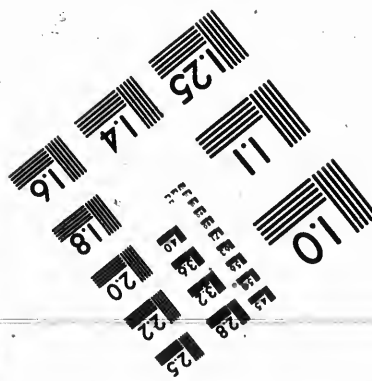
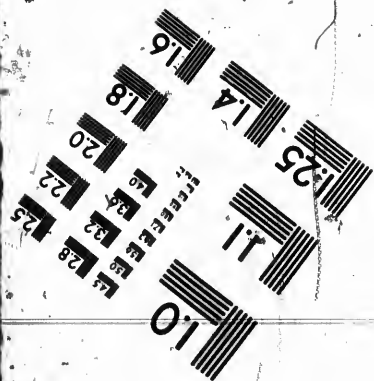
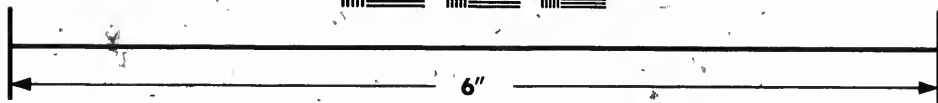
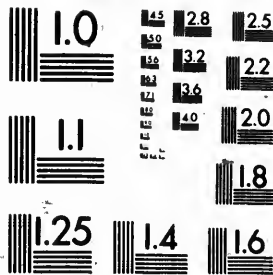


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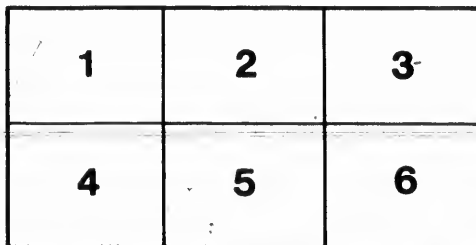
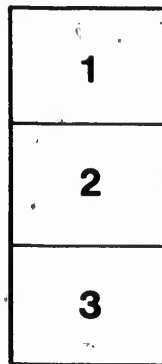
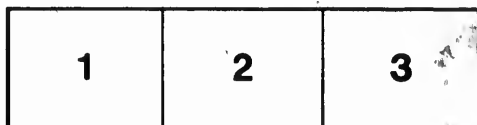
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ALTHAM :

A TALE OF THE SEA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

JOHN S. CUMMINS, ESQ.,

LT. COL. CANADA MILITIA.

VOL. I.

LONDON :

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1849.

GEORGE PURCELL AND CO., PRINTERS, CORK.

P R E F A C E .

SOMETHING like twenty years since, one of those restless lads, who can neither by the wise monitions of their elders, nor yet by the entreaties of parents too indulgent to command, be induced to remain quietly at home, I was for two months an impatient prisoner on board a steady going old ship, bound "invis nubibus" across the Atlantic to the westward.

Books of any sort, beyond his trusty Norrie's Navigation, and a huge old Bible, (which latter he never opened so long as wind and weather favored his voyage, but over which he unceasingly pored when they were adverse, using it as a sort of charm to propitiate Heaven, and earn a fair wind,) were not the passion of our worthy skipper. Of

this unfailing resource, against the irksome tediousness of a voyage, I was destitute, not having provided myself. At length, by good fortune, the steward produced some odd volumes of the Waverly Novels, which he had discovered in the state room occupied by some former passenger. They were well thumbed and dirty, but what a treasure; not that they were new to me, but who is there so dull, as not with fresh interest to gaze again and yet again at those matchless pictures, from the wizard hand of him whose touch shed floods of beauty upon and around even the homeliest scene; but the treasure, though lingered upon and eked out like the last drop of a short allowance can, soon run dry—the last page was read—then, and not till then, I bethought me of the preface, this exhausted, the notes and appendix were conned to the last tittle.

Here a whim, a new resource against ennui, welcome as a sail to a shipwrecked mariner, occurred to me. It appeared, that the mighty

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monarch of fiction had, himself suggested, as a theme to his brother, Mr. Thomas Scott, (who seems to have entertained the idea of attempting to follow in the path to fame and fortune, which Sir Walter was then treading with such delight and benefit to the world,) an incident from their boyish days, which I found detailed in the appendix; the hero being a young scapegrace from the "Cross-causeway" of Edinboro', surnamed "Green Breeks." It was proposed to carry him to Canada, and lay his adventures amongst the Indians and French settlers. Here then was employment to last out the longest voyage.

Upon reflection, the field proposed did not seem promising, being ably preoccupied by Mr. Cooper. I remembered, somewhere, to have read a most interesting trial—a suit of James Annesley, against his uncle Richard, Earl of Anglesey, involving the Irish titles and estates of the family, which at the time impressed me deeply; and I determined to

develop in the person of the plaintiff, on that occasion, the character which the noble conduct of poor "Green Breeks," as detailed by Scott, seemed to suggest.

I applied myself with diligence to my new task, and found therein as great pleasure as I had ever experienced in reading. My manuscript had already attained a considerable bulk, when the American land presented itself to our view. The remainder was added at various and remote periods.

I am far from blind to the many faults of my tale, but it is now too late to amend them, as Jemmy Annesley has been an acquaintance of many years standing, with the events of whose career I seem to have become acquainted as they occurred; as such, they possess (for me at least,) a reality, of which I cannot bring myself to divest them by alteration.

J. S. C.

ERNESTOWN, CANADA WEST,

October 1st, 1848.

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ALTHAM.

CHAPTER I.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale,
And love the high embowed roof
With antique pillars massy proof.—

MILTON.

A NIGHT of storm had terminated a dreary winter's evening; the rain fell in torrents, and the wind howled dismally through the deserted streets, as Bushe left the lodgings of a brother student, in ——— street, to return to his chambers in College. The clock on the neighbouring Church of St. Patrick's had told ten, and the last stroke had scarce died on the ear when it was succeeded by the solemn sound of the great bell of the Cathedral, which, repeated at half minute intervals, raised the curiosity of the young gownsman so much, that, despite the inclemency of the weather, he determined on gratifying it.—He found the

old building lighted up, and as he reached the entrance, a funeral procession, evidently that of a person of high rank, entered the close. The black plumes on the hearse and horses waved wildly in the blast, and together with the long train of mourning coaches which followed, viewed by the red fitful glare of torches borne by the undertaker's mates, clad in long black cloaks and weepers, formed altogether a very striking scene as they slowly approached. Bushe determined to witness the ceremonial and entered the church. One hundred oil lamps and twelve large wax tapers, (the latter on the high altar) shed a flood of mellow light on the groined roof and the richly emblazoned banners of the Knights of the illustrious order of St. Patrick. Bushe had often attended the Cathedral afternoon service when it was lighted as at present, but whether it was the contrast with the cheerless darkness of the scene without, or the effect of association, he had never been so struck with the solemn beauty of that ancient pile. The procession now passed beneath the richly carved screen which divides the nave and choir; the Dean in full robes,

reading the beautiful psalms with which the
the burial service so appropriately commences.
After him the coffin was borne.—The Pall of
black velvet, on which was elaborately embla-
zoned the heraldic bearing of Altham and
Mountmorris surmounted by an Earl's coronet,
was supported by eight Peers of the deceased,
and also displayed the rich insignia of the
order of St. Patrick. The chief mourners were
the present Earl, Richard, brother to the
deceased who had succeeded to the titles and
estates, and the Earl of Annesley his cousin
german. A long train of nobles and gentry
followed, to many of whom their stalls, as
Knights of the Order, were opened by the
verger,—these again were followed by humble
friends and domestics. Bushe noted amidst
the lordly mourners that seeming sorrow which
decency required, but could not perceive a
trace of real feeling; he was, however, struck
by a group which stood within a few paces of
the bier—it consisted of a man and woman,
and a lad of about fourteen years—the two
former, (they were apparently endeavoring to
console the boy,) seemed to be upper servants

of the deceased, and were in a befitting mourning; their young companion was dressed in what appeared the cast off clothes of a lad much his junior, and in a very shabby condition. Bushe was much interested in him, his features though not perhaps, strictly speaking, handsome, were bold and noble. A profusion of light brown hair hung in rich curls over his neck and shoulders. His eyes were red and swollen and his cheeks pale, yet despite the deep depression of his air, one might discern a latent energy which needed but circumstances to call it into action. His person was slight but elastic, and even the rude dress which he wore could not conceal its native grace and elegance. When the service commenced he had covered his face with his hands, and remained motionless, leaning against the door of one of the pews, until he was startled by the hollow sound of the earth as it fell on the coffin, when the remains of him he had so loved were consigned to the dust. For a moment he raised his head and looked around with an expression of deep agony, then resumed his position—but now his sobs were

and

audible. The new Lord Altham stared haughtily and coldly at him, and beckoning the man who stood beside him, commanded him to keep the lad quiet and take him out,—the man bowed gravely and returned to his place, but the poor boy's grief was too sacred in his eyes to permit him to disturb it. The new Peer, perceiving himself disobeyed, looked sternly at them, but saw it was useless to reiterate his commands.—When the service was ended, the titled cousins departed with the other mourners, leaving the last sad ceremonies to be performed by the undertaker and his men, assisted only by menials. Bushe determined to remain until all was finished—he lingered in the church until the lights were extinguished, and then went to the tomb. But two flambeaux remained, scarcely making the darkness visible in the vault, against the door of which, crying bitterly, leant the youth in whom he had been so interested,—as he approached he heard his former companions conversing about him:

“Poor Jemmy is breaking his young heart, and yet, John, the old lord shewed little love

for him,—I don't know what makes him feel it so, though certainly 'tis a sad thing for him to be left alone at his age, with only me to care about him in the wide world,—he must come home and live with us, John, and we must be kind to him, for where else has he to go?"

"Very true, Mary, and so he shall—we must be hard put to before your son shall want, while I have a house to shelter or bread to give him. The new Lord I thought, did look angrily at me, when Jemmy, poor fellow, was crying in the church, and surely he had cause enough to be in grief; Lord Altham frowned at me though, because I could not stop him, and would not bring him out,—but go and cheer him up; as I said before, he shall never want while we have it to give him."

"God bless you for that word, my own husband,—who knows but the day may come yet when Jemmy may be able to repay your kindness to him."

"That will scarce be, Mary; but come, all is over now, so try and coax him away; it will be his death standing here in the cold rain."

When the kind hearted woman approached

the boy, he appeared scarcely conscious of what was going on around, yet when she drew him gently and kindly from the tomb, he sobbed out convulsively, "Oh! why can I not too, remain with him here?" The woman was joined by her husband, and they left the close, supporting the young bereaved one.

Bushe returned to his chambers, but it was long ere he slept that night; for many hours he mused on the scene he had witnessed. The expression of the new Lord Altham's countenance was anything but prepossessing; proud, yet mean; and in every respect fortune appeared to have committed an egregious error, in placing a coronet on a brow so ill suited to wear it with dignity. The feeling of newly acquired importance, and the gratification he derived therefrom, were ill concealed by the assumed gravity of his demeanour—indeed of those who had followed to his last long home, the being who during his life had been flattered and caressed by all who approached him, not one shed a tear over his ashes but that poor nameless boy.

CHAPTER II.

Suddenly a file of boys delivered
Such a shower of pebbles, loose shot,
That I was fain to draw mine honor in.

SHAKSPEARE.

TOWARDS the close of a fine afternoon of the summer succeeding the period at which our tale commences, Bushe was strolling in Upper Sackville street in company with a law student, who, having entered the Inns of Court, was much looked up to by our young aspirant; his opinions on all matters connected with his profession were considered by our friend as infallible, and he deemed his acquaintance as of the highest importance. Both were hard reading, industrious and talented, and as the profession was not at that time over crowded, each had a fair prospect of success in the world, which, however, they entered under very different auspices. Bushe was the son of a country Curate, who, dying whilst he was a

child, left him and his widowed mother totally unprovided, and dependent for even the merest necessaries on his unmarried elder brother, who had embraced the less honorable, but far more remunerative calling of an Attorney; a man of harsh and unamiable manners, who was from morning to night buried in his professional business, and whose sole delight seemed placed in the green boxes which held the mortgages and bonds, with which his legal skill and money-making talents enabled him to entangle the estates of most of his clients. He had nevertheless fulfilled his promise to his dying brother, having afforded an asylum in his house to his widow, (who was not long a tax on his bounty, having within a year followed her husband,) and provided for his orphan nephew a tolerable education. Bushe was grateful to his uncle, and endeavoured to please him by profiting to the utmost by the opportunity afforded him: and as he grew older he was the more incited to pursue his studies diligently as he perceived in them a road to independence, for which his generous spirit sighed in secret. His uncle had chosen the Bar as a profession

for him, as that in which he could most easily push him on, and the choice suited the lad's wishes. Had it indeed been otherwise, he would not have dreamt of disputing any arrangement of his uncle's however much he might be the party concerned, as from his infancy he had been accustomed to look on his orders as the law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not. Nor, indeed, had he been consulted on the matter, which was briefly announced to him one evening, while his uncle was mending a pen to finish the draft of a settlement. The pen was mended, and the old gentleman pursued his labors without further comment, considering his nephew's destiny fixed. On his holidays, as a boy, Bushe had accompanied his relative, during assize times, to the courts, and had been charmed with the eloquence and acuteness of the Barristers; and as he grew up, and was better able to comprehend their arguments, his admiration increased. The dull routine of his uncle's office had indeed nearly disgusted him, as previously to his entering College, he had required his attendance for a few hours daily,

during the last six months. His Academic career had, though not highly distinguished, been creditable, and the time had nearly arrived when he was to finish his qualifications, by eating the wisdom-inspiring commons of the Temple.

His companion, Dawkins, was the only son of the King-at-Arms, a personage of no mean importance at the Vice-regal court, who, together with his liberal official salary, was in possession of a considerable private fortune. Dawkins was a good-natured, light hearted fellow, and Bushe was indebted to his friend for introductions to the society in which he moved, and was always a welcome guest at his father's house, and those of his acquaintance—their friendship had commenced at school, and was one of the rare instances in which these youthful alliances outlive the days of boyhood. Bushe had at the time, now more than twelve months since, interested his friend in the lad he had seen at Lord Altham's funeral, and Dawkins had that morning heard from his father, particulars which had recalled the affair to his memory, and was now communicating

them—the reader may best gather their nature from the conversation of the students.

“My father,” continued Dawkins, “thinks all is not right in Lord Altham’s title—’tis currently reported, that his brother had a son by his marriage with Miss Sheffield; this lady, strange to say, is thought to be alive, though hitherto all endeavors to trace the place of her residence have proved abortive. After her separation from her husband, she lived in this city for two years, in the house of a gentleman named King, she next, it appears, went to England, and remained some months in the neighbourhood of London, after which she appears to have gone to France, but here all vestige of her seems to be lost. My father observed the boy at the funeral, which he attended officially, and at the time thought he might be *that* son, but he turns out to be a son indeed of Lord Altham’s, but not by his lady.”

“What then has become of him do you know? I should greatly like to see him again. I have rarely seen a boy with whom I was so much struck—the poor fellow’s grief then is

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accounted for—I took him for a son of the servants with whom he was—does your father know what has become of him?”

“You are too much given to putting a number of questions in a string—it may answer to mystify a witness under cross-examination, it is however a bad way to lead one of your own; but truly, friend Bushe, your conjecture was correct, as it seems in part at least, as the woman was, I believe, his mother, who afterwards married a groom or coachman of his Lordship’s.—The man is retained by the present Peer, and your young friend is living with his mother. Lord Altham is latterly very pressing in his claim to be enrolled, as the Session approaches, and, as the title is not disputed, my father has consented. I know his Lordship a little, and if we are to put any faith in Physiognomy, his does not say much for its owner,—there is a mixture of hauteur and nervous uneasiness in his manner which I always distrust. I think him guilty, ’pon honor, and strongly fancy that his brother *did* leave a son, and that he knows it.”

“Why, if it be so, it must out at some

time—surely, the heir of a Peer of the realm cannot now-a-days be spirited away.”

“I don't know! I don't know that! It may be prejudice, but I think the man capable of attempting anything,—'tis a worse world than you fancy it, Bushe.”

“But how was it that if Lord Altham had a son, it was not a well known fact? One would think that in a country neighbourhood such an event would make a noise.”

“So it would seem likely indeed, but Lord Annesley had been so much annoyed at his marriage with Miss Sheffield, which he deemed unsuitable, that all communication between them ceased: and Dunmaine, where Lord Altham resided at the time, is in a very secluded part of the country. It appears also that shortly after the period of the alledged birth of the son, he became jealous of the only neighbour who pretended to the rank of a gentleman, and surprising him in Lady Altham's room, called in the servants, and actually cut off his ear, which, as we may suppose, was a very effectual mode of cutting his acquaintance; the consequence, as regarded

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his unhappy Lady, was an immediate separation. His circumstances were, at this time, much embarrassed, and his being anxious to sell or mortgage his estates, might probably have led him to conceal the birth of the boy, to whose paternity he perhaps doubted his claim."

"But then the present Earl and he, were never, I have heard, on good terms—*his* rights would have interfered as effectually as those of a son."

"The present Lord was then a dissipated young man, without means, and as, in case of his brother's death, he was presumptive heir to the vast Annesley estates, it was perhaps no difficult matter to purchase his consent to the sale of a mere contingency,—the fact of his joining his brother in raising considerable sums, is a sufficient answer to your objection.—But what a deuced row those urchins are making, scarce an evening passes without broken heads,—there is a regular feud between the youngsters of Mountjoy Square, and the ragamuffins of the neighbourhood—faith their wars would furnish matter for an epic. The urchins shew very fair fight—what say you to

closing as near as we may safely, for their stones fly like grape-shot."

At the period of our tale, Sackville Street had been recently built, at least that part north of where Nelson's Pillar now stands, and terminated in a road leading to Mountjoy Square, the intervening land was laid out in pasture fields, which were now occupied by the youthful combatants, whose encounter had interrupted the conversation of our friends. Sods, stones, and missives of all descriptions had been unsparingly used by both parties, but at them the bourgeoisie had manifestly the advantage, their opponents were driven to the fences for shelter, when, however, being reinforced by a strong detachment of elder brothers and servants, they soon found themselves in a position to resume the offensive, and in return pressed hard on the former, most of whom again contented themselves with their former means of annoyance. A gallant little band, however, maintained a hand to hand fight manfully, under the leading of a remarkable lad, in whom Bushe at once recognized the boy who had just been the subject of their

conversation, and by whose distress he had been so moved at the funeral. He was much grown, and his dress was in a more ragged condition; his bearing, too, was so totally different, that had not his fine features been strongly impressed on Bushe's memory, he could scarcely believe him the same. His eyes which were then red and swollen, were now glittering with enthusiasm; and his cheeks, which scarce differed in color from the monumental marble against which he leant, were now flushed with the animation of a young commander, to which post he seemed raised by his dauntless courage and the general consent of his comrades. The gallant boy and his hardy followers bore up nobly against the onset of their stronger assailants, and, assisted by the showers of stones which their companions continued to pour in with increasing confidence and precision, forced the main body again beneath the shelter of their works. A few, however, headed by a boy somewhat younger than our hero, still manfully maintained their ground—the youthful chiefs engaged hand to hand, and after a severe

contest, Jemmy overpowered and threw down his antagonist, who, wild with rage at finding his utmost struggles to rise ineffectual, contrived to draw a large pen knife from his pocket, and buried it to the handle in his opponent's side. Poor Jemmy reeled and fell—in an instant the strife ceased, and both parties stood aghast at the fearful termination of the fray for a few moments, when a panic seizing them, they all fled from the spot with the exception of the lad who had wounded Jemmy, who, notwithstanding his terror at the fatal deed, hung over his late enemy, in an agony of distress. Dawkins and Bushe hastened to the spot, where the former recognized in the repentant boy the young Viscount Mountmorris, and recommended him to make his escape instantly. Bushe busied himself with the wounded lad, who was bleeding profusely, and whose wound from its position, appeared likely to be fatal. "Good heavens! Mr. Dawkins, tell me have I killed him?"—cried the young noble, whose passion had on the instant changed to the deepest contrition. Jemmy was faint with loss of blood, but

hearing the question, and moved by the tone of anguish in which it was put, the generous boy roused himself and answered—"No, no, Sir, don't fear for me, I shall do well enough, but you must not be found here. I forgive you, for I am certain you did not intend what you have done." With difficulty he gasped out the last sentence, when his voice failed, and he fainted in Bushe's arms. The unhappy boy, who in the heat of passion had committed an act which his very soul loathed, could scarcely be persuaded to leave them by Dawkins, who promised to bring him intelligence of the true state of the sufferer, as soon as he could learn it with certainty.

"What can we do with this poor boy, Dawkins? I think you had better get a car, and we'll bring him to my rooms, till he is in a state to tell us where his friends live; he is a noble fellow—did you mark his answer to that young homicide?—Faith this false deed well becomes his father's son—so young too to have tasted blood already—'tis a cub of a bad breed, and bids fair to do justice to his pedigree."

“Come! come! Bushe, you are unjust now, I know something of the boy, and there is much in him that you would like. What happened was done in a moment of passion, and you saw how deeply it was repented of on the instant. But allons—I see you have bound up your protégé’s side, and right skillfully too—let us bring him as you say, to your rooms—poor fellow, he is but a light burden, so should we not meet a car, we can easily carry him there.”

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CHAPTER III.

"Go villain, fetch a surgeon."

As Dawkins had anticipated, they had scarcely got out of the fields when they found a car. It was a rough conveyance for the wounded boy, but Bushe had so carefully bound up his side, that when they laid him on the student's bed and examined the bandages, the blood was found to be effectually stopped. A skip had been despatched for a surgeon, immediately on their arrival, who now made his appearance, and on removing the bandage, the son of Esculapius looked very grave, but when he probed the wound, found that the knife had glanced on a rib.

"This is an affair of little moment; a few strips of sticking plaster, and a couple of days' quiet will set all to rights. Its consequences,

had, however, nearly been fatal—how did it happen?”

Bushe, rightly interpreting his friend's look, related the circumstances of the affray without mentioning names, and dismissed the medico with a fee which ensured his silence—he took his leave, promising to call the next day and look to the dressings; and Dawkins, according to his promise, went in quest of Lord Mountmorris, to relieve him with the prospect of the lad's speedy recovery.

Jemmy was profuse in his acknowledgments to Bushe for his kindness; he expressed himself with a grace and elegance which contrasted strangely with his attire, and much excited the gownsman's curiosity to learn his history from his own lips; he refrained, however, from putting any questions to him for the present, as the doctor had prescribed the most perfect quiet, and perceiving the boy's desire to see his mother, and having made himself acquainted with the place of her abode, determined to go for her himself. Bushe had much difficulty in finding the house indicated by Jemmy—it was a miserable one, and disgustingly dirty; a

filthy Virago, who was beating a wretched looking child at the door, bestowed a finishing thwack on the urchin, which laid it sprawling in the kennel, and listened with a suspicious look to his enquiries for Mrs. Weedon.

"And what will you be wanting with her?" she replied, "if it's a fair question?"

"I have something of importance to tell her—does she live here?"

"Oh, yes—I suppose you have. Well, well, it is no affair of mine—you will find her in the room on your right hand, up stairs."

Bushe left the woman muttering to herself, and with difficulty made his way up the rickety stairs. He found Mary Weedon very much changed in appearance, since he had first seen her: she was dressed in the same mourning, which was much worn, and the neatness of her air had given place to a slatternly carelessness; she looked pale and squalid—her once handsome features had grown thin and sharp, and scarce a trace of color remained on her cheek.

As Bushe opened the door, without looking towards him, she said in an angry voice—
"Well, Jemmy, where have you been all

the evening? if you stay out this way again, I'll tell John, and he'll pay you off." She had said thus much, when, turning round she saw Bushe, and continued, without considering an apology necessary—"I thought it was my boy, but what do you want, Sir?"

Bushe, in a few words, stated what had happened, and the lad's wish to see his mother. The woman's face turned of a still more ghastly hue, and Bushe, who thought she would have fainted, hastened to inform her that there was no danger, and that he had done every thing possible for her son.

"Heaven bless your honor for your goodness to my unfortunate child," she said with a strong revulsion of feeling. "Oh! Sir, all the world have turned against poor Jemmy, even John Weedon, who used to be so kind to us, is as bad as the rest; since he went to live with this Lord, he is always abusing and beating the boy now. I almost could wish, Sir, that he had been killed outright, and I along with him—you would pity us if you knew all, Sir."

"I do, I do pity you from my heart, my

good woman," replied Bushe, much moved. "I will take the best care I can of your boy, if you have no objection to leave him at my rooms, until he is better; he will have good air there, and will be more quiet than you can possibly keep him here. But had you not better come and see him?"

"The Almighty bless your kind heart, Sir. I thank you from my soul—I am ready, and will follow you.—I'm not fit to be seen in the streets with your honor."

"Pooh, pooh, come along and cheer up, your son will do well enough, and perhaps there are better days in store for you both."

"No Sir, not for me at least, I don't deserve them—I have brought sorrow on myself, and must bear it—the time may come indeed when Jemmy will have the good luck he deserves. Oh, Sir, could you have seen the tenderness with which he nursed me through an illness which nearly brought me to the grave."

Running on in this strain, they reached Bushe's chambers, where they found Dawkins and the young Viscount with the boy. The former drew Bushe aside—

“I wish you had seen the meeting between these boys, I think it would have gone far to remove your dislike to the one, and certainly your protégé would have lost nothing in your estimation. When I left you I found Mountmorris in the greatest agitation waiting for me at the College gate, and delighted him with the intelligence of the trifling nature of Jemmy’s wound. He insisted on seeing him—I brought him here and have witnessed a scene that I shall not soon forget—Mountmorris, after expressing his feelings of deep distress at what had occurred, and with a delicacy which was scarcely to be expected at his years, urged the necessary expenses of his wound as an excuse, and pressed a purse on our young friend, a purse containing certainly a larger sum of money than he could ever have dreamt of possessing. All his entreaties and arguments could not, however, procure its acceptance. Jemmy, nevertheless strove nobly to set him at peace with himself, by representing that he was chiefly in fault in the affair. You may reckon on it that this occurrence will be fortunate for the youngster,

as I am much mistaken if the lads be not firm friends henceforward."

"It may be, but I say, Dawkins, how like they are, they might pass anywhere for brothers."

"They might indeed, yet Jemmy has much the advantage in countenance, as in height.— See how penitent Mountmorris looks, he is, I assure you, a noble fellow."

"He looks it—come, I am ready to forgive him—will you introduce us?"

"That I will do with much pleasure, the more readily, as I am sure you will like him." He beckoned to the boy, and introduced him to Bushe.

The young nobleman expressed himself as he should on the occasion, taking the opportunity to thank Bushe for the care he had taken of Jemmy. "If anything had happened him," continued he, "I should have for ever looked upon myself as a murderer."

Mary Weedon, who had hung over her son, whilst the above conversation was passing, started on first hearing Mountmorris' voice, and learning from what he said, that it was

his hand had dealt the blow, she sprung to her feet—

“Then it was you who would have murdered him? Oh! I thought evil could not happen him, except from you or yours. May the curse of a heartbroken woman light upon your father’s house! Surely, surely, ye had done him sufficient wrong already; beware—human patience has its bounds, and mine is well nigh exhausted. Mark me! ye trample too cruelly upon us—I bid ye again beware! ye hold your heads high, yet my vengeance may reach you.”

“Oh! hush, mother, hush,—Lord Mountmorris is as sorry as you are at this accident—he did not intend to hurt me.”

“I cannot excuse myself as Jemmy does, Mrs. Weedon, but I can truly say that I would give or suffer anything, could I undo the work of this evening; your son has forgiven me, and henceforth we are to be friends—if you would allow me to place in your hands a trifle for his use, which he refuses, you would relieve me much.”

“Aye! aye! you great folks think money

can cure every evil you do, with it you would buy us body and soul, and oh! too often you succeed. Curses on it—it has brought sin and misery home to many a poor man's house, and ours amongst the number; but now——” She leaned again on the bed, and burying her face in the coverlet, sobbed convulsively.

“Mother,” said Jemmy, faintly, “it was not like you to speak so to one who already too deeply feels his fault. I was, I repeat, as much, if not more, to blame than he—you must forgive us both.”

But his mother heeded him not, nor perhaps heard him.—Bushe perceiving that the scene was too much for his protégé, took her gently by the hand, and said kindly—

“Mrs. Weedon, the Doctor has strictly enjoined quiet as of the utmost consequence, we are agitating my young friend too much. I have had, I believe, everything which you may want, left here,—should you require anything, I shall be in the adjoining room. Good night, I trust I shall find him better, and you more composed, to-morrow, when I

have something to propose to you, which, I hope, will meet your approbation. Come Mountmorris, I am sure Mrs. Weedon forgives you."

"The Heavens bless you, Sir. Young Lord, you have, contrived to add, though I hope unintentionally, to a cup of sorrow already overflowing—nevertheless, I forgive you, and may God do so also.

Bushe declined Dawkins' invitation to a bed at his father's, that he might be at hand, if wanted, and contrived very well with his sofa and great coat. The young Viscount and Dawkins walked home together, their houses being near each other.

"She said but too truly," said the former, as they went along, "that her cup of sorrow was, before this, full to overflowing. Her husband is our coachman, and a more drunken, disorderly ruffian I never saw. I am amazed that my father bears his insolence, and yet he appears a favorite with him.—Her home, poor woman, must have been miserable enough—I wish my father knew of this evening's work—he is indeed always kind and indulgent to me,

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"You make too much of this matter. I
scarce know your father, but if you wish it,
I'll get mine to call on him in the morning,
and tell him all about it?"

"You will greatly oblige me—I'm afraid he
will be terribly angry—this 'is most kind of
you, and now, good night, Mr. Dawkins, here
is our house."

CHAPTER IV.

Such ladies fair would I depaint
In roundelay, or sonnet quaint.

GAY.

THE family were assembled in the breakfast room, next morning, when Henry Dawkins came down,—the party consisted of his father, his only sister, Ellen, who greatly resembled her brother, both in appearance and disposition, and being but one year younger, had been his playmate from infancy, and his cousins, Alice and Isabella Brock,—these latter were the daughters of a distinguished officer, who, being almost always with his regiment, had entrusted the care of their education to his brother-in-law. When a subaltern, he had married the favorite sister of Mr. Dawkins, who had only survived the birth of her youngest child a few hours. The young soldier, though at first completely borne down by his loss, was of too ardent a

temperament to allow himself to sink beneath it for any length of time; his adored wife had left him a precious bequest in his two little girls, and for their sakes he determined to acquire at least a competence, and betook himself to his profession with renewed energy. He was rewarded by the attention which its exciting duties required, preventing his mind from dwelling too much upon his loss, and by attaining, in a few years, a distinguished name. He had, during the American revolutionary war, made his way up the ladder of promotion and succeeded to the command of his regiment, on the death of the Colonel, who was killed whilst fighting at its head. On his return, Colonel Brock payed a short visit to his brother-in-law in Dublin, and was enraptured with his lovely daughters. Since he had seen them, the eldest had, from a mere child, sprung up to the verge of womanhood. In her, the father was delighted to trace a strong resemblance to her mother; she had the same placid dignity of manner, united with unvarying sweetness of disposition, which had first won the heart of the young soldier; she had also

her mother's features,—the same dark eyes too, shaded by their long silken fringes, shone with a tempered light beneath her arched eyebrows; her raven curls hung over a forehead of the purest alabaster,—a critic would in vain have sought a defect in her classically Grecian profile; her character and manner were, perhaps, too grave for her years, yet such was the warmth and kindness of her heart, that she was loved by every one who had the happiness of knowing her.

With the sole exception of the warm-hearted kindness of disposition, which formed a conspicuous feature of the characters of both, no two human beings could be more unlike than the sisters. Isabella was a very personification of mirth and gladness; the house perpetually rung with the sound of her songs, (which she carolled with the native sweetness of a sky-lark) or echoed her merry laugh. Her elder sister's person and face were more striking at first sight, yet scarcely more lovely. Isabella's figure had the airy lightness and grace of a sylph. Her face was neither Grecian nor Roman, but Irish, purely Irish. A profusion of light sunny hair,

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curling from the very roots, like richly chased gold, flowed in wavy luxuriance over her exquisitely turned neck and shoulders. Her's was one of those faces which the pen and the pencil are equally inadequate to paint—its chiefest charm lay in its ever varying expression. A critic would have discovered abundance of faults in it—he would have said that her nose was too small, her lower lip too large and full, and her forehead too broad—he might even have asserted that her soft, swimming blue eyes were too large—or, or in fact he might have said many such things; but if he was young, and a man, I strongly imagine that by the time he had ended his critique, he would begin to wonder at his preconceived notions of female beauty. She was a young, happy being, whom care had never yet approached, and who seemed likely to make light of it, at least the lesser evils of life.

Such were the girls who hung on Colonel Brock's neck, on his return from his American campaigns: Alice having attained her sixteenth birth-day, and Isabella rapidly approaching her fourteenth. The Colonel had nearly made

up his mind to retire from the service, and superintend the finishing of their education in person, but whilst he was deliberating on the step, his regiment was again ordered on active foreign service, and with his chivalrous notions of honor, his leaving it was out of the question; he accordingly again sailed from England at its head, after having spent a happy month with his daughters, promising them that when peace should again present the opportunity, he would finally sheath the sword, which had now for more than a quarter of a century been actively employed in his country's service. He was still "seeking the bubble reputation" at the present time. Old Mr. Dawkins was, according to his custom, discussing his chocolate and newspaper together, and the young ladies were laughing at some sally of Isabella's when Dawkins entered the room.

"I see, Henry," said the old gentleman, as Henry took his place at the table, "that the wars of those young vagabonds who keep us in hot water every evening, have terminated seriously last night. I cannot for the life of me, fancy how the gentlemen of the neigh-

bourhood have allowed their sons to continue such a discreditable affair so long."

"Merely to keep the lads out of mischief at home, I suppose, Sir,—or, perhaps, to strengthen their thews and sinews; but does your paper mention particulars?"

"No, but it states that one of the young plebeians, it is believed, was killed."

"The affair is not quite so bad as that, Sir; but a poor boy was very seriously wounded, and one, too, in whom you have expressed some interest."

"Bless me! who can that be?—a lad that I expressed some interest in!—I'm not clever at riddles—how the deuce can I be interested in any of the scamps?"

"Do you remember Lord Altham's funeral, Sir, and the boy you were speaking to me about yesterday morning?"

