirate because you have impulses above those of ordinary Pirates, when I see you at the head of a gang of them. No, father, I must dare to tell you the truth; I wish to see you forsake this ship, *because* you are outraging social, moral, and religious laws, by abiding in it, talents that were given you for the support of virtue, you employ in directing fifty depraved men how best to outrage all virtue."

"No more, Jenny! From you I will hear no more on this subject—not another word," said the Pirate. "Jane," he resumed, "you have spoken well. The probing was hard to bear, but it has done me good. We will converse again in the morning, and in the meantime sleep sound. I know the ruins of a fort some forty or fifty miles from here overland, there we will hide, and I will have no more to do with piracy:—would that I had never had ought to do with it! I wish to avoid leaving the ship until she is clear of her present danger. I will see her at a safer distance from the steamer which is chasing her, and then she and I part for ever."

"Steamer ahead, Captain!" bawled the night-watch from the hatchway. Jane trembled at the sound.

"Coming," returned the Pirate; and, pressing his daughters hand, he disappeared, having bade her not to delay supper.

"Have you heard my son's signal?" inquired he.

"No, sir," replied the watch; "there has been no shot of any sort heard, I have been on the listen ever since you went below."

The mists had cleared off, and a watery moon had scattered a few rays of light on the water. After some time essaying to look through the glass he returned it to the watch.

"I can make no use of it," said he; then pacing the fore-castle in deliberation he remained occupied with his thoughts, occasionally listening.

"You are *sure* you saw the smoke of a steamer darkening the mists?" he asked the watch.

"Quite sure," answered the latter; "I would swear to it. I have always been able to tell when one of those sort of sailors was nigh us. I could almost smell her smoke at any distance."

"You are to be relied upon, I know," said the Pirate; "but if it be the chaser, I wonder we hear nothing. Let all hands be on the alert. Send Haverstraw to me, but make no alarm."

He listened, and planned, and meditated, until the old mariner was at his elbow. He then gave him a number of commands. "Have you understood me?" he asked.

"Clearly," answered Haverstraw.

"Then execute it all in your best style," said the Pirate; "go, on you depends the fate of all in the vessel. You will obey me to the letter, you understand?"

"Yes, I do," answered Haverstraw: "I am no inexperienced boy, Captain; I have seconded you before to-day, and you have never complained of me."

"I have had no reason to do so, old friend," said the Pirate; "well have I proved your worth."

The preparations in case of an attack went on effectually during the succeeding hour, the Pirate continuing to pace the deck, hoping that the mist would clear off so as to permit him an unobstructed view of the lake; but so far from this being the case it became denser than ever.

Every man was at his gun round the sides of the deck; gunpowder, shot, and small arms, were brought up in readiness for use, and Haverstraw stepped about seeing that all was in the order his Captain had described.

A crack was heard from an alarmingly near point.

"'Tis the signal!—Nicholas is true to his word!" exclaimed the Pirate. "Now my men, look out! you will be set at work presently. Is all as it should be, Toby?"

"All," replied the old man.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ENGAGEMENT AND VICTORY OF THE PIRATE.

PRESENTLY the Pirate heard the approach of a heavy steamer. That sound became more distinct, and in a quarter of a minute the engines were in full play, and the long keel cut through the water at a distance of not more than twenty yards from the Fearless.

All the privateers were in suspense: the steamer went on a trifling distance, then hailed the vessel which they had passed, having caught sight of the light of the torch which one of the sailors had brought on deck contrary to the Captain's orders: it had been extinguished—but the mischief was done.

The Pirate replied to the hail of the steamer that he was a trader in peltries and fish-oils, and going toward Lake Huron, but had moored on account of the fog.

The danger appeared to be passed now, for the steamer set off, and was soon lost to the ear and eye. But the Pirate was too wary to release the crew from their defensive postures yet, and not until midnight did he quit the deck. He went down, and found all in silence in the cabins as he wished: no alarm had been excited in the minds of the strangers, who had no idea that anything extraordinary was going on.

He had just thrown himself into Haverstraw's hammock, the latter being on watch above, and was settling into sleep, when a tap sounded on the cabin door.

"Toby—it is I—I want to speak to you," said Jane. The Pirate arose, and opened the door.

"What is the matter, my dear? Has anything frightened you? I have occupied Toby's cabin while he keeps watch above. What is it you want to say to him?"

"Oh, father! is not some dreadful fight about to happen between this crew and some other vessel?"

"If you suspect anything, Jenny, it is no use to attempt to hide the truth from you. Now don't look so terrified, depend on it there is no occasion. This is all—the steamer which the Governor of Toronto sent out against us has passed near to-night, and I thought it safest to put

the ship under guard ;—but the enemy has long been out of gunshot, and there is no more danger for us."

"I wish I could think so," said Jane.

"Don't be a coward," said the Pirate. "How did your supper go off?"

"Very well," said she; "Deborah killed and dressed the fattest fowl in the hen-coop, and boiled a piece of pork. I wish you had been down with us, you would have liked both the meat and the cooking."

"Now run to your bed, and sleep well," said the Pirate, "believe me, all is right;" and Jane did so.

A second time the Pirate was settling to sleep, when a second time there came a knock, this time more alarming. He sprang up.

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Haverstraw," was the reply. He was let in. "Captain there has been two shots—not pistol-shots in the air—but gun-shots, nearly hitting our sides, just now. Will, the gunner, who was on the watch when he first smelt out the steamer declares it is on our track somewhereabouts."

"Is it so, indeed," muttered the Captain, "well, never mind, Toby, we are ready for it—it may as well come now as at any other time. Stay, before we go up, I must ease my mind of one burden." He fixed his eyes on the hammock, musing; then starting, put his hand on the old man's shoulder—"If I should be killed in the struggle, Toby Haverstraw—you hear me?—you mark me?"

"I do, my dear Captain; but Providence, I hope, will never let my old eyes see a sight so sad!"

"Then, in such a case," continued the Pirate, "do you receive, for my daughter's use, five hundred dollars from the gentleman I and Merry saved last evening; and see her safe on shore, Toby, and do not leave her, I charge you, until she is in the house from which I drew her last—I mean the English Pastor's."

"I will do it if there should be a necessity for it," said Toby, "but don't think of such a thing, my dear Captain."

"I must think of it, Toby," said the Pirate; "and now, remember, I have had a promise from you. Stop another minute;" they were at the door, Haverstraw was drawn back, the Pirate fastened his eyes on him with a secret meaning—"Haverstraw, you must go to the Governor at

Toronto, and clear me from that black suspicion, too, if I fall—you hear? You will promise me this? You will not let my memory be worse stained than is just?"

"I will do what you wish, if—" said Haverstraw. There was a momentary pause—

"My son," said the Pirate, "God bless him! I have no more to say," he added, "now go up, and look well that my directions are obeyed in every tittle."

Shot after shot now came nearer and nearer, until they rebounded from the tough sides of the Fearless. The mist thinned under a lively breeze, and the adversaries saw each other. At the instant of recognition a shout arose from both vessels, and then followed a volley of fire from the Pirate's ship, which was returned by one from its pursuer.

Clinton was looking out on the deck of the steamer, and when the smoke rolled between the ships he shuddered for his father and his sister, and every pulse throbbed with anxiety for their fate. So, on the Fearless, the Pirate trembled for his son, and every gun that was fired off by his men seemed to pass through his own heart. The moon disappeared, the wind grew quiet, and the mist increased, the darkness was of a pitchy intensity. The firing continued at random, still the strangers on board the privateer-vessel slept unconscious. Letitia was the first to start up:—

"Oh, sister—sister!" she exclaimed in terror, "Oh, governess! do you hear the noise!"

Lady Hester opened her eyes—the whole ship reeled under the shot of artillery. "What is all this!" cried she, springing out of Jane's hammock, and throwing on her clothes. "Keep yourself as quiet as you can, Letty, I will call papa. Miss Gresham, awake and dress yourself and Letitia!" She threw open the door, and called aloud on the Earl, who joined her, alarmed in the extreme.

Here Jane came in, her faltering speech incapable of one connected sentence:—"Oh, my brother! oh, my father!" she wildly exclaimed pressing her hands on her ears to shut out the pealing of the guns.

"What is the occasion of all this?" asked the Earl.

"Miss Anderson, you seem in distress," said Lady Hester, "tell me what is the matter here. Are we attacked by the pirates? Do not hesitate to tell me the truth."

"Not pirates—but enemies," stammered Jane; "and my only brother—is with them; Oh, by this time he may be killed! while here, my dear father is exposed to the same—oh, what a shot was that!" she jumped up from the chair and clasped her hands. "Lord preserve them! Oh, my dear father!—oh, my brother!" Her teeth chattered, and an icy coldness spread over her frame.

Lady Hester took her hand with emotion. "I feel for you extremely," said she; "but is there nothing we can do to assist the sailors in their brave defence of the vessel?" her tone was energetic. Jane looked at her with momentary admiration.

"No—we can do nothing," she replied, "but remain quiet until the result is seen. To me, that result may be complete desolation! I have now no other relations in the world than my father and my brother, if they fall I am alone!"

"But you shall not be unfriended," returned Lady Hester; "Letitia owes a good deal to you and your kind Irish attendant; if such an event as you fear *should* happen we will not leave you unprotected or unprovided for." Jane could only look her gratitude.

"I should like to see Captain Anderson," said the Earl, going to the foot of the ladder leading up to the deck. The hatches were closed above, but he could hear the tramping of the privateers, and the orders that were shouted from different parts of the vessel. The shots became more confused and rapid, and now a hundred feet shook the planks. There was a conflict going on on board of a deadly nature. The hatchway was now burst open, and the negro darted down and closed it again on the inside with force. The Earl had caught a glimpse of men struggling together, and of closing weapons whose clash he heard.

"What has occurred? Who are they that have boarded this ship?" demanded the Earl.

"Me not tell you now, massa," said the black. "You must go back into de Captin's cabin, massa. You must make no noise about it—keep still—not stir—till de Captin come down."

His manner admitted of no dispute, and the Earl stepped back before Merry's haudspike, and joined his children. The appearance of the negro was not calculated to reassure the ladies, or their father, or Jane. His

shirt was rolled up above the elbows and dyed with blood and gunpowder; his face was expressive of all the fierce passions which the fight in which he had been engaged was calculated to call forth. Letitia ran back as she saw him to the embrace of her scarcely less fearful governess. The black's appearance, and the Earl's manner awakened a suspicion in Lady Hester's mind as to the real profession of the ship. She stopped close to Merry.

"Are not the men of this vessel pirates or smugglers?" she asked, Merry's eye sank before her's, and he was at first at a loss what to answer. She did not give him time to recover his self-possession, but continued—"You cannot deceive me—I read the reply in your face! Do not attempt to satisfy me with even the thousandth part of a falsehood, for I am apt at discerning the truth. Are you pirates or smugglers? Tell me instantly."

Merry did not speak.

"Are you smugglers?" she asked.

He answered, "No."

"Then you are pirates!" said she. "Do not dare to say no, if I am right."

He did not dare to say no, and Lady Hester fixed her eyes on him,

"Your captain is the celebrated Pirate Anderson! Do not say no, I repeated, if I am right!"

Again Merry was silent.

"I see you respect truth a little, whatever be your way of life," said she. "Now, since I know all this, it cannot matter much if you tell me who your assailants are?"

"The Governor's people, in the steam-ship," said Merry.

"Ah!—indeed!" exclaimed Lady Hester, turning pale as she remembered that Clinton was in that steamship. She went into the cabin, and stooping to Jane, she whispered—

"I know all; but depend upon it, if your adversaries prevail, that both I and the Earl, my father, will endeavour to do you service. I am sorry to see you suffering so much. You say you have a brother on board the steamer, that is singular; may I enquire how it is that he is assisting your father's opponents? Believe me no idle motive prompts me to inquire, but a disposition of real friendliness towards you."

"He is not willingly," Jane began, but just then the

hatches were opened with a noise, and a voice that was rich to a fault, but now strained and hoarse, called to Merry for the ladder. It was thrown up, and Clinton descended, while Lady Hester's heart throbbed in her throat, and her eyelids sank.

"My dearest Jane!" exclaimed he. She rushed into his arms, and was strained to his breast. "Look up, my dear sister! You are safe—all is well! Father has almost gained a complete victory. The men I have been with are nearly overcome!"

Jane clapped her hands under the first impulse of her joy, then surveyed his form with glances of affectionate inquiry.

"Oh, you need not eye me so anxiously, I am not hurt," said he.

"And father—is he safe."

Clinton's face became over-shadowed: she noticed its change and exclaimed—

"He is wounded!—Perhaps he is—"

"Killed, you were going to say," said Clinton, "but my dear sister, you alarm yourself unnecessarily. No, he is not killed, I am glad to be able to tell you, only a slight injury in the side from a shot, that is all."

"That is all?" echoed Jane; "he is wounded then? Oh, let me go to him!"

"By no means, Jane; he will be brought down directly, and after his side has been examined you shall see him, not before; come, be thankful things are as well as they are." Here he started, a red tint spread over his delicately-coloured face, deeper still.

"Lady Hester!" he exclaimed, "I little expected to have the honour of meeting you *here*. I ask your pardon that I did not see you before, my sister had engrossed my attention entirely."

Lady Hester was about to put out her hand, which he was about to take, when, in embarrassment, she withdrew it, remembering who were present. Instantly Clinton was himself again; his colour receded, he was outwardly collected, almost provokingly so.

Jane wondered when her brother recognised the lady, and his expressive looks and his colour, and her embarrassment, were easily interpreted. She was convinced that not only had they met before, but that they were objects of no common interest to each other.

"Sister, tell me how it happens that I have the surprise, and, I must say pain, of meeting Lady Hester Cleveland and her friends in this vessel, under the present circumstances?" Jane explained.

"I am sorry," said Clinton, turning to the Earl and Lady Hester, "to hear you have been so alarmed. I hope that in a few hours you will find yourselves safely on shore, beyond the reach of any more water accidents. If I can be of any service in promoting your landing, you may command me."

"Thank you," said the Earl. "Let me see, surely I remember your countenance. You were sent out by his Excellency of Toronto, were you not, against this Pirate?"

"I was," replied Clinton.

"How then do I find you here, taking part with the Pirate, and calling his daughter your sister?"

"She is my sister," said Clinton, speaking with a pride that was a cover to hide the sense of his degrading origin; "the Pirate is my father."

"Quite a romance! Bless me, this is odd indeed! Your father, eh? Excuse me; I am aware, I may be impertinent, but tell me, did you not accuse him to the Governor of mutiny and murder?—and did you not lodge a written accusation against him in the hands of some magistrate or other of the Upper province?"

Clinton did not like the reminiscence; he felt alarmed when he thought of that written statement; it might bring his father into peril at some future day; his eye caught Jane's, her's reflected the fear in his.

"At that time I did not know the Pirate was my father—that discovery I have made since," said he, and turned to assist the men who were bringing the person of whom he spoke down the ladder.

"You shall not come out—I assure you he is not seriously hurt!" exclaimed Clinton to Jane, putting her back within the cabin.

The Pirate hardly had patience to submit to an examination of his wound, and as soon as it had been bandaged, he threw himself from the hammock on which he had been laid, and persisted in going on deck.

The conflict, which had ceased for a few minutes, now raged anew, but the place of strife was changed to the steamer which was nearly alongside the Fearless. A knot

of determined men, belonging to the former, were fighting for their lives with twice their number of desperadoes from the latter.

"Down with your weapons, men," shouted the Pirate-chief, in vain. The privateers were animated by a ferocious spirit of vengeance and paid no attention to his command.

"Life for life! and no quarter!" hallooed the ruffians; another and another bleeding body fell over the steamer's side.

"Back to your ship! down with your weapons!" again cried the Pirate; his tones of power rose high above the tumult, but produced no more effect on those addressed than on the water which flowed beneath his eye.

Threading the Pirate's glistening shrouds,
The dun smoke soars, and veils the clouds.
Below, the rattling shots rebound,
And loud defiance shouts around.
Like bloodhounds springing on their prey,
Like raging tigers held at bay,
So, the assailants onward spring,
So, driven back, their wild yells ring
From stern to aft, from aft to stern,
While their fierce hearts with frenzy burn.
Beneath the vessel's bellowing sides,
A shape of darkness slowly glides,
Unseen of the mad homicides!"
Saying, when, from the slippery tops
Of the wide decks, some ruffian drops;
When, while his warm gore stains the flood,
He, cursing, shrieks the name of "GOD!"
And better spirits hover near,
With uplift hands and falling tears;
Ready to bear to Mercy's throne,
The soul of some repenting one.
But who are they, who side by side,
Turn the hot battle's eddying tide?
This, mighty, strong; the great in skill,
Agile of limb, and swift to kill.
The PIRATE-CHIEF'S is that large frame,
The younger owns a son's dear name.
Their eyes have met, their hands they lock.
Then head the bold, resistless shock.
"The day is won! now cease the strife,
Nor touch the conquered foeman's life!"
So cries the Chief, and cry he may,
Nor will the pirates cease to slay.

"Lay down your arms!" they heed him not,
All, but wild hate, is now forgot.

The majority of the pirates were on the steamer, thus engaged, when the engineer found, that, in the terror of the night, he had suffered the works under his charge to get into disorder; twice he communicated his fears to the men on deck, but they were insensible to his words, swallowed up in the fury of the conflict; a third time he endeavoured to remedy his neglect, but, finding himself overmastered in the attempt, sought to get clear of the steamer, and swam round the Pirate's vessel; he was seen, and a privateer shot him through the head.

What followed cannot be pictured a thundering explosion, mixed with shrieks of the most harrowing description, rent the air, and the noble steamer, with all its living and dying freight of human bodies, were scattered wide and far in fragments horrible to be contemplated, that dropped into the tide.

It must remain a mystery how the Fearless escaped as she did, the steamer had not been a dozen yards from her at the moment of the explosion, yet she was far from being hurt so as to be in an unseaworthy condition. Her masts were shivered, her capstan flattened, her guns battered and some driven out into the lake, her decks were strewn with pieces of metal and wood, and with the shattered parts of bodies, some of her flooring planks were beat in, but no lives were lost here, except those which had been taken in the fight.

Daylight broke; the water exhibited all sorts of floating relics. The Earl came up with Clinton to view the spectacle.

In the cabin, two hours later, a table was spread for breakfast, the remnant of the crew, who were free from wounds, sat down with the prisoners; the latter consisted of seven persons beside those who were wounded. As little as possible was said, and that little referred to the last catastrophe, which had almost swallowed up the remembrance of the previous struggle. The Pirate himself, although suffering in his side, sat at the head of the table and practised the utmost courtesy toward his captured opponents. On rising, he bade them consider themselves only as passengers to the nearest harbour, and requested them if they had any reason to complain of the behaviour

of the crew to them, to inform him, and he would remedy the grievance. But he trusted they would have nothing to complain of.

The Fearless was put forward toward a bay on the British side of the lake, where she was to be repaired, and victualled. The place was distant a few hours sail from the Sugar-loaf country, but the Pirate resolved not to approach before nightfall, for prudent reasons. On the way to the bay he spoke apart to Clinton, who stood on deck wrapped in meditations.

"Well, Nicholas," said he, "we fought them gallantly, did we not?"

"You were a perfect giant among heroes, my dear sir," said Clinton. "But the sight was shocking, setting on one side the terrible explosion."

"I thought nothing of the shockingness of it," said the Pirate, "while I was in the heat of the thing. My blood was on fire, and I dare say I fought like a very born fiend."

"I know that I did, as far as my strength would go," said Clinton. "There is something wonderfully intoxicating in 'the grappling vigour and rough frown of war.'"

"Ah! Nicholas! when I saw my men fighting for mere vengeance and thirst for blood, just before the steamer blew up, I felt what a villain I was. The thought that I was their leader—theirs, even at a moment so dreadful—sickened me of myself! I have a little conscience left—I am glad I feel it stirring! It shall have a free voice henceforward to say what rough things to me it pleases. I have done with piracy after this day. My heart will let me remain in this cursed profession no longer. Ah, Jane! this day over and your father is no longer a Pirate. Bless her!"

"Father, explain yourself."

"I will, my son, to *you*, without reserve. To go back a few years, you remember the mutiny on board the Antelope, poor old Barry's vessel?"

"Certainly," answered Clinton.

"I see you still think me the murderer of Captain Barry."

"I should be glad to believe you were not," said Clinton.

"Believe so then—for I was not!" said the Pirate.

The face of Clinton lighted up—then doubt shaded it again.

"But did I not see—"

"You saw nothing," said the Pirate, "of the actual occurrences until the last moments of the old man's life. You then saw him dying on deck, and me standing side by side with his murderer. That is all your memory can furnish you with that bears against me."

"Not all, I think, father," said Clinton; "unfortunately, you were one of those who exposed the passengers in an open boat, and you shared the plunder of the murdered Captain's ship."

"You forget it was I who prevailed on the mutineers to spare your lives by placing you in the jolly-boat, in which you sailed to the shore of St. Lawrence! I will tell you what part I played in that affair, and pray listen to me with belief, and do not think me more guilty than I say. The second mate of the ship often hinted to me that something important was meditated by the crew, in which they desired me to take a part. At first I would not attend to his ambiguous phrases, but when he flattered my pride by telling me that without me their schemes could not succeed, I listened. On my soul, my son, nothing was said of an intention against Barry's life, or I should have renounced the affair I know. Nothing was said either of seizing Barry's ship and the passengers, goods, or *that*, too, would have warned me off from the affair. The plan proposed to me was a profitable smuggling concern to be carried on between British America and the United States. I was to have sole command of the party, and my informant was to advance money to purchase a vessel fit for the purpose. Giving me the command was the bait by which I was drawn into the conspiracy, but the true nature of it I did not learn until it broke upon me in the mutiny. My tempter, the second mate, had pretended to inform Barry of the projects of the crew, and gave up all their names, mine standing at the head; he being in the Captain's confidence had more opportunities for furthering the objects of his fellow plotters. I was, like yourself, called on deck by the cries of Barry, he expired before me, pierced with a dozen wounds. The passengers stood by bound, expecting the same fate. You, as soon as you appeared from below, were tied with the rest. I stood passive among the mutineers; had I opposed them, you

must have perished; my arm could have done you little good against their numbers, they would have sent us all into the next world without scruple. I called the second mate, the ringleader of the uproar, and offered to him the command of the band, as he had proposed, with this proviso, that there should be no more lives taken except in self-defence—that the passengers should be given a boat and some provisions, and be allowed a chance to make their way to the shore. He proposed this to the crew, and they agreed to give me full power as their leader, their first act of subordination being a consent to my request in favour of the passengers, by which I unknowingly saved my son."

"And the smuggling expedition?"

"Was a mere pretence—piracy was the real object in view," returned his father, "but I did not know that at first; and, bad as smuggling is, piracy is much worse."

"But did I not hear the expiring Captain say, 'And you, Anderson—could I have expected this from *you*?'"

"I have explained, Nicholas; my name was at the head of the list of mutineers which the second mate showed him with pretended fidelity, he looked on me as one of his murderers, though I had no hand in it. Do you not understand me?"

"Perfectly now, my dear sir," said Clinton, reaching out his hand to his father.

"I take it," said the Pirate, "but I would not do so if I thought that you now judged it to have been guilty of the blood of Captain Barry."

"I do not," said Clinton, they then paced the gangway arm in arm, still in earnest talk.

"You should rest with that wound of yours, my dear sir; you will irritate it by moving about, I am afraid," said Clinton.

"No, it is nothing of any consequence," said the Pirate, with carelessness, but at the same time he leaned heavier on his son's arm. "Where are you going, Toby?" the old man was passing across the deck from the companion way, with a pair of forceps in his hand.

"Only to find the steward, sir," answered Haverstraw, "I want some things for the sick-ward which he has stowed away. If it please you, Captain, you should not, by any manner or means, be walking here with that gun-

shot-wound in your side. You had better take my word Captain, and go and lie down."

"So I have been telling him," said Clinton; "but he is not to be persuaded."

"Psha! go and lie down for a trifling accident like this!—not I!"

"You had better, Captain," repeated Haverstraw; "many's the wound, as trifling as yours, which I have seen carry off a strong fellow, only because he wouldn't take advice, keep still, and leave off liquors and strong victuals."

"Well, I shall keep off liquors," said the Pirate, "and perhaps live on barley-water, and chicken-broth, but as for keeping still, I would not do for any bullet short of a twelve-pounder. So go along to your sick patients, and let me alone to get strong again in this fresh breeze."

"I wish that, if only for my sake and my sister's, you would yield to the old sailor's advice," urged Clinton.

"Nonsense, my son! I scarcely feel the hurt at all," returned the Pirate, sitting down by the helm.

"Nicholas," he resumed, "I wish you to know why I have persisted in remaining with these privateers, contrary to your sister's oft-repeated wishes. I durst not tell her, for it would break her tender heart; I now tell you, you are firmer-minded.—I am conscious that I have forfeited my life, and it has been my determination to yield myself up to justice when I left this band. But lately I have quailed in my resolution—I cannot bear to leave you and Jenny for ever!"

"Leave us! no, I hope you will not contemplate such a thing!" exclaimed Clinton. "Why should you surrender? You have shown me the murder was not your act, and that you were deceived into joining the mutiny."

"True, my son; I am glad to see you understand the true nature of that transaction. But you forget that I have been now many years a Pirate-chief, and have shared in many robberies. My life is justly forfeit, and it should be given up, were it not for—but this is idle now. I have settled to live as long as I can with my children, and for them. Now the money I told you I had received to-day from the Earl on board, will enable me to take Jenny to the ruined fort I spoke of, and to provide us with a few household goods. You must hunt for our table, and old

Toby, who is going with us, will buy us what we need from the nearest village, and fish for us."

Clinton listened to the Pirate's scheme with attention, and with his silence he seemed to acquiesce.

"Let us go and see if Toby needs our assistance," said the Pirate.

A number of persons were in the room which they entered, and a noise of rough voices subsided at the first glimpse caught of the Captain's noble figure, which was followed by the more strikingly graceful one of his son.

"Toby, let our men be separated from the prisoners as soon as you can," said the Pirate.

"Aye, sir, but Harry Lockswain and I will not be able to doctor them all for many an hour. I am not so handy at the bandages as I used to be when I was younger. The ladies are scraping lint, and cutting up old linen, that is a help. Here comes Miss Jenny—bless her dear heart!" He went to the door.

"Now, Toby, here is a supply of lint, not a grain of cotton in it," said Jane.

"You have been very quick, my dear Miss Jenny."

"So I should be," she returned "for I have many assistants. Lady Hester, as I think my brother named that beautiful lady, the widow, has set herself, and sister, and Miss Gresham, the governess, at the scraping, leaving me and Deborah to execute all your other commands."

"I love to see the young quick to help them that are in pain," said the old man. "We have plenty of bandages. Run away, Miss Jenny, and get ready the poultices. I must bind up Gilpin's starboard-arm, and that will be no sight for you."

"Who is going to assist you?" asked Jane.

"That is what I want to know," said Haverstraw. "Harry, our skipper-doctor, is trying to set to rights a steamer man's wounds, which are in bad condition, and all our helpers are about him. Harry," he raised his voice, "can you spare me a couple of sailors to help me out with a troublesome job here?"

"No," answered the surgeon; "my patient is in a dead swoon, and I have enough for us to do here, I promise you."

"Let me help you, Toby," said the Pirate.

"And I will hold the light," said Clinton.

"So be it," cried Haverstraw: "but now we want some

one to go in and out from the ladies' cabin for the articles we may require."

"Cannot I bring them in before you begin?" asked Jane.

"Why I am not sure I can think of all till I find the need for them," said the old man.

"Then I will wait outside the door," cried Jane; "and when you want anything raise your voice ever so little I shall hear you."

"That is a girl worth the name," said Haverstraw.

"My ankle first, Toby—do that up first," said Gilpin; "let me have the worst job last. Come don't let your old hand shake about it, touch it firmly, for this arm gives me confounded twinges. Now for your arm, Gilpin," said Haverstraw. "Hold the light steadily, Mr. Nicholas. Put your hand under the shoulder in this fashion, Captain."

"I am sorry to say I must give up my post—I feel worse than I did," said the Pirate, putting his hand to his side. "I think the blood has broken through again."

"Help him to his hammock directly, sir," said Haverstraw to Clinton. "Gilpin, you will take no harm lying still a few minutes, while I give a look at the Captain's side."

"Not I. Away with you, and stop as long as you will," cried the iron-nerved privateer.

A considerable quantity of blood had escaped from the Pirate's wound; it was stopped by Haverstraw, and rebound.

"I hope, sir, you will now be persuaded to lie awhile," said the latter earnestly.

"Why, yes, this loss of blood has a little tamed me, Toby; I shall remain here a few minutes at least."

"A few hours, or a few days would be better sir," said the old mariner. "Mr. Clinton, you will go back with me to hold the arm?"

"Yes," said the latter, as they shut Haverstraw's cabin door, leaving the Pirate to a painful state of forced quiet.

The mind of Clinton was highly fevered, and during the operation of which he was a witness, his thoughts ran over the events in which he had been engaged, with confused excitement. The actual presence of Lady Hester in the pirate-vessel he could hardly realise—again and again he

was astonished that he should have found her here. He had parted from her, as he thought, for ever—then she was a wife: now she was free to marry again, without any restraint on her choice. Who could tell what might happen in his favour?

"Keep your hand steady, sir," cried Haverstraw. Clinton's eyes were dancing; he did contrive to steady his hand, but his head and his heart were beyond his management.

"You may go now, I see it is too much for you," said Haverstraw; "I can manage to do the rest."

Clinton would have been glad to have been discharged, but when the aged sailor came to the sewing on of the bandages, he found his sight was too defective for that part of his task, Clinton attempted the office, but his success was hardly greater. Gilpin declared that he had felt the point of the needle more than once. By this time he was growing faint. Clinton stepped outside to take some thread from Jane, and told her of the dilemma. She offered to do what was required.

While Jane was passing the stitches along the bandages, Haverstraw, with an affectionate smile, leaned over her stooping head, and pointed out with his fingers those edges of the linen which he wished to be secured. Clinton stood behind her, sheltering her from the gaze of the seamen who were in the other parts of the room. Gilpin's smothered groans of pain called tears of pity into her eyes. He eyed her compassionate countenance with curiosity, gratitude, and respect. He was thirty years of age, a native of New York; he had been respectfully brought up, but had fallen into a profligate way of life, and deserted his parents and his home. As he gazed on the girl before him, her intrepidity in undertaking her present task and the kindness of her modest deportment all at once pierced the gross film which covered the eyes of his mind, with a light that had never beamed through it since he had been a stripling; for the moment he forsook his favourite maxim, "that all women were either puppets, horrid shrews, fools, or rakes;" an indefinable notion of female excellence floated above his fancy, and, from that period, a deep respect for Jane Anderson took root in his depraved mind.

"Now I must take you away," said Clinton, to his

sister, when the last bandage had been fastened on the fractured arm! "you have borne the sight wonderfully."

Gilpin followed her to the door, and roused himself. "Toby," said he, when she had disappeared with her brother, trying to raise himself on the table on his left elbow, "how mistaken I have been about Miss Anderson! I had no idea that she was pretty, but may I never trim a sail more, if she is not a girl fit to be the daughter of old Jupiter, who my schoolmaster used to spin yarns about when I was a boy. What dost say, grey-head, doctor, lieutenant, is she not a fine wench, eh?"

"To my mind she is as nice a girl as ever the eyes of man seed," said Haverstraw; "I love her as much as if she was my own flesh and blood. I knew her mother; Miss has just her amiableness, only she is a trifle braver-hearted. Now lie still, and I will mix you a cooling drink that will send you to sleep, and then I hope you will do well."

While Haverstraw had been speaking, he had propped Gilpin's head and shoulders on the table, and covered him with a blanket.

Gilpin soon fell asleep under the influence of a sleeping draught, and his dreams of pain were brightened by the meek face of Miss Anderson, gazing on him with the compassion of a ministering angel, while she whispered words of pity in the softest tones imaginable.

Clinton and Jane had looked into Haverstraw's cabin, where the Pirate was while his own was occupied by the strangers, and finding him in a slumber, returned to the society of the Earl and the ladies. The Earl was looking out of the cabin windows with uneasiness at the swell of the waves, and calculating how long it would be before he should be able to return to the Niagara district, complaining of the danger of useless travelling, and wishing that he had never left Toronto, except to return to England. Lady Hester, Miss Gresham, and Letitia, were seated at a table spread with salves, linen, sewing utensils, and other things required for the wounded.

"Are you ready to take the poultice, Miss Anderson?" asked Lady Hester, who had not observed Clinton enter, and was stirring linseed in a pan.

Jane replied in the affirmative, and received the preparation from Lady Hester. The latter raised her eyes, which sank before the gaze of Clinton.

"Lady Hester is not too proud for deeds of charity," he ejaculated.

"If you please, sir, will it be long before we reach the shore?" asked Letitia.

"By evening, it was intended that we should get into harbour," replied Clinton; "but if it be later, I hope you will not feel afraid."

"It will be midnight before we shall get in," said the Earl, "if the ship moves on at this slow pace. The wind seems to me to be growing high, is it not so?"

"I am no seaman, Lord Wilton," said Clinton, "and I have not observed the weather during the last hour. The ship seems to ride roughly now."

The Fearless was beginning to rock on a surfy swell.

The Earl became more ill-humoured; in the multiplicity of affairs that had pressed on Jane and Deborah, he and the ladies had had to put up with a dinner of fish and mutton, and the Earl being an epicure this had not tended to sweeten his temper.

He had gone on deck, and Lady Hester had planted herself on the sofa, when Clinton threw himself in a chair by her side. He longed to make some allusion to the Colonel's death, but scarcely knew how to do it. At length he said—

"The steamer received a communication from Toronto while I was in it, and I learned of the affliction you had sustained. I little thought, when I saw you last on Toronto cliffs, Lady Hester, that you were fated to endure so much sorrow."

"And I," said Lady Hester, replying to his speech, "never dreamt of finding Mr. Clinton treacherous to persons who relied on his honour."

"Treacherous, Lady Hester!" echoed Clinton.

"Yes, I repeat it—treacherous to those who relied on your honour."

"Madam, you are not aware that it was after I had engaged with his Excellency, the Governor, that I was recognised by my father."

"Oh, yes, I am perfectly aware."

"And would it have been kind, to assist my father's enemies to destroy him?"

"It would have been right," rejoined Lady Hester, "if you went with those enemies, for you had pledged your word to them to assist them, not to circumvent them. A

person's word should be of some little value. I forget nothing I have heard; you had time to release yourself from your engagement with the Governor, so as to prevent the disgrace which you have incurred. Letitia hand me your penknife, I dare say the old sailor has not finished."

She commenced scraping linen industriously, while a spot of crimson burnt on her cheek. Clinton was chagrined, humbled, and flattered. Under this impression he could not restrain himself within the bounds of prudence, but whispered modulated to expressive sweetness—

"Can it be, that Lady Hester has the remotest regard for my reputation?"

"Mr. Clinton!" exclaimed the lady, animated by haughty resentment, "sir!"

These three words almost annihilated Clinton. Down fell all his hopes! Lady Cleveland observed his consternation, the change in his countenance alarmed her, and half repented of her severity.

"Mr. Clinton—or Mr. Anderson," said she, "don't you think Letitia and I shall be thought marvellous lions when we get back to London, having passed through so many adventures in this part of the world?"

Clinton's manner was as much changed as Lady Cleveland's: he assumed a pleasantry.

"In that case, madam," said he, "your ladyships will have been seeking 'the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth.' I am sorry that your qualifications for lionising should have been so expensively purchased, and I wish you no more adventures of the sort you have had lately. As to my name," he added, "I do not renounce my former ones, I only add another to them—Nicholas Clinton Anderson are cognomens to which I lay claim."

Little could the superficial eye have seen of the keen pain with which Clinton referred to his relationship to the Pirate, nor the noble impulse which made him disdain to shrink from the subject. But the eye of love is never superficial, and Jane and Lady Hester understood his true feelings. He, gifted with the same magical vision, saw himself appreciated, and loved both his sister and the fair widow more than ever.

"The loss of life was considerable last night, I fear," said Lady Cleveland.

"Very," was Clinton's response; "more than one half

of the persons on board the steamer, and a third of the crew of this vessel, were killed in the fight and explosion, and by far the larger number of the survivors are injured."

"Melancholy!" exclaimed Lady Cleveland; "this event will increase the public prejudice in Canada against your father, Mr. Clinton."

"I hope not," said Clinton.

"Well, sir," said Lady Hester, "if you ever need a friend for him, apply to me; though I should be on the other side of the Atlantic I will not fail to answer the appeal, I will undertake the Earl shall answer it."

"If he be taken, Lady Hester, I will remember this promise," said Clinton, repressing the warm expressions of gratitude which crowded to his lips. Here Deborah entered, bearing two candlesticks, which she placed on the table; and, she cast sundry glances at Jane, which brought the latter to her side.

"Misthress dear, there'll be somethin more bad intirely happen the day if ye don't prevint. Och! bad luck to the wicked Pirits, savin your prisince, honey dear, they're a bad set.

"Hush, Deborah!" whispered Jane; "don't let the ladies be more alarmed than is necessary; go outside, I will come to you as soon as I can do so without being noticed."

Jane tried to attract Clinton's eye, and succeeding, pointed to the door, and went out; Clinton made a slight excuse and left the cabin.

But Lady Cleveland was on the watch, and observed everything that passed with anxiety, if not with fear, now she was aware of the character of the ship.

She kept her ear and eye fastened on the door with fluctuating feelings, while Letitia asked many questions, which her sister mechanically answered.

"Sister," she observed, "I don't understand what necessity there can be for so many guns about this ship, unless it were a man of war, which it is not. And I heard one sailor, speaking to another call him a 'buccaneer;' and that means a pirate, and a pirate you told me, was a robber on the seas; it would be a very odd thing if the sailors here were all robbers, would it not, sister?"

"Nonsense Letty, you must take no notice of what the sailors say to each other."

"I do not know whether your ladyship has observed anything peculiar," remarked the governess, addressing Lady Cleveland, "but I have noticed many suspicious circumstances myself, which appear to strengthen Lady Letitia's idea;" and Miss Gresham who had about her all the affectation of ultra-refinement, looked frightened. "Really the bare thought is shocking! — I feel excited! To read of pirates and all those sort of persons in books when one is quietly at home, is pleasant; but to be within their reach is a different affair. If I may judge by your ladyship's countenance, that you know there are grounds for our apprehensions. Really, I am ready to faint."

"Pray dont, for I left my salts in the water last evening," said Lady Hester. The governess coloured, and Lady Hester repented.

"What description of enemies did you suppose they were who fought against the crew, last night, Miss Gresham?" asked Lady Cleveland.

"I could not imagine," answered the Governess; "your ladyship, when I remarked to you at the conclusion of the encounter how singular it was that a trading vessel should be thus attacked, said that you had learnt they were personal foes of the Captain. Several times I should have expressed my suspicions to you had I not perceived that your ladyship's manner indicated a wish for my silence on the topic; the presence of Miss Anderson has checked me more than once."

"If you will try to govern your apprehension a little Miss Gresham, I will tell you what I have learned. The great defect in your character as I have often told you before, is the want of command over your sensibilities. If I had let you know as soon as I had discovered the fact, that we were at the mercy of a set of men who defied all law but their own misguided wills—pirates, you would have been fainting or dying all day. Fortitude, my dear lady, should be your aim; with your amiable qualities, they might be well combined."

"Your ladyship is right, I am weak in mind, very," said the governess; "but you will allow me to remark, that that weakness is constitutional, and never to be wholly overcome; it is a disease deeply rooted in my system, and perhaps you can hardly appreciate the difficulty with which the least portion of it is dislodged."

"Perhaps I cannot," said Lady Hester, "I acknowledge that *constitution* solves many riddles, and this among the number. Many of my own vices, I trace to the same source. It will be well for us both, if we can refrain from becoming contented with our blemishes, after we have ascribed them to human nature."

"Speaking of this Captain Anderson," said the governess, "he is a remarkable figure—does not your ladyship think so?"

Just then the door opened, and the individual of whom she spoke, entered, bowing to Lady Cleveland with the dignity peculiar to him; and the latter, as she returned the movement, could not refrain from scanning the remarkable proportions to which the governess had referred so admiringly.

"I hope you have not felt much inconvenience, lady, from the swell this afternoon," said he; and Lady Hester remarked that his voice was almost as rich as his son's.

"Not much, Captain," said she, "the Earl has complained a little, but we have proved stronger than he on this occasion. But I understand that you retired to bed, Captain Anderson, ill, with the wound you received last night."

"I did, Madam, and have just risen. I should have remained in my hammock, for the next dozen hours without stirring, had I not been anxious for your landing."

"I thank you, Captain, on behalf of myself and friends; and you cannot wonder, if, under existing circumstances, we are anxious to land."

"In a quarter of an hour you will do so," said the Pirate; "it is to tell you this that I am here. Our proposed place of anchorage is in sight. There has been a strong wind rising in the right direction, and now we give our sails fair play, we shall see the beach shingles presently."

The tremors of the party were relieved by this announcement, and with renewed spirits they tied on their bonnets and mantillas, in preparation for the welcome change.

The Fearless flew over the boisterous waves, worked by the skill of old Toby, who guided the helm.

Before the Pirate had entered the cabin to acquaint Lady Hester of the fact that the harbour was in sight, he

had held a private conversation with Jane, Clinton, and Deborah. It appeared that the Irish girl had been putting away the remnant of the salted mutton, when she overheard several of the privateers conferring together, one said that the Captain was a fool to think of letting the Earl and his daughters go out of the ship without paying a ransom; another said that he had hinted to the master what he ought to do, but the skipper was as obstinate as ever, and threatened to hang up the fellow that should dare to demand a single dollar from them—there was no end to his whims; a third observed that he was determined not to run the vessel into harbour until he had part of the cash the gentleman and ladies carried about their persons: the same villain proposed that the party should be *compelled* to pay the crew for their release.

When the Pirate had reflected on this information, he called the privateers together, and, resigning his post as their Captain, gave them, in consideration of their renouncing their plans against the strangers, all which belonged to him in the vessel, as well as the vessel itself; binding himself to a voluntary oath to betray none of them, at any time, or under any circumstances, and stating that it was for his children's sake he left.

CHAPTER XII.

THE WITHDRAWAL AND RETIREMENT OF THE PIRATE.

THE harbour was now at hand; the appearance of the ship was not likely to excite suspicion; all the crew were off the decks excepting Haverstraw, who was at the helm, Merry, who was turning over a heap of skins of different wild animals, and Clinton, who was walking on the gangway.

"Again to lose sight of her!" muttered the latter. "When I parted from her in England—when I parted from her at Toronto—I did not suffer what I suffer now! Matchless woman! It is not her fortune that attracts me—no! would to heaven she were as poor as I am, she should then know what a passion I have for her! But she is rich—titled—of a proud family—and I must be mute!"

He listened; it was her voice he heard below the hatches; she was speaking to her young sister. A heavier darkness fell on his spirit, if there had only been the least sadness in her voice he would have felt soothed, so he thought; but there was not; and he called himself by the hardest names for ever having fancied that she loved him.

She came up the ladder to the deck, preceeded by her friends. Did she not avoid his eye as she stepped past him, and while she smilingly waved her hand to the black who had assisted in saving her life, and to Haverstraw, who had restored her sister? Yes, she did. She knew he was standing within a yard of her—she saw the place of landing every moment coming nearer—she heard his sigh. She must be aware of what he was suffering at the near prospect of this third, hopeless parting. Yet not one kind glance did she give him.

His eyes were fastened on her, in the forlorn hope that he should detect one glance; but now her crape bonnet, intervened; and the ship's anchor was thrown and fastened, and the boat which was to convey the strangers to the shore was lowered on the waters, and the last moment of Lady Hester's stay in the Fearless had arrived, and still nought of her features could he see.

In that moment Lucy was avenged. His trifling with her had never made her suffer more than Lady Hester's distance of manner made him suffer. There was an age of misery for him in the few fleeting minutes that preceded her departure. The necessity for concealing his feelings only served to inflame them; in spite of his efforts his eyes filled with tears, and his face expressed a passionate melancholy. His sister, who stood behind Lady Hester, touched him, he turned his head towards her, instead of speaking she gazed on his features with alarmed affection; he returning her kind look with one of eloquent meaning, and then sighing abruptly turned his head toward Lady Hester.

The Earl had shaken hands with the Pirate, the ladder had been let down to the boat, and he had descended with his youngest daughter and the governess. Lady Hester was the last to go down; her foot lingered on the deck: Clinton stood still in agony.

"I will speak to her!" he ejaculated. "I will bid her farewell calmly;" but, when he would have pronounced

her name, his tongue clove to his mouth; and when he would have stepped forwards and have shaken hands with her, his feet seemed rooted to the floor. He saw her turn to his sister; their hands met; they whispered together; he could see his sister weeping; she took something from Lady Hester and hid it in her breast. What could it be? Catching at the least hope that offered itself, he fancied it must be some token of love for him; the idea electrified him; he could not hear what they said to each other, but he saw that both were affected, and he supposed it related to him.

The illusion passed in a moment. Lady Hester stepped over the ship's edge on the ladder. Her "Good-bye, Mr. Clinton," rung like a knell on his ear. She was in the boat, and his heart sank as a stone in his breast.

"Fool!" he ejaculated to himself, "Oh, fool! - I have lost my last opportunity! I shall see her no more."

With this impression he rivetted his eyes on the outline of her figure that he might fix it in his memory to feed upon afterwards.

The scene in which he supposed himself to be viewing her for the last time, was an object of no slight interest to his highly wrought feelings.

The shore was distant from the Fearless one hundred yards; the last shades of twilight spread the water with a sombreness, that was not darkness, but had the effect of darkness.

The boat returned, and the figures of Lady Hester and her friends were lost on the beach. Clinton had rested his elbows on the railings of the deck, and his face had sunk into his hands, while his eye turned on the spot where the strangers had disappeared. He was first roused by Jane, whose arm he felt gliding round his neck.

"What is it Jane? What have you to say to me?" he articulated.

"Dear Nicholas!" murmured Jane.

"Go down to your cabin, I will talk to you presently—as soon as I am able?" and he sighed.

"Nicholas, I have something for you—something Lady Cleveland left with me for you," Jane whispered, with much feeling.

"For me!" exclaimed Clinton. "What is it?—where is it? Give it me—quick! Blessings on you, kind girl: you have snatched me from the depths of despair!" and

having grasped a square packet, which Jane held, he ran off to a private place below, where he might examine it.

His father's sitting-room, which he entered with a bounding step, looked melancholy without the company which had so lately occupied it; but he pressed closer in his hand the packet; the door was locked behind him, and he lighted a candle.

"Now!" he ejaculated, "for the secret on which my fate hangs! Does she love me still? Love me well enough to marry me? Well enough to trample on her pride of birth? Well enough to overpass the difference which fortune has cast between us? Now I shall see!" He opened the packet; a bit of paper dropped on the carpet; he picked it up, and instead of unfolding it, tried to conjecture, by feeling it, what it contained.

"It is round," said he, "it is a ring! a gift of love, and she will yet be mine!" here he ended his suspense by opening the folds of a bit of paper, but paused at each fold, as if his death-warrant was within. A glittering ring did present itself, one which Lady Hester had herself worn; it was of wrought gold, set with diamonds around a motto, which he read over a hundred times; it was her family motto; yet he could not persuade himself but that it was meant as an allusion to his passion.—"Courage and constancy conquer fate."

He repeated the words pacing the room; then put the ring on his finger, and raised it to his lips, now examining the envelope of the packet, he took from within it a note, which he had not observed.

Intensity of expectation produced an artificial calm in his demeanour, and he sat down. His eye flew along the lines, and when he had reached the bottom of the third page, where appeared the dear-loved signature, he returned to the commencement, and read the whole as follows:—

"While your father's vessel approaches the place where I and my friends are to land, Mr. Clinton, I seize the opportunity to say a word or two to you on paper. To think you are not happy, affects me very deeply. I will not misunderstand one source of your unhappiness. Your dejected look will not fail to haunt me when I am at a distance from you. It is a pity we have met again. Our trials in former years were sufficiently heavy for you and me.

"To come to the point with you, Mr. Clinton, I am still your

true and anxious friend, and such I will remain. More than this I cannot say for two or three years to come.

"I would not let you remain in suspense regarding me, if I could help it. I believe you capable of a manly honourable affection, and I trust that it is such an one which you entertain for me. Time, I hope, has given you more solidity of character than you once had, and misfortunes have had a purifying influence on you. Your former errors have proved salutary pieces of instruction and experience, and you have learned how to live more wisely. I give you two years longer, if at the end of that period your heart is unchanged, and you have lived the while as beseems a man, you may write to me, and if I am then in existence you shall hear from me in return.

"I will give my hand to no man now living, I pledge you my word, until the two years have expired and I have heard from, or of you. With this promise you must content yourself.

"Trouble not yourself during the period of your probation by any notions of my entertaining some suitor more apparently my equal rank. Believe me to be *truly loved*, I estimate of more worth than a crown, and I am not the woman to give encouragement to any man whom I do not value. Now I have made this foolish remark, your vanity will be ready enough to convince you that I have some value for you. Well, in two years I may prove to you that I *have*. I enjoin on you the strictest silence, excepting your sister, and perhaps your father.

"I shall return sooner to England than I had intended, to avoid the hazard of another painful meeting and parting between us. Remember for your comfort that I live retired henceforward.

"Be wise, be true, and ponder the motto upon the ring enclosed. That ring I beg you to accept as a sign of my enduring friendship, even should a stern Providence decree that no nearer bond unite us. Farewell! once more, farewell!"

There was a knock at the door; Clinton hurried the letter into his pocket, and admitted Jane.

"My dear brother, I was so anxious about you, that I could not keep away," said she.

"O, Jane!" he exclaimed, "my dear girl, come in! I have such news for you!" He drew her in and fastened the door; "See here, Jane—Lady Hester's gift! see here—her letter! Read! In two years she will be my wife! Lady Hester herself, in two years—only two! Could you have dreamt of such fortune—such happiness—for your brother! There, read her own words! Read—read!"

Jane read the letter! then, surveying the ring, repeated some of the sentences aloud, and in a transport of joyful sympathy, sprang into her brother's embrace.

"This is a wonderful change of prospect for you!" said she.

"Astonishing!" responded Clinton, and he talked animatedly to his sister of what he would do for her and for his father when he should be Lady Hester's husband; of the accomplished society to which he was sure Lady Hester would introduce her.

Jane could not avoid feeling dizzy in the midst of this whirl of glittering ideas, but she checked him by saying, "I shall never marry—never. I shall never go into society however fascinating it may be. I shall live with my father and not stir from his side;" then followed a sigh and a faint blush, and a shade of pain altered her serene face.

"Jane, you are thinking of Mr. Lee," said Clinton, "I had forgot him. Nay my sister, you need not sigh again, as much as to say but I had not. I remember your theory about immutable love, eh, Jane? and you are not like some philosophers who teach one system and practice another, are you? Ah! another rosy blush," said he, "another sigh too under your breath; then I must be serious. I might be able to persuade Lady Hester to reside in America, near the Pastor's lodge, and then, if Mr. Lee would acknowledge me as a brother, and forget the past, what think you, should we not be happy *then*?"

"Mr. Lee will never be your brother," said Jane; she little knew this was a fatal prediction, destined to be fulfilled in an awful manner, that was hid even from her conception. "He will never be more to me than an acquaintance," said she, but in this case she was mistaken. "Why do you smile, Nicholas? It is absurd of you to put on that knowing look."

"And it is absurd of you," said Clinton, "to say such foolish things with so positive an air. Who knows not that love can set the strongest resolutions at defiance?"

"It will not set mine at defiance," returned Jane; "I am sure to live single all my days," and she repeated the word *sure*.

"As sure as I am," retorted Clinton.

"And if not," continued Jane, "I am sure after what has passed, that the last person I should be likely to marry would be Mr. Lee."

"I hope so—and the first—for I should be sorry to see

my sister enter twice into the holy estate of matrimony," said Clinton.

"Well, I see you are determined to be tormenting, Nicholas, so I will say no more to you on this subject, lest I should lose my temper—

"For the first time," interrupted Clinton. "I feel so wondrously happy, that I am very much disposed to flatter you. You possess the quintessence of a temper—don't you remember Mr. Lee used to tell you so?"

"Oh, go on," said Jane, "I shall not say another word."

Clinton wrapped up Lady Hester's letter, putting the ring inside.

"Come, be reconciled," said he, bending over Jane. She raised her face smilingly, and he kissed her forehead. "I have found a tender sister, and while she is the girl she is now, I shall love her fondly, whether she ever have a husband or not."

Now, softened by the prospect of such good fortune as he anticipated, Clinton opened his heart to his sister on the subject of his past guilt.

"Now, Jenny, come—prepare—we set off in a few hours, my girl. You have your wish at last."

Jane felt a sweet emotion of pleasure, surpassing any thing she had felt before. In a second she had summoned Deborah, and had given her directions to pack up.

"But you will not leave all this furniture behind?" said she.

"All—even to the ornaments," was the reply; "everything about must be left as I have used them, excepting my clothing."

Jane and Deborah were on their knees, packing boxes.

"Debby," began Jane, "you have behaved kindly to me. Who, besides yourself, would have staid with me in this ship, if they could have left it? No one. And you have not asked me for money. I wish Debby, that I could now give you something of more value than this," putting a bank note into her hand, "to prove to you how much I feel your kindness; but since I cannot, you will I hope take the will for the deed. That note will pay you as much as you would have received if you had been in the lodge all this time, and no more."

"May I be burned, Misthress Jane, if I touch a far-

thin's worth of the money! Indeed an' I won't—no—by St. P'athrick and all the howly saints!"

"But hear me, Debby," continued Jane, "we shall stay a few hours in a town, and there I must bid you good-bye. You will want money until you get a situation. I hope you will soon find one; I have no doubt you will."

"Did you say I must get a situation, Misthress Jane Anderson—did you say that?" exclaimed the Irish girl.

"Yes—it must be so," replied Jane.

"And may I be howld to ask the reason why, Miss?"

"There are several reasons," said Jane; "you know my father must live in some place that is retired—and we shall have but few conveniences, and—"

"Convaniences, Miss! I hope I can do without 'em as well as with 'em," interrupted Deborah.

"But, Debby, you may be so comfortable in some respectable family," argued Jane.

"No, Miss, I have fixed my mind on living with you, and I shall take it hard if I am denied. I don't want regular wages at prisint, nor convaniences, I only ask to live with you."

"Do not blame me afterwards if you stay with me; you know what you have to expect," said Jane.

"Nivir mintion it," cried Deborah, "all's one to me. Rough or smooth, notin' will come amiss, while I'm sarvin you and your frinds."

"Very well, I yield," said Jane. "Yet remember that I advise you to settle in some good family where you may have an opportunity of advancing yourself in life."

"If its sittled I am to stay with you, I thank you many times, Misthress dear," said Deborah, "and you will plase me better if you will take back this bit of paper. It's likely I'll lose it, and it's as safe in yer kaping as in mine. Depind on me, I sha'nt be backward in asking for it whin I have a need for the same."

"I will take charge of it for you willingly, if that is all," said Jane; "but the note is your own, whether it remain in my hands or in yours." This matter settled, the boxes were filled, and directed in the name of M. Vaudry. Merry appeared to convey them to the deck, where Toby swung them into a boat on the water, ready for the Pirate's use.

The morning was breaking, and some of the privateers were walking up and down. All who had been able to

leave their beds had come up to see their Captain take his leave. Some talked of his past exploits, and feared that the best days of the stout buccaneer ship were over; others, praised him with some reserve, and hoped to see the buccaneer trade prosper better than ever, when they should have a leader less whimsical than he.

But every voice was blended in a shout, when he stepped from the hatches prepared to quit them. He had altered his dress to that of a French-Canadian farmer, for the purpose of disguise.

"Men," said he, "I thank you for these expressions of your affection for me. I will hope they are sincere. I will believe that you are all satisfied with my conduct while I have been your leader."

"All!—all!" was the response.

"I thank you," he repeated. "And my motives for leaving you I am to understand are supposed good?"

"Yes!—yes!"

"You do not now think that I have bargained with your enemies for my life by betraying you all?" There was silence for a moment, as if the suspicion were not extinct among them; but in another second all seemed ashamed of the doubt, and answered him by acclamations.

"Thanks," repeated the Pirate. Then he exclaimed, "when I betray one of you knowingly, may heaven totally desert me. I will never do it."

The hearts of the listeners were softened; some hard eyes were seen glistening as if tears had found a passage there; and on some brutalized features a noble enthusiasm was glimmering like sunbeams on a muddy pool.

"Some of you know I was deceived into the post I have occupied," continued the Pirate. "Speak the truth—was it not so? Was I not led to believe that nothing worse than smuggling was intended by you?"

"Yes!" answered several voices.

"Yet I have been true to you to the present moment," (a shout.) "Well now, friends, at parting let me advise you to return to the original plan, I have no interests of my own to serve. If you choose to remain Pirates, I leave you my vessel, and all that is in her; if you become smugglers, I do the same. But I speak for your good as men, there is no excuse to be made among people for a Pirate, for a smuggler there is. Men of honesty encourage smugglers, therefore they cannot suppose smuggling to be

a dishonest thing. Be smugglers—you will never want friends; be smugglers—you will be secretly welcome everywhere, and money will flow in upon you. There is a great deal in a robber's choice of a name, my friends, let me tell you."

His partly serious, partly sarcastic remarks, pleased and amused the men, and the proposal was received with more attention than he expected. An animated discussion took place; some argued in favour of the change; others opposed it; however, their Captain renewed his arguments, which had so much weight with all, that after a second consultation they determined to give up piracy, and confine themselves to the circulation of contraband goods between the Canadas and the United States, only with the proviso, that if the new trade should not be found as profitable as the old one, they should go back to the latter.

The Pirate was pleased that he had been the means of bringing the men he had commanded nearer the pale of honest life, and thought it some good done.

"I have to thank you for one remarkable part of your behaviour to me," said he, "my daughter has lived in this ship unmolested—her father is grateful. Lawless as you appear, you have respected the feelings of an innocent girl, I shall remember it to your honour, when I am gone from you."

This praise improved their tempers, and as Jane appeared they fell back with a delicacy worthy of better men. She took Clinton's arm as if for protection from the faces which gazed on her, and fastened her eyes on the ground. The Pirate took her hand and whispered to her as he led her to the spot where she was to descend to the boat. There, stopping as he wished, she gathered confidence, and looked around with kindness on the excited crew, bowing to them.

She appeared to much advantage, her neat figure was attired in the Canadian costume, a jacket, or mantelet, of brown cloth, fitted above a full skirt of rich crimson wool, and a graceful straw hat covered her dark brown hair. The locks in front were combed over her temples. As she smiled, and waved her hand, her features were stamped with the purest expressions, such as made you in love with virtue.

Clinton retained his hunter's dress, his additional ward-

robe was confined within the dimensions of a small pack, that was strapped to his back.

He had assisted his sister into the boat, when Deborah made her appearance, wrapped up in a stuff cloak and bonnet.

