

# Review

Terms—15 shillings per annum in advance.

Vol. IV.

SAINT JOHN, (N. B.) FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1840.

(12s. 6d. if paid in advance.)

No. 35.

## The Chronicle.

It is published every Friday afternoon, by Lewis W. Drayton & Co. at their Office in Mr. D. M. Miller's building, Prince William Street. Terms—15s. per annum, or 12s. 6d. if paid in advance.—When sent by mail, 2s. 6d. extra. Papers sent out of the City must be paid for in advance.

Any person forwarding the names of his responsible subscribers will be entitled to a copy gratis. Visiting and Business Cards, (plain and ornamental), Handbills, Banners, and Printing generally, neatly executed.

All letters, communications, &c. must be post paid, or they will not be attended to.—No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

## Weekly Almanac.

May.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thu.	Fri.
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

First Quarter 20, 11 1/2 hours.

## Miscellaneous.

### THE CORALLINES.

BY EDWARD HOWARD, AUTHOR OF "CONTAIN THE REBELS," &c.

(Continued.)

Pain and pleasure, the wormwood of sorrow and the sweets of a strange joy, were wonderfully, and mysteriously mingled in the bosoms of both. Sir Hugh gazed upon his child as if, by one look, he might make up for the neglect of eighteen years, and she was at once happy and sad. After a long pause, during which they lay a little recovered from their distressing emotions, she turned to him with a wistful smile, and said gently, "My dear father, I have a letter to you from my mother; it has not broken the seal, but I fear me that it is illegible—how warm and torn it is; and though I have read it in the best manner that I am able, the sea-wind must have obliterated much of the writing. But do not read it now, father; you are already too much moved."

"Give it me, even now, Florence. This letter must not be repeated—once, and no more. Captain Sir Hugh Estlin turned his countenance to his newly-found daughter, broke the seal of the letter, and perused its contents. The language of the family friend told of the violence of his agitation, but he carefully avoided looking at Florence. At length, placing the letter in his bosom, he exclaimed, "This struggle is over, my dear child; perhaps my mind will find some little repose. It now turns to kneel to your father; I do so humbly and contritely, to ask you to give me the pardon of your mother. It is her wish—and she has written it from your mother—your parent knelt to you."

"Without any false scruples she permitted him to assume the humble posture before her, and she said to him solemnly, "My mother prays you, Rise, dear father, and kiss me; her fatherly love, duty, and obedience from me to you be the seal of my conduct."

"And then much remained to be explained. She told him her mother, having once fallen, proceeded in the downward course, until all her family withdrew their countenance from her, and that she herself had formed a connexion with an artful and a spendthrift villain, who, having initiated her into all the secrets of swindling upon the grand scale, she had used her talents in the art, and transported for life had passed upon the piratical, or, at seven years upon her mother."

"And then she simply and pathetically told him how she had fared when she was torn from her mother to the prison, how fever and delirium had succeeded, and how kindly she had been nursed by the ladies at Chatham—and that there, much valuable time had been lost. She then related how, when she was sufficiently recovered, her father had banished her, and that she and her friends had sought comfort of the Lord in long prayer, and that it was through His grace that she should do all that she could to fill it—but that she felt that the Amelia had sailed—that her only chance of her meeting her father was, if she might put in a few hours in the Channel—and that she had been tended by a trusty old fellow, who had been sent by the coast-guard, who had bribed a smuggler to let her on board when they got near the ship; he refused to come alongside in the day of the night, for fear either of being pressed, or perhaps of something worse—daring great dangers, knowing the ship was on the point of sailing, and that, at her earnest entreaty, he had promised to meet her clandestinely on board—that she had fallen into the sea, and that, at last, she had, she knew not how, for her father's boatman had deserted her, contrived to climb into the boat, and then spoke of her shame at finding she had lost much of her dress, and of the kindness shown to her by the dull old 'Toby'."