"Yes! do you mean to say that it was he who was hurt?—Poor fellow—I did indeed feel for him—I hope his injury is not serious. But, Henry, how do you happen to know all about it?"

"Why, Sir, thereby hangs a tale." He

recounted to his father the particulars with which the last chapter has made the reader acquainted. "And," continued he, "I have promised in your name, Sir, that you will call and communicate the affair to Lord Altham, this morning."

"'Pon my honor, I am particularly indebted to you, Sir; but to say the truth, I have no desire whatever to cultivate his Lordship's acquaintance, further than it is forced on me in my official capacity. I sincerely hope there is a chance of his son getting what he richly deserves for his share in this transaction."

"My dear father, the son is as much the opposite of what you describe Lord Altham, as it is possible to imagine.—'Bella, your partner at Lady ——'s, that you talked so much about, is in disgrace, and you must help me to induce my father to intercede for him."

Isabella had been a much interested listener to the conversation of her uncle and cousin. She blushed deeply at being thus directly appealed to on behalf of a lad, concerning whom she had thought a great deal more than such *very* young ladies are supposed to do.

Concealing her embarrassment under an arch smile, she threw her arms round her uncle's neck, and kissing his cheek, with no great difficulty procured his consent.

"As usual, 'Bella, you do whatever you like with your old uncle; but tell me, child, how Lord Mountmorris has had the luck to gain your good graces and intercession?"

Isabella blushed again, more deeply than before, as she laughingly replied—"He has to thank Henry, Sir, for my intercession, as you call it, and as to my good graces,—why indeed, uncle, he is an excellent partner, and dances very nicely."

"A most capital reason, and honestly confessed, 'Bella. When you are a little older though, I hope you will found your favour on something better than graceful *pirouettes* or *chassées*. Do you know, Henry, there is something most revolting to me in a boy's taking a knife to avenge himself. It augurs ill of young Mountmorris, but you say he is penitent, so that we must make the best of it. You may as well come with me, since I am to intrude myself on this Lord Altham,—you

may be of use, and possibly may be able to bear some testimony in his son's favour, should he be very angry with the boy, which, however, I do not anticipate. It would have been a very different matter in his eyes, I fancy, had poor Jemmy been a person of consequence. 'Bella, get me my hat and gloves—there now, you puss, give me another kiss, you know I am going on your errand. Come, Henry.'

The old gentleman and his son found Lord Altham at home,—they were ushered into the library, where the Peer received them with marked courtesy, through which, however, Henry fancied that he could perceive a latent dislike to his father, to whom he imagined his Lordship's civility assumed, in order to hasten his compliance with his wish to be enrolled on the Peerage list. After the usual ceremonies, Mr. Dawkins entered abruptly on the purport of his visit, stating in a few words the accident of the previous night.

"I much wish," his Lordship replied, "that my son may be cured, by what has occurred, of his propensity for bringing himself into contact with the rabble, and I must therefore

appear a little angry. He served the fellow right though, who dared to handle him so roughly as you have mentioned."

"It had been, my Lord, up to that instant, a fair stand-up fight, and I cannot agree with your Lordship in the view you are pleased to take of the matter. Your son, by mingling in the fray, placed himself on a level with his antagonist—had it been he who was wounded, I think your Lordship would view the affair in a different light," replied Henry, forgetting, in honest indignation, that he was speaking against the cause which he had come there to advocate.

Lord Altham stared, as though he scarcely comprehended him, for a few seconds, and then continued, without paying regard to the interruption,—“There may, perhaps, be some cash money required, and I will take care that it shall be forthcoming; but, Mr. Dawkins, I don't think you have told me where the wounded lad may be found, or his name,—who is he!”

“One, my Lord,” replied Mr. Dawkins, “concerning whom I have before had occasion

to converse with your Lordship.—It was your unfortunate nephew's blood, that your son shed !”

Lord Altham's brow grew dark as midnight. “My nephew! How do you presume, Mr. Dawkins, to call that brat my nephew?” then remembering that the insolent tone which he had assumed was extremely impolitic, he continued more mildly—“pardon me, Sir, but you would not wonder at my impatience if you knew the trouble and annoyance which this whelp has caused me.”

“He has suffered the wrong this time at least, my Lord.—Henry was an eye witness to the scene, and describes his conduct throughout as most noble. I must add, that with the exception of the rash and evil act itself, your son, too, acted very creditably.”

At the commencement of Mr. Dawkins' reply, Lord Altham's brow again lowered, and he with difficulty refrained from interrupting him: he did refrain however, and by the time he had ceased speaking, a new train of thought took possession of his mind.

“I intreat you to forget what I said hastily

and ill, Mr. Dawkins. Did you not say that the wound was dangerous? I hope the lad has proper care—I will send my surgeon to see him. If anything should occur to him, the consequences may be unpleasant to Mountmorris, and besides, the lad *is* my brother's son."

"Your Lordship's care has been anticipated," replied Henry, looking keenly at the nobleman, whose eyes sank beneath his glance—"Jemmy is at the College chambers of an intimate friend of mine—fortunately the knife glanced, and the wound, though it had nearly been fatal, is but of a trifling nature; in a few days he will be as well as ever."

"I am most happy to hear it," replied Lord Altham—"Gentlemen, I am much obliged by your attention in acquainting me with this untoward affair. I wish your friend would allow me to provide for the expenses and care of the boy, it is scarcely fair that he should be burdened with them."

"Your Lordship need be under no uneasiness on that score,—except a trifling fee to the surgeon, my friend, Bushe, will not be put to

any cost of the slightest consequence. I trust your Lordship will not speak harshly to your son about this matter, he is a fine lad, and feels the share he has unfortunately had in the transaction, quite sufficiently."

The gentlemen took their leave—the Peer listened impatiently to their retiring footsteps for some moments, then flinging himself into a chair, and pressing his forehead with both hands, muttered—"Oh! that the knife had drunk his heart's blood, but then I wish some other hand than Edward's had planted it there." He continued, sunk in a reverie for a few minutes, when his attention was aroused by a knock at the room door; he bade the applicant come in, and young Mountmorris entered, his pale cheeks and bloodshot eyes bearing testimony to a night of sleepless remorse—his appearance touched the only chord which still vibrated to a virtuous feeling in his father's heart.

"Father, have you heard all? oh! forgive me; I know not what infatuation possessed me."

"My dear Edward, I do forgive you, but I I hope this will be a lesson not soon to be

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forgotten. I have often prohibited your mingling with the rabble—from such associates what could you expect?”

“You would not say so, my father, if you knew the poor boy who is now suffering, perhaps dying, from the consequence of my passion. ’Tis Mary Weedon’s son—you must do something for them.”

“I’ll see to that, Sir, but you must have nothing more to do with them—they are not fit people for you to know. There, go now, and remember, I command you, as the price of my forgiveness, to have no further communication with Mary Weedon or her son.”

The disappointed boy left the room in extreme wonder at his father’s renewed irritation; he had promised his friendship to Jemmy, and notwithstanding the recent prohibition, he meant to keep his word. Lord Altham perceived his son’s uneasiness,—if he had a redeeming trait in his character, it was love for that boy, and a desire to keep him from the evil path which he himself pursued; and from the knowledge of his own crimes. He therefore determined to watch his



proceedings closely, and if he perceived that he was disobeyed regarding Jemmy, to send his son to Eton or Westminster.

After leaving Lord Altham's, Mr. Dawkins and his son walked for some minutes without speaking—Henry first broke silence, continuing indeed, aloud, a train of thought.—

“That, Lord Altham, is a villain, is a perfectly established position in my mind, Sir. I should be sorry that either he or his *surgeon* had the care of Jemmy; from his scowl at hearing the boy's name, and an indescribable expression in his eyes, when he offered to relieve Bushe from all further trouble concerning him, I am convinced that he fears him. Is it possible that you may be deceived respecting Jemmy's birth?”

“No, Henry, his mother declares her own shame, and she seems to feel it too much, not to be telling the truth; besides, it would be much her interest to procure the boy his rights if he had any claim to the titles and estates of his father. I, too, perceived Lord Altham's looks,—there is a mystery in all that concerns him, which I am unable to fathom. But what

is your friend Bushe going to do with the boy?"

"Indeed, Sir, I am unable to say, and I scarcely think that he knows himself. Poor Bushe is entirely dependant on a capricious old uncle. I am certain, however, that he will not lose sight of Jemmy."

"Bushe is a worthy fellow; do you, Henry, take charge of procuring a suitable wardrobe for the boy—you can send the bills to me. I think you said his manners were passable?"

"Wonderful, Sir, considering his association since his father's death, with the rabble."

"Well then, as soon as he is able to come, and you have made his outward man presentable, bring him and Bushe to dinner."

So saying, the goodnatured old gentleman and his son parted—the former to his office, and the latter to go to his friend Bushe's chambers.

CHAPTER V.

"Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, sleep can never lie :
But where unbruised youth, with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign."

FRIAR LAURENCE.

MARY WEEDON sat by her son's bedside, who, wearied with the events of the day, and weakened with the loss of blood, had sunk into a calm sleep, which seemed likely to produce the most beneficial consequences. The candles had gone out, and the grey light of morning had brightened into day, unheeded and almost unperceived by the watcher, who was at length aroused from a long and bitter retrospection by the lad's stirring. He had been disturbed, but not awakened, by the increasing light—a bright smile played on his pale, but handsome, features—he too, perhaps, was dreaming on bygone days, and was, in fancy, again a happy child, wandering with

her about the Park of Dunmaine. She gently arranged the bedclothes, and resumed her seat by his side. That smile had vividly recalled the time when she first went to live with the late Lord Altham. It seemed but as yesterday that the child had, for the first time, twined his soft arms round her neck.—In her waking dream his infant caresses and prattle were again present, and for a time she almost forgot intervening events. Then arose more clouded scenes, and the poor woman sighed deeply as she recalled the degradation and penury suffered by her and her outcast boy. Thus the night and morning had passed.

When Bushe entered the room, the lad still slept, and poor Mary, being utterly exhausted in body and mind, expressed a wish to return to her home, to seek that repose she stood so much in need of. To this Bushe, having forced her to take a cup of tea, assented, promising that he would supply her place. A short time after she had gone, Jemmy awoke—he seemed much restored by his long sleep. It was some time before he could

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FRIAR LAURENCE.

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recall the events of the past day—when his first enquiries were for his mother.

“She watched by you all night, and has just gone home to seek some rest, but I will be your nurse, Jemmy—is your side painful?”

“Not very, Sir; I feel quite strong again, but how can I thank you for your kindness to me?”

“By getting well as soon as you can; my servant is getting breakfast ready, and when you have done, if you feel well enough, I would be glad to hear all you know about yourself.”

“That you shall with pleasure, Sir, if you wish it; but indeed I have not much to tell that can interest you.”

“Whatever concerns you my dear boy, will interest me; but now take your breakfast, and remember you have to make up for the blood you have lost.”

The boy needed not pressing—to the worthy student's great delight, he made as good a meal as though the accident of the preceding evening had never happened. When he had finished, he fulfilled his promise—his simple narrative ran thus :—

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"The earliest circumstance I can remember, is having been brought by Mary Weedon to my father, on his return to Dunmaine from Dublin, where he had been attending Parliament, I suppose. My uncle Richard came with him—they both danced and caressed me, and gave me play things which they had brought for me. I have no very distinct remembrance for a long time after that, except that when any people were at Dunmaine, I used to be dressed and carried in after dinner. Some time after, I remember having been carried by Mary to see a lady at Ross, who hugged me and cried a great deal; she called me her own boy, and told me I must come often to see her, but that I must not tell my father anything about it; and Mary, as we went home, told me that my father would be very angry with her if he ever heard that I had been to see the lady. Some one or other, however, told my father, and he was in a terrible passion—he was going to turn Mary away, but when she promised that she would never take me there again, he forgave her. My uncle Richard told me that the lady was a

madwoman, and frightened me so about her, that when I saw her some time after near the Park gate, I ran away screaming. I believe the poor lady *was* mad, for she screamed and laughed when she saw me run away from her so much frightened—I never saw her since. My father, shortly afterwards, went away again, and sent a tutor to Dunmaine.—He and Mary were very kind to me, but my happy days were nearly over: my father came back, and brought a lady with him of the name of Gregory, who, from the very first, hated me. I never could account for the bitterness of her dislike.—She told my father all sorts of lies about me. The only person who continued to treat me kindly was Mary, who, about this time, was married to the coachman, John Weedon, and went to live at his house, which was at one of the entrances of the demesne. I spent most of my time with her, as Miss Gregory had got my father to send away my tutor. I don't know how long we remained at Dunmaine after she came but I think two or three years, when my father removed to Dublin, taking us with him, where

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also I chiefly lived with Mary, as Miss Gregory had now such influence with my father, that he seldom or never wished to see me at the house. Things went on this way until last winter, when my father fell sick and died. After his funeral, I went to live with Mary altogether, for where else had I to go, and I would have been very happy with her, but for her husband, who, though he had hitherto been very fond of me, was now constantly drunk when he came home, and used to abuse and beat me whenever he saw me; so that latterly, when I heard him coming, I generally stole away to bed, but it was as bad to hear him beating Mary, which he never failed to do when I was not in the way,—Indeed, Sir, I am very unhappy—I try to please him as much as I can, but it is in vain, for he finds fault with me whatever I do; and as for poor Mary, I wonder her heart is not broken long ago, for she leads a shocking life with him, and I fear chiefly on my account.”

Here Jemmy ended his story. Bushe had been much struck with his calling Mrs. Weedon “*Mary*,” instead of *Mother*, as he had always

hitherto done; but, unwilling to interrupt him, had allowed him to finish before asking him the reason.

“Why do you call Mrs. Weedon, Mary, now—I thought you always called her mother. Is she not then your Mother?”

“She likes me to call her so, Sir; but as I told you just now, she was not married until lately—she was my nurse,”

“Then, who was your Mother?”

“Indeed, I don't know, Sir; I don't remember ever seeing her—she must have died before I can recollect.”

Bushe was not satisfied, but did not like to press the boy farther on so delicate a point, on which, moreover, he was manifestly ignorant; he determined, however, to question Mary on the subject.”

“Well, Jemmy, I have taken a great fancy to you—what say you to coming to live with me? You will be done with beatings then, and I'll teach you as well as I can.”

Jemmy was silent for a few minutes, at length he said, in an embarrassed tone,—“I

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"I never meant to take you without her consent; but if she is willing that you should remain with me, have you any objection? you can go and stay with her every day as long as you wish."

The boy's looks brightened at the latter part of what Bushe said. "I never can thank you enough, if Mary makes no objection. I'll be very glad to live with you, Sir, but she will be so lonely, I must go to her every evening."

"So you shall, my boy, believe me I shall only think the better of you for your affection to one who you say has been so unvaryingly kind to you; but now you must compose yourself to rest again; you know I am your nurse at present."

There was a gentle tap at the door, which Bushe opened—it was Mary Weedon.

"I could not rest, Sir, until I knew how Jemmy was when he awoke."

"He is doing very well, Mrs. Weedon, and has been just telling me his history, a sad tale it is." A hectic flush spread over poor Mary's

pale cheeks, which induced Bushe to defer putting any questions to her which could cause her pain, at least until he had ascertained whether she would be willing to accede to his projects for the boy. "But," continued he, "I have something to propose to you—will you step with me into the next room, you know the Doctor ordered your boy to be kept quiet for a few days, and I almost fear I have induced him to speak more than was good for him already."

Mary stooped over the boy and kissed him, which he, throwing his arms round her neck, fondly returned,—she then followed Bushe into the outer room.

"I wish to ask you, Mrs. Weedon, to let Jemmy live with me; I promise you I will take as much care of him as I can.—He consents, provided you are willing—have you any objection?"

Mrs. Weedon was unable to answer for a few moments.—"I find it difficult to part with him, Sir—he has long been the only comfort of my life; but he has had wrong enough at our hands already—take him, Sir," she con-

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inued, the tears bursting from her eyes, "and God bless you and him—yet it will break my heart to part with him."

"But for that there is no occasion, Mrs. Weedon; your boy made it a special condition before he consented to my plan, that he should go to see you every day, and stay with you as long as you wished. I would be sorry to part him from the only one who seems to love him."

"'Twas like him to remember kindness, but it was little I had it in my power to shew him. Since I am to see him sometimes, there is nothing I could wish more for him than that he should be with you, Sir."

"Well now, Mrs. Weedon, I consider it all settled—never fear, he shall be taken good care of—you see he is doing well. You perceive how much I am interested in your boy, and I hope you will not think it intrusive in me, if I ask you some questions which nothing but that interest could excuse." The poor woman was so much agitated that Bushe almost repented his intention of touching on so delicate a subject; it was now, however, too late to recede, so that he continued—

“Jemmy has informed me that you are not his mother, as I had hitherto supposed—I see, and am sorry for the pain I put you to, but it is necessary that, on his account, I should ask you who his mother was?”

Mary's heart throbbed audibly, the veins of her thin neck and temples swelled out like thick cords, she tottered to a chair which the alarmed student brought towards her,—he feared such intense agitation would be too much for so slight a frame; however, after some moments, she partially recovered.

“God forgive and pardon me,” she gasped out, “I am justly punished,” then after a pause added, “Mr. Bushe, Jemmy loved me, and how could I tell him?”

Bushe was much moved at her distress—he blamed himself for having given occasion for it, as the least consideration might easily have suggested the cause of Mary's passing herself to Jemmy for his nurse, without his having tortured her with questions on a subject which was evidently fraught with the deepest bitterness.

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not understanding it before; and now Mrs. Weedon, will you not go home, and take some rest? you really look very ill.”

“I’ll go, Sir, but it is little I shall sleep. May God preserve you, Sir, from ever feeling the wretchedness of guilt.”

She entered the boy’s room again—he was asleep, she gently kissed his forehead, and retired. The student took a book and sat in the bed-room, but he did not pay much attention to the volume before him. A couple of hours slipped swiftly away, whilst he was occupied in laying plans for his future proceedings as regarded Jemmy, when his friend Hawkins came to tell him of his interview with Lord Altham, and to enquire for his patient. As she communicated Jemmy’s story, and his conversation with Mary, he also told how he had arranged that the boy should live with him.

“I thought you meditated somewhat of the kind, and my father has commissioned me to put his wardrobe to rights—I hope you will allow us the pleasure of giving your protégé an outfit.”

“Willingly, for to say the truth, my

exchequer is not in a flourishing condition at present, and I never ask my uncle for money."

"How soon then is Jemmy to be well? The girls are longing to see him, and my father wishes you to bring him to dine, as soon as he is strong enough."

"Oh, I don't apprehend that it will be a tedious matter—but here comes one who can give you better information on the subject."

The surgeon who had the evening before dressed Jemmy's side, was crossing the court, Bushe opened the door for him—he found the lad even better than he had anticipated, and gave him leave to get up the next day,—the cut had been a large one, but was clean and almost healed already.

Lord Altham, much annoyed at finding that the affray was a current topic of conversation in town, and the wounded lad was much enquired for, returned from his club in no very pleasant mood,—he ordered Weedon to be sent into the library. That respectable personage was, as usual, considerably intoxicated—indeed such was now his constant practice—he supported himself against the door-post.

"How now, sirrah! how is this—drunk as usual?"

"No, no, my Lord—I'm not to say drunk—a little flushed or so, perhaps, but not drunk—no, certainly not drunk, my Lord."—(hic-cough.)

"Very much like it however; but, drunk or sober, tell me, fellow, how comes it that you allow that brat to keep me constantly in a state of alarm? You and Mary must instantly leave town, and take him with you."

"And where are we to go to, my Lord?"

"To the devil, if you like, so you take him out of the way; you may go and stay at Dunmaine, there is no one about the place but the old deaf housekeeper. I think you will be out of mischief then—there now, do you hear—be off, what do you stand gaping there for?"

"Why, my Lord, a trifle of money would be useful, the more so, if we are to stay at Dunmaine, (hic-cough). I don't think there is a single bottle in the cellar there"—(hic-cough.)

"Begone! you insolent scoundrel—but here, (he flung him a well-filled purse,) take

that, and be off." The man, with some difficulty, made his way to where the purse fell, picked it up, and then staggered out of the room. For some days, Lord Altham saw no more of him—he went not to Dunmaine, however, as we shall see.

"A pretty scoundrel that, to be obliged to succumb to," muttered the Peer, "but needs must, when the devil drives.—I must keep the rascal in good humour for the present, at least. I think they will be sufficiently out of the way at Dunmaine, now; but I must take measures to rid myself finally of them—there is no safety whilst one is in the hands of that drunken rascal, even though he should not intend to be false. Well, if I am driven to extreme measures, it will be their own fault, not mine—but how to get quit of them is the question. Well I can settle that at some future time—'sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

The quotation vouched the truth of the proverb, that "the devil can quote scripture."

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CHAPTER VI.

"Let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age
In having known no travel in his youth."

SHAKESPEARE.

A few days completed Jemmy's recovery, and he accompanied his kind friend Bushe, to Mr. Dawkins'. Henry's tailor had done justice to his figure, and the young ladies (of course the best judges) were unanimous that they had never seen a more elegant looking lad than Mr. Bushe presented to them as Mr. Annesley. His manner had none of the awkwardness which they had anticipated. Henry had, by his father's desire, invited Mountmorris. And Lord Altham, supposing that he had been obeyed by Weedon, whom he had not seen since the interview which we have noticed, and willing to stand well with Mr. Dawkins, did not object to his going. He had been there some time when Bushe and Jemmy arrived.

His frank address, and the fairness with which he confessed how much he had been to blame in the affray, together with the evident delight with which he heard that his late opponent was to form one of the party that evening, had won on all, but especially on the quiet Alice, to whom he had chiefly addressed himself.—Isabella was piqued, though she scarcely knew why, and shortly after Jemmy's entrance, she took her seat by him. Mountmorris joined them, but *she* was not the magnet which attracted him; he merely came to say a number of kind things to Jemmy, and to excuse himself for not having visited him—his father having sent him into the country for a few days, whence he had only that morning returned. Jemmy received his advances frankly, and in the half hour before dinner, the boys had improved their acquaintance much to their mutual satisfaction, Mountmorris being eager to make amends for the past, and Annesley as anxious to make him forget it altogether. Both the sisters were deeply interested listeners to their conversation.—Alice, with the prejudices of rank more

developed by age, sympathised more with the young noble, whilst Isabella, with perhaps greater justice, was more pleased with the generous anxiety of Jemmy, that the past should be entirely lost sight of. During the evening, Alice and Mountmorris played chess, whilst Isabella initiated Annesley in the mysteries of backgammon. A new and delightful feeling stole sweetly over the boy's senses, as he gazed on his lovely instructress—she was so different from any being with whom he had hitherto been brought in contact. Her soft voice and bright smile when she chid his stupidity at not at once comprehending her lessons, and her beaming eye; and still brighter smile, when he made some progress and moved as he ought, impressed themselves deeply on a young heart which had until now, during his short life, encountered only the fierce billows and dark storms of existence. Bushe and Miss Dawkins sang duetts—the student had a mellow voice and an exquisite ear; Ellen, too, sang with taste, though with no great power. I can't tell why it was that Bushe preferred singing with her, to any other, but such was

the fact. What with music and musical chat, they contrived to pass the time very pleasantly.

It seemed to Annesley but a moment since they had left the dinner room, when Bushe arose to take his leave—Mountmorris followed their example. When they had gone, Henry put his arm round the waist of each of his cousins—

“Well, girls, what think you of Annesley— which of the cousins do you like best?”

“We have not had time, Henry, to form an opinion,” answered Alice, “but,” she continued, “I see much to like in Lord Mountmorris, which I had not given him credit for before. I have scarcely seen anything yet of Mr. Annesley.”

“Well Isabella, what think you? — your conclusions are generally more quickly formed.”

“Oh! I like Annesley a thousand times the best; Lord Mountmorris has not half his sense, and Annesley is much handsomer.”

“What an inconstant little being you are Bella; for three weeks no one was like Mountmorris, and now he is completely eclipsed by my friend Jemmy, in as many hours. By

the way I should like to know how Annesley manifested the good sense you attribute to him?"

"As usual, you are a tease, Henry. If you go on this way I won't give you a kiss—I am going to bed—well now for that penitent look you shall have one—there—good night," and the laughing girl tripped to her uncle, who was snugly ensconced in his easy chair, and, having kissed his forehead, made off to her room to indulge in fancies—but with them we have no business.

When Mountmorris got home, the servant who opened the door for him told him that his father was in the library, and wished to see him before he went to bed. When he entered the Peer arose, patted his light curls fondly, and bade him take a seat.

"Well, Edward, what sort of evening have you passed—who were at your party?"

"I have had a very pleasant evening—there was no stranger except Mr. Bushe, and the lad I was so unfortunate as to hurt the other evening."

"Did I not command you, Edward, to

make no acquaintance with that boy. How comes it, Sir, that you have dared to disobey me?"

"I did not know, father, that he was to have been at Mr. Dawkins' until he came into the room; but indeed if you knew him you would not object to my being with him."

"I have good reasons for my determination on this subject. But I am satisfied, as you did not know that the boy was to be at Mr. Dawkins', you were not to blame—I will take measures to prevent your meeting in future; this however was not what I wanted to speak to you about—I sent for you, this evening, my son, as I leave to-morrow for London, where I may probably be detained some time, to ask you an important question: It is my wish that you should either travel for two or three years in company with some well informed and accomplished person, (in which case I should endeavour to select such a one as might rather take the place of a friend and a companion, than play the austere tutor)—or, if you prefer it, that you should enter the army for a few years, one or the other course is absolutely

necessary, in order that you may be fit to occupy with credit the station to which your rank entitles you. Although I feel satisfied that your own sense and spirit would never allow you to remain content, such a mere boor or nonentity as most of our fox-hunting squires are, you may rely on it that "home-keeping youths have ever homely wits," and that the perfect polish of a gentleman, is never acquired without a more extended intercourse with the world than the limited circle of what is called good society affords here, beside, I should not wish that your ideas of a court, were formed from the paltry shadow which here assumes the name. I shall be able, through Lord Annesley's influence, to procure for you introductions, which will ensure your access to the most distinguished society all over Europe, and I strongly recommend such a course, as occupation for your time, at least until your coming of age,—however, if nothing but a red coat will serve, I am in a position to advance you rapidly in the army, and though very inferior to what I could wish, it is perhaps the next best school to form the manners, and generally

for knowledge of the world. I do not wish to hurry your decision; indeed, I had rather that you gave the matter the consideration which its importance demands."

Like most boys, young Mountmorris longed to serve in the army. It was not with him, as with the generality of lads. The glittering trappings of the profession did not attract him; but there was something which accorded well with the high tone of his character, in the chivalrous daring, with which his fancy invested the life of a soldier. His mind was, made up—he would be a soldier—therefore he had no hesitation in answering his father—"If I now, for the first time, thought on this subject, father, I should be much obliged for the time you propose to give me for its consideration; but the army has been my dream for many years, though I never could find courage to mention my wishes to you."

"I had rather your choice had fallen elsewhere, nevertheless I will yield to your wishes, and before I leave, you shall hear my arrangements, now farewell, my boy, 'tis very late."

When Mountmorris had retired, his father

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continued some time buried in thought—"So here is this boy," he muttered, "quite at home in as good society as the city affords—I must endeavour to rid myself of him. As to Edward, perhaps after all, the army is the very best life he could have chosen, as there, interest and money may push him on quickly, to a standing in society which would render him independent of mere fictitious rank; but the other matter must be cared for, and that at once."

He rung the bell for his valet—this man was much in Lord Altham's confidence, having lived with him several years, he did not, however, trust him more than he was obliged by circumstances. He was a smart clever fellow, and appeared content to be well paid for the services required of him, without troubling his head with what did not concern him—such was the character of Williams, who now entered the library, as far as it was known to his employer.

"I want you, Williams, to find out a Mr. Bushe in the College—you will enquire into his character and circumstances, as also about his connections. I wish you also to find out

on what terms he has taken a boy called Annesley to live with him—I mean, whether he is permanently settled there, or merely for a time. You must be in possession of this intelligence by breakfast-time to-morrow.”

“I will do my best my Lord, and indeed I do not anticipate much difficulty in picking up the information your Lordship wishes.”

The man bowed respectfully, and was retiring when he was stopped by Lord Altham.

“Have you any idea, Williams, what has become of John Weedon?”

“No, my Lord—I thought your Lordship had sent him to Dunmaine, on business.”

“Well, so I did, but it appears he has not gone—find out where the drunken scoundrel has hidden himself, and bring him to me.”

“Yes, my Lord.”

“You will first, however, get the information I have desired you about Bushe and the boy—it will be time enough to find out Weedon afterwards.”

“Your Lordship shall be obeyed.”

At breakfast, next morning, Lord Altham announced to Mountmorris that he had deter-

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mined on procuring him a commission at once. The boy was delighted—his long cherished day-dreams were about to be realised, and his future castle building would have at least a more solid foundation. In fantasy he was already a hero, his visions of future glory were interrupted by his father's remarking—"I do not wish you to leave Ireland without paying a visit to a connection of ours in the South. She is wealthy, and has no nearer relative living (at least none that she chos^es to acknowledge,) than ourselves. She is, I have heard, a coarse, vulgar woman, very much inflated with the idea of her own consequence. I have reasons for wishing to be civil to her, and as she has often pressed me to visit her, I will write by you a letter, which shall serve at once for an introduction, and at the same time apologise for my not paying my respects in person. I do not anticipate that your visit will be a pleasant one, and I do not require that it shall be of long continuance; but while you remain you must endeavour to please her."

"I will try to do as you wish, father,—is she not my aunt?"

“ You will do well to call her so, Edward— your mother’s brother was her first husband— she afterwards married a wealthy butter merchant, and now, even the means of vulgar display which he has left her, cannot do away with her soreness at the vulgarity of the connection, though she herself was far the least respectable party of the two. I mention all this to you, that you may regulate your proceedings by a knowledge of her character.” Lord Altham retired to his library, leaving Mountmorris to ruminate on the new prospects opening to him, when Williams soon made his appearance.

“ Well, Williams, what news—have you succeeded in obtaining the intelligence I wished.”

“ Yes, my Lord, Mr. Annesley it appears, is to live with Mr. Bushe—that gentleman is about to enter the temple. He is dependent on an old uncle, an Attorney, who was, during your brother’s time, agent to your Lordship’s estates in the Queen’s County. The uncle, I am told, is an old miser, who is said to have become immensely rich by the tricks of his cloth, to which he has added usury and

extortion of every description. Mr. Bushe bears a fair character among his fellow students, and has passed creditably through College."

"Very well, that will do—I wish you would go in search of Weedon, now."

Lord Altham wrote a letter, which he addressed to Bushe's uncle, and sealed with his arms. Though we are acquainted with its purport, it does not suit us just now to communicate our knowledge. By the time the letter was finished, Williams tapped at the door.

"Weedon is below, my Lord, it appears he has been staying at a public house in the neighbourhood, since he left, as your Lordship supposed, for Dunmaine."

"Send him up."

In a few minutes, Weedon appeared, he was unusually sober; and seemed not by any means at his ease, when Lord Altham bid him enter and close the door.

"Now, Sir, how is this? when I supposed you and Mary with that cursed brat, quietly at Dunmaine; I find him residing in the College with a Mr. Bushe, and dining in a

gentleman's house in my immediate neighbourhood—do you think me a man to be played with? I have borne with your drunkenness and insolence so long, that you think you can venture a little farther with me, but you will find yourself mistaken.”

Lord Altham had never assumed so high a tone with Weedon before, and the fellow quailed beneath it. “My Lord, I am not so much to blame as you suppose; for, indeed, I did every thing in my power to obey you, but Mary was obstinate; she said Heaven had taken the lad into its own charge, and that she would not interfere again; and when I tried to compel her, she threatened to tell every thing to Mr. Bushe. She has fairly got the bit in her teeth, and I cannot manage her as I used to do.”

“And why did you not come and tell me all this, instead of hiding yourself? I tell you again you shall no longer trifle with me—Mary and you, at all events, must go off this day to Dunmaine.”

“She won't object to that, my Lord, provided your Lordship consents that Jemmy

shall stay with Mr. Bushe, she wanted me to come and tell your Lordship so."

"Oh! oh! so she dictates terms to me. Well, tell her the brat may stay with Mr. Bushe, as long as he will keep him, if she goes at once."

"She shall do so, my Lord, though it will kill her to part with him."

"I am sure I hope so,—that would rid me of one torment at least," muttered the Peer. "Hark ye, sirrah! I gave you money a week since—where is it?"

"All gone, my Lord."

"Well, I'll give you an order for a weekly sum on the Steward, at Dunmaine,—you *shall* keep sober until you arrive there, at least; places shall be taken for you in the stage coach, and when you get to Dunmaine, the sooner you drink yourself out of the world, the better I shall be pleased. Now get you gone—be ready by two o'clock—Williams will see you off."

Weedon retired, well pleased to have escaped so well; he cared little for poor Mary's feelings at parting from the boy, and for his own part,

as the order on the Steward at Dunmaine, insured the means of prosecuting the worship of his favourite divinity—his anxiety was to get there.

Jemmy had been a regular visitant at Mary's abode every evening, since he had been able to get up, until the last, which he had spent with the Dawkins'; during the morning he generally read to Bushe for a couple of hours—they were thus employed when Mary Weedon rapped at the door—Jemmy opened it, and was folded to her heart; her eyes were red and swollen, and as she pressed him again and again to her heart, she sobbed violently.

“What is the matter now, Mary? Bushe asked—“No new misfortune I trust.”

“Oh! yes, Sir, and one that I am scarce able to bear—I must part altogether with Jemmy, and if my forebodings speak truly, never to see him more.”

“But why part, Mary—what reason have you to say so?—It would be nearly as severe a blow to Jemmy as to you.”

“My husband and I, Sir, have orders to go to Dunmaine to-day, and we are to remain

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there—I know not how long.—I feel that my
time in this world 'is short, and oh! Sir, this
parting will shorten even the span left me."

"But what necessity is there that you should
obey this cruel order? I will endeavour to
procure you a place in town, let then your
good-for-nothing husband go alone, if go he
must."

Poor Mary was much embarrassed. "It
must not be, Sir, John Weedon, though a
cruel one, still *is* my husband, and I must go
with him."

"Well, Mary, I am truly sorry for you,
though I own I cannot see that you are bound
to accompany that drunken fellow."

"I must go, Mr. Bushe, that is a thing
settled—I must go, though my heart-strings
are bursting asunder."

Hitherto Jemmy had made many fruitless
attempts to speak, he now gasped out,—
"Mother, if you go I will go with you, I
cannot see you suffer so much at parting me,
and remain here in comfort, while you will be
in wretchedness at Dunmaine."