Some delay was now caused by the sailors insisting that the Captain should take the furniture and ornaments of his cabins with him. In a brief space they had cleared out a canoe which had stood on deck, filled with articles, and had slung it to the water beside the boat.

"Now this is hacting something like," said Haverstraw. "I didn't think there was any heart in 'em at all; but I see there is always some white spot about the blackest rogues if it could but be found out." Merry twitched his sleeve.

"Me go wid you?" said he, "Me miserable here ib you and Massa Captin go away. Massa Captin it was who took me aboard when me run from old Somers' cowskin; de Captin use me well here—me lub him very well. By gor, me not stay when you and de Captin gone!" and tears rolled down his sooty cheeks.

"The men won't let you go, Merry, I'm almost sure of it," said Toby. "No; three of us at once will be too many for 'em to lose. They won't let you go, take my word for't."

"Me a free buccaneer, Toby!" cried the black. "Me no slavy now. Me not stay here ib me not like! Why dey let you go, an' not me, tell me dat, old man?"

"'Cause I am an old man, boy," answered Haverstraw. "I tell you what, young blacky," he added, "if you want to keep me company, you had better get back the nat'ral colour of your own skin afore you go talking so to the men."

The negro tried to twitch his collar out of Haverstraw's hand, but the grasp of the old man was not shaken.

"You foolish nigger boy," said he, "do you want to make a quarrel here, and the Captain just going?"

"Me will go too!" exclaimed Merry.

"What are you talking about, blackbird, eh?" asked the man at the wheel.

"The boy is wishful to go with me," answered Haverstraw.

An oath was the response, it was echoed by others of the crew, and Merry was denied



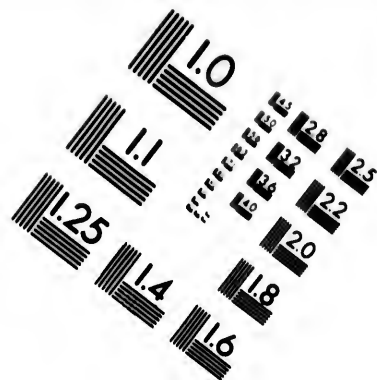
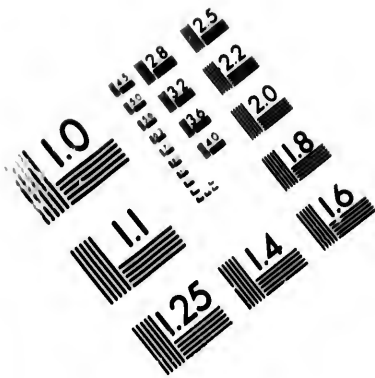
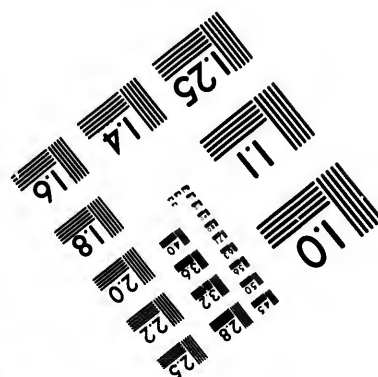
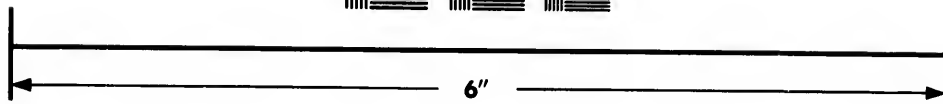
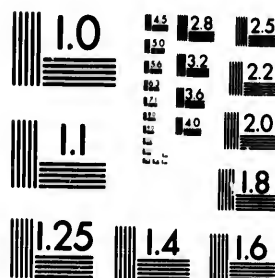


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"Now keep your temper, and listen to me," said Haverstraw, whispering in his ear a few sentences. The negro gave a skip, snapped his fingers over his head, and grinned one of his broad grins.

"Will it do, boy?" asked Toby.

"Iss, by gor, iss!" exclaimed Merry, "me get off dat way, ver well."

"Softly!" exclaimed the old man.

The Captain shook hands with all in the cabin, and on the deck, then entered the boat, followed by his son. Haverstraw descended to one end of the canoe, which was nearly overset by the additional weight. The sailors cheered their Captain as the boats moved off. He took his last look of the Fearless.

"She is admirably built!" cried he, addressing Clinton. "I was never inside a better ship. But I have done right to quit her, and I must make myself as happy as I can. You would hardly think, Nicholas," he added, "how a thorough-bred sailor, such has twenty-five years of service has made of me, loves his ship: she seems almost as much a part of him as the hand which has worked the helm, or the eyes that have directed her compass."

While the attention of the crew was fastened on the boats, a splash in the water was heard, and the negro was seen rising to the surface, twenty yards off, swimming with a rapid movement to the canoe, which Haverstraw put back to receive him.

Merry got in at the hinder end of the canoe, Toby being in front; the paddles were set in motion, and the waves swept past them at no mean speed.

A seaman, whom the Pirate had recommended to the crew of the Fearless to be their successor, was in the batteau, and when it floated to the edge of the shore, he waited until the Pirate and his children had landed, then rowed it to the ship. The canoe had been returned by the sailors to the Pirate with its contents.

CHAPTER XIII.

RENEWAL OF THE OLD LOVE.

WE now return to the Pastor's lodge. Two years have passed since the Pirate parted from his men. The

winter has set in with rigour. In Upper Canada the seasons are always more temperate than in the Lower province. That splendid phenomenon, the hoar frost spread itself over the wilderness.

The enclosure in which Lucy slept was covered with a winding-sheet of purest ice. The Pastor and his grandson took a morning walk from the lodge to this spot. They descended into the lower parts of the valley, went up the few steps of the enclosure, and proceeded along the path which led to the grave.

The Pastor had become bent under the weight of his afflictions. His face was now furrowed, and it had lost its healthy complexion.

Arthur's countenance had become more serious, his manner more grave. He had sought consolation in religion, and having had his hopes blighted on earth, he had determined to seek no more the phantom of earthly happiness, but looked forward with faith, and a fixed expectation to a future world of joy.

They both stood by the two cypresses which overshadowed Lucy's grave with their dark branches. There was just room between their roots for *another* grave; "Whose will it be?" thought the Pastor, "Lord, if me, I am ready; I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Thee, and the dear ones I have lost. Yet I would be passive in Thy hands; 'all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'"

Arthur leaned his elbow on a tombstone that had been made of the white marble with which the district abounded. It was of an antique shape, and bore this inscription—

LUCY LEE,

AGED 19 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS;

BORN IN ENGLAND, IN THE RECTORY-HOUSE OF ILTON, SUFFOLK,
MARCH, 1805,

DIED JULY, 1824.

"She is not dead, but sleepeth."

The evergreen cypresses were anything but bare of foliage, which was loaded with frost-work. The clergyman and Arthur Lee lingered a little while in the neigh-

bourhood of the tomb conversing. They were of one mind and one heart in faith and hope, and the certainty of a blissful meeting with the dear departed in a happier state of being was so continually before their sight, and they so frequently made it a subject of converse between themselves, that a halo of hope encircled the dark abyss into which their hopes had descended, and peace shone on their hearts once more.

They now returned to their tranquil, if not happy home. When they addressed each other it was with tenderness and respect, for each felt the value of his beloved companion, relative, and friend, and anticipated the hour when a second bereavement must divide even them.

It was a very unusual thing for either to advert to Clinton or Jane, but as they proceeded on their walk they did so without intending it.

"I have never heard you say that you forgave him," said the Pastor.

An expression of resentment was apparent on Arthur's face, and he said not a word for some minutes.

"It is hard to do so," he observed as if arguing with himself, "it is almost beyond the strength of nature."

"But it is not beyond the power of grace, my dear grandson," said the Pastor; "with God all things are possible. 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you.'"

"May God forgive him—I will try to do so," said Arthur.

"If our departed Lucy is now a happy spirit made perfect, which I thank the Lord we have no reason to doubt," said the Pastor, "think you she can look with pleasure on your continued anger against that misguided, but I still hope, not totally depraved, young man. If she is now with the Lord, who, when he was dying on the cross, forgave his destroyers, can she, do you think, approve your unpardoning temper towards him who was but the indirect cause of her death?"

"No, you are right, grandfather—you are right!" exclaimed Arthur, "this unholy bitterness which I feel against Mr. Clinton must, and, with the help of Almighty strength, shall be suppressed."

The Pastor wept. "I ought not to repine," said he, "since I have a child left to me so willing to obey the Divine commands."

Occasionally they dwelt with admiration on the well-known scene, now so altered by its frosty drapery that it looked the same. The vale here was narrow, sunken between elevations. On one side stretched that vast mountain wall which has been described; on the other, arable soil, diversified with rocky crags swelled up to every variety of height and shape.

Arthur scanned the corn land along the mountain foot, and speculated on the coming year's harvests.

"What is that before the door of the lodge?" asked the Pastor. "A sleigh! Yes, surely it is. What visitors have we here, I wonder? Perhaps the Bathursts."

"No, that is not the Doctor's sleigh," said Arthur; "nor is that Miss Bathurst." A female figure sprang out from the vehicle, and entered the front doorway, a young man, in a shaggy overcoat, with a bear-skin cap on his head led the horses round to an outhouse at the back of the lodge.

"I cannot imagine who they can be if not the Bathursts," said the Pastor. "Who can they be? I expected no one at present."

The smoke that curled upwards from the chimneys of the lodge, gave evidence of the unstinted fires within.

The pastor and Arthur opened the gate in the palisades that surrounded the building, and crossed the garden. The windings of the valley near the lodge revealed the cabins, from whose doors or windows a bright light shone, and from whose chimneys the smoke ascended. Arthur assisted the new settlers by instructing them in the best means of working their land, and managing their affairs to advantage. A spirit of industry, sobriety, and religion, was diffused among them, and plenty and peace followed as a necessary result.

The Pastor and Arthur inquired of Jacob who had arrived. He smiled, and patting his horses, two handsome greys, and stroking their shoulders, from which he had taken two woollen cloths that had defended them from the cold. The sleigh was new, and on the middle panel appeared a minute coat of arms. The harness of the horses were ornamented with silver, and the bell of the same material.

These signs of the wealth and distinction of the strangers excited some surprise in the minds of both.

"They were a lady and gentleman," was all Jacob

could say of them. "The lady was so wrapped up he could only see a pair of modest looking eyes and a smiling mouth—thought she was young—knew the gentleman was—they were in the sitting-room.

To the sitting-room Arthur and the Pastor proceeded only stopping in the kitchen to divest themselves of their coats, gloves, and caps. They both paused at the sitting-room door; the lady and gentleman were speaking to each other within, and Arthur looked at his grandfather, crimsoned, and looked stern, and the Pastor looked at his grandson, and turned paler than ordinary. The former was the first to enter. The lady was sitting half enveloped in a fur mantle, and velvet pelisse, that she had loosened about her neat figure. She abruptly turned her countenance as she heard a footstep in the room, and extended her hand, exclaiming affectionately—

"My dearest grandfather! will you give me a welcome for a day or two in the house where I once lived as Jane Anderson?"

"Jane!—what is it Jane come back!" cried the surprised Pastor, returning her warm greeting, but having hardly noticed the word "grandfather;" "I have not seen you since that sad time when I lost my Lucy." He pressed his hand on his eyes a moment. "Ah, now I look at you, Miss Jane, she seems to rise before me—I think I see her again." He wiped his eyes, and Jane wept. "She loved you," added the Pastor; "you were happy together for some time; but uninterrupted felicity is not the lot of mortals."

"I come to you as a near relative, sir," said Jane; "I claim to be received by you as a granddaughter. Read this letter which a friend of my brother's brought out from England."

The Pastor opened the sheet of paper, which she took from a reticule and gave him, when Arthur entered, and met the eye of Clinton. The latter rose from the chair instantly, and said,

"Mr. Lee, this visit will no doubt surprise you. To account for it, we must introduce ourselves to you as your cousins, and as bearing the same relation to Pastor Wilson you yourself bear."

"Indeed, Mr. Clinton! how is that?" inquired Arthur, keeping his eye turned from Jane. "Certainly I am surprised. You will be so good as explain?"

"The letter which Pastor Wilson is reading contains my explanation," returned Clinton, who was chilled by Mr. Lee's gravity, and by the sternness of his features. "My mother, Mr. Lee, was the sister of your mother, and the daughter of your grandfather."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Arthur, "if this be true—"

"If it be true, sir!" echoed Clinton.

"How long is it since you discovered this?" asked Mr. Lee, at that moment he seemed to shrink. Jane was speaking to the Pastor further up the room, for Clinton had sat down by the door to glance at a book, which lay on a work-table that had been Lucy's, while his sister had gone to the fire.

"Not until this letter came—did we know the circumstance," answered Clinton; "it reached us at Quebec, where we were staying."

"Indeed—very strange," repeated Arthur, casting his eye toward Jane and withdrawing it, while another frown succeeded to the first, with indignant feeling. "And you and Mrs. Clinton are in good circumstances now?" said he, remembering the coat of arms on the sleigh door.

"Mrs. Clinton!" echoed the other, smiling, as he saw the mistake Arthur had fallen into; "I have not the honour to know any one of that name."

"You have taken another name then?"

"No."

"Why is not Miss Anderson your wife?"

"She is my sister, Mr. Lee; as yet I have no wife, neither has my sister a husband, or to my knowledge any thoughts of one."

The face of Arthur cleared; the look of pain passed off; and with a manner cheerful and frank, he shook hands with his new-found cousin, resolving in his mind to forgive from that moment his erring conduct, and to remember it no more.

"Yes, it is so!" cried the Pastor, wiping his eyes again, as he passed the letter to Arthur; "and you, Jane Anderson, and you Mr. Clinton, are my grandchildren—the children of that dear daughter of mine who married the American seaman! But come, off with your superfluous dresses, and when you have had a good dinner we will talk it all over. I have a hundred questions to ask—I shall hardly know where to begin. I shall want to know where you met with each other?—how you found out that

you were brother and sister?—in what manner you, Mr. Clinton, discovered your father?—what sort of life he has been leading since your mother's death?—and how it is I find you coming hither like rich seignors with a coat of arms and silver harness to your sleigh?"—(he rang the bell as he spoke the last sentence)—"and what has become of Deborah?" Here Deborah's substitute in the lodge entered. She was the daughter of a Scotch store-keeper, a sour-looking damsel.

"What's your wull, sir?" asked she.

"Dinner, Patty! let us have it in good time, if you please."

"It'll na be ready yet, sir," replied the girl.

"Get it ready as soon as possible, Patty," said the Pastor, "and let there be an extra dish or two. Has the Indian Sassa or his brother brought in any venison, or birds, this morning?"

"Nay—I seen none—nought to crack o'—a pheasant, that's a'."

"That's plenty, Patty, for one morning's shooting. You have roasted it, have you?"

"It's doon at the fire."

"That will do; now take away Miss Jane's extra garments. Or what say you, Jane, can you find your way up stairs yourself? The rooms stand just as they did."

"I shall not lose myself," said Jane, smiling, "but I should if the house were as much altered as the valley."

She had to pass Arthur to leave the room; he had not yet spoken to her; he was reading the letter when she stepped by him; instantly he started forward, with an enthusiasm the more touching from his habits of self-command, and caught her hand.

"Jane Anderson!" he exclaimed, the feelings of a heart were expressed in the two words. "Jane, my sister's friend, have you not a word for me after two years and a half of absence?"

Jane paused, blushing painfully, her eyes cast down, and her heart beating. She would have withdrawn her hand with displeasure, but recollected Mr. Lee was related to her, and had a right to the familiarity.

She was confused, and felt so unable to say anything, that she was angry with herself.

The Pastor and Clinton were busily talking at the other

end of the apartment, and discreetly took no notice of the pair.

"You look well—I hope your heart is as altered as your countenance," Arthur whispered as he opened the door for her. "You must never leave this lodge again, Jane. You must stay with your new grandfather henceforward. The house is another place when you are in it. I assure you it is melancholy to live in it while you—"

She tripped up the staircase without waiting for the conclusion of his speech, venturing one look down on him from the balusters.

In that look there was kindness enough to revive Arthur's hopes, and he went back into the sitting-room with a heart once more awakened to bright ideas of domestic happiness.

Jane had been struck with his agitation, his tone of voice, and his look of undisguised affection. She was certain he loved her well, and as the conviction pressed on her, she threw herself in an easy chair in the room that had been her chamber, and wept with delight.

"I do esteem him more than any other man I ever saw," said she; and she remembered that it had been Lucy's wish to see her married to Arthur. But it occurred to her that, before she came on her visit, she had determined never for a moment to allow him to look upon her as more than a friend and a cousin, and that she had spent many an hour planning how to behave to him on all occasions.

"Is it possible," thought she, "that the impressions of a moment can have destroyed all my plans—is it possible?"

It was possible: not that Jane was weak, but the fact was, her anger against Arthur had been mere girlish pique, and in its nature destined to be short-lived while a durable affection for him had kept its ground beneath.

The result proved to be this—Arthur's suit was taken up at the point where it had been broken off two years before. He confessed himself wrong in having treated the Pirate so unceremoniously, as he was *her* father, and threw himself on her mercy. That mercy was not denied him. Thus there was an end of their difference; the separation they had borne endeared them to each other, and the Pastor and Clinton rejoiced to see their agreement.

After three hours of really happy conversation round

the stove which stood in the sitting-room, the four newly-united relatives separated for a little time, Jane to amuse herself as she pleased, Arthur to see that his cattle and poultry were fed, and shut up for the night, the Pastor to choose his text, and arrange the subject of his next sermon, and Clinton to walk out viewing the new settlements in the valley.

To Jane's domestic temper, everything in the house, which had been a home to her, and which was likely to be so again, was an object of interest. The blameless feelings of her soul were seen in her eye as it passed tearfully from object to object in the room, dwelling on some but a moment, on others with a lingering gaze. This family apartment exhibited numerous doors, surrounded with crimson cloth to exclude all draughts; one of these was the entrance of the house, extremely large, which Jane opened, stepping under a plain portico. And there before her were the groves of hemlock, and cedar. Here and there curled the smoke of huts that she had never seen before; nearer she espied the summer-house, wherein, when Lucy was alive, the Pastor's household had so often spent the evenings in the hot season.

Drawing over her head a shawl, she was about to look out at the back of the house, when she caught sight of her face reflected in a mirror on the wall, and started. Her thoughts were so full of Lucy, that she fancied she saw her friend's face. The nervous impression subsided, but the same fair image was before her mind. There was a sofa stretching along the wall—that was the one on which Miss Lee had died, while Jane lay sleeping beside her. She now trembled to look on it, yet could not resist reclining on its soft cushions, in the same posture in which she had lain on that melancholy night. Two windows were before her, hung with crimson moreen; when those windows were more highly draperied, Miss Lee had looked through them on the moon for the last time, and had spoken her last words. Jane recalled the sound of her voice; then, overcome with the sense of her loss in the death of so dear a friend, buried her face in the cushions and wept.

Here Arthur entered smiling, having just come from the stables.

"Those are beautiful greys of yours, my dear Jane," he began, but seeing her tearful face, he looked on her

anxiously, then comprehending the cause of her tears, Jane dried her eyes, and resumed her unaffected cheerfulness. He then spoke to her with tenderness, and they walked to the back of the house.

The poultry-yard was filled with snow; the fish-pond was a mirror of ice. No cattle, hay-stacks, or produce were to be seen. The vegetable-ground, and all she could see, were hid under the frost.

The two loitered in the kitchen a little while. Though Jane saw more servants about now than formerly, yet nothing like the order that then prevailed was to be seen. The want of a mistress had invested the female managers with much power, which they had abused.

The dresser was covered with meats—fish, flesh, and fowl, roasted and boiled, which were picked by two slatternly girls, who stood lolling their elbows on the edge of a drawer in front. Patty, the cook, was regaling herself at a table with the remains of a turkey, and other delicacies, with a tumbler of “whisky-toddy, to deegest the veetals, awfter they were eaten.”

“This is Christmas time,” whispered Arthur to Jane, as they stood beside the blazing hearth, “that is some excuse for the profusion you see. Our domestics would not think it Christmas if they could not do as they like with provisions.”

The lustres over the sideboard were not yet lighted; Lucy’s organ stood open, inviting the touch, with candlesticks fitted to the key-board: the window-shutters were closed for the evening, and the only light of the apartment was that picturesque one of firelight.

While Arthur and Jane remained alone, they had an interesting conversation on topics concerning only themselves, the results of which will hereafter appear; in the meantime we shall inform the reader of all that occurred during the last two years relating to the Pirate and his children.

The place in which they had found a retreat was a ruined fort injured in the American war. Here they had dwelt concealed for a year during which time the Pirate suffered from the wound in his side. His illness had been alleviated by the kindness of his son and daughter. The change from an active life, to one monotonous and retired, proved less irksome than he had expected. His weakness obliged him to seek refuge in rest, and here he could

indulge in it without interruption. His restless energies had yielded to pain; he would lie reflecting for hours on his mattress; and when he arose, it was only to sit by the fire, and talk with his children or Haverstraw.

Two rooms of the fort remained on the ground story, these Merry and Toby had made "wind and weather tight." One of the rooms, furnished with goods brought from the Fearless, made a convenient sitting-room by day, and a chamber for Jane and Deborah by night; in the other the Pirate and Clinton slept, as well as Toby and the black, who confined themselves to its bounds at all times, excepting when they were invited to enter the Captain's other apartment, or when they left the ruin in search of game.

As the Pirate had planned their mode of living, previously, so they lived. Deborah and Jane occasionally ventured to the township, and purchased such necessities as the forests and hills could not supply. Clinton hunted daily; Toby and Merry hunted or fished; and occasionally the Pirate sat in the fishing-boat to witness the sport.

Nothing occurred to disturb their tranquillity until thirteen months had rolled by. At the end of that time, a gentleman, verging on ninety, was riding with his servant and a dog, a few miles from the ruin, when a snow-drift coming on they were both in danger of perishing. The gentleman being infirm, was unable to proceed at a quick pace; and after losing his road, and becoming benumbed with cold so that he could scarcely support himself in his saddle, his servant galloped off, with the intention of bringing him assistance, which never came. The horse wandered on, and took a wild and dangerous path, leading to the fort.

Cautiously the animal waded through the ocean-like snow, over holes, branches, and fallen trees. On a sudden it stopped, its feet were put out a step, then drawn back with signs of fear—the creature was on the edge of a gap filled with soft snow, in which both horse and rider would have been engulfed in a moment. At the same time the dog raised a melancholy howl.

The gentleman was insensible to his perilous condition; the upper part of his body had fallen down on the shoulders of his mare, and he held on by the grasp of the mane.

The wind swept on terrifically over the awful scene.

Clouds of light, hard-frozen snow, were drifting into the air, and carried for miles, concealing the face of the country. The roar of the elements—and the excessive cold—soon bound the senses of the traveller in oblivion. He was first languid, then seized with a propensity to sleep, in this state he slipped from the saddle, the horse gradually sinking beside him, and the dog nestling between them.

One hour passed—another—and another—and all three were buried in the snow!

The howling of the dog had been heard by the inmates of the ruin, and Clinton with Merry and Haverstraw, bearing torches, came out, and looked on all sides, but failed in descrying the dying traveller. At length the horse's head above the snow caught the eye of Clinton, and calling on Toby and the black to follow him, he made his way to the spot. The three succeeded after an hour of exertion, in dragging out the unfortunate gentleman, and conveyed him to the fort.

As soon as the Pirate looked on him he became excited, and muttered to himself in French. The stranger was the Marquis de Rougemont, who had adopted him when a child, educated him, and made him the inheritor of his estates, until a proud spirit led him to desert his friend.

"Ah, mon ami!" exclaimed the Pirate, "would to God I had never left you! Try everything you can think of, Toby, to restore him. This was my more than father! This was the man who took me, a starving orphan, and would have made me rich, noble, and happy, had I not flung his benefits away!"

Every means of restoring circulation in the Marquis' body was tried for twenty-four hours in vain. Life was extinct. The body was washed and laid out in an apartment of the fort adjoining the two rooms, and then the Pirate consulted with his friends on the best means of conveying it to his residence.

But the Marquis might not have dwelt in the mansion in which the Pirate had been brought up; he might have removed to another estate. This conjecture was strengthened by the fact of his having been travelling in this district, at his advanced age, with a single servant only on horseback, (for the baronial mansion was situated more than two hundred miles from here, in Lower Canada) and

he was so little partial to distant journeys, that the Pirate had never known him go off his own grounds.

Jane proposed that the pockets of the deceased nobleman should be examined, as there might be something in them which would serve to direct them how to proceed. This was done, but nothing was found in them except a purse, nearly filled with gold and silver dollars, of which the Pirate took charge.

A look out was kept for any persons who might be in search for the Marquis; and on the third day after the event, four horsemen were seen crossing the plain which stretched below the hill on which the fort stood. They sometimes stopped and alighted, walking in different directions, with eyes turned to the snow-covered ground. They ascended the heights which bordered the plain, keeping continually communicating with each other by shouts, which seemed those of anxious inquiry and reply, rather than of huntsmen, or of persons riding for pleasure.

As they galloped up the hilly tract, they were called upon to stop, and Clinton approached the first rider, who inquired if they were searching for a gentleman who had been lost in a snow-drift. They replied in the affirmative, and he stated the circumstance of his finding the body, and led them to the place where the horse and dog lay dead. The animals were recognised by the horsemen. The horse was one on which the Marquis had left the house of his lawyer, intending to ride to the villa of a friend with whom he had been staying. The servant who had parted from him on the plain during the snow-storm, looked to see if the saddle-bags had been removed from the horse, finding they had not, he expressed satisfaction, saying they might contain papers of value; and he took possession of them. Clinton then conducted the four to that part of the ruin where the body lay; and a waggon having been hired from the nearest village, the corpse was removed in it to the villa the servants had spoken of—they riding behind it, and Clinton following on a hired pony.

On the road to the villa, the man who had charge of the saddle-bags, opened one of them with a skeleton key, under his overcoat; and, unobserved, drawing from the inside a folded paper, rent it across the middle and then riding on one side the road threw the two parts over the rocks.

Clinton had not been satisfied with this man's eagerness to get the saddle-bags, and more than once he had caught his eye fixed on him, or on the other riders, with suspicion, as if he feared their observation. When Clinton caught sight of the pieces of paper flying out of his careless hand down the precipice, an impulse determined him to return to that place before the hour should pass, and pick up the pieces and examine them. He had watched this person ever since he had seen him; and he felt convinced, that whatever that paper contained, it had been taken out of the saddle-bags. He had not seen them opened, but he had seen the man fumbling under the skirts of the coat which covered them.

Once or twice Clinton would have chided his suspicions as fanciful, but presently a peculiar look of the suspected individual, made up of villany, fear, and shame, confirmed him in his opinions. The waggon had not gone many miles further, before Clinton made an excuse to ride back, promising to overtake the horseman.

But a bend in the road passed, and Clinton galloped off, nor stopped until he reached the place where the torn paper had disappeared. Bringing the pony as close to the edge as he durst, he stooped and sent his glance among the rocks and trees to the ravine below. One of the fragments he perceived lying behind a block of limestone, fifty feet down; and the other flying over the snow-heaped channel of a rivulet, at the sport of the winds.

He discovered a part where the precipice was less upright, and consisted of rocks, each lower than the other. He threw himself from the pony and made the bridle fast to a tree, then commenced a descent, and with skill succeeded in reaching the bottom. He was not long in securing one of the fragments, which he opened, when the following words in French met his eye:

"IN the name of the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, and all the Company of Saints—Amen.

"I, LOUIS JEAN LAWRENCE, Le Sieur Marquis de Rougemont, holding my Estates free of all seignorial rights and duties, do give and bequeath unto NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, the son of MARIE VERCHE, deceased, formerly a nun of the Convent of St. Clare, in Quebec, and condemned by her superior to perpetual penance and imprisonment for having broken her vow of celibacy. Which NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON was first the reputed son of

PAUL LEVI, and JOAN, his wife, who died, leaving him destitute of any provision in his infancy; whereupon he was taken into the cottage of a poor woman on my estate, named BAPTIST A CERCY, from whom I took him, and adopted him, making him my lawful heir, and the inheritor of my title and effects. The same NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON left me of his own will and accord when in his twenty-fifth year; and, as I have been certainly informed, has twice served as a common sailor, and afterwards as a second and first mate, in an emigrant vessel between the Canadas and the British Islands. To that same NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, or, in case of his death, to his eldest son, if such he have, I hereby give and bequeath the whole of my Estates and other property, including money in banker's hands, and rents due to me—all I am possessed of whatsoever or where—"

We may imagine Clinton was not slow in finding the second fragment which read on thus:—

"soever, excepting only the following annuities."

Here appeared the names of every servant in the Marquis' household, with sums allotted to each; the names of his executors, and the money they were to receive. Then the document concluded thus:—

"And to HENRIQUE DETROIT, formerly the tutor of NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, in my house at Rougemont, I give and bequeath all the books which are in my principal library, but not in my private library, together with one thousand dollars, and one of the farms on my estate, subject only to the lawful fines and dues which he shall pay to NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, as my successor in the seignior, or to, &c. And I do require that NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, or his eldest son, if such he have, take possession of my estates in the names and titles only of LOUIS JEAN LAWRENCE, Le Sieur MARQUIS de ROUGEMONT. And if in seven years from the period of my demise, NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, or his eldest son are not to be found, then all my estates shall go to that male person who can prove himself nearest of kin to me, on condition that he adopt my names and titles as aforesaid."

The will was not witnessed, and Clinton suspected that it was merely the draft of an instrument intended to be made more complete, and that to put that instrument in hand had been the Marquis' errand to the lawyer on the day when he lost his life.

The document Clinton held in his hand appeared to be in the Marquis' handwriting, and on the back was an

accurate description of the Pirate's face and figure, which it was likely the deceased nobleman had intended should be incorporated in the will.

It was with a kind of delirium that Clinton climbed the rocks and regained the road, where he rode off to find that lawyer whose name he remembered hearing the horseman mention.

He found him near, and opened to him his business in intense excitement. The professor of litigation was a man superior to his brethren. He entered into the subject with interest, discarding every formality of manner. He regretted the Marquis' death much, and undertook to swear, whenever he should be called upon to do so, that the torn paper Clinton had picked up, was in the Marquis' handwriting, and was the latest document of the kind existing. The Marquis had shown him (the lawyer) that paper three days ago, and his clerk had copied it, the copy being in his desk. He was to have visited the Marquis at the villa of his friend on that day week on which he had seen him, to witness a legal instrument, and to see it signed and sealed. The friend of the Marquis, and Henrique Detroit, the former tutor of the appointed inheritor, were to have been witnesses to the will.

Having received this information, Clinton asked the legal gentleman if he would undertake the cause of Nicholas Jean Anderson, his father. The lawyer replied he would willingly do so, and had no doubt of a successful issue, provided he was furnished with sufficient proofs that the alleged Nicholas Anderson was the individual described by the Marquis.

Thus furnished, Clinton returned to the fort, and amazed his father and sister with the surprising intelligence. The Pirate ventured, at the request of his children, to visit the lawyer, who, after cross-questioning him for an hour, taking notes of his answers, assured him that he himself was satisfied he was the individual named by the Marquis, and that he should exert himself to make good his claim. He was persuaded that Henrique Detroit was concerned in the attempt to destroy the Marquis' will. But it would be best to remain quiet on the transaction until after the funeral.

The lawyer's advice was followed, and the conduct of the affair left to him. He did not disappoint his anxious clients. The body of the Marquis was removed to his

estate at Rougemont, Lower Canada, from which he had come, for the first time in fifty years, to take his last leave of the proprietor of a villa (who was a wealthy widower, without family,) and to prepare his will.

The lawyer followed to the disputed seignorie, and lodged the Pirate near at hand, whence he might produce him at a fitting time.

After the funeral, Henrique Detroit brought forward a will, dated ten years back, in which he was appointed possessor of the Marquis' wealth. There was at first but one dissentient voice—it was that of the proprietor of the villa, who stated that his friend had showed him, on his late visit, a will written with his own hands, appointing one Nicholas Jean Anderson his heir; and that he was ready to swear, he was to have signed and witnessed, with the lawyer and Henrique Detroit, ten days previous to their present meeting. He appealed to the honour and honesty of Detroit if this was not true.

The advocate of Detroit replied: "The question was not what the Marquis might have *intended* to do or what he *began* to do, but what he had *done*. Here was an undoubted will—could any proved document be brought to supersede it!"

The lawyer now arose, and laid on the table the paper which the servant had torn, with a copy of the same, dated the day of the Marquis' death. At the first sight of these Detroit turned pale, and a motion was heard in the back of the room, as if some one were passing out.

"Detain him! let him not pass!" exclaimed the lawyer; "I command that he be detained."

The guilty servant was brought back, trembling with the intense fear painted on every quivering feature.

"I was forced to do it," he stammered.

The lawyer explained the scene, while the tool of a villain stood by, quaking in the grasp of two of his fellow domestics.

"Who forced you to do it? Speak the truth, and you may escape a severe punishment," said the lawyer. The fellow pointed to Detroit, who exclaimed—

"He is a consummate liar!" and would have gone away, but was prevented.

"Detroit promised me money if I would get hold of the paper and burn it," stammered the servant; "and threatened me if I betrayed him. I could not burn the

will—I had no opportunity—but I threw it over the precipice."

"You will repent this," muttered Detroit.

"Take care that neither of them escape, and remove them out of hearing," said the lawyer.

When this had been done he sent privately for the Pirate.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I will produce the true inheritor of these estates—Nicholas Jean Anderson. You see on this paper of the Marquis' writing a description of the man's person. Judge for yourselves, whether his appearance does not answer to it, making due allowance for the alterations that twenty-five years must have produced."

The Pirate's arrival was announced, and the Marquis' description having been read by every gentleman in the room, gave directions that Anderson should enter among several of the servants, without introduction.

Taller than any of the domestics who pressed near to survey him, by nearly a head, of the most accurate proportions, the Pirate was received by the Assembly as an individual to whom the Marquis' description would apply. A number of questions were asked him concerning his former life in this mansion, which he answered satisfactorily.

He was then requested to retire to a separate room, which he did.

"One test that may complete the presumptive evidence in favour of his identity," said the lawyer, "remains. Let the servants stand together in this room, and place Henrique Detroit in the midst of them; then let the supposed Nic' las Anderson be brought in. If he is the person we suppose, he will recognise his old tutor, and Detroit will know him. But I must caution you, that it is probable Detroit may affect ignorance of him, to obtain his ends, therefore let his countenance, at the first moment of their seeing each other, be observed."

To this test the Advocate had no objection, and much curiosity was manifested as to its success.

At the Pirate's second entrance into the room, his eye glanced along the servants without emotion—he had not perceived Detroit. But the latter, who had not the self-possession of a skilful hypocrite, lost himself—beads of sweat stood on his forehead, and he sank down on a chair,

incoherently muttering—"Why is he come here?—who brought him here?—there is nothing for him!—the estates are mine!—mine!—mine!" and as the last word was repeated in a loud manner, he rolled on the floor in a strong fit.

As soon as the Pirate heard the voice he turned round, and fixed his glance on the conscience-stricken tutor.

"There is the man who can prove to you who I am," said he, steadily pointing, and speaking to the gentlemen.

"Who do you mean?" inquired the advocate.

"I mean Henrique Detroit—who was the cause of my quitting my benefactor twenty-five years ago," replied the Pirate. "He cannot face me, I see! I suspect he always designed to rob me of the favours of the Marquis, and I tell him so to his face!"

The struggles of Detroit on the floor were such that four men-servants could scarcely hold him. As soon as he had recovered, he called out for "Father Donoghue!" The present priest of the household left the table, and held the cross to his lips, charging him to confess the truth, and be content with the bequest that was his.

"I give it all up!" gasped Detroit, "I am dying!—Lord help me! Give me absolution, Father Donoghue, and I give it all up!"

"Do you acknowledge this man," (pointing to the Pirate) "to be Nicholas Jean Anderson?"

"Yes,—I do—I do:—he is Anderson, I know. Yes. Give me absolution—I am dying—I give it all up!"

"And do you acknowledge him to be the Marquis' lawful heir, as stated in the paper which the servant, whom you bribed, endeavoured to destroy?"

"Yes—yes. The Marquis always loved him. But I hoped—oh, give me absolution!—I am dying! I repent—I give it all up!"

"We are satisfied," said the gentlemen present, "all, and we congratulate the new Marquis, and hope the tenants of Rougemont will find their new seignor as liberal as their former one."

The Pirate bowed his thanks, and the lawyer proceeded to see his client invested with his property in full by the proper legal processes.

Before three months had passed, the ruined fort had been left to desolation, and the fugitive inmates dwelt in the baronial mansion of the seigniori of Rougemont.

Detroit recovered, received the former Marquis' bequest, and, ashamed of the part he had acted, retired into seclusion. He, as well as the man he had employed so basely, by the Pirate's intervention on their behalf, were permitted to escape the punishment they justly deserved.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VIGILANCE OF THE JESUITS.

SHORTLY after the Pirate's elevation to his brilliant fortune, he found a manuscript in the former Marquis' handwriting, directed "To the son of my beloved Marie Verche, Nicholas Jean Anderson." These words surprised the Pirate, and he examined the papers. The writing was uneven, as if the hand had been agitated that penned it, and here and there were marks as if tears had fallen on it.

At six o'clock he went into his son's room and awoke him. "Here is something that has affected me greatly, Nicholas," said he; "read it;" and, laying the manuscript on the bed went away.

Clinton, with hasty curiosity turned over the yellowed leaves; then his attention being rivetted perused the following narrative with care:—

'My son, for such you are, not by adoption merely, but by birth, read the story of your parents' sorrows—sorrows of no ordinary character.

"I was the last descendant on my father's side from an ancient French family, in which the government of Canada was once vested.

"You have heard me speak of the times of my youth when Canada belonged to France. British settlers were located along the shores of the St. Lawrence, and in this exposed situation subject to peculiar dangers, which roused their mother country on their behalf. Thus originated the war which led to the ruin of the French dominion here. Among the causes which conspired to bring about that change may be mentioned these:—

"France and England had been at war in Europe, and the two nations were jealous of each other. The British-Canadian settlers were heretics, too, and we French-

Canadian Catholics forgot that *charity* is the best part of religion. In European-France the Protestants had been cruelly dealt with, and the Protestants of Canada felt aggrieved. This was not all; the boundaries of the dominions of France and England in Canada, were disputed by both parties; and the settlers living on the disputed frontiers (who were principally British) suffered from the conflicts which attended the quarrel. There was a third party of consequence, the red men, or Indians—who, as they felt disposed, took part with one or other of the combatants, and their assistance was valued at a high rate by both.

"I was in my tenth year when the last French governor in Canada, aided by the co-operation of my father, who was at the head of a regiment, upheld the pretensions of his country in these provinces with success. You will remember my telling you, Nicholas, that it was my father who caused the English army, under General Braddock, to be entrapped in a defile of the Alleghany mountains, where they perished by thousands as well as their leader, under a fire poured from the French ambuscades. You know that the (afterwards) great George Washington was then second in command over the British army, and that he rescued the remnant of Braddock's troops.

"Often have I had occasion to dwell on the events that followed. Washington was joined with six thousand other troops, and my father, with only half that number, attacked them—fought with them for four hours, and only surrendered when he was mortally wounded.

"His death made a wonderful impression on me. I forsook all my juvenile sports and burned, with the ardour of a boy, to revenge his fall on the English. My mother was a high-minded woman full of strong affections. Her only enjoyment was to converse with me of him whom she had lost.

"As I approached my twentieth year, I panted to emulate my father's glory in the field. England and France had sent out each her best General, Wolfe and de Montcalm, with troops—the one to invade the province and obtain possession of it, the other to defend in order to retain it. My mother buckled my father's sword upon my side, and said to me—"None but women and children may be neutral now. Go, Louis, to the defence of our citadel of Quebec! Your father earned an honourable

fame in war, do you imitate his courage!—but take care that you do not sully his sword by the blood of the helpless. Copy his magnanimity as well as his bravery, and shun every dishonourable advantage more than you would your death." I kissed the hand that had bestowed the prize; and, grasping the sword, hoped that heaven might favour me as I observed her words. "My Louis," said she, "in sending you to win a soldier's laurels, I know I am sending you to encounter a soldier's perils also. Alas! I may never behold you again—your father's fate may be yours." As she said this the tears streamed down her face, and she drew me to her bosom. We parted with agony. I hastened to Quebec to the head-quarters of the Major-general de Montcalm, who was preparing to defend the citadel with all the skill and force he could command. The French banners were floating from the battlements of that rock Cape Diamond, on which the fortress stands—in a few days they were trampled in dust to give place to the colours of the victorious British.

"'I have heard much of your father since I came here, young Marquis,' said de Montcalm to me, 'and I can easily believe that you inherit his gallant spirit, and are desirous of distinguishing yourself, I will give you every opportunity for doing so. Your friend here shall convey my directions to you before night.' I bowed and retired, and the same evening I found myself entrusted with a post of equal honour and danger on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Nearly thirteen thousand troops were ranged along the shore to prevent the landing of Wolfe and his army.

'Numbers of the weaker part of the population of the city had removed from the action to places more secure, but among those who remained were the nuns of the convent St. Clare. Terrible was the action that took place between the besiegers and the besieged; the destructive fire from the English ships of war soon laid the lower town in ruins, and injured the batteries above, while our party cannonaded the vessels with such effect that Wolfe was driven back with loss.

'In that hour of dismay, the convent of St. Clare was set on fire, and I, with others, hastened to assist in rescuing the sisters, and to remove them to the top of Cape Diamond, where the citadel stood secure, protecting the buildings within its circuit. All the ladies, as was

thought, had been assisted from the burning walls by the fathers who had come to the spot at personal risk, when the roof fell in a loud shriek pierced my ears. I flew to the garden of the convent, and, forcing an entrance, approached the smoking building, one wing of which was still unscathed, although surrounded by flames. There, at the grated window of a cell, I saw two bare white arms stretched out imploringly, and again and again the harrowing shriek arose. I called out loud enough for the perilled person to hear,—‘Have a moment’s patience, madam, and you will be safe’

“‘Ah! how can it be, chevalier,’ responded the most melodious voice that ever sounded on my ears, ‘how can it be? The cell is insufferably hot, and filling with smoke, and the staircase is on fire!’

“‘Support yourself, madam,’ I repeated, ‘I will save you at any hazard!’

“‘There is a ladder at the bottom of the garden, chevalier!’ cried the lady; be so good as fetch it!’

‘I was not slow in obeying her, and, having planted it against the cell-windows, I mounted, and, wrenched out the middle bar to permit the egress of a fine, although slender figure, the beauty of which not even her coarse habit could conceal. In her haste while coming down the ladder, she missed one of the steps, and sprained her foot so that she fell to the ground.

“I assisted her to rise, but after taking a few steps forward she found that with the assistance of my arm she could get no further than a school-house in the garden, where she sat down in pain. The glare of light from the burning convent enabled us to view each other, which we did with equal curiosity. The youthful nun seemed to me beautiful as a vision! ethereally fair and pale, and delicately moulded! At one glance her image was stamped on my soul for ever. Sweet Marie Verche! never saw I aught of human birth thy equal! Never shalt thou be forgotten! The last moment of my decaying years shall find thy name on my lips! and I know that when I step from the troubled sea of time upon the peaceful shores of eternity, thou wilt be the first to bid me welcome!

‘I brought a priest, who was in front of the convent, round to the garden, and delivered up to him the young lady. Artillery was peeling around—the air was charged with combustibles.

"‘I am old, and slow of foot,’ said the father to me, ‘I am not able to help our pious sister to the Upper town as she is lame. Here we must not stay; every moment threatens us with death. Chevalier, support the maid to the monastrey, where the sisters of St. Clare are safely lodged.—We must, alas! yield to urgent necessity.’

‘A volley of fire from the river drove away every thought and feeling from the nun’s mind, excepting those only of terror. I approached her as if she were a shrined saint, and, taking her in my arms, bore her up the steep street which winds to the summit of Cape Diamond.

‘Within the walls of the Upper town she was safe, but I did not leave her until I saw her restored to her companions, who had only just discovered that she was missing. As I was bearing her into the monastery were the sisters were, she threw over my neck her rosary and cross, and whispered with the sweetest emphasis—‘Chevalier, you have saved my life, Marie Verche will not forget it. Tell me your name, that I may remember it in my orisons.’

"‘My name is Lawrence, madam,” I replied, ‘but I am better known as the Marquis of Rougemont.

"She echoed the name, and repeated it twice, as if to fix it in her memory. As I was leaving her in the parlour, she whispered—

"‘Adieu, Marquis of Rougemont—I shall never forget you! I hope you will be preserved through this siege! I will pray for it!’

"‘I thank you,” said I; “and believe me I shall never forget Marie Verche.”

"‘Yes,” said she, “that is my name; you have quick ears, Marquis of Rougemont. Marie Verche I am named, and I hope you will think of me, whom you have preserved, sometimes.”

"‘Always!” I ejaculated, and hastened back to my commander, de Bougainville, who had sent me to assist the nuns.”

"I was quitting the jesuit’s monastery, when I encountered a messenger of the Major-general, and every thought of Marie Verche was banished from my mind by a summons to the presence of de Montcalm.

"‘Young Marquis,” said he, stepping from a circle of officers to speak to me, “I am proud to distinguish you as one of the best soldiers of this successful day. You will

find yourself appointed to a point more important than that you lately held."

"I bowed low, and left the presence with a heart nerved by the encomium I had received. "My dear mother!" I ejaculated, "this will be joy indeed to you! I *shall* imitate my father's bravery and humanity as I told you, I hope and trust, with laurels of my own winning, to add to those which I have inherited."

"You, Nicholas, must not accuse me of a paltry vanity in thus dwelling on the praise I received from de Montcalm, many circumstances make me love to dwell upon it.

"My duty was now to watch the retreating enemy. I had to ride along the shore of the St. Lawrence with my men throughout the night. It was September; the night was more brilliant than any I had ever seen. I was buoyant with youth, and health, and hope. The moonlit landscape through which I rode that night, seemed more charming than ever it has seemed since. A magical sweetness was resting on every object, but much of the sweetness was cast from my aspiring bosom. Glory!—the nun!—my mother!—my ancient and beloved home!—my father's sword! these were the principal topics which employed my exulting thoughts. Early in the morning my party were surrounded by Indians in the British pay, whose war-whoops burst on our ears when we least expected them. Numbers overpowered us, and with sickness of heart I saw all my dreams of renown about to terminate. Furiously I fought, until a blow from a tomahawk deprived me of sense.

"I recovered consciousness slowly, and heard what I supposed to be angelic music, instead of the clash of arms. Presently I distinguished, to my disappointment, the music of morning mass, and the voices of female choristers singing. I opened my eyes and they met the blue orbs of Marie Verche.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands, and bursting into tears, "the Marquis lives again!"

"Maiden," said a stern voice, which retained little of the feminine quality, although belonging to the lady who had been at the head of the St. Clare convent, "leave the room! I will speak to the Marquis, this display of feeling does not become you."

"Such a rebuke overcame the delicate girl; she looked ready to sink into the floor. The next instant she was

gone; and, raising myself on a mattress, that was covered with my cloak, I expected, with impatience, the explanation of the superior.

"I understand that you are le sieur Marquis of Rougemont," said she, addressing me with formality. I assented. "Give thanks to the saints for their mediation on your behalf," continued she in the same cold tone. "You were brought hither by two soldiers, who found you four miles from the citadel on a heap of slain. Perceiving you to be an officer, and finding that you breathed, they requested permission to lodge you for the present in the church of this monastery. That permission was granted by the revered fathers here, who had vouchsafed to me and the nuns of St. Clare a temporary refuge."

"Then I am in the monastery whither I brought the young lady who has just left the room?" said I. The reply was in the affirmative, and I learned that I had been here an hour, that a monk had bound up the wounds in my head, and that Marie Verche had requested to see me, on hearing that it was supposed doubtful whether I should revive.

"While I was speaking with the superior an uproar resounded through the streets. The affrighted nuns, rushed into the room—the music ceased. Through an open door I saw the brethren of the house running along the aisles, uplifting their voices in confusion. I sprang up, and, grasping the remnant of my father's sword, which hung broken by my side, rallied my mental and bodily powers, waved my hand to the trembling assembly, and hastened into the open air. But as I was crossing a passage that intervened, Marie Verche threw herself before me; the veil of her order had fallen off her head, and her flaxen hair, and white neck and forehead, were before me uncovered.

"O, Marquis," she panted, "do not go forth! You are wounded I assure you! Father Ambrose, who bound up your head, told me so."

"Have you heard, Mademoiselle what is the matter?" I asked. As I spoke there was a shout without and I heard the cry—"The English,—the English! They have scaled Cape Diamond!—they have reached the citadel!—they have taken possession of the ramparts!"

"Mademoiselle, you must not detain me—for my life I would not linger here another moment!" I cried.

"She sunk at my feet. 'Farewell then, thou preserver of my life,' she exclaimed. 'Marie will see you no more in this world!—you will perish, but I will pray that we may meet in heaven!'"

"It was not a moment for hesitation. I kissed her hand, and hurried into the street. I met my commander, de Bougainville hurrying along. 'Louis,' said he, 'all is over with the French here, mark my words.'

"What do you mean?" inquired I.

"'I mean what I say,' he answered, 'all is over for us. That English lion, Wolfe, has led his army up the face of the rock—*how*, heaven only knows. Three hundred and fifty feet they have climbed while we were sleeping!'"

"'Is it possible!'" I articulated.

"'If you look down upon the plains of Abraham, you may convince yourself,' remarked my friend, and he impelled me forward until he pointed with his finger down the vale. There I beheld the British troops spreading themselves out nearly to the river in battle array.

"'Bougainville, this is incredible to me!' I exclaimed. 'What! says the Major-general could he not have prevented them obtaining this favourable position?'

"'No; but he intends to give them a pitched battle. I am on my way to prepare my men for the fight,' said my friend.

"I could hardly believe it. I remarked that the fortress would defy a hundred armies, but that for us to leave it in our weakened condition was giving the English a great advantage.

"'You speak my thoughts exactly; but I cannot stay to discuss the point,' said my friend—'we shall soon see. You, Louis, I have heard, and now perceive, are in no condition for the fight. Shake hands—we part—perhaps for a long time. I fought with your father, and for his sake I value you; I wish you a reputation as high as his—higher you could hardly hope for.

"But I insisted on going with de Bougainville to the field. The results of that battle all the world know. The French and English generals both fell mortally wounded while advancing on the last deadly charge at the head of their troops. An obelisk is erected on the spot to their united memories. Wolfe died exulting that he heard the French were flying, and Montcalm rejoicing that he should

not live to see the surrender of Quebec. My friend, also, fell—and the English were masters of the Canadians!

"No sooner did I see that we had lost the day, than I hurried to the citadel, and, finding all the doors of the monastery open, and the interior in disorder, entered, and sought to assure myself of the safety of the nuns. The domestics of the house, a few brethren, and a number of the people of the neighbourhood, were talking loudly in the church—they dispersed into the streets, when they heard that the city was taken. I pushed open the door of a room that led from the church—Marie was there kneeling before a crucifix. The sound of my spurs on the pavement, caused her to look up. Her pale face flushed—joy irradiated it—she sprang up, and cried—

"You are safe! I see you again, when I had given up hope." I inquired after the sisters, she replied, they were leaving the monastery under the protection of the brethren who had returned from the battle, whither they had gone to urge the French soldiers on against the English. Marie had lingered here to supplicate the Virgin, she said, for her preserver, but every moment she expected a message. I told her that a single moment delayed here might be the means of exposing her to the insults of the English soldiers who were in the streets, flushed with victory, as with wine.

"I will go immediately," said she, moving to the door. "Then go with me!" said I, "I have a horse at hand—I will place you in safety wherever you please—only let me protect you from this place! On my soul—I will take you wherever you choose." "I do not doubt you," said she, "but—" I took advantage of her look of hesitation, and bore her away.

"I assure you I had no intention of persuading her to break her sacred vows. She had made a deep impression on me, but the sin of sacrilege was too awful to permit me to give way to one thought of her.

"I stopped with Marie at a tavern a few miles from Quebec, and engaged a room. I enveloped her figure in my cloak, so that her nun's habit could not be seen. We had found a crowd at the door of the house expecting news of the battle, and when I had told them of the overthrow of the French, they became too much occupied in discussing the prospects of the province under a new government to trouble us much with their notice, as three other flying French soldiers rode up to them after me, and fastened all

their attentions by an extravagant description of the event in question.

"The people were so deeply engaged, that nearly an hour passed before the refreshments I had ordered for Marie were brought in to us. I endeavoured to calm her mind, and drew from her some account of her connections and of her entrance into the convent of St. Clare. I learnt that she was the orphan daughter of a Portuguese gentleman, in good circumstances, who, in his last sickness, sent her, then a child, to this convent, with a sum of money, which, if Marie took the veil, was to be at the disposal of the superior, but which, if Marie choose to marry, was to belong to her husband. Marie had had little inducement to quit the convent, knowing no one without the walls, and though the rigours of the rules of her order were trying to her delicate frame, yet the friendships she had formed with the sisters had lightened her feelings of them, and made a garden in the desert of her life.

"The superior, Marie said, was a woman very strict in enforcing the rules of the house, and severe against an offending sister. She was feared more than loved; indeed Marie had not known one sister who loved her; yet, as if my lovely nun thought she had done wrong in so speaking of her, she took care to impress on me, that this person, in spite of her cruel temper, was very pious, talented, and surprisingly resolute. I said nothing that might alarm the conscience of Marie, but formed my own conclusions.

"After she had taken a glass of wine, and a little Indian cake, I returned her confidence, by entering into particulars concerning myself and family. Her eyes glistened with a sensibility that was most gratifying to me, as I dwelt on my father's death, and on the friendship that existed between my mother and me. Nothing bound me to her more than the quickness with which I saw she appreciated my mother's character.

"How I wish that I had such a mother;" she ejaculated.

"My embryo passion sprang to life."

"Dearest Marie!" cried I, kissing her hand, "you shall have such a mother!—Listen to me, sweetest Marie! the convent you have belonged to must now be broken up; the English will never countenance nunneries. My mother's dwelling stands in our own seigniory, you may live there unseen but by ourselves. And if the nuns of St.

Clare are permitted to return to Quebec, and to settle there, they will never think of searching for you, but conclude that you were carried away, and perhaps destroyed by the English soldiers. Come then—to my mother's home—to her heart! Come—and be her beloved—and mine. If I were now to loose you I should never be happy more! Life would be unendurable to me!—existence would be a burden!”

“She answered with tears that if she had not taken the veil, if she had not vowed to devote herself to a monastic life, she would have listened to me. She confessed that after she should return to her convent, she should know no happiness beyond what a prospect of another life might afford her. She never could forget me, not for an hour; night and day she should bless my name, and ceaselessly she should pray that I might be happy with some happier being than herself. A vehement flow of tears accompanied these words, and then I, loosing sight of everything but my new-born passion, embraced her, and, with importunities that would take no denial, entreated her to set forward with me to Rougemont.”

“I obtained my suit, although Marie declared herself unconvinced by my arguments.

“I will not say no again, to you,” she cried; “take me, Marquis, whither you will; but remember that it is my love for you—and not my reason, which complies. My heart is yours entirely—you may direct it as you will. You saved me from death, and I belong to you henceforth.”

“I was struck by the distress which pervaded her whole manner as she pronounced these passionate words, and hesitated whether I should or not proceed in my rash plan. There was a sudden maturity in Marie's air which also surprised me. An hour ago she was the fair, seraphic, pure child, now she was the devoted, impassioned, decided woman. While I looked on her distractingly, divided between my inclination and my duty, I had sunk on my knee, grasping her hands, which were cold and damp. She suddenly bent forward and kissed my forehead. I gazed on her blue and dewy eyes, they were not withdrawn from my view. A world of everlasting truth and love reposed in their clear depth. Sanctity shone on every colourless and delicate feature, mixed with a wonderful

tenderness. I was conquered then; I sprang to my feet; I drew the cloak about her—she was passive.

“‘Marie,’ said I, endeavouring to speak with calmness, ‘you shall go to the nearest religious community I can find; I will not leave you in any less secure place—but there I will tear myself from you. Fervently I hope you will regain your peace of mind—would that I had never disturbed it!’

“We rode on ten miles further, to a monastery, which the tavern keeper had described as standing in a village. But we found it deserted, and then we deliberated again. I had anticipated, during our ride, the moment of parting with Marie, and the distress of my feelings surprised even myself. On finding that I could not leave her here, I experienced relief, and determined to prolong the fatal pleasure I had in her society. I said to her—‘Marie, you must now go to Rougemont; I shall ask no more from you there than your friendship—you shall be my hallowed sister—until that abhorred moment when you may be recalled to your prison—for a prison I shall always consider that convent to be in which you are.’

“To Rougemont we went. I went to my mother in her dressing-room. Her joy at seeing me in safety was such as only a mother could know. Her countenance fell when I ran over the fortunes of the siege, and its mortifying issue. When I described the deaths of the two heroes of the national armies, she cried. ‘So would my husband have died had he been in their places!’

“‘And now, my dear mother,’ said I, ‘I have to put your kindness of heart to the test.’ I told her of my having saved the nun, of my being wounded, and recovering in the Jesuit’s monastery, of my second acquaintance with Marie Verche there, and of her interest in my safety, of the flight of the nuns with the holy fathers from the city, and of my having taken Marie away.

“‘But,’ said my mother, ‘why not have suffered her to go with her companions, Louis? She would have been safer with them, and surely her holy vows would have suited better with such a step. A young officer might have been no worthy protector of the good sister, though I know my Louis’ honour and his respect for religion so well, that I could have trusted him with such a mission.’

"I saw the difficulty, and avowed it. 'I know not, mother,' said I, 'what could have induced me to take Marie from the monastery. After the battle was over I thought of nothing but of preserving her, and when I saw her separate from the other sisters before the altar I never stopped to deliberate, but urged her away with me. One thing I know, that *she* was not to blame; terror had confused her—and—altogether she has acted like an angel.'

"'No doubt; but if she had acted like a pious mortal I should have been better satisfied,' said my mother. 'But what followed her leaving the Jesuit's monastery with you? Where did you take her then?'

"I described our ride to the tavern, and our stoppage there to take refreshments, then paused. It was impossible for me to repeat what had passed between us there without revealing what I feared to reveal to my maternal friend. She looked at me searchingly, and I felt that I could not deceive her.

"'Louis,' said she, 'you know how I value perfect openness in those whom I love, and you know least of all can I endure reserves in my child.'

"'Then you shall hear all, and I trust to your tenderness for me to make excuses on my behalf.' And so I recounted every word that Marie and I had spoken to each other, concluding by saying, 'She is now in the cottage of Paul Levi, on our grounds, waiting the result of this conversation. Will you receive her? will you be her guardian and her parent until her superior claims her? I shall quit Rougemont as soon as I have seen her safely lodged in the protection of some one on whom I can rely. I must return to Quebec, I wish to learn the fate of some of my fellow officers, and to see what is the condition of the city, and how the conquerors used their power.'