"In his turn, Sir Hugh, after bestowing upon her every token of pity and affection, intimated to her that she must be the religious daughter of her father, and she accepted a little rashly. That point was over, no doubt, very acceptable things to her bosom, but she felt that she had been deceived by worldly means. That intimation in a lady, a woman's duty excepted, was bad and unwise."

"To all this cold reasoning of Sir Hugh she had not listened. In religious matters she was firm, and she fully believed that it was, in her, a religious duty, at all hazards, and at the sacrifice of all appearance, to fulfil the vow made to her mother, and make known her wishes to him."

"But see, my dear Florence, in what a strange predicament you have placed me! You hate, at the risk of your life, smuggled yourself on board this ship, to demand a knowledge you now possess here, publicly as my daughter. This would expose you both to ridicule. I have not even clothes necessary to your use. How must you pass here as a lad; and I must make up the best account that I am able."

"O my dear father, it is sinful towards God, all craft and all pretence, that partakes of the nature of bearing false witness. Think of the peril of your eternal soul!"

"Florence—my dear Florence, you will drive me mad. I am already suffering most acutely, do not let me embitter my strange union by religious controversy. There is now but one course to follow—you must remain on board here in the utmost secrecy, until I am able to place you in some wayward of your own excellent. Wait till we return to England, and I will prove to you, in my own spirit, a living and indulgent father."

"With her eyes moist with gratitude she kissed his forehead, and remained silent."

"She was soon intimated, with all that was comfortable, in her little berth, but treated in all outward respects as a close prisoner. The sentry at the cabin-door was ordered to consider her as strictly under his charge, and to prevent no one to speak with her, excepting the captain, the surgeon, and Frank Pughly. Affairs took a glorious turn for the latter heavy personage. He was discharged from all duty, excepting that of watching over and attending upon Florence. He was ordered, on pain of confinement in the stocks, never to go into her cabin, and not even to presume to cast his eyes into his door. He was ordered to look his hammock outside of her berth, and to do all her bidding."

"Among the officers who were known to Master Florence, or young Florence, and sometimes as the handsome eye; but she was never allowed to have the least communication with any of them."

"At first, close, and beautiful, and mutually beneficial, was the intercourse between the father and daughter. She increased daily in liveliness, and a strange, new, and ecstatic happiness arose in the breast of Sir Hugh, notwithstanding he had his moments, and hours, and even days of deep remorse. He had hitherto regarded his connexion with Florence Estlin's mother lightly, and even scornfully, as an elderly man of the world usually do. He had forgotten her almost totally, and when the remembrance of her intruded itself upon him, it was only to rebuke him for his want of respect to her memory. Had it not been for the duty, and the loyalty of the members of her family, even the little remembrance that he had of the transaction would have been much impaired."

"When Florence was not in her own private berth, she was usually in the after-cabin in the society of her father and the doctor, and she and her mother called them away, she was always in the company of Francis Pughly. When she came to walk on the deck for the benefit of the air, Frank was at her side, watching as a house-dog, and a part of the deck, from no other intention, was assigned to her. Things had not been more than a week in this state, when the master reported to the captain that the ship had reached a certain degree of latitude. When he had arrived there, Sir Hugh had sealed orders to open, and the period of them caused him great consternation. He sent for his daughter, and thus addressed her, "My dear Florence, the measure of my retribution for my past conduct is not yet filled up. There is a most hateful, a most heinous crime, supposed upon me—of all the crimes of his Majesty's navy, on my only child. There is, there must be something more than accident in this. Do not shudder, when I inform you that a transport ship was spoken at sea by a small vessel, the conduct of which had risen upon the crew and the military; that the military had been successful, most of the soldiers being drawn in by high spirits, for some of the Indian Islands. I am ordered, at all hazards, to sail for England, to receive my trial, and finish the service before I place myself under the command of the admiral on the East Indian station. 'Tis horrible thought. God bless this service give rise to."