"It cannot! It must not be, Jemmy—

here we part to meet I trust in a better world, if it is the will of Heaven that in this we meet no more. Providence has provided you a kind friend in Mr. Bushè, who will make you happier than it has ever been in my power to make you. And, oh! Mr. Bushe, remember that under Heaven my hopes for this orphan boy are in you. Watch over and protect him, and above all, I implore you not to let him fall into his bad uncle's hands; however, should, by any accident, that happen, do not lose an hour in letting me know it. I see my husband waiting impatiently for me outside. Mr. Bushe, Jemmy *must not* come with me even to the door,—God bless you both.” She again strained her boy, for the last time, to her nearly breaking heart, and rushed from the room.

Bushe, with difficulty, kept Jemmy from following her; he much wondered what the motives of her strange demeanor were, but he was convinced they were strong ones. He employed himself in comforting the poor boy, who had thus so singularly been abandoned entirely to his care. The blow was a severe

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one to Jemmy's affectionate heart; but at sixteen the feelings are elastic—torrents of tears afforded their wonted relief, and in two hours after Mary had left them, the friends, for so we may now call them, were conversing calmly, though sadly, on the events of the morning.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Throw thine eye
On yon young boy : I’ll tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way.”

KING JOHN.

EACH day, Jemmy became more and more a favorite at Mountjoy Square, where he and Bushe were now constant visitors. One evening the postman brought a letter for Mr. Dawkins, the contents of which evidently caused him much pain; all suspended their employments, and waited anxiously to learn what had happened.

“ You must not be alarmed, my dear nieces, matters are not so bad as I had reason to apprehend, from the beginning of this letter : your father has been severely, but I trust not dangerously wounded ; at first, very serious consequences were looked for, but the regimental surgeon, who has, by his directions, written, says that he is out of danger, and is

ordered home by his medical attendants,—this letter is dated nearly a month since, and he is, perhaps, now on his way home.”

This intelligence deeply affected both girls: Alice pictured to herself her old father suffering on his lonely bed, wounded, perhaps dying, without a relative to smooth his pillow, or soothe his anguish; the coloring of the picture which her imagination had conjured up became stronger and more vividly present, until it quite overcame her, and she was carried to her room in violent hysterics. Isabella loved her father perhaps even more fondly than Alice, nevertheless, she bore the shock with much greater firmness, and after she had succeeded in calming her sister, returned to the drawing-room, smiling through her tears. “I hope papa will stay with us now—surely they won’t expect him to join his regiment any more. Oh! Mr. Annesley, you will so like papa—I long till you know him.—When do you expect him, unclé?”

“I think it likely the next packet may bring him, my love, and I trust you may be correct in your hopes that he will now leave the ser-

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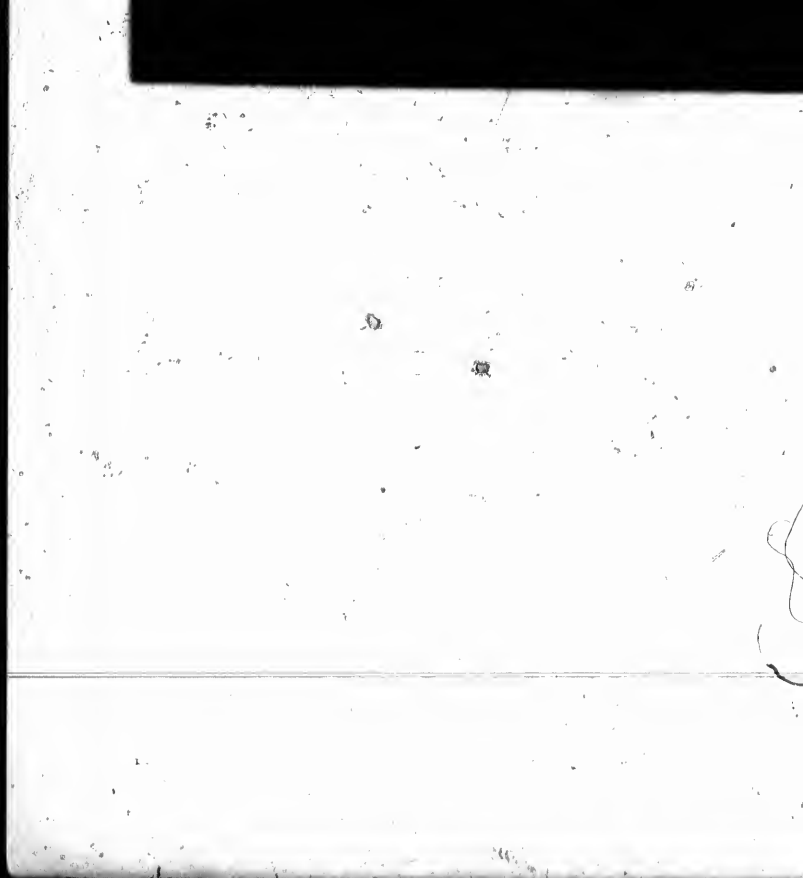
vice; but I don't know how that may turn out; at all events we shall have him some time with us."

A few days after the surgeon's letter had been received by Mr. Dawkins, the Colonel arrived. Jemmy had never seen a more noble looking man. Though not passed the meridian of life, toil and climate had blanched his hair, but it still curled in undiminished luxuriance around his lofty forehead. Habitual command had added to the expression of a countenance naturally striking in the extreme; a deep sabre scar across the nose and cheek, with the soldierly erectness of his carriage, which even recent suffering could not bend, marked the veteran, and declared his profession to even the most casual observer. Mr. Dawkins had told his brother-in-law Jemmy's story—so that when our hero was presented, to the Colonel, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with his reception. The old officer found in the boy a freshness of feeling which pleased him greatly.—And the entire party were delighted listeners to the tales which he loved to tell—with intense interest they heard

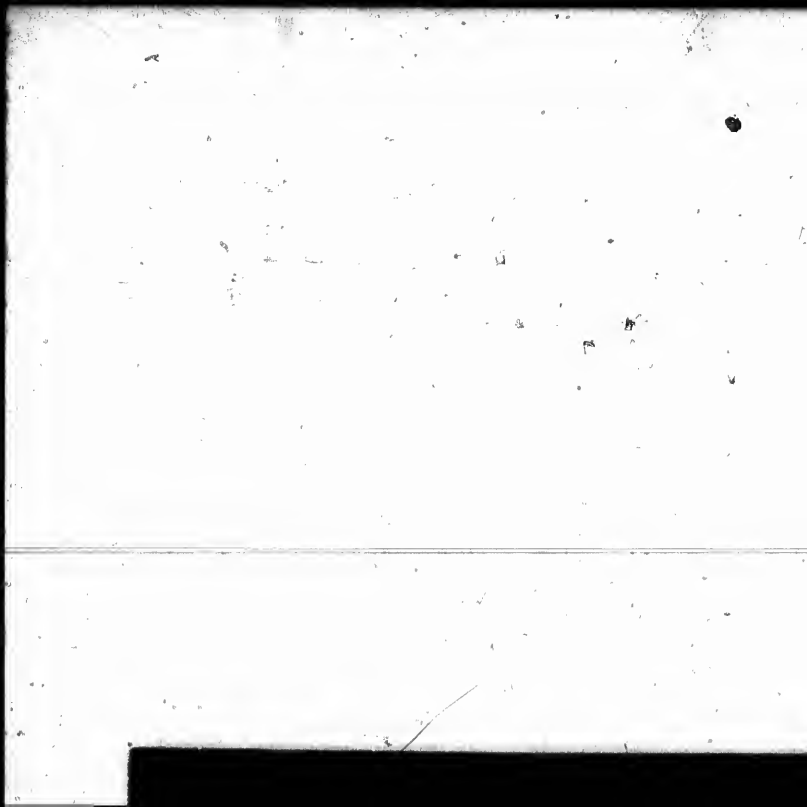
of scenes to which the varied life of Colonel Brock had exposed him. In a few days Jemmy became an especial favourite,—thus a month ran on.—Perhaps the happiest periods of our existence are those of which there is least to be recorded which affords interest to others.

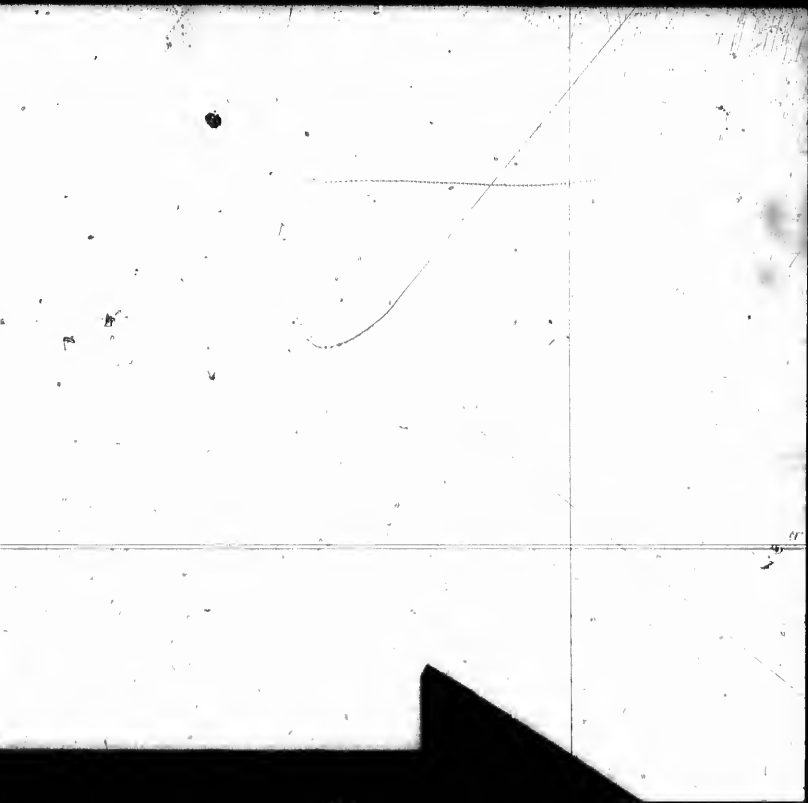
Lord Altham having according to his promise procured a commission for his son in a regiment lately sent to the Canadian Provinces, gave him orders to join him in London, and the young noble passed an evening with his friends at Mountjoy Square, on his route. His description of the neighbourhood which he had visited greatly amused them, though Alice tried to look grave at sallies which she thought he should not have indulged in at the expense of a relative.

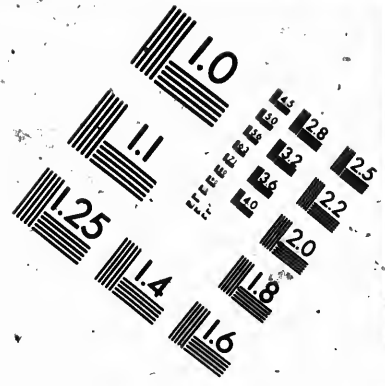
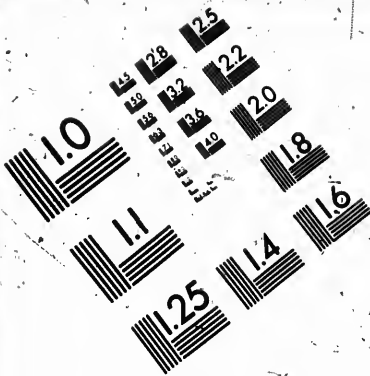
A presentment had been passed by the County Grand Jury for a road through the ground in front of her house, for the injury done by which, she had received ample compensation; nevertheless, as it had passed in spite of her endeavours to the contrary, she kept up a continual warfare against the con-



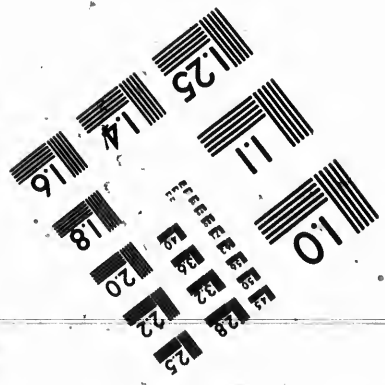
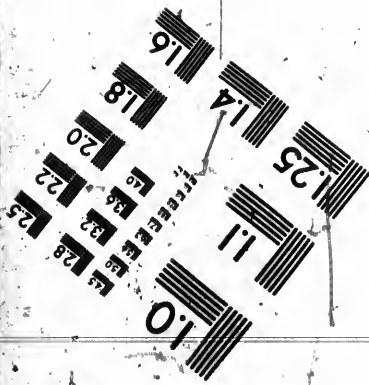
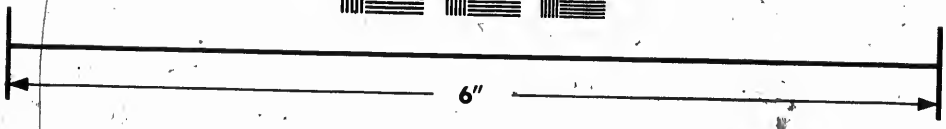
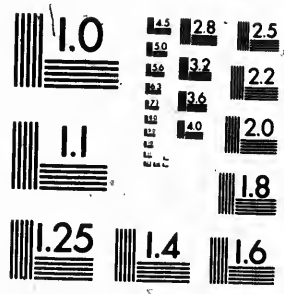








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tractor, a stubborn old quaker ; both parties at length, wearied with attorneys' bills, agreed to leave all matters in dispute to the arrangement of a neighbour, whose good natured award, after hearing patiently the arguments on either side, was — "Pooh ! pooh ! kiss and make friends." The lady drew her uncouth figure up, and with high indignation addressed the arbitrator :—

" I am astonished, Mr. C——; you forget yourself, Sir ; how dare you presume——"

" Thee need not be alarmed, Elizabeth," interrupted old Sober-sides, " thee needn't get thyself into a passion about the matter, for I have not the least intention, nor, in verity, inclination to kiss thee, Elizabeth."

" The arbitration," continued the laughing boy, " fell to the ground, and my worthy aunt sent her attorney instructions to fulminate all the thunders of the law against the contractor. He, it appears, is a merchant, and having sold her some timber, rode up a few days afterwards and sent in his account by the footman. The old lady was enraged at his presumption, and desired the servant to tell the *person* to go

round to the kitchen, as she never allowed tradesmen to enter the hall. My aunt was hugging herself at having thus mortified her opponent, when the servant returned unwillingly, ushering in the angry quaker. He entered the room with his hat on, and thus addressed my astonished relative:—

“Verily, Elizabeth, if thou dost not instantly defray the charges herein set forth, and legally due by thee, I will this day, ere sunset, have thee removed in the custody of him they call the Sheriff, and placed in secure keeping in the common prison.”

“Leave the house! audacious scoundrel!” was all my aunt could reply—her at all times rubicund visage almost black with passion; I really feared that she would burst a blood vessel.—Obediah quietly obeyed the haughty mandate, but I plainly saw, with the full intention of putting his threat into execution, and with some difficulty I prevailed on my aunt to commission me to settle the affair, in which, with the assistance of a check from her agent, I had of course no difficulty. She is indeed a strange old quiz: I saw her one day indignantly

throw down a volume of a sea novel, with which a few minutes before she had expressed herself highly pleased, — anxious to find out what had annoyed her, after she had left the room, I took up the book, and found that her rage was occasioned by the author's casually mentioning the brand on a cask of mess pork as that of Sir J. McTall & Co." Thus Mountmorris ran on, and even Alice could not help joining in the laughter which his anecdotes produced. As the time approached at which he was to take his leave, he found occasion to speak to her apart :

"I have endeavoured to be gay, dear Alice, but I would not have *you* suppose that I can part with friends who have been so kind, without feeling it deeply,—I trust we may soon meet again. My father's wishes, and my own feelings tell me that I should not content myself with an idle life. May I hope that I shall not be entirely forgotten when away—nothing would contribute more to comfort me on leaving Ireland, than the belief that I was esteemed worthy of your friendship."

Alice had felt hurt, she knew not why, at

the young noble's apparent spirits during the evening; she was now convinced that they had been assumed as a cloak for other feelings, and she scarcely could conceal her emotion as she replied: "You may be assured that you will always be esteemed by us as a cherished friend, with whom, should fortune favour us, we shall be most happy to renew our acquaintance." The grateful boy pressed her offered hand, hurried through his other adieus, and sought his pillow to dream of days to come; in the reveries of his age the future is seldom a clouded picture.

Lord Altham had got through his business in London, and seen his son off; immediately on his return to Dublin, he despatched a letter to Bushe's uncle, summoning that worthy, on whom he had conferred the agency of his Galway estates. The conference of the Peer and his new man of business, will best inform the reader of the motives which led to this appointment, and of the intended future proceedings meditated by them. We must, however, first introduce to his acquaintance the respectable confederate with whom his Lordship had

thought fit to associate himself for the furtherance of his schemes. We have before intimated that he was an Attorney, who far exceeded in meanness and villany even the usual rapacity of his sordid and pettifogging brethren; his appearance suited well with his calling—he was very lean and tall, but stooped so much as not to appear above the middle height: his face was pale and sallow, and had the appearance of an habitual guard over the expression of any feeling whatsoever which might indicate what was passing within,—age, and villany had wreathed his mean forehead and skinny cheeks into deep furrows,—if the reader add to this a sharp up-turned nose, small twinkling grey eyes, a stealthy face, like that of a cat in the act of stealing on his prey, and a constant nervous habit of rubbing his hands, he will have a faint idea of Mr. Quill's personal attractions.

“Well, Mr. Quill,” said Lord Altham, after the common greetings, on this worthy limb of the law entering his usual place of audience, the library, “do you think that you can oblige me by disposing of this boy—you know what

urgent reasons I have for wishing to rid myself of him."

"My Lord, I have given the matter deep thought, and have come prepared to suggest a plan by which I think your Lordship may dispose of the boy. I must admit that it is a dangerous experiment, but we must in desperate cases try perilous remedies, and your Lordship's rank will probably enable you to carry it into effect without suspicion."

"No, no, Mr. Quill, all must be yours, both plan and execution—I must not be implicated in the transaction."

"But, my Lord, as I before observed, my plan is a hazardous one, and therefore——"

"And therefore must be well paid for—I suppose that is what you are driving at, my good Sir? Well, it shall, so you need say no more on that head,—pray inform me how you intend proceeding?"

"Pardon me, my Lord, I should like to understand you more explicitly before we proceed farther. I am well aware that your Lordship has no spare cash at present, but your Galway tenants owe you a considerable

sun, and are most of them responsible men, though they have no great inclination to pay. Would your Lordship be content to make over these arrears to me if I rid you of Annesley? It will go hard if I do not manage to compel these gentry to pay up the amount, together with a reasonable compensation in the shape of bills of costs for the time and trouble their collection will cost me."

Lord Altham listened with no very pleased expression to this proposition; however, he felt how much the Attorney's knowledge of his affairs placed him in his power, perhaps he even regretted having conjured up this spirit of evil to his aid, but it was now too late to recede; he therefore, after some moments consideration, intimated his acceptance of the proposed terms. "And now, Mr. Quill," he continued, "will you favour me with your plans?"

"With pleasure, my Lord. It has been customary to apprentice young men, either voluntarily, or as vagrants, before the Mayors of corporate towns, or Magistrates of counties, to serve in the plantations. I daily expect a

Captain Ingram, of the Xarifa, at Galway, who has been some years engaged in this trade ;— my proposal is, that Annesley be apprenticed to him, and my word for it, once in his hands, this lad will never trouble your Lordship more.”

“ But how do you expect to induce him to consent, or how otherwise can you withdraw him from your nephew’s protection? Mr. Bushe, as I learn, entertains a strong regard for him. I scarcely think you will be able to accomplish what you propose.”

“ Leave that to me, my Lord. I must beg your Lordship to procure me the Commission of the Peace for the County of Galway, and that you give instructions to Weedon to place himself under my orders. He shall in the usual form demand that the boy be apprenticed as having been thrown on him as an infant, without any provision for his maintenance. The lad himself has only, as I learn, a vague idea of his parentage, and I shall have no doubt of being able to persuade my brother magistrates to look on Weedon as his natural guardian ; so far, I think the difficulties may

be easily got over. The main obstacle in our way is my nephew—from what I have heard, I fear it will be no light matter to get the boy out of his hands.”

“I should suggest,” said Lord Altham, “that you employ Bushe on some legal business in England, for a time. I can at once furnish you with a sufficiently plausible mission for him.”

“No, no, my Lord, that would never do—I must not appear to him in any way connected with your Lordship at present.—That would furnish him with a clue which would not fail to excite suspicion; even if he knew of my recent appointment to the agency, I should not probably be entrusted by him with the care of the boy. I think, however, that your Lordship’s suggestion is a good one, so far as it relates to sending him out of the way for a time; I can easily find a pretext for it, and he will naturally be glad that Annesley should find a friend in me. My first impulse, on receipt of your Lordship’s letter, was to order him to turn the boy off; I am glad I did not do so now, as we shall have him much more

in our power as it is. I will therefore find full employment for my nephew in London for some months to come, by the end of which time all will be completed."

"But from what I have heard of your nephew, he does not appear likely to abide contentedly the disappearance of his protégé; how do you propose to account to him for it?"

"When it is done my Lord, he is not likely to make much noise about it; he is, as you know, entirely dependent on me, and, I fancy, has too much common sense uselessly to risk my displeasure; but should he prove so foolhardy, I shall be in a position to set him at defiance. As to the world, I shall seem only to have acted a prudent part in ridding him of a dependent who could only be a burden on him—at all events I have little uneasiness on that score."

Lord Altham considered the project submitted to him; under the urgent circumstances in which he was placed, he saw the necessity of instant action, and though he could not avoid entertaining fears from what he had heard of Bushe's character, yet he thought it

not improbable that when his interference could no longer control the destiny of his protégé, he would yield to his interest and not blazon to the world his uncle's doings. Come what might, he himself should not appear an actor in the transaction, and he should by it be relieved from the harassing suspense under which he at present laboured; could he but make certain that Annesley would never find means of returning to his native country, he should be once more at ease. Being unwilling to express his thoughts distinctly, even to old Quill, after some hesitation he asked him—

“What is the destination of Captain Ingram's next voyage, and in what manner does he generally dispose of his apprentices?”

“I should rather think he returns again to the Cape of Good Hope. The Dutch settlers there always afford ready purchasers for his living wares. He is a strange fellow though, and, I suspect, adds to his ways and means from other sources, so that he seldom knows himself whither he is bound when he leaves port. On his last return he bought lands

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which were in my hands for sale, and spoke of giving up the sea after one or two more voyages. He was then loud in praise of the Cape as a market, having trebled his venture in a year. By all accounts, between marmoset fever and the Caffres, it is not likely to be soon over stocked, so I fancy this will be again his destination."

"Well then, Mr. Quill, I entrust this matter entirely to your management, and have only to add that should you bring it to a satisfactory issue, I shall be happy to add to the remuneration you have proposed."

Lord Altham rang his bell, and bowed out the Attorney, who retired to his hotel to digest his plans. The next morning as Bushe and his friend Annesley were at breakfast, Mr. Quill was announced. Having, by strict economy, provided for the boy out of his allowance, the student had not thought it necessary to inform his uncle about him—the surprise was therefore far from an agreeable one, as he was uncertain how his relative might be inclined to view the affair. The old man, however, greeted his nephew cordially,

and at once opened to him the business which he said had called him to town. Without taking any notice of Annesley, he communicated to Bushe the instant necessity of his despatching a confidential agent to London, on a matter of high importance, to one of his principal clients. He should be furnished with a letter of instructions whereby to regulate his proceedings, as well as one of introduction to his uncle's correspondent who would assist him in the details, and from whom he should learn more at large the nature of the case; he was to communicate with his uncle, and await his orders. Of course the student could not for a moment hesitate to obey his uncle's wishes; he stated his readiness to undertake the mission, merely desiring to know at what time it would be necessary that he should be ready.

"We cannot afford to lose a day, so you must be off at once. But who is your young friend? He appears a fine lad."

Bushe introduced Annesley, and briefly narrated to his uncle the circumstances under which he had become an inmate of his cham-

bers. Quill appeared, to his great joy, much pleased with his protégé, with whom he entered into conversation with the apparent design of learning his qualifications. After some moments he seemed to remember the necessity of disposing of the lad during his nephew's absence.

"By the way, Amos, what do you mean to do with Annesley while you are away?"

"I have been thinking of that, Sir. Jemmy has some other friends in town, and I think Mr. Dawkins will not object to a visit for the few weeks I shall be in England."

"Aye, that would do very well—he looks like a good lad, and now that I think of it, I am in want of an assistant in the office.—How would it suit him, think you?—you should not bring him up in idleness."

"You are very kind, Sir, but I fear my friend Jemmy is scarcely fit for the duties you propose to entrust to him."

"He is young enough to learn, and we can at least try him; if he should wish to return to you when you come back, I shall not object, though his is not a time of life at

which such an opportunity should be thrown away."

Bushe readily acceded to his uncle's wishes, and having during the day made the necessary preparations for his departure, received full instructions from his uncle, and, together with Annesley, paid a farewell visit to their friends at Mountjoy Square, and taken an affectionate leave of them, sailed next morning for England. Mr. Quill and Jemmy mounted the lumbering inconveniency, which proposed, God willing, to set them down in three days, accidents excepted, at Blake's hotel in Galway.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"He merely practised as a sea Attorney."

DON JUAN.

ANNESLEY was at first well treated by Mr. Quill, at least so far as a few kind words bestowed on him occasionally, and the absence of anything to complain of, should be so considered. He, however, deeply felt the loss of the companionship to which the good natured student, and his kind friends at Mountjoy Square, had admitted him; his time hung heavy on his hands, as with the exception of copying now and then an unimportant letter, and sitting on a high stool in his outer office to answer enquiries, Mr. Quill had not conceived it necessary to furnish him with employment. He was not, however, destined to remain long under his guardianship,—Captain Ingram, in person, announced his arrival, a few days after Jemmy had been domesticated

with the Attorney, — Mr. Quill was in his sanctum when Annesley introduced the sailor.

“Well, old-six-and-eight-pence, I see the devil has not got his own yet—he would have had you long ago, only he can’t spare you above here, but all in good time,—do you know you remind me of a tarantula, in this den of yours, with his stun’-sail booms rigged in, peering out on his webs, only the comparison is too flattering to you, as your traps are better laid, and you’re a damned sight more venomous,”—was his polite greeting, as he was ushered in by our hero. “What are you gaping at there boy, like a sucking dolphin—nobody wants you, cut your lucky,”—the latter part he addressed to Annesley, in whose face he slammed the door.

Quill seeming neither displeased nor astonished at this address, gave utterance to a sort of chuckle, as he replied,—“There be land rats and water rats, Ingram—I mean the pirates.”

“Pirates! how mean you?—faith though, you are not far out; but to whom am I indebted for it?—An old friend of yours has

booked you for my good deeds,—but for you, Quill, and your percentages, I should have been as harmless a clown as any country gentleman in Galway,—no matter, on the whole I thank you for it.”

“ Well, Ingram, I’m glad you are not in your penitentials—that mood bothered me enough the last time you were here; but I am glad to see you, and have been anxiously looking out for you this fortnight back. I have some work in your way to be done.”

“ You may depend on’t that I had need of you too, or I should not have sickened myself with the air of your musty den—I never get over the nausea it gives me ’till I have had a week or two of blue water to blow the stench off; but every man in his place, and the cook at the fore-sheet,—I fancy your interior would be as much astray when the little Xarifa is polishing her copper,—but what devil’s capers have you for me now?”

“ I’ve an apprentice for you. I hope the Boors are as good customers as ever, and that your cruise has turned out well.”

“ Why, on the whole, I can’t complain. A

deuced lot of the fellows I shipped here last, died on the voyage; but as they were greatly wanted, I got famous prices for the remainder; but how came you to be interested in the matter, old sheep-skin."

"I told you I had an apprentice for you, and one for whom, instead of asking procuration, I will be willing to give a moderate fee, on your signing his indentures."

"You have some precious rascality at the bottom of this; but, fair play, that is no concern of mine, so you look that everything is square, and will pass the thostel clerk and the collector."

"That shall be looked to—we may then consider this matter as settled. Now, Ingram, for the business which brought you here."

"'Tis no great matter. You must take the land you sold me off my hands; I have altered my mind as to settling here, and this is probably my last visit."

"That is not so easily arranged as you seem to suppose—it will take time to find a purchaser. I can see about it though, and remit you the proceeds wherever you direct."

“Devil trust you, for I won’t—ho! ho! we know each other, Quill, and you will fork out what I paid you for them before I leave; you were eloquent about the bargain you procured me in them, and you shall have them on the same terms. The fact is, I was not so particular this last cruise as an Admiralty Court might be of opinion I ought to have been, so it might not be just convenient for me to come back to jog your memory, should its log get blown. There is no use in making long speeches about the matter, my exchequer will be none the worse for the price of the land, and have it I will.”

“Well, Ingram, you were always a positive fellow, so we won’t quarrel about it. I hope some time or other to have the satisfaction of reading your last speech and dying declaration, for all the bother you have given me—sooner or later ’twill be your lot.”

“Don’t halloo till you are out of the wood, old boy; it may be your turn first to tighten a line. The Xarifa has a clean pair of heels, and if they should fail her, can shew a very pretty set of teeth on occasions; but I can’t stand

this den of yours any longer—pah! an hour in it is worse than hanging, so you won't mind that much when your day comes."

"Before you go, Ingram, tell me how soon you sail, I have much to do ere then."

"In a week, I hope, at farthest, so stir yourself; damn it, man, you want to get rid of me, that you keep me jawing here; when you want me you will find me on board, I don't know how long the air of the town may be good for me; and hark'ee, keep your ears open—I have a pretty sharp fellow on the look-out in London, but it will not do to trust too much to him. Plenty of sheep to you to be fleeced, old wolf, which I take to be the most acceptable good day I can wish you."

The sailor lit a cigar and left the office. Jemmy stared after him—he was to the boy a new chapter in the natural history of his species—there was no resemblance in any of the followers of the ocean whom he had seen in Dublin, to Captain Ingram. His proportions were Herculean, and in his dress he was a nautical dandy of the first ton. His face would have been extremely handsome but for

an expression which the lad's experience did not enable him to read, but which made him tremble—it was the mark of Cain; his walk was the swagger of a bravo. Altogether, Annesley had never seen a man who had, in so short a time, produced so disagreeable an impression. His meditations were interrupted by Mr. Quill's calling and despatching him with letters to the Post office, amongst which he perceived one addressed to Lord Altham; this filled him with alarm, however as he had learned that his new patron was his uncle's agent, it was probable that it had no reference to him; he longed for Bushe's return, and his heart sickened at the probability of its being deferred. Having delivered his letters and enquired if there were any for Mr. Quill, he received a large packet with the seal of the Secretary of State's office, which, on his return, he handed to the attorney.

Captain Ingram had given notice to the magistrates, that he would be ready to indent several young men the following day, and requested them to meet for that purpose. Mr. Quill attended, and being duly sworn in, the

justices devolved the duty upon him and the next junior member of the board; and they having proceeded with those in attendance, adjourned their sittings from day to day. They were thus employed a few days after, when Weedon entered the court, and having given them an account, prompted by Quill, of the way in which Annesley had been thrown on his hands—that worthy gentleman told his brother magistrate, that the lad was then in his house, having imposed himself on his nephew as the son of a man of rank: he stated his belief of the story told them by Weedon, and though, he said, he regretted his nephew's absence, he was by no means sorry that the young man would be so cheaply rid of a troublesome incumbrance. Jemmy was sent for, and trembled at the sight of Weedon. Mr. Quill merely asked the fellow some questions as to his identity, and dismissed the boy, expressing himself quite satisfied. "His very looks condemned him—did you mark his fright at this man's presence?" he asked of his brother justice.

"Yes, it appears pretty clear that the young

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rascal has imposed on your nephew's good nature."

Old Quill turned over the Statute under which they were acting—"It appears to me quite clear that this case comes under the chapter authorising and commanding the indenting of vagrants. I must regret my nephew's absence, but we sit here to administer justice impartially, and I cannot allow my feelings on this account, to interfere with my duty to the country. I think he should be placed on the list with the other apprentices, if Captain Ingram is willing to take the boy."

"I can have no objection to the lad, he seems suited to my purpose in every respect," replied the skipper.

"I fully concur with you, Mr. Quill," said the other magistrate, "this is a plain case of vagrancy, and we should not be doing our duty if we allowed this young impostor to go at large. Clerk, add the boy's name to the list."

Whilst that functionary was enquiring of Weedon the boy's age, place of birth, &c., for the purpose of filling up the required document

for the signature of the māgistrates, Mr. Quill asked Captain Ingram—

“How are your apprentices disposed of at the Cape? I trust their condition is not worse than that of our poor at home.”

“Worse! your worship, why the fellows have, it is true, to pay for their passages by working as apprentices for a few years, during which, however, they are well clothed, and fed like princes; and after their indentures have expired, it is their own fault if they do not make fortunes. They may have excellent land in abundance for the mere occupying, and they are easily enabled to work and stock it by giving a few days labour now and then to their more advanced neighbours. More than one of the lads I have carried out, are now opulent farmers at the Cape.”

“Well, I am glad the lad’s prospects are so good; my nephew was strangely infatuated about him. May I request, as a personal favor that you will do all you can to promote his comfort on the voyage, and to ensure his falling into good and secure hands.”

“Your Worship may rely on me—and now,

Gentlemen, I believe I have nothing more to trouble you about to-day.

The Court accordingly adjourned. In the evening Mr. Quill directed Jemmy to put his things into a portmanteau, as he intended an excursion of a few days, and wished to take him with him. Towards dusk he gave directions to a domestic to bring the boy's bag, and accompanied by Annesley, walked down the street to the Bridge—there a boat and crew from the Xarifa awaited him—they entered it, and half an hour's pull brought them alongside the craft, which lay at anchor below Mutton Island. She was a schooner of apparently from 150 to 200 tons—it was too dark to note more about her than that her masts were taunt and raking, and particularly the main, the head of which would nearly clear the taffrail, and that she was very square rigged aloft, forward. Captain Ingram received them as they ascended the side, and walked aft with Quill. All hands on board were busy bending sails, and it was evident her commander meditated an early move.

“Why, what's in the wind now, Ingram;

I have brought off your apprentice—how soon are you off?”

“Faith, the sooner the better, old bonus, I fancy. When I came on board this evening, I found a letter from my lad in London, giving me a pretty strong hint to top my boom, though curse on his caution, I can’t make out the cause. I suppose he was afraid of the Post-office—he tells me, however, one piece of good news—Uncle Sam won’t stand any more searching of his ships for British subjects, and he and John Bull have got to loggerheads about it. In the old war I found the Stars and Stripes capital colors to cruise under, and faith I’ll even try my luck under them again.”