"My mother reflected; I saw that it was with much pain she heard of my again quitting her, still she did not oppose my intention, but by her looks approved it. While I stood waiting in extreme anxiety to hear her decision regarding Marie, she arose, and rang for her maid. Then, affectionately kissing me, said, 'Ever be thus open with me, Louis, and you shall not build in vain on my friendship. Go down stairs, within ten minutes I will come to you.'

"I saw everything that was encouraging in her looks,

and, returning her embrace, went down as she had bade me, and walked under the verandah in front of the house until she joined me. She had changed her dressing-robe for a black satin mantelet, with hood and gloves; and as she walked up to me with that majestic mien which was so incomparably her own, and put her hand in my arm, the small carriage, in which she was accustomed to take her solitary airings, turned a corner of the house, and drew up close to us. She dismissed the servant who held the reins, and, having taken them into her own hands, turned to me, and said, with one of her kindest smiles—

“Now Louis—get in. We will fetch this fair nun hither; I must have some talk with her—and then it is most probable I shall do what you wish, that is, take care of her until those who have a sacred right in her claim her from me.”

“Marie Verche thus became an inmate of Rougemont. I left her with my mother—the two dearest beings on earth to me—and had not intended to return for two or three months; but the injuries I had received in my head from the Indian’s tomahawk, began to produce very ill effects, and in a single week, before I had been able to reach Quebec, I was compelled to shape my course back to my home.

“My illness increased, and my mother was seriously alarmed. I had not seen Marie since I returned; I had purposely avoided even speaking of her; but now I could refrain no longer. The grave, of which I had hitherto thought so little, was yawning to receive me, and I called for Marie Verche to brighten the gloomy prospect by the assurance that she would always cherish my memory. She came, and my mother left us alone together. At the first sight of my fevered and emaciated countenance, Marie burst into a fit of agonising grief, which I did not attempt to check. It was a luxury to my aching and shadow-oppressed spirit to see her weep so. I felt confident that I should be remembered by her when I was no more; but I wished to hear her assure me that it would be so; when she wept more quietly, I called her to my side, and, looking fixedly in her eyes said—

““Marie, tell me truly, do you think your heart can *always* remain constant to my memory?”

“This produced a fresh passion of grief, with the in-

distinct exclamation of 'O, Louis! why do you speak so?'

"It was the first time she had named me by my Christian name, and her unconscious use of it greatly affected me. She sat down by me, and her dear head drooped on my shoulder, while I spoke to her something in this strain:—

"'Why should I desire life? In a short time you will have returned to the convent, and I should see you no more. What I should endure then would be even more than the horrors of death. I should die continually, totally deprived of your society. What I have suffered on your account already has greatly aggravated my disorder. No, Marie, let me—let me—perish now, while you are with me!' and then, in a melancholy frenzy, I repeated some verses I had strung together, during my solitary hours of sickness, some of which I believe, as well as I can recollect, ran thus:—

"Now wood, and mount, and leafy grove,
Are sweetly slumbering;
All—save thy weary, dying love—
And fountains murmuring.

Now, gliding through the midnight lone,
Along the peaceful dell,
Comes, with a wild and mournful tone,
The tinkling convent bell:

It sounds for prayers, the while I go
To join archangels' praise;
Blest thought! that mitigates the woe,
My lingering soul delays.

Celestial hope! divinely fair!
On my dark mind shall beam,
As falls the soft, rich moonlight, where
Flows yonder purple stream.

Yet ah! *one* image floats between
The opening skies and me;
When I would soar from this low scene,
Thou win'st me back, Marie!

But while I take my silent flight,
Joy, too, I draw from thee;
As perfume on the winds of night,
Starlight on waves, Marie!"

'After this, my mother not anticipating my recovery and hoping to calm my fevered mind, allowed Marie to remain with me the most of her time. She sat up with my mother by me, nearly every successive night for a fortnight, and in the day time administered my medicines, or sat by me patiently and unweariedly with one of her hands locked in mine.

'At length contrary to expectation, I was out of danger, and still my mother had not the courage to deny me the presence of her who had become necessary to my existence. Months rolled on, and still we were inseparable. No mandate from the superior had yet arrived, although we had learnt that the nuns had returned to their convent in Quebec, which had been repaired for them, and although my mother had addressed a letter to the superior. Marie now told me that she dreaded to return to the convent worse than death. Social life now charmed her, and the sweet ties which bind society together had assumed a new value in her eyes. I remember with what intensity of look and expression she wished that the siege of Quebec had taken place six months before it did:—'Then, oh, then,' she explained, 'I should have been only a novice, and I might have acted as I chose! It was only six little months before we met, Louis, that I took the veil.'

'But at length the terrible summons arrived. A letter came from the superior in reply to that which my mother had sent, and on the third day after a priest was to be at Rougemont to take charge of Marie.

'I sought her instantly, and in despairing silence we gazed on each other. We spent the whole of that day together in the luxury of woe. Toward evening my mother came, full of sympathy for us.

"My children," said she, "this sorrow must not be indulged. You should each try how well you could support the other, under this inevitable separation. Louis, you admired the conqueror of Canada, who, in dying, showed a spirit triumphant over nature. Be greater than he, conquer yourself now, master your feelings, and bravely exert yourself to comfort Marie.

'Hardly had she spoken when we observed her gasp, and put her hand suddenly to her head. I asked if she felt ill; she did not answer until she had walked to the door, there to our great consternation, throwing herself

down on the floor, she exclaimed 'Yes!' and immediately after 'O God!' which were her last words. Thus I lost the best mother, and the wisest friend, that ever man possessed. May she rest in peace until the day of everlasting rejoicing!

'How the next week passed I scarcely know. The priest who came from the convent of St. Clare was persuaded to stay until the funeral of the Marchioness, on the promise of a gift to the convent for masses for her soul. Marie and I took our last view of the beloved corpse together. How majestically serene was the air of that fine countenance! even in death it was expressive of every lofty virtue. The broad forehead was stamped with the grandeur of an intellect of the first order; the middle feature strikingly displayed fortitude and resolution; and magnanimity and inflexible purity revealed themselves on the lips. It was a sight that inspired me with almost idolatrous adoration, but over the agonies that succeeded I must draw a veil.

'After having seen my mother entombed I returned to Marie, whom I found prepared for her journey with the priest. While she had been here the nun's habit had been laid aside, but now she had put it on again. I looked distractedly on the fatal habiliments, exclaiming—'Rather Marie, would I see you in your shroud, than in that dress! Think you, I can live on in solitude and wretchedness here, knowing that you exist, and yet that I cannot see you?—that others live with you and delight themselves in your affection, and yet that I am for ever shut out from such happiness? Oh, can it be right, that beings like you, born to illumine this dark wilderness—to make home only inferior to ancient paradise—to be a helpmeet for man—a ministering angel to his sufferings—a sharer of his cares—a soother and a rewarder of his labours—a softener of his rugged path;—can it be right, that such beings should be allowed to exile themselves from that social life which God has framed, and live immured in——' she interrupted me.

" 'Stay, dearest Louis—what dangerous language is this! I am vowed to a conventual life, and must abide by my fate.'

" 'Tell me not of vows!' I cried, almost beside myself. 'Such vows cannot—Marie, I will say it—be pleasing to heaven. I begin to think the protestants right, and that

there can be no divine authority for nunneries ; I begin to think that they are the inventions of our priests, and I tell you that you shall not be sacrificed to them.'

"O, Louis, you do not know what you are saying! cried the shrinking girl; 'sorrow has bewildered your mind—it is no wonder,' she added, pressing her hands on her temples, 'it has bewildered mine.'

"Dearest! you must not desert me! I determinedly exclaimed, throwing myself at her feet, and holding her habit firmly, as if I feared she would break from me; but she was as reluctant to quit me as I to let her go.

"What would you have me do?' she asked; 'tell me, and I will do it, be it what it will, so be my witnesses, blessed saints.'

"You must fly with me to another country,' I said, in a low intense whisper. She started, then bending to me, said firmly, 'I will go anywhere with you. But would it not be better if we were to die, Louis?'

"What means my sweet girl?" said I, folding her in my arms.

'She repeated what she had just said, adding 'how quietly we shall rest together besides your dear mother. Ah! how I envied her repose as we looked on her the last time. There will be no separation for us in the tomb; all is unity and companionship there. Our bodies shall decay and moulder together, our dust shall mingle. Let us die, my love, and we shall neither feel sorrow nor incur blame.'

'And in the desperation of the period we should certainly have destroyed ourselves had we not chosen the better alternative of flight.

'Attired in a dress of my mother's, altered to suit her slighter figure, Marie departed with me for Italy, where we arrived safely after a speedy voyage. I had left every direction for the household with my steward, a man on whom I could perfectly rely. I had taken the precaution to have it supposed in Rougemont that I had gone to head some French troops in a distant part of Canada. A letter also, written by my steward, at my dictation, had been sent to the superior of St. Clare, informing her that in consequence of the ill health of Marie Verche, and Italy having been recommended to her by the medical attendant of the Marchioness (which had been the case,) she

sought the indulgence of her superior to be allowed to enter an Italian convent of her order, instead of returning to Quebec. For the dissimulation of these proceedings Marie and I afterwards suffered a heavy punishment. I had left directions for my letters to be sent to a distant post-office on the Canadian frontier, whence they were to be forwarded to a second office still farther removed, and from thence to Rome. Thus I hoped to elude the emissaries of the convent, and yet learn what was going forward in Rougemont.

'As soon as Marie and I had landed on the Italian shores, we were married by the curé of a village, and set forward to Rome by easy journeys. Sometimes we loitered a day or two, or even a week, in some solitary place, that had pleased Marie's fancy; sometimes we proceeded by water on the lakes and rivers under a warm and delicious atmosphere, and sometimes on horseback or in a carriage, over hills and valleys little less romantic and sublime than those of the majestic country we had left.

"Marie's pale cheek began to assume the tenderest tints of the rose and we were both in excellent health, and as happy in each other as poetry could image, when we arrived at Rome. A letter from the superior of St. Clare was there for me, enclosed in one from my steward. I concealed their contents from my bride, and though she observed me to be particularly meditative and cast down for a day or two, she attributed the change to a revival of my grief for my mother, not to any untoward intelligence. But the letters had shaken me not a little. That from the superior was couched in a very peremptory style, commanding Marie Verche to return to the convent at Quebec within six days, on pain of severe censure and penance, according to the canons of St. Clare. That from my steward informed me that two ecclesiastics had come to Rougemont demanding the young lady who had been under the protection of the Marchioness, and threatened the heavy displeasure of the superior at Quebec if she were allowed to remain longer under my roof. My steward had told them that she had gone to Europe, but to what part of it he knew not, and the ecclesiastics had replied that they must make the strictest search after her, and that if she were found her punishment would be most exemplary. However, I quieted my mind by reflecting that she was far removed at present

from the sphere of her superior's power, and I determined to keep her so.

"I fixed upon making my way into France, and with this view left Rome with my bride after a very short stay there, in company with three French ladies and two Italian gentlemen, of fortune, who were going into Languedoc.

"I never could describe to you Marie's happiness during this too brief summer. Exercise, freedom of thought and feeling, a wider range of books than she had been used to, and the utmost contentment and satisfaction of mind, spread constant smiles on her lip, and continual peace in her sweet blue eye. The ladies with whom we travelled were protestants, and Marie soon showed an inclination to their opinions. Her conscience, she frequently assured me, was perfectly at ease regarding the breaking of her vows. She was sure that her only sin had been in making them. A Bible was presented to her by one of her protestant acquaintances, and she commenced reading it for the first time in her life with the liveliest interest. For my part, I resolved not to interfere with the progress of her mind in any way, my own prejudices still preponderated on the side of the venerable faith of my ancestors, but the late events regarding Marie had loosened many of the ties that bound it to my heart.

"Up to the period of her quitting Quebec with me, her observation of nature had been, from her childhood, confined to the garden of the convent; at Rougemont, one of her greatest delights was in viewing the sublime scenery that extended itself to her view from every part of my estates; and now, when rich vales, shaded with the palm and plane trees—groves redolent with spicy odours—blue, lucid lakes, where the magic sounds of song and music, remote or near, were constantly heard—and ever-varying hills, green and verdant—when these succeeded to each other before her fascinated gaze, how did she look at me with sensations too sweet and full of utterance, while the eloquent tear of sensibility trembled and sparkled, like a pure diamond, on her eyelashes.

"She would then exclaim, holding my hand to her heart—'What a lovely world is this! How amazing—how divine! In the convent I *heard* of the Creator, now I see Him—now I adore Him! What an infinity of His

glorious productions do I now behold daily! my soul is filled with the rapture they inspire.

"One afternoon, a little before the sun went down, our party stopped at the foot of a mountain, in a scene so attractive, that we resolved to devote a day to it. A house of entertainment there accommodated us all.

"When our carriages had been put up, and the mules fed, we sallied out, with three high-born ladies, known to the Italian with us, who lived in a villa near; and, being all in high spirits, chose a turfy rise convenient for our purpose, where we sat down on the dry grass, and partook, with great relish, and much lightness of heart, of a cold collation which our host provided.

"Afterwards, a lute was handed round, and rondeaus, and other French and Italian airs, having been sung by each of the company in turn, excepting Marie, they performed canzonettes together.

"The scene was a green vista, winding away before us to the edge of a lake, whose waters were dyed a splendid crimson by the sun, which was then approaching the end of its career for that day. Long lines of sunlight chequered the vista, and beautifully relieved that tender twilight which the shade of the trees and the hour, had shed there. Groves of lemon, mulberry, orange, and chestnut trees, all in full bloom and filling the air with their fragrance, clothed the high slopes on each side the path, and overhung it.

"Our gaiety increased as the sun declined, and when the moon arose, we were still in the same enchanting spot. Marie had not sung, but now being much much pressed to do so, and unwilling to incur an imputation of affectation, took the instrument, and, touching it with 'a religious softness,' sang to it a Canadian vesper-song, in a voice charmingly clear and flute-like. The praises that succeeded confused her, but I thought them well deserved. A repetition of the song was called for; she would have excused herself; 'Nay, Marie,' said I, presenting the lute to her again, 'indeed you must comply.' She looked at me, as if to say, 'I cannot refuse *you*,' and, taking the lute, played, instead of her former air, one that was exceedingly melancholy, to which her voice gave suitable expression, in these verses, which I had given her at Rougemont, to the memory of the daughter of an Indian chief who lay buried there:

Hark! do you hear through the depth of the even,
A wail from the forest, a moan from the wave?
That is the wail of a mourner to heaven,
That is a moan over Neumaha's grave!

Oh! soft was the light of her eye in its beaming,
And bright were the smiles on her innocent lip,
And pure was her heart in youth's earliest dreaming,
As the wild-rose the honey-bee loveth to sip.

The lake that so tranquilly spreads itself near,
Reflecting the sky in its bosom of blue,
Was not more unsullied than she who lies here,
And her bosom reflected heaven's loveliness too.

She bloomed like the first tender flower of the spring,
And withered too soon beneath sorrow's chill gale;
Now on Neumaha's grave-sod the moon loves to fling
Her brightest of beams when she lights up the vale.

No axe ever sounded where Neumaha lies;
The wild pine bends o'er her—her pillow is green;
The dove to its nest on her turfy couch flies,
And the red-deer and beaver beside it are seen.

Here doth she sleep through the long, silent hours,
Where the bittern and whip-poor-will raise their sad notes,
Where the lone dryad calls from his thick forest bowers
To water-nymphs gliding in pearly-shell boats.

Fall softly, ye dewdrops! on the young maiden's grave;
Softly murmur, ye winds! o'er her grass-pillowed head
Disturb not her rest, nor the Indian brave
Who, stern in his sorrow, keeps watch by the dead.'

"One of the ladies then sang a sprightly French sonnet, with all that elegant and fascinating liveliness which distinguishes her countrywomen. It was now my turn to contribute to the amusement of the party, and, having rejected both the lute and the mandolin which were proffered me, I took, for the sake of variety, a French bugle, an instrument on which I flattered myself I excelled, and played some of the favourite martial airs of my country, that were new to my listeners. On a sudden Marie interrupted my performance by an exclamation of alarm; she was more remarkably pale than ever I had seen her; by a look she imposed silence on me; it was supposed that she was ill through fatigue.

"Apologising to the company, she expressed a wish to return to the inn, that she might go to rest.

"We all proceeded together to the inn, where I and Marie left our companions in a room that opened on a balcony hung with jessamine, and the curling tendrils of the vine, intermingled with blushing clusters of grapes. They continued enjoying the luxurious moonlight, and the balmy and odorous air, until long past midnight; their combined voices in the canzonettes swelled exquisitely on our ears when we had retired to our chamber.

"I saw, as soon as we were free from observation of the company, that Marie's manner portended some misfortune. Hardly had I the courage to question her—nor did she give me time. With quick hands she locked the door on the inside, and to my surprise held the candle to it, searching for bolts to make it more secure; then extinguishing the light drew me to the window. 'Say not a word to me,' she articulated under her breath, 'but observe.' I looked out, and at first could distinguish nothing but the rich Italian landscape, and the glorious vault of heaven—

'Studded with stars unutterably bright'

but, after watching a few minutes, the tall shadow of a jesuit's figure became visible in front of the balcony, in the garden. I looked at Marie—she was like sculptured alabaster—so white, so fixed, were her features. Her lips were as pale as her cheek—her cheek as her brow; and in the partial and uncertain light by which I viewed her, I could have thought that she had newly risen from the grave. As the lurid shadows of a thunder-cloud, so fell upon my heart a presentiment of what was about to happen.

"'There—there!' whispered Marie, shrinking closer to me, and pointing cautiously to the jesuit's figure; 'you see him, love, do you not?' 'Who is he?' I asked, and wound my arms about her with fond anxiety; 'why are you so terrified?' She was trembling as she replied—'He is a man I have always strangely dreaded, since I first saw him in the convent. He travels from monastery to monastery in different countries, and visits Rome once a year regularly. He is always loaded with the secret errands of the religious superiors, and is the medium of a confidential communication between them; it was whispered among the nuns that he had procured the pope's sanction for some superiors for very harsh proceedings. His appear--

ance here, my beloved, bodes ill for us! I saw him in the vista, standing by an olive tree, while you were playing the bugle; he was looking at me, as I fancied, with a very sinister air, which struck such a sudden fear on my heart, that I cried out, as you heard me.'

"She broke off, for the figure came into full relief opposite to us, and stood gazing on our window attentively, then drew back again into the shade. We remained immovable by the casement watching, but he appeared no more. The gay notes of a tabor and hautboy sounded from below; I closed the window; nothing is more unendurable than mirth to the oppressed heart.

"Before we retired to rest, Marie's aspirations arose, not to the Virgin, but to Him, who, in her opinion, was the only hearer of prayer, that He would guard our sacred union, and interpose for us that we might never be torn asunder—but He had otherwise decreed.

"Would you believe, Nicholas, that she was dragged from me that same night? I never could learn the particulars of her seizure, further than this—she had arisen, in the disquiet of her mind, in that hour which intervened between the setting of the moon and the rising of the sun, had dressed herself, and had gone into a gallery adjoining, intending to awaken her maid by knocking at the door of the room in which she was; it appears she was met there by two monks, who ordinarily travelled with the jesuit, these, acting under his authority, by some means unknown to me, compelled her to enter a chaise, and accompanied by the jesuit, drove away with her.

"My amazement—my rage—my anguish—when I discovered my loss in the morning, unfortunately prevented me from acting with that presence of mind the case demanded. I threatened everyone in the house—I raved—I rode furiously on horseback in every direction, continually returning back in madness and despair.

"The host had seen Marie taken away without interfering; he excused himself by telling me that he was a good catholic, and could not in his conscience attempt to hinder a nun from being carried back to her convent. The jesuit had shown him orders of the highest authority—one from the Cardinal Ximena himself, of Rome—for taking possession of the 'so called,' Marchioness of Rougemont, on behalf of the superior of St. Clare. To every question that I afterwards put to him, he only

replied by mentioning the name of the Cardinal Ximena, which he had seen affixed to the papers the jesuit had shown him, and which it seemed to me had deadened every feeling of humanity in his breast.

"I hurried back to Rome: occasionally I nearly came up with the chaise in which my treasure was, but could not entirely reach it. I knew that I was in Rome at the same time with the jesuit, but yet I was unfortunate enough to let him leave it before me. Still I was on his track, and got to the sea-side—in time to see a Canadian vessel, in which he was, go out of sight on the horizon. I would have given a million worlds to have been able to reach her—but it was impossible. However, I followed in the first ship that sailed to Quebec: contrary winds detained us on the passage, and when I reached the citadel I heard the news that a runaway nun of St. Clare had been fetched back from Italy, and was to be imprisoned in her convent for life.

"I had an interview with the superior, she spoke to me with the same cold formality I had before detested in her. I implored her, as a woman, to feel for me and Marie. I described the rise of our affection for each other, showed her how circumstances had promoted it, how reverse we both had been to the breaking of Marie's vows, and how much we both had endured before we took the rash step. I alluded to Marie's youth and inexperience, and brought forward other excuses, but they all fell pointless on that flinty heart.

She answered with austere brevity, that my boldness in defending to her face, the enormous crime of Marie Verelie and myself, did not surprise her, since we had been found capable of committing it. It was not for her, she said, to punish my guilt, but as Marie was one of those, for whose observance of the holy rules of a monastic life she was accountable, she should deal with her as she merited; her marriage with me had been nothing short of adultery, as Marie had previously been wedded for everlasting to the church.

"I could not restrain myself within the bounds of temperance, my indignation would break out. I hardly know what I said in the heat of the moment, but the scene ended in my unceremonious expulsion from the room and the convent, after I had been positively denied even the interchange of a word or a look with my wife.

"I visited the primate of Quebec, he was equally cold and stern with the superior. I sought the subtle jesuit who had robbed me of my beloved—he was not to be found. Against this man I harboured the fiercest revenge, and could I have met with him, I believe he would have received nothing less than death at my hands.

"At this time the King of France robbed me of two thousand livres. Bygot, his financier, as you have heard, had absolute power over the civil and military establishment of Canada, at the time the English conquered the province. For thirty years Bygot had been in the habit of issuing what was termed 'card money,' instead of sterling coin, and he paid the creditors of the government in bills of exchange, the King of France allowing it to be perfectly understood that he was responsible for both the card-money and the bills; and for the term of years I have named, my parents, and all others who had received the paper-currency, had had it faithfully redeemed when they so required. But now the King took it into his head to dishonour the bills—commerce was involved in difficulty—the unfortunate Canadians, already injured by the war, saw nothing but ruin and misery before them; four per cent only was given to them for the current paper they held, and thus their loss was immense.

"Everywhere around me I heard the execrations of the duped holders of the bills—but I held my peace. What was money to me then? Let the idolators of mammon experience such grief as I experienced, and their god would lose his power. But in the selfishness of my distress I could still feel for the poor sufferers; I thought of their wives and families—my heart bled for *them*. The English I must allow, did wonders in reviving the prospects of the Canadians, and by a liberal policy fairly won their respect and gratitude. I sometimes wondered at the changes of the world when I saw the people against whom my father and myself had so determinedly fought, living in amity with the Canadians, ruling them so wisely, that those they had conquered were now ready with blood to maintain their sway.

"But none of these events interested me beyond the passing moment. Some of my former military friends in the garrison came to me, and would have introduced me to certain of the English officers with whom they had formed an acquaintance. I told them I wished for no

society, I had renounced war, and wanted neither to have any part in its movements, to hear anything of its fortunes, or to continue any intimacy with its professors. They stared at me, and one laughed in my face, when I made this blunt declaration. I left them, and they spread a report that I was mad.

"Night by night I paced the environs of the convent, still hoping that my wife would find some means of conveying to me a word or a line—but no, I received neither. Gradually I became convinced that I had nothing to hope, unless from some desperate act. I thought of the Indians on my estate. I went to one of their villages in Rougemont, and succeeded in buying the services of six of their stoutest men. We hastened to Quebec, and I presented myself at the door of the St. Clare convent, followed by them. An aged sister inquired our pleasure; she was silenced by threats; and the Red-men burst into the interior of the building, raising their horrible war-whoop. My heart was full of one name—one image.

"Marie!—Marie!" I cried; my voice rang through the cloisters, and I heard her shrill responsive cry. That fired me—I felt as if I could have driven back a world of giants if they had attempted to hinder me from reaching her.

"Marie!—Marie!" I again called louder than before; again I heard her thrilling cry. That sound was repeated nearer and still nearer.—and then she was locked in my arms. Gracious Father of spirits! what were my pangs to see her a mere skeleton!—wasted to skin and bone—her delicate frame ill-protected from the bitter cold of the period by sackcloth merely!—her head shaven!—her eyes red, dilated, and swelled! her cheeks hollow and stained with the traces of many tears!—her hands—but I cannot bear to dwell on the frightful alteration I saw in her! Yet I would have you know the truth, only an instant was she in my arms—but in that instant she had shown me the marks of the terrible penances to which she was condemned, and had conveyed to me in a few frantic words the whole of her unexampled sufferings.

"I live, my Louis," said she "on coarse cakes and water: in a stone cell which is my prison, I lie with scarce anything to cover me on the damp ground. And oh, how horrible are my nights! I am kept barefoot; and when I cry out for you, and implore for mercy, I am

answered with penance. But it would soon have ended if you had not come to take me away. I have suffered *one* deed of barbarity which it was not possible I could long have outlived. I will not tell you now what it is—oh, my precious love! I dare not!—if I did, you would rave so loud, that heaven would send its lightnings down to avenge us!"

"The noise of conflict succeeded. 'Is there any one in the convent who can fight?' I abruptly asked of Marie. She replied, 'I heard the nuns talking outside my cell of soldiers who had volunteered to guard it.' She stood listening with her hand to her ear, then clinging to me wildly, cried in a loud voice. 'Take me away, Louis!—oh, take me from this den of cruelty!' I caught her up and reached the outer door, but started back on finding a bayonet presented to my breast.

"'Yield her, or you are a dead man!' cried the soldier who opposed my progress. Marie gripped my shoulders, and in distraction implored me not to forsake her.

"'Be calm, my precious wife!' I exclaimed: 'we will never part more!—mine you are, and, by eternal truth, I will never again quit you but in death!' When I would have gone forwards the soldier repeated his demand. I tried expostulation with him—entreaty—but he was deaf.

"'She is a nun—yield her or die,' he repeated. I put Marie from me, and sprang on him with such violence as to throw him down. While we struggled on the ground together I called on my wife to fly. Had she done so we might have been happy to this day; but believing that my contest with the armed soldier would terminate fatally for one of us, she remained standing by, insensible to my entreaties, immersed in the mortal anxiety of love. The shouts of the soldier brought three of his comrades to the spot, and I was soon covered with blood from the wounds I gave and received. The Indians, raising their savage whoops, mingled in the affray, carrying me off by main force from the ensanguined spot, mortally wounded as they supposed, while the death scream of Marie, whom the English soldiers surrounded, penetrated my swooning senses. She had received a sword stroke that had been meant for me, and the life-blood of my murdered wife sprinkled my face.

"There have been times when I have fancied that the injuries I received in that conflict, and the agony of my

mind, impaired my reason. Certainly I could never think, feel, or act, afterwards, as I had done before. The whole world was as one sepulchre to me, in which my ill-fated love lay entombed, and in which I was a solitary mourner. A report was current, that a runaway nun of St. Clare had been privately buried in the neighbourhood of the convent church; once only I dragged my enfeebled limbs there, and my wretched heart poured itself out on her grave. She lay in unconsecrated ground, but I rather rejoiced at this, than otherwise. I was glad that those who tyrannised over her had not the care of her loved ashes. She had been put into the earth by night, without the performance of any burial service, and no stone marked her place of rest. I had the body exhumed, and, bearing it to Rougemont, interred it under that large tree which fronts my chamber window, beneath which, you my son, have so often seen me sit, when I have been meditating over my wrongs. Yes, there she lies—and for her sake I have remained, and will still remain, in a state of widowhood. No other mistress of Rougemont shall ever, while I live, be heard or seen in this abode of mine. The memory of Marie shall remain here with undivided dominion.

“And strange have been the concatenation of events which have taken place with regard to yourself. Little did I think, when, moved with your infant sufferings, I took you from Baptista Cercy, that it was that child of Marie—my own child—whom I befriended; and as you grew up to maturity, and I set my heart upon you, and made you my heir, little did I imagine that in my exclusive affection, and in my wealth, you were only receiving your proper birthright. You had left me after our unfortunate disagreement, and some little time had passed, wearily enough for me, who felt a second time bereaved, when I received a message from an aged vicaire, that he wished to see me on a matter of extreme importance. As the cottage in which he lay ill was situate beyond my estates, I refused to go, for I had taken a vow, when Marie died, never to quit these limits unless by the most urgent necessity. The vicaire contrived to come to me, and informed me that while Marie was in the convent, only a brief period before her death, she had given birth to a male infant, which had been taken from her by the orders of the superior. When my poor wife found her

oppressor inexorable to her prayer that she might retain the child, she entreated that it might be entrusted to no other than Paul and Joan Levi, a young and kind-hearted labourer and his wife living on my estate, at whose cottage, I told you in this sad story, Marie had stopped when first I introduced her into Rougemont. No doubt her hope was that they would make its existence known to me, and that I should receive it beneath my own roof. But her petition was only granted on the cruel condition that the Levis should never make known to any living person its identity, but should adopt it as their own, to which they were induced to take oath, kneeling before the high altar of St. Clare, and holding each a crucifix. They received from the convent a small sum of money for one year, and that sum was to be repeated yearly. But in a few months they died, suddenly of fever, and the vicaire knew not how it happened that the poor relative of Paul Levi who then took you, knew nothing of the provision to be received for you from the convent. The vicaire had been into the convent of St. Clare and had heard there part of the information with which he astonished me, from a nun who had cherished a friendship for Marie, and who unceasingly lamented her fate, the rest he had gathered in the vicinity of Rougemont. He had kept the secret for twenty-five years, but now drawing nigh the grave, and the superior of St. Clare, having departed to that place where 'the wicked cease from troubling,' he felt constrained to disclose it to me.

"[And still my portion was anguish. The son whom as a stranger I had nurtured, and educated, and loved, where was he? I had suffered him to quit my roof perhaps for ever! Whither should I go in search of him? I knew his stubborn pride (forgive me the expression) so well that I could not hope for his voluntary return to me even though he should be reduced to the utmost state of necessity. He had refused the money I offered to him too—he had thrown himself on the world without friends—without a profession—without any likely means of subsistence. What might not his rashness cause him to have to endure!

"The vicaire died in my house. Years have since rolled on and I have heard nothing of you. My heart yearns to see you!—offspring of my unforgotten love!

"Another, and still another year, and no tidings of you,

my son. You have been bred up in luxury—how will you be able to endure the hardships of an unequal struggle for the bare elements which sustain life? But what say I?—you may have already sunk under that struggle and be now laid in the dust! Something whispers to me that it is so, and that I shall never again see you! My eyes must be closed by strangers! I must descend to the tomb unmourned!

"I resume with a renewed hope, that one day this record of my sorrows, and of your mother's fate, will meet your view. A lingering illness has wasted me to mere skin and bone. Detroit, once your tutor, has cheered me through the dark season by reading to and conversing with me, he has even spent nights at my side. Hopeless of ever beholding you again, I made him my heir. But to-day, one of the servants who has been to Quebec, brings me tidings that one Leonard Anderson has twice served as a common sailor, and since then as a second and first mate, in an emigrant vessel, under a Captain Barry, between the Canadas and the British Islands. He gives me to understand that he knows this Leonard Anderson to be yourself, and that you are now a first mate in that vessel. God be thanked for this news. You are alive, and have made your way to an honourable, if not distinguished place in society. I shall not have to grieve for your fall into a vicious way of life.

"Two more weary years have gone by—my hair is turning white with age—my home is still a desolate place. I can hear no more of you. Detroit has changed his manners to me since I made him my heir. He knows not that I have heard anything of you. I suspect him of assuming a friendship for me he never felt, that he might gain my estates. He has deceived me grossly—there is no trust to be put in man. I am fated to suffer to the last hour of my life. Notwithstanding, he shall not be deceived by me—I shall revoke my will in your favour, but I shall bequeath to him a maintainance."

Here the narrative seemed to have ceased for a long period. It was concluded in a few lines evidently penned with the altered and tremulous hand of extreme age, of which the ink appeared quite fresh and black.

"My last hope of seeing thee, my son, has withered entirely. Hitherto I have delayed altering my will, deterred partly by the arguments of Detroit, who would

persuade me that you are dead. But I feel certain indications that this house of clay, this body of mine, is about to crumble into its native dust, and I dare no longer defer that only act of fatherly love which I can show you. Next month I shall have seen ninety summers. I have drawn up a will with what knowledge of law I possess, appointing you your natural inheritance; and to-morrow, for the first time during a half a century, I quit Rougemont to pay a farewell visit to an old fellow soldier of mine, who lives two hundred miles off, in what the English call the Upper Province. There I shall be freed from the influence of Detroit, which I am ashamed to say, has been too strong in its rule over me latterly, and there I shall see this last will of mine properly completed by some good lawyer.

"I may never return to Rougemont again—if I do not, let me here bid you a tender, a long farewell. You will see your mother's grave—I have put no monument over it—the grass has grown upon it without check—but never was there one which had been watered with more tears; if ever you come to this place, or your children, let them receive, with my blessing, this my solemn request—that they lay her bones with mine!"

Clinton dressed, and went with quickness into his father's chamber, which was the same the Marquis had formerly occupied. The Pirate stood beside the window, looking out in a thoughtful attitude. He expressively grasped the hand of his son, and pointed to a venerable elm tree, at a little distance from the house, beneath which the mossy sod exhibited a slight prominence—there was Marie's grave. The two gazed on it in silence, then conversed awhile on the contents of the manuscript; after which, hearing Jane's voice, they proceeded to the breakfast room, both eager to communicate to her the melancholy story of the Marquis and the nun of St. Clare, and to visit with her the unpretending resting-place of Marie Verche.

CHAPTER XV.

THE UNCHANGEABLE LOVE OF LADY HESTER.

LADY HESTER, with her friends, reached in safety the country-seat of the Earl her father in England. The arrival of the lovely and distinguished peeress, and her widowhood, were at once made known to the highest circles through the medium of the fashionable journals of the day. Immediately she was inundated with cards, and notes, and letters of condolence and of compliment. A host of titled visitors besieged her retirement, employing all the artillery of polite blandishments to win her to reappear in the sparkling scenes of aristocratic dissipation. But Lady Hester was invulnerable. She carried within her bosom a talisman which rendered impotent all their assaults. Former suitors were among their number, whose hopes the Colonel's death had revived, and found their plans for procuring the honour of her smiles fruitless. At first their calls were answered by the mortifying intelligence that Lady Hester could not see company at present, and then, that she was gone into the south of England. But there was one class of persons whom she had not failed to visit on her father's domain—they were the poor, who long had cause to remember her liberality.

The Earl of Wilton was extremely mortified by the determined seclusion of his eldest daughter, but finding his remonstrances of no effect, ceased to make them, and fixed his hopes on the budding graces and accomplishments of Letitia, who entered her fourteenth year, as the first twelvemonth of their return to England expired.

Lady Hester was gone on a private visit to those distant relations of Pastor Wilson who had taken Clinton from his destitute mother and brought him to manhood. There, her heart, which was now entirely devoted to him, indulged itself by reviewing the enchanting period of their first acquaintance in the same delightful scenes in which it took place. Only to one member of the family, a younger son, who, from his childhood, had entertained a brother's regard for Clinton, did she speak of that which was nearest to her heart. Cautiously, when at another part of the drawing-room in which they were assembled, the younger scions of the house, and their parents, were

busy with a parcel of books and prints that had newly arrived from Paris, she made an illusion to the favourite companion and confidant of his younger years. He caught at the theme with eagerness, and dilated with warmth on the recollections which the name of Clinton rekindled in his mind. Neither he nor his relatives had heard, Lady Hester soon discovered to the enhancement of her happiness, of the real cause of Clinton's having quitted England. The merchants from whom the latter had embezzled money having, as our readers are aware, received so soon after their loss two-thirds of the amount from Clinton, and the rest from Lady Hester, and supposing that the whole had been returned by himself through her hands, willingly hushed up the transaction, which, accordingly, had not transpired beyond their firm. Lady Hester imparted to this friend and relative of Clinton her having seen him, and his sister and father, in Canada, describing the remarkable circumstance of their meeting, only keeping back the piratical character of Anderson's vessel. Her deeply interested listener in turn informed her that he had heard, from one of the vicars under the Bishop of Quebec, that Pastor Wilson, the grandfather of Clinton, was living in Upper Canada, and as soon as he could find leisure he should write to the good Pastor, on the part of his parents, and enclose a letter for Clinton, whom he hoped by this means it would reach.

Lady Hester had inherited a small estate in her own right in Cornwall; thither she repaired next, and during the second year of her return from abroad, dwelt there in a solitude so entire as to give rise to various surmises among the disappointed circles of *haut ton*. It was even said that, in spite of the tales which had been circulated of the Colonel's infidelities, she had really loved her husband, and had vowed herself to perpetual grief for his loss. But an idea so romantic was hardly likely to keep its ground among the exclusives of the superior orders, who were little accustomed to devotedness to marriage ties, and they speedily banished a notion so repugnant to their frigid calculations.

Lady Hester, a thorough disciple of the same anti-enthusiastic school as far as her nature would suffer her to be, rigidly hid her real feelings from every eye. The end of the present year approached, and with it the period

when her future path in life was to be decided. She grew restless and anxious; sleep forsook her pillow by night, and tranquillity her spirit by day; she sat at the piano-forte, but the charms of music had for the present fled; she took in hand her pencils for sketching, drew a few irregular outlines, but could not concentrate her mind upon the task; she prepared her colours, placed the exquisite productions of Flora and Pomona before her, flowers, and fruits, and shells; shaped cards for screens, and baskets, and similar bagatelles which she meant to ornament with painting for her amusement; but in the midst of this graceful trifling, dropped her brush, sank back in her chair, and yielded herself up to the listlessness of a troubled mind.

One day, while in this painful frame, wandering from one apartment to another, and trying one employment after another, but all to no purpose, the arrival of the morning's letter's and papers were announced by a servant. She did not go immediately to the room in which they were ordinarily placed, for the vague hopes she had of late entertained were not in much vigour this morning, and nothing else but what referred to Clinton had at present power to interest her. With languid indifference she proceeded to turn them over just before going to dress for dinner; there were a variety of crested seals, black, and vermillion, and parti-coloured; she glanced at the superscriptions and cast them on one side without opening them; then came forth from the bag a letter from her sister, who was then in town with the Earl; she opened that, saying,—“Dear Letty! I must see what you have to say to me.” There was nothing of moment in it. The unspoiled warmth and vivacity of temper which made Letitia so pleasing, spoke out as usual on the odorous page in sentiments equally refined and affectionate.

“Ah, Letty! you will not long remain, I fear, the unsophisticated being you now are. A few years will make you like us all—but long may it be before the fiery serpent, LOVE, breathes his pestilential vapours on you! May it be long before you feel the pangs your sister has suffered!”

She supposed that she had emptied the letter-bag, but as she was pushing it from her across the table, to make room for a large print she was unrolling, another letter dropped from its mouth, with the direction uppermost.

She read—"To the Right Hon. Lady Hester Cleveland, Wilton-hall, County of Essex, England." It is from Clinton!" she ejaculated, and looked round the apartment to see that the disturbance of her demeanour was not observed. "It is assuredly his handwriting! The two years have not yet quite expired—he has encroached on my permission."

Notwithstanding these remarks, and the resentful tone in which they were uttered, it is not to be supposed but that Lady Hester was less displeased at his having written a little before the time, than she would have been had he delayed until after. As Nelson is said to have averred that he owed his successes to having been a quarter of an hour beforehand with his engagements, so, it is probable, Clinton owed his ultimate success with Lady Hester to a similar cause.

The letter was in her hand as a carriage wheeled up the lawn in front of the house. Lady Hester was instantly to the outward eye unruffled, though her heart, like Vesuvius covered with snow, was on fire with a thousand emotions underneath. A lady in the neighbourhood entered to make a morning call. Lady Hester, with perfect ease, yielded herself to all the light topics of the day; invincibly patient, discussed the respective merits of lace from Valenciennes and Berlin—of china from Dresden and India—of fans from Paris and Madrid—of shawls, and parrots, and vases, and servants, and embroidered handkerchiefs. All which concluded, the lady returned to her carriage, and Lady Hester to Clinton's letter, with which she retreated to her dressing-room, from whence she stirred not for the rest of the day, taking her dinner, tea, and supper there, and spending the whole of the ensuing night in penning an answer for Clinton. Neither his communication nor her reply shall we presume to lay before the reader—their contents are easily to be imagined by those who have loved truly, and devotedly—who have had their hopes long deferred, and who at last see themselves on the eve of obtaining the hallowed object of their heart's choice.

And now Lady Hester sold off all the property she possessed in her own right in England, lodged her money in the hands of a Metropolitan banker who was in correspondence with the Canadian bankers of Montreal and Toronto, and apprised the Earl of Wilton of her deter-

mination to return to North America, and settle there. He immediately left town with Letitia and came to her.

"Is it impossible that you can be serious, Lady Cleveland!" said he to her, shortly after his arrival. "I am at a loss to conceive what can have occasioned the alteration which I have long perceived with so much pain in that daughter, who, a short time ago, was the star of my ancient house. What is there here wanting to your happiness? If you are bent upon the eccentric plan of exiling yourself from London, why still there is all England before you, and Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales! Wherever you are pleased to go in these kingdoms, our nobility will feel flattered by your residence among them. Reflect, my love! North America!—what a place for Lady Hester Cleveland to choose as her place of residence! If you had said Paris, or any other of the continental capitals, I might have been less surprised. But North America!—really, my love, you must excuse me if I treat such an idea with ridicule."

"What say you to New York, sir?"

"Ah, that city is not entirely beyond the pale of civilization—there are *some* enduring persons there I believe;—but still, Lady Cleveland knows better how to discriminate between the degrees of good society, than to dream of preferring to shine among an American aristocracy of citizens rather than among an English aristocracy, in whose veins flow no base blood, and who are confessedly the most refined people in the world!"

"My dear sir, I am in search of no society. I do not mean to shine at all. As I told you formerly in Toronto, I have severed myself from fashionable life for the remainder of my days. I think you have seen me act consistently with that resolve since I came back to England."

"Well, Lady Cleveland, if you are wilful, I will give up the point."

"Not wilful, my dear sir, but only—"

"Determined to go—so then it shall be. I certainly regret your determination—exceedingly regret it—especially as Lord R—, my friend, has more than hinted to me his wish to make proposals for your hand, if he could hope they would be accepted. He would be an excellent match, my love—he is about to become a member of the

cabinet—I have no doubt that he will be yet prime minister."

"Pardon me—I shall never accept his lordship."

The Earl knew well the decision of her character, and perceived by her manner that Lord R—— had not the shadow of a hope. With a sigh of vexation he ceased to debate the matter with her.

"And is it true, Hester, that you will leave me and papa?" cried Letitia, springing into her sister's arms the same afternoon as the latter was dressing in her own room. Lady Hester sent away her maid, and embraced Letitia with fondness.

"Do not weep, dearest Letty—nonsense now—what! I declare you are in tears. Kiss me, my beloved sister—and believe me it is no want of love for either of you that disposes me to leave England."

"You forget that I have no other sister beside yourself—you forget that mamma, as you have often told me, wished you to watch over me when I was brought out, as I shall be now very shortly—I never thought you could go from me Hester!" and the panting girl burst into a more passionate fit of tears.

"My sweet Letty! Miss Gresham is an able and conscientious governess, she will watch over you better than I can. Why do you distress me by so much grief, dearest? I did not think you loved me so much. Harken, my dear, and I will tell you the true source of my determination;" and so locking the door, she sat down on a chair, her sister throwing herself on a stool at her feet, and laying her arm across Lady Hester's lap, while she looked up in her face like a Hebe in tears. Letitia was now turned fifteen, tall for her age, slight and graceful, with long hair of a sunny yellow, such as the ancient Saxon ladies are wont to be represented as possessing; her complexion was exquisitely fair, and her large, soft blue eyes, beamed with vivacity and sensibility.

"Have you forgotten, Letty, the Captain who saved you from being drowned in Lake Erie?" began Lady Hester.

Letitia's face was doubly animated with the recollection:—"Oh, no! indeed I can never forget him! Often have I wished I could reward him! How could you think your Letty could be so ungrateful as to forget the man who risked his own life to save hers? Giddy as she is,

she has a heart, Hester! When I am a little older I will certainly find some means of repaying him—though indeed that is not to be done either—for supposing I gave him all I was worth, the preservation of my life would still leave me in debt to him."

"You are right, Letty, to cherish a deep gratitude towards Captain Anderson; he nearly perished while exerting himself to rescue you. But do you remember one Mr. Clinton and Miss Anderson, who were in the same vessel?"

"O yes, very well—Mr. Clinton seemed to know you?"

"He did know me, Letty," said Lady Hester, dropping her voice, and colouring. "We were acquainted when I was a little older than yourself. We were attached to each other, my Letty, but he was in dependent circumstances, and as soon as the Earl received a hint of the matter, he removed me beyond his reach."

"I never heard anything of this before, dearest Hester. I never imagined that you had been unhappy before you were married. But how was it papa did not know Mr. Clinton when he saw him in Toronto?"

"He had not seen him in England, Letty, nor, I believe, had he heard his name. It was a mere hint of the matter that he received, but that hint was sufficient for him. I trust, my dear, you may never be sacrificed to family suitableness as I have been."

"I will never marry one whom I do not love."

"Do not be too sure, Letty, there are so many influences to rob one of courage in such circumstances. You cannot at present understand how much you may have to encounter in support of such a decision. But may you be spared the painful trial. Now, Letty, once as you know I have been sacrificed, and have known the intolerable misery of being the wife of one whom I could neither love nor respect, you cannot wonder, therefore, that I am bent upon bestowing myself on the man who won my first and lasting love—on Mr. Clinton. You look surprised, Letty; now you see the motives for my seclusion from society since I came back to England—do you not?" He is not possessed of one recommendation according to polite usage; he is neither high-born, nor titled; he holds no place in the court or the camp; he is not distinguished in the republic of letters, or in the empire of politics; he is, as you know, the son of a plain

Captain Anderson, of a private cruiser on an American lake; his sister is a plain Miss, who is neither a wit, a blue-stocking, an heiress, or a member of ton:—yet I mean to be his wife, and this is my errand abroad."

At fifteen, young ladies are not generally disposed to view enthusiasm in love as a folly. Letitia entered into her sister's feelings with such readiness, and with so much fondness, that she was trebly endeared to Lady Hester afterwards. Within her own mind Letitia set her heart upon going with her sister, though of this she said nothing at present. Lady Hester's arrangements for her departure were speedily concluded, and a second letter arrived from Clinton. He had not disclosed the change in his fortunes, but wrote as the wandering, penniless Clinton of former days. Letitia's constitution had lately manifested many tokens of extreme delicacy, and her medical attendant frequently suggested that a change of air, and especially a sea voyage, would be of essential service. She tried many little manœuvres with them to get them to pronounce that a second visit to America might answer, and having in a measure succeeded, flew joyfully to apprise her father of the oracular decision. The Earl was not so unwilling as she expected to find him, and even consented, as parliament was prorogued, to take another voyage with his daughters across the Atlantic, especially as he had received the offer of a diplomatic mission in that quarter of the world.

Agreeably to the Earl's permission Letitia prepared for her own voyage, but privately, as she wished to give her sister a pleasant surprise. The Earl had been prevailed upon by her to conceal their intentions until he had made choice of a vessel, for which purpose he went to Liverpool, and on his return found the sisters seated together, in the conservatory, the glass doors of which were thrown back to admit the coy zephyrs of an August noon.

"Here is papa!" exclaimed Letitia, springing up as he entered from the shrubbery. "Now we shall know when we are to quit this pleasant England again."

"*We!*" echoed Lady Hester.

"Yes, we," returned Letitia, smiling; "papa and I are going with you for a year."

"It is so, my love," responded the Earl; "this romantic little girl would have me make a secret of it, that she might astonish you, to be sure; however, you must

both be on the alert, for in a fortnight we must be in Liverpool."

"This is very kind of you both," said Lady Hester, imprinting a tender kiss on Letitia's delicate cheek, and pressing her father's hand, "very kind, and truly do I thank you."

At the same time she was a little disturbed inwardly—the presence of her father in America might cause her embarrassment and pain. When alone with her sister she made an observation to this effect, but the sanguine Letitia would not think so.

"I will undertake your cause, my dearest Hester—I will give him no rest until he yields to your wishes, and volunteers to give you away to Mr. Clinton as some little return for his having been the means of making you unhappy before."

Lady Hester gently shook her head, but did not otherwise damp the generous hopes of her glad sister, who was as buoyant and light hearted as a bird during the succeeding fortnight which preceded their setting sail for Montreal.

Miss Gresham accompanied her pupil as heretofore. Lady Hester and Letitia took each her own maid with her, and the Earl his valet, who was a Parisian, one of the most accomplished of his class.

During the voyage, Lady Hester reflected with uneasiness on the best way of communicating to the Earl her intended marriage. She frequently consulted with her sister, but Letitia was too young and inexperienced to be of much service as a giver of advice, though her heart abounded in zeal for her.

"What important topic is it that you are daily debating upon, I pray young ladies?" inquired the Earl, as they sat talking together in an important whisper, on deck, at the end of the third week of their voyage, whilst darkness was stealing over the purple waters.

"You shall know to-morrow, papa," said Letitia, with all her natural vivacity, disregarding Lady Hester's admonitory look—"and a very important topic it is. A motion is about to be brought into the house which I hope you will not oppose; it must be carried, as I have often heard you say, by an overwhelming majority."

"But Lady Letitia Wilton, if I am to vote upon the measure it is necessary that I hear it debated—come,

what is it? If you state it to me, with the substance of the numerous orations of yourself and your sister, I shall be upon the ministerial or opposition side of the question."

"The bill shall be laid upon the table of your cabin—to-morrow morning, and then, dear papa, we must not hear of your being on the opposition benches—I assure you we must have the measure passed."

And, lo! the next morning the Earl did indeed find on his cabin table—not a bill—but a letter written by Lady Hester, unfolding her intentions in returning to America, and eloquently setting before him the unhappiness she had heretofore endured from having done violence to her inclinations. Never was man more astounded than the Earl. He could scarcely credit what he read. Was such infatuation possible? Why to Lady Hester Cleveland, the noblest and proudest peers of England would have sued!—and could she intend to bestow herself on a man whom he would blush to see her servant—the son of a Pirate, forsooth! The thought was incredible!

To Lady Hester he proceeded, and calmly questioned her as to the reality of what she had stated in her communication. She as calmly replied. The Earl then expressed himself thus:—

"I beg you to understand, Lady Cleveland, that as you have chosen to lay aside those considerations which your rank and noble birth imperatively require you should maintain, both for your own personal dignity and the dignity of my family, which has never stooped to ally itself with commoners through a period of eight centuries—as you have chosen so to disgrace yourself I beg you to believe that I shall separate myself from you entirely, after the first day of my landing on the American shores. I shall also remove Letitia from your influence, as I do not think proper to suffer her to imbibe the contamination of your example."

Saying this, he retired again from her presence. Letitia no sooner heard what had passed, which had filled her sister's soul with dejection, than she hastened to throw herself on her father's neck, and to plead Lady Hester's cause. But the Earl was not to be moved except by his daughter's renunciation of her chosen husband, and she was so firm on that point, that flames and tortures would not have compelled her to give him up.

Highly uncomfortably did the rest of the journey prove to all the party. The servants were never tired of wondering what could have happened to make the ladies look so downcast, and to cause the Earl to be so distant with Lady Hester.

Clinton, meanwhile, knew by what vessel to expect the arbitress of his future destinies, and, with his sister, awaited her arrival in Montreal. The first day upon which it was expected saw them arm in arm pacing the river's bank nearly from sunrise to sunset. Clinton was not to be withdrawn from his post, but having left Jane at their lodgings for the night, returned and remained by the river until the stars began to disappear in the morning sky, then retired to his pillow for about three hours, and again resumed his anxious watch.

This day passed as the preceding one. On the following forenoon, a pilot-boat going out to look for the vessel, Clinton went with it. There had been a severe gale in the night, and he had worked himself up to a pitch of alarm, for Lady Hester's safety of the most distressing intensity. As the boat moved down the St. Lawrence, all the shipping and river-craft appeared grievously damaged, which, if possible, heightened Clinton's fears. These fears, however, happily proved groundless; the vessel had found shelter in the harbour of Bic Island, one hundred and fifty-three miles below Quebec.

The pilot ran his boat close under her side, and spoke with the captain, who gladly received him on board, the navigation of the St. Lawrence being of a difficult character. Clinton went upon deck with the pilot, and thus came abruptly into the sight of the Earl of Wilton, who heard him ask the captain if Lady Cleveland was not one of his passengers. The captain having answered in the affirmative, Clinton sent his card down to her cabin. The Earl was pale with anger; he moved as though he would have stepped forward, intending to ask him his business with Lady Hester, but his swelling disdain of the presumptuous individual withheld him. Clinton bowed to the Earl as soon as he perceived him, but the latter, instead of returning the movement, assumed a most chilling and stately aspect, and eyed him with feigned surprise.

Clinton very well understood that his supposed meanness of condition caused him to be thus treated. Mentally

smiling in contempt, he turned away with an air of perfect indifference. He was chagrined, however, that the Earl had accompanied Lady Hester, and felt anxious to know whether he was acquainted with the object of her voyage. If so, his looks indicated that the detestation he might be expected to feel for so humbling an alliance his daughter had not by any means succeeded in abating. This being the state of the Earl's feelings, Clinton saw much immediate discomfort, to say the least of it, before himself and his betrothed. Notwithstanding, he did her the justice to believe, that, under no circumstances, however adverse, would she be induced to revoke her voluntary consent to be his.

A note was brought to him by Lady Hester's maid, which inspired him with a confidence and a joy that was plainly apparent in his looks; the damsel, who had received from him a dollar for her errand, hastened to whisper confidentially to Letitia's maid, and then to the Earl's valet, that an English gentleman, who was desperately in love with her lady, had come into the ship, and that her ladyship had sent up a billet to him on deck, and that the Earl was in a pretty passion about it, as any one might see.

The Earl was indeed brooding over the matter with rising wrath, and he kept a most jealous watch over the movements of Clinton all the time that the vessel was making her way to Montreal.

Lady Hester, out of a filial respect for his antipathies, refrained from seeing Clinton until the end of her voyage, when, to put the steadiness of her intentions beyond doubt, she went up to him on the forecastle of the ship, where he stood, only a few yards apart from her father, and presented her hand, saying, at the same time—

"Mr. Clinton, it was kind of you to come so far out to meet me."

"I was fearful lest you had suffered from the storm, Lady," said he. "How have you borne the voyage?"

"Admirably," she replied. "I hope your father and sister are quite well?"

"Quite well. I left Jane in Montreal, very desirous of meeting you. And see, there she is on the shore—she waves her hand to us."

"Jane!" said the Earl sneeringly aside, "and who the devil is Jane?—some villainous maid of all work at one of

the taverns I suppose. O, Hester—Hester! such a disgraceful part as you are now going to act is enough to bring the countess, thy mother, from the tomb to censure thee!"

Lady Hester returned Jane's salute familiarly, leaning upon Clinton's arm, then accepted his assistance for quitting the vessel.

"Miss Anderson, we meet again on American ground," said Lady Hester, as Clinton presented her to his sister.

"I am indeed glad to see your ladyship here in safety," responded Jane.

The Earl and Letitia had likewise left the vessel, but the latter had been sternly commanded by her parent not to speak either to Clinton or Jane except they addressed her, and then to reply only with a manner so distant as should "effectually check their impertinent advances, by reminding them of the great distance between their station and hers."

"Well, papa," quickly spoke Letitia, "and have you made up your mind which side of the question you shall vote for?" You see which side my sister takes.

"Letitia, my child, it is very wrong in you to make a jest of that which so disturbs your father."

"Poor dear Papa! what wicked children he has got—I hope he will forgive us—I know our conduct is quite unparliamentary."

The Earl did smile at the pretended seriousness of his child, and would have laughed outright had not his eye happened to fall again on Lady Hester and Clinton, who seemed too happy for him, and his face darkened directly.

Poor Letitia in reality little cared for the distinctions of rank and fortune; she longed to tell Jane how glad she was to meet her again, and how right willing she felt for her sister's marriage with Clinton. But all such uncalculating impulses were nipped as they sprung by the Earl, whom she durst not disobey.

Lady Hester now withdrawing her hand from Clinton's arm, stepped up to the Earl and Letitia, and inquired—

"Will you lead the way, dear sir, to that hotel in which we are expected?"

"It is in the street of the Hotel Dieu, Lady Cleveland; there is but one house of the kind in that street—you and your *friends* cannot miss it."

"My dear sir, you are going with us I hope?"

"Not I. I would uphold the dignity of my family with my best blood if necessary. I will not give my countenance to your degrading of it. Here we separate—unless you at once renounce your plans!—plans, which I again say, involve a want of consideration, and a want of delicacy, which I am surprised to find in *my* daughter!"

"Papa!" cried Letitia, in an expressive tone of remonstrance and supplication, "dear papa!"

"If it must be so, sir, I am deeply sorry," said Lady Hester, with a nobleness of air which sufficiently rebutted his ill-deserved imputation of her being capable of want of delicacy, while her splendid countenance was suffused with glowing vermillion.

"But my sister—shall she not be with me?"

"No—I forbid her from maintaining any intercourse with you," answered the Earl, with cool severity. "I do not wish her to be infected with your present ignoble sentiments; I must look to her to rescue, in some degree, the ancient family to which you belong from the blot you are about to bring upon it."

The tears swam in Letitia's soft eyes, and trickled down her transparent cheek.

"Well then, beloved Letty! here but for only a little while I trust, we part," said Lady Hester. "I know your heart, dearest—you love me well! God bless you! Do not be dejected on my account—I shall make myself as much at ease as I can. Perhaps you, dear sir, will know me better some day."

"Talon!" called the Earl in a sharp accent to his valet, who was overlooking the luggage of the party at the brink of the river, "let the coachman help you to put Lady Letitia's and my trunks upon the carriage, and make haste."

"And not Lady Cleveland's, my lord?"

"No—Lady Cleveland does not go with us."

Clinton and Jane heard every word that passed, and sensibly felt Lady Hester's painful position, which served to make her dearer to them both. Miss Gresham was in tears, as well as Letitia, for she was much attached to Lady Hester.

"Your ladyship has my best wishes for your happiness," said she, as she was turning to join her pupil.

"I believe it, and I thank you," returned Lady Hester, emphatically, her lips quivering with emotion, yet forcing

a smile. "Now, Mr. Clinton," she turned to him as the governess moved away, "you have proved me capable of sacrificing the whole world to you—for family pride, and family affection, and public reputation, have been the world to me."