"There is the hand of an all-wise Providence in this my dear father. Do His work that he has set out before you, manfully. You owe your mother the only, the great reparation. Through you, and for you, she died. Through you, and by you she may be again made perfect."

"What mean you, Florence?"

"Upon this long and most interesting declaration ensued, which, aided by Florence to convince—My father and my mother should be man and wife."

"This is too much—leave me."

"Florence submitted to her head, and, with tears in her eyes, withdrew once more. He then began the greatest captain's triumph of thought. He swore, and stamped, and raved; and at length feeling that he could no longer bear misery alone, he sent for his father-in-law, the doctor, and placing with him across and across the after-cabin, under the strictest pledge of secrecy, he told him the whole, upon which the following dialogue ensued."

"Sir Hugh—You preserve, my good doctor, that little mind will preach me into madness, and I shall be obliged to leave the beautiful and affectionate parson."

"Doctor—I am sure she deserves it. But suppose she should be right?"

"Sir Hugh—Right, doctor! How can you be so absurd? You, too, who are so prudent; whose expediency is so very expedient; whose policy you are so anxious to preserve. You know, as well as any man, that the marriage and religion which give to the world, are not those which govern his conduct."

"Doctor—All that is very true, captain; but, at our time of life, I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh, for supposing my superior officer either older or younger than myself, as it may be offensive either way—but I would, at least, that when you get near the ship, you should consider to reflect whether or not we are at all happy for it."

"Sir Hugh—Doctor, I have long desired of mine myself; the beautiful quiet of the mind can be mine no more; and I fear that in this I am like most ambitious persons. But I have not the least intention to preserve my self from wound or hurt; it is one of my highest. The mother of the dear child, with the thought, the action, and the blood of beauty in my veins, marry—in the day of her beauty, and when past the prime of her life, a heart and a covered forehead—upon occasion of her."

"Doctor—If you are to decide the question upon guttural, you cannot have a better."

"Sir Hugh—Are you serious, Mr. Quiller? This is the very strain in which Florence talks. She has even had the audacity to tell me that she has a right, after my conduct, to hope for earthly happiness, but that I need not despair of it, if I have the courage to repent, do justice, and make all the reparation in my power. I am bound to death; when I oppose the little saint with excellent arguments, founded upon common sense, she assumes the look of a reproving angel, and stops my mouth with a quotation from the holy Evangelists."

"Doctor—Well, Sir Hugh, it is no matter to me to read you a great moral lesson, and there are very few of us indeed, that go down in the ships on the great waters, that have any right to make use of the oratory of the Scriptures to fire upon each other. I am always for tempering—excepting in very rare cases medical and surgical. You are if you cannot cure the lady, whom you have seduced and ruined, in the revealed spirit of his blood there, you are very likely to meet it—you have no moral duties, activity and make all the reparation by the villain—nothing more probable, and let the worst come to the worst, and that she and you were standing face to face, she might even refuse the reparation of your hand, and prefer the society of the combed who has tempted her on to the very verge of the gulf; for the power of true love in a woman's bosom is irresistible."

"Sir Hugh—This is cold comfort, conveyed in very cruel words. I must rid myself of Florence—land-society provide for her future support—and, in my moral duties, activity and make all the reparation, and land, and remain silent."

"She was soon intimated, with all that was comfortable, in her little berth, but treated in all outward respects as a close prisoner. The sentry at the cabin-door was ordered to consider her as strictly under his charge, and to prevent no one to speak with her, excepting the captain, the surgeon, and Frank Pughly. Affairs took a glorious turn for the latter heavy personage. He was discharged from all duty, excepting that of watching over and attending upon Florence. He was ordered, on pain of confinement in the stocks, never to go into her cabin, and not even to presume to cast his eyes into his door. He was ordered to look his hammock outside of her berth, and to do all her bidding."

"Among the officers who were known to Master Florence, or young Florence, and sometimes as the handsome eye; but she was never allowed to have the least communication with any of them."