“You don’t mean to say that you will join those Yankee rascals against England?”

“Come, that’s good—the devil railing at sin, and why should I not, pray? The Xarifa was never mighty particular in the choice of her flag—faith the old girl’s bunting would before this, have made Patriarch Jacob, a dozen suits of clothes for his pet. The Stripes are very much to my fancy, changing every day.

• I shall most likely carry out the news, and try

hard if I am not paid for the run among the West India craft, before spring. Oh! 'tis glorious sport to see the sugar droghers, like fat Bristol Aldermen, running one after another into one's very mouth—it needs only a few months' cruising in the windward channel, before they have convoy at the breaking out of a war, to make a man's fortune."

"Well Ingram, you are a precious rascal; but about the boy, is our plot to be knocked in the head by this new freak of yours?"

"Oh! I am quite willing to ship the youngster—I want a few more hands, though we have more here, than you reckoned on in town, I fancy."

"Why, yes, I was astonished at the number on board—I thought they were shore hands you had got off to assist you."

"Shore men!—don't those clean-limbed, bushy-whiskered rascals, look very like Conmemara men; but you know no better—come below and wet your whistle, with a drop of Cognac." Mr. Quill having acceded to his friend's proposal, the skipper continued: "I have been thinking that it would be no harm

to establish a communication with you, in case of need. I can see the top-gallant story of your house from deck. Should you hear of anything dangerous to me, two lights, one in each end window, will put me on my guard at night, or a table cloth out of the middle one in the day time; though of the latter I should hope there will be no need, as if every thing goes on quietly during the night, I will be off with the dawn. And hark you, old procurator, it imports you to keep a bright look out; you know there are some papers in my escrutoire, about that nice little job, the last time I was here, which it might not be altogether convenient to you, should fall into wrong hands."

"Hush! hush! Ingram, never fear my vigilance—two lights in the end window—I shall not forget. The Collector and some brother magistrates dine with me to day, to wet my Commission, so I must leave you—mind take care of Annesley."

"Never fear, I have a tight grip of him, and my intended cruise will give him a fair chance of getting knocked on the head. I

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take it you would have no great objection to his being expended in the log, eh' old boy?"

The Attorney took his departure, and as Jemmy was about to follow him into the boat, a couple of fellows laid hands on him, and in a trice handed him down into the fore-castle, where, without a single word explaining the cause of his being so treated, they lashed his hands behind him, and taking the additional precaution of securing him to a stanchion, left him to his meditations.

Mr. Quill had not returned many minutes to his own house, ere his guests began to arrive. It was the first time that they had seen the interior of any room in the Attorney's house, with the exception of the office. Habitual and rigid stinginess had hitherto prevented all intercourse with his neighbours; but on the receipt of his new dignity, a wish for popularity, which he felt might be useful to him, and perhaps other stronger motives, determined him to pursue a different course in future. He had amassed wealth beyond his most sanguine expectations; but his appetite for it was still uncloyed—new plans of attain-

ing it were opening upon him, and to further them, he thought it necessary to assume a more liberal style of living. The present was an opportunity not to be missed, and he had accordingly invited all his brethren of the Commission, who were within his reach, together with the Collector of Customs, and a few other inhabitants of the town. The dinner was unusually good for that retired district, and the wine, which was capital, circled freely for an hour or two; jest, laugh, and song rang through rooms long unconscious of such sounds of revelry. The Collector, a handsome young man, had just concluded a song, to which he was in the humor to do full justice, when a despatch was handed in, which had been forwarded express, by a Government messenger. Having read it he arose.

“Mr. Quill, may I take the liberty to call for a bumper?” having, of course, received the desired permission, he continued: “Gentlemen, I give you a toast—‘Success to His Majesty’s Arms.’ Those scoundrelly Yankees have dared the old Lion too far—war with America is declared.”

The company were just in a condition to receive such a toast; while cheer succeeded cheer, the Collector whispered to Mr. Quill, "I have some further tidings here, of importance which call for instant attention." The host, apologizing for his momentary absence, insisted on accompanying his guest down stairs—on the way the latter asked—

"I saw you go aboard the *Xarifa* to-night—what number of hands has that fellow Ingram? I find he has been cutting pretty capers whilst he was last away—the fellow's a regular pirate."

"Then," replied Quill, "he must have left his crew behind him somewhere—curiosity prompted me to visit the vessel—he showed me all over her, and I am certain he had not more than six or eight hands, neither did I see any arms."

"Then, I shall be strong enough for him in the barge—I'll take my coxswain and ten well armed men. The Government have thought the scoundrel of sufficient importance to order round the *Savage*, sloop-of-war, to take charge of the *Xarifa*.—My orders are merely to detain him until her arrival."

“This Ingram is a precious rascal; do you know I should like of all things to accompany you—the revellers above stairs won’t miss me, and we shall be back in an hour.”

“Faith, with all my heart, Mr. Quill, I did not give you credit for so much pluck—come along old gentleman, we shall have a glorious spree.”

“I will join you on the wharf—I must get my cloak, the night air is an enemy to be guarded against at my age.”

We must now transport the reader to the schooner. The night was fine, and Ingram and his Chief Mate had paced the deck for more than two hours after the anchor watch had been set—every thing was in readiness for her departure at the dawn. We can scarcely have a better opportunity than the present, to introduce the second in command on board the *Xarifa*, Jacob Van Ransallaer, or as he was more generally called, Jake Van. He was a gaunt sluggish looking Yankee, but still evidently possessed an inert strength, which, when roused exceeded that of most men. There was a look of calm, cold-blooded

villainy about the fellow, which was even more dangerous than that of his more excitable superior. In his dress, he was the direct opposite of his Captain. Ingram, as we have intimated, prided himself upon the neatness, and salt-water dandyism of his air. Van Ransallaer, on the contrary, looked more like a country clown in borrowed habiliments. His trowsers, though of the most ample latitude, greatly lacked length, not coming half way down the calves of his legs, which were garnished with coarse clumsy boots, like those of a Ploughman—the trowsers were furnished with ample pockets below the hips, in which he usually bestowed his hands, when those appendages were unemployed—his upper man was enveloped in a round-about of grey cloth, of that peculiar sort, known throughout North America, as home-spun—his hat was a rusty white beaver, turned up behind by the collar of his coat; it was as unlike as may well be conceived, to the usual tile of a seaman. Notwithstanding all this outward appearance, Jake Van was every inch a sailor, and as a bold and reckless follower, through all the perils encoun-

tered for years amid the "Battle and the Breeze," was highly valued by his commander. They had taken their usual promenade, during which Ingram had communicated to his mate, the signals he had arranged with Quill, and was about retiring below, when Van who had received the skipper's orders, to pass the word to the watch, instantly to let him know should the signals be made; sharply called after him before he had reached the foot of the companion ladder—

"Well, I guess Captaining, there they are—a light in each of the end windows of the house you pointed out—there they are, as sure as there's snakes in Virginee."

"Egad you are right, Van," said Ingram, after a moment's glance in the direction of the town, "there is danger abroad. Call all hands, let them make no bustle, but arm themselves and be on the alert—we shall wait further news; 'tis clear there is no napping for us to-night, so tell the steward to bring up the brandy and water and a few cigars, and we'll see it out comfortably." Ingram's orders were promptly communicated to the crew and

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with Jake he resumed his promenade, keeping a sharp look-out, however. It was a clear October night, and the stars shone bright and frost-like, but as the moon had not yet risen, objects could not be distinguished at any distance; a light air off the northern shore blew out the whiff at the main, and might be slightly felt on deck. The skipper and his comrade had scarce lighted their cigars, when they heard the sound of muffled oars pulling stealthily in shore of them. The flakes of the water occasioned by the dipping of the oars, quickly caught the sharp eye of the mate, and the regularity of the stroke convinced him of the character of the approaching boat.

“Here she is, I guess, a large galley, and rows five oars of a side, she will be alongside us in a minute.”

“’Tis the Customs’ boat, and they are coming to pay us a visit; how lucky it was I arranged the signals. I owe old parchment a turn for this. Well, let them come; you remember the trick we played the Indiaman’s boat’s crew—just let such of the fellows as have a mind come below aft, then shove over

and secure the companion slide, and let our people gag those who remain on deck ; I'll bolt through the steerage door into the hold, and we shall have these searchers in a proper fix. If possible, let no fire-arms be used, there is no use waking up the chaps on shore."

The boat approached within a few yards of the schooner—Van had gone forward, and Ingram alone paced the quarter-deck, puffing his cigar. He now hailed the galley as seeing her for the first time. "Boat ahoy ! coming here ?" "Aye, aye," was the reply. "What boat is that ?" "The Customs' galley," answered the collector. "All right, sir." The skipper, as she shot alongside, respectfully tendered the man-ropes to the Collector. That officer, followed by Quill and his crew, leaped on deck, and seeing no chance of opposition, he desired the captain to descend with him to the cabin as he wished to examine his papers. Quill and the men, with the exception of two of the latter, having previously received their instructions, followed him ; he desired to see the vessel's papers, which were at once produced by Ingram. After having

glanced over some of the documents submitted to him, and perceived that his men were in sufficient strength in the cabin to support him, he addressed Captain Ingram—

“I have received instructions to detain you and your vessel until further orders, you must therefore consider yourself my prisoner.”

“May I take the liberty to inquire of what I am accused?” enquired the skipper with well feigned astonishment.

“Of that you will be informed in due time—my present duty is to secure your person and vessel—the charges against you are sufficiently important; I trust you may be able to refute them and regain your own liberty, and your vessel.”

“I am much obliged by your kind wishes, Sir, and will take excellent care of both.”

At that instant a rush was heard overhead; whilst all for a moment listened, wondering what it might mean; Ingram darted through with the velocity of light, shutting after him and barring the door which communicated with the hold, at the same time the companion scuttle was shoved over and secured, and the

rovers having overcome and pinioned the Custom House men on deck when Ingram appeared, Van said with a chuckle—

“Well, Capting, I reckon we have them pretty snug; and now the sooner we are out of these here waters the better.”

“Even so, Van. Away aloft sea-dogs!—let fall, and hoist away. Well done, lads—heave away the capstan—heave away bullics; so, she’s short,—aft with the starboard fore-braces, and ease off the main-sheet,—so, now toss him up, men.”

The schooner fell off gracefully as the anchor rose to the surface,—the head yards were braced round, the sheets trimmed, and the *Xarifa* glided along, all her sails sleeping with the damp, though light night breeze.

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CHAPTER IX.

"'Tis sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petard."

HAMLET.

FOR a few minutes, the Collector, Quill, and the boat's crew, stared at each other in mute astonishment at the unexpected turn affairs had taken. Mr. Quill assumed the appearance of the utmost consternation, which, catching the eye of the Officer of Customs, despite his own perplexing situation, amused him so much that he could not repress a burst of almost convulsive laughter. When his merriment had in some degree subsided, he addressed the Attorney—

"Well, Mr. Quill, what think you of our spree? We seem to have fallen into a wasp's nest here; but come, cheer up, we have nothing to apprehend from this fellow."



"I don't know that, Mr. Collector; for instance, what is to hinder him taking us to the Cape, instead of the apprentices he was to have shipped here. The scoundrel is desperate now, and there is no telling what he may do."

"*You* need be under no uneasiness on that score, for who the deuce do you think would buy you. The Boors are not sufficiently enlightened to appreciate duly your legal attainments, and what the devil use can you be of in any other way? By Jove though, this Ingram is getting under way,—I hope the rascal will land us,—but meanwhile we may as well make ourselves as happy as we can—see what's in the lockers lads. I wish we were back at your house, Quill,—what a jolly rouse those rascals are having there while their worthy host is going to sea with sealed orders. What have you there lads? those long-necked bottles look highly respectable,—Champaigne faith—glasses, tumblers will do famously,—give one to Mr. Quill. Come, Sir, since our respectable Captain has not the courtesy to do the honors, allow me to help you,—sorrow is dry you know." He knocked the head off

one of the bottles with a knife, and filled bumpers for the Attorney and himself. "Come a happy and speedy end to our cruise! Capital wine, faith,—right, right, Mr. Quill, you will find a few bumpers like that a marvellous solace under misfortune—put a couple of bottles more here, lads, and then help yourselves; but mind keep sober, as (although it does not seem likely) we may have something to do again to-night. Another glass, Mr. Quill,—by the way, what a row those fellows are making on deck,—there seems to be very little wind, for the schooner is as upright as a dish,—yet there is a constant creaking of tackle, and they seem to be at work in the hold too,—what the devil can they be at, Quill?"

"I'm sure I can't tell, but there seem to be a great many people on deck,—where can they have come from?"

"Oh, likely enough they were on board all along. It is a common trick of those villains, when they enter a port where they consider it necessary to veil their real character, to stow their men away; but never mind—in all

probability we shall fall in with the *Savage*, and then we shall get to windward of Ingram after all, though faith I should be sorry to see the fellow hanged—he managed our little affair in crack style, and we owe him something for his champagne. Come, my boy, another,—but you look like a half-stuck pig,—what the deuce is the matter with you man?”

“I don’t feel well, and I must own besides that the idea of meeting the *Savage* is anything but pleasing to me. Ingram is not the man, I fancy, to surrender without a desperate resistance, and we shall run as much risk here as if we were on deck.”

“Faith, I must confess that there is reason in what you say—it would be by no means pleasant for me, his Majesty’s true servant to be cooped up here in the cabin of this rather suspicious craft, should she encounter his Majesty’s lieges of the *Savage*. But come, Quill, hang care, you will be none the worse, believe me, for having the contents of one of these long-necked gentry under your belt, come what may.”

Mr. Quill had now no occasion to shan

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alarm. Whatever way the action might terminate, his prospects were none of the brightest; beside, like most of his cheating brethren, he was an arrant coward. Again and again he considered what course he should adopt, and whilst the light-hearted Collector chatted on, he leant his head on the table, and at the conclusion of his harangue, he groaned aloud.

“Come, come, rouse up old boy—what is the matter with you?”

“Indeed, I scarcely know—I feel very unwell, I suppose from having drunk more than I am accustomed to, together with the closeness of this cabin.”

“Indeed you do look pale—we’ll see what is to be done; everything is quiet again on deck. Jenkinson, (addressing his coxswain) go up and rap at the companion door,—tell these villains that this old gentleman is dying for a breath of fresh air,—you may add that I pledge myself to take no unfair advantage of their allowing the door to be opened to let Mr. Quill pass to the deck. Hark ye, Quill, I am anxious to know what this fellow’s

real force is, so have your eyes about you—in all probability they will send you down here again.”

Jenkinson succeeded in opening a communication with Ingram, who readily acceded to the Collector's wishes, and the companion slide being shoved back sufficiently to admit Mr. Quill's passage, that worthy was hauled up through, and it was again secured. The schooner's deck presented a marvellous change to the attorney's eye, since he had left her on the previous evening.—Six brass guns of heavy calibre, glittered in the moonlight on each side of the snowy deck, whilst one of much greater length and weightier metal, was placed fore and aft between the masts—in fact, even the inexperienced eye of the Attorney, recognised in her a first-rate and splendidly equipped vessel of her class. Groups of fellows who seemed the very men to handle the engines of destruction amongst which they were scattered, were congregated here and there, canvassing the events of the evening and the prospects of the cruise; whilst further forward a knot were assembled round an old seaman, who, leaning

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against the windlas, was entertaining them with one of those interminable yarns of love and murder, which so often thrill the young sea aspirant's blood during the witching hours of the middle watch. Ingram and his Mate were, with the exception of the man at the wheel, the sole occupants of the quarter-deck. The former, when Quill came on deck, slapping him on the back, thus addressed him—

“What old boy, sea-sick already—why man, this night is enough to put life in a mummy—what ails you, or is it shamming you are?—I owe you one for to night's work, and 'tis hard if I don't find means to pay you.”

“Hush! hush!” whispered the Attorney, “I have more news for you, so just swear a little at me, and come out of ear-shot of the cabin.”

“Aye, aye, discreet as usual,” muttered Ingram, then added aloud, “come Mr. Solicitor, bundle forward, my quarter-deck is no place for a pettyfogging thieving Attorney—away with you I say—what in the devil's name brought you off here to-night?” He then followed Quill forward, “well, did not I

trap the searchers neatly? ha! ha! ha! Jake and I have been splitting our sides laughing ever since, and let me tell you it is no light matter that produces a laugh from my mate; but what is this news you spoke of?"

"Such I fancy, as will make you change your tune—the "*Savage*" is on her way round from the Shannon, and expected every moment with orders to seize you—she is an eighteen gun sloop, and far too heavy for you to attempt encountering."

"An eighteen gun sloop far too heavy for me, hum! there may be two opinions on that score—do you happen to know what other ships are on the station?"

"I heard from the Collector that a frigate was in Sligo Bay, and that he had instructions to forward orders to her commander to come round here, lest any accident should prevent the arrival of the "*Savage*."

"Well, that decides the matter—I might have handled the sloop perhaps, but I must not risk crippling the schooner now, so I am off—your intelligence has been most seasonable and I won't forget it."

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“You may easily repay me by setting us at liberty—I have no stomach for your fighting, so should be sorry that you met the “*Savage*” while we are your guests, besides what good can it do you to kidnap the Collector and his men?”

“Why, none that I know of, unless any of the fellows would enter for the schooner; but the lubbers have too snug berths ashore for that—how does the Collector take it?”

“Faith, as coolly as may be—they are all hard at work with the contents of your lockers, and the sooner they are off the better for your sea-stock.”

“Oh! as to that, they are welcome—we shan’t be many days at sea without having a chat with some of the homeward bound West Indiamen, and those chaps live like fighting cocks. You shall negotiate, Quill—let them put their pop-guns into a bucket I will send down, and the Collector pledge his honor that they will go peaceably over the side, and away with you as soon as you please—I like that searcher, and will crack a flask with him before we part.”

“ Very well—under these circumstances, he is not likely to refuse your terms ; but mind, Ingram, put on the bear with me ; and I say, I think I have earned those papers you have below—it can do you no good to keep them, and if you should be taken, you know how serious the consequences may be to me.”

“ Those papers, parchments, writings, and each and sundry those documents, and so forth, as you would call them in your three words to a line, and ten-and-six-pence a skin phraseology, are a bond which has borne too good interest to-night, for me to part with them in a hurry—no, no, honest Quill, I’ll keep them safe while the Xarifa swims, and as to their being taken, put it out of your head, for that she never shall be. ‘ *A blue sky or a deep sea, before a rope’s end and a yard arm.*’ So that’s settled—now to your embassy, and leave it to me to make you as innocent as a sucking dove in the eyes of the Collector and his fellows.”

The same precautions were taken on re-admitting Quill to the Cabin, as on his coming on deck, the sentry at the companion having been ordered to intimate to the Collector, that

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the Attorney was the bearer of terms for his release, requiring and receiving a pledge similar to that before given. Quill now stated the true strength of the rover's crew, or even, perhaps, magnified it a little. The Collector willingly came into the propositions of which he was the bearer, the revenue men were disarmed, and allowed to go on deck, and Ingram once more descending to the cabin, drank a flask to the Collector's pleasant row home.

“Those fellows of your's want exercise, and the pull will do them an immensity of good—you know, sir, I promised that I would take good care of the Xarifa and myself, and you see I have kept my word—I have again to thank you for the honour of this visit, and before wishing you a good night, to request you to pledge me in a cup to our next merry meeting.”

“With all my heart—I hope, though, it may not be to see you exalted uncomfortably in the world, to which consummation, I strongly opine, in the ordinary course of events, your exploits considerably tend.”

The galley was hauled alongside, and Ingram

again held the man-ropes for the Collector, as he descended to his cushioned seat in the stern-sheets. Mr. Quill was about to follow, when two men at a sign from Ingram stepped forward, seized him, and in an instant pinioned his hands behind his back.

“Not so fast, Mr. Attorney—I have an account to settle with you. The Collector came here in the ordinary routine of his duty, so did his men—as for you, the affair is totally different—you first came off here in the evening as a spy, and after I had received you hospitably, and as you thought you had made yourself acquainted with the force on board; in return, (acting on some suspicion which your own villainy suggested,) you gave information which has given these good people a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and frustrated my voyage—I’ll shew these King’s men the way I administer justice.” He then proceeded with startling energy, “Is all ready on the fore yard.”

“All ready, Sir.”

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The Collector had been silent hitherto, from pure astonishment, he now rushed up the side ladder—even Quill’s nerves were not proof against his startling situation.

“For God’s sake, Captain Ingram—Mr. Collector—oh! Gentlemen, I am innocent—oh! Mr. Collector, do tell him I am innocent,” The men were hurrying him forward when the Collector reached the deck again—

“On my honor as a gentleman, Captain Ingram, you are mistaken, Mr. Quill was only present from curiosity—you are about committing a wanton murder.”

“I must have more proof than your honor, Sir—I know that you consider it your duty to protect your informers.”

“At another time I should resent your suspicions; but I see the life of an innocent man at stake, and have no power to prevent it—there, Sir, read that, and you will see that I have more regard for my honor than you insinuate.” He handed Ingram the Government Despatch—the skipper signed to the

men who held Quill, to suspend their proceedings, and taking the despatch to the binnacle, having coolly made himself master of its contents, refolding and handing it again to the Collector, said—

“I have to apologise, Sir, for my hasty expression, but Mr. Quill came off an hour or two before he accompanied you on board this evening, went all through the ship, for the apparent purpose of satisfying his curiosity, and seeing him return so accompanied, you will own that I had reasonable grounds for suspicion—release that gentleman, lads. Come Mr. Quill, I have no ill will to you, man, and I beg your pardon for having frightened you a little—your throat must be husky, I fancy, from its contiguity to hemp; so come down, and wash away unkindness before you go—steward, give the boat’s crew a glass of grog—will you join us, Sir. The Collector declined, and descended to his boat.

As the skipper and Quill helped themselves to a nor-wester, the former asked—“Did I not do it to the life, old quill driver?”

“Faith, nearly to my death—pon my

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“’Pon *his* devil you do be off, the sc and you will —good nig rovers gave servants cla necks, and steward, retu The breeze until toward sails came in and the Xar true Yankee greased light though the h near the zen paced the de

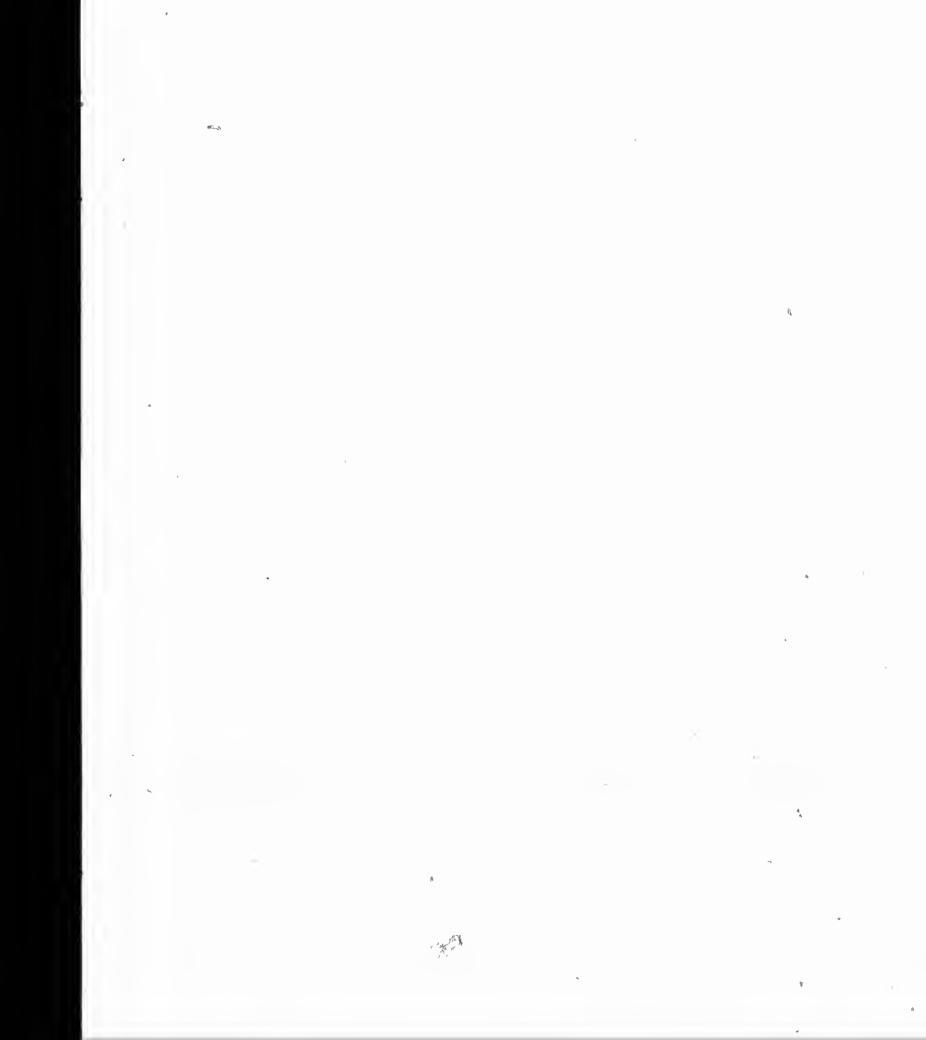
“I calcula few—a nor-evening, and no old lady’ I rather cor tarnation like

conscience, I thought you in earnest myself."

"'Pon *his* conscience, but let it pass—the devil you did—ha! ha! Well, you'd better be off, the schooner is talking Spanish forward, and you will have a long pull against the tide—good night. The galley shoved off, the rovers gave them three cheers, which H. M. servants elated with the contents of the long necks, and the recent benefaction of the steward, returned in spite of their discomfiture. The breeze rapidly increased after mid-night, until towards morning, one by one the light sails came in. At dawn it blew a fresh gale, and the Xarifa flew along as Jake Van, with true Yankee imagery called it, like a streak of greased lightning. The first grey of morning, though the horizon was clear, shewed high up near the zénith. Van and the skipper still paced the deck—

"I calculate, Capting, 'tis going to blow a few—a nor-easter that breezes up in the evening, and freshens through the night, ain't no old lady's pleasuring wind; and besides, I rather consider that a high dawn, looks tarnation like a sneezer."





"You are not far wrong, Van—so much the better—I'm in a hurry, and it must blow before the Xarifa comes too with a fair wind—we ought soon to see the Arran Islands on our lee bow."

The day brightened, and the schooner urged her flight with race-horse speed—by seven they were abreast of Arranmore. Ingram and his trusty follower had descended to breakfast, when the cry of "a sail" brought them again on deck.—The moment the skipper brought his glass to bear on her, he was certain it must be the "*Savage*." She was evidently a large sloop-of-war. When they first saw her, she was opening from under Inpishore, about ten or twelve miles to leeward.

"'Tis the ship which has been sent to overhaul us, Van, but she must be light heeled if she is to execute her orders—will the schooner bear more sail, think you?"

Van took a long look at sea and sky, ere he answered—"It ain't no manner of use in life carrying on too much, a ship isn't made to sail on her beam-ends, and to my judgment we have as much canvass as we can well stand

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up to now, and more than she will bear an hour hence."

"Very well, we may as well finish our breakfast—pay attention to your helm, my man—keep her as she is—we will take the smooth off shore for an hour or two longer—the "*Savage*" will be on a bow line for an hour at least after she tacks to weather the Islands, and before night, I hope we shall be easy about her."

"When they again returned to the deck, the "*Savage*" had tacked and was carrying a press of sail, close hauled on the same board as the schooner. Ingram took a long and anxious look at her through his glass—having finished his survey—

"I say, Van, that's none of your slow coaches—how she spansks through it in spite of the head sea—'tis well for us that we did not fall in with her farther up—she's a far heavier ship than I expected, and when she comes to round in her weather braces, she will walk, you may depend; as it is, we don't drop her nearly so fast as I thought we should—still, I think we shall have the heels of her."

"It depends on circumstances—with less wind she'd have no chance with us; but she can out-carry us easy—a starn chase is a long chase though; but I'm afeard we'll have a fresh hand at the bellows, presently."

"Well, we can't help it—so I'll turn in, and have a snooze for an hour or two—keep her as she goes 'till you are abreast of the Skirds—we make more way in the smooth off shore—if you see any necessity, give me a call."

"Aye, aye, Sir."

For four hours Ingram slept as soundly as though no enemy sailed the seas. The afternoon watch had been set, before he again appeared on deck. His first glance was at the "*Savage*," and his pulses throbbed more lightly, as he perceived that he had considerably increased his distance. The *Xarifa* sped along, shooting like an arrow on the crest of each wave as they successively overtook her. The sloop still bore the same canvass as when they first saw her; but Van had been obliged to stow the top-gallant-sail, and take a reef down in the top-sail. The weather was clear, and the outline of the *Slync*

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head might still be dimly traced on their weather quarter.

“ Well Jake, I fancy we shan’t have more of it than at present, and if so, I think we shall lead that swaggerer a dance before he comes up to us.”

“ Yes, *if*—but I’m mistaken if there ain’t more wind brewing—we shall blow by nightfall—when an easterly gale drives me away in the evening, then you may depend on having a cap full of it before morning.”

Nightfall came, and instead of lulling, the gale increased, still the schooner sped her flight—by midnight its fury compelled them to stow the topsail, and reef the fore and aft sails again and again, till morning found her scudding under a balanced mainsail, close reefed foresail and forestay sail, even this canvass burying her to the leading blocks to leeward.—Matters were evidently drawing to a crisis—the sloop had gained on the chase to within less than a league, her superior power enabling her to bear single reefed topsails and courses. As daylight increased, the rovers plainly saw her crew preparing the forecastle

guns for action. Ingram perceiving that flight could not much longer avail him, turned his attention to similar preparations—the long gun amidships was got ready to return the fire. Our hero had been permitted to come on deck, and, pale and exhausted by sea sickness, was holding on by one of the belaying pins of the main mast, unheeded by those around; from the casual conversation of the rovers, he learned the character of their pursuer, and a gleam of hope cheered his almost broken spirit; the sloop drew upon them fast, and coming within range, opened her fire on the schooner—for some minutes their shots flew at random.

“This long bowls is but foolish play in such a sea as this—what think you, shall we return his greeting, Van?”

“Why ’tis but wasting powder and iron at the worst, and there is no telling what a stray shot may do—shall I give them a round or two from long Tom?”

“You may as well—watch the heave of the sea well—ha! the fellow will shorten sail for us if you don’t spoil his aim.” A shot had

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passed through the mainsail, only a foot or two above the boom.

Van having carefully superintended the loading of the long gun, and brought it to bear upon the enemy, watching his opportunity, fired—when the smoke cleared away, the skipper exclaimed—

“ A capital shot—try it again, Jake, you sent it through his fore-top-sail, within a couple of feet of the bunt. Hurrah ! let her have it, that gun shoots like a rifle—the second shot fell short, but the third raised Ingram’s exultation to the highest pitch—the top-sail of the sloop was flapping wildly, with the yard down on the cap, the tye having been shot away ; at the same moment, the vessel, from the loss of canvass on her fore-mast, broached too, and one or two heavy seas broke over her—Ingram actually danced, and hugged Van with delight.—Some minutes elapsed, before a new tye was rove, and the Xarifa was again out of reach of her fire before the sloop had resumed the chase. Nearly at this moment, a shower, which seemed sufficient to create a new deluge, was borne down on them, completely

hiding the vessels from each other—the wind had during the chase, veered round to the East, and then South-Eastward, from which latter point it now blew with terrific violence.

“That was a lucky hit, Van, this rain must bring down the wind, and it would not be pleasant to be becalmed within that fellow’s range.”

“Well, it may bring it down, but I guess not—I rather calculate it will be all coming back this way again—we will have a shift of wind, and that soon too, to nor-west, and if it don’t blow, why no matter.”

“Well, that will give us the weather gage of the enemy, at all events.”

“Aye, but if it catches us as we now are, that won’t be a matter of no airthly consequence to us, for if it comes, as I expect it will, we’ll turn the turtle.”

Ingram was startled—his mate’s intuitive knowledge of the weather, he had long been in the habit of relying on, as infallible—“Well, Jake, what do you recommend?”

“Why, if that Britisher was but out of the way, I’d stow all except the fore-stay-sail; but

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as it is, I'd stow the main-sail, secure that gun, and see the brails of the fore-sail all clear, keep her away Nor-west, (for out there, we shall have it within a point or so either way) and wait for it."

"Come then, do what you think right—damn the fellow, he jaws away as coolly as if he was over a can of flip in a grog shop." But Jake's manner underwent an instant change—losing all its usual listlessness, and in less time, by far, than he took in communicating them, he had carried his suggestions into effect, and returned to the skipper's side.

"Well done, Van—I hope it may be as you anticipate—if those chaps in the '*Savage*' are not ready for it, their cruise is up—if she is taken aback in this sea, she will take a stern board, and be devilish apt to fetch up in Davy's kitchen garden."

Still the rain fell in oceans, and the violence of the gale continued unabated—suddenly it lulled to a dead calm, and the schooner losing her way, pitched violently, and rolled with her yard arms in—all for a moment stood aghast, when Van's voice was heard with startling energy—

“ I tell'd you so—in fore-sail—brail up, roundly men—hurrah ! now is your time—so pass the gasket—how is her head ?”—‘ West-nor-west, sir.’ “ Hard a-starboard your helm—go another hand to the lee wheel—now stand by—men secure yourselves—I hope that stay-sail will stand it, though.”

A hoarse roaring like distant thunder, was heard to the North-west, the more appalling, as, save the sullen wash of the waves, all immediately around was still—it came nearer—a gust passed over them, swinging the vessel's head around them to East-south-east—a momentary lull followed, during which Van called out—“ Follow me, one hand, to loose the goose wings of the top-sail—out knife, and cut the gaskets.” In an incredibly short time he had reached the yard-arm, and imitating his energy, a seaman was out on the other. Van and his companion had but just regained the mast head, when the tornado burst on them in all its fury ; it was fortunate that its fore-runner had paid her off, for canvass was never woven, that could have stood its lateral force. The wings of the top-sail buried her to the

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fore-mast in the curl of the first mountain billow, but she shook herself clear of it like a swan, and owing to the seamanship of the usually inert Van Ransellaer, the beautiful craft dashed along unscathed, through the hills of waters—he had rejoined his commander, who was holding on by the main rigging—

“ Well, Jake, all right with us—I wonder though, how matters stand with the sloop?”

“ We shall soon see her, 'tis clearing away to windward already, and we are running down exactly in the direction we last saw her—I dare swear the fellow was too eager in the chase to think of the weather—keep a bright look out, forward, there.”