"My whole future life shall be devoted to one only aim—your recompense!" he ejaculated.

"And I," said Jane, modestly, yet with fervour, "will never be found wanting in gratitude: in sacrificing to my brother, you have sacrificed to me—for I am a sharer in all that concerns his happiness. My father, too, will be glad to minister to your ladyship's felicity in every way that is in his power."

"Pray, my dear Miss Anderson, let me have no more of the 'ladyship,'" cried Lady Hester, compelling every appearance of a pained mind to vanish from her face; "henceforth we are to be on terms of perfect equality you know."

"So let it be!" exclaimed the happy Clinton, moving forward from the quay between them, "and after this moment we are plain Hester, Jane, and Clinton, with each other."

Lady Hester fancied that both the sister and brother had suffered her to place herself on a level with them with more ease than she had altogether anticipated. She observed that both were well, and handsomely dressed; and as they were going to the street of the Hotel Dieu Clinton drew a superb gold watch from his waistcoat pocket to see the time, whereby she plainly perceived that their circumstances were altered for the better, though she little dreamed of the extent of the alteration."

"Is your father in the same vessel as formerly?" she inquired, anxious for an explanation.

"No, he has left the lakes entirely," answered Clinton; "in a few days you shall see him; he lives now in the seignior of Rougemont and has no connection whatever with his former associates: nor, I am sure, will he ever again have."

"I rejoice to hear you say so, and how, may I ask, is he at present provided for?"

Clinton glanced meaningly at Jane, and replied—"You shall know all about it when you see him. Of this be assured, that he is living honestly, and, I believe, is happier than ever he was in his life before. Jane and I

reside with him—and soon, I hope," he added, speaking in a softer cadence, and with irresistible tenderness, "you will join us there, and so complete our felicity."

In all this there was something inexplicable to Lady Hester, and she was to be pardoned, perhaps, if, notwithstanding what Clinton had said, she felt a few misgivings as to the nature and source of the prosperity of the Pirate and his children. Jane was Lady Hester's companion in the hotel, and every hour they grew more intimately social with each other. As soon as the latter had a little recovered from the fatigue of the voyage, Clinton pressed her to go to Rougemont. She consented, and the first frost of the season having set in, a cabriolet was hired, as she supposed, for the journey, but on stepping from the hotel entrance to take her seat in it, she was surprised to see the equipage of a person of distinction awaiting her. Dubiously she cast her eyes around looking for one of humbler pretensions, but none such appeared at hand; at that instant Clinton came out to lead her to the carriage steps, beside which a footman stood in lace and gold. To heighten her perplexity, the servant touched his hat to Clinton, and replied to some direction the latter gave him as he took the reins into his hand, "very well, my lord."

Jane now came from the hotel door.

"Think you there is time for us to reach Rougemont before nightfall?" she asked the footman.

"O yes, your ladyship, plenty of time," he answered, as he folded up the steps after she had seated herself beside Lady Hester.

"I am bewildered with what I hear and see!" exclaimed the latter when Clinton had sprung in, "pray one of you unravel the mystery to me!"

"Not yet," said the delighted Clinton.

The sun was declining from its meridian when the cabriolet entered the seigniory of Rougemont. They shortly after perceived a horseman approaching.

"It is my father!" cried Clinton, causing the speed of the vehicle to be slackened.

Wonder upon wonder for Lady Hester. The Pirate of the Vulture was now in dress and in bearing a gentleman; the horse he rode was a beautiful bay; and as he lifted his jewelled *bonnet* from his head, and bowed to her with an air of profound respect, the majesty of his person was very striking, and indicated a conscious superiority.

Clinton stopped the cabriole, and the Pirate rode up to it.

"I should have set out for Montreal to-morrow morning in search of you if you had not come," cried he, addressing his son and daughter. "Lady Cleveland, you are truly welcome to Rougemont—it shall be the study of our lives to make you happy here."

She articulated her thanks with excited feelings. The cabriole then proceeded slowly along a noble avenue of oaks and elms, the Pirate riding by it, conversing with his children and occasionally with Lady Hester, who wondered how all this would end.

The equipage in a little time came in front of a mansion of the first class, and stopped at an imposing entrance supported by white marble pillars. The footman thundered at the door, then lowered the steps of the cabriole as the Pirate dismounted and stood uncovered, while Lady Hester was handed into the house by Clinton. At the door of the room into which she was ushered, there stood another of her former acquaintances of the pirate ship—this was no other than Deborah, who had been rewarded for her disinterested attachment to Jane by being made housekeeper here. She was arrayed in the thorough British style of her order—a large cap, furnished with at least half a dozen yards of gay ribbon, adorned her head, under the shadow of which her broad red face appeared shining in gladness and content; her stout figure had enlarged itself under the influence of the good cheer with which she took care that her larders were supplied, and was comfortably clad in red poplin, set off by a white apron and an enormous frill.

"What are you here too, Deborah?" said Lady Hester, as the Irish girl threw open the door and dropped a low curtsey.

"O yis indeed, my lady, it's mysilf at any rate—my lord, the Marquis has befrinded me grately, and I owe it all to Misthress Jane—I mane to my Lady Jane, begging her pardon a thousand times. May yer ladyship see many joyful days here, and that's the sincere wish of my sowl."

"My lord the Marquis!"—"Lady Jane,—what can all this mean?" thought the agitated Lady Hester.

The room was richly decorated—the walls and ceiling were painted with historical scenes—the furniture was of

the most handsome and costly description—the windows looked out upon grounds laid out with elaborate care and skill.

"Now, idolised Hester!—now, my own—my beloved!" exclaimed Clinton, as she stood bewildered and panting with powerful emotions after he had shut the door, while his father and sister were speaking with Deborah in the hall, "you shall know whom you have consented to marry. I am the son of one who owns a rank still higher than that of your father. I am the heir of all that you see around—not only of this, but of the whole seigniori in which we are. You have not banished yourself from the circles for which you were born by consenting to bestow yourself on me. I am the Earl of Wilton's equal, and I will wed you, Lady Hester, before the eyes of that world which you have so nobly disregarded for my sake. My father, now the marquis of Rougemont, shall go to the Earl and *purchase* his consent to our union by such marriage-settlements as will far exceed anything that he could make for a child of his."

He then related to her all the circumstances that had attended their coming into possession of the estate and title. Lady Hester then said—"Do not think, Clinton, that you have made my head altogether giddy with delight by this change of prospect. I felt extremely proud of the sacrifice I was making for you, and hoped, by its means, to secure you to myself with such ties as could never be broken. Now, I am afraid, in making your marriage with me a matter of formal family arrangements, you will become a mere fashionable husband, and I by consequence, an indifferent wife, and so all my romantic notions of our superlative felicity in the kingdom of Hymen will vanish away like other air-built fabrics."

"Never!" cried Clinton, with sincerity and passion in his transported glance, as he pressed his lip to her passive hand, "never! From my boyhood I have loved but you! and to the last hour of my life you shall be my soul's treasure and joy."

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNPLEASANT VISIT FROM OLD COMPANIONS.

THAT early friend of Clinton who was lately spoken of, had delayed to write to Pastor Wilson until Lady Hester took her second and permanent leave of England. By her he sent two separate letters for the Pastor and Clinton, in the former of which he detailed the information Lady Hester had imparted concerning the existence of the grandchildren and the son-in-law of the Pastor in America, and hoped he would soon meet with them if he had not hitherto. In the other epistle to Clinton, he dwelt upon the relationship of Pastor Wilson to his friend, and upon what he had learned of the settlement of the good Pastor in Upper Canada.

Clinton was delighted to hear from his old schoolfellow and playmate, and after scanning the letter in a cursory way, read it aloud to his father, his sister, and Lady Hester, while seated with them at dessert.

"It is very odd," said Jane, who was bending over a peach that she was unconsciously dissecting on her plate, "that Nicholas and I should both have lived so long in the lodge without discovering our relationship, or that the Pastor was our grandfather."

"Or that Arthur Lee was our cousin," added Clinton, archly. Jane's knife slipped along the plate, and her blushing face drooped still lower over the peach.

"Do not mind him, Jenny," said the Pirate, "we had the laugh against him a little while ago. But what say you, must we not go and see this grandfather and cousin?"

"With all my heart!" cried Clinton, who was exceedingly desirous of beholding his sister in possession of prospects as blissful as those which were before his own view.

Who was to go was the next question. Clinton was not disposed to take Lady Hester thither at present, lest she should hear of Lucy, neither was he willing that his father should go, as he wanted him to proceed immediately to Montreal, to make terms with the Earl for Lady Hester's hand. The idea would have been put off, therefore, at his suggestion, had he not perceived in Jane's eye a delight of

the proposed journey indicative of a feeling of which he had had too deep an experience not to sympathise with it. While the matter was under discussion, Lady Hester, who had been informed by Clinton of Mr. Lee's attachment for Jane, and who participated in his wishes for her happiness, disposed of the difficulty by declaring her intention of going with the Pirate to endeavour to change the Earl's mind in respect to her intended marriage.

"While the Marquis and I are gone on this mission," said she, "you, Clinton and Jane, must transport yourselves to Pastor Wilson's lodge, and, on a day which we will appoint, meet us here again."

Clinton was very reluctant to leave his beautiful affianced, but his objections were overruled by her and by the Pirate.

"You may be sure of this if we do go," said he, gaily, "there will be two marriage parties in Rougemont instead of one, shortly."

"There will be no such thing, Nicholas—how can you talk so!" remonstrated Jane.

"He must not be too sure that there will be *one*," cried Lady Hester, sharing in Jane's confusion; "let me tell him that ladies do not like too much confidence on the part of their admirers—humility should be the lovers' creed."

"At all events, I hope you will bring the Pastor with you," remarked the Pirate, "I should much like to see the old gentleman here."

"We will do our best to bring both him and Mr. Lee, will we not, Jane?" returned Clinton.

"You are very provoking," cried the palpitating girl, as she rose from the table and retreated from the dining-room to indulge in solitude those feelings which the prospect of meeting Arthur again had revived in her breast.

To come back once more to the Pastor's lodge, it seemed very probable that Clinton's prediction concerning the double marriage would be verified, for when he and his sister prepared to return to Rougemont, Mr. Lee was with them as the husband-elect of Jane. The Pastor could not leave his flock, but he exacted a promise from Arthur and Clinton that their marriage ceremonies should be solemnised by no other than himself, and in no other place than the lodge. Both the young men argued in favour of Rougemont, for both had the ill-fated Lucy in

their mind; but the Pastor persisted in his wish, to which they reluctantly yielded. Clinton had another motive, and it was his principle one, for being averse to the celebration of his marriage in the lodge—the settler Joshua's tale might come to Lady Hester's hearing and disturb her peace. Conscience made him painfully uneasy in respect to the affair with Dan; though years had passed since it took place, the load which had fastened on his mind was no more lightened than if it had happened yesterday.

Upon the day which had been appointed for the return of Jane and Clinton from the lodge, and of the Pirate and Lady Hester from Montreal, the former, with Mr. Lee, drove up in the sleigh to the front portico of the mansion. Clinton knocked loud and long, and made the hall entrance reverberate with the ringing of the bell, but to his wonder and alarm no servant answered the summons.

"This is most unaccountable!" he exclaimed; and while he stood a moment listening to hear if he could distinguish anyone approaching within, he fancied that he detected the sound of laughter and of coarse singing.

"The servants must have abused the confidence that has been put in them, Jane," said he, "there is vulgar revelling going on in the house."

"I can hardly think Deborah would be unfaithful to us," observed Jane, astonished, "and she had the command of the—hark! indeed you are right, Nicholas, there is revelling going on." The mingled clamour of laughing, shouting, and singing, became for an instant plainly distinguishable, and to complete the dismay of Jane, seemed to come from the best room of the house, the window-shutters of which were closed, though it was now the middle of the day. Jane alighted from the sleigh with as much celerity as possible, and with Clinton hastened round to the back entrance, while by their desire Mr. Lee awaited the issue of their observations.

"I am the more astonished," remarked Clinton, "because this is the day upon which Deborah was to expect us—of course my father and Lady Hester cannot yet have arrived."

A door in the right wing of the house stood ajar. They entered, Clinton going first, and Jane following with indefinite alarm.

A tumult of rough male voices, rising to the highest

pitch of which they were capable in drunken mirth just then re-echoed through and through those parts of the dwelling which were set apart for the reception of company. Jane recoiled, and exclaimed—

“O, Nicholas! those are not the servants—I dare not go forward!”

Clinton paused and listened in amazement, which was quickly superseded by indignant wrath. A peal of laughter, more boisterous than before, and long continued, came upon his ears, and then there followed a noise such as might be produced by the sudden smashing of glasses and bottles, together with the upsetting of a heavy table and several chairs.

“Jane, go back to Mr. Lee, and tell him to ride off with you to the nearest magistrate,” cried Clinton, hurriedly. “I will soon deal with these ruffians in a manner they won’t like, probably.”

“Don’t you think they are robbers?” inquired Jane, pale and trembling.

“Robbers!—yes, but such as unfortunately my father has had too much to do with in former times.”

“Do you suppose they are the Pirates?”

“I am sure of it;—but go instantly to Mr. Lee, and request him to send officers here without a moment’s delay.”

“But, Nicholas,” hesitated Jane, “if that be done you do not know what may be the consequence—they may impeach my father.”

“True, true; that is a consideration of instant moment. What is best to be done! To endure this intrusion, even with moderate patience, is impossible! Where can the servants be? However, I cannot let you remain here. Go as I said, Jane. Yet stay—Mr. Lee had better drive to a little distance. You know it is most likely that Lady Hester and my father are near, and the Earl of Wilton may be with them, it would be dreadful to think of her and the proud peer coming into the hearing of a horrid uproar like this—you must watch for them, and contrive to prevent them from approaching.”

“All hands ahoy!” roared a tarred and ruffianly-looking mariner, who had been lying, unperceived by Clinton or Jane, in a half intoxicated state on the inside of the doorway. Jane started toward Clinton with affright, and the fellow rose staggering to his feet, clapping the door

into its fastenings with the whole force of his brawny arm.

"What do you want here?" sternly demanded Clinton.

"What do I want here?" repeated the mariner; "I want liquor to be sure! and you have got plenty of the primest sort, that I will say—I never tasted better in all my life, never."

"Why have you and your companions come here in this disgraceful way?" again asked Clinton with increasing choler.

"That isn't a question" (hiccuping) "to be answered all in a breath for why, there was many reasons for our steering this way to" (hiccuping again) "see our old Cap'n—we hard of his coming to a Marquis and a fort'n, that was one reason; we found the smuggling trade no go, and wanted a little help in the cash way—d'ye see—and that wur another reason—there's two on 'em for'ee, if you want honny more you must go and ax my mates."

Clinton whispered with Jane a moment while the sailor found his equilibrium by planting his back against the door.

"Let this lady pass out," said Clinton.

"Call me an ass if I do," returned the fellow, plucking a quid of tobacco from his jacket pocket, and thrusting it into his left cheek.

"What do you mean by that?" cried Clinton, whom prudential considerations for the Pirate's safety could hardly restrain from knocking the man down.

"Ax my mates, they'll tell'ee," said the mariner, in reply and with a silver tooth-pick that Jane had left in her dressing-room he commenced picking his teeth.

"Do not contend with him, my brother," whispered the terrified Jane; "rather endeavour to argue the matter with the more sober of the party—if, indeed, they have not all lost their senses," she added as a second clatter of breaking glasses and falling chairs was overpowered by vociferated shouts of jovial merriment.

"I cannot longer endure this!" exclaimed Clinton, advancing to the mariner; "Stand away from the door!"

The fellow discharged from his mouth the tobacco-impregnated saliva, then responded, without moving an inch—"You be——!"

In the twinkling of an eye Clinton had sprung on him and hurled him along the passage.

But this act did not effect the object intended, for as Jane was retreating with all the hurry of fear, she was caught back by another Pirate, a Pole, near seven feet in height, exhibiting enormously long and bushy whiskers and mustachios, of an uncertain colour bordering upon red; he had come from the great hall staircase, and, like the discomfited mariner, was in an intoxicated condition.

"Ah, what, a lady here!" cried he in bad French. "I must have a look at you!"

"Let go my hand, sir!" she cried in excessive alarm.

"Nay, my dear, you must not go—I must have a sight of your face," and he leered with disgusting familiarity, that was deservedly checked by a stunning blow from the irritated Clinton, who would immediately have passed her through the contested doorway, out of reach of the drunken reprobates, had not a third individual, who had followed close on the heels of the Pole, presented himself in the way. It was Gilpin, whose reckless courage had made him famous among his outlawed brethren.

"Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Scrynecki! how did you relish that?" he cried. "'Twas as neat a lick as ever I saw out of New York State."

"Master Gilpin," cried the Pole, now adopting the English tongue, which he spoke even worse than French, while he rubbed his forehead with one hand, and smoothed his long mustachios with the other, "thist ish te firsth time in my life tat I hath be struck, and, par Dieu! it shall be te lasht! I shall kill him dead tat inshult me, par Got!"

"Who says Scrynecki is a coward and will bear any thing from any man?" laughed Gilpin. "Hark to the hero's big words! Hurrah for the Polander! But stop young lady a moment, I must have a peep at your pretty face as well as Scrynecki. Why! is it Miss Anderson? I ask your pardon! Jack Gilpin will never be the man to affront you! He hasn't forgotten your sewing up the bandages of his shattered arm after the fight with the d—— law bullies on board ship."

The Pole, notwithstanding his big words, had made no attempt to return the blow he had received; he was indeed the coward of his band.

The mariner, more dangerously vindictive, had quickly managed to rise from the floor on which Clinton had thrown him, and with that mad malignity which too much

ardent drink is apt to excite in some men, had planted himself again in front of the door, having a large pocket knife unclashed in his hand, at the sight of which Jane trembled and covered her eyes.

Clinton threw his arms around her waist, and, entreating her not to be afraid, stood an instant collecting himself, and restraining his passion, that he might judge what was best to be done. He was unarmed, and prudence told him that in a struggle with a numerous and armed band of ruffians, he could have small chance of success; but the fire of his impetuous blood would not have suffered him to listen to this argument, had not his sister been there—for her sake he restrained himself. While he paused Gilpin confronted the mariner.

"Come, stand on one side," said he.

"Call me a fool if I do then," was the reply.

"Now, I tell you what, Billy," said Gilpin, "I don't want to have any quarrel with you, only stand quietly on one side; but if you won't, mind you, why, as sure as I first saw daylight in New York State, I'll make you! You know Jack Gilpin is no Polander—what he says is as much gospel as if the president said it—you know that Billy, don't you."

"Hah! Master Gilpin! par Got," were the fierce exclamations of the Pole, his formidable whiskers and mustachios bristling up so as to become still more formidable. "What you mean tat you no Polander, ha? Let me say you tat te Polanders as you name tem, be te bravest men in all te world!"

"Then take my word for it you are not one of them," said Gilpin, scoffingly; "all the bravery you have might sell for five farthings, and the buyer would be taken in."

"Master—master Gilpin, saire," articulated the exasperated Mr. Scrynecki with difficulty, being overpowered with passion, "I wash at te battaile of Warsaw—te great battaile saire!—I was tere when it conquer te Russ!"

"So was many a calf, I dare say, and made as great a noise as you," sneered Gilpin. "But come Billy, move off, and let Miss Anderson pass out. You won't, won't you? What d'ye say to that then?" and he suddenly pulled a pistol from his belt, and held it to the mariner's temples. "Give me the knife—that's it. Now move nearer this way—nearer—Miss Anderson the door is free to you."

The mariner muttered a fierce oath of genuine British origin, and excited to so imprudent an action by the fumes of the liquor he had drank, raised his arm and attempted to dash back the pistol from its alarming contiguity to his head; in doing which it went off, and all its deadly contents lodged themselves in his brain. He leaped half a yard from the ground, and fell on his face on the floor. One dismal cry broke from his lips—he rolled over on his back—partly rose as he grappled with the king of terrors—sank again—stretched himself convulsively, and ceased to breathe.

Horror was depicted on the countenances of the startled persons standing by. Jane, pallid and faint, rushed into the open air. Clinton stood paralysed. The Pole stooped over the body, and with the poor wretch's jacket corner tried to stanch the blood which issued from the wound; while Gilpin, with the pistol still in hand, seemed like Clinton transfixed with dismay and surprise.

The noise of the pistol shot had penetrated into the scene of conviviality in the chief *salon* of the mansion, where all the band of unwelcome intruders were assembled, excepting only three, who had been prowling through the other parts of the house in search of portable articles of value which they might purloin; these three were the Pole, the mariner, and Gilpin.

The scene in the *salon* was strange indeed, and in no small degree ludicrous. Upwards of forty Pirates were seated on delicate Grecian couches, fauteuils, and damasked chairs, at rosewood tables furnished with food of the most heterogenous description.

One was regaling himself on luscious hothouse fruits; one on delicate confectionery, of which whole dishes were vanishing with incredible rapidity; another on bread and cheese, with which he was drinking fine Spanish wines; a fourth on a cold turkey; and a fifth was luxuriating among a set of jars filled with delicious preserves, jellies, and creams.

"These sort of seats are d——d fine inventions, arn't they?" cried one to his companions, as he threw up his dirty feet on the downy cushions of a silken couch.

"Very—and so is the vittels," was the dry response of a sturdy square-built dwarf, who reposed his half-clad limbs on a similar piece of furniture, while he emptied by

a succession of draughts a bottle of claret he held in his hand.

All the party seemed to enjoy the novelty of the situation with the relish of overgrown children. The servants of the house had been compelled to bring hither for them the choicest contents of the larders and the wine-cellars. Nay, they must have the best table utensils, too, that the mansion would afford, cupboards of plate and china had been broken open, and articles, curious and rich, brought out to view that had not seen the light for very many years before. How would it have shocked the mother of the late Marquis of Rougemont, with all her nice and lofty prejudices, could she have witnessed this desecration of the most precious mementos of her ancestry! But, happily for her, she slept on with profound peace in the tomb in the chapel attached to the mansion, nor knew aught of what was going on in the scenes around. She would have shrunk aghast from the bare idea of a dinner in this her grand *salon*, an ordinary meal indeed had *never* appeared within its distinguished bounds; how much less the abominations that now polluted it, and mingled in strange contrast with the dainties the servants had been compelled to bring! The princely apartment even smelt strongly of *onions*—the quintessence of barbarism—and with that vile effluvia began to blend a scent of kindred merits—that of *tobacco*, whose reeking fumes ascended to the gilded flutings of the ceiling from at least a dozen common short pipes!

"Who'd ha' had any hidea of our old cap'n coming to be master of a place as fine as this!" soliloquised a sleepy privateer, who had gorged as much of all description of eatables as his stomach, one of the most capacious dimensions, could possibly contain, while his eye surveyed the three ancient, but gorgeous, chandeliers, that were pendant at proper intervals from the roof, and which it had been the wild pleasure of the crew to have completely lighted up, shedding on the motley picture below a flood of intense brilliance, such as had not illuminated the *salon* for nearly a century.

"Yet, somehow," continued the speaker, as his head at short intervals began to nod on his breast, "I fancied he was born to a fortin—he was so scholarly, and held his head so high—and—and so—" sleep prevented the conclusion, and he shortly slipped down upon the thick and

costly carpet, snoring loudly, with his face downwards, and his arms extended. Sea songs were then sung by single voices and in chorus to which the loftiness and expansion of the apartment gave full effect; the richly-wrought tables were thundered upon with the fist as manifestations of applause—mock combats were enacted in sport—bottles were thrown at each other, and furniture broken in pieces—and still the fellow snored on as soundly as if he had drunk opium.

The report of Gilpin's pistol disturbed the men at their carousals. The leaders among them were the first to lay their hands on their weapons, and to start from their seats, with looks prepared for a bloody contest in case there was any opposition about to be offered to their will. A sudden stillness spread itself through the *salon*, rendered remarkable by the tremendous uproar of the preceding minute. During that stillness a heavy footstep, well known to most of the privateers, was heard approaching the door on which all eyes were bent. The door was opened, and the colossal figure of the proprietor of the mansion, the former chief of the Pirates, presented itself before the crew. He paused a moment, surveying the scene with wonder.

"Upon my word, sirs," said he, "this is an honour I had not anticipated. Pray how did you gain an entrance into the house?"

"We boarded her with pistols cocked, to be sure," replied the present captain of the Pirates; "how else should jolly buccaneers gain an entrance into houses or ships, think you?" and he laughed loudly, and nodded his head to his applauding band.

"And my servants, especially Merry and Haverstraw, did they not endeavour to prevent you?"

"To be sure they did—but we soon tripped up their heels, and stowed them away in the beer-cellar—and no bad place either, if your beer be as good as your wine, Marquis—and so here's wishing you no worse company than a jolly set like ourselves," draining a goblet of the wine which he praised.

Here Clinton came to the door also, and appeared surprised to see his father there.

"How did you get in?" said he; "and where is Lady Hester?"

"I left her in Montreal," was the reply to the last inter-

rogatory. "I found the kitchen door open, and came through the servants' hall."

"Did you see Jane and Mr. Lee?"

"I saw Mr. Lee—he gave me some idea of what was going forwards here, but anything so bad as this I little expected to find."

"For heaven's sake, sir, be cautious how you act! both I and Jane have already run no small risk from them—they are all intoxicated, one of them now lies dead in the passage shot by Gilpin, who interfered for Jane's protection."

"Is she in the house?"

"No—she must have been hastening from it as you entered it."

"Leave me, and look after her, Nicholas," said the Pirate, speaking decisively. "Do not fear for me. I know how to manage these fellows, believe me."

"Only be cautious, sir! for they are like devils let loose."

"I will, I will—go."

This dialogue had not occupied half a minute, and had been spoken, scarcely above a whisper, in French, which only a few of the large number of the privateers understood. Clinton turned with hasty steps to look for the frightened Jane, and the Pirate advanced alone into the midst of the *salon* without the least hesitation.

"Well, gentlemen, now be so good as to let me know the meaning and object of this visit. You cannot suppose that I shall endure such insolent intrusions whenever it may please you to make them."

The tongues of the whole band of ruffians were straightway unloosed, and all speaking together, demanded money from him.

"Give us fifty Louis-d'ors a piece," cried some.

"Give us four thousand dollars among us all!" cried others.

"Your demands, gentlemen, are extremely moderate, I must allow," said the Pirate, with irony, "extremely moderate. And how often do you intend to visit me for a repetition of the amount?"

"As you have come into a fort'n," said the present captain, "we have a right to a share in it."

"So we have, Skipper!" was the clamorous response.

"What are you better than us?" resumed the captain.

"We have stood alongside of you in all weathers and never cried quarter to any man! Come, then—give us a good round heap of coin apiece, and we'll not trouble you again for three years. That's reasonable, isn't it, my jolly buccaneers?"

"To be sure it is reasonable!" was the deafening echo.

"And what's reasonable I hope will be agreeable," continued the orator. "We want nothing whatever that's unfair! We have stood by you when the weather was squally, and now we won't let you break up partnership with us when it's shiny. You've helped yourself out of our meal-tub, and we'll help ourselves out of your meal-tub."

"Indeed!" cried the Pirate; "let me ask you if the vessel which I suppose you have now was not mine, and all that was in it too? And when I parted from you, did I not leave myself actually destitute of everything excepting only the little money that had been given me by the persons whose lives I saved? I know you afterwards gave me my cabin furniture—but what was that compared with what I left behind? What did I gain among you? Depraved as I knew you to be, I never thought you capable of despicable ingratitude like this! Away with you! false, worthless scoundrels! You shall never force a dollar from me! It is no use attempting to frighten me with your savage looks! Contemptible rascals! I am ashamed that ever I had connections with you!"

"Let us have the value of twenty Louis-d'ors each," shouted the band, "and we will be satisfied."

"I will not!" returned the Pirate, "be *compelled* to give a single piece of money to any of you! What have you known of me that could lead you to believe I would pay you for ransacking my house, and ill-using my servants? perhaps you thought to force me to do your will by those weapons I see in your hands—but it is as difficult to intimidate the Marquis of Rougemont as it was Captain Anderson of the Vulture! I acknowledge that I am in your power, and I know you are base enough to attack a defenceless man. But you will not see me flinch! Fire all of you! I will give you *nothing* by compulsion!—*nothing* I say! You all hear me—by heaven you shall extort *nothing* from me! Here is my breast—fire!—

ungrateful villians! fire on the man who beggared himself, and forfeited name and peace, to serve you!"

His dauntless bearing staggered the crew, who looked at one another as if dubious of their own resolves.

"We don't want to do you the least injury at all," said the present captain, "only it's no use your turning rusty about it; here we are, and it isn't to be expected we should go away without some satisfaction. Come, we'll meet you half way—there are fifty of us—give us ten Louis-d'ors each and we'll go back to the ship directly."

"Not so much as a dollar!" repeated the Pirate positively. "Not a coin in gold or silver, by heaven! had you come to me in a proper way I would have made you a present of not a mean value with the utmost willingness—but I will not be threatened into anything!"

"Then all hands shall stay here till you alter your mind, Marquis," said the other. "So you may do as you like. And here's another thing it behoves me to speak of since you are so obstinate. At the time our vessel was lying-to off Toronto harbour two or three years back, when your son came on board, we made him clap his name in our books as a sworn buccaneer; well now, if you don't let us have the money we want, one of us shall 'peach, and then good bye both to your Marquisship and him. So do as you like. Here's your health—this is prime liquor—Teneriffe, I think it was ticketed in the cellar."

The coolness of the speaker was proportionate to the importance of his declaration. The Pirate was taken at an advantage; he gazed at the other with a changing countenance. To be obliged to succumb was almost unbearable. His pride revolted from the necessity. But he felt that he must preserve his son from public disgrace and ruin.

"Brien," he began in a altered voice, "Brien, let these men go from the house—I will settle the point with you alone, when I have consulted with my son."

"No! no! That won't do for us!" returned the captain. "Now or never! If you will tell down ten Louis-d'ors of gold to every buccaneer here, myself excepted, who of course shall expect double allowance, we will all clear off in a brace of minutes. Throw open that window, Antony!" to a sailor that was standing by it, and who removed the shutters; "up with the sash too! Now

Marquis, bring out your cash, and every man, as you give him his present, shall take a short cut through that window."

"But what security shall I have that you will not again impose on me in this way?"

"You shall have every sailor's oath on a Testament," was the reply, "not to come a-nigh here on a business like this again for three years."

"And after three years?"

"Some of us may be gibbeted, or lying at the bottom of one of the lakes; but after that you'll most likely be called upon for another little bounty if we should be hard up for money."

"Thank you—I thought as much."

"But for three years, after next midsummer, you shall not be troubled."

"Well, gentlemen, I think, as I am to expect another demand from you at the end of three years, I think ten dollars each instead of ten Louis-d'ors, ought to satisfy you. I will give no more.

"Say twenty dollars," said Brien.

"Aye, twenty!" echoed the rest.

"Once for all—I will give no more than ten," said the Pirate.

Brien went down the room talking with some of the principles of the party, while the Pirate stood waiting their answer. The future annoyance, trouble, and danger, to which he and Clinton would, after this concession of his, be exposed, rose before him. He half repented he had not stood firm in his denial, and braved the worst. After this successful attempt to force money from him, doubtless their extortions would grow bolder. Both he and his son would be constantly subject to their importunities and threats. Again he breathed heavily, and clenched his hand on the table, while his eye roamed from one coarse set of features to another.

"As we want to be friends with you, Marquis," said the Pirate-leader, returning up the apartment, "and as we have made too free with your house and the good things in it, we will be content with fifteen dollars apiece—that won't hurt you."

"I have said *ten*," said the Pirate, steadily, "I will give no more!"

Again there was a conference among the privateers.

However, they agreed to accept ten dollars each for the subordinates, and as much more for the others as they could get. The Pirate went from the room a few minutes to furnish himself with the money. While he was absent, the body of the mariner was brought in, and Gilpin and the Pole gave to the party contradictory statements of the manner of his death. The leader interfered to stop the confusion which was swelling higher and higher.

"All this we can settle on board," said he; "let's get the Marquis' money while he is in the mind."

"Yes, to be sure!—the money!" exclaimed the men.

The corpse was put through the window upon the grass. The Pirate returned.

"Brien," said he, "I hope you will remember what you have said."

"You shall see, Marquis," he cried. "Now, my jolly buccaneers! stand in a row, and as you get the silver in your hand vanish through the window."

"Aye to be sure!" cried all, except the sleeper on the carpet.

"Get up!" cried the dwarf, giving him a kick. He sat up, and saw the apartment nearly emptied of its robber-visitants. He rose to his feet with heaviness, yawning, and only kindled into animation by the sight of the ten dollars his leader was holding out to him.

"You are to swear that you will not come here again asking for money from the Marquis for three years after next midsummer," said the latter.

"I swear it," said the fellow, pouncing on the money, for which he would have taken any oath without the smallest scruple.

"Scud away then after the buccaneers," said Brien. "Through the window with you, Nick!"

After him the dwarf was dispatched; only the leader and six others, including Gilpin, were left with the Pirate.

"Marquis, these six must have ten Louis-d'ors each instead of ten dollars," said Brien. "What you have given to the others has been a trifle to what we might have forced from you, that you'll own?"

"And if each of these have ten Louis-d'ors, how many pray do you expect?"

"Only twenty, Marquis, only twenty."

"Very reasonable!" cried the Pirate, ironically; but he

drew out his purse, in which gold pieces were contained, and emptied it on the table. "There, help yourselves to the sums you say, and leave my house. If you break your word, and trouble me within the time named, I will not advance you one dollar, though it be to save my son's life and fame!—remember that—I mean what I say. And after that time I shall be equally obstinate if you visit me as you have visited me now. Therefore do not go back to your vessel with wrong ideas of your ability to draw money from me whenever it may please you, and in whatever way you choose."

The Pirate shut the sash after the last of his visitors had gone, turning, stood surveying the confusion their audacity had created.

"Had it been any other room than this, I would not have cared so much!" he exclaimed; "but to think they should have dared to come *here*. And yet, why do I talk? I am justly punished! It is right I should be now plundered to the utmost by those whom I have assisted to plunder."

And so, with this consideration, his wrath became converted into self-accusation, and that of so bitter a kind, when mingled with reflections on the insecurity of himself and his children, as to draw tears from him, albeit he was indeed "unused to the melting mood."

CHAPTER XVII.

ABDUCTION OF JANE BY THE PIRATES.

"WHAT shall we do with *this*?" asked Gilpin, as the Pirate-horde were gathered around the body of the dead mariner, to which the speaker pointed, in front of the *salon* windows.

The Pole stooped from his giant height to whisper—

"Can we not take one horse from the stable, tink you, to bear it?"

The dwarf caught at the suggestion, and instantly after the Pole was seen going round the left wing of the house, while the dwarf moved round the right.

They met where the horses and carriages of the establishment were lodged.

"I will stand here and watch," said the dwarf; "you go in and choose the best hanimal you can see."

The Pole did so, and was coming out leading the Pirate's own bay, by the bridle, when he, turning his head, listened.

"What are you stopping for?" asked the dwarf.

"Tere ish some one here," said the Pole, "take your cutlassh into your hand and look wid me."

They searched the stable through but no person could they see. The harness-room adjoined, they went in there.

"Hah!" cried the Pole, stopping short, "here is te laty tat master Gilpin kill Timothy for! and tat I wash shtruck for! and tat I wash call coward for! Par Got! she shall ride wid us to te tevil!"

Jane had found the sleigh and Arthur gone from the front of the house, into which she feared to return on account of the Pirates, and had sought refuge here, where she was sitting on a chest, shivering with trepidation.

She screamed at the appearance of the Pole and his companion, and exclaimed—

"O my God defend me!"

"It ish no use," said the Pole, "for you to cry out. You musht get upon te horse at te door and ride wid us. You see we can kill you in one minute if you make a noise."

"There is a lady's saddle hanging on the wall," said the dwarf, "reach it down, Scrynecki."

When this had been put on the horse, Jane was ordered to mount. She offered them a ring she wore, which her father had presented to her on taking possession of his estate, hoping to induce them to leave her; they seized the gem, but not the less insisted on her accompanying them.

Her supplications, her resistance, were alike fruitless; she was compelled to seat herself on the bay. The dwarf brought out another horse, on which he placed himself; his companion got up behind Jane, and, whipping both steeds into a gallop, they crossed the open grass land which surrounded the mansion and the groves beyond, and struck into the road which led to the forest.

There they made a stop. The Pole dismounting, stood as Jane's guard, while the dwarf rode back to the mansion. The whole party of Pirates were soon seen approaching, the dwarf still on horseback, being in the

midst of them, carrying the mariner's body across the saddle.

The sight of the desperadoes, and the thought of what horrors she might be called upon to endure while in their power, inspired Jane with dread, insomuch that she fainted and fell to the ground. Fortunately a soft bank of turf received her, and she sustained no injury. The Pirates were not all pleased with the exploit of the Pole and the dwarf. Their leader and Gilpin, with the others who had received the *Louis-d'ors* from the lord of Rougemont, thought unwise to provoke him by such an act as the carrying off of his daughter; but the rest of the crew, who had only had *dollars* from him, rejoiced in the opportunity of wringing from him sums more worth the having than those he had given them. The last mentioned were the majority, and they decided the question. The girl was lifted again on the horse, and upheld by Brien, the leader, who had mounted in the place of the dwarf to support her.

The unequal road along which the band continued their running pace, was solitary. As they entered the forest the way grew more savage in its character; it became rougher; whole trees lay across its breadth. The height of the hills on each side, with their host of black pines, shut out the daylight. Deep was the silence that prevailed, and it could scarcely be said to be disturbed by the cry of some lonely bird, who had remained braving the cold of the winter season in these primeval shades. This was a spot in which a deed of crime might have remained hidden until the day of doom. Even the Pirates felt a chill on their hearts as they proceeded; and many of them took their cutlasses in their hands, and sent many an uneasy glance into the thickets.

In such a place Jane revived—revived to feel herself in a situation of unparalleled horror. In attempting to raise herself from the position on the horse, she found that the arms of Brien were wound around her. In vain she struggled to free herself from their circle, he held her with too firm a grasp. One shriek then succeeded to another from her breast, until Brien pressing his hand on her mouth, swore to kill her if she was not quiet.

Here a man darted from a turning in front of the party and faced the horseman and his stolen charge. His features were those of a gipsy; he carried a gun, which he

lifted in a menacing manner, while another individual of corresponding appearance followed him — and then another.

The three placed themselves in the middle of the road, and opposed the advance of the Pirates. Jane stretched out her arms towards them and implored their assistance. They comprehended the movement, though not her words; the language of nature spoke to them too in her piercing accents, and in her distracted countenance.

One of them gave a whistle, and half a dozen powerful men, all in the same style of garb, and all of exceedingly impressive countenance, issued from the same turning as the others.

The Pirates began to display their weapons, and Brien, singling out one of the gipsies, discharged a pistol at him, which missed, owing to the rearing of the horse. Another whistle brought to the assistance of the gipsies an additional number of their companions, and one and all fired on the privateers with murderous effect. The Pirates returned the salute with their pistols, and then rushed on their assailants, who met them with strength equal to their own. The shouts of the two mingling bands of lawless wanderers sounded strangely in that still place. Brien threw himself from the horse, and was fighting in front of his men.

Jane clung to her saddle until the animal received a shot in its breast, which brought it on its knees; she then cowered on the ground behind it, expecting death every moment from the bullets that whizzed about her head. In this extremity she endeavoured to put up a prayer to God to receive her soul; but her mind was all confusion and horror, and the words departed from her before they had been articulated.

Now she learned how dear to her Mr. Lee was. The thought of what the agony of her father and brother would be when they should discover her death, wrung her heart, but keener were her pangs when the distress of Arthur rose before her. Tears burst from her eyes, and she was conscious of an utter want of resignation to that dread event which seemed inevitable.

The voices of females now rose above the tumult, and in a second after the fight ceased. The wind caught up the smoke, and Jane gazed with hope on a number of gipsy

women, who had thrown themselves between the combatants.

"What is all this about?" cried a majestic creature who seemed to possess an authority over the rest. A showy shawl with red and yellow stripes was tied over her head, and her cloak was worn in such a manner as to enhance the stateliness of her mien. She had seized the arm of the king of the gipsies, a slender man, sixty years of age, whose wife she was, as it was in the act of raising a dagger to strike the weapon into the breast of a prostrate Pirate; and while he gazed on her with bloodthirsty looks, she returned his glance with one equally fierce and determined.

"Stop your slaughtering hand!" she exclaimed in English.

"Nina," said her husband, "if you interfere I will stab you!"

"Frighten your children—you cannot me!" she returned.

"Curses on you!" cried the mendicant monarch, trying in vain to throw her from him, while he knelt on the privateer's body.

"I am as strong as yourself," retorted his consort, maintaining her grasp. "Let fall the dagger!"

"There then!" cried the king, dropping the weapon; she let go his arm and bent to pick it up, but her husband was too quick for her; he seized it again, and plunged it into her own side. The blood sprang forth across the face of the Pole, for it was he whom the gipsy monarch had overthrown, and that with no great difficulty either.

The vagrant *queen* compressed the place where she had been stabbed with her right hand, while she uplifted her left arm in an impressive attitude, and uttered a stirring string of exclamations in the same unintelligible language which had been used by the male gipsies who had first appeared. The band over which she and her husband had presided, answered by a shout, accompanied with gestures expressive of vengeance against her murderer. He rose from his kneeling position on the Pole, and answered with gloomy looks of firmness their threatening movements. Nina let her head drop on her breast; the blood was trickling through her fingers, and flowing down her clothes to the ground.

The Pirates stood as spectators. Again she raised her

face, which was ghastly pale—her eyes were lighted up with a brief, but vindictive fire—she threw up her arms, and again made the highest rocks re-echo to her exclamations. There were many responses made by individuals of her band in the same tone; and then she suddenly disappeared at that opening from which all the gipsies had issued. She was gone no more than a few seconds, and when she rushed back, a boy of three years old was in her arms. She sank with it on the ground, and laying it before the crew, repeated, first in the language they all understood, and then in English—

“He shall be your king!—he shall be your king!”

The reply was general—“He *shall*, when he is old enough—or may we rot away body and soul, and leave no children behind us!”

She seemed satisfied, and kissed the eyes, the lips, the forehead, and the neck of her child; then stretched herself out, and rendered up her soul!

Jane beheld all this without moving; but now the gipsies, crowding about Nina, prevented her seeing what next took place, and she appealed pathetically to the Pirates, begging that they would take her back to the mansion. They answered that she must go with them to the ship, and that the Marquis must give money for her liberty. She begged them to say how much they would accept for her, and promised, if the amount was within her ability, to obtain it for them as soon as ever they should have restored her to her home.

The answer was — “We will consider of what you say—in the meantime you must go forward with us.”

This was too indefinite to make her easier in mind, and in her distress, she poured out the most moving entreaties. All heard her with indifference, with the exception of Gilpin, who lifted his voice on her behalf.

“I say no!” was the reply of Brien, the leader. “It was a foolish trick the bringing her off—but by this time the Marquis and all the house know of it, and as the mischief is done, we will not throw away the profits there are to be had from it—we will have the money before we give her up.”

“Mashter Gilpin,” said the Pole, “let me say you tat you tinks one vasht deal too mosh of te laty!—you hath name me coward for her!—you hath kill Timoty for her! Par Dieu, mashter Gilpin! you be in love wid her! and

by and bye you shall do nobody knows how mosh to serve her! Par Got, mashter Gilpin! we be not safe in your company, and I do very mosh soshpect you to be one traitor to us!"

Gilpin reddened as he laughed sneeringly, and retorted—

"Is it Scrynecki calls me traitor to the crew? Ha! ha! Scrynecki! valiant Scrynecki! The gipsy threw you down with a pat of his hand as he might the boy which is now on my knees. Well may Scrynecki fear he is not safe where I am. I have only to give him a fillip with my finger, thus—and he would drop as if he had swallowed a few ounces of hot lead. You can't put me in a passion, Mister Polander, so I tell you. I won't quarrel with a man that can't fight."

"Saire! saire!" cried the Pole, "thish ish te hondredth time tat you have inshult me! I will ask te men about us if you shall do tish any more! It ist too bad, sailors, and I shall not stay wid you, par Got! if you do parmit it. I will go thish instante if you do let me be inshult like thish!"

Now all the crew liked nothing better than that the Pole should be punished for his cowardice, and instead of taking his part they joined Gilpin in taunting him.

The Pole "*looked* daggers, but *used* none;" and there he stood, stung to frenzy by the ridicule which assailed him, yet wanting the courage to quit their society.

"I hath brought te laty here," he articulated, "and I shall not go until I hath money for her—elshe I would not shtop wid you one minute after te preshent time!" and he sneaked into the rear.

Jane hoped in vain that Gilpin's interference might effect what she wished. At the same instant that she noticed, with new dismay, the increasing gloom of the wild pass, betokening the approach of night, she noticed that Brien was shaking hands with one of the gipsies, whom he had met before under circumstances that, to judge by their looks, must have been pleasing. This recognition, too soon for her, led to a better understanding, between the outlawed parties. The gipsy was one of the few in his band who spoke English tolerably, and having received from Brien an explanation of the intentions of the Pirates with respect to their captive, he laughed merrily and communicated the same to his

friends in their common language. Weapons were thrown down, and the Pirates were invited to rest through the night in the gipsies' encampment. Jane's eye then sought Gilpin again, but he had apparently forgotten her; he was talking with Brien, and Brien's former acquaintance, in a jovial strain.

"What will become of me!" she ejaculated, as the road darkened still more.

The gipsy women fastened their black eyes on her with scrutinising curiosity, regarding the expensive furs and silks which composed her dress. She shrank from them for although they were of her own sex, there was little that was feminine to be seen in their faces.

A shade of darkness descended upon the road. Jane observed it, and looked about her with a terror that was not the less deep because she was more calm. The crags appeared more awful to her now than they had done before, by reason of the blacker hues in which they were steeped. Never before had a star been unwelcomed to her eye—but now she would rather have seen a spectre than that little twinkling speck in the blue ether!

Brien's acquaintance led the way to the encampment, the leader of the Pirates and Gilpin followed him: then came the gipsy king, with his hands tied behind his back, moving in silence between his subjects, who carried daggers and knives, prepared to execute summary vengeance upon him for Nina's death if he should attempt to escape; to these succeeded the women, one bearing their child who was to be their future sovereign, and two others carrying its murdered mother; after these Jane was compelled to walk in front of the whole gang of Pirates.

They were obliged to move singly and almost at every step the tangled branches had to be divided with the hand to allow them to proceed. From this woody labyrinth they soon emerged upon a rocky slope, relieved by ever-green herbage and long grass, on which a number of horses, a yoke of oxen, and a cow, were feeding; there stood a couple of empty waggons also, the covers taken off, and the front poles lowered to the ground; a lad of sixteen, graceful and handsome, stood leaning against one of the waggon wheels, while a girl of his age to whom he was chatting, sat on a stool by him, passing her fingers through her thick tresses, with a smile of complacent vanity. The gipsies had lighted a fire, the light threw a

glowing reflection upon the walls, and sending out its ray over the slope imparted a picturesque, and if Jane could have felt herself safe, a cheerful aspect to the whole picture; scarcely an ounce of snow had lodged here; the eastern wind, which had been so cutting on the open country, could only in this sheltered spot make its presence known by its wailing in the trees, a white vapour, imbued with the scent of burning wood, and communicating to the sense that distinguished it a sensation of warmth and comfort, after raising from the fire and ascending to the cavern roof, wound its way thence to the open atmosphere in which it diffused itself, and in the pale twilight dissolved from view.

As Jane was conducted nearer to the cavern, a savoury smell issued therefrom, and she perceived three soup-kettles hanging over the fire, suspended from cross stakes, in the gipsy fashion; nor were these all the preparations which met her eye for an excellent supper; most substantial looking cakes, and huge pies, were baking on stone slabs, slanted by wooded props, before red embers which made the foundation for those crackling boughs that kept the savoury compound in the kettles at a more rapid boil than was consistent with good cookery.

It was no easy matter for the gipsies to accommodate the large party of the Freebooters of the lakes in addition to their own numbers, but it was managed. Three deal tables and thirty seats, consisting of stools wooden chairs and blocks of wood, were set apart for the principles of both bands, part of the women and all the children (of which latter there were many) waiting upon them at supper.

During the arrangements Jane stood unheeded by the fire. The dead Nina's little boy sat by her, occasionally uttering a plaintive cry for his "mammy," then becoming hushed as his eye turned on the good things that were dressing before him, but crying again as each began to disappear to be served up on the table, and again becoming quiet as he heard the rattle of knives and trenchers.

Jane could not resist stooping to pat his rough curly head, and to speak a kind word to him, after one of these fits of grief.

"Why do you cry, my pretty dear?" she asked.

He said something in the harsh language used by the

gipsies in general, then turning up his almost mulatto face, pouted in English—"Mammy sleep, maam—mammy not get up, maam—mammy no supper, and Billy no supper, maam!"

"Yes, you will have supper presently, poor child," said Jane, "and your mammy will wake soon I dare say."

"No—no!" cried the child, shaking its head, while two big tears dropped from his eyes, "Siddy and Barny will put her down a hole they say, and then she can't get up you know, maam;" and he went on talking in mingled English and a barbarous Egyptian dialect, while he every minute cried more lustily.

Gilpin now approached Jane, and invited her to the head of that table at which sat the most distinguished of the banditti and the gipsies, but she declined.

"I am sure, Miss Anderson," said he, "you must need something. The supper is not so good as you have been used to latterly, and the plates and dishes, and so forth, are mostly of wood; but everything is clean, and there are some dainty game pies on the board. I give you my word, Miss Anderson, that no one shall say anything to affront you."

"Thank you, Gilpin, but I had rather not."

"Do come, Miss Anderson—upon my life you shall not repent it."

"Gilpin, you have professed some respect for my father," said Jane, "befriend me."

He was taken by surprise, he glanced about, and then said in a lowered voice—

"I will—early to-morrow morning—but say no more—make yourself easy."

Jane's heart leaped to her throat, she hardly could believe that she had heard him aright, but again he repeated, "early to-morrow morning!" and she yielded herself up to the joyful prospect of deliverance.

"Do let me persuade you!" said he, pointing to the table at which he wished her to sit. She repeated her denial, and he returned to his companions, who were engaged in discussing the character of the road they were to travel on the ensuing day. The Pole alone had observed him speaking with Jane; and although in consequence of the noise he could hear nothing they said, he



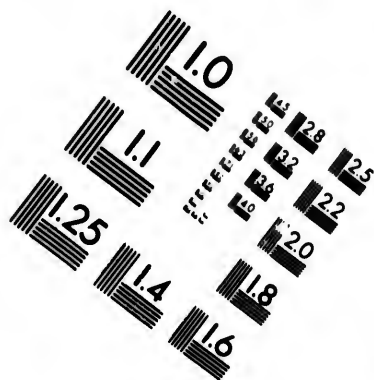
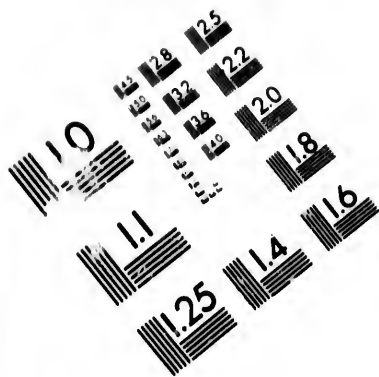
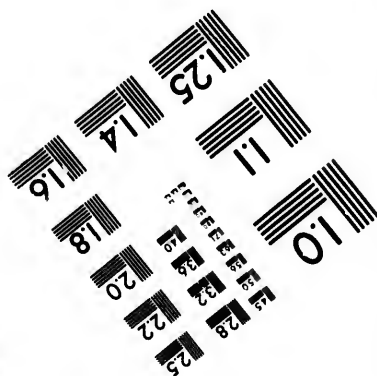
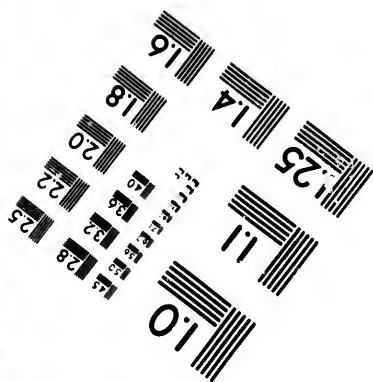
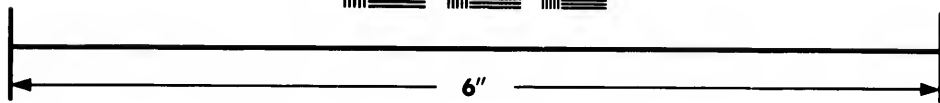
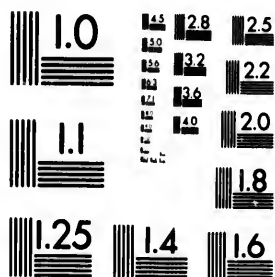


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suspected what was the truth of the result of their conference, and assailed Gilpin with—

"Let me say you, saire, tat I sospheet you hath be telling te laty you shall help her to eschape back to te Marquish. Par Dieu, saire! I did bring tat laty from her housh, and she shall not go back, par Got, saire! until I hath money for her!"

"I asked her to come to supper with us, Mr. Scrynecki," said Gilpin, "as those who were nearest to us could tell you, I dare say. I did not tell her I would help her to *eschape*—so don't eat me thou mighty hero!"

His manner was so ludicrous that the crew burst into a laugh at the Pole's expense, and thus jesting carried the point; and because Scrynecki was a coward, his suspicions of Gilpin were only treated with indiscriminating ridicule.

Within the cavern, and only at a safe distance from the fire, which three stout urchins were feeding with fresh fuel, two sleeping tents had been raised, hung round with red blankets, and carpeted with matting; the woolly curtains had been looped up toward the blaze, and there were seen lying within those men who had been wounded in the late destructive contest, and those who had lost their lives in it, while the women not employed about the supper were attending to the former, and laying out the latter, with an indifference revolting to humanity. Jane kept her eye in another direction, but she could not avoid hearing the painful groans of the sufferers and the talking of the women, mingling with the unfeeling laughter of their partisans round the tables.

To exclude the cold, blankets were hung up at the cavern mouth, by those men belonging to the camp who were not engaged in eating; Jane was looking with curiosity to see the operation, when she caught the gaze of an old crone, who carried in her arms the murdered Nina's second child, a boy younger than its brother by a year. Her attention was rivetted, and presently she perceived the old woman's forefinger crossing her lips, and then pointing toward one tent, of which only a corner of the curtain was raised, and to which she soon after moved, intending that Jane should follow her. The latter stood irresolute. Something in the crone's countenance had denoted good intentions, and she felt inclined to go forward, but a nameless dread deterred her.

A decided sign for her to approach the tent Jane did not dare to disobey, she gradually drew near to it, while the wrinkled face and bony finger of the old woman were protruded from under the hanging.

"Doubt be afeard, but come yer ways in, if ye be wise," was the impatient whisper that proceeded from the bloodless lips, while the finger made a more imperative motion. "Come yer ways in, I say! I have something to tell you that concerns yer *life*."

Jane had hesitated, but this startled her into compliance; she stooped under the curtain, and the next moment saw her within the tent, which was closed behind her. The blood of the fearful girl ran cold as she beheld three ghastly corpses before her, one of which was that of the mariner. Two women were employed in dressing the body of their dead queen in the best finery the camp could furnish, while a third was stooping to hold a candle for them. Jane caught a look of the film-coloured eyes—the clenched teeth—the stony substance of the cheeks, bearing that pallor which has no prototype in the world of the living—and she stepped back close to the tent side, faltering to the aged nurse of the motherless child—

"Why did you wish me to come here? I cannot endure such sights as these."

"It's what we all must come to, howsoe'er," said the old woman. "Nina, there, has been proud enough in her lifetime—it does me good to see what all her pride has turned to at last. The worms will feed on her just as if it was an old ugly body like one's self. Comely or uncomely—learned or unlearned—rich or poor—all come to the same place at last. Dust and ashes—dust and ashes—that's the end of us all!"

"But what have you to say to me?"

"Something that I win't say you will call the best news on earth—I had it from a little big man who was shot sadly in the scrimmage—he is in the next tent."

"The dwarf—"

"Aye,—dwarf, or cut-throat, or what ye like, he is no more than this high," holding her hand at three feet above the floor.

"He was one of the two who took me away from my home!"

"Aye, to be sure he was—that's the man I heerd it from."

"Heard what?" asked Jane.

The old woman put the child down, and while it crawled to its mother's cold body, she brought her mouth near to Jane's ear and whispered—

"One of them now at supper means to kill you this blessed night."

"Oh, surely not!" exclaimed the petrified girl.

"It's true," repeated the old woman.

"Which of the Pirates?—tell me which?"

"The tallest one—a Pole, I think he be."

"What motive can he have?" faintly ejaculated Jane.

"He has been struck, and called a coward, by one of his comrades for you—and did you ne'er hear that revenge is sweet?"

"But if—if he kills me," observed Jane, "he will get no money from my father, and that I understand was what he wanted."

"Howsoe'er that may be, he has fixed his mind on what I say. The short man in the next tent was to have helped him, but sin' they agreed he has altered his intention, and trusted me to let you know about it."

"If am preserved through the night I will reward you for this!" exclaimed Jane.

"I want no rewards, not I," said the old dame; "you see I never conceited them kind of doings. I'm obleeged to you. But I can do a fellow creetur a good turn, I hope, without being greedy after rewards. Not but I'm a poor old body," she whined, "and cold about the shoulders sometimes in hard weather like this—one of them nice warm furs you have on, if your charity could spare it, would do me a vast of service."

Immediately Jane's costly marten fur pelisse was transferred from her neatly-rounded figure to the withered form of the crone, who eyed it and stroked it with repulsive rapture.

Jane left the tent like one bewildered by a hideous dream. Her eyes were filled with horror, and her face was devoid of colour. She sat down on a stool by the fire, and remained in a state of stupefaction until the supper was over, when she heard it said that the dead were about to be buried, as the gipsies were going forward with the privateers on the morrow.

A litter of branches was formed, and the body of Nina laid thereon; it was brought from the tent to the slope

outside the cavern, whither the vagrant king, having his hands and arms still bound behind his back, was led between two of his men. He was made to stand beside the corpse, on which he looked with unconcern. A circle was formed around the murdered and the doomed, the inner circle composed of gipsies standing in order, with weapons in their hands. Their king raised his eye composedly from the litter and surveyed them, examining every dark countenance with an air of investigation. He was sensible of what was intended, yet he seemed not to quail.

One stepped forward from the rest, and in a harangue, garnished with cant terms, which occupied ten minutes, set forth to him the nature of the gipsy laws of which he had been chief administrator, and concluded by telling him that, as in their community there was equal justice done to the prince and the subject, and what was esteemed crime in one was esteemed crime in the other, he must lie down in the grave at the same time with his wife whom he had stabbed. Whatever mode of death he preferred should be granted to him, and this was the sole favour they could render to his dignity. He replied that he would climb a precipitous rock to which he pointed, and throw himself down. That rock had a perpendicular face of a hundred feet from the bottom to the top; on it rested a pile of crags with trees growing to their summits. The party consented, and placed themselves in two lines to guard him to the fatal spot.