"At first, close, and beautiful, and mutually beneficial, was the intercourse between the father and daughter. She increased daily in liveliness, and a strange, new, and ecstatic happiness arose in the breast of Sir Hugh, notwithstanding he had his moments, and hours, and even days of deep remorse. He had hitherto regarded his connexion with Florence Estlin's mother lightly, and even scornfully, as an elderly man of the world usually do. He had forgotten her almost totally, and when the remembrance of her intruded itself upon him, it was only to rebuke him for his want of respect to her memory. Had it not been for the duty, and the loyalty of the members of her family, even the little remembrance that he had of the transaction would have been much impaired."

"When Florence was not in her own private berth, she was usually in the after-cabin in the society of her father and the doctor, and she and her mother called them away, she was always in the company of Francis Pughly. When she came to walk on the deck for the benefit of the air, Frank was at her side, watching as a house-dog, and a part of the deck, from no other intention, was assigned to her. Things had not been more than a week in this state, when the master reported to the captain that the ship had reached a certain degree of latitude. When he had arrived there, Sir Hugh had sealed orders to open, and the period of them caused him great consternation. He sent for his daughter, and thus addressed her, "My dear Florence, the measure of my retribution for my past conduct is not yet filled up. There is a most hateful, a most heinous crime, supposed upon me—of all the crimes of his Majesty's navy, on my only child. There is, there must be something more than accident in this. Do not shudder, when I inform you that a transport ship was spoken at sea by a small vessel, the conduct of which had risen upon the crew and the military; that the military had been successful, most of the soldiers being drawn in by high spirits, for some of the Indian Islands. I am ordered, at all hazards, to sail for England, to receive my trial, and finish the service before I place myself under the command of the admiral on the East Indian station. 'Tis horrible thought. God bless this service give rise to."

"There is the hand of an all-wise Providence in this my dear father. Do His work that he has set out before you, manfully. You owe your mother the only, the great reparation. Through you, and for you, she died. Through you, and by you she may be again made perfect."

"What mean you, Florence?"

"Upon this long and most interesting declaration ensued, which, aided by Florence to convince—My father and my mother should be man and wife."

"This is too much—leave me."

"Florence submitted to her head, and, with tears in her eyes, withdrew once more. He then began the greatest captain's triumph of thought. He swore, and stamped, and raved; and at length feeling that he could no longer bear misery alone, he sent for his father-in-law, the doctor, and placing with him across and across the after-cabin, under the strictest pledge of secrecy, he told him the whole, upon which the following dialogue ensued."

"Sir Hugh—You preserve, my good doctor, that little mind will preach me into madness, and I shall be obliged to leave the beautiful and affectionate parson."

"Doctor—I am sure she deserves it. But suppose she should be right?"

"Sir Hugh—Right, doctor! How can you be so absurd? You, too, who are so prudent; whose expediency is so very expedient; whose policy you are so anxious to preserve. You know, as well as any man, that the marriage and religion which give to the world, are not those which govern his conduct."

"Doctor—All that is very true, captain; but, at our time of life, I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh, for supposing my superior officer either older or younger than myself, as it may be offensive either way—but I would, at least, that when you get near the ship, you should consider to reflect whether or not we are at all happy for it."

"Sir Hugh—Doctor, I have long desired of mine myself; the beautiful quiet of the mind can be mine no more; and I fear that in this I am like most ambitious persons. But I have not the least intention to preserve my self from wound or hurt; it is one of my highest. The mother of the dear child, with the thought, the action, and the blood of beauty in my veins, marry—in the day of her beauty, and when past the prime of her life, a heart and a covered forehead—upon occasion of her."