“ Aye, aye, Sir.”

“ Here she is,” continued Jake, “ here away on the larboard bow, and a precious mess she is in.”

The withdrawing vapour disclosed the “*Savage*” a perfect wreck, within half a mile of her opponent. She had lost her three top-masts, and hampered with their wreck, she was rolling violently, and the sea breaking over and over her.

“Come, Van, all might have been right enough with them, but for that last shot of yours—you must have wounded her fore-topmast, and it must have brought down the others with it.”

“On the contrary, Sir, for once them sarpernts of British owe me a good turn—if I had not helped them to shorten sail, they must have gone down starn foremost, when that squall tuck them aback—them sloops is so lean aft, they has nothing to hold them up in case of *accident*—I think I could manage to pitch a shot or two into her in passing—shall I try my hand, Sir.”

“Why, no, Van, it could do us no good; and I don’t care to do the poor devils any more harm—we could not man her if we had possession of her; so, crippled as she is, let her make the best of her way home, if she can—they seem to have work enough on their hands as it is.” They were now passing within easy gun-shot, and could perceive her crew working at the pumps—

“Well, Sir, as you please; but I would like to have a slap at them, if it was only for the

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both they have given us this two days—may'nt I shew them our bunting at any rate.”

“ Oh yes, if you fancy it ; but I say, Van, did you mark that young apprentice of our's ; I have had my eye on him for the last hour, and faith, the boy has pluck—when that shot passed through the main-sail, not a yard from his head, he did not wince an inch, and throughout the bustle since, he has been a damned deal more composed than myself—if he will ship, faith I'll put him on the quarter-deck—'tis a fine lad—I wonder what eagle's nest old Quill has been robbing ?”

Poor Annesley *was* calm, but it was the calmness of despair ; with the chance of capture by the sloop, his last hope of being restored to his friends, had forsaken him, and he cared not if the ocean swallowed up the Xarifa and all on board her.

CHAPTER X.

“ The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we ;
The hollow oak our palace is—
Our heritage the sea.”

OLD SONG.

THEY dashed like lightning past the sloop, and the momentary excitement passed, poor Annesley leant his head upon his hands and gave uncontrolled way to his bitter feelings ; from almost his infancy he had been the sport of fortune, but hitherto he always had some kind heart to sympathise with him. When persecuted by his uncle, Miss Gregory, and even by his father, Mary Weedon's unvarying kindness had been a balm to his wounded feelings, and latterly he had enjoyed a degree of happiness to which he had been hitherto quite a stranger, in the society of Bushe, and their kind hearted friends at Mountjoy-square.

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Those days of sunshine contrasting with the present gloom, rendered his wretchedness the more acute. Their late rencontre with the "*Savage*," proved with sufficient clearness that the crew in whose power he was were desperate men, whose only law was the will of their chief. With Ingram's destination or ulterior views respecting himself, he was wholly unacquainted, he only knew that it was by Quill's agency that he had been thrown into his hands, and from Weedon's having appeared before the Magistrates, he felt convinced that his uncle was at the bottom of it, and the conviction was far from alleviating his uneasiness. Lord Altham had ever proved his evil genius,—look in what direction he would, he could perceive no vista of hope,—Bushe would undoubtedly on his return do his utmost to trace him, but no clue had been left which afforded the slightest hope of his succeeding. Annesley was well aware that his friend was indebted for much to Mr. Quill, and most probably the crafty old Attorney would account plausibly to his nephew for his disappearance. Reader, do you blame the forlorn boy?—his misery found vent in tears.



His dreary imaginings were interrupted by a hand being placed kindly on his shoulder, he raised his head—it was the young sailor who had so promptly seconded Van Ransallaer's exertions during the lull. He was a handsome lad, and though wearing the dress of an ordinary seaman, even the most cursory glance shewed that he was a gentleman. When his eyes met those of our hero, their expression was—

“ * * * Amongst this motley crew
Of Irish, English, Yankees, and what not,
The only gentlemen seem I and you,
So let us be acquainted as we ought.”

He too had suffered deeply, and had bitterly felt, that injustice and rank villainy may be covered by the gilded trappings of high station as well as with the rags of the mere *pauper felon*. He was about addressing Annesley, when the Captain's steward came to inform him that he was wanted in the cabin. Merely pressing the boy's hand, he turned to obey, but that kind look and grasp had taken away half the weight that oppressed him, he felt that he was no longer alone in the world.

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After a few minutes Jemmy's new friend returned, and said

"I find that I am to be second mate here, and I have asked the Captain to put you in my watch—come, cheer up boy.—Go down to the skipper now, he wants to have a talk with you, and you shall tell me all about yourself bye and bye,—there, down with you."

"But tell me sir, was not that an English ship we were fighting with just now, and are you not an Englishman?"

The question was a trying one to him to whom it was addressed,—he colored highly as he replied after some hesitation—

"Yes, yes, both your suppositions are correct, but we have no time to talk now, you must go down to the skipper at once."

Assisted by his new friend, Jemmy staggered to the companion. He found Ingram and Van Ransallaer discussing a glass of grog, they were in high spirits at the events of the morning,—the former addressed Annesley as he entered—

"I say boy bring yourself to a mooring on that locker, and let us have a squinny at your log."

The lad stared, not understanding, of course, one word of what was said to him.

"What are you gaping at, you grampus?—oh, I see—well, then sit down and tell me all you know about yourself. What induced old Quill to be so anxious to provide for you at the Cape,—who and what are you?"

Annesley took the seat he was directed, and cross-questioned by Ingram, made him acquainted with all he knew of his history.

"Quite of a piece with that respectable gentleman's usual practice; but youngster I don't happen to be bound to Africa just at present, and even if I was, I am not quite certain that I should feel inclined to carry out our old acquaintance's kind instructions respecting you. What say you to hanging your hammock for a cruise or two in the *Xarifa*?"

"That I never will, with my own consent," replied the boy firmly.

"You won't, hey! and why so, if I may take the liberty of enquiring?"

"I am an Englishman sir, and the first moment I was allowed to come on deck I found

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you fighting with my countrymen,—I cannot remain here longer than I am compelled.”

“Hearken to the young serpent—leave him to me Capting for half an hour, and I guess I’ll fix him so as he’ll ship pretty quick.”

“As how Van?”

“Just keel-haul him once or twice, and you’ll find he’ll be ready enough.”

“No! no! Jake—damn it man, I like the boy’s feelings,—I remember when I felt the same—but no matter. I say, boy, what did this country of your’s do for you; that you stick up for it so? I’m sure from your story, *you* don’t owe it much.—What do you intend doing with yourself? I have promised to keep you out of the way, and I never break my word for good or ill, so you cannot return. Would you like to be a sailor?”

“I should, but not on board this ship.”

“Well, confound you, if you have a mind to learn, you shall, and to satisfy you, I promise, not to ask you to join in the fighting, if indeed anything of the kind is to happen again. I must and will keep you on board whether you will or not, so if you have a fancy

for the sea, I'll put you in Mr. St. Aubin's watch,—come, what say you?"

"Why sir, if I must stay on board, I should rather not be idle, and on the conditions you name I have no objection."

"Then that will do—get on deck now,—I will desire the steward to sling a cot for you in one of the spare state-rooms—you mess aft—be off."

When Annesley left the cabin, Van fixed his little twinkling eyes on his superior, and puffed his cigar industriously for some seconds, seemingly in expectation of being addressed by the skipper; this, however, not being the case, after two or three haws, he broke out—

"Well, I'm blowed, but I never can *realise* you, Capting.—I rather reckon I'd ha' fixed that youngster's flint another fashion."

"I know you would, Van, but this is the fact:—the time was when every thought he has expressed was my own. I feel for him too, for I also have suffered by Quill's villainy. I was irretrievably ruined by his legal sagacity and my own folly; but this poor lad is, I can plainly see, a person of consequence, and

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altho' I will keep my word to that usurious old swindler, more especially on account of the services he has lately rendered us (marry I well know his motives for them too,) yet I will not further injure the boy,—the time may come when circumstances may allow me, without injury to Quill, to restore him to his friends."

"Well, Capting, you know best—taint no consarn of mine; but I don't like the youngster any the better for being *a person of consequence*, as you call him,—do you believe this story of his being a lord's son?"

"Why faith, Van, from the very circumstance of Quill's anxiety to get rid of him, I think his story probable, and if it be true, this lad is not only a nobleman's son, but he is himself the Earl of Altham."

"Well, so be it, but 'tis my first watch, to-night, so I'll turn in."

Annesley found his new friend, St. Aubin, pacing the quarter deck, having assumed the station assigned him by the skipper.

"Well, youngster," he enquired, "have you shipped?—I hope the Captain has induced you to join my watch."

"I am prisoner on board, and am glad to have the opportunity of learning a profession which will render me independent, so I have accepted Captain Ingram's offer to place me under you, but with the condition, that I am not to be expected to take any part against my country. I cannot see that I do wrong in this; but will you pardon my asking how *you* reconcile yourself to your present situation?"

"Mine is a long and a sad story—you will not blame me when you have heard all,—but here comes the Captain,—it will serve to beguile the middle watch, which we have I think to-night."

The violence of the gale had passed, and the sea in some measure gone down, the *Xarifa* was brought to the wind, and Ingram shaped his course for the mercantile capital of the Western Hemisphere. Our hero's cot was slung aft, and he was installed in the cabin. During the second watch, St. Aubin commenced his story,—we conceive it will be read with more interest as a continuous narrative, than if we suffered it to be interrupted, as it

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frequently was, by their professional duties. Thus then it ran :—

My father who was a military officer of rank, and distinguished service, dying whilst I was yet in my nurse's arms, it was my lot to be the idol, during my childish days, of a doting mother, and an almost as doting aunt, my father's maiden sister, who resided with us : my first acquaintance with misfortune was brought about by the sudden death of my remaining parent, when I was about twelve years old. My father's brother, who was a captain in the navy, attended the funeral, and we walked together as chief mourners. How well I remember the chill of horror which shook me as the earth, the ashes, and the dust, fell with a hollow noise upon my mother's coffin. When all was over I crept to my room, and for the first time, tears relieved my suffering. My uncle having allowed me to pass some hours in solitary meditation, came in, and without speaking led me to my aunt's room, where it appears they had passed the intervening time in forming plans for my future disposal. The result of their conference he informed me of—

“Are you aware, my dearest nephew, that your mother’s income died with her, and that you are totally unprovided for. Your aunt was anxious that you should remain with her, and that she should provide for you; but this I feel convinced you would not consent to. Even were your affairs in a different situation, I think you should much prefer an active life—as it is, there is not a choice. Your aunt and I will cheerfully bear the expenses attendant on your preparing for any profession you may choose. I have received intimation that I shall be appointed to the command of a frigate in the next Gazette, and if you adopt my advice, I would recommend you to join her as a midshipman. I need not say that I will endeavour to supply the place of those you have lost. What say you to my proposition?”

“My uncle had assumed the tone most likely to further his views, in treating me as a man,—I at once gratefully accepted his offer. He left us the next day, and a week after wrote to my aunt, desiring that I should be sent to him at Portsmouth. My poor aunt was almost broken hearted at the parting, and I

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half determined to give up the navy, but the recollection of my promise to my uncle came to strengthen my resolution. I took an affectionate leave of my relative, and commenced my pilgrimage in the world. Happy would it have been for me if I had suffered my love for her to have conquered, but it was not my destiny.

“My noviciate as a midshipman was during a period of constant war, so you may suppose it was not without incident, but it would be foreign to my present purpose to enter on a recital of it. My uncle was uniformly kind to me, as indeed to all who had the happiness of serving under him, and he only evinced partiality by giving me private instructions in the details of our profession. I had constant letters from my aunt, who kept me liberally supplied with money, indeed far more so than my wants required,—I had also the pleasure of paying her one or two visits. After I had served the usual time, I had no difficulty in passing my examination, almost immediately after which our ship was paid off, and re-commissioned for the Mediterranean station. The

time she was in port I passed with my friend and aunt,—the day I joined was the last of my happiness. I was placed in the second lieutenant's watch, and to him I owe all my subsequent misfortunes. He soon found out that I was plentifully supplied with money, whilst his resources were limited to his pay, and rightly supposing that I should bleed freely, pretended a great liking for me. *I never could get on without a friend*, so unfortunately for me, I met this fellow's advances half-way. His manners were bland in the extreme, towards those at least with whom it suited him to stand well. During the voyage he inflamed my mind with descriptions of the pleasures to which he proposed to introduce me at Gibraltar, and during our stay there, whenever he went ashore, he obtained leave for me to accompany him.—The scenes to which we repaired together it is not necessary to recapitulate. Of course I had not passed unscathed the ordeal of the gun-room of a frigate for six years, but I now for the first time became habitually vicious. My friend allowed me generally the pleasure of paying

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our way, and finding my resources unexhausted, (as my aunt had been more than ordinarily liberal at our last parting,) he commenced instructing me in the mysteries of billiards and ecarté. My uncle, of course, had not the slightest suspicion of what was going forward, for Mr. — was one of the profoundest dissemblers I ever met. When we dined together at the Captain's table, he talked more to me than to any one else, and generally contrived that our conversation should turn on professional subjects, on which, to do him justice, he was remarkably well informed,— report, indeed, says, that after being disgracefully turned out of his berth by one of the best Captains in the service, who, it would appear, had penetrated the mask which he sedulously wore, he regained the favor of the Admiralty by a series of scientific public lectures which he delivered at Portsmouth. My uncle thought I was in excellent hands, and was much pleased that I was constantly in —'s society. Thus matters went on for a year, during which, whenever we were in port, our orgies were repeated. My *friend* had enlightened me as

to the art of bill drawing, of the proceeds of which he borrowed half, and *won* a considerable portion of the remainder. My poor aunt for some time paid my bills without reluctance, though when I remember their frequency and amount, I wonder they did not alarm her. — was promoted into one of the small craft on the station, and I being the senior mate on board, got acting orders as lieutenant. Though I heartily despised the fellow, I much felt his loss, as I had scarcely another intimate acquaintance in the ship. About a month after — left us, we went into Smyrna, where a packet of English letters reached us. I found one from my aunt, — she asked most affectionately what I could want with the large sums of money which her banker's account shewed had been drawn by me during the last nine months, and intimated that she had felt it to be her duty to write to my uncle on the subject; she further stated, that she had ordered the banker to refuse any drafts which should be offered in my name, unless authenticated by the captain's endorsement. Now, for the first time, the full turpitude of my conduct flashed on me; I was

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myself astonished at the amount of my various bills which her letter gave from the banker's account referred to,—I could at first scarcely credit that I had drawn so many. My unpleasant meditations were interrupted by a message from the Captain, desiring my presence. My uncle was pacing the cabin with hasty strides when I entered—I never saw him so much agitated,—he put my aunt's letter into my hands, only saying—'There Sir, read that, and account for it if you can.'

"I was overwhelmed,—I stood staring at the paper he gave me unable to read one word,—but too well I knew its contents."

"'Henry,' he said at length, stopping opposite me, 'I see it is all too true. I had hoped for other things from you,—you may go now, at another time when we are both more calm, I will require an explanation from you.'"

"I was mechanically leaving the cabin when he called me back. 'Mr. ——— must have known of this, boy,—since he left the ship I have heard a character, very different from my opinion of him. You must be candid with me,—did he know of your drafts?'"

“He did, Sir,”

“‘And was ‘it in his company the money was spent?’”

“By a series of similar questions, my uncle elicited the entire truth from me; I was in no humour to palliate my conduct, and after an hour’s conversation, I left the cabin, reconciled with him. His indignation against —— was extreme—he told me he was resolved to report the whole affair to the Admiralty.—Had his life been spared, all would have been well; but that evening he was very unwell, and the next day he was in a violent fever which was at the time fearfully raging in Smyrna. Oh! what agony I suffered as I sat by his sick bed,—his very ravings were about me. A few days after, all that remained of my kind uncle was consigned to the tomb. We sailed immediately for Malta, and on joining the Admiral, another Captain was appointed to our Ship. The brig commanded by —— lay in the road. A merchant of the town who had formerly shewn me much civility, came on board to dine with the ward-room mess, on the same day that —— was the Captain’s guest. My friend wishing

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to be put ashore, and our boats being all engaged, I wrote to — requesting that he would permit his gig, which was alongside, to put Mr. — ashore. But times were changed,—I rather think my uncle must have written and let him know that he was aware of his conduct,—at all events he did not condescend to answer my note; and on leaving, passed me on the deck without even the slightest recognition. Stung to the quick, I addressed a note to him (which in our relative positions, not even the circumstances of the case could excuse,) stating that but for his rank in the service he dared not have treated me so. When I despatched it we were getting under weigh, and before we again reached Smyrna, whither we returned, I had repented my folly in thus putting myself in his power, and, on reaching, wrote a note apologising for my hasty expressions, and recalling in palliation, the intimate footing on which we had previously been. This note I shewed to a mess-mate, but unfortunately did not keep a copy, as he denied its receipt. Some months passed, and I began to hope that I should hear

no more of the affair, when we happened to fall in with the brig. — immediately repaired on board, and shewed my letter to the Captain. I was sent for, and the commanders of both vessels opened their fire on me together. After a tirade of an hour's length, and its being announced to me that my offence was *Capital*, I was ordered to consider myself under arrest, and not appear again on the quarter-deck. I requested a mess-mate to offer Captain — an apology for my note, promising him at the same time, on my honor, that if it was accepted, I would retire from the service, and never again seek to re-enter it. But even this was not sufficient to soothe the ruffled dignity of my former *friend*. I was informed that my first note needed apology as well as the latter one, and that if I made one sufficiently humble, Captain — would consider my proposition. Stung to madness, I rashly refused this *merciful* proffer, and even with the threatened halter before my eyes, determined rather to abide the sentence of a court-martial. I remained under close arrest for nearly three months before my trial,—what

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think you was my sentence? Why, that *death* would have been the just reward of my heinous offences, but that in consideration of my youth and past services, they had remitted the extreme penalty,—my sentence therefore was,—‘That I should be dismissed from His Majesty’s service, and rendered incapable of ever again serving my sovereign,—and further, that I should be sent home as a convict, and imprisoned as a felon in such common gaol, for three months, as the Admiralty should direct.’ The miscreant through whose agency all this had been brought about, was complimented by the court on his conduct in the affair, and the righteous tribunal broke up.”

Hear this, proud gentlemen of England!! Hear it, you English mothers!! for the greatest part of St. Aubin’s tale is but too literally true. Hear it, and pause well before you entrust the children of your affections to a service where such punishment is entailed, should a high-spirited youth forget even for a moment the degrading shackles of the slavish condition to which he is reduced on entering it. God forbid that there should be many

Captain ——'s in the service. There are not ; but alas, there are a few, and the sentence of the court which tried St. Aubin, proves that the higher grades of the navy, from which alone the members of a court martial can be taken (no officer below the rank of commander being competent to sit on one) cannot bear to see an inferior braving, even though in a righteous cause, his superior. But we forget that we are merely writing a yarn,—your pardon, gentle reader. St. Aubin, continued—

“ My sentence was rigidly carried into execution. I was transmitted home as a convict, and after many weary months of imprisonment on shipboard, committed to a common gaol—made the companion of the offscourings of society, of murderers and thieves. Part of the period of my incarceration was indeed remitted, but how could I again hold up my head in society. I learned that fortunately my aunt had not survived my uncle many weeks, so she was spared the anguish of my disgrace. On my liberation the only object I had in view, was to hide myself where I

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should run no risk of meeting former acquaintances. With that view I hurried to Ireland where I spent some months in wandering from place to place. When, in Galway, I learned that the Xarifa, an African trader, was in the harbour. My scanty means were exhausted, and meeting Captain Ingram, I agreed to ship with him. Young as I am, I have not spared my blood in the service of an ungrateful country ; and now when she has cast me off, can I be blamed that I seek my bread where it is to be found ? I did not, however, know the character of this vessel when I joined,—perhaps if I had I might have hesitated ; but on the whole, I cannot say that I regret it. It may be my good fortune to meet my persecutor, and if I do, it will be the last day for one or other of us."

Thus ended poor St. Aubin's tale,—Jemmy did not blame him, and the boy's sympathy was a balm to his lacerated feelings. Annesley, in return, told his simple story, and thenceforth they were firm friends.

CHAPTER XI.

" A haubling vessel was he Captain of
For shallow draught and bulk unprisable."
SHAKESPEARE.

WELL may Brother Jonathan be proud of New York, with its noble estuary and harbor ; but the description, although we excel in it, is not our rôle, and beside it is, we are well aware, the general, and in general, the highly laudable custom of ourselves and others, when deeply interested in a story—as we take it for granted, reader, you are with ours—to skip all episodes about scenery and the like, with a discontented pish, the expression of a feeling which we are highly averse to incurring for the present tale ; besides, should you desire it, we beg to refer you to Basil Hall, and a score of others.

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The *Xarifa*, her captain, and crew, were, as might be expected, a welcome acquisition, to the aforesaid Jonathan's means of annoyance, and but few days elapsed ere, transformed into an United States' Privateer, with the stars and stripes flaunting from his gaff peak, and a swaggering pendant at the main, Ingram took his departure from Sandy Hook, and stood to the southward. It is not our intention to accompany him in his piracies, suffice it to say that no sea-robber (for by what other name ought a privateer's man, even under his national colors, to be designated,) could wish to be more successful. The stream of the Gulf of Florida between the Bahamas and the main, was his cruising ground, and each day its current forced to the northward portly sugar droghers, that could by no other means reach the Atlantic from the Carribean sea; the naval architects of Bristol, then the great mart of West India produce, deeming it their duty to their employers, to combine the largest possible burden with the smallest measurement, and never troubling their brains about sailing qualities:—luckily the gulf stream did exist,

and in the ocean to the northward, westerly winds generally prevailed, and, when they did not, they could wait for them, so that on the whole they usually performed one voyage whilst a superior order of craft could have made two, and as they brought home a few more hogsheads and paid less dues and pilotage, their builders and owners were satisfied that all was right; little recked they of the feelings of the poor devils destined to navigate their infernal tubs; but we have a fellow feeling for them, as it was our lot to traverse many a thousand leagues in one of the slowest of them,—confound her, the very idea of thrashing to and fro between Cape Roziere and Anticosti, for weeks, by way of working up the St. Lawrence, whilst devil a foot to windward the old brute would go in a thousand years, nauseates and reminds us that you, reader, may experience a similar feeling, whilst you care not a straw about our juvenile aquatic misfortunes. We certainly have been scandalously ill using you, we promise, however, better behaviour in future.

A three weeks' cruise made Ingram and his

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crew the possessors of a larger fleet of West Indiamen, than ever made glad the heart of the wealthiest burgher of old Bristol, and as his hands were diminished to a third by furnishing prize crews, he determined to run for Charleston, whither he had sent the vessels for adjudication. Both he and his worthy mate were in high spirits, especially Jake, who nevertheless had made up his mind

“ That this trip, if well ended,
Should coil up his hopes and he'd anchor on shore.”

The *Xarifa's* head was turned to the northward, and she was dashing along like a beauty through the stream bubble, close hauled, sending the spray half-way up her foresail. The western cape of the Grand Bahama was seen like a blue cloud on the weather bow, and the highlands of the Florida shore might be distinctly traced along the bright horizon to leeward—every thing around was gay and joyous. The sky was cloudless, as blue and brightly beautiful as my daughter's eyes,—the tropic, noon-tide heat was tempered by the brisk north-easter to which the taunt spars of

the clipper bent—the very waves seemed to dance more merrily than was their wont, as they tossed their white foam-caps to the breeze. Annesley felt the thrilling influence of the scene; he had become used to the life he led on board, and on the whole had nothing to complain of. Whenever Ingram noticed him it was kindly, and he had become strongly attached to St. Aubin, who in return spared no pains with his nautical education; indeed it was his sole pleasure,—he felt himself degraded into a felon, and day by day his depression became deeper,—although with far different prospects for the future, he had come to the same conclusion as his brother mate, and determined to leave the *Xarifa* on reaching New York. Ingram and Van Ransallaer paced the weather side of the quarter deck, whilst St. Aubin and his friend stood by the break of the gangway,—Annesley was trying to beguile the second mate's now habitual melancholy, but in vain.

“I should have left the schooner before this cruise,” said the latter, “and I would have done so, had not the busy devil been constantly

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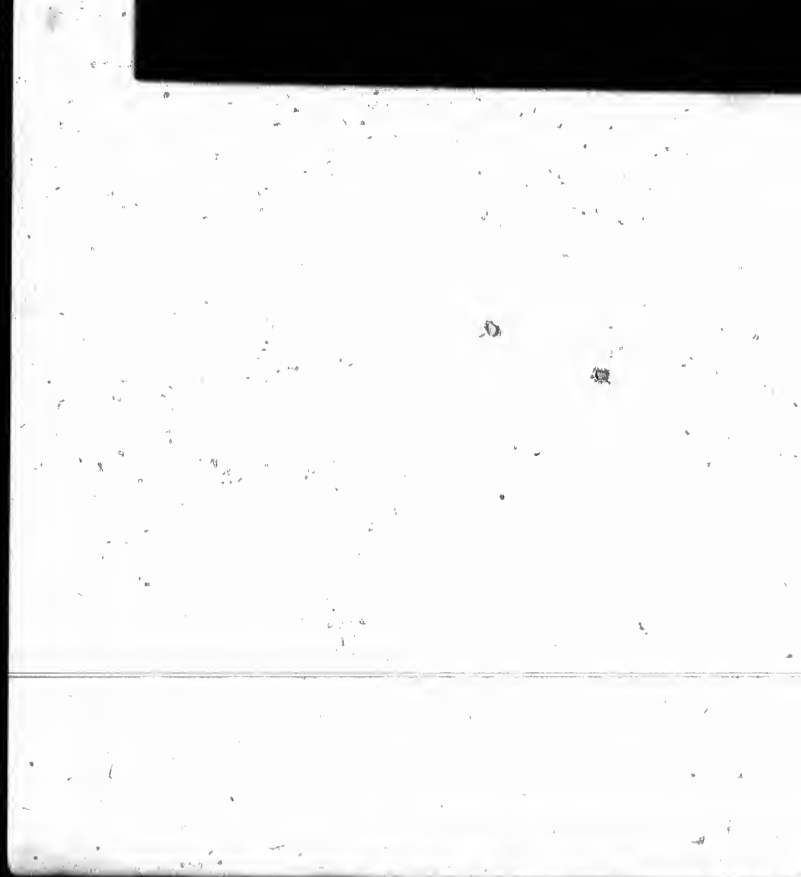
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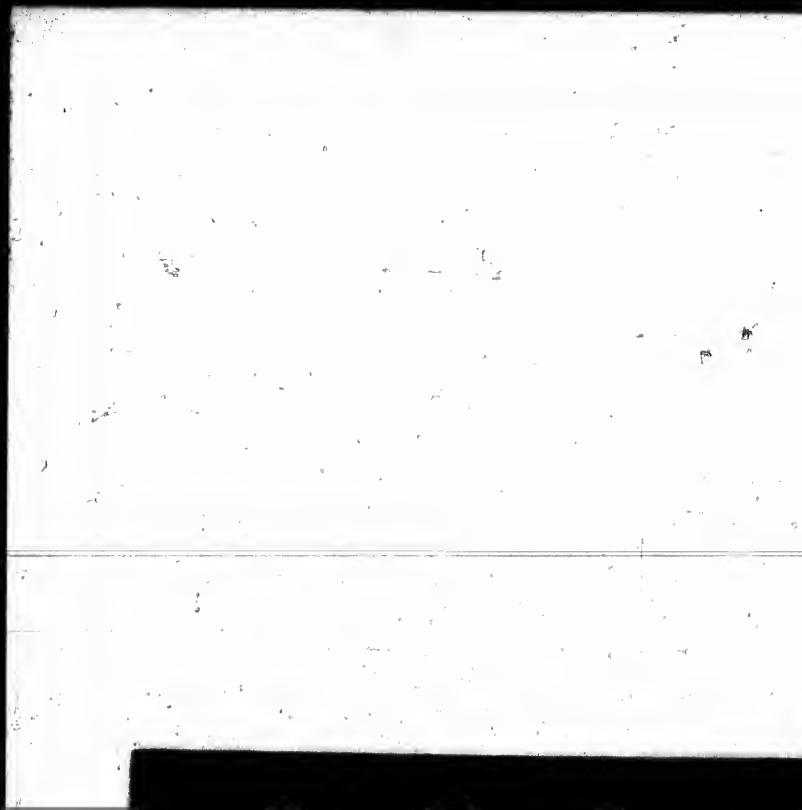
at my ear, whispering that this long promised vengeance,—as it is, my mind is made up, I leave the next time we are in port. Thank God no one need starve in America, who is willing to work ; and when I think of what I was one short year since, and what I am now, it almost drives me mad,—at all events, another week, and I am done with Ingram and his piracies.”

“ I heartily wish we could escape together. The Captain, it seems, has promised Quill that I shall not return to Ireland; but might not I live ashore with you, if I promised not to go home without his leave ?”

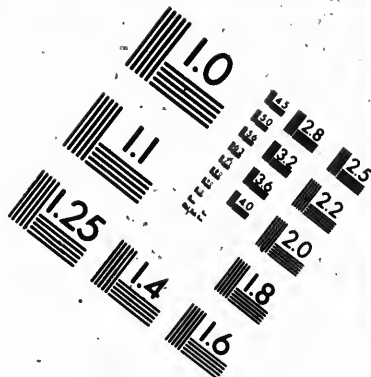
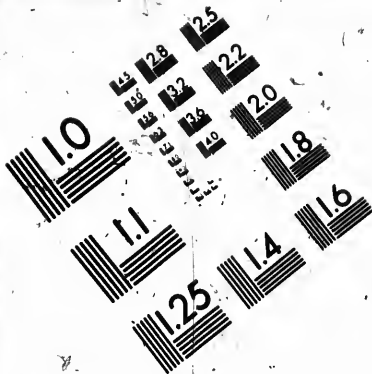
“ He will hardly trust to that,—he seems kind to you, and you are far better off in the schooner than you could be with me, though God knows what pain the thought of parting gives me. You have not my reasons for detesting this vessel ; you are a prisoner, kept here against your will, and a mere spectator of what goes on, whilst I, brought up in the service of my country, am, God help me, an actor in all their villainy.”



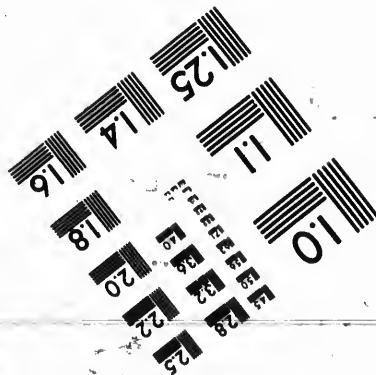
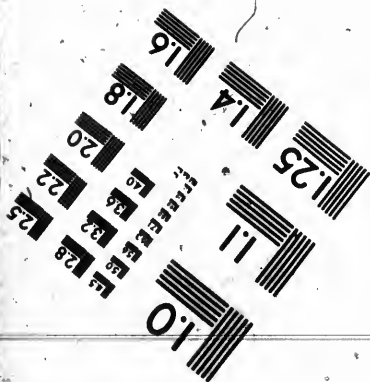
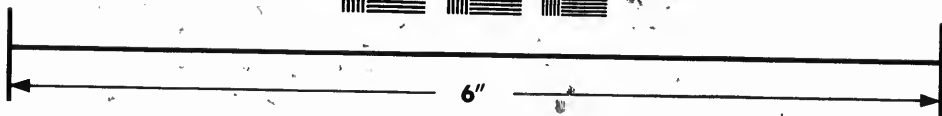
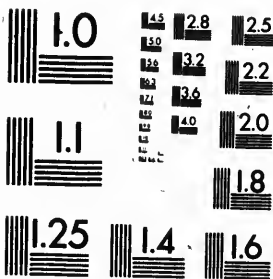








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"It shall not be my fault if we part, St. Aubin, I can work too,—it may be, Captain Ingram will let me go with you,—if he does not, I'll swim ashore."

"Well! well! we will hope, and put our trust in the chapter of accidents. Blow good breeze, every knot she goes brings me nearer the goal of this rascally life. The remembrance of it—"

He was interrupted by a cry of "Sail, ho!" from the look-out on the top-gallant cross-trees.

"Where away?" asked Ingram.

"Under the land, on our lee bow, sir."

"Can you make her out?"

"Not very well, sir, there's a sort of a mist there away, but 'tis a large ship, and on the other tack, as I think."

"A few more hogsheads of sugar, Jake, old fellow, to sweeten your connubial bliss! We may as well take the fellow along with us."

"Well, we have considerable already, and we hain't hands to put in him, so, I guess, we may as well jog along."

"Aye, Jake but we wont put any hands in him,—long Tom is a capital persuader. I have

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no doubt that he will *persuade* yon fellow that he made a slight mistake in his clearance outward; and that he is bound for Charleston. He can't have made us out yet. Let go the royal and topgallant halliards!—Away aloft, men, and stow our kites. Mast head, ahoy! do you make her any clearer?"

"Aye, aye, sir,—'tis a large full-rigged ship, on the larboard tack."

"Very good—the bigger the better—keep your eye on her. Brail the fore-sail up, men, and haul the stay-sail to windward—so! ease the jib a foot or two, and aft with the main-sheet close! I say, Jake, your share of her will pay the parson for buckling you!"

"Yet another robbery, Jemmy," said St. Aubin. "May perdition seize the scoundrel to whom I owe my part in them!"

"But you don't take part in them; and it would be all the same if you never set foot aboard the schooner,—beside—"

The look-out aloft again hailed—"She is a very large ship, sir, and draws out fast from the land."

“ ’Tis the set of the stream off Cape —— . Lots of puncheons in her, I’ll warrant you,—won’t want for grog either, Jake,—you may as well go aloft and have a squinny at her.”

Jake did as his superior desired, and after a deliberate survey of her through his glass, resumed his place.

“ Well, what do you make of her?”

“ I don’t much like the looks of her,—her canvass is thundering square in the head,—I guess ’tis one of the Britisher’s frigates.”

“ Loose the foresail!—flatten aft the jib—ease off the main-sheet! Away aft, men!—give her every rag!—damn you slow ways, Jake! Why didn’t you say so at once, man?”

“ Because, in the first place, I ain’t sartin, and the next, the Xarifa can sail a few.”