He seemed to lose his sullen hardihood, and gazed on the remains of his wife with a softer glance; a groan burst forth from his lips; the sound recalled him to himself; he drew himself up, then took off his cap, and kneeled under the starry heaven with his eyes turned upwards until they were lost in their sockets. His lips moved not, but still he appeared in prayer.

However depraved the being, the sense of a God will, except in rare cases, find an entrance into his mind at those awful hours when the prospect of dissolution opens before him. The gipsy king had never before bent to his Creator, had never before sought pardon and peace from Him; that he possessed a soul which must exist through ages feeble Time could not measure, had never been the subject of his contemplation. Yet now, when he looked on her who had been his bosom companion and the

mother of his children—on her, who a few short hours ago had been one of the living, redolent with the prime of womanhood, of beauty, and of power, he felt a new comprehension of immortality unfolded within him; and when he looked upwards, and saw the golden stars, and imbibed the solemn calm amid which they shone, the things which he had heard of a Deity, and of a heavenly existence in his youth, returned to his memory in a flood, and he fell on his knees!

The lawless men around were smit with surprise, but they preserved a decent silence until his agonizing but wordless prayer had been concluded.

"Let me see my children before I die!" said he, still on his knees.

They were brought to him—he had never been a kind father, the eldest boy struggled to break from his embrace with fear and dislike.

"Stay a moment with me, my Billy!" he cried, "stay a moment with your daddy—you will never see me again—I am going away from you and Joey, and I shall never come back again."

The child looked in his face with delight—"And won't you *never* come back to flog me and Joey again, and call us bad names?" he asked.

The wretched parent put both the children from him and covered his face with his hands—this was too much for him! It was a lesson for many that were present, and some laid it to heart. For a considerable time afterwards there were fewer parental tyrants in the camp than there had been before.

"I have lived as a man should not live," said he, speaking in a husky voice. "God forgive me! But to you I have done no wrong," addressing the gipsies. "I am willing to die for Nina, but when I am gone, be kind to our little ones!"

"They shall be taken care of," replied the gipsies; "and, as we promised Nina, Billy shall be our king; or, if he die before he is a proper age, we will have Joey in his stead."

"I had rather they could grow up honest men in the country their mother and I was born in," muttered the father. "But I suppose that is out of all likelihood," he added. "Now, I am ready!"

He measured with his eye the gaunt face of the rock

which was to be the means of his death, and on each side of the foot of which the torches of some of the men were blazing, as they lifted them, they searched for a place where he might effect an ascent.

"If, when I have fallen I should not be dead," he said, "hang me directly! Do not let me linger in torment. Now your hands—yours, Andreas—yours, Zingare—fare-ye-well!—fare-ye-well!" he raised his cap in the air, and repeated his last words, which were echoed by many, then, waving his hand, walked toward the rock, and reached the top by a perilous way, still guarded by two gipsies bearing carbines, who had been appointed to watch him to the last moment.

Unfortunately it happened in this case that convictions of unworthiness, and aspirations after better things, which terror had awakened, perished with the occasion—that gave rise to them. The doomed man saw a chance of escape, and from that moment away fled his penitence, and he was the same vicious being that he had been before. It was a desperate course that he had to take to preserve himself. His two guards were to be disposed of, and there were a number of crags he must climb, exposed to the rifle shots of his party, in doing which, one slip would have been destruction as inevitable as that from which he sought to flee. He met both difficulties with prompt daring. One of the guards he hurled back headlong, who fell a shapeless mass at the feet of his companions below; the other struggled with him, but was finally thrown over the precipice, and his harrowing cry had not ceased ere the gipsy king had mounted, with the first crag—now he was on the second—the slimy surface of the upper edges prevented his planting one firm step there, and he had to trust the whole weight of his body to a tender fir tree, around which his arm was thrown. While in this insecure position, more than one bullet came close past him, and before he had managed to ascend the crag next above and to disappear behind it, his hair was singed in such a manner as to render his after existence miraculous. Shouts of rage resounded among the hills from the astonished beholders of this unexpected feat of the condemned, and a determined pursuit commenced, which lasted through the night, but terminated without having had a shadow of success.

The dead were deposited in one grave in the forest by the women and boys before morning arrived. None of the

gipsies slept that night, and their two tents in the cavern had been resigned to the use of the wounded.

There was a singular unfitness between Jane Anderson and the wild scenes in which it had been her lot to be cast both now and in former times. She was as little of a *heroine* as her suffering mother had been. She would have lived contented as a poor cottager, nor ever have desired to go beyond the sound of her own church bells. Here she was at dead midnight, in the midst of a North American forest—a Marquis' daughter—surrounded with two bands of fierce people who lived by plunder—and exposed every moment to the assassin's knife!

The wind had increased in fury. As she cowered on her knee by the fire which was nearly smothered beneath a weight of embers, the gusts swept in at the openings between the blankets hung at the cavern entrance, and chilled her to the heart. Now and then she started as the gipsies hallooed to each other without. The voice of the wind was dismal; from a low, monotonous singing, it had changed to swelling lamentations, such as might have proceeded from the dwellers in penal fires. She shuddered as she listened, and her face grew more white. There was a rustling behind her, she turned her head round—the wind was waving one of the tent curtains to and fro. She knew the sound was caused by that, but still kept her eye on the tent for some time, and stirred not the smallest muscle of her body.

When she withdrew her gaze back to the fire, she endeavoured to strengthen herself by reflecting that the night was half over, and that Gilpin had promised her deliverance early in the morning. But just as she had gained confidence the Pole entered the cavern, and she turned on him a glance of delirious terror. He was struck by the peculiarity of her look, and stopped short, asking—

"Laty, be you not well?" she made no reply, and whistling carelessly he came on as if to warm himself at the fire. She stepped backwards in dread, and he stopped again.

"What doth ail you, laty?" said he. She retreated until something glistened before her on the floor—it was a dinner-knife—she stooped with the quickness of thought and clutched it in her hand, breathing a cry of joy.

The Pole pretended to show greater astonishment, but bit his lip with chagrin.

"Laty, do I mean to do you any harm, do you tink?" cried he, kicking the ashes from a clump of wood with the toe of his hessian boot.

"God knows!" answered Jane, still holding the knife conspicuously in her hand, and was sitting on the edge of a sack which seemed to be filled with corn, and on which the heir to the gipsy regal honours was stretched as fast asleep as health, innocence, and ignorance could make him. "God knows! but you will not find it easy to kill me now."

"My goot laty, who put such a ting in your head? Why for should I kill you?"

"Bad men act without any respect to just reasons," replied Jane, "but I know that you would make me the scapegoat to suffer for others' offences—because Gilpin has called you a coward, you would wreak your vengeance upon *me*, and thus prove that you *are* a coward! Why should you seek to destroy a defenceless woman because one of your companions has injured you? Go and attack him! your equal in strength—I am weak and helpless;—and yet not helpless now,"—she added, raising the knife—"not helpless now—my hand and my heart now are both capable of protecting me against your cowardly attempts!"

"Par Got! I do wish tat I know who tell you dis lie of me!" exclaimed the Pole. "Par Got! I would pull tere falsh tongues out of tere heads!"

"Is it a falsehood?" asked Jane.

"Ash big a von ash wash ever made by man or tevil!" exclaimed the Pole.

"And you did not now enter this cavern intending to take my life!"

The rejoinder consisted of two oaths, which were still hovering on his tongue when the voices of Gilpin and Brien were heard outside the cavern amid the roaring of the wind. The Pole became uneasy, and begged Jane to say nothing to them or to any other of the Pirates, of what she had suspected. She neither said she would or she would not, but still kept the knife grasped in her hand, while he made not the smallest movement that she did not closely watch.

"Hallo, Mr. Scrynecki!" cried Gilpin, entering the cavern, "you were the first to be tired of helping the gipsies in the chase after their murderous king. You like

a deal of ease Mr. Polander. You will never kill yourself with hard usage—will you, Scrynecki!"

Here Jane's white countenance, and her dilated eye, which had not been diverted from her intended assassin, arrested Gilpin's attention; he looked from her to the Pole, and from the Pole to her, in some surprise then exclaimed—

"Miss Anderson, tell me what has alarmed you, that you look like this?"

A sense of safety shot through the heart of Jane as his protecting tones reached her ear, and the previous excitement to which she had been wrought gave way in a fit of trembling and of tears, while the knife dropped from her hold, and she suffered her face to sink into her hands on her lap.

"D—n, you Scrynecki!" exclaimed Gilpin, seizing him by the neck, and shaking him, "what have you been doing?"

"Mashter Gilpin! Take your hand off my troat or I must choke."

"What have you been doing to frighten Miss Anderson in this way?" demanded Gilpin, again shaking him powerfully. The Pole made the cavern echo by his loud cries for help; but no one came to his assistance excepting the old crone who had put Jane on her guard.

"Well to be sure!" she whined, coming into the cavern; "there's to be more deeth among us it seems—and yet it's a long time sin' I put so many corses into the eerth as I have this blessed night."

"Old dame," asked Gilpin, "do you know what this cowardly devil has been doing to frighten yonder lady?"

"For sure I know weel," answered the crone, "he has been trying to part the body and soul of her. It was I who told her he would do it this blessed night if he wasn't prevented."

"And how did you know?" inquired Gilpin.

"The little man who lies asleep in that right hand tent 'queented me with his intentions."

"You born fiend you!" exclaimed Gilpin, again shaking the Pole with violence, and throwing him down. "You treacherous, contemptible, cursed rogue, you!"

"Mer-shy!—mershy!" roared the prostrate fellow. "I shall be murdered if no one doth help! Mer-shy!"

"Get up! and think yourself well off that I have not

shaken the worthless breath out of your vile body—you despicable knave, you," exclaimed Gilpin; "and take care how you conduct yourself after this!"

A heap of blankets which had been lying on one side were now brought to the fire by Gilpin, and laid one on another.

"There, Miss Anderson," said he, "rest you on that, and try to compose yourself to sleep for an hour, or so—I will take care no Polander, or any one else, comes near you again."

Thanking him, she sat on this comfortable couch, and he stirred up the fire into a blaze, putting on a heap of branches which the women brought in, but being damp they would scarcely burn, and the cold became more searching; draughts of wind blew into the cavern, and Jane was glad to wrap herself in a rug which Gilpin procured for her from a gipsy woman who looked compassionately on the shivering girl, while she heeded not the rigour of the night, continual hardship having rendered her almost invulnerable to the changes of the weather.

Sleep shortly overcame Jane, for she much needed rest; but her slumbers were neither sweet nor refreshing, being rendered uneasy by a painful feeling of cold, by troubled starts, and distressing dreams. Now she imagined the Pole was chasing her through a desolate country along which she fled for her life, the ghastliness of her sensations increasing as she found herself climbing some slippery height, whose top it was impossible for her to reach, though if she could do so she would be safe; then her feet refused to move—the Pole came nigher with the intended instrument of destruction in his hand—still she was rooted to the ground—now he was upon her—the cold steel entered her heart—and—she awoke with a struggle, in the imaginary throes of death. Then she slept again, and supposed herself walking with Arthur as his wife, happy and secure, in the valley at the Pastor's lodge. All was tranquil about them, and she was talking of Clinton and Lucy as though the former had never been otherwise than candid and sincere, and Lucy never otherwise than blest in his love. On a sudden she saw the burial enclosure before her, and between the four cypresses in the middle stood her brother and Lucy, hand in hand, looking as happy as themselves. She walked up to them leaning

on Arthur's arm; Lucy appeared beautiful, inasmuch that Jane whispered to her husband—"Do look at your sister—she looks like an angel!" But while she was saying so, Lucy changed to a shrouded skeleton, and glided from Clinton. Then there was the Pole again, and Gilpin, and all the Pirates, and the gipsies, thronging the enclosure. She lost sight of Arthur, and in a moment saw herself in the deepest mourning beside Lady Hester. A grave was open before them, and looking down she saw her brother stretched on Lucy's coffin. Then a host of changing faces and changing scenes, all of funeral aspect, bewildered her, and again she awoke.

Gilpin was pacing the cavern with hushed footsteps, manifestly careful that he might not disturb her. The Pole was not to be seen. The gipsy women and the elder children were packing up the goods belonging to the camp, with little noise, and conveying them to the waggons outside. The younger children lay sleeping about the fire, which looked as if it had been recently trimmed for an early breakfast, as a prodigious iron tea-kettle was hanging over it, and singing with a cheerful noise. A faint blueish light entering between the blankets hung at the cavern entrance denoted the slow breaking of the dawn. The male gipsies were just beginning to drop in one by one from the useless pursuit of their condemned ruler, and threw themselves down to sleep beside the little ones about the fire.

Jane welcomed that faint blueish light with transport, and instantly roused herself for returning to her home, which she had no doubt Gilpin intended she should do. He observed that she was awake and looking anxiously toward him, and by a slight motion of his head gave her to understand that she was to go out of the cavern. She did so, without being interrupted by any one, and at once Gilpin joined her. He hastily showed her the way to the main forest road. The gipsies had led their waggons hither, and assisting her to mount one of the horses stolen from her father (its companion having died of the shot in its breast) led it a little way without being perceived in the obscurity of the hour. He had been so thoughtful for her as to fasten behind the saddle one of the warmest blankets the camp could furnish in case she should find the cold too intense for her, as since her marten fur pelisse had

been given to the old woman her clothing was but light for such bitter weather.

And thus Jane set off on her return to her father, her brother, and her lover, alone, the perils of the way she had to traverse seeming as nothing to her. But before she turned her horse into the forest road, she met with an interruption from the crone who was wrapped in her fur pelisse. The old woman stepped before the horse and seized the bridal. Jane tremblingly recognised her voice, and feared that she was about to be detained. But the old crone cared not whither the maiden went *after* she had taken from her all that was valuable of her dress. Having made her sentiments and wishes in this respect known to Jane, the latter ventured to remonstrate with her, but seeing that remonstrances were utterly thrown away, and dreading that each moment she lingered here might prove fatal to her escape, dismounted, and taking off her second fur over-dress gave it to the covetous hag, who exchanged for it a shaggy, red, woollen wrapper, in which Jane was compelled, by the severity of the cold, to wrap herself as well as she could.

The horse after this went forwards at the quickest pace the bad road would allow; the wind subsided; the sky became flushed with the beams of the rising sun; the atmosphere grew somewhat warmer and Jane's spirits mounted every moment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

FARMER JOSHUA'S VOW!

A FEW days prior to that on which Jane had been kidnapped from her father's house, there had been a fearful tempestuous night—a more tempestuous one had never been known—the wind had been so terribly strong that scarcely anything could stand before it;—forests were levelled to the ground—cottages and farms unroofed and beaten in—even solid hills had suffered from its fury, and had been dismantled of their leafy coverings,—hail, snow, and rain, with thunder and lightning, alternated through

the pitchy, awful hours. Many were the unhappy human beings who fell beneath the stroke of the destroying angel this night! Some were burned to cinders by the lightning—others died with the excessive cold, whose effects partially resembled those of fire, and left the victims blistered and disfigured as by contact with heated substances—some were caught up by the mad blast and hurled into deep ravines, or rivers—and others again were crushed by the falling timbers and chimneys of their ruined habitations.

It was in the Upper Province that this frightful tempest raged most violently, and among those overtaken by its fury was the Settler's son, Dan. He was crawling along with a feeble, and tottering, and unequal tread, at a few miles distance from his father's roof, toward which his painful way was directed. His ungainly figure was wasted to a very shadow; his awkward limbs were half naked; the field frock that he had on, which had been once white, of his mother's spinning, was worn full of holes, and through many of them the wind blew directly in upon his exposed body, which was fast losing the poor measure of vitality that famine had spared: the remnant of a round straw hat rested upon his head without any pretensions to covering it. Sharpest misery had imparted to his eyes, that ordinarily were none of the brightest, a glassy, vivid glare, absolutely startling; his nose was sharp and pinched like that of a dying person; where his cheeks should have been, there were hollow indentations under the sharp high bones, and round patches of scarlet like paint; his mouth, which had been brought into undue prominence by the meagreness of his jaws, was quite open as he moved along, evidently in order to facilitate his impeded respiration; his lips were scarlet; his breath fiery-hot and thick; his beard an inch and a half long; the hair of his head greasy and thin, and matted with dirt, hung about the angles of his stooping shoulders; and in this deplorable condition, with one hand on his left side and the other on a thick stick by which he assisted himself forward, Dan was returning after sun-down to his parents' home, whence farmer Joshua had banished him immediately after Clinton rebutted on him the charge of dishonesty—he was returning to declare his innocence to those among whom he had once been happy, and then to die!

"I reckon this will be a bad night—a very bad one,"

said the poor fellow, pausing ruefully to look round the threatening heavens, and shivering until the teeth chattered in his head. "It will take me an hour at shortest to get there, I reckon! Oh, how cutting the wind is!"

Uttering the last exclamation in a low groaning key, he again went on, until the waters of the trout-pool were revealed to him by the livid lightnings with which the heavens and earth were now momentarily illuminated. Dan stopped at the edge of that well known stream, and, throwing himself down on the clayey bank, lay without strength under the "pelting of that pitiless storm" for more than a quarter of an hour. There were moments during that period when he sobbed as if his heart were ready to burst; and once he threw up his arms into the air with a jerk, and wrung his hands, while a bitter cry rose from his lips.

He advanced again toward the Settler's farm, but more slowly than before, and with exceeding difficulty. He had not a dry thread on him—the hail beat upon him like showers of lead—sometimes he was driven to the right or the left by the tremendous blast, and was only able to save himself from immediate destruction by clinging to a tree or bush—sometimes he was forced backward, sometimes forward, at a flying pace; and weak as he was, and quite unable to contend though ever so little with his viewless assailant, it was past midnight before he collected his last energies in a final struggle to reach the familiar door in sight, and to throw himself down on the threshold, where a death-like swoon came over him.

Within, the Settler's family were seated around the fire in that room which had formerly been the scene of Dan's disgrace. There was Farmer Joshua himself in the large chair, his rifle upright between his knees, on the barrel of which he rested his head in moody abstraction; and there was his notable wife, stout and clean, clad in garments entirely of her own manufacture, plucking the feathers from a wild bird that lay on her lap, because she could not be idle, while sitting up to see the worst of the storm over; and there were her four daughters and three of her five sons, the youngest girl sitting on a stool in front of the hearth, listening to the wild and dismal noise of the wind in the chimney with looks of uneasy awe; the eldest son was at his own farm; the other of the two that were wanting was the banished Dan. The

Settler was thinking of him as he sat brooding over the circumstance of his disgrace, blaming himself vehemently for having yielded to Pastor Wilson's judgment against him, and nourishing the deepest and fiercest hatred against the author of his misfortune.

"And you—*you*, his mother and his sisters—you who gave birth to the boy, and you who were bred up with him!" cried he, suddenly giving a voice to the secret workings of his long-hidden feelings, and looking on his wife and daughters with glances of passionate reproach, "aye, you—took part with the gentleman-rogue! the liar! the treacherous, deceitful liar! and turned against the boy! Shame on, shame on every one of you! 'Twas *you* that drove him from his father's 'arth, and roof, to—who can guess what? Pastor Wilson was mistaken—the boy was honest!"

"Dear me, Farmer Joshua!" exclaimed the Settler's wife, surprised and irritated, "it's extremely odd of you to say that I and the girls drove Dan (for I suppose 'tis him you mean) out of the house, when you well know that we tried hard to persuade you to let him stay, and you were so obstinate——"

"Obstinate!" repeated the Settler, throwing his rifle from him to the ground, and starting up—"Was I to let a son of mine stay here to *steal* before my face? Didn't you all tell me that he was a thief, and that Clinton was the person ill-used in that affair? What could I do then but send him away for the rest of his days? I tell you 'tis you who have driven him on the wide world without a friend, and whatever he comes to, he will have, and I shall have, only you to thank for it!"

With these violent words, accompanied by corresponding gestures, Farmer Joshua strode up and down the long apartment, his looks gloomy and angry.

"Oh, what a dreadful flash!" exclaimed the eldest daughter, burying her eyes in her apron.

"And hark how the wind drives against the house!—it will certainly be blown down on us!" responded one of her sisters, running to the door in alarm as if she thought the open air the safest place.

A sudden blow against the window made all start and look affrighted, except the Settler; a tree had been torn up from the earth and dashed against the closed shutters; then large hail clattered against them, and then the wind

fiercely shook their fastenings as if it would rend them off; and after that the thunder bellowed over the farm like the mingling reports of a hundred cannon. It was a dreadful night!

"Aye—aye—you tremble to hear all this," resumed the Settler, still speaking to the women. "Although you have tough and strong log walls about you, and a warm hearth to keep off the cold, you tremble to hear the hail and wind—but you only tremble for yourselves!—there isn't one of you cares the worth of one of that bird's feathers whether Dan be out in it or not!—not you!—no, the boy is a thief you say! and if I thought he was a thief, or ever inclined to be a thief, I would be as careless about him as you are! But I do not believe it! I never did believe it! and I wish I had withered away root and branch before I had given any ear to those who prattled against him!"

There was an uncomfortable silence after this, and the Settler's wife left off picking her bird to meditate upon her lost son, for though he had never been a favourite with her—and she was a woman who *had* her favourites among her children—yet she could not entirely cast away a mother's yearnings for him to whom she had given life.

"Dan may be well off enough for what we know," observed the eldest daughter—"only think how long it is since he went away."

"And he may be ill off enough," returned Farmer Joshua, darting upon her a wrathful look. "He *may* be President of the States!—but it's not very likely, I suppose! That's what you all comfort and harden yourselves with—"he may be well off enough!"—but I tell you it's to be feared he's ill off! As to the time since he went away, haven't I had news of him once since then, and was not that news bad news? Hadn't he been seen in a starving condition rambling about the country like one out of his wits? And he has had enough to send him out of his wits—that he has!"

"If you feel so sure that Clinton lied against him, you and brothers had better try to bring him back," interposed the second daughter.

"No!" cried Farmer Joshua, with a decisive accent, "not a child of mine shall stay in my house with a tainted character. There was a time when law was in my own hands for the regulation of my family; then I would have

dealt with my children without regarding what any one else thought! But now the law is in the hands of magistrates, and one of them has judged Dan to be a thief—and he shall come no more here until that same magistrate has judged him to be honest! and until that gentleman-liar! that Clinton! has had his dues before the public eye! What is the matter now, Dinah!"

This was the young woman who stood against the door, and who was in the act of stooping to listen at the latch.

"Hush!" she whispered, holding up her finger, "there is some living creature, man or beast, lying on the door step."

The storm grew hushed for a second or two, and in that brief pause a loud moan was distinctly heard through all the room. The Settler sprang to the door, and was taking away the heavy bar of wood which fastened it, when his wife came and caught his arm.

"Are you mad, Farmer Joshua?" she cried, with looks of terror. "'Tis the moan of some animal that has been driven from the hills by the tempest—put back the bar, unless you would have us all torn in pieces?"

"Mistress, stand away!" exclaimed the Settler, in a sunken but excited tone, "that was no animal's moan! there is a man outside! Hark there again!—is that an animal?"

The exclamation "father!" was just distinguishable to the Settler and his wife; it was pronounced in a feeble voice, straining to make itself heard. On came the roar of the storm again, but the Settler heeded it not; he tore open the door, and calling aloud for the assistance of his sons, raised from the wet stones outside an emaciated and miserable creature dripping with rain, who had scarcely life enough to throw his weak arms about the Settler's neck, and to sob forth the words—

"Father, I am come to tell you with my dying breath that Clinton spoke falsely of me!"

The Settler bore him in his arms as though he had been an infant to the fire, and placed him in the large chair; there Dan gave him one look—a look which told a tale of suffering and anguish not to be computed, and then, dropping his head—died!

The family crowded about him, incredulous of his identity, he was so grievously altered; but the Settler put them all back with a motion of his arms, and, fastening a

long mournful gaze on Dan's worn features, said, more to himself than anyone else—

"It is Dan indeed! and he is no sooner found than lost! But for his wrongs there is one shall pay dearly. Blasts upon that Clinton's head for the misery he has brought here. I will neither eat nor drink in my own house again, I swear, until I have had vengeance upon him for this!"

"Dan only faints," said one of the young women; "mother will soon bring him round with some hot drinks."

"Yes—yes," said the Settler's wife, who now hung weeping over the altered figure, while she hastily gave directions to her daughters for heating flannel for his chest, water for fomenting him, a blanket for wrapping him in, and ginger-wine for him to drink. "Only be quick, girls, and let us get these dripping rags off his poor thin body and lay him on the bed nearest the fire. Mark, you can warm the wine, can't you! And you Jedediah and Reuben, lend a hand to help your poor brother!"

"They cannot help him," said the Settler, speaking with unnatural calmness—"he is gone!"

"Gone!" wildly echoed the mistress of the farm, gazing wistfully in the face of her senseless son, "gone! You don't mean, Farmer Joshua, to tell me that he is dead?"

"I say he is quite dead," returned the Settler, still collectedly; "he died just after I put him in the chair. But you all heard his last words—'Clinton spoke falsely of me,'—you all heard him say that, didn't you?"

"I heard him say it—and I believe it now if I never did before!" cried Dan's mother.

"So do I!" responded the daughters.

"And I!" "and I!" repeated Reuben, and Mark, and Jedediah, more sternly.

"Dan has been murdered then by that Clinton as much as if he had been shot or stabbed by him!" said the Settler, slowly and emphatically, "and I have sworn to neither eat nor drink under this roof of mine again until the gentleman-murderer has met with his proper deserts! As soon as day breaks I shall go from you, and you will not see me again while Clinton lives!"

Nobody ventured to interrupt the Settler, and he proceeded firmly—

"Bury the boy" (thus he designated each of his sons,

though the youngest was a full grown man) "privately—let no one know of his death, or of his return here. Mark, load my rifle, and fill my powder horn."

His commands were silently obeyed.

"What leads are there in the skin?" meaning a skin pouch.

"Only three," was the reply.

"Add more then."

This was done also at once.

"Mistress," resumed the Settler, "carry the boy upstairs—no words, but do it. Some one may be dropping in to-morrow morning early."

This removal had been effected, and then the Settler, taking a candle into his hand, went up and remained alone with the body until day-break; at that time he came down, put on his hat, fastened the pouch and the horn at his waist, took the loaded rifle in his hand, and abruptly bidding farewell to his family, who feared to interpose a word in his present determined mood, rushed from the house.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE OBJECT OF THE EARL OF WILTON'S VISIT TO CANADA.

PRECISELY at six o'clock the same day a social dinner party entered Mrs. Markham's best dining parlour, in Toronto, all in due order, and took their seats at her tastefully-arranged and luxurious table, where all that could charm the eye, the fancy, and the palate of the *gourmand*, was displayed to view under the full radiance cast from clusters of gilded lights.

The excellent hostess was of course the last to enter, and when she had taken her seat at the head of the table, the Earl of Wilton sat at her right hand, and the presiding officer of the barracks on her left; Major-general Markham occupied the centre of the table foot, and at his right was the youthful Lady Letitia, and on his left the person next in rank to her among the ladies of the company.

The conversation was neither more nor less interesting

than dinner conversation usually is, although the recent death of King George the Fourth, and his life and character, formed the chief topics.

The Earl of Wilton was particularly taciturn it was remarked, and appeared to be engrossed with some reflections in which the company were not allowed to share. The cloth had been drawn, and still he spoke only in monosyllables, and that at no other time but when he was addressed by some one; he was very absent too, an unaccountable circumstance with so high-bred a man during a dinner-hour. Letitia sent many an uneasy glance toward him across the table from time to time, which were not unobserved by Mrs. Markham, who made frequent observations upon her pale and pensive looks.

"I have a headache," was Letitia's excuse; and indeed this was true, and she had the heart-ache besides; for she knew that the Earl's present visit to his excellency the Governor would prove the occasion of a death-blow to her sister's happiness.

It happened to be the Earl who opened the door of the room for the ladies to retire, and as she was passing out, the last of the fair group excepting the hostess, Mrs. Markham observed her catch his hand and fasten on his face a pleading look; the momentary appeal was answered by a glance of hard, and Mrs. Markham felt, though she knew not the nature of it, cruel determination, and then Letitia moved to the drawing room with a languid and depressed mien.

The good hostess felt troubled and anxious on account of Lady Hester, not doubting that what she had observed had an immediate reference to her, and perhaps to her unfortunate attachment for Mr. Clinton. With this idea she drew Letitia to the window apart from the other ladies, and in her accustomed plain way said—

"My dear girl, I see there is something the matter with you,—tell me what it is. Is your sister Hester happy?"

"Happy!" echoed Letitia, and turning away her head she wept.

Mrs. Markham drew a small lounge within the shadow of the window drapery, and seating herself and Letitia on it, took the hand of the distressed girl, and embraced her with nothing short of maternal kindness.

"Then I am not wrong in my conjecture," said Mrs. Markham—"Hester is in trouble."

"She is likely to be so indeed!" exclaimed Letitia. "Oh, little thinks she of what is before her!"

"Tell me all, my dear girl," said Mrs. Markham, with the deepest interest, "I may be able to serve her. I know something of her secrets, so you need not be afraid of betraying confidence by speaking unreservedly to me. Has that which you apprehend anything to do with Mr. Clinton?"

"Yes—oh, yes!—Mrs. Markham!" exclaimed Letitia, and hesitated, scarcely knowing whether she ought to proceed farther or not, and yet longing to unburden her full heart to this kind friend of her sister. "And now I think of it, it is possible you might be of service to her hereafter, when—" again she stopped.

"Do not think idle curiosity prompts me to draw the secret from you," said Mrs. Markham, "I have better motives."

"I am sure you have, kindest madam," cried Letitia, warmly pressing the hand which held her own, "and I will—yes—I will tell you everything—I am sure Hester would not blame me. But we must be alone."

"I will contrive it," said Mrs. Markham; "steal away out of the room directly—I will make an excuse for you to the ladies on the ground of indisposition, and come to you as soon as I have seen them all in a fair way for amusing themselves."

"And now, Mrs. Markham, began Letitia, when her warm-hearted hostess had joined her according to promise in a dressing-room up stairs, "sister told you in one of her letters of our adventure on Lake Erie before we left the Canadas last?"

"Yes, she did. You were rescued from drowning by the captain of a cruiser."

"By the celebrated Pirate, Mrs. Markham, whom Mr. Clinton was engaged by his excellency to assist in making prisoner."

"You astonish me! And how were you treated by him?"

"So well that I blush for papa's ingratitude in coming here to betray him to the Governor!"

"Is that really his errand?"

"It is indeed? I have besought him in vain—he is bent upon bringing the preserver of his child's life to a disgraceful scaffold!"

"But how can this affect Lady Hester?"

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Markham! Mr. Clinton is the son of that Pirate! he was in the vessel at the same time with us."

"Then this accounts for his having turned against those whom he was engaged to assist, and fighting with and for the Pirates," observed Mrs. Markham, "a piece of conduct which has as much surprised as enraged the Governor."

"But when my sister charged him with acting wrongly in this respect," said Letitia, "he declared that he was sincere when he accepted the trust, but that he afterwards made the discovery of his relationship to the Pirate."

"I would rather think this to be the case than that he could deserve the Governor's present ill opinion of him," returned Mrs. Markham. "But as I am extremely impatient, my dear, you will excuse me I know if I put to you an abrupt question—has he corresponded with your sister since her return to England?"

"Mrs. Markham," said Letitia, her manner calculated to give effect to the important communication, "they have not only corresponded but are about to be married. Sister came out with Papa and me from our own country a few weeks ago, and papa separated from her at Montreal, and forbade me to have any further intimacy with her on account of her connection with Mr. Clinton, who came into our ship on the St. Lawrence river, and introduced her to his sister when we landed."

Mrs. Markham turned very grave, meditated, shook her head, and observed "It was a sad story; she wished that she could see her young friend. The Governor had a sister in Montreal whom she had not visited for some years, she had a good mind to surprise her the next week, and then endeavour to find Lady Hester."

"And perhaps you could prevail on papa to let me go with you," eagerly remarked Letitia, throwing back her load of yellow curls over her shoulder with a return of her natural vivacity, and regardless whether or not her self invitation might prove acceptable to his excellency's sister. "Oh, do, if you can, Mrs. Markham!"

"No—no, my love," said the hostess, tapping her polished neck, "no, no, I must not have you with me, or the Earl might suspect me of teaching you to oppose his will by bringing you into your sister's society. You

must not think of your own deprivation now, my dear, but only of what will be the likeliest means to benefit her for whom we are both anxious. Come, let us return to the ladies for the present, by this time coffee has been brought in to them—we will talk again when you retire to bed, then we shall have learned whether the Governor has received tidings of the Pirate from your papa; if he has, I shall soon be in Montreal, and there endeavour to prove to your dear sister that in me she has a great friend."

It will have been understood from this conversation between Mrs. Markham and Letitia, that Lady Hester and the Pirate had not met the Earl at Montreal; he had, indeed, left it for Toronto some days before their arrival, taking his younger daughter with him. Lady Hester, though at first, unable to learn whither he had gone, hoped soon to be able to do so, by means she had put in operation, and in this hope remained at Montreal, while the Pirate returned to his seigniory with instructions to bring Clinton and Jane to her, as she now thought it best for the former to have an interview with the Earl as soon as he should be found, and as she wished for the gentle companionship of the "Canadian Girl," under the peculiar delicate circumstances in which she was placed.

At present, then, Lady Hester remains at Montreal, the second principal town of Lower Canada, vainly anticipating a speedy reconciliation with the proud peer her father; while he, ignorant of the elevation to which a turn of fortune has raised the scorned individual who seeks an alliance with his family, is engaged in the capital of the Upper Province, in accomplishing Clinton's everlasting disgrace, by bringing his father to an ignominious death, thinking by that means to turn Lady Hester from her purpose, and to prevent the intended union. On his first arrival at the house of the Lieutenant-Governor in Toronto, he carefully avoided making any allusions to the humbling circumstances of his eldest daughter's connection with Clinton, charging Letitia to use the same caution, and even to take care that she gave no one reason to suspect her sister to be at present in America. He spoke only of his diplomatic mission, as if that had been the sole occasion of his quitting, a second time, his native shores for the transatlantic world.

But the fire of his wounded pride was not long in finding vent; when the pleasures of wine and coffee had been

for the present exhausted and the gentlemen of the dinner party had rejoined the ladies in the drawing room, he remained behind for half an hour, holding a private conference with his excellency the host, who was then informed by him of the near relationship of Clinton and the Pirate, of their co-operation with and regard for each other, and of his having seen the former in Montreal when he lately landed in that town, where, he considered it most probable, they both were at this present period.

"I am extremely glad to receive this information—I am particularly pleased—I am gratified beyond measure!" exclaimed his excellency, putting on his military hat unconsciously, and pressing it down over his brows. "Now I shall have that fellow at last! I have long been baffled in my search after him, but now I shall see him hung up to a certainty! Let me consider—I can serve this Mr. Clinton as he deserves for his false dealing with me—I have a paper which he gave to Pastor Wilson, the magistrate of the Ottawa district, containing such an account of the mutiny in which Captain Barry perished as will convict his father of a capital offence even though I possessed no further evidence. I hope your lordship will find leisure to go with me to Montreal to see this Pirate brought to justice upon that written statement—it is a curious case, and one in which you will be greatly interested."

"Of that I am convinced," said the Earl, with bitter emphasis. "But I shall be compelled to remain in Toronto at least a month longer by my official duties, therefore I must decline accompanying you. You will set out soon?"

"To-morrow morning, my friend—I shall delay no longer," replied his excellency, rising from his chair engrossed with the excitement of the journey in prospect. "I must not let the fellow escape me again—he shall hang within a fortnight from this day, my lord, or I will forfeit my post in this country as one not worthy to retain it."

"You have my sincere wishes for the success of your plans," said the Earl; "and I should be heartily glad," he added internally, "if, with the father, you would hang the son. But could Lady Hester be disposed to marry the son of an executed malefactor I should give her up indeed! But that I think she could not, *dare* not do!

Then my only fear must be lest she be married to her pauper lover before the infamy lights on him. Yet surely of that there can be little danger if the Governor be as speedy as he promises to be. Thus far then I have promoted the salvation of my ancient family from the threatening dishonour which was about to eclipse its hitherto unsullied brightness, to preserve which I should estimate no exertion too great—no sacrifice too costly!"

CHAPTER XX.

THE RESTORATION OF JANE.

AS Jane's meek and quiet spirit began to recover its tone a little, she unconsciously fell into a train of sedate reflection upon the extraordinary occurrences of the last twenty-four hours. She was especially surprised and shocked at the failing of her piety in the hour of need.

"I am not a hypocrite," thus she reasoned with herself; "my love of God, and my hope in Him, has always been sincere—how then has it come to pass, that when I most required their aid my principles deserted me? This must be inquired into with care; for if my religion will not befriend me in the sight of death it is worthless. Yet it cannot be religion which is to blame. It has sustained thousands of martyrs in the flames—millions of saints on the bed of suffering, and in the hours of agony—who all have left behind them a glorious testimony of its omnipotent power. It must have been I alone who was the cause of my defeat when terror assailed me, and not religion. I have not lived in that state of habitual preparation for the last enemy which is commanded me. Religion has not promised instant attention to the calls of the soul in necessity, when that soul in prosperity has always persevered in neglecting her advice and her warnings. Whenever my heart has been at rest from trouble, my mind free from anxiety, then I have ceased to be vigilant in my most holy, most solemn, duties; and what could follow but this that has now happened?—distresses taking me unawares—the fear of death seizing me when I

am least prepared for it—the promises of God's Holy Word, those sweetest lights of heaven, withdrawn from me when I look for them with agony, and my soul left benighted, comfortless, and afraid. But this must be so no more," said she, speaking aloud, and looking upward with melting eyes. "On the longed-for land where my ever regretted Lucy dwells, I will from this moment fix my constant thoughts. Early happiness, however great, shall not divert me from continual watching for my final summons." A calm and deep satisfaction shone on her gentle features as silently she locked her hands before her on the saddle, when she repeated this resolution, one which it would be well if more of us were inclined to make.

Glad was she when she began to find herself quitting the horrid shades of the gloomy forest and coming upon the open country. Before her was the road she had yesterday traversed in an insensible condition, supported by Brien amid the horde of Pirates; she knew it not; but her eye rested on the distant sails of the seignior's mill, and by their situation she knew she was in the direct way to her father's house; glad and thankful she was for this; and having stopped her horse on the last forest descent that led down into the road, in order to listen if she was pursued, and being satisfied no one was at all near her, she was about to put forward at a more rapid pace, when the sound of voices struck dismay into her heart. They were heard only for an instant, and sounded neither from the forest behind nor the level road in front, but as it seemed from a near place on her left though the speakers were unseen. Holding her breath with fear, and keeping the horse perfectly still, she waited the issue for a minute or more. The voices were not heard again, but presently two gun shots close at hand made her start in alarm, and immediately after a large black bear broke through the trees within three yards of her horse's head, sprang from a low declivity into the road, bounded across, and plunged into a tangled ravine on the other side. The horse at once took fright, and dashed along the road, while the scream of Jane rose shrilly upon the hearing of two Indian hunters, who had been chasing the bear from his winter dormitory, but who now promptly pressed after the perilled maiden, the startled horse continued flying along the road for some distance, until the sight of a party of horsemen approach-

ing caused it to turn off suddenly through the furze hedge, and it then proceeded at a headlong speed over an icy savannah, or plain, direct to that ravine in which the bear had sought refuge. Jane's terror was redoubled when she saw the fearful gap before her, in which, if she escaped being dashed to pieces, she would be at the mercy of an infuriated wild beast; and with an instantaneous and powerful effort of the mind, at once gave herself up for lost, at the same time yielding at her doom with the prompt resignation of a prepared mind.

But it was the will of God that she should be preserved also in this alarming crisis; for when the horse reached the edge of the ravine it took a slanting course downwards and reached the bottom in safety. There Jane was thrown from the saddle into a clump of bushes, and received no injury greater than a slight bruise or two and a few scratches from the brambles, if her fright be excepted.

To all the alarms she had lately experienced, however, another still remained to be added. She had hardly disengaged herself from the prickly bushes as the bear presented himself before her, by thrusting his immense head and shoulders out from between some close-growing juniper shrubs on a projection within arms' length; nevertheless, she was not long in escaping the unwelcome presence of bruin, for just as she was about to fly a shot from the Indian hunters drove the huge animal back into the cover, and in another second she was hailed by the encouraging shouts of her father, her brother, and Mr. Lee, who with their servants had been riding in search of her when they became the innocent means of increasing her jeopardy, they having been the horsemen whom the steed had seen when it broke from the road.

The Pirate hastened to lead the way down into the ravine, and his daughter sank into his arms utterly overcome by the series of shocks her nerves had sustained.

She was then removed with every mark of tenderness that could be lavished on a beloved female back to her home, where repose of body and of mind soon restored her shattered spirits. The horse she had been thrown from was never heard of afterwards; it was supposed it must have become a prey to its own reckless fury and was afterwards devoured by the wild beasts of the forest.

The house was now made secure against intruders such

as it had lately held, by a band of tenants of the seigniorie being lodged within it, plentifully provided with arms, and the proprietor and his children, with Mr. Lee, journeyed to Montreal, where they spent several weeks with Lady Hester in the enjoyment of the best society amid the lively amusements peculiar to the season.

The romantic circumstances which had attended the rise of the present Marquis of Rougemont, though but imperfectly known, made him an object of great interest to the Canadian nobility, especially to those who had been acquainted with his father's melancholy history. As soon as they became aware that he was in Montreal, invitations poured in upon him, and calls at his rooms were far more numerous than was desirable, privacy being necessary to his safety.

Nevertheless it was not prudent to shun altogether the advances of those who courted his acquaintance; the Pirate therefore adopted a middle course as the wisest, putting forward his children and their affianced ones as officers in his stead, and only appearing when politeness strictly required.

Walking, riding, carrioling on the ice-bound river, balls, pic-nics, and evening parties, succeeded to each other with breathless rapidity.

Lady Hester forgot her resolution to forsake society, and was again the admiration and delight of all who were privileged to approach her.

Clinton was ten times as poetical and fascinating as ever; and with his fine sentiments, visionary theories, graceful person, easy manners, and ornamental knowledge, formed in the estimation of all who saw them together, a fitting companion in every respect for his charming intended.

Arthur did but lend himself to these passing gaieties, in which his heart was not at home; he better loved the more homely pleasures of retired life, and longed exceedingly for the hour when he could remove Jane from hence to them.

She, in the deep and placid happiness of her soul, saw only around her those in whom her affections were centred; received no tinge of joy but what was reflected from their smiles; wished nothing but what they wished; and absolutely merged for the present her personal existence in theirs.

The Pirate looked on the blissful couples with a father's pride and pleasure; but his happiness was dashed by vague fears of coming evil, he knew not what or why. When his eye caught the smiling bashfulness of his dearly-loved Jane while Arthur was whispering to her his future domestic plans, or when his ear distinguished the honied accents of his son poured out in lavish blandishment to the fair and elegant being his arm encircled, then would the heart of the parent beat thick with gloomy forebodings that these pictures of paradise would not be before him long, and he would seem to hear the hiss of the serpent among the flowers.

And even in ordinary course of events felicity cannot continue. Man is born to trouble; the decree is the birth-right of all the posterity of Adam. In sober truth the world is to the most fortunate a vale of tears. The seeds of sorrow, like the seeds of death, are within us; our deepest joys are nearly allied to pain; tears are alike the expression of our acutest grief and bliss. All this the Pirate well knew, for he had outlived the period when fancy throws her illusive vapours over this terrestrial scene, and he beheld it in its true and sternest features. Well therefore might the sight of his children's felicity awaken sadder and profounder reflections in his breast than they at present could understand.

But he did not only anticipate for them the ordinary sorrows of life—his own position was precarious in the extreme, and theirs was linked with his. As yet no public whisper of his having been connected with pirates had reached his ear from any quarter. But how long could he depend upon the preservation of the important secret? An hour might blast his character and ruin the prospects of those precious ones of whom he thought so anxiously. Visions of a prison and of a scaffold rose before him while their happy voices rang in his ear; their smiles became transformed by his boding imagination into looks of agony, and their buoyant exclamations into cries of everlasting farewell. He could not endure the images he had conjured up—he shook them off—but they returned again and again, and on each and all there was the living stamp of reality, so that he could not avoid the conviction that such things must yet happen, and that he was a fated man.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE STEADFASTNESS OF TRUE LOVE.

THE sitting room of the attached party in the Hotel Dieu commanded from the windows a prospect of softer beauty than any they had seen elsewhere in Canada; winding streams, effulgent with waves of snow, added brightness to the lucid atmosphere and sparkled in the sun; between them and around them stretched woods perpetually green, with meadows and pleasure-grounds, the verdure of which could hardly be more lovely than their frosty coverings; and everywhere, the presence of churches, farms, cottages, and villas, gave animation to nature, and cheered the eye and heart as signs of a prosperous and refined population.

Clinton and his betrothed were surveying this view and making remarks to each other upon its beauty, when they saw an elegant carriage stop in front of the hotel, and a lady put her head out of the window to give a card and some directions to her servant, who forthwith entered the house.

"That is Mrs. Markham!" cried Lady Hester in a lively tone of pleasure, rising from her seat and moving towards the door to meet her.

"I thought I knew the face—though at first I could not exactly say to whom it belonged," said Clinton, following her to the door to receive the card of the visitor which was brought up to them.

Lady Hester went down to the foot of the stairs belonging to her rooms to receive Mrs. Markham, and they met with the most cordial affection.

"Mr. Clinton," said the good lady stretching out her hand to him frankly as soon as she was inside the sitting room, "I am glad to see you looking so much better in health and spirits than when I saw you last on Toronto cliffs. Did I not tell you then that it was foolish to despair, for you could not tell what good things were in store for you!"

"My dear madam, I am delighted to see you here!" exclaimed Clinton, meeting her with a look and action expressive of the warmest respect. "His Excellency is well I hope?"

"Oh, yes; only a little out of humour with the feuds between the English and the French in this discordant country—I believe he apprehends that it will come to an armed struggle yet. If it should, I hope I and Lady Hester will be far out of reach of the sound of their rifle-shots and cannonading, and she shuddered.

"I hope so too, my dear Mrs. Markham!" said Lady Hester, "and yet I know that I shall not be out of America, for in it I have pitched my tent for all the rest of my days;" so saying, a little tinge of deeper crimson made itself apparent on her cheek.

"Well, give me a seat," said Mrs. Markham, losing her lively air so suddenly that Clinton fancied it had been assumed to hide some uneasiness that was lurking beneath. "Now sit down both of you by me, and tell me as quickly as you can all that has befallen you both since I saw you last; and in return I will tell you a little history of some occurrences that have taken place since you parted with the Earl and Letitia."

"Ah, then, you have seen them!" exclaimed Lady Hester. "They have been in Toronto?"

"They are there now, and—"

"They have told you all concerning us."

"Letitia has, my dear; and I regret to be the bearer of bad news to you."

"The Earl refuses to listen to her and your kind intercession for me, and will cast me off—that is what you would say."

"Partly, my dear young friend, but not all. My time just now is limited—I have an appointment elsewhere at three o'clock, and it scarcely wants a quarter." She looked at her watch.

"Mrs. Markham, this is hardly kind," observed Lady Hester, reproachfully—"a quarter of an hour only for a first visit to an old friend."

"I cannot help it indeed, my dear—I will make reparation for this fault another time. To-morrow I will come and take luncheon with you, and you shall not be rid of me for four or five hours. There now, say no more about it—I have something very important to communicate to you both in this quarter of an hour; and as a prelude I must ask a very necessary but impertinent question—when do you intend to be marrie'?"

She looked to Clinton for the reply, whom a sudden

thrill of ecstasy almost deprived of breath. He answered with a little graceful embarrassment.

"As soon as the Earl's consent shall have been obtained—we wait, I believe, for that alone."

"And do you dream of obtaining it?" asked the good lady, surprise slightly marking her tone.

"Why yes we do," answered Clinton, employing an accent in which pride and indignation were evidently mingled. "His Lordship still thinks high descent the grand requisite for Lady Hester's happiness in a husband; he has not learned wisdom from her past wrongs. He would be as willing now as ever he was to sacrifice her to a Colonel Cleveland."

"If this be so, your chances are but slight I should be led to fear."

"Not so, Madam; I derive from these views of his Lordship the most confident hope."

"How so, pray?" inquired Mrs. Markham with increased surprise.

"I can boast, Madam, of a descent equal to that of his Lordship himself—if not superior."

"You!"

"Mrs. Markham, is it possible that you, living in Canada, have not heard of the new Marquis of Rougemont?" asked Lady Hester.

"Rougemont—Rougemont," repeated the Lieutenant-governor's lady, considering, with her finger raised to her eyebrow, "that is one of the largest seigniories on the shores of the St. Lawrence—and an ancient marquise too."

"It is," said Clinton; "and as I am the heir apparent to that marquise, the Earl of Wilton, I should imagine, will not interpose any further objections to my suit."

"What wonder next!" exclaimed Mrs. Markham, lifting up her hands—"this is the strangest world. How has it all come about? Tell me as briefly as you can."

"My father was born in a convent, and afterwards educated by the Marquis of Rougemont, who, subsequently to his adopted heir having left him for a sea life, made the discovery that he was his son. The aged Marquis died in a snow drift a short time ago, and left a will appointing Nicholas Anderson sole heir to the title and estates. My father took possession of his right, and I have the happiness to invite you to his seat as our

wedding guest after we shall have seen the Earl, and performed our errand in this town relating to the marriage settlements."

Mrs. Markham congratulated him sincerely on his change of fortunes, and then said—

"But another question no less impertinent than my former one remains behind.—Mr. Clinton, has your father renounced his former disgraceful associates?—you will forgive the bluntness of my expressions."

"He has—positively, entirely, and for ever," answered Clinton, laying a stress on each word.

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Markham, rising to go, and inwardly determining to keep back the evil tidings she came to impart until she had had a private conversation with the Earl.

"But you said, my dear Madam, that you had some bad news for us," remarked Lady Hester, as Mrs. Markham drew from her muff a note and handed it to her.

"True, I did, but what I have now heard may alter the complexion of affairs; and at any rate I shall not say anything about it until to-morrow."

"And you will leave us all in suspense?" remonstrated Lady Hester.

"In suspense. Hark, the cathedral bell is striking. I cannot stay another moment. Trust me, my young friends," she added, taking a hand of each, "I am most anxious for your good, and should you find that to be seriously threatened, depend on my influence being exerted for you."

"You alarm me, dear Mrs. Markham," exclaimed Lady Hester, after regarding her attentively and in silence for a few seconds: "I beseech you tell me what we have to fear."

"No, no, my love, do not press me. I would not pain you prematurely for the world. Perhaps I may be able, in some measure, to avert the misfortune."

"What misfortune, Madam? Positively you must not go until I know!"

"Are you firm enough to bear it?"

Lady Hester turned pale, and Clinton observed her tremble slightly, but she answered in a steady voice—

"You have known me endure great trials with firmness, Mrs. Markham! I am not given to indulge in weakness."

"Then this is all—the Earl has given the Governor some peculiar information whereby he has been stirred up again to seek the capture of your father, Mr. Clinton, and the Governor is at present in Quebec with the intension of taking the deposition of Captain Barry's widow; the prosecution is to be grounded on some paper of Mr. Clinton's own writing."

Clinton's soul sank within him at the mention of that paper which he had given to Arthur soon after Lucy's death.

"My father," said he, "risked his life to preserve the Earl and his daughters from drowning on Lake Erie—I should hardly have expected such a return from his Lordship."

"Letitia grieves sadly about it," said Mrs. Markham; but I do feel assured that the Earl would have acted better had he not been misled by blind anger. We must make some excuses for him."

"You may make excuses for him, Mrs. Markham," said Lady Hester, in a tone of calm and cutting indignation, which the good lady wished the Earl could have seen, "but I make none. Once he wrecked my peace, betrayed my trust in his paternal guidance, and married me to a man I could not love! And now, because I would give my hand to one whom I have always held dear—the only one who can make me happy (I am not ashamed to say it)—he is so enraged that he descends to the worst ingratitude, the most despicable cruelty, to prevent my wishes; Is this like a father? Will he have me always wretched that he may maintain the pride of the family?"

"But, my dear, I mean to let him know directly the present rank of the Pirate and Mr. Clinton, and then he may change his temper towards you, and the Governor may be persuaded by him to relinquish the pursuit."

"I charge you, as you value me, my dearest madam, let him not know it!" said Lady Hester. "I will marry Mr. Clinton and *then* he shall be informed of it from my own lips. He shall see his own littleness of mind set nakedly before him, and taste the bitterness of its fruits. Clinton, you hear me tell you before my friend that I am yours as soon as you will. We will not wait until you have seen the Earl. His purpose in this shameful transaction must be foiled at once!"

Clinton was buried in thought—he saw completely through the Earl's motives.

"And can you, Hester," said he with passion in his gestures, "unite yourself with the son of a public criminal? Think—consider! Will you not afterwards repent? Reflect that you will no longer be able to enter into society of any kind upon your present footing—all my inheritance may be confiscated to the state—I may become what I have been, a poor, degraded man! Do not deceive yourself or me, Hester, with erroneous ideas of your capabilities of devoting yourself to me—you may draw back without incurring one reproach from me. I will give up to you all your promises—I will free you from every tie by which you have voluntarily linked yourself to me—I will pledge my sacred word to see you no more—you may put yourself under the protection of Mrs. Markham from this moment, and marry some man whom the world and your father can approve."

"Clinton," returned Lady Hester, with unwonted enthusiasm, "though you should be brought by this act of my father to beggary and to perpetual infamy—though your name incur scorn and detestation everywhere—that beggary and that shame will I partake in, and that name shall be mine!"

So saying, disregarding the presence of Mrs. Markham, she sank on his neck, and he strained her fondly to his heart. The good lady wiped her eyes, and the Pirate entered the apartment.

He stopped short when he had shut the door, and bowed profoundly to the visitor, who surveyed him with much curiosity, knowing well by his remarkable appearance, which had frequently been described in her hearing, who he was.

"Father," said Clinton, "this is the lady of the Lieutenant-governor, Mrs. Markham, Lady Hester's esteemed friend. Mrs. Markham, you see the Marquis of Rougemont, formerly," he added, in an excited manner,—"the Pirate of the Lakes."

Mrs. Markham and the Pirate were almost equally confused and startled by this abrupt and unexpected introduction. The latter quickly recovered himself, and bending a look of keen inquiry on his son received from him in return a meaning glance which told him of his danger."

"Marquis," said Mrs. Markham, "do not be afraid of me, I wish to serve you and your son for the sake of Lady Cleveland, whom I regard as if she were my own daughter. I have now come to tell them of that which threatens you, and I hope there is quite time for you to get out of the way of those whom you have reason to dread, while I endeavour to reconcile the Earl and Lady Cleveland, and to divert the Governor from his present schemes for your capture."

"Lady," said the Pirate, in a calm tone of proud sorrow, "I fear nothing for myself. I know that my liberty, my property, and my life, are justly forfeit to the laws I have violated—laws which I should now think myself too happy in spending my blood to maintain. This I feel hourly, momentarily. But it is for *these*, and for my daughter, I fear and suffer. You see me unmanned, Mrs. Markham, while I think of them. My soul loses every jot of its strength, and I am weak as a new born child."

He paused evidently agitated, and labouring under much depression.

"I have not enjoyed one hour of ease of mind since I obtained my inheritance," he resumed. "This hour has been constantly anticipated; night and day, waking or sleeping, alone or in company, the shadow of a coming retribution for my past vices has lain thick upon me. My children, lady, my children!" he cried with a wildness that pierced the hearts of his grieved listeners; "when the hangman has done his work upon me what will become of them? They will curse my memory!—they must do so!—I shall have withered their happiness! This noble lady here will cast off my son—that will be her duty! The intended husband of my daughter will not fulfil his engagements with her—I cannot expect it! And both will be degraded, miserable, desolate beings!"

"Father!—father! what are you saying?" exclaimed Jane, coming hastily from a door that communicated with another part of the hotel, and raising his hand fondly to her lips.

Mr. Lee had followed her closely, and with her had heard the Pirate's gloomy words. As soon as he and Jane had been introduced to Mrs. Markham, and had received a definite account from her of the cause of the excitement apparent on the countenances of each present, he turned to the Pirate and said—

"My dear sir, I was quite aware of the hazards which surrounded the father of Jane when I chose her for my wife, and you do me great wrong if you doubt my fidelity to her under every possible circumstance."

"And I," said Lady Hester, kindling into a noble ardour as she proceeded, "why should I be suspected of want of steadfastness in my attachment to your son, Marquis? I am not made like some women to yield as wax to every impression. If I once form a friendship, I form it for ever! Clinton has told me to consider what I may have to sacrifice for him—but I tell him and you to consider what I have already sacrificed for him. I lately left my native land, where the highest circles courted my society—I came here uncheered by one approving voice, trusting entirely to the honour of the man I loved—I endured the reproaches of a father—I allowed a dear sister to be alienated from me! And I did all this (and who can tell the secret torture it cost me!) while I supposed Clinton the penniless son—not of the Marquis of Rougemont—but of the Pirate! Remember that Marquis!—remember that, Clinton!"

"I do," said Clinton; "and it would be a bad return for your high-mindedness were we seriously to doubt that, even should the worst happen, you would continue your favour towards me."

"To put this beyond doubt," said Lady Hester, addressing Arthur, "I have dared to overstep the limits prescribed to my sex, and have proposed—an immediate marriage." She slightly paused with a lovely modesty before pronouncing the three concluding words, but then spoke them distinctly.

"And I give my voice for it," said Arthur, with animation. "There has already been too much delay. We had better set out to-morrow for the lodge, and the double ceremony can be performed on the following afternoon."

"Well, while you are settling these weighty matters I must go and see what I can do for you," said Mrs. Markham, now moving to the door in earnest, her watch having informed that she had stayed half an hour beyond her allotted time. "But do not forget, good folks, that I shall be here to luncheon at twelve to-morrow, that I do not intend to go away for four or five hours, and that I want no stranger present. Mr. Lee looks rather blank, as if he thought I should prevent your meditated journey—but he

must know that I put my negative upon that as soon as he proposed it—there must be no journeys planned, much less begun, before I bring you all more news.”

“But, Madam,” asked the Pirate, “will it not be advisable for me to quit this town at once!”

“I do not know,” said Mrs. Markham, reflecting. “It may be, and it may not be, advisable. No—you had better not. Only keep within your hotel, and see no company. Trust to me for watching the movements of those who seek you, and advising you how to act. Adieu, my dear Hester!—adieu, young lady—adieu, gentlemen—at twelve to-morrow expect me again.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FLIGHT AND CAPTURE OF THE PIRATE.

THE note Mrs. Markham had given to Lady Hester was from Letitia, it was as full of affectionate sentences as note could possibly be; written small and close on four sides; crossed regularly once, and down two whole pages twice; concluding with a regret that there was not time to say a thousand things more which remained to be said. The love of her youthful sister was very precious to Lady Hester. So, while she smiled at the ardour and profusion of Letitia's sentiments, she treasured them up in her heart.

The evening of this anxious day came; the blinds and curtains were drawn; the friends gathered about the fire, conversing only occasionally, and then with few words, and in low, agitated voices.

“It will never do for us to suffer our spirits to sink in this manner,” said Clinton, all at once rallying himself out of his depression, and trying to speak in a cheerful manner, in order to enliven the rest.

“No, indeed,” responded Lady Hester, breaking from a reverie, and seconding his intent by an instantaneous effort to smile and look hopeful; “the evils of to-morrow will be sufficient for the day; it is folly to anticipate them as we are doing. I depend very much upon my friend's interest for you, Marquis,” she added. “I cannot but

think Mrs. Markham will contrive to deter his Excellency from following up the pursuit."

The Pirate looked as though he had no very great confidence in the success of the good lady's intervention; he shook his head, and as he raised his eye from a paper of memoranda that lay on a table by him and which he had been penning at intervals, there appeared in it a deep and settled forboding harrowing in his childrens' hearts.

"I tell you the truth," said he, "my only hope is in flight. I could wish to have been present on your marriage day, but must submit to the counter necessity. I make it my request that you will not delay the ceremonies one hour on my account."

"Suppose we obtain licenses this evening, and let the affair be concluded to-morrow morning before you quit us," suggested Mr. Lee.

If the ladies will permit I shall be glad of that arrangement," returned the Pirate. "Jane, my dear, you will make no objection, will you, under the circumstances?"

"I don't know—this is so very sudden—I hardly think I can make up my mind to it," faltered Jane, timid and abashed. "But, my dear father, for your sake, I would do anything," she added, smiling through the bright tears which trembled on her eyelashes.

"And what says Lady Hester?" inquired the Pirate.

The lovely peeress was inclined to hesitate like Jane, but shaking off the weakness, she replied—

"She says, my dear sir, that whatever you think best in the present exigency will meet with her entire concurrence.

Mr. Lee and Mr. Clinton did not fail to thank the young ladies for their generous concession with ardent tenderness, and immediately after the Pirate, rising and ringing for his servant, proposed that he himself should procure the licenses, an offer that met with no opposition whatever either from his son or his intended son-in-law, who, when the servant had brought his master's fur cloak, cap, and gloves, and had quitted the hotel in attendance upon him, were left alone with their betrothed brides.

"What shall we say to the Pastor?" asked Jane, blushing. "You know we promised that no other clergyman should read the service."

"He will be easily pacified when he knows what has

occurred?" rejoined Arthur. "I shall write to him immediately after we are united."

"The Marquis stays long," observed Lady Hester, as eleven o'clock struck. The table had been spread for supper some time—the two candles wanted snuffing—the fire lacked a new supply of coals. But the four were so engrossed with high-wrought feelings of pleasure and pain, hope and fear, kindled by their own blissful prospects on the one hand, and the Pirate's critical position on the other, that they could not give a thought to anything else.

"He has been gone nearly four hours," responded Clinton, in a tone of uneasiness, "and the clergyman's house is not distant from here more than ten minutes' walk."

Each shrank from giving explicit utterance to the apprehension that he had fallen into the hands of the Governor's emissaries, though each was conscious of entertaining it.

Clinton held his watch in his hand, listening to its slow tickings, while another quarter of an hour fled by.

"I can bear this no longer," said he, starting up; "I must go and look for him. If he had sent Roberts back I should not have been so surprised."

Lady Hester assisted Clinton to put on his great coat, and then stood at the door listening to his retiring footsteps; she now turned to one of the windows, and drawing back the slides, looked out after him as he passed down a dimly-lighted street opposite to the hotel.

The great cathedral bell chimed half-past eleven while she kept on her watch; only an occasional passer by without had met her anxious glance; but now at length the figure of her beloved one returned again into view—*alone*. Her troubled exclamation brought Jane and Arthur to her side in a moment, as Clinton, crossing the opposite pavement to the hotel, looked up, and, seeing them, shook his head hastily—a token of misfortune.

In another minute he threw open the door of the room, and shutting it close behind him walked straight to the fire without speaking.

"Where is the Marquis?" was the simultaneous inquiry of Jane, Arthur, and Lady Hester.

"I do not know," answered Clinton, leaning his elbow on the mantel-shelf and shading his face.

"You have been to the clergyman's house?"

"Yes; and the licenses had been purchased of him three hours ago, and he saw my father and Roberts turn hitherward when they left his door.

"He has met with some acquaintance who has detained him," suggested Mr. Lee.

"It is hardly likely he would allow himself to be detained while upon such an errand," argued Clinton.

"It is a very strange circumstance," remarked Lady Hester, and the others acquiesced. The candles had burnt low in their sockets and were replaced by whole ones; the fire was replenished; the supper was sent away; and another tedious hour sped its course—still the Pirate was absent.

A quarter to one chimed the church clocks of Montreal. The busy house of public accommodation was at rest; the multifarious business of the day had been all discharged; and servants and employers, guests, hosts, and attendants, were each and all retired to seek in sweet oblivious slumber that refreshment for nature's wearied powers which is one of the choicest boons granted to mankind. All was still—profoundly still—only in this room were there any signs of the tumultuous existence of humanity. Here sat the two young couples, on the eve, as they thought of their union for life; sometimes, as a footstep sounded on the pavement outside, starting up to look into the street through the window-panes, which the frost of midnight was fast spreading with a thick white crust impenetrable to vision, and decorating with drooping icicles; then returning disappointed to their seats to catch from each other again the swift contagion of hope or alarm for the Pirate's safety, alternately yielding to each, while exchanging conjectures, some wild and implorable enough, as to the cause of his unaccountable stay.

But now it became too certain that he had fallen into some evil, for the night was already expired, yet he was absent, and his servant too.

"My beloved Hester—my dear sister—you had better retire to bed, if only for a short period," urged Clinton. "Mr. Lee and I will then go out and endeavour to procure some intelligence of him.

"I cannot sleep until I know where my father is!" ejaculated Jane.

"Clinton counsels well," said Lady Hester, pitying the agony of suspense with which his sister was racked. "Come, Jane, I will take you to my room, and if you cannot sleep, at least lie down, and try to quiet your perturbed spirit."

"I would rather remain here until I know what has happened," murmured Jane, as the hour of four sounded dismally on her ear. "O heaven! where—where is he!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together.

"We must be patient, my dearest Jane," reasoned Arthur supporting her tenderly. "The Lord will not lay upon us more affliction than he sees to be necessary."

Clinton quoted from one of the old English dramatists for her encouragement, a passage laudatory of fortitude in times of great trial, and forcing smiles, which his heart was far from prompting, kindly compelled her to retire with Lady Hester.

Mr. Lee and himself then resolved to wait in the hotel until the morning should be a little more advanced, which they did, and then proceeded together to visit every place in the town where the Pirate was at all known, to make inquiries after him.

At nine o'clock they returned without having met with the remotest intelligence of the object of their search, and the dreadful thought glanced across the mind of Clinton that he had destroyed himself. Upon communicating this idea to Mr. Lee the latter strengthened it by the declaration that for several hours he had entertained a like suspicion. However, these suspicions were happily groundless; as they entered the sitting room, Jane started forward to meet them with a small piece of paper in her hand, which she gave to her brother with a look of breathless excitement, and he read these hurried words in the Pirate's handwriting—

"I was met last night by Toby and Merry, who had come on foot from Rougemont to tell me officers had searched my mansion by warrant, and were there waiting to take me prisoner. The honest fellows advised me not to lose a moment's time, but to leave the town at once as the hotel would be watched immediately. I have taken their advice, and to be the more safe, have determined to keep Roberts with me. I do not dare to tell you here whither I am gone, lest this paper should chance to fall into adverse hands. Do not let Jane be too fearful about

me. Keep up one another's hearts, and hope that all will end as we wish it. Enclosed you have the licenses. Let the marriages be performed as we settled, and accept a father's heartiest wishes for your happiness."

"Then the mystery is at an end," ejaculated Clinton, much relieved.

"And he has got out of the way of his enemies," joyfully remarked Jane.

"For the present," hinted Lady Hester, with less evident pleasure than they evinced. "I think it would have been better if the Marquis had been guided entirely by Mrs. Markham. Had there been any immediate danger here she would certainly have apprised him of it yesterday."

The others thought differently, and believed it was almost certain that the Pirate would now, having received such timely information of the movements, of the Governor and his people, hide himself effectually until the fury of the dreaded storm should have subsided.

"But now to make use of *these*," said Clinton, archly, holding up the licenses.

"Oh, no! we shall have nothing to say to them now," cried both the ladies at one time.

"Indeed but you must," pleaded the gentlemen.

"Indeed, but we will not," persisted the ladies.

"We cannot think of allowing you to revoke your consent," pressed Arthur.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," laughed Clinton.

"Faint heart or strong," retorted Lady Hester, "you will not win us without—"

"No conditions—no conditions," repeated the determined suitors.

"The Pastor must be our clergyman, and the Marquis must enact the proper part of a father for us at the altar, as was first intended," said Lady Hester. "Do not think we are to be persuaded out of this."

The pleasant controversy had not terminated when, just an hour before her appointed time, Mrs. Markham presented herself. Her kindly countenance looked troubled, and she anxiously asked—

"Where is the Marquis?"

A few words sufficed to relate his disappearance and to produce his note.

"Did I not bid him stay within the hotel?" demanded

Mrs. Markham, with vexation and uneasiness in her gestures. "What had he to do with fetching your licenses? I am angry with you all. You have not acted by my instructions, and my schemes for serving you are defeated."

"I hope not! Oh, I hope not!" exclaimed Jane.

"I was afraid of it!" sighed Lady Hester.

"I told the Marquis distinctly not to quit Montreal," resumed Mrs. Markham. "If he had abided by my instructions he might have been preserved. Now it is doubtful—very doubtful. The Governor has been more prompt than I expected, and it will be very difficult for the object of his keen pursuit to escape him. But come, you must find some safer lodging than this hotel, for in a few hours it will be searched, and you will all be put under arrest as having been intimate with the Pirate. I will show you a place where you will be free from notice, and where the Marquis—foolish, foolish man that he is in having deviated from my directions—might have lived safely during the heat of the chase.

Lady Hester promptly sent her maid to the proprietor of the hotel for the bill, and discharged it forthwith. Clinton did the same on the part of his father, his sister, himself, and Mr. Lee, and the party left the hotel with Mrs. Markham, their luggage fastened on her carriage, and Jane and Lady Hester riding with her inside; Arthur and Clinton followed in a small public carriage, and Lady Hester's waiting woman occupied a seat behind the former vehicle.

They soon quitted the public thoroughfares for the less frequented and meaner parts of the town. Turning down a confined street near the water's edge, principally inhabited by fishermen, sailors, and storekeepers (as dealers in all descriptions of saleable articles are designated in America,) Mrs. Markham's driver pulled up his horses in front of a dingy but substantial looking house of the latter class. A young married woman stood at the door to receive the visitors, whom she was prepared to expect, habited in her best French head-dress, jacket and petticoat, and displaying as many gay-coloured ribbons as would have sufficed to set out a haberdasher's window, besides having in her ears large round rings made conspicuous by gandy-coloured stone.

With the habitual vivacity and politeness of a French-

woman she curtsied to each of her guests, and ushered them with smiles through her husband's crowded warehouse to a dark but well furnished parlour, warmed by stoves, and ornamented for their reception with flowers reared in the house during the wintry season.

"Madame Germaine," said Mrs. Markham, "these are my friends of whom I spoke to you last evening. You will accommodate them as well as your means will allow, and keep their residence here a profound secret."

"To be sure I will, lady," acquiesced the obliging dame. "Not even my own priest who has the little church at the bottom of this street shall know anything of their staying here. The good lady, your sister, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, knows that I am to be trusted; as to accommodations, the ladies and gentlemen may have at their service three or four chambers, and another sitting-room besides this. Will it please you to see the rooms, ladies?"

"No thank you," answered Lady Hester, "I dare say they will do very well."

"And I have sent for a cousin of mine, a good girl—she was seventeen last December to wait upon you, ladies. And my mother is a very clever cook," observed Madame Germaine, "and will be happy to dress you anything for your table. She learned the art of cookery, gentlemen, from M. Heraud. You have heard of him I dare say. He furnishes the best public table in Montreal; all the gentlemen of the nobility are entertained at it. Quite a wonder among cooks is M. Heraud, I assure you, ladies and gentlemen—and he was born in Paris itself!"

This was the climax of M. Heraud's superiority in the opinion of Madame Germaine, and she did not doubt that she had fully impressed her guests with her mother's proficiency in the important science alluded to, when she informed them that M. Heraud had been her mother's instructor, and that M. Heraud had been born in Paris!

"Well, let your mother furnish a luncheon for us immediately," said Mrs. Markham, "and prepare dinner by five in the afternoon."

"Will you have—"

"Whatever your mother chooses to select we will have," interrupted Mrs. Markham; and Madam Germaine, instructed by her manner, withdrew to convey to

her mother in the kitchen the important commission wherewith she was charged.

"Now I trust," urged Mrs. Markham, turning to the two couples, "that I shall find you four strictly obedient to my instructions—if you are not I cannot imagine what the consequences will be."

"Indeed you shall," responded each.

"Then mark my first command," continued the good lady, peremptorily: "you must keep within the house until I give you leave to go out of it. Mr. Lee—Mr. Clinton—have I your promises to do this? Until I have I will not take one step farther to save the Marquis from his impending fate."

"I pledge you my honour to be guided entirely by you," ejaculated Clinton.

"And I," responded Mr. Lee.

"Entirely?" repeated Mrs. Markham, firmly.

"Yes—to this we pledge ourselves."

"I take your joint words. The young ladies I can trust upon the faith of their willing looks," said Mrs. Markham, smiling amid her seriousness. "I shall bestow myself upon you until evening," she added, "and I insist that you do not entertain me with these doleful faces all day."

Meanwhile the Pirate, with his personal attendant, Roberts, and his trusty though humble friends, Haverstraw and Merry, had sailed in a fishing vessel for an island distant from Montreal about fifty miles. But hardly had the morning dawned upon them in their progress, before it became too apparent that they were pursued. Terror seized the titled fugitive upon making this painful discovery. His eyes moved wildly in their sockets as he surveyed the nimble cruiser which was bearing down upon them at a flying pace, assisted by a favourable wind which swelled their crowded sails.

"Toby!—to the helm! to the helm!" gasped he, and the old mariner instantly undertook the steering of the vessel, while the fishermen, assisted by the ready black, made every preparation for a vigorous flight.

"We had better keep the open stream, hadn't we, Captain?" asked Haverstraw.

"By all means," answered the Pirate.

"It will be impossible for us to reach the island by daylight," observed the old man.

"Quite," was the Pirate's pithy response.

"Oh, Massa Captin!—ice a-comin'! Look out!—look out!—ice a-comin'!" shouted Merry, stretching out both his arms to point up the river, distending his eyes in affright, and stamping on the deck planks first with one foot then with the other.

The Pirate saw indeed an enemy driving down towards him in front no less to be feared than that behind—*ice*, in great masses, nearly filling up the breadth of the channel, forced along rapidly by the powerful action of the narrow current, presented a truly alarming spectacle.

"Tack about, Toby," commanded the Pirate, "to the right! Be wary or we are lost," he muttered.

The cruiser in chase now drew in some of her sails, and presently made a dead stop, perceiving no way by which the threatening ice might be avoided.

For a fortnight navigation had been almost wholly suspended on the St. Lawrence; in the upper parts of the river on account of its being completely frozen over, and in the lower parts on account of its frequent liability to the interruptions such as the present. Only a few scattered canoes, therefore, were now seen floating on the cold blue tide. These made no attempts to escape from the approaching ice piles, but, on the contrary, simultaneously made towards them with, as a stranger would have erroneously judged, nothing short of foolhardiness and presumption. A remarkable scene now took place. The occupants of the canoes standing upright with ropes and boathooks in their hands, managed, with infinite dexterity, to leap upon the blocks of ice as they came close to them, and then to draw up their frail barks on the same level. Thus the moving mass rushed down the river with its living freight, who, exchanging animated cries, stood prepared to launch again at the first fitting moment.

The cruiser, like the fishing-vessel, was retreating fast toward a wider part of the channel, where the pilot on board hoped to be able to clear the ship from the path of the ice. Confusion and terror prevailed on the crowded deck. None but the pilot retained the self-possession required for the emergency. He, like the Pirate in the other conveyance, was the presiding genius to whom all the terrified men embarked with him looked for deliverance. Under the guidance of these two the vessels performed some complicated and masterly manœuvres, and several of the largest ice blocks, castles in magnitude,

soon floated beyond them, while they had not a timber shaken. Uproarious shouts of rejoicing from the sailors proclaimed the passing of each formidable block. The whole was soon felt as an exciting sport rendered more keen by its extreme hazard. The fugitive vessel and its pursuer came nearer to each other, as a host of smaller pieces of ice, no less dangerous than their forerunners, besprinkled the river in every direction, appearing like a thousand barren islets covered with snow. Among these the larger ship wound its devious course, while renewing the chase that had been for some time suspended. The fishing vessel kept at an equal distance from her, but would not quit the neighbourhood of the ice, where her opponent, being more than double her size, was more impeded than herself in its movements. The pilot on the cruiser soon began to understand this policy on the part of the object of pursuit, and prepared to counteract it.

"Toby, we have a thorough sailor to deal with," said the Pirate, suddenly addressing the old sailor, who was steering according to his directions.

"Aye, aye, Captain, he's none of your fresh-water chaps," assented Toby. "I'd bet twenty guineas, good old English coin, that the man who's working yon vessel was bred in a British man-o'-war."

"We have little chance of getting off, I fear, with so much odds against us," ejaculated the Pirate, with a melancholy air. "These fishermen know nothing of good sailing, that makes against us too."

"She scuds between the ice as if she had wings, Captain," wondered Toby, nodding in the direction of the cruiser, "and there are eight or nine good hours of daylight before us yet."

"Bad hours they will prove for us, Toby, I believe," sighed the Pirate. "We shall never be able to hold out so long."

"But we shall give them some trouble to come at us with all their advantages," remarked Toby with a look of encouraging sagacity. "Alas! they are foiled at that tack," laughed he, obstreperously as the schooner again retreated, being pressed by the ice. "Ware ship!—my fine fellows!—ware ship!" the ancient mariner vociferated, putting his hand to his mouth to guide the taunting shout.

A bullet from a well-directed carbine, by way of return,

saluted him on the forehead, but still he elevated his jeering laugh, the faint echo of which reached the adverse ship, conveying with it the conviction that the shot had fallen short of its aim. But the pilot who had fired it, seizing a telescope, declared with remarkable satisfaction that a figure, which even at that distance he could swear to belong to the Pirate, was bending over him.

Not long after, this same pilot sprang into a canoe, and rowed with swiftmess toward the fishing vessel, while the cruiser was compelled to steer back still further before the onward-drifting ice. The Pirate beheld him approaching, and with astonishment recognised Brien. Slackening his vessel's speed, he called out to him sternly—

"What is your errand this way? Take care how you approach too near!" at the same time he levelled a gun at him.

"I come from yon cruiser!" shouted Brien in reply. "My errand is friendly! Let me come on board that I may speak to you!"

The Pirate hesitated, then bade him approach.

"Did not a shot from the ship out beyond hit some of you?"

"Yes, old Toby Haverstraw, poor fellow!" rejoined the Pirate, in tones of deep regret for the loss of that faithful servant. "But what are you doing in the company of my enemies?"

"I chanced to hear that they wanted a pilot in a hurry to hunt you on the St. Lawrence; and, thinking some chance of serving you might turn up, hired myself for the occasion. But I must come on deck—I have something for your private ear."

The Pirate could not apprehend danger from a single individual, he therefore received him into the vessel. Brien was not a man for whom he had the least liking, though he had been a sharer in all his fortunes as a privateer, and had learned the art of navigation from himself. There had always been a rooted dislike between the two, nourished on one side by envy, and on the other by suspicion. Toby, too, had been a marked object for Brien's secret hatred—the old mariner was a zealous friend of the Pirate, and had often hinted that Brien longed for the command of the Vulture, which was the case. This afforded cause enough for animosity. But Brien was a cunning man as well as a vindictive one.

Had he slain Haverstraw with what justice could have termed "malice aforethought," unpleasant consequences might have resulted; he waited for a fitting opportunity—that opportunity had arrived—he had seized it—and the unconscious object of his hatred was dead!

But against the Pirate Brien had long meditated a more subtle revenge. It had been he who incited his band to break into the mansion of Rougemont for the purpose of extorting money from the Marquis by threatening to expose his past life to the authorities of the land. And at the time Jane was in the hands of his party, had she known the dark thoughts which swept across his brain as he calculated how by ill-treating the daughter he might wring the father's heart, she would have had cause to tremble even more than she did. From what horrors she was spared by Gilpin's unexpected kindness, who could tell? And on such slight contingencies fate weaves her strange web, that nothing short of his desire to thwart the Pole's hastily-conceived design of murdering her in the gipsy's cavern could have wrought him to effect her liberation. Had Scrynecki not meditated killing her because he had been called a coward for her sake, as he said, Jane would have been utterly lost. Brien had eagerly joined the pursuers of the Pirate, and no efforts of his skill had been wanting to enable them to reach him; but when he saw that it would be next to impossible for them to accomplish their ends while so beset by the ice, he determined upon a bolder scheme, which, when he had communicated to the officers on the cruiser, and engaged them to pay him a certain reward in case of his success, he hastened to put in execution in the most artful manner.

Speaking to the Pirate apart, he said—

"You see there has been some little misunderstanding between us in times past, and to do away with all remembrance of it I have wished to serve you. Well, when I found myself on board yon cruiser I thought I should be able to give you some sort of advantage or other, and so it has turned out. The officers there proposed to me to come to you as a friend, and give you a false notion of their intentions. I was to tell you that they meant to throw up the hunt to-day and come upon you in the night after the ice should have cleared away down the river. Whereas, they meant only—but I will not explain now what they intend. If you will accept my services,

here I am—and in four-and-twenty hours I will make you as clear of them as ever you were in your life."

"I may trust you?" said the Pirate inquiringly, fixing a penetrating glance on the abashed face of the plotting villain.

"As you please—as you please," rejoined Brien with affected unconcern. "If you refuse to be kept out of a halter I don't see why I should fret myself about you. You cannot get off without me, that I know."

"Glad should I be of your assistance, Brien, if I could feel certain you meant as fair as you say," observed the Pirate, again perusing the other's face with doubt. "But I do not see why I should be dubious of you," pondered he. "If you had been disposed to be treacherous to me, you could have been so without telling me that my enemies sent you here for that purpose, which has put me on my guard. No—you have come in an open, honest manner, and I will trust you."

And so he shook Brien by the hand with nervous emotion, and discarding every latent suspicion gave him charge of the helm instead of Haverstraw, whose dead body lay bleeding near by, covered with a canvas bag.

During the three succeeding hours Brien strengthened the Pirate's confidence in him by the openness with which he made known all the counsels of the officers in pursuit, and by his able advice as to the best means of counteracting their operations.

The Pirate now began to feel extremely weary, not having slept for many nights, his mind and his body having been long on the full stretch of exertion without any interval of relaxation. The cruiser rested apparently stationary at the edge of the horizon: she had shown no disposition to approach nearer since Brien had been here, who laughed gleefully as he remarked this to the Pirate.

"Ha! ha! Marquis!" he roguishly ejaculated, winking his eye, they will have to wait some time longer than they expect for my going back! I have done them ha! ha! as neat as a glove! Got out of them all I could, and then come to you to report it all and help you to get off! But leave this vessel to me, Marquis, while you go and refresh yourself with a nap. You look preciously fagged."

"I am very tired," rejoined the Pirate, "and so I will trust to you for an hour. But do not let me sleep longer.

Be sure you send down Merry to wake me if I should be inclined to lengthen out my slumber beyond an hour."

"Very well," acquiesced Brien. "Harkye, blacky," elevating his tone, "mind you are to go down and wake the Marquis in an hour from this time!"

"Iss, me hear you," assented Merry from the rigging. "Me berry sure to mind. One hour you say, Massa Brien?"

"One hour—sixty minutes if you like them better!" repeated Brien.

"Berry well—me mind!"

The Pirate was sound asleep in the fisherman's little cabin below, when Brien called Merry to him.

"Hold the helm for a few minutes," commanded he.

Merry obeyed, and Brien rushed with noiseless steps down through the opening in the deck, took away the Pirate's weapons, secured them on his own person, and locked the door outside. Returning on deck he deliberately approached the four simple fishermen and asked them if they had any arms. They replied in the negative.

"Yes, comrades, we have a pistol," said one, suddenly recollecting himself.

"And you have knives that you use about your business," said Brien,—“let us have them.”

They complied with the strange request without the least hesitation, perfectly unsuspecting.

Brien now advanced to Merry.

"Blacky, have you got any weapons about you?" he demanded in an overbearing tone. Merry was not wanting in shrewdness; he did not like the question put in such a manner.

"Why for you want to know, Massa Brine?" he retorted warily.

Brien's answer was unequivocal. Holding a pistol cocked in the black's face, he savagely muttered,

"Because I must have them! Make no palaver about the business or I will lay you alongside your old rogue of a companion who lies under that bag. I always longed to be the death of him for his d—d interference between me and the men on the Vulture—and I have done it at last."

Merry's fine eyes glistened with tears as he glanced towards the body of old Haverstraw, and, faltered passionately—

"Was it you den, Massa Brine, who fired at and killed

poor old white-headed Toby? Ah! you will neber be let go into ebber after dat mind! When you go to de door dey will tell you to go down to hell, Massa Brine—to hell! because poor old Toby was murdered by you! Dis be worse den ebery ting else you eber did! Oh, lor-a-me! poor white-haired old fader Toby!" And the tears actually streamed in large drops down his sable cheeks.

There is one left alive whom I have a deeper grudge against—I mean this new-made Marquis," growled Brien between his teeth. "To work his ruin, to bring him down from his proud height—to see him sink low—low under my feet—to trample on him—that is my aim here!"

"Den you hab lied to Massa Captain, and you be a big blackguard knave!" gasped Merry, his voice rising to a shrill treble, his neck stretched forward, his complexion changing to a mottled brown, his eyes fierce and bold, his ivory teeth becoming bared in his rage, his body crouching, and his limbs gathering themselves up as if for a deadly spring upon the treacherous villain.

Brien seemed a little staggered by this sudden burst of rage, and recoiled before the black a pace or two. The pause was momentary only; the next instant saw him glaring at Merry with the ferocity of an untamed beast. In a deep whisper he imprecated a dreadful curse on his head, and, while the muzzle of the pistol presented itself close to the eyes of the writhing black, completely disarmed him, and threw the implements of destruction which he had taken from him over the vessel side.

"Massa Captin!—Massa Captin!—Wake!—wake!—Murder!" roared Merry, stamping as loudly as possible on the planks over the cabin in which the Pirate lay.

"Death and devils!" swore Brien, making a lunge at the black with his cutlass. "Will you be quiet, you d—d fool?"

But Merry had leaped on one side with such agility as to avoid the deadly stroke; and uplifting a yell loud enough to waken the dead, precipitated himself down through the deck to the cabin door, and beat at it with feet and hands so powerfully that the Pirate, suddenly roused from his deep sleep, started up, and in tones of alarm, demanded the cause of the noise.

"Massa Brine is a liar and rogue," vociferated Merry, his utterance impeded by wrath so that what he said was hardly intelligible. "By gor, Massa Captin, Brine is a

black rogue! Come out! Open the door. Brine it was who fired de shot dat kill old fader Toby! Oh, de big tarnatian liar and rogue is Brine! He com here to do you good, has he? No!—no! He come here to hinder you getting off! Com out Massa Captin! Open de door!" and again with vehement impatience he plying the door with his feet and fists so violently and forcibly that the panels began to yield.

"It has been locked outside while I slept!" exclaimed the Pirate, in tones of astonishment and dismay, as he also shook the door. "And my weapons are gone!"

"That is Brine's doings—de liar! de rogue! de black-hearted—"

"Come—come—young blacky," ejaculated that worthy, coolly, flinging himself down the ladder, and grasping him by the collar with both hands, "you have made uproar enough, now lie there for the present;" upon which he hurled him into a coal recess opposite the cabin, clapped to the door, secured it with a rusty padlock that was hanging from an iron staple, and put the key in his pocket. "Marquis," he cried, jeeringly, "don't put yourself out of the way. I'll manage the vessel for you. I wouldn't advise you to stint yourself of sleep now, for the felon's prison which you are going to isn't a place remarkably favourable for repose."

"Villain!" exclaimed the Pirate, "have you deceived me?"

"O, by no means," rejoined Brien, ironically. "A person of your talents couldn't be deceived by *me*. On board the Vulture you were a king, you know, and I was nobody. Who so clever as Captain Anderson, then! You could affront me as easily as drink grog. I durst hardly say my name was my own. Mighty Captain Anderson has been a great man in his time! And now your Marquis-ship has made you above me with a vengeance! Yet if I were not able to help you now to a short cut to the gallows, I think, fool as I am, I should contrive to make your soft-cushioned seats and your downy-beds at Rougemont, not quite so easy for you."

"So," muttered the Pirate, breathing hard, "fate has meshed me at last!"

"It will be as well for me to satisfy your mind entirely as to your situation," pursued Brien coolly. "The fishermen have seen the Lieutenant-governor's warrant for

your arrest, which I hear about me, and, like sensible men, refuse to assist you any longer. I have therefore put the helm about for Quebec, where the proper authorities will receive you."

The Pirate staggered to a seat and sat for some time stupified. An icy dew gathered on his large forehead, a vacant horror was in his eye. "Ah, my children!" he mentally exclaimed, in a broken voice, "it is for your sakes chiefly that I shrink from the bitter cup? My God! what anguish is before them. He started up—crossed the cabin—stopped, and groaned deeply, walked to the opposite wall and there sank down again on his seat, resting his forehead on his arm upon the back of the chair.

The vessel crowded all sail towards Quebec, in company with the cruiser. When within sight of Cape Diamond a boat put off from shore filled with armed officers, who demanded the person of the Marquis of Rougemont, whom Brien was not slow to deliver up to them.

The prisoner came forth from the fisherman's cabin with an erect mien and an unfaltering step. As the villain who had entrapped him stood side by side with the chief officer on the deck he stepped back with involuntary loathing. One of the circle of armed men around instantly drew the trigger of a weapon which was levelled at him, but it fortunately flashed in the pan. The Pirate's face flushed, and he indignantly exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, whether my life be forfeit to the laws or not, it is not forfeit to *you*. Your warrant merely extends to taking and guarding my person. I beg you remember that, and do not take more power into your hands than duly belongs to you, or you will have to answer for it in higher quarters."

"He will be a seignior to the last," jeered Brien.

"I was not going to attempt an escape," continued the Pirate, in severe accents, turning to the individual who had fired at him. "Another time let your vigilance, good sir, be not so over-zealous."

"No, no, he did wrong," decided the chief officer. "Marquis of Rougemont, you are the prisoner of British justice, which glories in the maxim that every person in your unhappy circumstances is to be thought innocent until he has been proved guilty. You shall find honour—

able treatment, sir, while you are under my care. I shall not suffer you to bear anything unpleasant which is not exactly necessary for your secure custody. Mr. Smith," addressing with marked displeasure the too forward individual, "you will be so good as deliver up your arms—you have grossly offended, and the guard will not require your services at present."

"Sir," faltered the Pirate, overcome by this liberal treatment, "my heart thanks you. If you will take the oath of a man like myself, hear me swear by this bright sky above, which is the throne of a merciful and truly-loving Deity, I will not make henceforward one single effort to escape! If I mean not this truly, and if I do not observe it religiously, may heaven reject me in my last need!"

"Of course it will be my care not to give you an opportunity for escaping," returned the officer, with a civil smile.

"Assuredly," ejaculated the Pirate, in a little embarrassment.

Brien laughed insolently.

"Oh, let the men draw off directly if the Marquis promises this," said he, with a grin of derision. "Who'd be so uncivil as to watch him after he has given his word not to escape. Let him alone, officers, let him alone, he'll go to prison like a whipped child to school, without your looking after him. Bless you, gentlemen, he'll put his own neck into the halter and throw himself off the drop without the assistance of an executioner."

The Pirate made a fierce movement forward, but catching the chief officer's eye instantly calmed himself, and drew up his colossal figure with a look at Brien of withering scorn.

"Marquis," said the officer, in a soothing and considerate manner, holding up his hand to enforce attention not only from the Pirate but from others also, "this person who has delivered you into our hands is not under my authority, I am not answerable for any unworthy insults he may choose to inflict upon you. If I were," he turned a severe and reproving look on Brien, "I would prevent your being tormented by them. Nevertheless, I may observe that Mr. Brien certainly shows very bad taste, and worse feeling. Have you any friends on board,

Marquis? They cannot be concealed, you know—only to spare myself trouble I inquire of you.”

“This was one of my best friends,” said the Pirate, movingly, drawing off the canvas from the remains of Haverstraw which lay by his feet, and stooping on one knee to peruse the gory features. The officer shuddered, and drew nearer to the hoary corpse, as did his men also.

“This old man has been with me upwards of twenty years,” mournfully pursued the Pirate. “All my past life was known to him. He has more than once risked his own life for me and those who belong to me. He had a heart less tainted by the evil example of his companions than any man of his station I ever knew. He was not learned, but he was singularly clever in the practice of many useful arts. He was not a professor of religion, but piety and charity were enwoven with all his thoughts and feelings. He was straightforward in his motives—upright in his actions—and preeminently single-hearted and disinterested at all times and under all circumstances. Such an unoffending, kindly, useful, old man, he must have been a devil who could murder, merely to vent an old spite.”

Speaking with stinging emphasis he looked full at Brien, who evasively exclaimed—

“Toby was the man my gunshot hit when I fired from the cruiser.”

“Ah, you *meant* him to be the man,” returned the Pirate pointedly and bitterly. “What ought to be your punishment for such a deed think you?” and his countenance was charged with stern reproach.

“I fired in defence of the law,” cried Brien, disconcerted, “this gentleman knows that.”

“I know the law can take no cognizance of this act, sir,” observed the chief officer; but I am equally certain that some private motives of your own, Mr. Brien, induced you to wing the fatal shot against this wrinkled victim. I was standing by you observing you closely, sir, and your looks and exclamations of triumphant glee when you noted the effect of your fire inspired me with disgust. But this does not immediately concern me. Men, go down and search the cabins, and bring up whoever you may find there.”

The Pirate asked leave to commit the body of Toby with his own hands to the deep. Permission was granted him; and with the help of one of the fishermen, the old

sailor was speedily sewn in a hammock and brought to the edge of the vessel.

"Stop, Marquis," said the chief officer, "I am not in such haste as to see a fellow mortal consigned to his grave, whether that be of earth or water, like a soulless beast. I am an attached Protestant, sir, and with your leave, part of the service for the dead used in my church shall be read before these relics are put out of sight."

"I am an attached Catholic, sir," returned the Pirate; "but as I have no priest at hand to perform the service according to the ritual of *my* church, I shall be very happy to hear yours."

The officer, who was a worthy, middle-aged gentleman of the naval profession, immediately drew from his pocket a prayer book.

"I always carry this about me," he gravely observed, noticing the facetious smiles which sat on the faces of the irreligious party around. "Let me tell you, sirs, there is no book in the world to be compared with the Church of England Common Prayer, except the Bible itself." He cleared his voice, looked about to see that all were uncovered and in an attitude of attention, then deliberately proceeded through the *whole* of the service, while the calm and wide-spread water—the majestic sky, vast and clear—and the deep hush which pervaded the twilight atmosphere—imparted to the touching rite additional solemnity.

The Pirate listened with closed eyes. Never had words fallen before on his ear with such deep and awful emphasis. The fervent tones of the good officer, coming as they did direct from the heart, gave full effect to every sentence though unaccompanied with any tortured harmony of accent, any studied inflection of the voice.

"Such words I may shortly hear said for myself on the scaffold," thought the Pirate. "And where shall I be when they are concluded? Where?—O God!—where!"

There was now a heavy plunge heard in the water; then there were seen upon its surface a spreading circle and a few ripples, and ancient Toby was gone for ever out of the sight of the battling world.

"Now we must depart," said the chief officer. "Come my men, bustle—bustle! Marquis, you must submit to be handcuffed, and enter the boat with the black and your valet. The fisherman must go with us too."

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PIRATE IN PRISON.

THE widowed mourner, Madame Barry, was brought from the convent to the prison in which the Pirate lay. She was conducted to the sheriff's room, where the Lieutenant-governor Markham, and certain subordinate magistrates, sat round a table. The Pirate was brought into the room unfettered; and the excellent lady, immediately fixing her eyes on him, became excessively agitated and almost fainted. Her wounds bled afresh. The presence of the man whom she believed to be the author of her sorrows, was intolerable to be borne.

"Let me go hence, your worships!" she panted, keeping her head turned from the Pirate as from a monster too hideous to be beheld—"I cannot—cannot stay in the same room with the murderer of my husband!"

The Pirate was at once taken back to his cell, which he continued to pace with feverish and hurried steps until the turnkey went his midnight rounds through the passages of the dreary building.

"To bear the reproach and hatred of the good is dreadful!" murmured the Pirate. "It is this which was Cain's punishment, and it is mine. Truly can I say with him 'It is more than I can bear!' These fearful walls which hem me in from light, air, and happiness—the dreadful ordeal which awaits me in the shape of my trial—the deep, dark abyss which is before me as the final conclusion of my

'Strange, eventful history,—'

whence arises their chief power of torturing me?—why from their scandalous notoriety! Could I suffer privately, unknown, and without involving others in my fall, I think that I should be more of a stoic. That abhorrent look Madame Barry gave me, planted a thousand daggers in my breast. Rather than bear its repetition I would rush of my own accord to the gallows! Let me think.—Did I not murder her husband? I have said No, but now I feel in doubt. A strange mist hangs over the past, and I can hardly distinguish my own actions from those of my com-

panions. Was not my hand stained with blood like theirs? Did I not help to strike him down? Is not his cry 'Could I have expected this from *you*, Anderson,' always in my ear like a terrible voice from a watery sepulchre crying to heaven for vengeance against me? In what a ghastly confusion my mind is involved! If I am thus at my trial I shall commit myself. Let me reflect.—I was on the mutinous ship—I afterwards commanded the old Captain's murderers—hah! that was the poisoned bait!—command—COMMAND! Impatience of subordination has been my ruin!"

He lay down to sleep. His excited thoughts forming themselves into an awful phantasmagoria of harrowing scenes. There was the bloody spectre of Barry maddening him with his upbraidings because he had leagued himself with his murderers. There was the dreadful platform prepared for his execution in the midst of a shouting, hooting, barbarous multitude, whose name was "legion." Great drops of clammy sweat oozed from the tormented sleeper's face. He ground his teeth frightfully, and moaned so loud that the turnkey knocked at the door to know what was the matter.

"Come in for the love of heaven!" stammered the Pirate, springing up from his recumbent position dreadfully pale. "Turnkey, I beg you will come in!"

"Why what ails you, Marquis?" wondered the official, entering, and lifting up his lantern to survey the prisoner's face. "You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"So I have," faltered the Pirate, sinking his voice to a fearful whisper—"so I have. I had been dreaming that I was in the executioner's hands when I was wakened by your knocking, and, as I am alive, turnkey, my eyes opened on a figure revealed to me by a pale light that quivered about it."

"Nonsense—it was only in your dream you saw it—I have fancied such things myself."

"My eyes were open—I saw it as plain as I see you—it stood exactly where you now stand."

The turnkey instantly jumped on one side, and cast a terrified look around the dim cell. He was not invulnerable to superstitious fears; on the contrary, his memory was charged with a hundred stories of signs and tokens, and mysterious voices and noises, which he could vouch that the prisoners under his care had seen

and heard during the forty years he had been in the prison. He had never yet gone so far as to venture to assert that an apparition had been actually palpable to vision within the building's dismal precincts. Perhaps a due consideration for his own nerves at the periods when he took his midnight rounds, held him back from this "pleasing, dreadful thought."

"I—I have a cell vacant next this," he stammered in alarm; "if you like you shall go into it—it is more comfortable than this."

In this second cell the turnkey lingered a few minutes as if to cheer his prisoner by his company, but in reality to talk of horrors which the dumb walls of the prison had witnessed.

"A man strangled himself in that place you have been lodged in," observed he, mysteriously. "I have often heard strange noises there about this time of night. Sometimes I have seen a pale light, such as you say, shining under the door, but when I looked in no light was to be seen."

"It was the figure of my own son," meditated the Pirate, speaking scarcely above his breath, for at that weird and silent hour even his own voice sounded charnel-like to him.

"Was your son ill?" insinuated the turnkey. "I have heard of dying persons being seen by their friends a long distance from the place in which they lay."

"Ill!—no. God forbid!" fervently exclaimed the Pirate.

"Yet he may have died to-night, nevertheless," suggested the turnkey. "Death will not wait for doctors," and he tried to laugh. "If I had seen what you say, I should reckon upon his being gone out of this world as surely as he ever came into it." Taking his lantern the speaker turned to go. But yet lingering, he entertained the oppressed captive, who wanted nothing to increase his gloom, with several of the darkest traditions with which his mind was furnished. When he was really departing, the Pirate begged a light and writing implements, which the turnkey promised to bring him after he should have gone through the wards to see that all was secure.

Wrapped in a rug on his prison-bed the Pirate now lay once more surrounded by unbroken silence and darkness.

He could not close his eyes again, slumber had departed from him for the rest of the night. He was too courageous in his temperament and by habit to yield easily to fear; but as he mused on the shape which for one terrible moment had flitted before his eye, he trembled, and longed for the turnkey's return with the light.

He had not long to wait— the light came, and a pen and ink, with a quire of paper, accompanied it. Until the dawn he wrote and read, the turnkey having on the previous day obliged him with several books of divinity and criminal records.

With the first feeble gleam of daylight he became another man. The shadows which had harassed his spirit dispersed like mists before the sun. Until the return of evening again he was employed in preparing his defence, and then he read several hours, and afterwards slept. He awakened suddenly, disturbed by the pattering feet of a number of rats which were sporting about the dungeon enjoying a high holiday. If the Pirate had a deep-seated antipathy for any breathing thing, that one was the rat. No other venomous, unclean creature, whose instinct it happily is to bide from the face of man, was in his idea so loathsome as this. Slowly he raised himself to a sitting posture. One of the rats was dragging a boot of his to its hole; another was gnawing a mouldy crust with horrid fierceness of appetite; a third was consuming an end of candle; and the rest frisked about, looking greedy and strong enough to devour him. Bold as he was his flesh tingled and crept with very unpleasant sensations. He instinctively felt about for some weapon, but remembering that he had none, griped hard the handle of an earthen pitcher, and would have levelled it without a moment's reflection at the boot-plunderer, had he not just then felt something stirring and scratching close at his back; he sprang to his feet, and an enormous rat bounded from the mattress into the midst of its merry companions, who cleared off in a second as the pitcher fell in shivers from the hand which had hurled it at their ill-fated comrades.

By the feeble light of a meagre oil wick, the Pirate surveyed his bleeding victim, whose expressive squeaking took a plaintive tone, and almost moved him to repent what he had done.

"Poor rat!" he philosophised, "why shouldst thou be

abhorred? *thou* has not sinned against superior knowledge—*thou* hast not basely yielded to lust of power—*thou* hast not knowingly invaded the rights of thy fellows—*thou* hast not planted corroding sorrow in hearts that loved thee—*thou* wilt not leave in thy community after *thou* hast drawn thy last painful breath a branded name. No—poor rat! betwixt me and thee *thou* art the worthiest animal of us twain. Yes!" he exclaimed, with gloomy bitterness, "rather would I be this expiring rat that I have killed than what I am!"

His cell looked on a court in the midst of the prison. The dull, unceasing plash of rain on the stones, came with dismal monotony on his ear, which listened thirstingly for some sound of life. The wind kept up a low, continuous moaning. A raven belonging to the turnkey ever and anon startled the silent hour with its evil boding croak; and an owl, which had found its way at some secret hour to a time-worn part of the prison, deserted for the present, and had built its nest there, in a murderer's vacant and ruinous cell, echoed the notes of the raven with her own harsh shriek.

The Pirate drew a bench under the window, and, mounting on it, looked through the iron bars into the court, whose tall confined bounds were rendered imperfectly visible by two lamps burning drearily one at each end of the paved space. The guard was not there. Suddenly something flitted past the window. The Pirate was startled. His imagination had been fairly roused during the two preceding nights. He scarcely breathed, scarcely moved a finger; but there was no more fear in his breast than served to impart keenness to the thrilling expectation with which he maintained his watch.

Again there flitted something past, swift as an arrow from a bow—to the eye like a beam of unearthly light. A third time it came, and more palpably; white garments rustled against the window-bars, but in the twinkling of an eye the vision was gone again. The Pirate had rallied his firm nature to its utmost strength: he kept his watch still. The guard appeared, paced the court awhile, and passed out of sight. The rain, the wind, the cry of the owl and raven, were all the sounds that could be distinguished until the prison-bell rung two o'clock. Then the Pirate returned again to his slumbers.

The next day brought his children to his presence.

Clinton wrung his hand in expressive silence, and retained it long, while Jane threw herself dissolved in tears on his neck, exclaiming in an agony of affliction—

“O, father, has it come to this!”

The Pirate looked on both with a forehead contracted in intense gloom, and with compressed lips that showed the workings of a heart wrung by a thousand pangs.

“Yes, my Jenny,” he hoarsely articulated, “it *has* come to this. I have disgraced you for ever!”

“Do not think of that father,” implored Jane — “all will yet be well if you should be acquitted at your trial.”

“If I should be acquitted at my trial, my love, I know all will be well. But I am fully convinced that my trial will have but one result.” He spoke in such a manner that in his voice his tender daughter heard the knell of all her hopes on his behalf.

“And that result?” inquired Clinton.

“Will be my death,” firmly rejoined the Pirate.

Jane instantly fainted.

“What have I done!” exclaimed her father. “I spoke too abruptly. Gentle soul! how will she bear the event itself if she thus quails at the bare hearing of it! Bring that water, Nicholas! Carry her out into the air! Turnkey, open the door.”

She was carried out, and with the kind aid of the turnkey’s wife recovered soon. A violent gush of tears relieved her overcharged spirit, and she returned to her father.

“My Jenny, you are but a coward, though you lived with me so long among a set of men who thought no more of life and death than of eating and sleeping,” said the Pirate, seating her by his side, with a forced smile, on a chair which the turnkey had brought from his own room.

“You are not much of a heroine, Jenny.”

“My dear sir, Mrs. Markham is warmly exerting herself on your behalf,” said Clinton. “We saw her yesterday morning in Montreal, when she told us that she had seen two of the passengers who escaped from the wreck of Barry’s vessel at the same time as myself, and their testimony in your favour will be very important. She had also seen the Pirate Gilpin, who is also to appear on your behalf at the trial. On the other hand, Brien had furnished the Governor with a great many details of robberies

and murders committed by the band you have governed, for whose actions you were responsible, and has daily introduced some of his companions to his Excellency, who is furnishing the advocate for the crown with a growing mass of depositions bearing against you. Still, I think the worst that is likely to happen, is your conviction as a Pirate, and consequent transportation to Bermuda, or some other colony, in which case I and Lady Hester intend to go with you, and shall do all in our power to lighten your exile. Your present station, and the mitigating circumstances which have attended your errors, will, I confidently hope, dispose the authorities to allow you to dwell with us in the place of your banishment; and so, after all, we may live to smile back upon the troubles of these days."

"I hope it may be so," responded the Pirate, not willing to damp his children's sanguine hopes, though he could not share in them. "When did you hear that I was taken?" he asked.

"Not till yesterday morning," answered Clinton, "when all Montreal was ringing with the news. We set out directly for Quebec, where Mrs. Markham told us you were imprisoned, and reached here last midnight."

Jane now put to her father a thousand affectionate inquiries concerning his accommodations, all which he answered with as much cheerfulness as he could command, and more than emanated from his heart, where, alas! nothing but gloom reigned. The gentle querist watched his looks with solicitude, and his smiles did not entirely deceive her. He sighed involuntarily as she kept her eyes upon him, and raising his hand to her lips, she ejaculated—

"You are depressed in spirits, father!"

"A little, Jenny, and that may easily be pardoned in a felon almost on the eve of the trial which is to decide his fate." He smiled painfully as he spoke.

In the melancholy silence that ensued, Clinton's eyes settled on the floor, and all his countenance assumed an air of as much depression as his father's.

"You must not allow yourself to be infected with my despondency, Nicholas," said the Pirate, more buoyantly. "Come, I will hope the best with you. Here is my defence, which I have drawn up—look it over, and tell me if you think it clear and forcible enough."

Clinton read it to Jane, while the Pirate paced the cell, listening critically to judge of the effect it was likely to produce in the court.

"It appears to me unanswerable—it *must* carry conviction with it to the hearts of every one!" said Clinton, energetically. "I will take down the heads for Mrs. Markham, they will assist her to a clearer understanding of your case. Lady Hester promised to write to her as soon as I had seen you."

"Where is Lady Hester now?—and Mr. Lee?"

"In private lodgings beside the prison."

"Let them come with you to-morrow; I shall have a priest here who will unite your hands then. You must not oppose my wish—I must see your marriage over before my trial, which comes on the day after. Then whatever the result may be I shall have the satisfaction of thinking that I do not leave you comfortless."

"It is nearly time for your friends to leave, Marquis," cried the turnkey outside, knocking at the door.

"Presently," returned the Pirate. "By the bye, that man's brain," said he, "is a whole library of prison legends and traditions; he would curdle your blood by the hour, and make your hair to stand on end. He has inoculated me with the disease of superstition to such a degree, as would surprise you. Do you know I have fancied that I have seen some supernatural appearances here? At two o'clock this morning something passed my window, to my thought, three times, like a person in a white night-dress, but whether male or female I could not discern. And the night before I had such dreams as made me feel myself like an inhabitant of another world—there was you too, Nicholas, scaring me out of my five senses."

"No—"

"You, or your angel. As I opened my eyes on awaking out of sleep there stood your figure beside me—not in the dress you at present wear, but in your former hunting array, at the time when you ranged the woods. A pale light was quivering about you. My cell had been in darkness, and as I lifted my eyelids I was surprised to see this light, which was the first thing that attracted my notice. Your face looked chalky, and thin, and melancholy, but the appearance was before me no longer than an instant, it passed completely as the turnkey opened the door and

came in to me. What it betokens perhaps Jane can tell us."

"O, it must have been an illusion," ejaculated Jane. "A beam of moonlight, some of your own clothes hung up, and an excited imagination, made up your vision, depend on it."

"I do not know," said Clinton, gravely, turning a shade paler. "I am not altogether a sceptic in such things. Milton says—

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep."

Shakspeare says—

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

and the Bible, I believe, gives us to understand that we are surrounded by spirits of a different nature from ourselves, both good and bad. These are high authorities—I cannot venture to differ from them."

"The turnkey would have it that you had died somewhere about the time when I saw your figure, Nicholas," said the Pirate, giving the conversation a playful turn. "Are you sure that you did not? Are you certain that your veritable flesh and blood is before me?"

"I am not conscious of having made a journey to the shades," returned Clinton in the same tone. "And my spirit lodges in so comfortable a habitation, that I am inclined to think it is the one it has always been used to. There comes our summons, Jane."

"Time for visitors to go, Marquis," cried the turnkey, throwing open the door.

"I shall take these papers of yours with me, father, and return them to-morrow," said Clinton, putting the Pirate's defence in his pocket.

"And remember the priest will be here," said the Pirate pointedly and firmly, kissing his daughter's cold cheek as she embraced him at parting.

CHAPTER XXIV.

TWO MARRIAGE CEREMONIES IN PRISON.

AFTER a calmer night than he had yet spent in the prison, the Pirate arose from his bed to receive a priest, who had been invited by his earnest desire to hear his confession, and to impart to him religious instruction. Unfortunately the man was not suitable to his office, inheriting a fierce spirit of bigotry for every popish form, without any of the milder and holier traits of the gospel, which are found shining in all their intrinsic loveliness in some professors of his pompous faith. Hence the Pirate, whose imagination more than his judgment clung to catholicism, found little real benefit from the spiritual exercise in which he was engaged. However, he made a clean breast as far as his crimes against the laws were concerned, and acknowledged himself to have broken all the Ten Commandments, he joined too in the prayers of the priest, and answered Amen to his formal exordium and peroration; but that root of the matter had not been planted in him, and he was still left at the mercy of his wild and wandering thoughts. These soon presented to him an awful idea replete with fascination: he recoiled from it, but it came again and again with increasing force until he grew familiar with it, and entertained the dangerous guest within the innermost sanctuary of his soul.

Self-destruction! rather than incur the odium of the scaffold! *Self-destruction!* rather than it should be ever said to my children! "Your father was hung!" *Self-destruction!* rather than that my last movements should be embittered by a vile rabble gathered together to glut a brutish curiosity!" Thus muttered the Pirate, compressing his lips firmly, and folding his arms on his breast in an attitude of calm resolution. "Brien, you shall not consummate my disgrace by bringing me under the hands of the executioner!—you shall not feast yourself by beholding me in that extremity of degradation! I will cheat your prime hope, fellow!—I will foil thee there!"

Having thus said, he became silent, but his eye and his countenance showed the fierce workings of his spirit. Presently they too grew hushed, as it were, in their tone, and then might you see in him

" Gestures proud and cold,
And looks of firm defiance, and calm hate,
And such despair as mocks itself with smiles,
Written as on a scroll."

All this he threw off upon the entrance of his children with their intended partners for life.

" My dear Lady Hester!—Mr. Lee!—you are come I hope intending to gratify my nearest wish!" These were his first words to those whom he addressed as they greeted him with the warmth of true friendship.

" We are," replied Arthur, unequivocally. " The ceremony can be afterwards performed by my grandfather when we all return to the lodge together."

" Ah! that will be a happy day indeed!" ejaculated Jane.

" May we live to see it!" exclaimed Clinton. The Pirate responded an emphatic Amen, and then spoke with the turnkey at the door, who brought the priest back to the cell (for he had gone to take dinner,) and the young lovers were soon united in the indissoluble bonds of hymen in that ill-omened place.

As the priest was in the act of pronouncing the closing words of the ritual, a sudden gloom darkened the cell, and a peal of thunder reverberated awfully through the prison. Jane trembled. The Pirate was startled. The priest crossed himself. To make the adverse influences of the hour more impressive, the turnkey's raven lighted on the stone and saluted the nerves of the bridal company with several loud croaks from her "hollow beak." Lightning flashed vividly into the cell every minute; the thunder boomed, and burst, and rumbled, and rattled, with incessant violence, then came down the rain as it might have done in the beginning of the great deluge—not in a pattering fall, but rushing, sweeping, smoking, headlong from the heights of heaven to the pavement, and rebounding upwards from it with the violence of the contact.

" The elements are more congenial with my fortunes at present than with yours," moodily observed the Pirate to the brides and bridegrooms. " Joy is a brief prison guest. Nevertheless, may heaven bless your marriages with long years of peace and bliss!"

A bright beam of sunlight shot into the cell, and suddenly exhilarated the spirits of the newly wedded.

The rain ceased almost instantaneously. The raven flew off. The turnkey's wife hung outside her parlour in the court a woodlark in a cage, which sung so rich and joyous a strain as nothing could excel. It was inexpressibly touching. Jane went quietly as she listened. The Pirate looked towards the window with a softened eye and lip, wishing that the black idea now coiled up in his soul had never been admitted there, and longing for some wise teacher to lead him to the arms of his forsaken Maker. The Paster occurred to him. Jane had often described his benignity, his excellence, and his skill in healing the wounds of the sorrow-stricken and the guilty. He would have him sent for. He would have his instructions though he was a Protestant. Perhaps they might bring him peace. He asked Mr. Lee to write and say that it was his earnest desire to see him. Mr. Lee replied that he had written to desire his grandfather to come, and that he had no doubt he was on the road.

Clinton harkened to the bird's touching melody with all his "rapt soul sitting in his eyes."

"This is our hymeneal anthem, Hester. Is it not an incomparable one? Where is my pencil? I must fix the feelings it creates in an impromptu verse or two."

With gay rapidity he scratched down a few lines, and, carried away with the thrilling impulse of the moment, sang them to a low, old air, as the woodlark ceased her measure:—

Sing on! sing on! sweet bird
In thy captivity;
Some who thy song have heard
Are prisoners like thee.
They weep to hear thy strain,
Wooing them back again
To woodlands fresh and free,
Where thou, sweet bird! should be

Renew—renew thy lay!
O, bird of soaring wing!
Though thou immured must stay.
Yet do not cease to sing!
Thy voice is sunshine heard!
Flowers turned to sound! Sweet bird
Sing! Full thoughts cannot meet
Outlet, save thy warblings sweet.

"That is all I could manufacture," said the vocalist,

breaking off his mellow tones. "The lead of my pencil broke as I was using it, and I am not clever enough to compose as I sing. Ah! the woodlark begins again."

The turnkey interrupted their enjoyment of its song.

"I have news for you, Marquis," said he. "Your trial is put off for a week."

"This will enable our lawyer to prepare better for it," said Clinton, with gladness.

The lawyer was the same who had assisted the Pirate to obtain his inheritance; he was talented, as well as honest-minded, and was throwing the whole of his mental powers into the case. He had now gone to Montreal on purpose to have a secret interview with Mrs. Markham, and had taken with him an outline of the Pirate's defence.

"He thought it likely that he might return this afternoon, in which case he was to come to my lodgings immediately," observed Clinton. "We have much to do together before you appear in court."

"Nicholas, leave him to his task," whispered the Pirate, earnestly. "You have a wife now who demands your most delicate and watchful tenderness. Her position with regard to her father is painful, the cloud which lowers over your fortunes must naturally tend to depress her; and the novelty of her change, together with the unexhilarating circumstances that have attended it, will require all your skill as a lover to deprive of their uncomfortable influences. Leave me now. For her sake, dissemble your own anxieties. Take your Hester to a more cheerful lodging than you say you have at present; and for a day or two at least trust my concerns wholly to him we have spoken of."

Clinton did as his father advised. He took rooms in a villa situated in a beautiful spot a little without Quebec, and thither conducted his fair bride. Close by, the romantic recesses of a wood invited their steps, relieved by a profusion of lucid streams and sparkling waterfalls, leaping and dancing from rock to rock among green and yellow moss and banks which retained their verdure all the year. To this lovely and retired spot they often went, happy—supremely happy—in each others confidence, esteem, and passionate love. Clinton took such pains to buoy up his wife's hopes for his father's destiny, that he not only succeeded in raising them to a pitch hardly warranted by the stubborn facts of the case as viewed by

calm reason, but his own also. Both persuaded themselves that he would meet with a punishment more moderate than transportation. They entertained little doubt, too, that what imprisonment might be decreed him would be for a limited term, and that his estates would be allowed to remain in the possession of his family.