“ Aye, but some of those frigates can outsail her all to nothing. Keep her away a point, my man, and let her go through the water,—if we can get in with the Yankee shore all is right yet,—every inch we make before she sees us is a mile. Devil a mistake about her now—she is in stays,—aye, and goes round like a top. Keep her up again my man, full and by, but don’t

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jam her. Ha! there go up her kites, she is keen on it, but they won't help her much on a wind. Go it little Xarifa, your heels for it this time, lassie,—that fellow won't do to play with,—he is none of your jack-ass rigged brigs, like our Galway friend."

It may be supposed that the second mate and Annesley were no uninterested spectators. Jemmy could not think without horror of the situation of his friend, in the event of capture, the imminent risk of which became momentarily more apparent, as with every inch of canvass they could spread, it soon was perfectly plain that the frigate rapidly gained on them.—Every face around was clouded except Van Ransallaer's, who, with his hands in his pockets, seemed as much at his ease as if the gallant frigate, whose courses could now be seen down to the second reef, was a fat Bristolman; the only mark of excitement about him was, that he chewed the cud of sweet and bitter fancy in the shape of an inordinately large lump of tobacco, more assiduously than usual, occasionally throwing a knowing look at the skipper, and giving vent to a suppressed chuckle, half 'pshaw, half

laugh ; for some time this escaped Ingram's notice, but when it caught his attention, he turned angrily to his mate—

“ What the devil you see to laugh at Jake, I can't fancy. In a couple of hours we shall have that fellow's shot among our rigging. I would not give a watch's purchase for my command of the Xarifa.”

Jake came out with a regular laugh—an extreme of merriment in which he rarely indulged.

“ Fast as he is, that fellow may spare himself all bother about the Xarifa,—I guess the shot ain't in his locker that is going to cut a strand of her gear.”

“ I suppose you mean something,” answered Ingram, still sulkily, though half relieved and inclined to confide in the well known sagacity of his subaltern, “ and will enlighten us when you see fit.”

“ Well, well, I didn't mean to vex you,—long afore that fellow's shot can hurt us, we shall have the weather gage of the Great Bahama Island. I know the bank to the norrard well, as in reason is, having fished

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every square mile of it ; and I reckon I'll lead where he won't follow, if he has any regard for his tool-box,—aye, there you—go—oh, lord!”

And Ingram did go sure enough, first he gave Jake a slap on the back that knocked the wind out of him, and retarded the “go” for some seconds, after which it bolted out like a shot from a gun that hangs fire, then he capered round the deck, as Jake said, like a four-year-old, and finally gave a powder-monkey, that happened to cross his hause, a kick on the breech which sent him howling forward, dancing and soothing the ill-treated part with his little black fist.

“ Jake, my darling ! by all the hills in Connemara, you're the boy !—devil a bit you get married, or leave the craft after all,—'sblood man ! if you must get spliced, bring the lass aboard,—she shall have my cabin,—you can live there like Solomon and the Queen of Sheba—wasn't that the name of his *Blowing* ?”

“ No ! no ; Capting,—I ain't acquainted any with them there strangers : but I guess my little girl would jest about as soon live down

east among the Yankees and blue noses, as to be everlastingly tossing about in this cackle-shell,—not that I'm saying anything against the boat either ; but, heavens and airth ! the sea was made for men, not women."

" Well ! well ! Jake, as you will,—may be I shall go east with you myself,—hasn't your lass a sister or cousin, man ?"

" I guess you may say that, and plenty on 'em too ; but if she hadn't, 'tain't hard to get married when one is on for it. But I think we would weather yon headland now, and, three leagues to the eastward of it, that ere bully will have to tack ship unless he has a mind to make a fishing stage of that hooker of his'n."

The schooner accordingly was stayed, and stood to the eastward, which manœuvre was followed by a corresponding move on the part of the frigate. The latter had raised her hull, and came careering on at a pace that, were it not for Jake's suggestion, promised soon to make the cruisings of the Xarifa as a tale that is told.

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CHAPTER XII.

“ There is in the far lone sea,
A spot unmarked, but holy,
For there the gallant and the free
In his ocean bed lies lowly.”

SAILOR'S GRAVE.

BEFORE proceeding with our tale, it is necessary that the reader should have before him the exact relative positions of the frigate and privateer, at the time we resume it.

They were rapidly approaching the Bahama shore and the latter had cleared the northerly set of the stream, and close at it, could just look to windward of the north-western point of the island, whilst the former still feeling the weatherly influence of the current, and being about a league and a-half to windward, was enabled to run a point more free, and still allow herself more of an offing in passing the

Cape. The headland was a bold bluff, terminated at its base by a short rugged reef which stretched about a mile to the northward, over which the bank swell broke violently. The object of the frigate was to bring the chase within range before he could get on the shoals, but this, notwithstanding his superior sailing, seemed impossible, as he was still some miles astern. Having made these observations, we resume our station aboard the *Xarifa*.

“How that fellow goes through the water! Do you know the frigate, Mr. St. Aubin?”

“I ought sir—’tis the *Shannon*, and, I think, commanded by Captain Brooke.”

“Brooke! Do you happen to know whether he was ever stationed on the African coast?”

“I have heard him speak of commanding a brig somewhere away to the southward.”

“It must be the same, and he ought to remember the *Xarifa*. Though I once did Brooke a service, it would not be pleasant to meet him under present circumstances. Lord be praised for your bank, Jake,—it was all up with us else;—but who the dence is he

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Jacob was now startled,—his mein lost for some moments its usual listlessness, but then again he seemed more at ease.

“ Well, what now, Van ?” asked Ingram.

“ Why if there are pennants under the land, we can't help it, and to keep her away would be jest giving her to the enemy, while maybe he only calculates to frighten us to the southward,—'tis a knowing one if that is the way of it. We han't nothing for it but to carry on as we are.”

They were not, however, long left in doubt,—a sloop and brig were seen rounding the Cape, ahead, and after a few exchanges of signals with their pursuer, the former hove to, with her main-top-sail to the mast, whilst the latter stood right for the schooner, from which she was now scarce three miles distant.

Ingram dashed the glass, with which he had been occasionally reconnoitering the frigate for the last hour, to shivers against the rail.

"'Tis all over, Jake,—devil a chance left us now—they have us at last."

"Aye, sir, the schooner is gone sure enough, unless we could give the brig a taste of our quality that would quiet him, and hug in close to the shore to the southward,—we might then play the big uns a trick in the night. Touch her gently with the helm, my boy, till she lifts as if the wind was heading us a bit—so!—now gradually edge her away quarter of a point at a time,—we will be going more the right road, and bring the brig further to leeward, without her suspecting us."

Seeing his mate's design offered at least some slight chance of escape, Ingram became less despondent. Absence of what is commonly called "pluck" was not one of the failings of his character, nor did he want for skill to carry into effect a plan which would have most likely occurred to him had he been less taken aback. The brig was bowling merrily along, with steering sails low and aloft, her only object being to cut the privateer off from the shore, her commander never dreaming of resistance in the presence of such overwhelming force. To

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allow him to do so, exactly tallied with the plans of Ingram and Jake, who had as yet shewn no colours. A shot from the brig now skipped along the water, across the schooner's bows, as a signal for her to heave to, which, not being instantly complied with, was followed by another, a moment after, passing through her topsail.

"'Twill never do to let him cripple us, Jake. Settle away the top-gallant and top-sail halliards, men! and heave her up in the wind helms-man! but, for your life, sir, keep her in command! Stand by to shew him our bunting, Jake,—run it up half-mast, and just in the nick of time you can manage to foul the halliards a bit,—the fellow is so busy shortening sail he hasn't half his eyes for us, and takes it for granted we are his already—but he is damnably mistaken though. Now men, your fate depends on the next few minutes—be steady, and as you cross his stern, give it to him,—just cram an extra dose of langrage into each of our barkers—so!—never mind the ports, the splinters will help to season John Bull's hash! I say, Jake!—long Tom is all clear, I hope, and his belly full?"

“ Aye ; aye ! sir.”

“ Well, Mr. St. Aubin, you look out for him.”

St. Aubin did not answer, but this was unnoticed by the excited skipper. We leave the reader to imagine his feelings at meeting, under the Yankee banner, his country's flag—the pride and glory of his boyhood ;—they were bitter. Annesley was still beside him,—he had in vain endeavoured to persuade him to go below. The brig was now within hail, her canvas shortened to her courses and top-sails,—the usual hail—“ What schooner is that ?” came hoarsely over the waters from the brazen trumpet of her commander.

“ The United States Privateer Xarifa !” was the response.

“ Bear away, sir, and heave to under our lee !”

The command had been foreseen, and indeed anticipated, for the helm was already up. The Xarifa's main-sheet was run out in an instant, and ere the vessels were abreast of each other, she was under full way, with her head pointed for the brig's taffrail.

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"Now then, Jake! up with the stars and stripes! Jam the helm up, sir!" after a second's pause, he continued, as the bow guns of his craft came to bear,—“Give it to them, my bullies, hot and warm!”

“Port!—hard a port!” roared the Captain of the brig, in a voice heard above the thunder of the Xarifa's fire which now raked his decks with murderous effect. “'Tis one of Jonathan's tricks, but the scoundrel shall pay for it.”

No order could, however, have been more fatal,—the schooner being under full command, hung on the enemy's stern, which she thus continued to present to her.

“Why don't you bring the long gun to bear, St. Aubin!—Are you coward or traitor, sir?”

But St. Aubin heeded him not, nor scarce heard him,—the voice of the Captain of the brig still rung in his ears.

“By heavens! it is himself!” at length burst from his livid lips,—they were the last words that ever passed them.

The two vessels were now almost in contact,—the deadly fire of the privateer raking

the brig's decks from her taffrail to her fore-castle, whilst her opponent could only bring her small arms and stern chasers to bear. St. Aubin sprang on the schooner's rail, and, steadying himself for a moment by a back-stay, caught a glimpse of his foe through the smoke. With an almost unearthly yell he endeavoured to reach the brig's taffrail, but missing his footing, would have fallen overboard had he not held on by the netting. A young middy seeing what he deemed a prodigy of courage, despite the storm of shot and splinters, ran to his assistance, and was in the act of hauling him aboard when Captain —— saw them, for he it was.

The instant his eye lighted on them, he rushed to the spot, and, rudely dashing aside the generous boy, severed, at a blow with his cutlass, St. Aubin's wrists, who dropped into the sea. Annesley had hitherto looked on, but now maddened by his friend's fate, he seized a pistol from an arm-rack, and had presented it at ——, but ere he could pull the trigger, a stray shot anticipated his design, and the false friend, the inhuman persecutor, and lastly the

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dastardly murderer of poor St. Aubin, splashed heavily into the sea, within the very grasp of his victim. Jemmy saw them for a moment,—St. Aubin's back was turned, but he had locked his maimed arms around his enemy in the embrace of death, and for many a year afterwards, Annesley started from his sleep, as the frenzied horror-stricken face of the gasping wretch, and his dying bubbling shriek disturbed his dreams.

Meanwhile, Jake had taken charge of his pet gun, which thrice boomed loudly ever the din of battle—its third report being followed by the crash of the brig's main-mast, which, with all its lofty hamper, fell over the larboard quarter, fortunately clear of the privateer.

It will be apparent that this scene scarcely occupied the actors as long as the reader.

“Now then, men!” shouted Ingram, “up with our rags again—the big ones must be nearer us than is pleasant by this,—up with our helm, and wear ship.”

As they drew out from the smoke, the sloop was seen bearing down on them, nearly within range, and the frigate scarce a league a stern

of her. The brig also had contrived to bring her broadside to bear, and her shot was playing the devil aloft, but Ingram was not the man to be found wanting under such circumstances,—every damage was repaired as it occurred. The sun had set and the short twilight of the tropics was fading fast. The *Xarifa* was rapidly approaching the shore where the heavy draft of the English ships would have forbid their following, when an unlucky shot from the brig struck the main-mast, just below the hounds, bringing every thing aft down by the run.

“All is over with *her*, poor thing,” cried Van, “nothing is now left, sir, but the boats—they will have sharp eyes, I guess, if they see them,—in a few minutes it will be as dark as mid-night.”

“Go, Van,” answered Ingram, “and good luck go with you. Many a wild day and many a merry night we have had together, old fellow, both ashore and afloat ; but before you go boys, just load and double shot the guns once more. The schooner can go well enough off the wind yet, and I’ll give you a salute now and again, if these fellows come within range, as you pull ashore.”

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"No, no," replied Van, "you go with us too."

"To what purpose,—if the schooner was blown up or deserted here, they would beat every bush on the island for us, and we should be all taken together, but my standing to the southward will take them off your trail. If I'm taken, I should hang, man, and you know the old saying—

"Better a deep sea, or a blue sky,
Than a rope's end and a yard-arm."

And taken to a certainty I should be, if I went with you,—besides I have sworn that the Xarifa and I sink or swim together."

"Well, Capting, I calculate that I love Jacob Van Ransallaer about a considerable damnation deal better than any man that lives; but, by thunder! they can't hang me, or any of these here bullies, at least for this scrape, so we'll jest stick to the craft and lead them as long a dance as the poor thing can. The night is getting particularly darkish, so who knows but we'll give 'em the slip after all, besides I rather calculate that them ere sacks with the trifle of *brads* 'ud be som'ut of a load across the

swamps, tho' we might manage to carry the yellow hammers, and I sees no airthly use o' ballastin your hammock with some forty or fifty thousand dollars if you are detarmined to thry a lofty sommerset into the other world. Come Capting, never say die by no means."

"I tell you, Jake, it's no go, the schooner can't escape, and I have no intention of edifying His Majesty's lieges after my exit by hanging in chains on the "Isle of Dogs" for the terror of evil-doers and the praise of them that do well, as our Parson used to mouth it. But have it your own way old fellow, we'll play out the play, 'tis but trying a dive with a bar shot in company when all's up, not quite so imposing an apotheosis as I meditated 'tis true, but what sticks in my gizzard, is to think of the sweet little boat, my pride o' the ocean, towed into Halifax and handed over to the tender mercies of those brutes at the Dockyard, that know no more of what belongs to the like than I do of Hebrew. They'll fasten and taughten everything till she's as stiff and as awkward as a Marine at the gangway saluting the Admiral."

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the dockyard maties have a pretty good chance to miss scoring that sin, for by all that's lovely we've shoaled the water to quarter less three. The sloop won't venture into less than six for the night—and as it is that 'ere brig's shot is beginning to fall short, so 'tis only hugging the land for another hour or so. She's walking now, and by that time we'll be deepening our water to the southward, then for taking our chance to slip by the big 'un in the dark and trust to our heels again."

"Why thanks to this blessed bank of your's Jake, I think there's a shot in the locker yet, but trust me old boy, the sloop's not going to let us off so easy; as I make her out now, she's on the starboard tack, so she must have seen us sloping to the westward. Do you think we have any fellow on board that could shin up our wounded spar and get some gear aloft so as to make after sail? Without this if the daylight catches us in the sight of the enemy we're done for still."

"That young fellow who just now thought proper to make a dash at the Britisher's taffrail instead of minding my old friend, long Tom,

and went to Davy in so unchristian-like a fashion choking the Skipper, that was the lad would have done it I guess, soon enough, but as it is I think I know a dodge that will help old Van at a pinch to try it himself."

"How's that, Jake, the spar is as greasy as a soaped pig's tail, and too round even for your long arms to span."

Van only replied by proceeding at once to make his preparations as follows:—Taking off his favourite high-lows he substituted a pair of sailor's pumps, through the soles of which he drove from the inside about a dozen strong short scupper nails, so that the points showed outside like the stubbed spikes of a cricketer's shoe, then getting three spare mast hoops he had them securely rivetted into one large hoop round the mast. He next (a most unusual thing with him) peeled to his drawers and inside woollen shirt, and slinging a sharp tomahawk, and a tail block with a small line rove, round his neck, he called for a stiffener of grog, and having swallowed something like a pint of brandy he commenced operations by introducing his body within the hoop, leaning

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back against it and thus fixing it firmly round his hips while he pressed his armed feet against the mast, and by this means forced himself upwards, the hoop easily sliding on its smooth and well greased surface.

Ingram continued to watch with the utmost anxiety the progress of this daring feat, and to cheer his friend by constant exclamations of encouragement, when he could no longer see more than the dark form of his body betwixt him and the sky. The extraordinary muscular power of Van Ransalaer's limbs enabled him in a much shorter time than could have been expected to reach the top, both assisting and steadying himself in his ascent by striking the pointed end of the tomahawk into the mast. He found no difficulty in securing his tail block round the shivered end of the spar, and this done he abandoned his trusty hoop and easily sliding down the double line already rove through the block, he rejoined his chief in triumph on the deck.

"Bravo, Jake, give's your hand once more old fellow, you're the boy for pluck and muscle at a pinch."

"Come 'vast there, Capting, belay with that, and let's see to rigging the stump as soon as may be."

A smart hand was now hoisted in a running bowline knot, taking up with him additional gear, and by degrees sufficient was got aloft to set the mainsail double reefed, the beautiful stick bearing the strain without stays of any kind at first. An hour's work completed the jury-rigging of the mast, and the vessel was in trim for speed, but little, if at all, inferior to her usual condition. By this time she was nearly abreast of the westernmost point of the island and still close under the land, which at this side was high and covered with lofty timber. They had now for some hours lost sight of the sloop which had been obliged to stand off to the northward, and had only to fear their original pursuer, the "Shannon," whose exact position they could only guess at. The wind, which had been steady during the evening and early part of the night, towards twelve o'clock, died completely away, and the heavy flapping of the canvass, that most irksome of sounds to sailors at all times, and tantalizing

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to the last degree in present circumstances, bore heavy chorus to their anxious musings. At length, wearied with speculations as to the probable whereabouts of their enemy, Ingram solacing himself with the reflection that their present forced state of inaction might after all be safer than any course they could take, had they possessed the power to move, exhorted his trusty mate to turn in for a watch. But our friend Van, amongst his other qualifications, possessed the power of doing without rest for an incredibly long space, when exertion or vigilance was necessary, frequently for three days together without betraying signs of fatigue, and for this abstinence he could indemnify himself at other times by sleeping on a stretch for nearly the same period. We have ourselves known parties who possessed this latter accomplishment of sleeping *ad libitum*; amongst others a certain portly burgess, well known at St. Stephen's as the representative of a Southern Irish Borough, with whom it was once our lot to be shut up in a jury room for twenty-four hours. When it became manifest that there was no chance of the jury either

agreeing or being discharged by the Judge, this worthy, being as he said, "*particular about a four post bedstead,*" ensconced himself under the table, and there despite the din of those who would persist in arguing the absurd point upon which the jury had split, and of the majority who wore out the darkness of a summer night in singing songs and chat, as wide of the supposed subject of their consultations as could well be imagined, the redoubtable M.P. continued to give sterterous witness of his happy unconsciousness; and during the entire of the next weary day he only showed signs of life by an occasional grunt, when the more impatient of our fellow sufferers returned from unsuccessful sallies into the court. When at length the joyful deliverance came in the shape of a threatened attack of apoplexy to the obstinate old hound who had been the cause of our lock-up, what a figure our distinguished foreman did cut! At all times he was the very personification of Jack Falstaff—
 "Nil illi larvâ nec tragicis opus est cothurnis."
 —"A grey iniquity, vanity in years."
 But now, his usual Bond-street black frock

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and scrupulously white ducks, reduced by rolling under the table to a medley dust colour, and his hat, erst of the latest mode, now crushed and minus half the brim, completed about the most thoroughly ridiculous figure we ever beheld, as he rushed to the Club House, there to make up for his unwonted abstinence, by supping upon no less than two dozen mutton kidneys; and washing the same down with at least a gallon of mulled claret. A plague upon this trick of digression. Once more pardon, gentle reader, but in truth our reminiscences of this sage deipnosophist and ponderous legislator are somewhat apt to carry us away.—

Meanwhile a soft air, damp and heavy, as is usual in those regions at night, again filled the sails of the schooner, and enabled them to choose their course. They knew that the sloop must be at least two or three leagues to the northward, which would also be somewhere near the position of the "Shannon," if she had continued as when night set in, laid to on the westward edge of the bank, but as the chase, when last seen by the frigate, was wholly unable to do anything on a wind, in consequence of

the loss of her after sail, and as there seemed no possibility of her being able to repair the damage, Ingram and his trusty mate judged rightly that the enemy would have stood to the southward during the darkness, in order to prevent the possibility of her slipping off in what seemed the only course, which in her crippled condition, she could take. They therefore set every stitch that could draw to the light breeze, and stood right away west for the Florida shore, where they could at the worst beach the schooner and escape themselves, with the treasure on board. Well was it for them that they did so, as the first dawn of morning showed them the frigate eight or ten miles to the southward and eastward, lying to under the land. It was now manifest that no chance of saving the schooner remained, as the sloop was in a position to cut them off should she again attempt to avail of the bank, and to pass the frigate to the southward was out of the question.

They had not yet been seen, a friendly shroud of fog lazily drifting before the wind hung still over the schooner, but this could not

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continue. Their watchful pursuers, while the fog yet lingered about the rigging, might be seen covering the frigate from deck to truck with a cloud of canvass, and it still remained doubtful whether the fitful and uncertain breeze might not again fail, in which case they would inevitably be carried by the frigate's boats, short handed as they were.

"Anything but pleasant this, aye Van? said the skipper at all events if we can't run her high and dry, we can scuttle the vessel and make land in the boats, so the Xarifa's last day's work is made up come how it will."

"Why yes, Capting, that's pretty unmis- takeable now, so let's tuck in some breakfast while there's time, for if the air dies away at sun rise, as may like enough be, we shall have considerable of a pull for it, and I feel particular sharp this morning."

"Very well, old fellow, see what the cook can do for us ; but it will be time enough to think of the boats (if boat work we must have) when we see them well settled to their oars, I reckon we have three leagues start good, and it won't take long to fit the dear

little craft for her deep dive, and get the trifle of *ready* and what else we want stowed away in the boats."

Van had betaken himself to the galley to superintend, as was his laudable custom, the preparation of a breakfast, fit to feast a Scotchman, which is certainly saying enough for it, at least to any one who (as has been our own enviable lot sharp set from an hour's turn on deck in the keen air of the western Highlands,) has luxuriated in that meal of meals, a breakfast, on board one of the crack Clyde Steamers (say with that prince of skippers and emperor of caterers Arthur Russell in the "Mercury,") to which one possible addition still remained, altho' "Heaven above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth" had been ransacked to furnish its glories, I mean a Yankee Johnny Cake—"but I won't weep."—The larders of the Bristol men had furnished him the most ample materials for this feast, and being a decided admirer of the culinary science, not the immortal Soyer himself could have raised a more keenly appetizing savour than soon with its fragrant whiff effectually sum-

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moned Van Ransaeller's chief to partake the fruits of his labours.

"Come along Annesley, what the devil ails you boy? You have been as glum as if you'd buried your sweetheart ever since that confounded fellow St. Aubin chose to jump overboard instead of doing his duty."

"You did not know Mr. St. Aubin, Sir, he told me his entire story, and I can't but pity and grieve for him,—besides, Sir, he was a kind friend to me since I have been on board, and I need not say to you, that I have not many to spare."

"I had some inkling of his story too, and I fancy he must have taken the captain of that brig for the infernal tyrant who had ruined him, if so, he is revenged at least.—But boy, I mean to be your friend—I know you wish to get quit of this sort of life, and as I think it will be the best thing I can do for you, to put you in Captain Brooke's hands, I shall manage to do so, either by leaving you in a spare boat if I am obliged to scuttle the vessel, or leaving you on board if I beach her, in either case you will be sure to meet Captain Brooke, and I will

give you a letter to him that will be of service to you, strange as you may think it, but come down to breakfast now, don't you smell it you young dog—hurrah for it!—Van's the fellow to live."

As twenty-four hours had elapsed since any of the party had had more than a hurried bite, and mayhap some sundry refreshers of grog, it is superfluous to say more than that the most ample justice was done to our friend Van's good cheer, suffice it to add that upon a goodly foundation of solids they soon proceeded to pour a dilution of champagne and liqueurs sufficient to have capsized the intellects of less seasoned vessels than Ingram and his mates.

To say much of the personage who succeeded St. Aubin as second officer, and who of course now formed one of the cabin mess, would be no easy task, in as much as that worthy was himself rarely known to utter more than an occasional monosyllable, or some short and sharp nautical phrase in reference to the duty of the vessel, which if introduced upon our pages would necessitate the constant application

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of our uninitiated readers to the glossary. His performance at knife and fork however, was duly proportioned to the advantage in time for mastication, which his taciturnity gained him over his more loquacious messmates. He also abstained, notwithstanding the multitudinous temptations to an injudicious "mixing of his liquors," from more than something like a bottle or two of Pine-apple shrub, to which he confined himself: this choice concentration of fruit and sugar had also the advantage of being congenial in its effects, to the silent and sleepy turn of old Gammon, sometime boatswain, now second mate of the Xarifa.

Van although a stout democrat, participated to the full in the national relish of all Yankees for that right royal and aristocratic beverage champagne, and to borrow one of his own favorite cants "'twas a caution" to count the number of long necks, about two thirds empty (for he condescended to no more than two tumblers from each) which flanked his chair after the first half hour.

The grand tour of all the choice liqueurs intended by the agents in Jamaica to conciliate

their unpaid correspondents in Bristol, and to season the *friandises* of the Mansion House of that City (the most famous in well fed England for its corporate feasts) was duly made by Ingram. By the way, our own recollections of the, aforesaid Mansion House, and of the magnificent silver punch bowl, the gift of Queen Bess of glorious memory to her good city, are somewhat of the most tender, and we sincerely trust that it has escaped the royal rage of the sovereign people, when, some dozen years since they thought proper to celebrate their orgies, in this temple of Epicurus, and to give eclat to the feast, at its conclusion set fire to the same; pity 'twas, we have always thought, that they did not succeed in burning out that most filthy and bug-eaten of dens "old Bristol."

But what of this to our tale? Having taken a look upon deck and ascertained that things were going on satisfactorily there, the Florida shore being now in sight, and a steady breeze bearing them and their pursuers at about equal rate towards it, Ingram's early recollections of Connemara were tenderly awakened by the discovery of a flask of genuine Irish potheen,

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doubtless part of the *particular* meant for his own solace by some Scotch or Irish skipper.

"I have it at last Van, by Jove," he exclaimed, "no more of your sickening slip slops for me, hurrah for potheen!! don't talk to me of your champagne man; I never get the smack of the native but I remember my sojourn at glorious old Trinity and my chum of chums, the poet laureate of alma mater "Master Edward Kenealy" known to fame as the renowned "Brallaghan"—here goes for one of his songs."

He then in a rich mellow voice trolled out the following,—

"The Schoolmen may brag of their Homers and Platôs,
The French of their wines, the Chinese of their Tea;
Give me the sweet feast of potheen and potatoes,
And empires will pass unambitioned by me.

Oh how shall my verse
The glories rehearse

Of the nectar distill'd in our island of green?

The fount of all joys,

The delight of the boys.

Oh! not by that draught of the purest of pearls,

Dissolved for the goblets of Antony's queen,

Would the sons of the sod, or our bright Irish girls,

Be tempted to give up their darling potheen.

Potheen ! 'tis the fountain of blessings and blisses,
 The bright source of wit, and the Lethè of woes ;
 Its sweetness, they tell us, is drawn from the kisses
 Of Venus—its fragrance is born of the rose.

Jolly Bacchus, they say,
 By night or by day,

Without a full whiskey-keg never was seen ;

With the fire of the bowl

He warms his old soul :—

And thus may thy children, dear Erin, for ever

Rejoice in their nectar with appetite keen :

Woe worth the invader or Saxon who'd sever

The souls of thy sons from delightful potheen !”

“There’s something like a song for you
 Jacob, old boy—’tis racy of the sod and the
 stingo, none of your nasty German vinegar in
 that, mind I say nothing against your Sillery
 so long as you don’t compare it with the
 ‘cratur’.”

“Tho’ the doctors with medicines will often careen,
 A crazy old soul, there’s no caulk like potheen,
 If you’re lathy and lanky, consumptive and lean
 And wish to grow healthy, drink Irish Potheen.”

“There’s more of it, but it would’nt be just
 the thing to get slewed this morning, even in
 honor of our last rouse aboard of the sweetest
 craft that ever swam salt water, besides I have
 something to settle for my young friend An-

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nesley. I have taken a vast liking for that boy, and mean to hand him over to Captain Brooke, who is an old acquaintance of mine, and owes me a good turn, which I have no doubt he would willingly repay, although if I should chance to be taken just now, it would be out of his power to save my neck, as I should be at once recognised."

Van, whose wits were never much obscured by any quantity of drink, immediately roused himself to work, and having dipped his head in a bucket of salt water, was as fit and fresh for duty as if he had breakfasted with Father Mathew. He undertook to get every thing which they might wish to take with them prepared for the boats, and the guns and whatever else might be of value on board ready to be launched over, when their ultimate determination as to scuttling or beaching the vessel should be taken.

Ingram then wrote a letter to Captain Brooke recommending Jemmy to his notice and stating the circumstances of his coming on board the Schooner, and his steady refusal to take part against his country's flag, as well as his belief

that from Quill's anxiety to get rid of the lad, his own story must be true. When this was finished he called Annesley and read for him the letter. He also gave him the packet of papers which Quill had been so anxious to get hold of, sealed up, and an open letter to that worthy; at the same time requiring of him his word of honor, not to break the seals of the packet until Quill, knowing that it was in his possession and having read the letter, should have refused to make him such amends as Captain Brooke should advise him to accept.

"You see, Annesley," said he, "that I take it for granted that Captain Brooke will interest himself about you; I know him well, and am sure of it, so that this unlooked for termination of our cruize at least gives me the opportunity of repairing any ill I may have done you.

Annesley, whose spirits had been much prostrated by the events of the preceding day, and who felt himself since the melancholy death of his friend St. Aubin again alone in the world, was much affected by Ingram's kindness. At such a time the heart of generous youth, especially vibrates to the touch of

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sympathy. He could not restrain the rising tears as he exclaimed "Oh! Sir, this is indeed kind of you—how can you think of me at such a time?—you have never done me ill in any way, quite the contrary—you may safely intrust me with the packet; except on the conditions you have named, I will never open it—indeed it is scarcely probable that I shall ever find need for it—but Sir, believe me, that I thank you."

"Stay boy, that purse of gold is yours—Oh! you need not be uneasy about making your own of it—it is none of my piracies, but the *apprentice fee* which the old scoundrel Quill paid me with you; so, as he has doubtless robbed you of fifty times more, you may safely use your own.—God bless you my boy, and if you remember me hereafter Annesley, don't think of me altogether as a ruffianly kidnapper—there now, go and get your traps together, and I will tell my steward to see what things you want and get them from my kit, you need make no bones about it as you know I can't take them with me."

Ingram now went on deck and found that

the king's ships, especially the "Shannon," had closed considerably upon them. The goal of the Florida shore was however not above five or six miles distant, which might also be about the distance of the enemy.

"Time to begin the burial sarvice over long Tom, Sir," said Van, "I would'nt for all the potheen in Connemara, that one of them 'ere rascally Britishers should be squinting along the sweetest gun that ever was bored."

"Well Jake, you can satisfy your religious feelings on the occasion and stand chaplain yourself."

"Why capting for that matter, I never had much of the gift myself, so I thought you could spin us another of your friend Brallaghan's yarns to the purpose, but damn it, if you hang fire, I calcalate he'll be for barking at his own wake, like Sir Condy Rackrent, the Galway squire you telled us of t'other day; so stand by there lads, and just load and double shot him and the rest of his bully chums—so now, there—let be, and see all clear for the boats—How do you mean to fix for this pet of yours Capting?"

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"Get his traps into the dingy and lower her away, it will shortly be time to drop him—the red sand hill inland is beginning to open of yon bluff, is'nt that the mark you spoke of for the opening in the reef?"

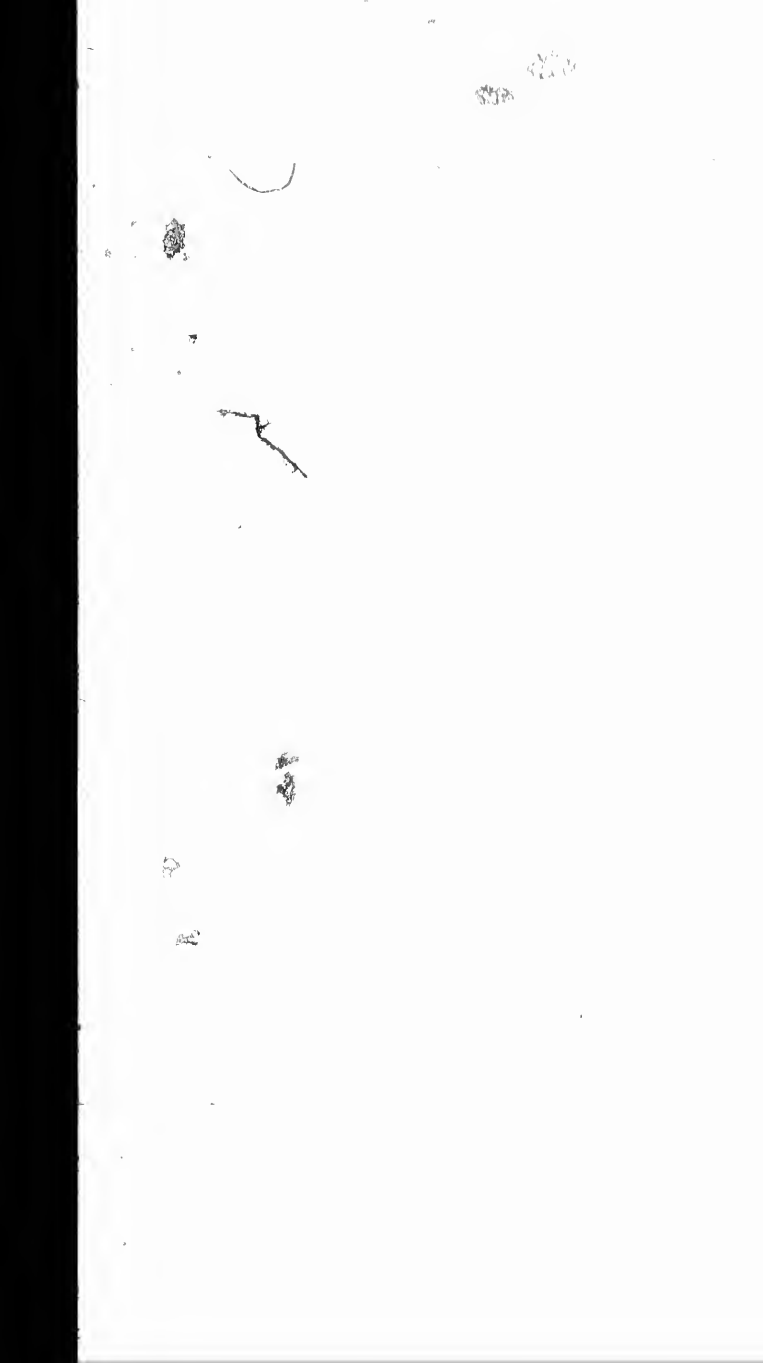
"Sure enough there it is, I knows it well."