Jane was less deceived by imagination than her brother and sister-in-law. She was almost constantly with her father during the hours allowed for the visits of friends by the prison regulations, when from his manner, and from words he occasionally let fall, she could not but perceive that he was anticipating the worst. She did so likewise. Instructed and supported, however, by the sensible counsels of her husband, she rose superior to the indulgence of her own feelings, and by the elevated tone of her conversation, strove to inspire her parent with such holy thoughts as might illumine his soul in the darkest hours that could befall. With such a purpose it was no wonder that she grew eloquent, that her words fell with a subtle fire from her earnest lips, and that the extreme mildness which was wont to characterize her gestures yielded to a chastened enthusiasm such as the meekest angel need not have blushed to own. Arthur listened to her with the approval of the Christian, and the fond admiration of the lover, occasionally seconding her by his own judicious and unanswerable arguments.

The third day after their bridal, they were with the Pirate when the priest entered the cell, and, rather in a surly way, warned the Pirate from holding too many conferences with his heretical friends. He took no further notice of the two present than by a very uncourteous scowl, tempered with the slightest possible movement of the head. After questioning his penitent somewhat abruptly concerning his performance of the acts of penance he had prescribed to him, which having been somewhat lengthy and rigorous had been but remissly performed, and telling him he should come to confess him again when he was alone, went out, scowling on the young Protestants as at his entrance.

"I should be very glad if my grandfather had arrived," said Jane, "I must think, father, you would better like his counsels than those of this priest."

"Not now," said the Pirate, evasively. "I have lived a Catholic, I believe I must die a Catholic."

"Believe me, Marquis, I know the great power which long cherished opinions acquire over us," said Mr. Lee; "but permit me to say that it is the proper work of reason relying upon that divine assistance which is liberally promised for her aid, to dispute the sway, when convinced that it is to the prejudice of the soul they retain it."

"Of course," rejoined the Pirate, obstinately clinging to his prejudices in opposition to dawning convictions in favour of a simpler and less sensuous faith, and speaking testily, "and were the ties which bind me to my faith those of reason only, I might be inclined to rend them away; but it is not so. You must speak to me no more on this subject."

This interdict sealed the lips of both. Their disappointment was great, but they strove to hide it; conversed about ancient Toby with the Pirate, dilated on several remarkable passages of the deceased mariner's life, and afterwards withdrew.

As they were passing across the court they again saw the priest. He was conversing with a Catholic prisoner who had been allowed to take the air here daily on account of weak health. The father threw a frowning glance towards the pair, and said with virulence to the man beside him, loud enough for them to hear—

"Heresy stalks abroad in our once Catholic Canada with a bold face. By Jesu's mother, friend, it was different in the worthy days of our good forefathers! Would we had such days now!"

"And if we had," said Arthur to his bride, who shuddered at the priest's persecuting tone, "this man would be the readiest to light the funeral pyres of Protestant martyrs. What a fearful scourge is ill-directed zeal!"

Entering their lodgings beside the prison, the same they had occupied before their marriage, Deborah threw herself into Jane's arms and kissed her without ceremony.

"O my darling Miss Jane!" she sobbed, "I wish you joy with all my heart! and that's as throe a word as ever I said in my life. God bless you for ever, and your husband too! Little I thought to see the day when you two would be man and wife. Yet I'll be bound there were never two better matched in the world. You'll forgive my freedom?—it's the fault of my heart. I am so glad to see you married, I could cry a day and a night!"

When Arthur had shaken her warmly by the hand, he

poured out a brimming glass of wine and handed it to her, cordially smiling as he exclaimed—“Drain it, Debby!”

“That I will, Mr. Lee, and lave not a drop. Here’s to your health, happiness, and long life, and my Lord Marquis’ freedom!”

“In return I wish you may yet meet with O’Reilly, and find him anxious and able to atone for his past inconstancy.”

“Small hope of that,” ejaculated Deborah, her good humoured face turning red all over. “But I won’t tell a lie about it—I shouldn’t be mighty sorry, Mr. Lee, if things were to come about in that way. And it’s not altogether unlikely.”

“Oh, you have seen him then!”

“That I havn’t. I have heard of him though.”

“Let us hear the how and where, Debby,” cried Jane, with interest.

“You must know, darlin Miss Jane—”

“Or Mrs. Jane,” interrupted Arthur, archly.

“I beg a thousand pardons. Och, but I’m always blundering; I wouldn’t be Irish else. Well my darlin Mrs. Lee, as I was saying, a little before the Marquis was taken, I spies one of my own country at work in the little temple where the last Marquis and Marchiniss was to be buried. Up goes I to him as he was polishing a block of marble, and asked him the news from darlin ould Ireland in his mother tongue. Down drops his tools. He wrings my hand almost off—and kisses me into the bargain without asking lave. “And is it you yer own self, my Debby!” says he. “And is that you, O’Reilly!” says I. And so I burst out a cryin.”

“You said you had not seen him.”

“Sure, Mrs. Lee, he was so altered, I might well say that same. He was like another man intirely!”

“Deborah is the same as ever,” remarked Arthur, amused. “She still retains her own peculiar notions of truth and falsehood. But pray, Debby, what said your inconstant of his wife?”

“He nivir was married at all,” answered the Irish girl with a beaming look of pleasure. “’Twas all a mistake. I will tell you about it another time, maybe.”

“But is it a match between you?” asked Arthur.

"Maybe it is," was the off-hand reply. "But where's my young lord, and his new lady?—I long to see them!"

Informed where they lodged, she went to pay them her warm-hearted congratulations, and returned the same evening.

"If I am not almost light-headed with the wine Mr. Lee and my young lord have given me this day, I wish I may niver see you again, my lady! But what do you think?—Roberts, my Lord-Marquis' valet, was there at the villa; and he says 'Debby, there has been the Earl of Wilton here to-day, and my lady and he has had high words—he has gone off in such a tiff! As I opened the door for him,' says Roberts, 'the Earl muttered to himself—*I shall niver be myself again!—my eldest daughter married to the son of a public fillen!*' St. Patrick defend me! who would have thought it! 'O indeed, Mr. Roberts,' says I, 'did the Earl talk like that? Why he owed his life, and his youngest daughter's life into the bargain, to that same fillen, so it's not very purty in him, at-all-at-all, to talk so big. Fillen, indeed! Bad luck to him that said the ugly word! The Marquis is no more of a fillen than he himself, barring his having been Captain of a Pirate-ship, which nobody can deny.'"

"Did you hear whether my brother saw the Earl?" asked Jane.

"Yis, indeed he did, my lady. But the Earl would not spake to my young lord, and in course my young lord wouldn't spake to the Earl. Sure enough nobody can blame him for that."

"I am to suppose this scene took place before you reached the villa?"

"It was no scene at all, for they didn't spake, my lady. Lady Hester's eyes were red as if she had been cryin. My young lord was saying all that he iver could to cheer her. Roberts tould me that the Earl had arrived only yisterday from Toronto to be a witness against my Lord Marquis at the trial. Bad luck to his good-for-nothin' arrant, Roberts!" says I. 'It would have been a good job for the Marquis if he had let the Earl drown on Lake Erie instead of picking him out of it when he did.' Says Roberts, says he, 'I must say it's a very ungrateful return on the Earl's part.' 'Troth, and I think so, Mr. Roberts, say—'"

Deborah was getting too loquacious; Jane interrupted her—

"You heard nothing of Lady Letitia?"

"That I did. She is in this town with her governess, Roberts says, says he, 'Debby, this is what cut my lady to the heart more than anything else, her sister is not to see her or write to her.' 'Cruel indeed, Roberts,' said I. 'But how do you know that?' 'Why,' says he, 'I was called up into the drawing-room when the Earl was going. My lady came to the head of the stairs with him. Do let my dear Letty come and see me once! said she, looking at him quite piteously. The Earl gave her a most terrible angry frown. No, says he; if Letitia comes to see you, writes to you, or holds any intercourse with you whatsoever, she shall no longer have a father in me!—these were his very words—she shall no longer have a father in me. Then my young lord comes out, and says he, proudly, Hester, ask him no more; there may come a time when he will regret his present animosity. So he leads her back into the room, and the Earl goes away without giving or taking so much as one good-bye.'"

It was too late in the day for Deborah to visit the Pirate, but on the morrow she was in the prison at an early hour, and gave her master a very particular account of all that had passed at Rougemont since he left it. The estate was in the hands of civil officers, and the servants had been under arrest until the preceding morning, when they were removed to Quebec in the preparation for the trial, and allowed their freedom upon proper responsibilities. Deborah had been thought by the lawyer likely to prove a useful witness on the side of the defence.

The Pastor had not arrived up to the last day previous to that appointed for the trial. A second letter had been despatched to him, and his arrival was hourly and anxiously looked for by the Pirate and his children, who all concurred in the fear that he had been detained by illness.

Clinton had received a compulsory notice from the parties for the prosecution that he would be subjected to a close examination by the counsel for the crown, his own written accusation forming the basis of the several indictments against the prisoner.

Mrs. Markham and the Governor had arrived at one of the hotels in the city, and were in constant communication with the Earl and Letitia. The good lady paid one

private visit to Lady Hester and Clinton to congratulate them on their union, and to assure them of her heartfelt participation in their anxieties for the Marquis.

They parted with the expressive query—"When we meet again will it be in sorrow or in joy?"

The Pirate on this day was engrossed with the most oppressive reflections. His eyes were observed to be bloodshot and rolling—their lids swollen—his large forehead deeply furrowed—his nostrils enlarged—his lips white.

While alone he walked unceasingly to and fro his cell, frequently starting, and breathing forth such exclamations as these, vehemently,

"Just come to a noble name and inheritance, and now to die so infamously! Oh, dreadful! Only a few days and the hangman's fiendish gripe will be on my neck! the people will hoot and exult about me! my eyes will be blinded! the drop will be drawn from under my feet! my death-struggles will be hailed with huzzas! Ho! the whole scene is pictured before me! I see, I feel, all its horror. And shall I endure it? No! I never will! The execution of my sentence shall be anticipated. But how—but how? No means have yet presented themselves to my mind. The turnkey.—Shall I try him? will it be safe? Let me think. My old acquaintance, that rascal of the Buffalo Inn. Yes, yes, I see the way."

The turnkey brought in his tea, and as he usually did, lingered a little to talk of the weather, and news connected with the prison affairs.

"Are you rich?" asked the Pirate in a careless way.

"Rich, Marquis? No. Whatever could have made you think I was rich? I have a large family, four sons and three daughters, they keep a man poor, I can tell you. My salary here isn't so good as you might think. I sometimes fancy I ought to have more, considering I am so old a servant. My dame often says so. "But what can't be cured must be endured." The governor won't give me any more."

"I suppose you would have no objection to earn fifty dollars in an honest way?"

"In an honest way I should not. No, certainly. I only wish I had the opportunity. Fifty dollars would put my youngest boy to a good trade and furnish him with

clothes. I have got his brothers apprenticed but I have had no means for putting him out."

"You are an Englishman, I know; but perhaps you understand French?"

"No, Marquis, I don't. I never liked the French people; though I am here in the thick of them, as one may say, I never would learn their language. A little of it I may have picked up by chance, but only a little.

"Perhaps you can read this?" The pirate produced a folded paper and held the superscription before the turnkey, who put on his spectacles, and commenced spelling it word by word with a good deal of patience.

"M. Andre, Buffalo Inn, St. Catherine Square. That is the English of it, Marquis," said he, at last.

"Right. You are to understand that M. Andre is an old friend of mine, and this note I have written for him. The contents are French—you can make them out I hope."

"I will try, Marquis." He commenced his task, and went through it perseveringly, aided by the prisoner, who helped him to a tolerable comprehension of the lines.

"You wish this old friend of yours Marquis, to receive with this note, a watch and seals, on condition that he sends for my use a dozen of the innkeeper's best wines in return for my kindness to you."

"That is exactly right."

"I am bound to thank you, Marquis; and when I drink your health out of them I shall wish you a clear acquittance before judge and jury."

"The rest of the note."

"I am coming to it. And you request M. Andre to send by my hand a bottle full of a tonic wine, composed according to a receipt of your own. It is—what are these words, Marquis?"

"An excellent restorative."

"An excellent restorative. You wish to take it while your trial is going on. Very well, Marquis, I have read the note. I suppose you want me to get it taken for you to M. Andre. I have no great objection, though if it were known I might lose my place. I can send my youngest girl with it this evening."

"Do so, and give her a new Sunday frock for her pains. This is but a trifling favour, turnkey, as it may seem, and I am willing to pay high for it—but the truth is, you

have been obliging to me since I have been under your care, and I wish to reward you. By the way, friend, though this is but a trivial affair, yet, for your own sake, you will confine the knowledge of it to ourselves. Perhaps you had better say nothing of it to your wife even until you have the wine in, then you may bribe her with some of it to be cautious."

"Women never keep a secret, Marquis," said the gratified turnkey, with a shrewd smile. "No, no, I shall tell her nothing about it. There will be the wine and the fifty dollars, and I shall say you have made me a present of them, that's all. My little girl is playing in the court now, finish the note, sir, I will give it to her at once."

The Pirate wrote a few additional words and again presented it to the turnkey, eyeing him with a covert glance of penetration as he brought his spectacles to bear upon the conclusion of the page.

"I can't make out this," said the man. "Sal—salara—salira—what is it?"

The Pirate boldly read the names of several poisonous ingredients for his tonic wine.

"Well, I suppose it's all right—fasten the note up. I never heard of those things you have written down, but I suppose they are all very good."

"Admirable medicines for my purpose, friend," returned the Pirate with marvellous steadiness. "Here is the watch. Remember you are not to give it until the bottles have been delivered to you. He will bring them to your room."

"And the dollars?" said the turnkey, going.

"Depend upon having them when I receive the tonic wine."

Away goes the turnkey, supposing that he was going to do himself a benefit at no one's expense. The note had been shown to him with such openness that any misgivings he might have been likely to entertain regarding the errand he was upon were completely disarmed. The Marquis looked ill, and what was more likely than that this medicine he had written to his friend for had done him good formerly and would be likely to do him good again?

The little girl was dispatched with the note, and returned with an answer in French for the Marquis, which the turnkey, after he had made out all that he could of it

to assure himself that all was right, took to the cell himself.

The Pirate smiled with stern satisfaction as he scanned the lines—

"Mr. Andre will bring the medicine for his friend after dark to the turnkey's rooms, and receive the watch and seals. The dozen of wine will be brought at the same time; but as they are first-rate importations, and M. Andre is at present short of money, he feels himself under the very uncomfortable necessity of requesting that five louis-d'ors be paid for them on delivery."

"Your friend writes rather coolly, Marquis," observed the turnkey, a little surprised.

"O it is his way—he is an odd fellow," returned the Pirate, "blunt but kind-hearted. Here are the louis-d'ors for him. I hope the wine will please you."

"You are very generous."

"Bring the medicine to me as soon as ever you get it, turnkey."

"Directly, Marquis."

"And then there will be the fifty dollars for you to clothe and apprentice your son with."

"True—many thanks to you!"

The man disappeared once more. In his presence the Pirate had maintained the most absolute self-mastery. He had been calm and cheerful to a wonder. Now he changed. His mind was on the rack until the re-appearance of the turnkey. He did not flinch from his dread intentions, every moment saw his resolutions more knit to them; he only feared their being frustrated by a discovery.

M. Andre had been formerly a privateer, in his service, but for some time past had been living as a practised gamester in Quebec. The Pirate had seen him only a short time before his arrest, and M. Andre had laughingly promised that if the Marquis should get "cribbed," he had only to send to him for a dose of poison and it should be at his service with all the pleasure in the world.

M. Andre was sagacious enough. He knew well the pride of the Pirate, and, in making this offer, he had the fullest conviction that it would be accepted some day or other, and produce him a golden advantage.

When the turnkey's little girl brought the note to him, he at once saw through the contrivance, and remembered

his own promise. It happened, as fate would have it, that he had been very unlucky in his profession lately, having been expelled two celebrated gaming resorts for using loaded dice and marked cards, hence he was particularly needy at present; all his superfluous clothes had been converted into meat, and drink, and lodging, by the process of pledging, his gilt chain was still exhibited, but, alas! no watch remained there unto appended; his dress coat still gloried in the most fashionable cut, but it was his oldest one and very threadbare; his shirts were reduced to ruffles, wristbands, and collars; his showy evening waistcoats to one that was double-breasted, of shabby check; while his hat was completely destitute of wool.

Under these pressing circumstances he proceeded, without pity or remorse, to obtain the fatal compound the Pirate desired, and when darkness closed over the prison, presented himself at the turnkey's door with it under his cloak. The little girl who had brought the Pirate's note to him opened the door, and, seeing who it was, nodded her head very knowingly, for she was proud of being trusted with anything like a secret by her father, and whispered—

"If you please, sir, give me the bottle, and I will carry it to my father."

"No, no, my pretty little girl," said the wary gentleman, "go you first to your father and tell him to bring the watch and seals—he will understand what I mean."

"Very well, sir; only please to come in and sit down in this little kitchen here till I come back—I shan't be a minute."

She was no longer. The turnkey came with her.

"Sir, you have brought the medicine for your old friend, the poor Marquis?"

"Here it is," said M. Andre, setting on the table a wine bottle, "and much good may it do him. It is prime stuff. Whoever drinks of it once will ail nothing after."

"Is it so good! Really! I should like to taste it," said the turnkey, holding the bottle to the light with some curiosity.

"I wouldn't advise it," observed the gentleman, drily. "It might not agree with you."

"I thought you said it would cure every person's complaints?"

"So it will—hem!—one way or other—hem! Observe

now, *if* it agree with a person it proves his cure by making him live long, (always supposing he does not come to be hanged;) if it do *not* agree with a person, it proves his cure too, for it rids him of all diseases by—killing him."

"A very singular tonic wine, sir. Has your friend often taken it before do you know?"

"I should imagine that he has not," answered the gentleman, smiling jocosely. "It is rather too powerful in its consequences to be often indulged in. It is not like the wine I shall have the honour of introducing to your notice, Mr. Turnkey, that a man may enjoy again and again with unabated delight. Allow me to do myself the pleasure of drinking the healths of yourself and family in it this evening. I love good company such as yours, sir, exceedingly."

"I shall be much flattered I am sure, sir, if you will come and take supper with me at nine. Then we will empty a bottle together. The Marquis told me he had ordered a dozen of the best for me."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, Mr. Turnkey. Permit me to inform you that I despise the pretensions of empty pride. I am at any man's service, sir. I would dine, or sup, or breakfast, or tea, or drink wine, or any other liquor, with the poorest man of my acquaintance who was merry. Sir, I love good company exceedingly! and I can see that you are such—I can see it in your eye, sir—and I will come to supper with you at your own time, and you shall sing me a song, and tell me some of your best jokes."

"Peggy," said the turnkey to his little daughter, "go and tell your mother to dish up a prime supper for me and this gentleman as soon as she can. Monseer, you will fetch the wine, and while you are gone Peggy shall light a fire in my parlour and spread the table-cloth."

"Bravo, my fine fellow! You are just the hearty old soul I like!" exclaimed the gratified Andre, charmed at the prospect of an evening's gratuitous entertainment. "But where are the watch and seals?"

They were handed over to him, together with the louis-d'ors for the dozen of wine, with which our adventurer departed. On the outside of the door policy began to whisper that no farther profit was to be reaped from the affair. He had the watch and gold, but if he bought the wine he should have to part with a considerable portion

of the gold—a thought not to be cherished for a moment. M. Andre pulled his hat over his brows in a decisive manner, drew his cloak close up to his chin, turned off into a bye street, entered a place infested with sharpers, and emerged no more into the open air until the sun had again risen and had ascended far up the eastern sky.

The turnkey brought the poison to the Pirate, who then put into his hand a note for fifty dollars, together with a breast-pin containing a stone of value, "Which," said he, "if I should be condemned at my approaching trial, you must look upon as a dying man's token of acknowledgment for the kindness with which you have softened the rugged hours of a dreary confinement."

The turnkey was affected by these words.

"Ah, poor gentleman!" sighed he, as he walked back through the wards on his way to the supper, "he is not long for this world, I can see. He has had death-tokens once more. God help him at worst! He is a generous nobleman. Perhaps he would have done more good if he had lived than ever he did harm. A Pirate they say he has been. Well, I don't think for my part he ever could have been a very cruel one. I hope to my heart he may get off!"

Arrived in his own snug parlour, where his little girl was puffing with a pair of bellows at a stove half full of burning chips and coals, he hastily inquired if the gentleman had come back with the wine, and if mother had all ready.

The answer was satisfactory with regard to the supper, but no gentleman had made his appearance yet with a dozen of wine.

"He will be here presently," said the turnkey, settling in for a jovial evening. "Light up two mould candles, my little girl, and let me have a pipe to pass away the time till he comes. Poor Marquis! how I do seem to feel for him!"

Supper time came, and the supper with it, the candles burnt brightly, so did the fire—but no wine—no gentleman.

"I will step to the inn," said the turnkey, "it is not five minutes walk. Keep the soup hot."

He came back without the gentleman. M. Andre had not returned to the inn—had not purchased any wine of the landlord.

"And they tell me," said the turnkey to his wife, with a very red face, "that he is a scoundrel who lives by gaming, and no gentleman at all! It is very strange. I will go and speak to the Marquis directly, and know what that stuff was in the bottle I carried to him."

"Why what do you think it was?" asked his wife.

"Poison!" was the brief answer.

CHAPTER XXV.

TRIAL AND CONDEMNATION OF THE PIRATE.

EVERY approach to the prison was crowded with a dense mass of people from the first dawn of light on the day of the trial. The case excited an interest unparalleled in Canada. The noble and ancient family from which the prisoner was descended, and the munificent hand with which he had scattered blessings on the poor and needy since his adoption of his inheritance, moved the multitude strongly in his favour, especially the French-Canadians, who were more zealous for the honour of their old nobility than for the strict administration of British justice, to the worth of which, indeed, they were little alive, clinging rather to the old forms of society as they existed under the feudal system.

All the tenants of Rougemont and most of their class, the *habitans*, or small farmers, resident round about, had left their respective employments and hastened to Quebec, anxious to learn, as soon as it should be given, the decision of the English judge, which was to decide the fate of the seignior whom they greatly honoured for the sake of his brave French ancestors, and whom they had begun truly to love for his own nobleness of disposition. These persons, with quick and ardent temperaments legibly written on their saddened countenances, were gathered together close to the place wherein the trial was going on, and as varying news reached their eager ears from persons passing in and out relative to the progress of the case, the liveliest feelings of hope and apprehension, joy and gloom, became apparent in the workings of their dark features, and in their vivacious gestures.

The British-Canadians were far indeed from sharing in

the high-wrought and romantic sentiments of their neighbours. In all the pride of superior enlightenment they looked down with disdain on them as enslaved to ignorant prejudices, and took a mean pleasure in the humbling of one of their most venerated families on the present occasion, anticipating the public hanging of the seignior Marquis with manifest delight.

The wags among the latter party could not let so excellent an opportunity for annoying the French pass, they soon began to taunt them in a manner most galling. The high-spirited *habitans* returned looks of keenest wrath, but for some time unanimously restrained themselves from giving any other utterance to their feeling. The English, instead of allowing themselves to be taught by this noble forbearance, only grew the more insolent. It was not in nature to endure more. A stout farmer, in grey *capot* and *bonnet bleu*, began the retort by an argument *baculinum*, as logicians say, which silenced his wordy assailant by knocking him down. This was the commencement of a serious affray, which did not end until many lives had been sacrificed to national and religious animosities. The military for some time only made bad worse, by their injudicious violence. The French fought desperately with their stout sticks, and with wood knives that some of them carried in the sashes around their waists.

"*Vivat* the Marquis of Rougemont! *Vivat* the noble Marquis! Death to the Protestants!" shouted the excited French.

The English retorted with cries of equal animosity.

"Force the prison! Let us free the Marquis!" at last rose stunningly on the hearing of the alarmed authorities of the British, who strove in vain to prevent this proposition from being carried into effect. The wall was scaled at once by hundreds of the French, the doors burst open, and the Marquis brought out from the very court of justice.

"Ride, Marquis!—ride for your life!" shouted the hundreds of *habitans* who surrounded him after they had almost compelled him to mount a horse. "On to Rougemont! We will defend you there against the Protestants! Let them who dare try to take you from your mansion! We will sell our lives dearly before you shall be in their power again!"

"Hear me! hear me, Catholics!" exclaimed the Pirate,

waving his hand to win attention, and elevating his mighty voice as formerly he had done on the sea, when the tumults of his band, and the roaring of the elements, combined to fill the air around him with deafening sounds. "Though the gallows were at this moment erected before me, and though the price of my return to the hands of those who were just now searching into my past crimes were instant death by the infamous halter on that gallows, yet would I not fly from here! Friends of the Pope! you see this blessed symbol I elevate, this crucifix, you see me kiss it, while I swear in the presence of these open skies, which now for the last time I behold, that I will not fly except by compulsion!"

The Canadians looked amazed. Every one made a stop and spoke rapidly to his fellow. The next impulse that swept across their excited spirits urged them to carry him off by force, which they accordingly did, followed by the military who, firing upon them as they fled, marked their track with blood.

The French body were re-enforced as they went by great numbers of volunteers belonging to the militia, well-trained, well-armed men, who encountered the soldiers boldly, while the *habitans* were placing the Marquis in a carriage and with four horses.

It was not until the French had advanced several miles beyond Quebec that they were overcome, and the prisoner retaken. Thirty or forty men were left dead in the road, pierced with musket-balls and bayonet wounds.

The whole time occupied with the disastrous riot was about four hours only. It ended with the Marquis being taken back to the court, and the town being guarded with soldiers from end to end, as if anticipating an invasion. Governor-General Markham rode through all the streets with his staff-officers, and his sword drawn; the shops were shut up with haste, and the British trembled at the storm they had rashly and wantonly drawn upon themselves.

The trial began anew. The indictments were read a second time. The first charged the Marquis of Rougemont with having been an aider and abetter in the mutiny of the sailors under the command of Captain Barry, with having shared in the plunder of his ship, and been accessory to his murder, having been present during the per-

petration of the act. This indictment was founded on the fatal writing Clinton had formerly given to Mr. Lee.

The second indictment charged him with having headed a party of Pirates, who, for many years, had been in the practice of robbing small vessels on the great lakes of the Upper Province. In connection with this charge a number of acts of plunder and violence that had been from time to time committed by the gang of wretches were laid against the prisoner.

The principal witness for the prosecution was Brien, who had been admitted king's evidence. His statement ran thus, when divested of its sea phrases and its cumbersome detail:—

"I was second mate on the Antelope at the time Anderson was first mate. I first made him acquainted with the intended mutiny, and he agreed to take the command of the men as a smuggler and pirate on the lakes. I had a small sum of money at the time, and proposed to buy a vessel suitable for our purpose, the money to be repaid to me afterwards by Anderson. After Barry's death I found on his cabin table this paper," handing to the bench the list of mutineers he himself had given the old captain, under which the latter had written some affecting remonstrances to Anderson, whose name was first on the list, and in whom he confided.

"Anderson was present while Barry was murdered," continued Brien, "and made no effort at all to save him, but, on the contrary, offered to me while he was dying, before him, to take command of the band as I had proposed."

A shudder here ran through the veins of the listeners in the strangers' gallery, and there was an audible murmur of horror. One universal gaze was turned on the dock, where the prisoner stood drawn up to his full height, his eye fastened on the witness, and his lip curled in supreme disdain.

"Barry's ship was sunk after it had been emptied of all its property, which Anderson took charge of for the band; the passengers lives were spared, but Anderson took possession of all their goods."

He went on to give a circumstantial account of the several cases of robbery afterwards committed by the Pirates on the lakes, under the direction of Anderson, and then bore a sharp cross-examination very cleverly, con-

sidering that he had sworn to so many falsities, concealed so many facts of importance that would have told favourably for the prisoner, and had in his details so embellished and added to the real circumstances of the case.

A long succession of witnesses substantiated the important testimonies of Brien, and the strangers present looked upon the Marquis as lost.

But now the prisoner produced his evidences, and defended himself in a most able manner, so that the tide of feeling turned in his favour, and the heartest wishes were breathed, and the liveliest hopes entertained for his acquittal.

The jury withdrew to consult upon their verdict, after the judge had given such a charge to them as too plainly showed his opinions were unfavourable to the Marquis.

In this solemn pause the court was intensely hushed, and all eyes were fastened on the man who was awaiting the fiat of life or death. Close by him stood the graceful, slender person of his son, whose agitation excited the pity of all. The Marquis himself appeared remarkably collected and firm except when he looked on his son, or towards one seat at the lower end of the court, where sat his daughter with her husband and her sister-in-law, *then*, his powerful frame visible trembled, his eye was clouded, and his forehead grew wrinkled as if with some spasmodic agony.

The jury returned. The foreman spoke low, but his whisper reached the farthest listener, and the dread word was—GUILTY!

A harrowing female shriek rang awfully through the assembly from that seat to which the Pirate had so often looked.

"It is his daughter," was whispered about, and some tender-hearted women wept for her as she was carried out.

The forehead of the prisoner contracted itself still more painful until the door was closed upon his wretched child, then he once more braced himself to the occasion, and stood listening with deep attention to the solemn and affecting distress of the judge, and to his final *condemnation*, which was so worded as to extinguish every ray of hope.

At the conclusion he grasped the hand of Clinton, who looked as one that in old days had seen a comet, bewildered, horror-struck.

"Bear up, Nicholas," said he; "do not flinch from this great trial. Stand firm under the shock, and help me to endure it bravely!"

"God of heaven! Bear it!" muttered Clinton, wildly; and that was all he could say, for he was well nigh choked with the agony of his disappointment.

"Bring Jane to me immediately," said the Pirate, and, pressing his son's hands once again, he turned with renewed calmness to follow the turnkey to his cell.

CHAPTER XXVI.

FARMER JOSHUA'S REVENGE.

THE execution was to take place on the sixth day from the trial, and yet the much looked for Pastor had not arrived, neither had he answered either of the letters that had been sent to him.

"I could have wished to see your mother's father," said the Pirate to his children, as they sat with him absorbed in excessive grief. "It would have comforted me to hear him say he forgave me for the sorrows I brought upon his daughter."

"I will go to the valley if you wish it," Clinton proposed, in a scarcely audible voice.

"By what time do you think you could return?"

"I should travel all night," was the reply, "and therefore you might expect to see me here the next morning but one, at the latest with or without the Pastor."

The Pirate reflected, and then decided—

"You shall go, my son. I will send a letter by you. I need not say do not linger there—your society now is precious to me, and my time is short."

Clinton's sensibilities were wrought to their highest pitch by this allusion; he leaned on the top of his chair for support, while his countenance changed, and a groan escaped him.

The sight of a man overcome by the pangs of feeling is heart-rending indeed! The turnkey, who stood by the door, wiped his eyes twice, and the condemned was powerfully moved, though he retained his firm bearing.

Jane's tears and moans of agony broke out afresh, until the scene became too overpowering to be endured. Mr. Lee then bore his fainting wife in his arms from the cell to the open air, whither Lady Hester and the turnkey assisted Clinton, who was convulsed and nearly insensible. Medical aid was immediately resorted to, but who knows not that medicine can be of little service to a "mind diseased?"

However, Clinton was soon preparing for his journey to the valley. It was arranged that Lady Hester should stay with Jane until his return. He refused to take his servant with him, but set out alone on horseback, near nightfall, intending, as he told his anxious wife, to hire a guide at the first village he reached.

For five hours he rode without stopping at the swiftest pace his horse was capable of. The road then became so dark and rough that he was compelled to make a pause. In the sky, clouds intercepted the weak beams of a new moon; on one hand stretched a dismal swamp of immense extent, where only a few scattered spruce trees, melancholy and spectre-like, broke the monotonous level; on the other, appeared a low range of stony heights, destitute of trees or verdure. The wind howled over the cheerless scene, and screaming carrion birds lent to it a fitting voice. In Clinton's present frame of mind he rather liked the dreariness that surrounded him than otherwise, and might have said—

"It suits the gloomy habit of my soul."

But he was impatient to proceed; and, seeing a glimmering light at the foot of one of the stony heights, turned the animal he was upon in that direction.

"Hollo! Who is within?" he cried, striking the narrow door of a dilapidated cabin with his riding-whip.

The light instantly disappeared from the window, and the footstep he had just heard became silent.

"They must have heard me, and do not choose to open the door," said he to himself, after he had waited on his horse full five minutes, and had knocked repeatedly.

He threw himself from the saddle herewith, and lifted the rude wooden latch. The door immediately swung back on its hinges, and that with such suddenness as to cause him to start back in some surprise. A few sickly gleams of light from the moon then fell directly upon a

tall, slouching, weather-beaten figure, brown as an Indian in the face, and having such an expression of savage hatred in the hard lines connecting the features, that Clinton instinctively felt for his arms.

"Is it you, Mr. Clinton?" said this personage, with a strange satisfaction playing in his ill-meaning glance. "It was not in natur' that I should expect to see you here, so you must not be affronted at my keeping you outside the door awhile. This is an ugly, desolate spot. I was on my way back from a lumber-yard overland to the west, where I have been changing some maple boards into dollars, when I came in the way of this tumble-down cabin. I was tired and hungry, and did not over-much mind crossing the swamp after sundown, so I pitched camp here, shot a turkey, lit a fire, made a supper, and was just settling in for a sleep in my blanket on the ground when you disturbed me. But come in, Mr. Clinton, come in, and let me know where you come from, and where you are going."

"I should as little have expected to meet you here, Farmer Joshua, as you expected to meet me!" exclaimed Clinton, in accents of an unpleasant surprise, wiping off some of the flakes of foam from the panting sides of his horse, then stroking and patting it as it turned its head affectionately toward its master, responding to his kindly caresses.

"Cover the cretur from the night air, it is sweating all over," said the Settler. "You have ridden hard and far to bring it in that condition."

"I have come from Quebec since six o'clock," was the rejoinder.

The Settler stepped backward in surprise. "That beats all that ever I did!" he ejaculated. "I'd wager my right arm now there's a sweetheart in the case!"

His attempt to be jocular did not sit very easily upon him—there was something forced in it—or perhaps it was Clinton's distressed state of mind which made it to jar upon his ear.

The straw roof of the cabin projected considerably out over one of the side walls, and under its shelter reposed the tired limbs of a rough black pony, looking as wild and uncivilised as the Settler to whom it belonged. It was tied to the sole remaining branch of a decayed tree, whose lower parts composed a mound of roots, earth, and

moss, which had been intermingling there beside that desolate cabin, under the influence of sun and shower, for a century, and which now helped to shield the pony from the bleak wind. Here Clinton also tied his horse, then entered the miserable abode with the Settler, and drew near to a dull fire of sticks, which the latter speedily rekindled.

It did not seem that Farmer Joshua knew anything of the blight that had fallen on the family to which Clinton belonged, though he was well acquainted with his present rank. There might or might not be sarcasm in the remark he made after he had invited him to eat the residue of his wild turkey—

"My dame always said you were born to lead a gentleman's life, Mr. Clinton."

The latter was then standing abstractedly gazing upon the restless flames that played about the green wood on the squalid hearth. For a passing instant, as the Settler spoke, his thoughts glanced back to the days when he had been an hospitably treated inmate of the backwoodman's farm, and he abhorred himself as his conscience presented to him the base return he had made to his liberal though illiterate friends. A slight colour tinted his pale brow and cheeks, and his lips visibly whitened with inward agitation. The Settler took up his favourite position on a worm-eaten chair, one of three found in the cabin, with his long rifle upright between his knees, and his chin resting on his hand on the barrel end. Clinton looked toward him, and was staggered by the wild and fierce glitter of the eye which met his. There was a concentrated hatred, and deadly revenge in it.

Clinton rose to his feet alarmed, and plucked from a breast-pocket a small sheathed dirk.

"You travel armed, I see, Mr. Clinton," sneered the Settler. "Your book larning won't protect us against robbers and Indians, you think."

"I *do* travel armed, Farmer Joshua," returned Clinton, meaningly.

"That's well. No one can have any objections to it, I suppose? For my part I have only my tough old rifle to guard me,"—he knocked the end of the shaft on the ground. "But why do you stand flourishing your dirk before me as if I was a robber? If you have money about you I can tell you I want none of it. I have money

myself see,"—he emptied on the ground a purse containing sixty dollars, which he directly proceeded to pick up slowly and deliberately, and replace in the receptacle from which he had cast them.

Both he and Clinton had their backs to the door, therefore neither saw the swarthy visage of a gipsy thrust within it at this critical instant and withdrawn again.

A little ashamed of his hasty impression of alarm, Clinton sat down again. He knew well that the heart of the Settler was embittered against him, and he did not wonder at it; but he could not entertain the belief that any injury was meditated against him by the latter.

They now talked with a tolerable appearance of cordiality of Farmer Joshua's crops, and his other domestic affairs. Every one of his family Clinton inquired after by name, excepting only the wronged *Dan*.

At last Clinton could refrain no longer from asking after him.

"He is dead!" was the steady answer, though the voice was hoarse that pronounced it.

"Never till this moment was I truly humbled!" suddenly ejaculated Clinton, breaking from a painful reverie, and speaking in broken accents. "Humbled before man and God! Until lately I have lived a life of continual error! Pleasure has been my sole pursuit! And what have I gained?—A conscience that is a perpetual vampire, drinking my life blood! a devil staining every peaceful moment that arises from me with accursed images of past wickedness, and future retribution! a scourge of scorpions in the hand of a pitiless fury! O, damned hours in which I yielded to temptation!"

As with passionate energy he thus spoke he pushed the chair back and paced the cabin, while the Settler's whole nature was gathered up in one terrible purpose of vengeance upon the destroyer of his son.

"Have you ever done anything to trouble your conscience, Mr. Clinton?" he asked, in affected wonder.

"Yes, Farmer Joshua, I have!" firmly rejoined Clinton. "I falsely accused your son!—*his* tale was the true one—mine was false!"

"Hell's curses on you, I know it!" thundered the Settler, breaking all at once from his assumed quietude. "You gentleman-rogue you, I know it! The poor boy was broken-hearted through your soft sounding lies! I

turned him out of doors as a thief! and after he had wandered I don't know where like a vagabond for two years or more, without a living soul to say a good word for him, he came back with hardly a rag on him! ill! dying! famished! in the midst of a storm that I wouldn't have turned a cat out in! and died as soon as he was inside my door!"

"It is a dreadful story!" muttered Clinton, "and I have more right to the gallows than my father! Farmer Joshua, it is too late now to make a recompense to *him* whose peace and life it seems I have been the means of destroying, but if I could make *you* any kind of compensation, I should be but too happy. Trust me, I shall never, though I live a thousand years, be happy again! My punishment will be within! there, though outwardly I may appear perfectly at ease, will ever burn a flame of remorse, dreadful, unintermitting."

"Will that restore Dan to the mother who bore him? to the brothers and sisters who have been bred up with him? to the home where he first saw light, and where he was happy for twenty years, until *you*—you poisonous snake! you thievish fox!—came? Will your remorse that you talk about bring him out of his grave? Tell me that! If it won't, talk to me no more!"

"Your animosity against me is, I perceive, too deeply seated to be at all shaken with anything I can say," quietly returned Clinton, so softened by late occurrences as not to be easily roused into pride or ire. "I am sorry for it, but I cannot blame you. The injury I have done you is, I am quite ready to acknowledge, irreparable. Nevertheless, should you, or any of your family in time to come, be disposed to gratify me by accepting, individually or unitedly, a sum of money of any amount within the scope of a moderate fortune, you may have it by application to me at the bankers of either Montreal or Toronto. More than this is not in my power; if it were, you should prove, beyond a doubt, that my sorrow for what is past is sincere and deep."

"Will your sorrow bring Dan out of his grave?" was the stern and forcible interrogation.

"Would that it could?" exclaimed Clinton, with pathos.

"So say I!" echoed the Settler, speaking quick and short. "But it won't—it won't! And dare you talk to



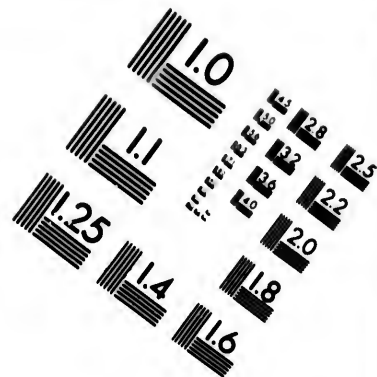
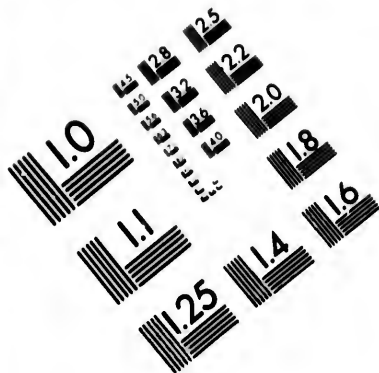
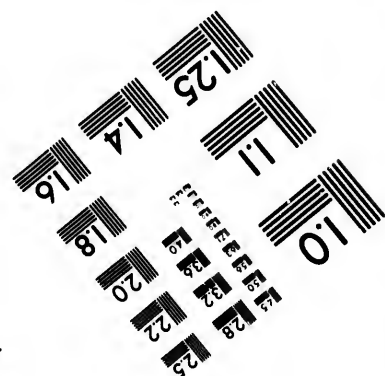
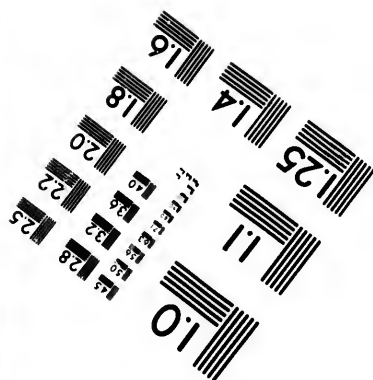
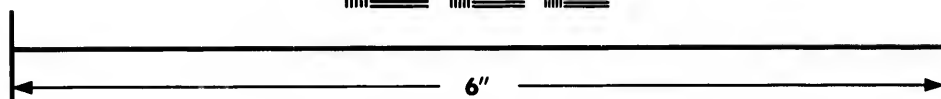
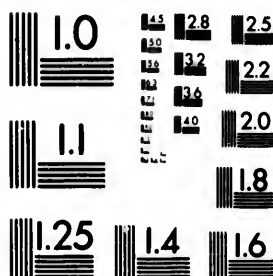


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me or mine of *money*? Whose money? Your money? Our hands should rot to the bones and marrow before they should touch one cent piece of yours! Compensation to me too! Ha! ha! *compensation*! Harkye, Mr. Gentleman, talking of compensation, ('tis a long word and not often used in the settlements, but I understand it as it happens,) there was a time when law was not heard of among the people I consorted with—you have heard me speak of that time afore now—well, if you and I were now living in that time I should make myself a compensation in my own way, by choosing the stoutest hickory branch I could find and hanging you up on it! That's the only compensation will suit me!"

"I pass over your violent language, Farmer Joshua," returned Clinton, about to quit the cabin, "in consideration of the provocation you have received. If we ever meet again, I hope it will be when I can render you some service. I had intended to stay here until light dawned, but now I shall press forward on my journey at once, for I cannot think of allowing you to bear, one moment longer, the society of an individual so abhorrent to you as myself."

The instant Clinton disappeared, the Settler looked to the flint and priming of his rifle, and went out. The object of his hatred was already mounted and on his way back to the road.

"There goes a vultur', screaming and wheeling round and round over his head," muttered the Settler. "That's a 'cute bird. It smells death in him already. Aye, there's something more than instinct in that cretur'." Clinton looked up at it. "Look again, my larned gentleman, the cretur' knows more than you do of what's coming on you afore to-morrow."

Here he kneeled down on one knee, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and deliberately pointed it towards Clinton. The moon's crescent was in the middle of the heavens, sailing behind a rack of watery clouds, which ever and anon hid it from the view of earth. The Settler waited until one of these obscuring masses had been passed by the silver queen of night, who then shone out with the tender and chaste loveliness becoming her youth. Alas! that she should look down on such black deeds as the sons of men perpetrate! Alas! that she should look down on the most horrid and unnatural of all crimes—*murder*!

which generally chooses the period of her holy reign to stalk abroad. Perhaps she saw many hellish murders done this night; but it is certain she saw none more determined, more fearful, than that the Settler committed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF FARMER JOSHUA.

AT the close of the last chapter the reader was left to imagine the fearful death of Clinton by the hand of an assassin. Prematurely he passed from this mortal life to

“The undiscovered country
From whose bourn no traveller returns.”

As the mother of Sisera looked out of the lattice wondering why tarried her son's chariot wheels, so the bride of Clinton, a second time widowed in an appalling manner, but ignorant of the dire event, watched away the weary hours at her window, looking eagerly and fondly for him who would never return more.

“I had an impression of evil upon my mind when he went away,” said she to Jane, who had endeavoured to persuade her that he must now be close at hand. “Last night was the time he appointed for his return, now it is nearly eleven of the forenoon, and still he is not come. Where! oh, where is he!”

She clasped her hands in an agony of apprehension on her knees, her face still turned to the window.

“He will be here soon,” said Jane, encouragingly, passing her arm in an affectionate manner around the swan-like neck of the peeress.

“O, Jane, feel how my temples throb! and how my heart beats!” She took the hand of her sister-in-law as she spoke, raised it to her hot forehead, and lowered it to her left side.

“They do indeed!” exclaimed Jane in the softest tones of sympathy. “But, my dearest Lady Hester! suffer me to entreat you to be calm. Heaven can witness how I love my brother!”—tears gushed into her eyes. “If I

could entertain one serious fear that any harm had happened to him, do you think I could look thus? and speak thus? But we must discuss the shocking idea altogether. My poor father demands all my thoughts." Her voice was choked by emotion.

"You are gifted with an extraordinary degree of patience, or I should have received a much stronger reproof," said Lady Hester, turning to embrace her. "Here am I inflicting upon you my foolish fears, founded upon nothing probable, while you are weighed down with real distress. There, I have shut the blinds again. I will not sit here longer conjuring up all sorts of frightful ideas to torment myself and you. Nay now, my dear Mrs. Lee! where is *your* fortitude?" for Jane was sobbing with her face buried in her hands.

"In the word of God, not in myself," replied Jane, devoutly, wiping her streaming eyes. "My nature is too weak to bear the sorrows which are before me without strength imparted from above."

"Happy should I be," exclaimed Lady Hester, forcibly, "if I could receive some of that heavenly strength! I feel that I may yet need it much! But there again I am indulging in weak fears as before."

"Cast them, with my sorrows, on Him who careth for us!" ejaculated Jane.

It was just then that four Indians, bearing a litter of branches with a body stretched thereon, stopped at a door under the window at which Lady Hester had been keeping watch. Before the melancholy and dark-visaged group the curious passers-by beheld a venerable English clergyman, with woe-struck features, mounted on a small horse, and by him the gaunt, slouching figure of a backwoodsman, with a grim and wild countenance spotted with blood, his hands tied behind his back, his arms secured by ropes passed many times around his body, and his feet made fast to the saddle girths of the ragged pony he was upon. The rear was brought up by a male gipsy on foot, and two servants of the clergyman, farming men as they seemed.

A crowd rapidly collected, and a dreadful whisper was speedily circulated—"found murdered in St. Antony's forest!"

"Who is he?" was then heard from a hundred subdued but excited voices—"Who is he?"

"The only son of the condemned Marquis of Rougemont," was the answer to this query, while the inmates of the house before which the small procession halted were coming out to inquire what had happened.

"Holy mother be the consolation of his poor young widow then!" cried a female in the crowd. "He was only married a fortnight ago."

"Poor thing! poor thing!" ejaculated another woman, mournfully, shaking her head. "This will be a dismal sight for her. *Sanita Maria!* what a shocking thing! The Marquis is to be hung next Monday, and his son murdered to-day!"

"Hush Frances!" said a baker's wife beside her, "there's the window opening, perhaps that beautiful lady is his wife."

Intensely curious is human nature at all times to know what passes in its kind under circumstances of strong interest, hence principally are places of execution thronged, and hence on the present occasion, there was a hasty pressure of the eager crowd towards the front of the house as soon as the sash began to be raised.

A piercing cry from the lady thrilled through every heart, as she glanced down upon the leafy bier beneath. A coarse Italian blanket was thrown over it, concealing the person of the murdered, but her heart told her too plainly that no other lay beneath its folds than her own husband. A moment her white hands were elevated in horror, and her eyes flashed in distraction, before the pitying multitude. Then down stairs she rushed, screaming to Jane to follow her. The hostess at the door in vain strove to hold her back. She sprang out over the threshold, animated with unquenchable love.

"Set down the bier!" she commanded, confronting the Indians with a manner that admitted of no denial.

The Pastor threw himself from his horse in a moment, and took hold of her arm.

"You were the wife of my grandson I believe," he stammered. "Pastor Wilson is my name."

"*I* were the wife, sir!" she frantically repeated, "*I am* his wife!—Clinton's wife! He left me three days ago to fetch you hither."

"The providences of God are sometimes mysterious," observed the Pastor in a voice full of solemn pathos. "His ways are past finding out. But, my dear lady, let

the men enter into the house before you look at him who has been taken from you so awfully and suddenly."

"Then it is my love whom these men are bearing?" gasped Lady Hester—"it is he?" The latter were lowering the bier to carry it into the house, she sprung close to it, raised the blanket, and, with a harrowing shriek, fell insensible on the pavement.

A carriage was proceeding along the street at a slow pace on account of the throng, at the moment when Lady Hester shrieked so piercingly in the first distraction of her discovery. An aristocratic English gentleman put his head out of the window, and enquired of the bystanders what had happened. A youthful female face, expressive of concern, also appeared as a reply was made in French.

"Good God!" exclaimed the Earl of Wilton, for he was the English aristocrat. "Good God! the son of the Marquis of Rougemont found murdered!" and sank back on his seat, looking at his daughter with horror and amazement in his eye.

The blood curdled in Letitia's veins. For a moment she was dumb; then violently pulling the check-string, she seized the handle of the carriage door, and threw it open.

"Stay a moment, Letitia!" exclaimed her father, "let us consider what we had best do. Good God! what a dreadful event!"

But Letitia was not to be kept back from her sister now even by a father's command. She broke from his trembling grasp and sprang out, followed by him.

Lady Hester recovered with great difficulty; hysteric gaspings for breath were attended by convulsions, and followed by heavy sighs. At length she arose to her feet, and fastening her eyes, that were wildly dilated, on the Earl, raved of her husband in a state of perfect frenzy.

"Why do you return in this sad plight, Clinton?" she cried, with livid lips and cheek. "Why is there *blood* upon your head and breast? Tell me who has done it? I am your wife! You are precious to me as my own soul! Speak to me then! and tell me why you come back so changed! Ah! how he melts away—away—and I cannot follow him! He is gone! He has left me alone for ever! He has been MURDERED! Ring the horrid sound through this world of devils! Make it heard from pole to pole! He has been murdered! cruelly—basely—horrible mur-

dered! Let heaven know of the damned deed! Sound it abroad! Why stand you all gazing upon me, as though the blow had stricken my brain and made me mad! I had a husband once who shot *himself*! I did not go mad then—shall I go mad now? Would to God I could, or die with him I loved! How often have we sworn not to outlive each other! Ah! ours was love indeed!”

“Hester! beloved sister! do you not know me?” cried Letitia, bathing her face with streaming tears.

“Go—go,” muttered Lady Hester, pushing her away—“my father will make your life miserable if he knows you are with me.”

“Not so—I am come to be reconciled with you, Lady Hester,” said the Earl, by force restraining the emotion he felt. “My dear daughter, forget what is past, and let me take you to my own residence immediately, my carriage is here.”

“If you are the Earl of Wilton I have nothing to say to you,” said Lady Hester, instantly becoming more rational, and her face changing from lividness to a flush of vehement anger. “It was you who caused the arrest of the Marquis, and embittered my husband’s bridal hours with grief for his father. I owe my present anguish to you! for his fatal journey would not have been undertaken had not the Marquis been condemned. Do you call me your daughter? I abjure the title. You will never more, sir, have a daughter in me—I shall never more acknowledge you for my father. Do not stay here I beseech you, for your presence adds fury to my grief! Go away, and leave me with the dear remains of him whom, when living, you disdained. I ask not your sympathy for my loss.”

“But *me*, Hester,” pleaded the weeping Letitia, “you will not send me from you? I have not grieved you knowingly.”

Lady Hester’s reply was an agonising embrace, which was accompanied with groans and sighs. The Earl of Wilton was pierced to the soul with the repulse he had received; he felt acute pangs at having lost the love of his eldest daughter, but could not stoop to argue with her as his feelings prompted.

Distraction again swept over the mind of the peeress. She would not be hindered from going to the disfigured body which now lay in an adjoining chamber. There she

sees the forehead, the neck, and the heart of her beloved pierced with gun-shot wounds, about which the congealed blood lay thick. The teeth are set as in the last fierce pang of dissolution; the hands are clenched: the eye, half open, still glares a desperate defiance from its over-spreading film.

A mortal sickness shoots through the heart of the bereaved bride, and again she falls into a swoon. Out of this she revives as before to a state of frenzy, which no medical skill is able to overcome, or even to subdue.

Meanwhile, Jane is little less wretched, but she throws herself on that heavenly Comforter who alone is able to sustain the mourner in an hour like this. Her watchful and tender husband also is nigh to soften the violence of her anguish by his heartfelt participation in it.

"Leave me alone awhile, Arthur," was her request after the first shock was a little subdued, "let me give free scope to my misery, and pour out my soul before God, then I shall be calmer."

He left her, accordingly, and she joined him in an hour self-possessed, and able to listen to her grandfather's account of his finding of the body, and the taking of the murderer, as well as to discuss with both the best means of breaking the dreadful tidings to her father.

Illness had prevented the pastor from setting out from the lodge as soon as he could have wished, and he had not answered the letters because he anticipated that every morrow would see him sufficiently restored for the journey. When at length he did set out, two farming men, and four Indians, belonging to the village, that had sprung up in his valley, accompanied him, having errands of their own in Quebec. They travelled partly in the night as well as through the day, the Pastor being extremely anxious to reach the city before the execution. The forest of St. Antony divided that gloomy swamp in the midst, along which Clinton had been journeying the fatal night of his death. It was early in the morning and still dark. Their torches alone illumined the tangled path whose track they were pursuing. To beguile the dreariness of the hour and the way, they conversed upon sacred subjects, and the peace and confidence these subjects instilled into their minds rendered them proof against all fears.

When nearly through the forest they were startled by a

gipsy, who earnestly requested that the Pastor would follow him to a great tree which stood a little way off the path, telling him a shocking deed had been done, and as a magistrate, which he knew Pastor Wilson was, he called upon him to investigate it.

The Pastor turned off from the path accordingly, followed close by his friends, and, to his utter dismay, saw in the hollow of the vast tree a dead body, which he presently discovered to be that of his grandson, Clinton.

The gipsy then pointed out the Settler, who stood in the grey darkness leaning against the stem of a cedar close by.

"That is the murderer," said he, "secure him!" which was done, but not without great difficulty.

While the Pastor and his grandchildren are conversing, the Settler is carried forward to prison amid the groans, hootings, and threats of the people, whom the gipsy informed of the particulars of his guilt.

"I saw him drag the gentleman from his horse after he had fired at him once; when he had him down he shot him twice, as deliberately as if he had been putting a mere animal of the woods out of its dying torments."

The uproar was very great in the streets. The prisoner was unbound from his ragged pony at the prison door, where he returned the eager gaze of curiosity that was bent on him with a savage glare that made the beholders shrink, and then, assuming an aspect of dogged indifference, entered the gloomy barriers which had been a living tomb to thousands.

It was upon this same day that the fisherman Jacques, who had rescued Jane from the deep in the early part of this story, and whose wife first prompted her to seek shelter in the settlements over which Pastor Wilson presided as magistrate, hearing of the doom of the Pirate, his old captain, came to see him in prison. Afterwards he sought out Madame Barry, and gave her such an account of the manner in which Anderson had been trepanned into joining the mutineers of her husband's ship, and of his total guiltlessness of a participation in the plunder and murder of Barry, that she became convinced she had wronged him in her mind, and immediately visited him, assuring him of her entire forgiveness; not content with this, she immediately set about endeavouring to obtain a commutation of his punishment.

The next morning the Settler is conducted to another part of the city to be examined; on the way he makes a desperate effort to escape. He is a fleet runner and strong lunged, he cannot be easily put out of breath. This way and that he flies, doubling, turning, circling across the open country according as he is pressed by his pursuers. At length he is surrounded, and climbs a tree with the agility of a squirrel, hiding among the thickest branches.

The first man who follows him falls throttled to the ground; the second shares the same fate. Both drop dead at their companions' feet. Shots are then levelled at the tree, but the Settler loudly laughs them to scorn as if he were some supernatural being whom bullets cannot touch.

"Cut the tree down," suggests one. A dozen hatchets are instantly at work, and the Settler sees himself bereft of his last resource. The tree groans and quakes; its branches quiver with every deadly stroke; now it majestically bends ready to fall; it sinks slowly at first—the Settler slips to the ground—and the crash of the oak of two centuries shakes the neighbourhood like an earthquake.

A halter was now knotted round the neck of the murderer, one end being fastened to a strong and lofty branch, and he was placed on an untamed colt, with his arms tied firmly behind his back. In this condition they left him, and in a moment the colt had darted off, leaving him pendant from the creaking branch, which bore his weight stoutly. A ghastly struggle then took place between the fighting soul and the tortured body. Red globes of fire appeared before the wretch's eyes; they paled, and paled, and presently grew black—the Settler had then expiated his crime—he was dead! The body swung round and round in the midnight breeze; there was no more motion in its members; passion raged no more in the brooding spirit which had dwelt too much on its wrongs, and had avenged them with fiend-like malice, but which, nevertheless, had not been without its noble sparks of feeling.

Few murderers have ever had so plausible an excuse for their hellish deeds as he. He had suffered a grievous injustice from Clinton, and, according to his rude notions

of natural rights, thought himself justified in taking vengeance for it with his own hands.

"Life for life," was his motto, and on this he acted, regarding no other tribunal than his own mind. However, he hath followed his victim to eternity—

"And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?"

It was rather a curious circumstance that the gipsy who brought him to his end should be the vagrant king who had fled from the vengeance of his band for the murder of his wife. This guilty man now wandered restlessly about the spot where the Settler hung, haunted with such visions of his slaughtered Nina, such apprehensions of a meeting with the gipsies, and such longing desire for the society of his children, mingled with more fierce and reckless passions, than he was tempted to wish himself in the Settler's place.