"All right then, pass me the glass and see all stowed away in the cutter and gig and the hands mustered—twenty-eight I think we ought to be—and mind there, don't forget my case of potheen."

By the time the dingy had been lowered and bore our hero and his fortunes, the other boats were also hauled alongside and freighted with some dozen goodly sacks of dollars and a heavy tin case containing gold coin, they were then veered off with a boat keeper in each, Van now ordered (for it will be seen, that he took pretty much upon himself the direction of affairs) all the guns to be run up to the combing of the main hatch.

"Hallo there Jake! I see you're going to have a flare up salute to the stars and stripes before quitting," cried Ingram.

"Why yes, Capting, I guess, we'll fire a



*future joy,** as that Irish fellow forard there calls it, to let them ere Britishers hear as how the Yankee clipper has no mind to change her bunting."

The guns were now pointed down the hatch so that their concentrated fire should take effect within a space of some eight or ten square feet of the schooner's bottom. All were now ordered into the boats except the captains of each gun, who were to fire simultaneously on Ingram's giving the word. The thundering explosion no sooner passed than Van shouted "quick for your lives men." The entire bottom seemed to have been blown out together, as the schooner almost instantaneously heeled over on her starboard side, and filled so fast, that there was barely time to tumble into the boats and get them clear of the side, when she settled down by the head and disappeared with a plunge, almost before the cheers of the rovers had rung requiem to their beautiful craft and the striped banner of their young and glorious land—a land invincible so long as its citizens, content with the exhaustless

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treasures which nature has provided them, in a region of measureless extent and teeming wealth, shall avoid *aggressive warfare*; that sin, before which, if it should unhappily for themselves and for the world become habitual; as surely as they have now for half a century, presented the glorious spectacle of unexampled growth and vigour, under free republican institutions: those institutions will sink; that free republic vanish, and give place to the blighting rule of military chiefs, and "that unmatched form and feature of blown youth," those brawny and giant arms which now span from sea to sea, shrink into premature decrepitude.

"The day shall come, that great avenging day,
When Troy's proud glories in the dust shall lay,
When Priam's powers and Priam's self shall fall,
And one prodigious ruin swallow all."

The near approach of the "Shannon," which though still out of range, had rapidly drawn upon them during the last preparations, forbad much farther leave-taking with Annesley.— "God bless you young skipper," cried Ingram "look out and hoist your jacket on a paddle

that you may be seen—my compliments to Captain Brooke—who knows but we may meet again.”

A parting cheer and the rovers set their lug sails on the boats and shot swiftly for the narrow opening which now showed plainly in the raging line of surf which broke upon the reef not half a mile distant. Now for a moment they seemed to be engulfed, then bursting like rockets through the passage, they safely reached the pond-like smooth within and were lost to Annesley's view, entering one of the narrow creeks, (almost arched over by the tall forests of mangrove trees) which every where indented the shore. Here then we must leave for the present our late companions, to make the best of their way to one of the nearest of the plantation settlements of the States, which although burdened with their illgotten treasure we have no doubt they easily effected, and introduce our hero and our readers to a new chapter, the present having somewhat outrun its tether.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Prospero—"But are they safe Ariel,"

Ariel—"Not a hair blemished."

TEMPEST.

ANNESLEY now left to himself, turned his eyes not without some trepidation to seaward. He began to reflect that his sole introduction was a letter from a pirate and a renegade, to the incensed and baffled commander of a squadron; one of which had been, as might be asserted, treacherously mauled and the captain killed by an enemy, which had been spared under a pretence of having surrendered; and even if Ingram's statements respecting Captain Brooke should prove true, what certainty could there be, that he was the officer now commanding the "Shannon," and if not, how could he hope to make it appear that he was not of his own

will one of the piratical crew but a prisoner on board. He could at the moment see none but the dark side of his situation, and it was with fear and trembling, and the full expectation of being hanged, that he saw the British cruiser now near at hand, lower a boat to take him on board.

The young officer of the boat, however, addressing him civilly, he soon recovered his self possession sufficiently to explain that he had been a prisoner on board the privateer and was the bearer of a letter to Captain Brooke. On reaching the quarter deck Jemmy handed Ingram's letter to the Captain of the Frigate, who on perusing it desired him to follow him to his cabin.

"So Ingram commanded that Yankee privateer, boy? He recommends you strongly to my protection, and hints that you are far different from what you seem. He says that you were forced aboard, and took no part in his proceedings,—is this so? Come, tell me all about yourself. I owe my life to this Ingram, and if it is in my power to serve you, I will, for his sake, though to say the least of

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it, his life of late has not been the most reputable."

Jemmy succinctly related the outline of his adventures.

"Well, you have not much to thank him for, nevertheless, I wish he was on board my ship."

"I have experienced nothing but kindness at his hands, sir, whilst on board the schooner; and, although I am very glad to be out of her, I shall always feel grateful for that kindness."

"Right, my boy. Well, sir, the best way you can shew kindness to Ingram, is, never to mention what you know about him. I shall send a boat, to invite him aboard. You had better accompany the Officer in charge, and you may tell him privately from me that all will be right."

The search, however, for the Privateer's captain proved vain. The shore was a low swamp covered to the water's edge, with an underwood of tangled prickly pear, and the tide having fallen a foot or two, they could not even discover the creek into which Ingram and his crew had run their boats. On their

return, Captain Brooke having waited for an hour, until joined by the rest of his little squadron, filled, and shaped his course for Kingston, Jamaica, where the news of the privateer's destruction was most joyfully received. The bay was full of transports, and on landing, Captain Brooke received orders instantly to embark the —st regiment, and transport them to Halifax, where troops were urgently wanted. When he returned on board, he sent for Annesley, and said—

“ I have received the Admiral's permission to give you a midshipman's rating, should you wish to enter the service ; or if you prefer it, I will procure you a passage in one of our homeward bounders. What say you, boy ? should you determine on the latter, I will give you letters which will insure your being taken care of until opportunity of your joining your friends offers. You have not much time to make up your mind, as I must sail to-morrow.”

“ Nothing could possibly offer of which I should rather avail myself, than your kind proposal. I like a sailor's life, sir, and my

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only unhappiness on board the *Xarifa* was, her being a Pirate."

"I fancy that you have chosen for the best. If ever we get home, you shall not want a friend,—so now go join your messmates. You must do with the kit you have till we reach Halifax,—should you want anything, my servant will supply you. By the way, you must write to your friend, Mr. Bushe; he will no doubt be glad to hear of you. He can direct to my care at Halifax, whence his letters will reach us wherever we may be."

"I have a letter half written to him, sir,—I shall enclose it to Mr. Dawkins, as otherwise it might fall into wrong hands. I will tell him to send his answer as you direct."

In a few days the frigate was again rounding Cape Antonio. The marked kindness of the Captain had been a sufficient introduction to the kind hearted lads in the gun-room, and Jemmy's personal good qualities had already raised him high in their esteem,—his chief companion was an oldster, named Smith, to whose particular care Captain Brooke had committed him. Smith was a jolly good

humored mate, who had passed for his lieutenancy some dozen years before, yet who never considered himself hardly used, although many a cub of interest, whether of his own, or *his father's master's*, had been promoted over his head, without one-tenth of his practical knowledge.—Poor fellow, he seemed to take it for granted, that his present rating was to last for life, and—“Blessed are they who expect nothing, for *verily* they shall not be disappointed.” Annesley and Smith had dined with the Captain, and come on deck on one of those magnificent nights, only to be seen within the tropics,—the wind was light, and the vessel which had been close hauled to work up the windward passage, had little more than steerage way,—although there was no moon, the night was light. The planets and the larger fixed stars shone with unusual lustre, as though viewed through a powerful telescope, or rather as though they were surrounded with an atmosphere of light, like the watery halo which is sometimes visible around our moon, with this sole difference, that it was indistinguishable from their natural

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disks, magnifying but softening the light, as a ground glass-shade does that of a lamp. All was silence fore and aft, and for some minutes they walked the deck absorbed in the loveliness of the scene,—it changed, the perfect silence was broken by a sound, the reality of which each doubted, so faint was it, yet, though neither at the moment mentioned it to the other, each at the same instant had perceived,—it was like the very distant wailing of a thousand Æolian harps, so striking, yet so indistinct, that pausing in their walk, they bent themselves to catch it more clearly. This had not lasted many seconds, when the heavens put on one of their grandest but least accounted for appearances,—myriads of shooting stars glanced from the westward, shewing first as brilliant specks darting through space, anon, as glowing meteors, and ere the eye had rightly fixed itself on their flying courses, disappeared, in some cases with a burst of flame like a rocket, and sometimes discharging a shower of brilliant scintillations, fell towards the sea. To Annesley this scene was new, and his sensations were of mingled

admiration and delight,—not such were those of his more experienced shipmate. The lieutenant of the watch, though a good officer, had served but a short time in the tropical seas, and was enjoying the exquisite beauty of the scene, as much as Annesley, when Smith, for the first time, stirring from the place he occupied when our description commenced, approached him where he stood leaning against the weather rail, and touching him lightly on the shoulder, said—

“ Beg pardon, sir, but it is not the first time I have seen these indications; there is that brewing aloft that ought to be looked out for in time; it is not possible to say when, but before twenty-four hours we shall have a hurricane.”

“ Thank you, Mr. Smith, I have been admiring the beautiful scene of the last half hour, and I must say, not without some mis-giving, though I know not why. I hate to see *any thing new* at sea,—you had better call Captain Brooke,—I can scarcely believe that any change is close at hand, although I have noticed from the commencement of the watch,

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rollers from the westward, for which I was puzzled to account."

"I have seen them too, sir, and out of that quarter we shall have it. Do you wish me to call the Captain now?"

"If you please."

The experienced eye of Captain Brooke verified the forebodings of the old mate, the moment he came on deck.

"Keep her away two points, quarter-master, and let her go through the water and get on offing as soon as she may. Call all hands to shorten sail."

The light sails were taken in, the topsails close reefed, the royal masts and topgallant and royal yards sent down, and every thing made ready to haul up the courses. The lieutenant did full justice to Smith's foresight, for which Captain Brooke expressed marked thanks, and as for two hours, with the exception of the cessation of heaven's fire-works, every thing continued in *statu quo*: our hero and his friend retired to their hammocks, where, with the thoughtlessness of boyhood and the feeling of non-responsibility, when off duty, only

acquired by long exposure to the varied vicissitudes of the life of a seaman, a feeling, by the way, by no means incompatible with the fullest appreciation of the extent of danger incurred, strange as it may seem ere ten minutes had elapsed both were as soundly asleep as though they had seen or dreamt of nothing but fine weather for a month to come.

Our friends had scarcely enjoyed their hammocks an hour, when the shrill pipe of the boatswain, and the hoarse reverberations of his summons, aroused all hands to shorten sail. When they got on deck, how changed was the scene! Though still some stars struggled through a sort of luminous haze to the eastward, all the western heavens were overspread with a pall of more than midnight darkness. The wind had freshened, and had drawn to the westward of south, and now sighed through the rigging, in fitful gusts, with a portentous wailing, which quailed the heart of the stoutest, always provided that it were understood. One by one, the lingering stars disappeared, hid by the sable shroud which had drawn first from the west, and now the only light afforded

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was by the ship's wake, and the combing of the waves, which were rendered far more extensively breaking, by the heavy undulations becoming momentarily more apparent from the westward. This flickering and portentous gleam, served but to render more appalling still, the intense darkness around.

There is a something immediately preceding an aerial convulsion which forces conviction of its proximity on the minds of all ; however little experienced, they feel an unpleasant certainty that something most unusual is about to occur ; and this feeling is not confined to our species, but shared by all earthly beings—by some far more intensely than ourselves. Apart from mental action, our corporeal perceptions announce it to us, and these feelings are most probably common to us and the inferior tribes. But how far more intensely must the approaching danger be present to the sailor, whose senses are sharpened by long experience, and whose sole safety depends on a few planks ; a defective spot, or badly secured butt of which, would plunge him into the abyss which skill and





judgment enable him to make the high road of nations.

" Illi robur et ses triplex
 Circa pestus erat, qui fragelem truci,
 Commisit pelago rateam
 Primus."

But enough of digression. When Annesley and Smith came on deck, all the predictions of the latter received, to his mind, the fullest confirmation. Captain Brooke walked the quarter deck with varying pace, now peering anxiously into the surrounding gloom, now listening intensely, as though he would seek, through another organ, the information which sight refused. He held several consultations with his immediate subordinates, the result of which was only apparent by the increasing inequalities of his walk; no doubt he felt the vast responsibility of his station—so many lives depending on him. Five hundred as fine fellows as ever trod a plank, were on the alert to execute his bidding; yet though all knew that the approaching strife was for life or death, and most were anxious, yet all responsibility resting with their chief alone, none felt as he did. The wind, though still giving the

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ship good steerage way, had died away aloft, so that occasionally the topsails flapped heavily, as she rose on the momentarily increasing swell—the air felt like the breath of a furnace, and though so light, sobbed audibly through the rigging now and then—a few minutes and it ceased—light cat's paws in every direction, ensued, ending in perfect calm, at least of the air. The ship lost way, and now fell off into the trough of the sea.

The moment of action had at length arrived ; at the word of the commander, the courses were in, and the main and mizen topsails stowed—the fore-yards were squared, and the ship awaited, under her fore-topsail and topmast stay-sail, the coming tornado—an hour passed, and still it came not ; but the noble vessel groaned from truck to keel, as she rolled on the now mountain waves. Through the raven darkness, at about 45° altitude from the eastern horizon, a glimmering light grey appeared, as though the gloom had slightly parted—it brightened, assumed a sickly yellow tinge, and, after a quarter of an hour, faded, leaving a doubt whether or not it were the

dawn ; but so it was—a dull misty haze enabled the eye to pierce, first, as far as the coming roll, and after a while, even to its successor. Who has seen the dawn of day, either during a gale at sea, or a scene of misery ashore, a room of sickness, for instance, where one has for hours perceived the hovering destroyer, and from time to time felt the chill air from his wing, and not been revived by the cheering influence, with a gush of hope, even through an atmosphere of despair. No articulated sound had been heard on the “Shannon’s” deck for hours, which seemed years, except those consequent on the performance of the duties assigned to each ; but now a faint murmuring was perceptible, how different soever from the matin hymn of the glad birds on a May morning, yet still, perhaps, a scarcely uttered, but duly offered prayer of thanksgiving to the Great Architect of the Universe, for the beneficent command, “let there be light,” and despite the brewing elemental war, “there was light,” to such an extent, it is true, as scarcely to “make darkness visible ;” yet pale and feeble as it was, to cheer the hearts of those

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who lately felt the "blackness of darkness," and to inspire them to obey the calls of duty, if not "rejoicing as giants to run their courses," at least with an energy which, during the night, would have been superhuman. A dull sound, like that of heavy rain, was heard to the south-westward—every voice was hushed, and again a dead silence reigned fore and aft—it ceased—again it was heard, and a slight air, hot as coming from an oven, was perceptible on deck from the southward, whilst the running gear aloft, was seen to curve from the north-west, and the whistling of wind was distinctly heard aloft, although on deck a rushlight would have burned with a scarcely waving flame, so stratified were the aerial currents. Again, for a few seconds all was still—a sound is then heard, like the roll of heavy carriages, borne from a distance on a still night, or the far off continued rattling of musketry,—whilst again a slight air is felt on deck, it freshens and pays off the ship's head—a rush—a roar! is heard like the breath of Him, "whose voice is as the sound of many waters"—huge solitary drops of rain descend—

a sound, as of the concentrated voice of a thousand distant thunders, comes booming along, and, "on the wings of mighty winds," the ship is flying, nearly bows under, through the sweep of the tempest and rush of flashing waters—an explosion is heard, and the bolt ropes of the topsail have but a few rags fluttering on them, whilst the sail they lately confined, disappears ahead, like a sea-bird, borne along by the spirit of the storm; but its fury seems spent—a lull succeeds—again the chief's voice is heard and obeyed—a new topsail, snugly stowed, takes the place of that which lately fluttered in fragments—still under bare poles, the ship flies, and the storm demons again pursue—though with somewhat mitigated fury. Now, to the windward, wailing sounds are heard, the gale bears them along, it is hot as the forest noon of the regions they are navigating. What is the rattling sound on deck—can it be hail—*large pellets of hail*? And now what strange unearthly light mingles its baleful gleam with the grey morning? On each foreyard-arm a wierd lantern appears, more like the dream of

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some half maniac, than aught actually presented to our waking vision ; our senses cannot deny its being ; but what is it ?—it flutters—now assuming the appearance of a bright star—now of the reflected light of a distant magic lantern—it draws itself out at times, nearly parting company with the spar—

“ Linger and sitting like an unalaid ghost,
Loath to leave the body that it loved.”

Again it assumes the strange blue tinge of an apothecary's light, seen through a colored medium, and after a few fitful flashes, this Jack-o'-the-lantern of the deep disappears. Scarcely had it vanished, when a comparative lull took place,—Annesley and Smith had been gazing on the strange phenomenon, but again with different feeling, to the former, though not without some mingling of awe, the predominating sensation was one of gratified curiosity ; he had heard of “ Compresants,” but never before beheld them, and his thoughts glanced over the thrilling mid-watch tales in which such appearances so often form a prominent incident ; so completely had he

absented himself from present occurrences, that he started when Smith touching his arm, asked what he thought of it.

"To say the truth, I scarcely know, and just at present, although it has led to my musings, I was not thinking of it at all."

"But I was though; I used to hunt sometimes at home, when a youngster, and can only compare my pleasure at seeing it, where it was just now, to that of one of our city bucks, when run away with by an animal, which nothing but his profound ignorance could ever have tempted him to mount, and approaching at a break-neck pace a heavy double fence, he sees at the other side a precipice, down which the odds are immensely in favor of his breaking his neck—it was hard enough with the old ship before, but now indeed, she is like to have a squeak for it."

"Why what is to ail her—she goes through it like a bird, and as yet, we have room enough?"

"Aye, as yet; but that same light tells us that the hurricane is to be no momentary puff,

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and thirty hours at this pace will run us amongst the Bahama shoals—never mind—

“ There is a sweet little cherub who sits up aloft
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.”

All went on as usual on board the frigate, for the next twenty hours—the tempest on the whole, increasing, though with momentary lulls from time to time—still, under bare poles, she sped with the rapidity of an eagle, before its fury. Again, Annesley and his friend were on watch. The gale had—according to what our experience leads us to believe an universal law of nature—followed the course of the sun, gradually tending to the northward, and now with unabated violence blew from N.N.W. Now again fierce hail was borne along through a darkness that might be felt, though ever and anon the eye was dazzled with brilliant forks of lightning. Again those wild meteors shed their unearthly light over the scene, rendering visible to each other, the anxious faces of the tired crew, and investing them with a livid paleness; but their position was changed,—the wavering

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outlines were now based on the trucks, (a position which to the mariner's eye is as surely fraught with hope as the Bow of the Covenant, set in the heavens, is a token to the faithful of the promise that this world shall be no more submerged,) nor was its portent vain. Though still the elemental war raged wildly around, its fury was in some degree abated,—the hail storm had passed and rolled to leeward, its position being shewn by occasional chain lightning. It has swept by, and the lightnings have discontinued; and now, where it lately rendered the horizon most deeply black, for the first time, since the commencement of the hurricane, a luminous appearance is seen—all eyes are directed there—drawing the happiest auspices from the lessening gloom,—even old Smith has pressed his friend's hand, pointing out to him the breaking up of the gale,—when from the mizen rigging the Captain's voice is heard, anticipating as it were the apparently changing elements,—

“ All hands make sail ! ”

Imagine to yourself, a storm by which trees of a century are torn up by the roots,—by

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which the firmest buildings raised by the hands of man, are shaken to their foundations,—against which the very eagle in vain essays to urge his flight, and you may picture to your mind the force of the storm, which, though abated somewhat in its fury, still was blowing. Have you ever, from some beetling cliff, beheld the ocean lashed to madness by such a tempest rearing its mountain billows—piling its foaming Pelion upon Ossa,—lashing in its fury, and shaking the very mountain of rock on which you stood? Imagine man daring to contend with that mighty tempest, and you still will scarcely realize the astonishment with which the Shannon's crew heard the mandate of their chief; but this amazement did not for an instant deter them from the execution of their duty. The men clustered into the rigging, as though it were a mere drill,—it came hoarsely through the tempest—

“Let fall the topsails—Quarter-master stand by your port helm—Sheet home—sway away Give her the helm, my man—Round in the larboard braces—Bring her to the wind, sir.”

Never were the qualities of that noble ship

put to so severe a test, and never did ship more proudly attest the "mettle of her pasture." When first she felt the lateral force of the fierce wind before which she had been flying, her very yard-arms touched the wave, but steadily she recovered, and though four planks of her lee deck were submerged, she gathered head way on her altered course—nor was it too soon, for to leeward all was boiling foam, and even to windward for many hundred yards, the water was white,—in fact she was skirting along one of the Bahama banks, whose loom was the light seen on the horizon. Still on she plunged, breasting one moment a mountain swell, and in the next buried between two rolling oceans. A sharp crack is heard—the cross jack yard has snapped in the slings, and the topsail is split from foot to head, and in a second fluttering in strips from the yard. Again the chief's voice is heard above the howling of the storm—

"Hawl out the spanker!"

It is done—the topmast staysails are also set—the water assumes a darker hue—she has cleared the shoal—the wind still northens, and

the old "Shannon" again heads for the Florida shore, making, it is true, as much leeway as headway, but every minute deepening her water—*she is saved*. Again her gallant crew draw long breaths, and many a heart pours forth its rough offering of praise and thanksgiving to Him who rules the storm—"at whose word the stormy winds arise," and whose mercy says unto the furious ocean, "Peace, be still." Truly, "they who go down to the sea in ships, and occupy their business in the great waters,—these men see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

CHAPTER XV.

"I can no longer brook thy vanities."

WHAT American, whether of high or low degree, does not luxuriate in the fancy, that their navy has "plucked the war-won honors" from old England's crest, and made a garland for their country's brow therewith? So often and so vauntingly have they sung their Pæans of victory, that they actually have the impertinence to believe that they have *whipped the Britishers*. To doubt that they make brave and good seamen were to question

"That those whom they call fathers, did beget them."

But how, in the face of facts, they can have the impudence to deny that during the last

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war they were deucedly well-threshed, would be a matter of curious investigation to a stranger to the national character; nevertheless, the lowering of some few pennants to vessels of *nominally* the same class, has, we may hope, been a salutary, though bitter lesson to John Bull; and although the trick has been almost from the time known to the world, it was admirably adapted to induce the ignorant and hard worked portion of the *free and equal*, to pay their taxes and supply the requisite enthusiasm, to enable them to support without murmuring, the enormous prices of supplies, and the miserable remuneration which the produce of their toil afforded, shut out as it was from the marts of the world.

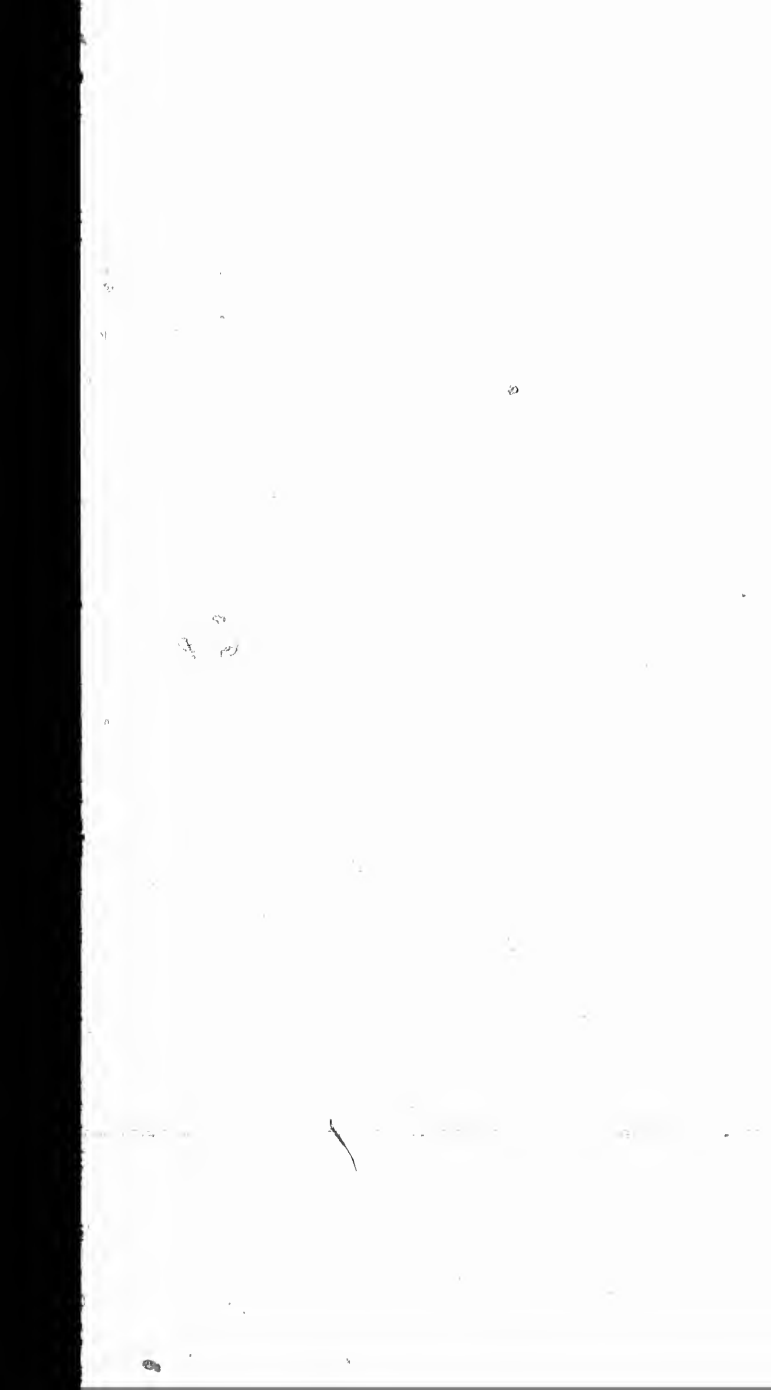
Forgive us kind reader, if we intrude a few figures, which you may skip if uninteresting:

British National Cruisers taken:

Ships, 30; Guns, 530; Men, 2751;
Tons, 10,273.

American National Cruisers taken:

Ships, 64; Guns, 660; Men, 2994;
Tons, 14,848.



Of the former, were carried into port—ships, 9; guns, 171; men, 919; tons, 3314. And of the latter—ships, 22; guns, 330; men, 2430; tons, 6714. The total number of vessels of every description taken by the British, was 1699, whilst those which fell to America, were only 1200; and be it remembered, that the latter Power “had then scarcely an *unarmed* merchant-man afloat, whilst English commerce crowded every sea.*

The greater portion of our national vessels, which struck to those of America, were hastily constructed for the defence of the Canadian lakes, and manned chiefly by raw levies, who fought bravely, indeed; their ill-equipped vessels, but fell an easy prey to fleets having full resources on the spot. In Commodore Perry (that sucking Nelson's) action, for instance, he was only opposed to fifty British sailors, *including officers and boys*, scattered through six vessels, the rest of the crews being made up of *soldiers* and Canadian voyageurs.

* James's Naval Occurrences,—to which we are indebted for the historical part of this chapter.

In no single instance was the "meteor flag" lowered to an equal in ~~the~~, whilst ~~on~~ one occasion the stars bowed to an inferior in the rates of 17 to 19, not to mention the peppering of the *President* by the *Endymion*, where the former surrendered to a *squadron*, the component parts of which, save the before mentioned ship, were ten miles distant. But enough of this. Jonathan hugs himself on his *victories* so tightly, that nothing, save amputation, would sever the loved embrace,—whilst dear old John Bull (whom we love in our hearts) is none the worse for hearing the yelping of his well grown and highly promising puppy. He is fast getting rid of the confounded old drogers which, when only Don's and Frenchmen contended with him the empire of the ocean, answered the purpose well enough, and building vessels of the same real as well as nominal class, as friend Jonathan's. We wish our readers could have seen the old Crocodile (which had the honor of being rated a 46 gun frigate, and was in olden times not unknown to fame,) as we saw her the other day reflecting her beauties in the still waters of Cork Harbour,

doing duty as flag ship, and the merry glance of old Murphy—we beg his pardon—of the Honorable John Murphy, United States Consul at Cork, (as good a fellow as ever lived, by the way, and an old officer of the United States Navy,) when we asked him whether he would not like to catch such a *frigate* at sea, in any ordinary sloop of war of his service. The infernal old tub is in future to be a *lobster box*. It were much to be wished that all craft of her description were turned over to the same service, instead of employing men of war as transports, and disgusting all parties. A soldier's mess ashore, or that of the ward-room aboard, is very pleasant to officers of the other branch of the service, *as guests*, but pipe-clay and tar *can't* amalgamate, or even be forced into close proximity, for any length of time without mutual injury. Confound this habit of digressing, it grows on one despite all good resolutions. We have matter enough

So "Gently to canter through an hundred cantos,"

"We wont be prosy and we will be read,"

Hail muse, et cetera."

We left the old "Shannon" not indeed "sleeping," but yerking her way through a heavy head sea, somewhere between the Bahamas and the Florida main. A gale of wind at sea is exciting to witness, although it must be confessed that the excitement is not altogether of a pleasureable nature, and that it is far more agreeable to read about, when snugly ensconced in an arm chair by a good fire, with one's slippered feet on the fender; but calms, snow showers, chill norwesters, and blowing one's fingers in the vain hope of imparting to those half-frozen parts some slight degree of vital warmth, when the sky is serene over head, as that of the Mediterranean, and the sea as smooth as a mill-pond, has nothing interesting, either to the passions or the feelings with the exception of an occasional bath in a tub of water at 75° taken from the gulf stream and quickly brought into a well warmed cabin, which *is* a luxury.

So effectually was the commerce of those whippers of the Britishers swept from the ocean, on their own shore, that with the exception of a few bushels of potatoes and

onions, which *ruthless power captured* from a small coasting schooner, and which were liberally paid for in pork and biscuit, American trade was unimpeded by the "Shannon" during her voyage to Halifax, where her officers promised themselves some relaxation—short sighted mortals that they were. Old "shiver the mizen" who then and there commanded, prided himself on "keeping no more cats than caught mice," and Captain Brooke was known to be too good an officer to be allowed to go ashore on his beef-bones. His orders, therefore, were to get ready for service as soon as possible; his energetic disposition soon ridded him of his red-coated cargo. In two days he reported his ship ready for sea, and the next morning saw her, with the Tenedos as her consort, under Captain Brooke's orders, standing south; in three days thereafter they made Cape Anne, and on the second of April reconnoitered the harbour of Boston, where they found the frigates Congress and President ready for sea. A few days after, the doomed Chesapeake slipped in, unperceived by the English ships, where all three lay until

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the first of May, when the Congress and President, taking advantage of a sudden shift of wind and a fog, *escaped* to sea, unseen by their *inferior* foe. On the twenty-fifth of May, Captain Brooke learning their departure made signals requiring the presence of Captain Parker on board, and detached him with orders not to rejoin before the fourteenth of June, at which time he supposed that the Constitution (another frigate then under repair in Boston) might be ready—determining, meanwhile, to test the vaunted superiority of master Jonathan. Once and again, the red cross flag—that “*emblem of tyranny*,” was displayed within cannon shot of the *free*, but seeing no chance of coaxing the Chesapeake out, Brooke contented himself with cruising between Capes Cod and St. Anne, where he had the good fortune to recapture, in sight of port, two British ships, both of which, unwilling as he must have felt to weaken his crew, duty compelled him to man and send into Halifax. On the thirtieth, he fell in with the “Sir John Sherbrooke,” a private British cruiser—wanting a few hands to replace those he had been

obliged to detach in the prizes, and finding that she had on board some unfortunate emigrants, whom she had retaken from an American privateer, he pressed them.

The poor fellows made a sufficiently ludicrous as well as painful display, as they were handed up the side. Captain Brooke stood near the gangway as they came on deck, where a stout block of a Cork man, in a long frieze coat, a high crowned hat with vestiges of what had been a leaf, corduroy breeches, destitute of buttons at the knees, and grey worsted stockings, equally destitute of feet, (not that the flesh and bone were wanting, but the worsted covering,) and with an expression of good humour and fun, scarcely concealed by present indignation, forthwith accosted him, after a short glance around, perceiving instinctively his rank—

“ A thin is it your honor is the Captain ? ”

“ Yes, my man.”

“ Why thin Captain, you shor, ’tis our’s is a hard case entirely ; but the Yankees, devil’s luck to them, God forgive me for cursing, stops the old Duck, wid no manner

of raison, and takes us and whatsoever they liked out of her, laiving the poor wives and the little *childher*, the crathers, to a sorrowful laveling in a sstrange country, where, God help 'ein, what will they do at all, at all? Next comes a beautiful ship entirely, and it was our hearts jumped into our throats to see that she belonged to the Sassenachs. Well, we thought it was our turn now, and when she come up with and tuck us agin, didn't we give a hurraw! but divil resave the bit better off were we for it, there was lots and lavings of grog for such as would list for the ship, but more kicks than hapince for uz who wanted sometime to see the little childher agin, and now your honor comes and is going to make sodjers of uz for life, an sure it is little good we'll be when you have us, for the poor wife and the hungry childher will be always to the fore."

Captain Brooke did not conceal his emotion as he asked.

"What is your name my man?"

"Tim Kelleher, your honor."

"Well, Tim, where was the Duck bound to?"

“To, Halifax, your honor.”

“And if I had not fallen in with you, how soon do you think you would have been there?”

“Sorra a one of me knows, sir.”

“As sure as we live, and that flag still floats on the ship, I will, on my honor as a gentleman, have you landed there in less than a month; if you prefer it, I will send you all back to the privateer, although I have some business on hand, where you and your fellows can be of great service. I will not conceal from you that I daily hope to meet an American vessel of superior force: what the event may be, God knows, but I have little uneasiness on that score; nevertheless, if we meet we shall have a hard scratch of it.”