At last, worn out with long fatigue and disquietude, he threw himself down on the ground and fell into a deep sleep. On awaking, his hair bristled up with terror—the well known camps of his tribe were pitched within twenty yards of him. He rose cautiously, and crept behind the tree trunk. The night was far advanced. By certain sounds he heard, and by the closing of the hangings of the tents, he judged that the gipsies were preparing for rest. Shortly no noise was distinguishable, saving only the buzzing of the musquito, and the shrill, discordant shriek of the owl in the distant groves. The moon had left the sky, and the stars were growing pale. A thick dew was falling like a shower; the grasshopper chirped on the ground; the fire-fly blazed its parting gleams; the mocking-bird tuned its wondrous imitative strains far over hill and dale.

The wandering monarch approached the tents, walked round them stealthily, and listened at every second step he took. The voice of his children all at once thrilled through his heart. He retired behind a hedge, and returned again to the camp with a lighted stick. This he applied to the edges of the curtains in twenty different places, and presently the whole was in a blaze. At the first alarm the gipsies rushed out upon the plain, each mother with her own infant children, and, in the confusion that took place, the incendiary king easily contrived to seize and carry off his own boy and girl.

The next morning he engaged a passage in a vessel bound to England, his native country, paying for it with money given him by Pastor Wilson; and from this time he resumed the habits and the occupation of his early days, as a member of civilized society, bringing up his children to the same. But his son hated him, and never ceased to reproach him with the fact of having killed his mother. In the end the young man deserted his father to dwell in the camps wherein he was born. The gipsies received him joyfully, and he presided over them as their king, according to the oath they had made to Nina.

It was long before the notable wife and the family of the Settler knew of his fate. When they did it was too late to recover his body, which, after hanging until it was frightfully disfigured by carrion birds, had been humanely hidden beneath the earth by the Indians who had assisted in capturing him.

The rough children of the wilds mourned not their father or their brother with outward signs of grief. The farm affairs went on as before, no difference was to be perceived. It was only when the family were gathered, remote from strangers, on the hearth in the wintry evenings; when the daughters and their mother sat by their sugar troughs under the maple trees in the early spring morning, or the sons in their fishing boats at midnight; it was only at such times that they spoke together of those they had lost, and let fall a tear, or breathed a sigh to their memory, cursing the hour which had first brought Clinton to their house.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SUICIDE OF THE PIRATE.

THE Ivory miniature of Lady Hester which Clinton had always worn was found shattered on his heart. At the back of it was a piece of worn paper, on which appeared the affecting farewell verses of Lucy Lee, in her own handwriting. Under them Clinton had penned, apparently recently, these words:—

“Sweet, ill-used girl! living I could not be thine, but in death thy grave shall receive me. My bones shall

moulder on the coffin, Lucy, in which thou'est, who loved me but too well! I was the cause of thy early death, for which I feel there is yet reserved for me some unforeseen punishment. But for me, thou mightest have lived to bless some faithful heart with thy young beauty, thy unsullied innocence, and thy exquisite tenderness. But for me, the fair blossom of thy girlhood might have ripened into the full flower of womanly perfection, whose fragrance should now have been shed around some blissful bower which angels might have looked upon with delight. Yes, I fear it cannot be that I, who wilfully broke the heart of her who loved me, should be allowed to live happy long with her whom I love."

This foreboding of a restless conscience we have seen but too fearfully realised.

And now the terrible event made known to the Pirate, he felt half the bitterness of death past. So strong a tie to earth cut, he held it with a looser grasp. All the day after he sat meditating, not willingly allowing himself to be disturbed even to speak to the Pastor.

At the sight of him the good clergyman broke into tears. Memory flew back on wings as swift as light through the long vista of years to the hour when he saw this man in the early prime of manhood, bearing away his daughter whom he was never to meet more.

"My Fanny!—I think I see her by your side," faltered the old man. "Ah! had she lived to see this day of misery! God was merciful to her, and removed her out of the way of the heavy sorrows that her less fortunate father is called upon to bear in his old age. Yes, God be thanked!—He does all things well."

"I wish you could persuade me of that," said the Pirate, abruptly. "Is this murder well?"

"Let us upon our knees, my son, was the Pastor's indirect but solemn rejoinder, "and pray that heaven will give us faith to trust in Eternal love even while all is darkness around. Come, let us throw ourselves before the throne of grace, for nothing but Almighty grace can preserve us from impious distrust and despair under our present painful trials."

With eyeballs dry and burning, with parched tongue and flaming brain, the Pirate reluctantly knelt down by the side of his aged father-in-law, who poured forth a broken but fervent supplication for his condemned son and

his afflicted grandchildren. At the conclusion the Pirate gradually bowed his head on the bench before which he knelt, and there burst from him a storm of tears that seemed to open up all the long-sealed flood-gates of his heart, and to shake his strong nature to its base. The Pastor broke off, and supported the sufferer in his arms. Long did that storm of grief continue, and when it passed away the Pirate's soul was softened and relieved. Then he listened to the persuasive arguments of the Pastor for repentance, faith in the Son of God, a resurrection and everlasting felicity.

"Would that I *could* hope!" exclaimed the Pirate, despairingly. Here his countenance grew black and distorted, he ground his teeth in some acute bodily agony, and rolled over and over on the ground.

The Pastor summoned the turnkey in affright. The man looked conscience-stricken, and his knees knocked together.

"Good sir," said he to the clergyman, "pray do not betray me. The Marquis managed to get some poison in here, and when I found it out he begged so hard for me to let him keep it that I—I—could not deny him."

"*Poison!*" interrupted the Pastor, "has he taken *poison?*"

"I have," groaned the Pirate, speaking between the fierce paroxysms of his pain. "Nothing can save me. Alarm no one. Turnkey—father—do not stir. I am beyond the reach of medicine—let me die, therefore, in quiet."

"What horror is to light next upon my hoary head!" cried the Pastor, staggering to a seat. "O for a grave, my God! that I may see no more of this wretched world. Now I am quite overcome! I have hitherto struggled well against the pressure of calamity, but this is the end of my patience, if more grief comes my worn out heart will break under it."

"My daughter!—my Jenny!—fetch her hither, I must speak with her. Hasten! or it will be too late," gasped the Pirate.

She was already in the prison and approaching the cell. The turnkey met her in the passage, and acquainted her with what had happened. She immediately rushed to her writhing father, and fell into his arms, as he reclined on his elbow on the floor.

"A few words are all I can say to thee, my darling Jenny!" he pathetically but with difficulty articulated. "You have been the balm of my life! The comfort you have given me, may it be returned into your own bosom! Mr. Lee, on that bench is my will, which I have written since I heard of my son's death. Jane inherits all my estates, excepting only the mansion itself and its furniture, which is Lady Hester's in right of her husband. I can say no more. These horrible tortures prevent—"

The turnkey re-entered to say, that a messenger had just come from Madame Barry to inform the Marquis that she had positive hopes by her intercession, and with the assistance of the Earl of Wilton and the Governor's lady, who were warmly interesting themselves on his behalf, of obtaining a commutation of his sentence.. She had already had one interview with the Governor, who seemed now favourably disposed, and the Governor's lady gave her secretly the most encouraging expectations.

"It comes too late," muttered the dying Pirate. "My foot is on the very threshold of death. Had I heard this a few hours ago—but what can recall that which is done?"

"O father, father! how could you have acted so rashly?" expostulated Jane, almost upbraidingly, in the bitterness of her anguish.

"Do *you* reproach me!" exclaimed the Pirate in piercing accents, rising with a hasty effort to his feet. "It was for your sake I did it!"

"For my sake?" echoed Jane, faintly.

"Yes, for yours!" returned her father with majesty. "I have destroyed myself that you might live without disgrace. The world may say I have been a Pirate—that I was condemned;—but that is all it can say. And while it stops short there you may live in quiet. But if I came upon the public scaffold—if I died by the halter—the stigma on you would be deep and irremediable. Go into what retirement you would, the finger of scorn would point at you. Your parentage would be as notorious and as infamous as if the daughter of an executed felon were branded on your face. I thought to have spared you some misery by my self-destruction. This was my motive! If, therefore, events have conspired to make me partly regret what I have done, still *you* should rather speak peace to me than reproach."

"I meant not to reproach you, father," said Jane, in

deep distress. "But oh! to lose you now when hope is—"

"Think not of Madame Barry's message," said he, earnestly. "The hope she holds out I feel persuaded is delusive. That fatal paper of your poor brother's could not by any means be set aside. It was that which condemned me, and nothing could save me while it remained in existence."

"That is my own opinion," said the Pastor, tremulously.

"And mine," said Arthur, decisively.

"You hear your grandfather,"—urged the Pirate—"you hear your husband—credit them if not me. Do not add to the suffering of this hour by imagining that if I had not anticipated my sentence I might have been spared to you. I myself was inclined to think so, but my judgment now persuades me otherwise."

"But suicide is a great crime, my son," interposed the Pastor.

"I fear it is," gravely returned the Pirate. "Heaven pardon it! But still, to my mind, the circumstances of my case partially excuse the deed. I have never shed blood except in self-defence. I have not deserved a public death. Perpetual imprisonment, exile, any punishment short of *death* I had deserved—but not death. I did not feel bound, therefore, to render up myself to the gallows. No law of God required me to do so. Such being my view of the case, I felt at liberty to dispose of myself in the way I have. The honourable name I have inherited is hereby saved from *some* degradation, and yet I have suffered the full penalty of my misdeeds."

He had rallied so much that Jane hoped he might yet recover from the effects of the deadly potion he had taken. She expressed this hope in lively terms to a doctor who had been summoned contrary to the Pirate's wish. When the professional personage, however, heard from the prisoner what he had taken, a slight shake of the head warned her to expect no success from his endeavours.

Again the Pirate sank upon the ground in bodily torture, and his cries echoed through the numerous vaultings of the prison with dismal effect. The Pastor clasped his hands upward in vehement internal prayer, his silvery locks fluttering about his venerable head, and tears trickling down the furrows of his anguished face. Jane threw

herself on her knees by her dying father, gazing on him with distracted looks, sharing in his pangs though unable to alleviate them, and almost wishing for the moment that would put a period to his agony. Arthur supported the Pirate, aided by the doctor, who in vain strove to pass an antidote through his close-shut teeth. Terrible retchings, shooting pains as if from red-hot arrows, spasms, and suffocation, these were some of the dreadful symptoms of the operation of the baleful drug. The sufferer shortly became stupified, and lay for several hours upon the confines of this world and the next, without properly belonging to either. At last he was seen to move his lips, and his daughter, bending her head down, distinguished a few scarcely audible but haughty words:—

“No executioner shall touch me!—No, no! I am the descendant of a brave and illustrious race—I will not die upon a scaffold! The poison, turnkey! Nay, I *will* have it! If you take it from me I will kill myself by other means! Now I have done it! All is over! I have drunk it! The work is accomplished! Ha!—ha! I have saved the name I bear from the consummating disgrace!”

He continued to mutter, but now inaudibly. After a while, he threw himself from his bed, drawing up his colossal proportions to their full height, elevating his arms, and shouting in deafening tones—

“Heave-to! Down with the main-top sail! Throw out another anchor! Haverstraw, load my gun! That’s it—fire away! Board her!—board her! Gallantly done, brave fellows! Hurrah! hurrah!”

“My dear son!” entreated the Pastor.

“Who speaks?” ejaculated the Pirate, sinking down in a sitting posture, and looking around with indescribable eagerness. “Fanny! Is it you, Fanny? is it you? Have you risen out of your grave to reproach me? Was it I who murdered your son, that you look at me so? What! and Nicholas too with you!” His voice took a softer cadence, most affecting—“My son! my accomplished son! my heir! my gallant son! Hah!—how changed! Can twenty-four hours of death make such havoc in a fine person! Pale—pale—and sad! Poor fellow! He little thought he would die before me.”

He sat silent some minutes, then broke out again more wildly—

"The Earl of Wilton in the water?—There let him drown! Great men forget benefits. If he was a penniless cottager I would save him. As it is I will not! Let him drown I say! Hang up that Michael and Jonas to the yard-arm! They are bad fellows and will ruin us. Light a fire on yon heights to let my son know whereabouts we are. Hark to that pistol-shot again! That was my son's signal! Our foes are near! Board her!—board her! Fire, Toby! Hallo, Gilpin, fight away there? They cry quarter! They strike to the Pirate flag! Hurrah! hurrah! Victory! Victory! Victory!"

Shouting thus, he waved his arm triumphantly over his head, staggered, and fell. In his last moments the delirium passed away, and he faintly said—

"Bury Clinton in the grave of Miss Lee, as he wished. Lay me with Marie Verche my mother, and the late Marquis, in the mausoleum I built at Rougemont. Your hand, Jane—yours, father—Mr. Lee. Forgive the disgrace I have caused you—the griefs I have brought upon you. My career has been a troubled one, and it ends in darkness and shame. I had hoped for better things. I have felt within me aspirations which led me to hope that I should be useful to my generation, and perhaps leave behind a memory not all unworthy. Fleeting visions! Deceitful creations of fancy! Fatal—fatal delusions! I have followed meteors, and thought them beacons. Now I go down to the dust dishonoured. Posterity will hear nothing of me. I shall be as though I had never lived. When my story is ever called to mind I shall be spoken of as a plunderer of my race, instead of as a benefactor and an ornament. Well, regret is useless now. Time is past with me. Another existence opens to my view, and I must quit for ever the scene of ambitious desires to enter upon it. Farewell! Think of me sometimes, Jenny, when you are happy. Weep not. Two bereavements at once will prove almost too much for her. Mr. Lee, cherish her tenderly during her sorrow. I leave her in your care, and may you prosper in proportion as you are kind to her. Father, your grey hairs should have seen more peaceful days, but your last hours may yet be serene. I hope they will be so. I can say no more. Death comes. Farewell ambition! Farewell rank, and wealth, and power! Farewell the gnawing pains of conscience! I shall rest in peace!"

These were the last words of the "Pirate of the Lakes."

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOSS AND RECOVERY OF REASON.

AT the commencement of the third summer after the death of the Pirate and Clinton, the valley at the Pastor's lodge presented a beautiful and thriving aspect. The lodge itself—with its white walls, now decorated with the curling rings and the broad leaves of the wild vine—its windows, filled with elegant plants in full flower—its circling garden, now once again so trimly kept by feminine care—was still the central object upon which a stranger's eye would rest. Here dwelt still the aged Pastor, Arthur Lee, and his wife "the Canadian Girl," who, after all the sorrows, after all the varieties of fortune, she had experienced, at length tasted here of a settled peace near akin to happiness.

The severe frosts in May had been followed immediately by the splendours of summer. The whole country suddenly became verdant. Trees were all at once peopled with birds "warbling their native wood-notes wild;" streams broke from their icy prison, and danced merrily along over pebbles and weeds. The orchard was arrayed in gay blossoms, its early fruits were fast ripening, and the wheat fields, now so extensive, dallied with the sweet June zephyrs.

On the banks of the stream which, below the lodge, flowed through the middle of the valley, appeared a lively, bustling village, which boasted of its markets twice a week, its stores and dairies, its tailor's shop, its milliner's shop, tavern, and, similar conveniences for a rising population. There was even talk of a news-room.

A little farther on was a substantial saw-mill; near it a large flour mill; the one with which we have been formerly acquainted still doing duty for the Pastor's household beside the lodge.

The whole of the vale was the property of Mr. Lee, who, by his skill and liberality, promised to become a blessing to hundreds of his fellow beings.

Two buildings we must especially notice—a rustic church, upon the most simple and pleasing English model, and a small rectory-house adjoining.

The latter was no more than a pretty cottage of three rooms, finished with a nicety, and furnished with a tasteful simplicity, rarely to be found in a newly settled country. This was at present the residence of Lady Hester, to whom the Pastor had resigned it, preferring to spend his few remaining days in the lodge.

Ever since the death of Clinton Lady Hester's intellect had been clouded with the night of insanity, and Jane desired to have her in the valley that she might pay her those necessary attentions her case required.

Letitia was left in America with her unfortunate sister by the Earl, who returned to his parliamentary engagements in England, in which only he felt able to drown the painful reflections wherewith he was visited.

Letitia was now nineteen, just the age of Lucy when she died, and to Jane's partial fancy, not altogether unlike her in person and character. It was a favourite employment of her leisure to trace out imaginary resemblances between them and by this means her heart grew attached to Letitia as it had to no female friend since Lucy's decease.

Letitia was mistress of the rectory cottage during the three years of Lady Hester's mental disorder; and here Jane often sat with her sewing, or performing some other domestic employment of a feminine character, conversing on bygone trials, while her prattling infant girl rolled on the carpet with its fatherless playfellow, a son to whom Lady Hester had given birth during her derangement.

On these occasions Lady Hester would sit at her piano, from which she never stirred willingly, playing over all the melancholy airs her memory could furnish, and especially those to which Clinton had written words.

Hitherto she had been unconscious that she was a mother, the infantile loveliness of her child—Clinton's child—moved her not. Often she looked vacantly upon those sunny features, which already, in their pale and delicate contour, resembled those of him she had lost, but they recalled no idea in her bewildered mind. The Pastor had baptised the infant by the name of Clinton, in addition to those names derived from the title he inherited; but neither did the repetition of this once dear

and familiar sound awaken in its mother the torpid feelings of nature.

From these circumstances her case was judged to be hopeless. Every one despaired of her restoration. She was perfectly harmless, however, and Dr. Bathurst, who had the charge of her professionally, placed her under no restraint whatever. She played on her instrument from morning to night, month by month, season by season, excepting only when affectionately remonstrated with by the doctor, and this was but on rare occasions; then she strolled out in passive submission to his will, always, it was observed, taking the path to the burial enclosure, and sitting down on her husband's tomb.

Yet there she seemed unconscious of who it was that slept below. She would talk of "her beloved husband!—her own Clinton!" as if he were alive; and, in the midst of these pathetic exclamations, while her listeners were dissolved in tears turn to some frivolous matter, or begin to sing some fragments of his verses.

"O, what a noble mind was here o'erthrown!
The glass of fashion and the mould of form!
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down;
That noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blond youth,
Blasted with ecstasy."

It was observed that she was ever loth to leave the sad spot. Some secret spell of feeling it was evident operated like a magnet amid the wreck of memory and thought, and as Letitia and Jane commented together upon it, an occasional gleam of hope would break in upon their view, distinct, though distant.

Doctor Bathurst was fully acquainted with his fair patient's history, and took a deep and zealous interest in the progress of her disorder. He never expressed either hope or despair of her recovery, for he was afraid of exciting expectations perhaps not to be realised on the one hand, and of causing unnecessary pain on the other.

"Here Nature may be Lady Hester's physician," said he, "and a skilful one, and a generally successful one, we all know her to be. Here, in other words, our unfortunate friend has air salubrious as any in the world, fresh, pure, and mild; here, she has perfect tranquillity, and

society such as is calculated to stimulate her feelings and ideas gently, without exciting them; here, therefore, she must ere long recover, or be indeed past hope."

It was no slight consolation to Letitia to have the assurance of a skilful medical man like Dr. Bathurst to this effect. In her next letter to the Earl she repeated the Doctor's words, and warmly thanked him for having yielded to the wishes of herself and Mrs. Lee in leaving her sister in the valley. The Earl replied in a strain of despondency that he now rejoiced that he had done so, as well for his own sake as his daughter's. The political party to which he had all his life attached himself had lately been restored to power, and he had certainly expected some important office in the cabinet; but having been disappointed, he had conceived a disgust for public life, and was determined to retire from it altogether. He had almost made up his mind to come to the valley himself, invest his fortune in building and in cultivating land, like Mr. Lee, and adopt a country life.

Letitia smiled at the idea of her stately and aristocratic parent turning farmer, but dutifully wrote to say that he would be indeed welcome here.

He came, and many plans occurred to him for getting up an estate in this neighbourhood commensurate with his riches. But an Abraham and a Lot cannot dwell together. Mr. Lee was too substantial a settler for him to dwell beside. The flourishing estate would draw attention from the newly springing one. No, this would not do. Rougemont was then thought of.

The Pirate's will had provided for that event which had really happened, namely, the birth of an heir to the marquise after Clinton's death. In case of such an event the whole property was to be Jane's until the boy reached the age of twenty-one, when, with the title, it was to revert to him, on the consideration that he paid Mrs. Lee and his mother certain life annuities. The Earl, as a guardian of the boy, at length made up his mind to reside in the mansion of Rougemont, and thither intended to convey his daughters, when Lady Hester began to decline in health so rapidly, that Dr. Bathurst interdicted the removal, and announced his fears of her speedy dissolution.

In the month of August she had reached the very

borders of the tomb, and every day was expected to be her last.

She did not keep her bed, but still sat, supported by her sister and Jane alternately, at her instrument, from which she could not bear to be removed. Dr. Bathurst directed that no contradiction of any kind or description should be offered to her wishes, and his orders were strictly followed.

One morning she seemed more silent than usual, as if sunk in meditation. She did not ask to be carried to her piano, but lay on her bed, dressed, without a word or a motion.

"What are you thinking of, my dearest Hester?" asked Letitia, who sat by her, holding her hand.

"Of dreams," was the melancholy response.

"What dreams, dearest sister?"

"Wretched ones. I will tell you all about them bye and bye—don't disturb me now."

Accordingly no one spoke to her for some time, but Letitia whispered to Jane, with a fluttering heart,

"Did you ever hear her speak so rationally before—I mean since her mental disorder began?"

"She only said a few words, my dear," replied Jane, cautiously.

"But were not those few very rationally uttered, both in manner and matter?" ejaculated Letitia, her colour coming and going as her heart fluttered with hope.

"I was a little struck with her style of speaking, I must confess," acknowledged Jane.

Letitia burst into tears.

"Who weeps?" exclaimed Lady Hester, turning her head sharply towards that part of the room where her sister and Mrs. Lee were whispering. "Letty, is that you?"

"O, Hester, Hester!" screamed Letitia in a transport, rushing to the bed with her arms uplifted, "do you know me once again?"

"Know you, my sister!" echoed Lady Hester in amazement, raising herself on her elbow, and putting her hand to her forehead, bewildered—"I hardly do, you are so altered. And I—where am I? What room is this?"

"You are in the valley where Pastor Wilson lives, dearest! This is his rectory house. You have been here three years, and I have resided with you all that time. Mrs. Lee has helped to nurse you."

"Amazing!" faintly ejaculated Lady Hester, sinking back on the bed, while her eyes turned upwards until almost lost in their sockets.

Jane came, and kissed her tenderly, but felt unable to speak. The Earl also approached, and tremulously spoke her name.

"My father too!" murmured Lady Hester, taking his hand with a feeble movement to her pale lips.

The Earl was overcome by this act of reconciliation, he bent over her, and kissed her, his tears dropping on her cheek.

Jane had sent off for Doctor Bathurst in haste, and now watched every moment's flight with extreme impatience until he should arrive. He was fortunately in the valley, and came with a speed rather suited to a nimble youth than to the sixth stage of life.

"Sir," faltered the Earl, grasping his hand convulsively as soon as he appeared within the chamber, "'tis to you I owe this blessed change in my daughter! I admire the mode of treatment you have adopted and these are its results. Command my purse, my gratitude for ever, sir! Once I was ungrateful to a man who saved a child of mine from death, I will not be so a second time."

"Stay, my lord, be not too hasty in your rejoicing," said the doctor, gravely, "a return of reason sometimes precedes—

"I will not hear you," interrupted the Earl, with a shudder. "She *must* recover!"

"I trust she may, my lord," responded the doctor. "But has she mentioned her son yet?"

"She seems perfectly ignorant of its existence."

"Then keep him out of sight," said the doctor, earnestly. "I can perceive at a glance that she has had as much excitement as she can well bear at one time. This is a critical period, sir. Lady Hester's disorder approaches a close."

The child had contrived to follow the doctor into the chamber, and at this instant it wound its arms about his legs, and, looking smilingly up in his face, articulated, with tolerable distinctness, as if sensible of the doctor's authority—

"Clinton see mammy?"

Lady Hester sprung up directly, those imperfect sounds had touched a secret chord in her heart.

"What child is that?" she demanded, looking at the deeply interested group around, and then upon the beautiful little creature.

There was a short silence, during which the boy ran of his own accord to her, and twisting his hands playfully in her dishevelled hair, as she bent her head to him, reiterated—

"Clinton must come see mammy—Clinton must come see mammy."

"What is your name, my sweet child?" she tremulously asked.

"Clinton Louis Lawrence," replied the boy, as if to pronounce the words had been a practised task. Lady Hester pressed her hand on her heart, and gasped.

"And who is your mammy, my dear?" she inquired.

"You my mammy—me may come see you, mayn't me?"

"Tell me the truth, Letty—father—is this boy mine?"

"He is," replied the Earl, disregarding the doctor's precautionary look.

Lady Hester caught him to her bosom wildly, then held him from her and perused his face with a look of unutterable anguish, again caught him to her, again held him off, and surveyed his features; then kissing him frantically, burst forth into a flood of tears. Each present wept and no one interfered to check the tide of mingled feelings of sorrow and joy which agitated the widowed mother.

CHAPTER XXX.

PEACE, HAPPINESS AND CONTENTMENT.

LADY HESTER speedily began to recover. The angel of death relented from his purpose and took wing. Cheerfulness then became once more an inmate of the valley, and the summer closed amid thankfulness and peace.

The child of Lady Hester was her consolation at all times. Her fondness for him could never be told—it was a passion, it was an ecstasy! All the intense love she had borne his father was now centred in him. From the first moment of her becoming acquainted with his existence, she could never bear him out of her sight. He must be always close to her waking or sleeping, and many an hour of the night did she spend watching his slumbering

features, and every day grew more like those of her departed love. It were vain to attempt a description of her feelings on some particular occasions, when, struck by this increasing resemblance, she would press a thousand sorrowful kisses on his eyes and lips, or fold him to her bosom in rapturous melancholy. He was her light in darkness—her life in death—her fresh springing fountain in a desert waste.

One beautiful evening after sunset she sat with him on her lap in the summer house attached to the lodge. The Earl and Letitia were near her. Jane and Arthur sat side by side at the foot of the maple tree, and their little laughing girl was playing on the green sward at their feet, throwing wild-flowers at little Clinton, about whom they hung as on a smiling cupid. The Pastor and his favourite companion Dr. Bathurst, walked leisurely up and down in front of the summer-house conversing.

"That is a noble maple which overshadows this little building so pleasantly," observed the Earl.

"I thought it had gone to decay," rejoined Arthur. "Four years it drooped, and scarcely bore any foliage, but it is completely restored to us this summer."

"It is a good omen," remarked the doctor, pausing in his walk. "When it was last in a flourishing condition, the Pastor's family was so too; it drooped while it was afflicted; but now that we have reason to believe misfortune has departed the tree revives."

Here Jane and Arthur simultaneously breathed a quiet sigh to the memory of Lucy and Clinton, who once, at this season of the year, at this time of the day when the Pastor's household partook of their liberal evening meal here, shed gaiety and brightness over the scene.

"The worthy doctor seems to be your grandfather's right hand on all occasions," observed the Earl, again addressing Arthur, as the Pastor and his companion stood on a knoll at a little distance, pointing out to each other certain objects in the fertile landscape.

Arthur smilingly rejoined.—

"Not only my grandfather's but mine also. Not a single improvement can be projected or planned by the Pastor without Dr. Bathurst's advice. And with regard to myself, if any part of my estate is to be made more ornamental, convenient, or productive, or if any social regulation is to be made, I too must consult the doctor.

I confess I could not proceed without him. Half of the success which has crowned my exertion is owing to the doctor's taste and talents. He is a man indispensable here. All the settlers round, from the highest to the lowest, consult with him alike on social, moral, and agricultural, as well as medical topics. Not a regulation however trivial, can be carried into effect among them—not a corn-field, potatoe-field, or garden planned—not a bridge, mill, or cot put together—without Dr. Bathurst."

"But what has become of your attached Irish girl, Mrs. Lee?" asked Lady Hester.

"Deborah has a pretty cabin in this valley," replied Jane. "She is very happy I believe. Many years she grieved over the supposed faithlessness of a countryman of hers, O'Reilly, to whom she has been some time married. They have paid a visit to 'ould Ireland;" the journey was a pilgrimage of love, one of as unsophisticated a feeling, as ever we may hope to see in this formal world. She stood by the broken walls of her parents' cabin in Kilfenora, and prayed for the repose of their "sowls" on the cold hearth; she said her confessions to her old parish priest, who wept when she made herself known to him; she kissed with pious reverence the mouldering wooden cross at the head of her parents' grave, and had the mound covered with fresh turf and grass; she sought out her brothers and sisters and all old acquaintances; and, to conclude, returned hither with a shoal of them, who were induced to leave their native land of misery and want by her pictures of the prosperity they might attain in America. The village yonder is mainly peopled by these Irish emigrants, in whose welfare she takes an interest that is quite affecting from its pure disinterestedness."

"Disinterestedness always appeared to me to be Deborah's chief virtue;" observed Lady Hester.

"It is so," rejoined Jane. "No traits of a mercenary spirit have I ever discovered in her. If she serves you it is with a hearty good will quite refreshing; if she takes the money that is her due it is as a necessity imposed by her wants, from which she would willingly be relieved. She has no craving after gain for its own sake; and, I believe, she would rather remain in poverty all her days than serve a person whom she did not love, or take from any one whom she did love money that she knew they needed. Let those who will speak slightly of the Irish, I have

found them fervent in affection; zealous in rendering services; full of admirable fidelity! kind and industrious. Whoever makes a true Irish heart its friend, has a friend indeed!"

"You speak warmly on behalf of those whom civilized nations have conspired to despise," said the Earl. "But you must allow from what you have heard and read of them, that, as a nation, they are a set of barbarians."

"They are watched as a nation, I know too well," returned Jane with deep feeling. "But let them be wisely governed, so that they may break from the bands of their poverty, the source of all their crimes—let them have *freedom* in its highest, truest sense—and they will soon emerge from their barbarism. As a people they possess uncommon genius; are witty and sagacious; abound in patience, though full of warm feelings; and are, in short, as well furnished with every necessary element for attaining a high place in the scale of civilization as any other people in the world."

The Earl was silent. He had all his life been accustomed to think and speak of beautiful Hibernia as a land given up by its Creator to hopeless barbarity. It must be clouded with perpetual darkness, ignorance must always rest upon it, and famine and crime must always devour it. It was too late now for the ex-statesman to change his opinions. Still he did not debate the matter with Mrs. Lee, but contented himself with smiling incredulously, and shaking his head in a manner that seemed to say—

"No, no, my dear lady, rely on it Ireland is a doomed country. She never can be in a better condition than at present."

The Pastor was called into the lodge by the Indian twin brothers, Sassa and Taota, who had conducted hither several of their tribes to be baptised.

"These brothers are perfectly reclaimed from their wild and wandering life," observed Doctor Bathurst.

"Yes," returned Arthur, "and many a Christian-born man might look to them for examples of unadulterated goodness. They truly practise a heavenly morality, and evidence by it a holy and spiritual faith. The last day alone may reveal the extent of their usefulness. They travel thousands of miles in the winter season carrying relief to their famishing brethren who have then no means

of subsistence, and dispensing at the same time the precious Bread of Life. This earth would soon be happier, holier, if such men were more frequently to arise. But labourers like these in the vineyard are indeed few.

Merry the black was here heard alternately whistling and singing a negro song, and presently he made his appearance with a small basket covered with vine leaves.

At the first view of his dusky visage, illuminated by a smile which displayed his ivory teeth to great advantage, the two urchins made vigorous exertions to run towards him, but one only was allowed to succeed, the little Clinton being held back against his will by Lady Hester.

"Iss, ittle missy—me got cherries, plums, grapes, honey, and all!" shouted the black, snapping his fingers gleefully, and throwing himself on the ground in a sitting posture with his back against a bush.

"Grapes for me?" cried the little girl with ecstasy, climbing on his knees, while Merry drew forth his tempting stores.

"Iss, missy, iss—here one big bunch?" he ejaculated with a joyful grin, holding up at arm's length a luscious cluster fully ripe.

The child pulled his arm down again, seized the fruit, and was about to eat eagerly of it, when she paused, looking towards the whimpering Clinton. In an instant more she was upon her feet, had restored the grapes to the basket, and carried the whole with a prodigious effort of strength to her little companion.

An admiring laugh, and many ejaculations of delight at this trait of childish unselfishness, rang around. Mr. Lee, in the gladness of his heart, gave her a toss in the air, and then applied to her several endearing epithets. Mrs. Lee then kissed her with fond approval. But the child was too impatient of her treat to care about caresses at present. She struggled vehemently for her release, and, obtaining it hastened to rifle the basket of all its treasures.

"Stop, let me select what will agree with you and Clinton," said her careful mother. "Sit down side by side, children, and spread these broad leaves over your laps. There, this is for you, Clinton, and this for you, Lucy. Merry, shall carry the rest into the house."

It was a pleasant sight to see the two children, like twins, lovingly partaking of the wild luxuries the woods pro-

vided, sometimes picking out a larger grape or cherry than ordinary, and thrusting it into the mouth of the other, Merry all the while making them laugh with his antics and gambols performed on the grass for their amusement.

"Have you ever seen your old master in Kingston, Merry, since I bought your freedom!" asked the Earl.

"No, no, massa," replied the black with a broad grin, "me not see de old ash merchant sin den. Me nebber want see him. Me nebber want go to Kingston now. Me got 'quaintance hereabouts. Me berry happy here. No cowskin here. No oberseer. No chain, no log at my feet."

"Would you rather be here in Mr. Lee's service, or in the ship where we first saw you?" asked Letitia.

"Me rather be here, missy," was the ready answer. "Dey bad fellows in that ship, berry bad. Old fader Toby best—poor old man, he gone! Ah, dear!" sighed the black, rubbing his hand over his eyes. "Gilpin next best. He many times say a good word for me. He gone too! Brine swear Gilpin's life away—he hung two year ago."

"Was it so?" said Lady Hester inquiringly to Mr. Lee. She was answered in the affirmative.

"De Pole," continued the black, speaking contemptuously, "he deserve what him got—he bad man, and coward too. He try murder Gilpin abed in de night—Gilpin kill him."

"And do you know what became of the other Pirates?" asked Lady Hester.

"Dey all wrecked," replied Merry. "Two, tree, big boards wash on shore, dere people read "FEARLESS," in great letters—dat was de name of de Pirate ship. All drowned in de great Lake Erie."

"What has Lucy got there?" cried Mr. Lee, looking at his child.

"My mother's picture!" exclaimed Jane putting her hand to her neck where hung a broken chain. "I hope it is not injured! It has dropped without my perceiving it."

"Let me have it, my little woman," said Mr. Lee, disengaging the reluctant little hands which held it.

Jane found it uninjured, but the incident produced a graver tone of feeling for the moment in her mind. Thought connected the portrait with the deceased Pirate, from whose lifeless corpse she had taken it.

Merry now withdrew the children to a little distance, and there sported with them in high glee. Lady Hester conversed with Jane and Letitia awhile, and then the three, taking Clinton with them, and leaving the little girl with her father, walked to the burial ground. As they went Jane related for the first time to Lady Hester the simple story of the broken-hearted Lucy.

"It seemed to be my brother's wish that he should be buried here," said Jane; "and my father in his last moments desired that it should be so arranged. You, my dear Lady Hester, were not in a condition to be consulted, we therefore brought his beloved remains hither."

"You did right," returned Lady Hester, collectedly, sitting down on her husband's tomb, which was placed side by side with that of Miss Lee, between the two twin pair of overhanging cypresses. "It seems to me as if heaven had destined him to lie here. There was just space enough under these fine trees for the two graves, and no more. I am not sensible of any petty jealousy, my dear Mrs. Lee. I pity this too susceptible girl deeply, and so I should, for I have known the power by which she was so fatally attracted. I am sure I had his undivided heart, and so peace be upon both."

Calm tears flowed unchecked from her eyes, while her child stood awed he knew not why.

"Clinton, my boy, here lies your dear father," said Lady Hester, "come upon the stone and see his name."

She guided his tiny finger along the letters of the words "Nicholas Clinton," telling him each one, and spelling the syllables over to him. "That was your father's name, and now it is yours, my child."

"Take away this stone, mamma, and let father come out and kiss me," entreated the child, earnestly.

"Alas! my dear," he will never come out more until the resurrection," said Lady Hester.

"I'll call to him—Father! father! come and see me and mamma!"

"He cannot hear you, my dear," said Mrs. Lee, greatly affected, taking him from the tomb into her own arms.

"Mamma says he is inside that little stone house," remonstrated the boy with passion.

"So he is, but he is dead, he cannot hear or see you."

"Why cannot he?" asked the child, passionately.

"Because he is dead, I told you, my dear."

"What does dead mean?"

"You shall know another day—we must go now."

"Me kiss father's name first?" pleaded the boy, stretching out his arms toward the tomb.

"Yes, yes, let him," said Lady Hester, placing him again on his knees upon the stone.

He pressed his rosy lips on the unconscious letters, his infant soul touched by some dawning feeling of a maturer age. Lady Hester did the same, and the sisters and the child then turned from the melancholy spot in silence.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONCLUSION.

"**T**O-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," says Shakspeare, "creeps in this petty space from day to day." All the poets, as well as moralists and divines, have given us solemn reflections upon life—its changing scenes, its unsubstantial shows, its rapid flight. But what does it all avail? In spite of poets, moralists, and divines, we live but in the present, the past yields us no concern. "Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die," this is our maxim, and thus the immortal spark within us, buried under worldliness and sensuality, languishes, sickens, and expires.

Those who once figured so prominently in this story are now passed away. The graceful and fascinating Clinton, the majestic Pirate, the sweet Lucy, are blended with their native earth. Here is a change indeed!

The child of yesterday is a man to-day. In the place of the Pirate's son, we have that son's son, now in full bloom of manly beauty, gifted with fortune, health, "troops of friends," honour, learning, hope, and joy. He has reached the eve of his twenty-first year. To-morrow he takes possession of his inheritance, and to-morrow he is to be married to his cousin, another sweet Lucy Lee, who, when our tale opened, was not in existence.

On this day a large party are gathered in the superb saloon at Rougemont, where the band of Pirates, who now like their captain are numbered with the things that were, once practised their lawless vagaries.

Here, if the reader cast his eye around, he may discern some old acquaintances. The staid single lady verging upon forty, with a calm but saddened countenance, is

Lady Letitia, mourning, even amid festivity, for the Earl, who was lately gathered to his fathers.

This more antiquated spinster at Lady Letitia's side is Miss Gresham, formerly her governess, now her constant companion. The two live alone on the estate of Rougemont. Miss Gresham is the almoner of Lady Letitia's bounty, her assistant in visiting the poor, and in regulating the schools and the charitable societies she has founded for the instruction and pecuniary relief of Indians and settlers. Her heart is entirely given up to deeds of private charity and public utility. Wherever she goes the blessings of those who were ready to perish follow her. Yet her right hand hardly knows what her left hand does. Her eye is single—her heart is pure from motives of vanity or vain-glory—she seeks no reward but the secret whisperings of an approving conscience—she is never heard to complain of the ingratitude of those she benefits, for she asks no gratitude; what she does, she does from a sense of duty, and as the steward only of her earthly riches.

A rather overdressed, portly lady, between the middle and closing ages of life, will be easily known as Mrs. Markham. She is still the favourite friend of Lady Hester, and an ever welcome guest both at Rougemont and in the Pastor's valley. Her heart is as warm as ever—her disposition as kindly—her manners as free from fashionable formality. The children of Mrs. Lee (for she is now the mother of a large family) enjoy a visit of hers to the Pastor's lodge as a high holiday—even the servants are glad when they see her good-humoured face. Both there and here she is quite at home. She inquires into every arrangement with a pleasing sort of authority, and will even venture to dispute a point with the autocrat of all the servants, the housekeeper, who yields to her, and to her alone, with a good grace.

"Whose carriage is that?" she inquired of a footman.

"Mr. Lee's, madam, from the Ottawa country," replied the man.

"Ah! I must go to meet them."

In the entrance hall she encountered the bluff and manly figure of Mr. Lee, now in middle age.

"Welcome! welcome hither!" she warmly exclaimed. "But who is this leaning on your arm? Gracious heaven! who could have expected to see your venerable grandfather so far from his home? Pastor Wilson, you

are surely growing backwards, or you never could have reached here in your ninety-eighth year!"

"This is my last journey, Mrs. Markham," said the aged clergyman, taking his right hand from his grandson's arm to meet hers, while his left leaned upon a crutch.

"And high time," returned the good lady laughing. "Oh, here comes my good friend Mrs. Lee." "How many of your family have you brought with you, pray?"

"My two sons, and the two bridesmaids, my daughters," was the smiling reply.

"Where are they? I must have a word with them out of school. Feelings are not to be shown in drawing-rooms you know."

"They are with Lucy and Clinton in the plantation."

"Is Lady Hester with them?"

"Yes—but see, here they come."

"Then I'll tell you what, my dear Mrs. Lee, let us shut ourselves up in a room apart from general company for half an hour. We have each much sentiment stirring in our bosoms on this joyful occasion. We have a thousand kind of things we must wish to say to one another. We have memories of a tender nature, which for once perhaps we would mutually recall; and feelings of joy which we desire to indulge without witnesses.

"The breakfast room that looks upon the mausoleum," suggested Mrs. Lee.

"The very place," assented Mrs. Markham. "Gather our friends together while I go and order refreshments to be carried thither for you."

"Seldom can so large a circle of true friends meet on earth as this which I see here around me," said the aged Pastor, as he sat in an antique arm chair in the centre of his family, in the breakfast room, the patriarch of the scene. His eyes, glistened with tears of joy, glanced from one to another, resting with a more lingering gaze on the handsome pair who sat at his right hand.

"My bonny Lucy," said he, pressing his hand on her fair curls, "thou hast been my chief favourite among all my granddaughter's children! and dost thou know why?"

"Because I am like my Aunt Lucy whose name you gave me?—so you have often said, dear grandfather."

"That is the reason. Yes, thou art like her, or I fancy that thou art."

"Talking of resemblances," said the young Marquis,

"how is it, that, excepting Mrs. Markham, none of you tell me I am like my father?"

"Thou art exactly like him," said Lady Hester, looking on her son with fond pride mixed with melancholy. "When I see you I could fancy he stood before me."

"And I," said Mrs. Markham.

"I think my brother Clinton was hardly so handsome as my nephew Clinton," said Mrs. Lee.

"But your brother was more fascinating perhaps," suggested Lady Letitia.

Lucy thought that could not be, but she did not speak her thought.

"I must differ from both of you," said Lady Hester to her sister. "In my opinion my husband was quite as handsome as my son, and my son is quite as fascinating as his father."

"This is a weighty matter," said the young Marquis, smiling and ingenuously blushing. "What think *you* grandfather?"

"I leave the question of personal beauty to be settled by the ladies," rejoined the Pastor, "but I shall take it upon me to speak of your father's character in the hope that you and my other young listeners will remember what I shall say with profit. He was a delightful companion. I was an old man when first I saw him, yet by his eloquent tongue and his pleasing manners, he won me to love him. My ear and my fancy he alike enchanted. No wonder then that your poor aunt Lucy lost her heart in listening to him. Now as regards this power of winning hearts, the son seems to me to be equally potent with the father—is he not, young maiden?" tapping the neck of the intended bride.

Lucy blushed rosy red, and so did the young Marquis.

"To go on," continued the Pastor. "Clinton was possessed of extensive general knowledge, which made him still more seductive as a companion. He possessed poetry—knew how to make you in love with the poetical parts of every science—was versed in all manly accomplishments—and had a taste so noble, so delicate, and so enlarged, that I never found an equal to it."

"Here's an eulogium!" exclaimed Mrs. Markham.

Lady Hester's memory brought before her the idolised image of the departed, and she wept.

"But all the fine sentiments with which his mind was

stored," resumed the Pastor, "proved ineffectual in preserving him from the power of temptation. His imagination had at will a host of beautiful visions of goodness, heroism, and purity; but his power to perform that which was good was weak as any man's. To know and to do require different studies my children. To know, you must inform your head—to *do*, you must purify your heart. Speculation is not practice. Dreaming and talking of virtue is very well in its place, but take heed that you do not fall into vice the while. You have heard Clinton's story—you know what led to his dreadful end—you have heard from Lady Hester the errors he committed before he came to America—you know it was through his faulty conduct I lost my grandchild Lucy. Lay all this to heart, and while you think upon him with affection, beware of his frailties. Be not content with indulging in fine sentiment. Remember Shakspeare's words—"It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching." But I see Lucy thinks me tedious—

"No, indeed, dear grandfather, I was thinking deeply of what you said."

"An old man, my dear good girl, may be allowed to moralise a little even on the eve of a wedding—may he not? I have nearly completed a century—I see my third generation grown up—these are circumstances that move me to graver thought than you can enter into."

"Speak whatever you wish, grandfather," said Mrs. Lee, looking with reverential affection on the thin flakes of white hair which the breeze from the window softly waved. "My children, in which I include our young noblemen, cannot have you with them much longer, your words therefore should be to them as choice silver."

"I love to see them enjoying the innocent mirth suitable to their years, and to an occasion like this," returned the Pastor. "I will not intrude unseasonable gravity upon them. Only as this young bridegroom, that is to be, was speaking of his father, I could not refrain from drawing a lesson for him from the theme. Yon neat marble temple reminds me that there is another of whom I could say a few words. The Pirate-Marquis, my son-in-law, Mrs. Lee's father, to whom she indeed paid a daughter's duty, he was a very different character from that I have

recently described, but in some respects they deserve to be compared. The crowning grace of Clinton was sentiment, that of his father dignity. The leading defect of the one was principle enervated by a redundance of fancy, in the other principle over-powered by a passion for rule. Clinton inspired love, the Pirate admiration. Clinton might have bewitched the world, the Pirate might have commanded it. As it was, both being at sea without rudder or compass were fatally shipwrecked, and both furnish us with a trite moral, that genius and ability will neither benefit mankind or their possessors if they *govern* principle, instead of being governed *by* principle."

And have you anything to teach *me* from the history of the aunt whose name I bear?" asked Lucy.

"That is what I would teach you, my dear," said the Pastor, "be devoted and sincere in your affections and attentions to your husband. Depend on it, it is only by being so that you can render *yourself*, as well as him, happy. Were wedded persons more bent to fulfil their marriage vows there would be more peace and joy in that glorious union than there is. If one party swerve from their duty the other too often makes that a plea for abandoning theirs. But do thou, my Lucy, keep thy promises to him made before God always in thy view, and thou canst not err. Thy husband, I firmly believe, is worthy of thee; but whatever conduct he pursues, be *thou* sincere, for that will prove a balm to thy conscience, and a passport to the world to come. To your sisters I say let your aunt Lucy's example warn them to be exceedingly careful when they perceive their affections becoming entangled, that the object is worthy of their choice."

"You remember the priest who longed for the days of the inquisition?" said Mr. Lee to his wife.

"In the prison of Quebec?—he who attended my father?"

"The same. He died from the effects of an accident as he was travelling near our valley. The Pastor and I were fortunately able to be of service to him during his painful illness, and he left the world in great charity with us and all Protestants." "When was this?"

"At the time when I was making my last timber sales."

"Deeds that bespeak a spirit of good will are never thrown away," observed the Pastor. "They appeal irresistibly to the hearts even of those who hate us. Talking

of Catholic acquaintances, there was Madame Barry died ten years ago with the best feeling toward us."

"Yes, she sent for me to her convent," said Jane, "that I might be with her in her last moments. She professed to have a mother's love for me, and so I believed she had. For this, and because she was my first instructor, I truly honour her memory. It was her desire that my third daughter, then an infant, should be called by her name. Of course I complied. To this name-sake she made a singular bequest namely, her crosses, reliques, and Romish missals, together with a sum of money. She also left a letter, in which she hopes that this child when of age would adopt the Catholic faith, and enter the convent in which she died. But of this I have at present little apprehensions."

"It was chiefly through her intercession that the estates of Rougemont are now in the possession of its lineal heir, instead of being confiscated to the state," remarked Lady Letitia, "therefore there exist more than personal reasons why we should respect her memory."

"And it was she who was mainly instrumental in obtaining the Governor's leave for the interment of the Marquis' body on his own estate," said Lady Hester, "when by law it was doomed to lie with common felons."

"Pray don't slight the living to magnify the dead, good people," gaily interposed Mrs. Markham. "I believe Madam Barry would not have accomplished what you speak of without my aid. I must not have my good deeds forgot. I like to hear of them as you all know."

This provoked a laugh from the junior members of the party, whose merriment it wanted little to excite. They were too happy to be grave long. Their hearts were brimful of delight, and the turning of a straw was sufficient to call a thousand "wreathing smiles," upon their faces.

"What have I said, pray, to set you all giggling!" cried Mrs. Markham, in assumed displeasure.

There was nothing in these words to account for the jocund peal of laughter that succeeded, but then her manner was very comical, at least so people like these, who wanted to give a vent to their overflowing spirits, might be pleased to think. There was nothing for it but to laugh too, which she did as heartily as the youngest present. They all laughed, even to the hoary Pastor. After that there occurred a jocund conversation, not impor-

tant enough to deserve repeating, and while it was going on the party stepped out through the glass doors upon a terrace adorned with flowers, where they walked in the gayest humour imaginable until they reached the French windows of the saloon, through which they stepped, and joined the general company.

The next day was hailed with general rejoicing for miles around. During the minority of the heir to the estates the tenants had lost many benefits and privileges which the residence of a lord of Rougemont among them had usually conferred. Every habitan and cottager assembled in holiday attire to give a heartfelt welcome to the young Marquis, who met them in the front of his house immediately after his marriage, his fair bride hanging on his arm. There he addressed them in a short but animated speech, and they replied with an enthusiastic shout—

“*Vivat, Marquis! Vivat, Marchioness!*”

He then led Lucy to the front of the saloon windows, where his mother, now out of mourning for the first time during twenty-one years, stood richly dressed to receive her. The bridegroom's men, Lucy's brothers, and the bridesmaids, her sisters, were on the right of Lady Hester, and Mr. and Mrs. Lee on the left. Beside them stood Lady Letitia, Mrs. Markham, and other near and dear friends; and on an antique easy chair, in the midst of the group, sat the venerable Pastor.

Lucy bent her knee to the ground before him as he held out his arms to embrace her.

“Bless me, grandfather!” she tremulously exclaimed,

“I do—I do—my good girl!” returned the Pastor, with emotion, stooping to kiss her forehead. “Thou art the worthy daughter of a worthy mother, and thou shalt live honoured and happy as she has lived!”

A dinner upon a grand and lavish scale had been provided in front of the house, of which rich and poor were equally invited to partake. Pavilions, festooned with roses, had been erected for the occasion. Two cross tables at the upper end were set out with the gorgeous family plate belonging to the mansion, and here visitors of rank and the relatives of the Marquis took their places. He himself occupied the central seat, his wife being on his right, his mother on his left. A long row of tables stretched downwards from before him, pleasantly overshadowed by green boughs, and adorned with vases of plants breath-

ing a rich perfume. Several hundred persons, men, women, and children, sat there ; the men and boys in gay-coloured sashes, their summer hats of light straw lying on the grass beside them ; the women and girls in jackets of many coloured cloth, French head-dresses of the brightest hues, and their best moccasins on their feet.

The Pastor said grace while all stood. When seats had been resumed, the young Marquis arose, and pledged his tenants in a glass of sparkling ale. Each drained the pledge, and a loud "*Vivat, Marquis!*" again arose. Dinner then proceeded. As soon as it was over wine was freely distributed, and each board groaned beneath a weight of foreign and native fruits, mingled with confectionery.

After the entertainment the tables were removed, the trees hung with festooned lights—green, purple, crimson, and other colours, the cascades, fountains and rivulets, illuminated with a surprising profusion of Russian lights, giving them as by magic, the appearance of liquid fire ; and every part of the grounds resounded with gay music.

The tenants were under no restraint whatever. They wandered about in this gorgeous fairy land as they pleased ; here, in some retired alcove, partaking of foreign delicacies, with whose very name they were unacquainted, there, dancing on the smooth sod. Never had there been such a day in Rougemont.

On the lawn next the house dancing was kept up all day. The Marquis and his bride led off the first figure, and a bridesmaid and a young habitant the second.

Within the mansion the scene was dazzling. A long suite of rooms, consisting of the great saloon, the drawing and dining rooms, the ball-room, the conservatory and green-house, were thrown into one line. Delicate pilasters, wreathed with roses, and covered with gilding, shot up at regular intervals on each side along the whole length of the suite ; the roof above was decorated with crowns and wreaths of roses and lilies : and both walls and roof were interspersed with a million of lights equally soft and brilliant.

The furniture was of that magnificent and antique character, which insensibly carried the imagination back to the days of old romance. There were pedestals and side-boards of the rich time of Louis XIV. ; carved chairs, of an earlier date, white and gold, covered with tapestry ;

enormous mirrors in fantastically-wrought frames; tables of red-veined alabaster backed with Venetian glass; floor covers of fringed damask; divers lounging-chairs, and couches, of patterns quite out of date, and all disposed with inimitable art.

After commencing the dances on the lawn, the noble bridegroom and his bride left the festive scene for a retired walk conducting to the brink of a lovely inland lake. A green bank, that might have formed a couch worthy of "Titania's" choice, afforded them a seat. Here their eyes, even more than their lips, discoursed eloquent music. Pure and intense happiness, altogether without alloy, overflowed their guiltless hearts. The morning of their life glowed with joys whose rich and vivid colouring was unshadowed by a cloud. Yet in deep feeling some pensiveness is ever mingled. The gaiety they had left had not harmonised with the tone of their spirits like the hallowed stillness of this secluded spot. Here every object and sound favoured the interchange of the profound emotions with which the late blissful change in their circumstances had inspired them. The soft moonlight quivering on the deep purple surface of the lake; the clouds above of celestial whiteness, the dark masses of rock which gave grandeur to the picture; and the indescribable richness of the wild vegetation which was its chief grace.

While sitting here, the distant strains of jocund music came sweetly tempered on the ear. Now and then too the soft laugh of a peasant girl rambling with her companions near sounded not unpleasantly, and presently a liquid feminine voice, from a woody steep close at hand, thrilled a little song so delightfully that it seemed to be challenging the nightingales in the trees to a competition. The Marquis and his bride were delighted with it. The words were these:—

Now 'tis pleasure's magic hour,
Every bosom owns her power;
Youths and maidens are as gay,
As life were all one bridal day.

Silence to her haunts has won us;
See! the moon shines soft upon us,
And the lulling breezes play
Farewell to the bridal day.

Sweetly tune the dulcet measure,
 'Tis the magic hour of pleasure;
 Wife with song and dance away,
 The evening of the bridal day.

Blest may bride and bridegroom dwell,
 Linked in love's entrancing spell;
 Nor the vows neglect to pay,
 Plighted on their bridal day.

Now 'tis pleasure's magic hour,
 Every bosom owns her power,
 Youths and maidens are as gay,
 As if life were one bridal day.

Before the unpretending lay was concluded the young Marquis perceived some friends approaching—they proved to be his mother, his bride's parents, and the Pastor. These also seated themselves on the verdant bank, enjoying the delicious coolness and tranquillity of the hour, and conversing in blissful concord. The airy gladness of the rustic minstrel's expression pleased them, as well as the good wishes breathed in her song for the newly wedded pair. The bridegroom, who, if he did not inherit all his father's genius, yet certainly inherited his taste for poetry, quoted from Collins' "Ode on the Passions," with enthusiasm—

"They would have thought who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel darning,
 While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with mirth a gay fantastic round."

The spirits of each were rather deep and full than elevated. Lady Hester's eyes frequently rested on her son with a melancholy rapture, and as frequently turned away filled with tears. Her memory was busy with its stores of sorrow, and fancy borrowed from them to image forth its ideal pictures. She had but recently been able to bring distinctly before her mental eye her long lost husband; and now his face, and figure, his graceful mien, his smile, nay, the very cadence of his voice, were palpably realized. Her son perceived the tears trickling down her cheeks, and clasped her hand in tender anxiety.

"It is nothing, my son."

"You would not weep for *nothing*, beloved mother," returned he, still more anxiously.

"I was thinking of your father," said Lady Hester, in a low, tremulous voice.

Her son was silent. He loved her almost to adoration, and nothing tended more to increase that love than her devotion to his father's memory. Her constant grief for one who had been so long laid in the grave expressed, as he thought, an unworldly elevation of sentiment, which charmed equally his imagination and his feelings.

Mrs. Lee had also noticed Lady Hester weeping and when she knew the cause, her own eyes were bedewed likewise. In her heart there lay the images of *two* dear lost ones. Her father and her brother she still regretted with many secret pangs of a bitterness none but heaven could appreciate.

The Pastor caught the pensive infection, and one after another the children he had laid in the dust, and the friends who had departed, were remembered. He talked of them, narrated many passages of his life in which they had been concerned fifty or sixty years ago," with a minute accuracy that would have surprised his listeners had they not been well accustomed to it. Then, as night deepened, and the moon began to enter her meridian, he recurred again to the idols of his memory—Lucy and Clinton. This was a theme that never tired, and although Mr. Lee hinted that it was high time to return to the house, no movement was made. While the Pastor was fondly engrossed with his favourite subject, he suddenly broke off, and then declared that he had seen his grandson Clinton exactly as when alive, moving along by the margin of the water with a gliding motion. The friends arose in some consternation, and Lucy shrank into the arms of her husband with a pale countenance.

"There!—there!" exclaimed the Pastor energetically, pointing with his finger.

"Where, Pastor Wilson?" cried Lady Hester, wildly, breaking from Mrs. Lee and her son, and rushing forward in the direction indicated.

"Mr. Lee, for God's sake follow her!" cried the Marquis, who was detained by his shrinking bride.

Mr. Lee did so with haste.

The Pastor fell on his knees in the moonlight, and clasped his hands, apparently lost to what was passing around.

"Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,
On his gray holy hair."

"But ah! that patriarch's aspect shone,
With something holier far—
A radiance all the spirit's own,
Caught not from sun or star.

"And silent stood his children by,
Hushing their very breath,
Before the solemn sanctity
Of thoughts o'ersweeping death."

"Grandfather!—dearest grandfather!" said Jane in trembling tones, placing her hand on his shoulder.

"I am called away," softly ejaculated the Pastor, looking upwards. "Hark!—again! I come—I come! Lord receive my spirit!" and so saying he fell on his face.

He was immediately raised and carried to the mansion, where festivity and mirth still reigned with unbroken sway, but were now to be suddenly banished by the awful tidings *sudden death*. But the habitual state of preparation for eternity in which the Pastor had lived, together with his great age, precluded any feelings of extraordinary surprise or horror at the event.

The mansion witnessed no more bridal merriment, but a solemnity, rather than any more oppressive feeling, pervaded it. The friends kept the singular circumstances of his death secret among themselves. The shock was soon subdued to a placid hallowed regret, saving only in the bosom of Lady Hester, who never smiled afterwards. She lived to an advanced age, always firmly believing that the spirit of her husband had appeared to summon the Pastor into eternity, and longing for the same summons to be made, in the same manner, for herself.

Mrs. Lee, the amiable and long-tried "Canadian Girl," died earlier, in the bosom of her family, peaceful and resigned. Of her married life, the words applied to an oriental pattern of conjugal excellence in Holy Writ, might with unvarnished truth, be said—"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." No flattering epitaph, however, marks her resting place in the valley. The secret tears of those who loved her, are her only eulogies.

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