“Arrah then, your honor does not think we care for the fighting that *is in it*. And you will put us ashore in a month—maybe 'tis we that won't stick to you: by this and that, if it was not for the poor crathers that will be *breaking* their hearts, we would stop with you a year, just to pay them rascals off for parting us.”

“Well, well, my lad, I'll make you

comfortable while here, and land you none the worse off for having been a few days in my ship."

The Hibernian audience had listened to Tim's *larning*, whilst *discoursing* the Captain in English, in open mouthed astonishment, still they gathered sufficient to enable them to understand the main articles of the treaty, which they ratified with a wild hurroo.

Half an hour afterwards "the wives and childher, the crathers," would hardly have recognized their husbands and fathers in the smart "slops" which the purser's store room had enabled them to substitute for their rags.

One word about impressment. What Briton is there who must not blush that such a practice is still sanctioned by usage? for legal, in the strict sense of the word, it has never been. We have emancipated the "blackguard black descendants of Ham," at a cost of twenty millions sterling, *a generous deed of much more than questionable wisdom*, and shall we hesitate, by a slight relaxation of our purse strings, to make service in our national defence,

our Navy an object of *ambition* instead of *detestation* to our merchant seamen. What would be the cost?—discontinue impressment, declare it a *felony*, treat it as you have the stealing of *other slaves*, increase slightly the pay of the men, (an expenditure which would be more than counterbalanced by the total discontinuance of desertion,) and above all, when in our own harbors, grant an occasional leave of absence, sufficiently extended to allow the men to *visit their families*, instead of wasting three days of liberty in the most *degrading sort of debauchery*. This, it may be answered, would have a tendency, with that portion of the men who are hardest to bring into an efficient state, to subvert discipline, inasmuch as they would use this extended leave merely to plunge for lengthened periods into wholesale vice! It might be discretionary with commanding officers to refuse leave to such, as it is at present; and besides we think that in the altered state of the service, such characters might be altogether rejected. Moreover, would even such an occasional outbreak have so pernicious an influence on

the character of our fleets as the irregularities sanctioned, or rather winked at, *on board* at present?

But putting out of view for a moment the improvement which the adoption of such changes would introduce in our marine, what Englishman can call himself a freeman, whilst subject to such an odious injustice? This bequest of barbarous ages *must* be done away with by Act of Parliament. It is not the habit of the high spirited gentry of England to hug themselves on the immunity afforded by high station, whilst aware that the helpless are exposed to tyranny and injustice. Through the varied ranks of life we feel and gratefully acknowledge the fostering kindness of those whom *we* are not ashamed to respect as our superiors; but in return, we know that they have reciprocal duties to perform, and well are they aware that in sustaining the rights of the humblest of the community, they are guarding the most important outworks of their own position, and intrenching themselves with the strong ramparts of mutual interest. These assertions may seem incongruous whilst

speaking against a foul injustice which the practice of ages has sanctioned ; but all alike are subject to it, although some are by fortuitous circumstances, more removed than others from the probability of its occurrence.

These poor Irishmen were civilians—their impressment is no fiction, but told as a matter of mere routine by the chroniclers of the day ; and few Captains would have shewn the generosity, when placed in similar circumstances, which characterized the proceedings of Captain Brooke : indeed he far exceeded the bounds of strict duty, as then and now understood in the service, in promising to dismiss the impressed men when the then expected arduous service should be performed. Duties such as these must no longer fetter the high sense of honor and justice of our naval commanders. Foul *kidnapping*, such as we have described, must not embitter our gallant defenders against a country for which, *even in its despite* they have ever shewn themselves ready to pour out their heart's blood. But it may be argued that the old system has worked well. Why so might the Russian Autocrat

say of that of his empire ; within a couple of generations she has risen to a first rank amongst the nations of the earth. At what time was France so victorious as when her Juggernaut, Napoleon, was immolating conscript millions beneath the bloody wheels of his triumphal car? At what time was poor Ireland so quiet, as when her Catholic millions were utterly trampled beneath the feet of an arrogant ascendancy, sustained by the cold steel of *then* misjudging and cruel England? All these systems apparently *worked well*, but who will for a moment suppose that they were sound, and possessed within them the elements of lasting prosperity? *No injustice can be politic*—sooner or later the oppressor is brought low—and such will be our case as surely as a just Providence rules the destinies of nations, if we continue to allow this dark stain to remain on our national escutcheon.

Let not Jonathan, however, glorify himself on all this,—let him rather “pluck the beam out of his own eye,” before he essays to “remove the mote” from ours; for many a

year have we cruised under the flags of various nations, but never have we witnessed so much of the insolence of man

“Dressed in a little brief authority,”

as on board American *merchant ships*. We have met amongst their masters, good fellows, and pleasant, gentlemanly companions, but invariably they are harsh and tyrannical to the men. A little creole villain, with whom it was our misfortune to cross the herring pond, a few months since, however capped the climax. By heaven! our blood throbbed under our finger nails at his cruelty. An English master would have most assuredly cooled his heels on the treadmill, for a tenth of what we witnessed on board that ship; and yet the little *nigger* had his redeeming qualities. None could be kinder when any of the men were sick. He merely did what he considered his station required, ———. “Equality and sailors’ rights!”—*fudge!!* His mate, the *executioner* of his dictates, which he stood by and saw inflicted, was sentenced on the ship’s arrival at Boston to pay about three pounds fifteen

shillings, which of course the owners defrayed, and little davy escaped scathless.

As to national ships, the "Somers' tragedy" could not have occurred in our service, nor in that of any other power, save perhaps those of Russia or Turkey. True it is, that in the latter, to this day, the monstrous barbarity is perpetrated of *punishing the officers with the bastinado*; the only distinction in honour of the epaulette made, being that the edifying ceremony is performed on the *quarter deck*. This is a veritable fact, and has occurred within the last few years, while the Turkish fleet was in company with our Mediterranean squadron on the coast of Syria.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Well, try a little touch at fighting."

* * * * *

"War's a brain-spattering, wind-pipe-splitting art."

BYRON.

THE Shannon had now cruised in Boston Bay for three weeks, during the first of which the domains of the finny tribes were uninvaded by net or hook; but one by one, fast galleys ventured—when she stood well over towards Cape St. Anne—to visit the Banks, flying in shore at the approach of the British frigate; by degrees, however, their fright wore off, until finding themselves unmolested, the fishing skiffs pursued their accustomed industry even within hail.

Some days after the incidents recorded in the last chapter, as the Shannon, under easy sail, was jogging to the southward, a skiff was

seen gradually to detach herself from the little fleet of fishermen, (her occupant apparently trolling,) until having put some half mile between him and his associates, he boldly hoisted her tiny lug, and stood for the Englishman, causing much speculation on board, and as she approached, being reconnoitered by many curious eyes, even the Captain condescended to steady his telescope more than once, on the daring crafty ; after a long look he ordered the main yards to be laid aback, and told one of the youngsters to summon Annesley, who quickly touched his cap to his commander.

“ Do you remember Mr. Annesley, our conversation on the first evening that you came on board ? ”

“ Yes, sir.”

“ Well, act on it now,—one is in yon skiff, unless my eyes deceive me strangely, who is not too safe on board a British man-of-war. It is many years since we have met,—take my glass, and let me know if I am right.”

Jemmy took the glass, and instantly confirmed his Captain's opinion.

“ It is he, sir, certainly,—though how he can be here is strange enough.”

“ You will not of course appear to recognise him ; a few days may give him a chance of rubbing off old scores, and me an opportunity of paying a long standing debt. You had better be out of the way when he comes on board,—I will give him his cue.” Our hero obeyed, disappearing down the after companion as the boat came alongside.

Its occupant, having handed up a small but heavy valise, and a long Yankee rifle, sprung lightly up the side, and touched his hat to His Majesty's quarter-deck, as coolly as though he had belonged to the ship, and came to report himself. Our readers will, no doubt, have surmised that it was Ingram.

“ May I enquire, sir, what you suppose to be my duty at the present moment ? ” asked the Captain.

“ To order a whip, with a noose at the end of it, to be rove at the fore-yard-arm, I suppose, sir,” replied our old acquaintance, not a whit disconcerted.

“ You may thank old times that I do not

perform it, Ingram. You have not miscalculated in supposing that I have not forgotten them; nevertheless, under other circumstances, you would have run a risk, as, however willing, I might be unable to save you."

"Of which, sir, I was well aware when I took French leave of you on the Florida shore. I come with the more confidence now, as before many days are past, you will not in vain ask a pardon for a man like me, or perhaps I shall neither need it, or have your intercession if I did."

"Do you mean to say that I shall at last draw that Yankee badger from his hole?"

"Faith, sir, his back is up, Captain Lawrence has culled a crew from the *Constitution*, and half-a-dozen Privateers which your presence here keeps idle in Boston, and if there is not drill on board 'tis no matter—he is getting ready for you, sir, and if he is beaten it will not be his fault."

"Well, we have not exactly been getting ready for *him*, but we are so, for any ship of our force any time these two years. Your friend Annesley has charge of the main-top—

you made a sailor and a good one of the boy—you will serve under him, and after this scratch is over I shall be able to do something for you—of course you are to know nothing of him for the present.”

“ I understand, Sir—I am glad you have the boy under your wing, he is made of stuff that I knew you would like.”

Ingram was moving off, but was recalled by Captain Brooke: “ if Captain Lawrence is inclined to show fight, he is deucedly slow about it.”

“ Because he wants to tow you in, Sir, with the Stars and Stripes above your flag; and, to do him justice, is leaving no stone unturned to give effect to his good intentions.”

“ Aye; but on the fourteenth I shall be rejoined by the Tenedos, and then our match can't come off, at least as I wish it, *ship to ship*—an hundred accidents may even occur in the interim—other ships may arrive, whose Commanders being my seniors may take the play into their own hands. By Jove! I'll send him a challenge, and he must come to the

scratch at once, or own himself afraid to meet me—what think you ? ”

“That he will accept it, Sir, on the instant—old^d Lawrence is as gallant and brave an officer as, without compliment, I believe you to be ; and were he otherwise, the very fish wives of Boston would force him out ; they, good folks, expected a good account of you, and your consort, when the President and Congress went to sea, and are now perfectly frantic with expectation of their coming victory. Why, sir, a subscription is already entered on, to give a dinner to Captain Lawrence, in which your name and those of your officers figure as guests.”

I am much obliged by their courtesy, but hope to decline the invitation, however kindly intended ; and now, Ingram, let us forget for a few days that we have met before.”

He sent for the first lieutenant, and ordered him to have Ingram (whom he represented simply as an English subject, who had effected his escape) put on the ship's books, and that he should be stationed in the main-top.

From amongst the American prisoners taken

in the English recaptures, he ordered a Captain Slocum to be conducted to his presence, on whose appearance he asked—

“Should you like to regain your freedom on condition of bearing a letter from me to Captain Lawrence?”

“I guess, I should, sir.”

“Well then get ready, while I write,—we have been too long knocking about here to no purpose.”

“I rayther think I shall be all the safer out of this ship, when you and the Chesapeake meet. I have wondered eternally why old Lawrence allows you to locate yourself in these diggings. I’ll be ready to carry your letter in quarter less no time.”

In a few minutes a gig manned by American prisoners, left the frigate, bearing a challenge to Captain Lawrence, which from its gallant tenor, and honorable candor, its gentlemanly and officer-like courtesy of tone, is a model. It was never destined to reach the brave sailor for whom it was intended. Immediately after the departure of his ambassador, Captain Brooke stood for Boston Harbour light-house,

and long before the boat reached Marble-head, perceived from the mast head, the Chesapeake fire a gun and get under weigh, making sail as she ran down. The Shannon now filled and stood to the eastward until 4 o'clock, followed by her antagonist. The Chesapeake then hauled up and reefed topsails—the Shannon following her example. Again both ships kept away—the Shannon shivering her main yards, that her opponent might overtake her, until at 5 p.m., Captain Brooke, thinking that he had a sufficient offing, determined to bring matters to a crisis.—He accordingly hauled to the wind, with his ship's head to the south-east. No more beautiful sight can be imagined than the enemy's ship afforded at this moment, with the splendid scenery of Boston heights, and a gorgeously tinted sky to the westward, forming a back-ground. She wore colors at each mast-head, and was as trim as the care of a good officer (having the opportunity of a spell in harbour) could make her. The old Shannon's exterior was far different. Long and arduous service under the fiery blaze of a tropical sun, had made her sides look rusty, enough to

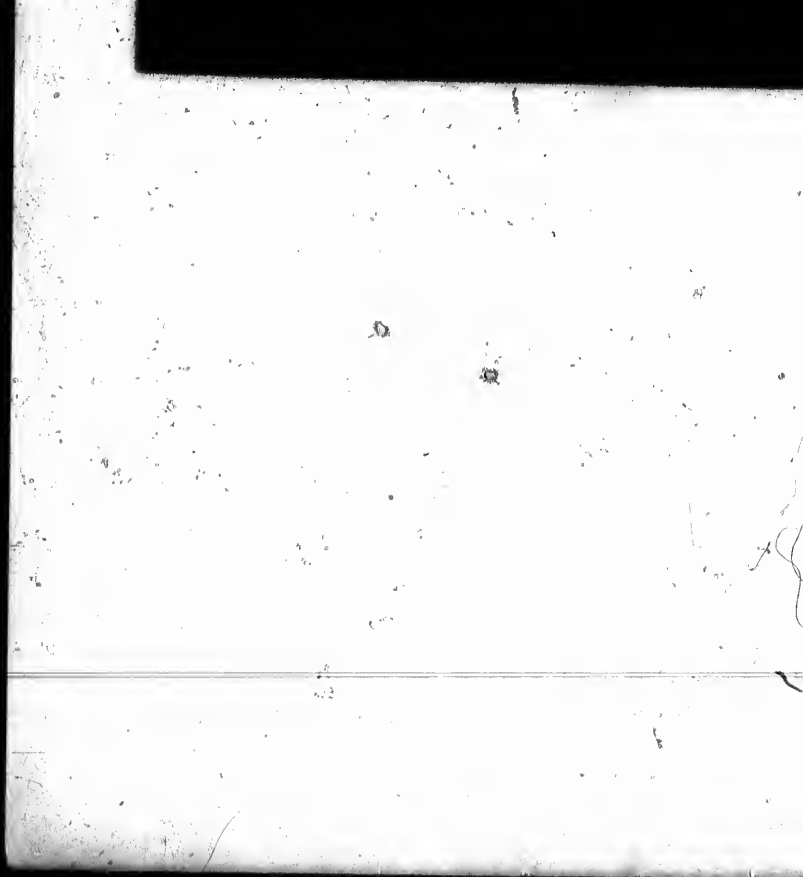
gratify the thousands of lookers-on by the comparison. Within, however, all was right, and to the practised eye, that very roughness of exterior told of the iron muscles of her well-drilled crew, and that the old rusty blue ensign which she shewed at her peak, would, in all probability maintain its position fully as long as the more brilliant bunting of her foe. Captain Brooke knew the high estimation in which the rival chief was held, and felt, to the full,

“ * * * The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.”

His opponent is now within a mile, and chivalrously waiving the advantage which he might have taken by raking an enemy who had thus voluntarily exposed himself to it, by waiting for him, Captain Lawrence gallantly luffed, passing to windward, and the contest began within pistol shot. Our hero had, it will be recollected, charge of the main-top, where also Ingram was placed, and from thence they had occasionally through the smoke, a view of the deadly strife—scarcely equalled in mortality

in the annals of naval warfare, when its brief continuance is taken into account. More than one of the enemy's top had felt the unerring aim of Ingram's rifle. For a time the thundering cannonade stills the light evening breeze—again a puff sweeps to leeward the dense canopy of battle—Ingram seizes his former apprentice's arm, and, pointing to Captain Lawrence, says, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the understanding between them—

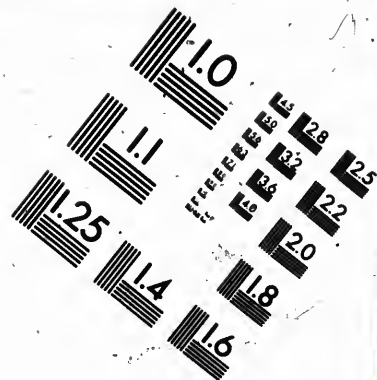
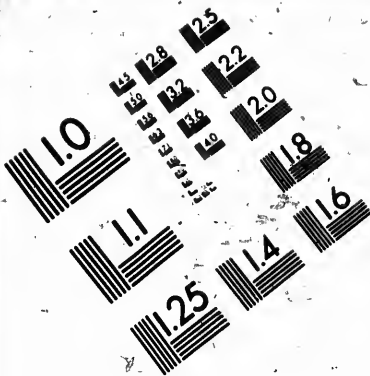
“I say, Jemmy, look at old Lawrence, how noble is his attitude, while such a tempest of shot and splinters are flying around him—'tis a pity, but it would simplify matters much if I picked him off—damn this war, 'tis a strange thing—I have no enmity to that man, on the contrary, I rather admire and like him, and yet I am about to kill him with as little compunction as though he were a bitter enemy—that is if some stray shot does not pick me off first, and it will have to come quickly.” The last few words were uttered as the skipper rubbed his thumb nail across the flint of his rifle, during the loading of which he had found



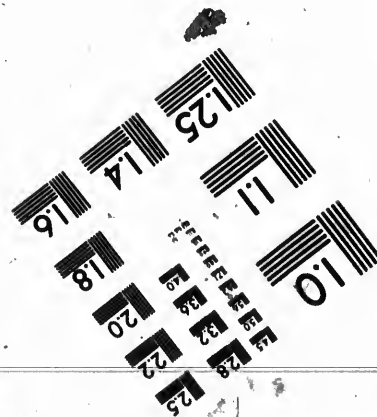
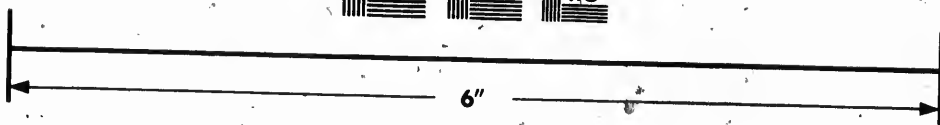
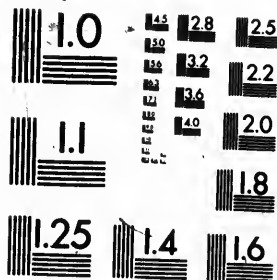








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opportunity to communicate his wandering ideas to Annesley. His line of aim was taken—once and again the smoke shroud intervened—again for an instant the Chesapeake's quarter deck is visible—the gallant Lawrence springs a yard into the air, and falls a lifeless corpse. Happy was it for him that his death was not deferred a few minutes longer. A shower of lead from every direction tears the Shannon's main-top—Annesley hears a groan, in a well known voice, and turning, sees Ingram, apparently lifeless, leaning over the top-rail, which had served him as a rest. At such moments, whatever sympathy is felt, but little opportunity is afforded for its expression. Our hero could do no more for his former skipper than have him rolled well in to the mast head, and secured there. If possible the din of battle had grown more deafening—it is no longer distinguishable in broadsides, but crashing and continuous as rolling thunder.—Again a gust sweeps aside the smoke, and Annesley perceives that the Chesapeake's jib and fore-topsail are flying, the sheet of the former and the tye of the latter being shot

away, and the ship having come to the wind, is drifting helplessly down. A waist anchor stowed in the Shannon's fore chains, catches in her quarter gallery, the impetus of the latter heaves her still farther into the wind, and the anchor holding, her decks are swept by the raking shot of the English, to which her position only enables her to reply with a feeble fire. At this moment Captain Brooke calls the boarders away, and springs on the enemy's deck—his call is unheard by those whose duty it was to follow, but he is not unsupported—a wild yell arises over the din of battle, and Tim Kelleher, with a handspike, wielded shillelah fashion, and backed by his half-savage countrymen, are on the American quarter-deck, which is uncontested. Vain is the slight opposition they encounter on the gangways,—our friends are now supported by a party of marines,—helter skelter the Americans fly, jamming up the hatchways, and in despair crowding over the bows. The deck is ours—and Brooke, sending most of his men aft, hails the Shannon's tops, and orders them to silence the fire from those of the Chesapeake, which is

still kept up with deadly effect. The ships have now drifted side by side, the anchor having given way, and old Smith obeys his commander's hail, by laying along the locked yards, and followed by his men, charging those opposed to him, cutlass in hand. Annesley and his remaining followers endeavour to follow the daring example, but unable to get on the Chesapeake's yard, distract their immediate enemy's attention to their own safety. The stars descend, and the red cross, bent to the other part of the same halliards, is abreast of them on their descent when the first lieutenant of the Shannon, who, with his own hand, was effecting the transfer, falls mortally wounded by a shot from his own vessel.—At the same moment, Captain Brooke, who remained almost alone forward, (that part of the ship being in his undisputed possession for some minutes,) is treacherously attacked by three Americans, who had previously received quarter on throwing down their arms, and, despite the timely notice afforded him by a sentry placed over the fore hatchway, ere he can turn round, receives a

blow from the butt of a musket, which lays his skull bare, from one, and a cutlass thrust from a second,—the heart's blood of the first expiates his treachery, being run through by the Captain's sword,—the second is struck down (as he is about repeating his blow) by a bullet from Annesley's musket. Now, however, the greatest danger accrues—the wounded man grapples, with a deadly embrace, the legs of the victor chief, whilst a fresh assailant is about to finish the work,—old Smith sees his Captain's danger, and glides down by a stay, but perceiving that by any ordinary mode he will come too late, he lets himself fall from some thirty feet upon the assailant, both roll stunned on the deck together, and fresh hands rushing to the rescue, it was with difficulty that the fainting Brooke could save a little Yankee middy, who implored his protection, and whose ill-luck ordained that his first action should bring his ship into collision with an *equal* British force. This gentleman is now a distinguished officer in the navy of the United States.

The Stars descended to be rehoisted under

old England's flag, and the deck was in quick possession of the victors, when a fire up the main-hatchway killed the sentry placed over it, and wounded several men—a few rounds of musketry brought the Yankees to their bearings. In half the time it has cost us to record the battle—in *fourteen minutes from the firing of the first gun*—all was over.

Captain Brooke, after effecting the few temporary repairs necessary, shaped his course for Halifax, with his magnificent prize in company, leaving the before mentioned subscribers to the entertainment prepared for him, to eat it with what gout they might.

We hope “digestion waited upon appetite, and health on both.”

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CHAPTER XVII.

Edmund—"I pant for life, some good I mean to do."

KING LEAR.

MAN is a cooking animal,—good or evil fortunes interfere but slightly with this *essential difference* of the species, and as usual a party of his officers were assembled around the hospitable mahogany of their chief, the day after the capture of the Chesapeake, True it is, that although victory had wreathed for them crowns of her unfading laurel, the cabin party had rarely seemed so little joyous; for, mingling with the justly earned pride of victory and anticipation of honors, came the recollection, that for many who had as nobly won their country's gratitude, it would be "addressed to unattending ears," and serve at best to solace

mourning friends. Amongst them none was more sorrowful than our hero; for Ingram still continued in an unbroken lethargy, of him the surgeon entertained no hope; and old Smith, who for months had been his most intimate friend, was dangerously ill, though to outward appearance unhurt; he suffered intensely, breathing with extreme difficulty, and complaining of constant, and agonizing pains in his back and side—of him, however, the surgeon by no means despaired, arguing favorably from what, to the unlearned appeared the worst symptoms. He had been on the moment copiously bled, and the doctor thought that the pain would ere this have subsided, were fatal consequences to be apprehended from his fall. Captain Brooke, though his head was swathed with bandages, and his right arm in a sling, seemed the least sad of the party—one thing particularly consoled him, Tim Kelleher and his fellows had escaped unhurt, with the exception of scratches which would never have been taken into account at a fair or pattern, and he more than once dwelt on the pleasure which he

should feel in restoring them to the "*wives and little childher, the crathers.*" As to poor Tim, he was in Jack's Paradise, petted and grogged by all hands fore and aft. He had been the second on board the Chesapeake—the first to hear and obey the Captain's call, and his remark on their gaining the forecastle, with scarcely a show of opposition, was—

"I wondher, your honor, whether the spalpeens mane to come at all at all? Blood and agers! sure it isn't affther giving in they are already!"

"It is strange," continued Captain Brooke, who had laughingly told this anecdote of Tim, "it is strange,—but I am certain poor Tim would be much better pleased with our victory if we had earned the deck by having some few dozen of our boarders knocked in the head, even though he had not himself quite escaped. To those Irish, fighting is fun—they have a natural taste for it from boyhood upwards,—it is a pity that they care so little with whom they indulge in the pastime,—By the way, Annesley, how comes on Ingram?"

"But ill, Sir,—the doctor gives little hope."

"I am really sorry to hear it, boy—I will go and see him to-night."

"He won't know you, Sir; I have been a good deal with him, but although he has more than once called me by name, I hardly think he remembered me for three seconds together. I fear he and poor Smith are logged."

"I should be very sorry for poor Ingram's death, more particularly as he is again on the right tack; but about Smith—I trust sincerely you are mistaken,—I have never had it in my power to promote a more deserving officer. I called twice at his berth to-day, but he was asleep each time, so you shall have a pleasure I meant for myself, you may tell him that he has acting rank as lieutenant, and that no doubt can exist of his appointment being confirmed. I will see him to-morrow, meantime you may perhaps aid his recovery much, by telling him this."

"Thank you, Sir, on Smith's behalf, but more especially for making me the medium of communicating his promotion,—I know he never hoped for it, and it will therefore be doubly valued."

“He has earned it nobly, and on that account will not prize it the less. Poor Watts’ vacancy could not be filled up more worthily. I am sorry to hear that Ingram’s wound looks so ill—I should have liked to have done him a good turn too.”

Jemmy tarried not long at the table—he was eager to convey tidings which he hoped might have a salutary effect on poor Smith,—he therefore soon exchanged the Captain’s cabin for a seat in the cockpit, by his friend’s cot. He found the old mate awake, and suffering much less than he had a few hours before.

“How do you feel, old fellow?” he asked.

“Much easier, Jemmy—my back still aches, but my side is all right again. I hope to be fit for duty in a day or two.”

“So much the better, *sir*, all hands will be delighted.”

“What the deuce do you mean by ‘*sir*,’ Annesley?”

“Only, my dear fellow, that you have got the step which was so long your due. The Captain desired me tell you to get well as fast as possible, as he should greatly like to shake

hands with Lieutenant Smith, on the quarter deck."

"Then, Annesley, God be praised for all, I am well already. What will my poor father say—well I know how hardly earned and saved the stray remittances I received from him were, and how proud his old heart will be to hear that I have *won* my swab at last. I scarcely hoped it. Well, well—poor Watts—I would resign it gladly to have him back again."

"You have earned your promotion, Smith—Watts was a good fellow, and who could wish a happier death—instant—and while in the act of hauling down the colors of a superior enemy. Oh, may my last end be like his! But you must sleep and get well as fast as you can; so I won't talk to you any more, *sir*."

"Nonsense, Annesley, you have made me perfectly well."

"I am glad to hear it, old fellow—'happy dreams and slumbers light,'—I have to see about poor Ingram, so good night."

Crossing the cockpit he approached Ingram's cot—the skipper appeared more easy, his breathing was regular, and his face calm as

that of an infant. With renovated hope, Annesley threw himself into a spare cot, and in a few minutes ~~was~~ dreaming of Mary Weedon and Dunmaine. It seemed to him that he had but slept a moment, when one of the sick-bay attendants shook his shoulder, and having aroused him, said that Ingram wanted to speak to him,—he jumped up, and was by the side of the skipper's cot in an instant.

Ingram had entirely shaken off the lethargy which had lasted for thirty hours—his cheeks and eyes were as bright as was usual when in health, and Annesley congratulated him on the re-action that had taken place.

“Thank you, boy, thank you—I see you forgive me, and much need of forgiveness I feel; for, Annesley, *I am dying*—I cannot deceive myself—I feel that I am at the portal of the vast future. Much of the past is beyond recall, but some few ill-deeds may be atoned for, and some of them have influenced your fate. It is not to you that my confession must be made—I must see Captain Brooke.”

“That may scarcely be, Ingram, he is, no

doubt, turned in long ago, and is himself seriously hurt. In the morning you can see him—at present you have much more need of the surgeon.”

“No, no, Jemmy, the surgeon can do nothing except torment me—*my time is up*—I feel it—I know it. I *must* see Captain Brooke—after that, I put myself in the surgeon’s hands, not before. My first duty is to set long past matters right, as far as I can, afterwards I will take my chance in his hands, although I well know that I shall but incur increased suffering.”

“Captain Brooke said that he would see you in the morning, but as you press it, I will send for him.”

Brooke was not the man to neglect such a summons—in a few minutes he was by Ingram’s bed-side.

“I wish to speak with you alone, sir,” said the skipper, “or perhaps your clerk had better take down what I have to say, for it is of great importance.”

The clerk was sent for, and Annesley, taking the hint, left them, to sit by Smith.

His old comrade's face, as he slept, was serene, his breathing regular and calm; for some minutes Annesley gazed anxiously on him, endeavouring to form an opinion of his state—after a while his head sunk on his arm, and again he slept and dreamt, but now his visions were of more recent scenes,—Bushe sat near him, he was wounded, but a fair girl was by his bedside too, she smiled sweetly on him, and he was transcendantly happy; but with the swiftness of thought his vision changed,—his uncle, half the height of the fore-mast, was pointing the bow chasers of a sloop of war, and the shot was booming past—he has sprung on board the *Xarifa*, and his hand is on his nephew's throat,—the poor boy feels his eyes starting from his head in a convulsive struggle for breath,—he shakes off the murderer, and wakes to find that the grasp he felt was that of Captain Brooke.

“Annesley,” he said, “poor Ingram is dying—the surgeon gives him but half an hour to live—he has asked for you to rouse up,—I have exerted myself rather too much, but for your sake I am glad of it.”

“ For my sake, sir.”

“ Yes, my boy, for your sake. I cannot now explain, but you are deeply interested in Ingram’s confession; his repentance earns your forgiveness, so go to him; but before I turn in, how is Smith?”

“ All right, sir, I hope—you see his face is beaming with happiness, you have administered the best of opiates.” Of what dreamed the old mate—whether of old days, his present happiness, or a radiant future—we know not or should not have known, but for that beaming face, and the most inspired, if not the most poetic line which graces English verse—

“ Man never *is* but always *to be* blessed.”

The doctor, who accompanied the captain, touched his pulse, and at once pronounced his recovery certain.

Jemmy went to Ingram: the skipper’s eye still glowed with a hectic lustre, but even to the inexperience of our hero, it was apparent that he was fast sinking. He brightened up on Annesley’s approach, and raised himself on his arm.

"I am glad to see you once again, Jemmy ; in your case at least I have been enabled to do more good than I had done harm, thank God for it, and not my intentions at the time ; I do not offer you gold, which, obtained as it was, I know you would spurn, although there are few in this world who would detest its *odour* ; but I hope, through the captain, to be the means of restoring you to your true position. One thing I ask of you—" What that one thing was we cannot say, for at the moment an awful change took place. Ingram's eyes rolled back in the sockets, showing only the whites, although the lids were convulsively forced open ; for an instant his arm retained its muscular force, and his head fell drooping on his shoulder, the sinews relaxed, and his frame sunk on the cot. Jemmy imagined that he had fainted—and so he had, but it was a faint from which he rallied not. He drew a long gasping breath, another followed—after some seconds interval a slight convulsive shuddering passed tremblingly on his frame, and he was dead.

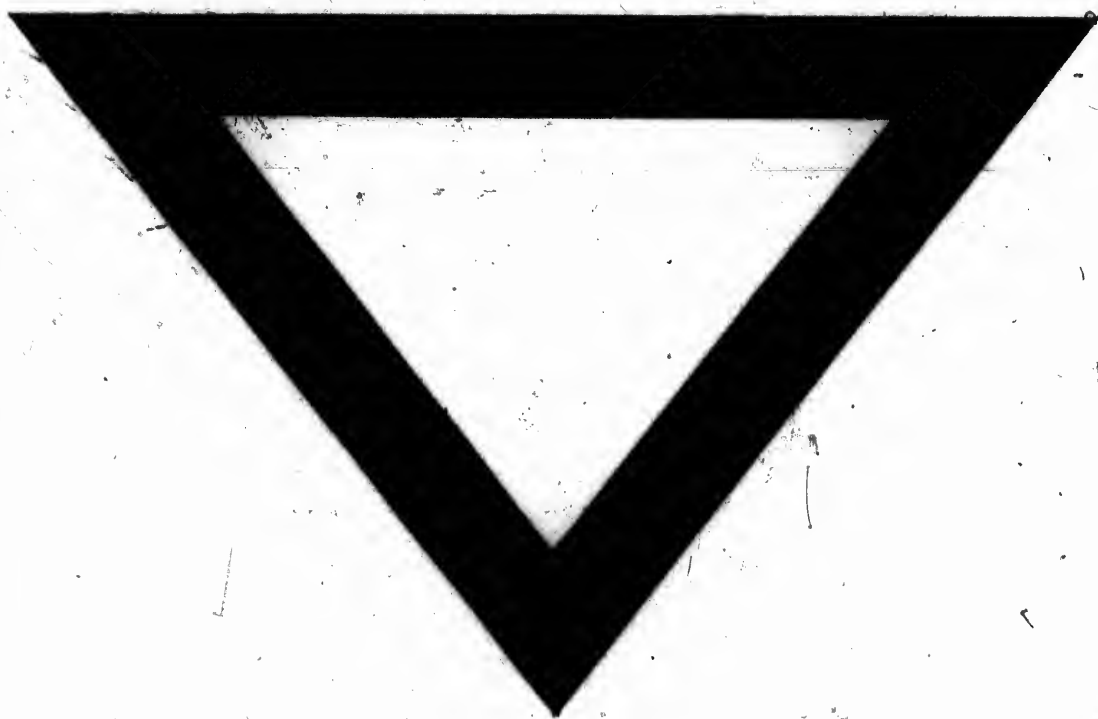
"Life and death—which is reality, and which a dream."

Poor Ingram's body was, on the next afternoon, together with those of some twenty others, committed to the deep—a sad and solemn ceremony it was. We have been present at the funerals of relations whom we loved, and who loved us, and have felt the hollow sound of the earth, the ashes, and the dust, as it rumbled on their narrow home, fall with a never-to-be-forgotten chill on our very souls; but we have also seen the body of a mere acquaintance committed to the ocean, with a far deeper sensation of awe. We know not why, for all the revolting churchyard images which force themselves on our mind, are then absent; the neighbourhood of mortality in all stages of decay—clammy, festering corpses—pah—

“An ounce of civet, good apothecary,
To sweeten mine imagination.”

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