"Doctor—If you are to decide the question upon guttural, you cannot have a better."

she was usually in the after-cabin in the society of her father and the doctor, and she and her mother called them away, she was always in the company of Francis Pughly. When she came to walk on the deck for the benefit of the air, Frank was at her side, watching as a house-dog, and a part of the deck, from no other intention, was assigned to her. Things had not been more than a week in this state, when the master reported to the captain that the ship had reached a certain degree of latitude. When he had arrived there, Sir Hugh had sealed orders to open, and the period of them caused him great consternation. He sent for his daughter, and thus addressed her, "My dear Florence, the measure of my retribution for my past conduct is not yet filled up. There is a most hateful, a most heinous crime, supposed upon me—of all the crimes of his Majesty's navy, on my only child. There is, there must be something more than accident in this. Do not shudder, when I inform you that a transport ship was spoken at sea by a small vessel, the conduct of which had risen upon the crew and the military; that the military had been successful, most of the soldiers being drawn in by high spirits, for some of the Indian Islands. I am ordered, at all hazards, to sail for England, to receive my trial, and finish the service before I place myself under the command of the admiral on the East Indian station. 'Tis horrible thought. God bless this service give rise to."

"There is the hand of an all-wise Providence in this my dear father. Do His work that he has set out before you, manfully. You owe your mother the only, the great reparation. Through you, and for you, she died. Through you, and by you she may be again made perfect."

"What mean you, Florence?"

"Upon this long and most interesting declaration ensued, which, aided by Florence to convince—My father and my mother should be man and wife."

"This is too much—leave me."

"Florence submitted to her head, and, with tears in her eyes, withdrew once more. He then began the greatest captain's triumph of thought. He swore, and stamped, and raved; and at length feeling that he could no longer bear misery alone, he sent for his father-in-law, the doctor, and placing with him across and across the after-cabin, under the strictest pledge of secrecy, he told him the whole, upon which the following dialogue ensued."

"Sir Hugh—You preserve, my good doctor, that little mind will preach me into madness, and I shall be obliged to leave the beautiful and affectionate parson."

"Doctor—I am sure she deserves it. But suppose she should be right?"

"Sir Hugh—Right, doctor! How can you be so absurd? You, too, who are so prudent; whose expediency is so very expedient; whose policy you are so anxious to preserve. You know, as well as any man, that the marriage and religion which give to the world, are not those which govern his conduct."

"Doctor—All that is very true, captain; but, at our time of life, I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh, for supposing my superior officer either older or younger than myself, as it may be offensive either way—but I would, at least, that when you get near the ship, you should consider to reflect whether or not we are at all happy for it."

"Sir Hugh—Doctor, I have long desired of mine myself; the beautiful quiet of the mind can be mine no more; and I fear that in this I am like most ambitious persons. But I have not the least intention to preserve my self from wound or hurt; it is one of my highest. The mother of the dear child, with the thought, the action, and the blood of beauty in my veins, marry—in the day of her beauty, and when past the prime of her life, a heart and a covered forehead—upon occasion of her."

"Doctor—If you are to decide the question upon guttural, you cannot have a better."

"Sir Hugh—Are you serious, Mr. Quiller? This is the very strain in which Florence talks. She has even had the audacity to tell me that she has a right, after my conduct, to hope for earthly happiness, but that I need not despair of it, if I have the courage to repent, do justice, and make all the reparation in my power. I am bound to death; when I oppose the little saint with excellent arguments, founded upon common sense, she assumes the look of a reproving angel, and stops my mouth with a quotation from the holy Evangelists."

"Doctor—Well, Sir Hugh, it is no matter to me to read you a great moral lesson, and there are very few of us indeed, that go down in the ships on the great waters, that have any right to make use of the oratory of the Scriptures to fire upon each other. I am always for tempering—excepting in very rare cases medical and surgical. You are if you cannot cure the lady, whom you have seduced and ruined, in the revealed spirit of his blood there, you are very likely to meet it—you have no moral duties, activity and make all the reparation by the villain—nothing more probable, and let the worst come to the worst, and that she and you were standing face to face, she might even refuse the reparation of your hand, and prefer the society of the combed who has tempted her on to the very verge of the gulf; for the power of true love in a woman's bosom is irresistible."

"Sir Hugh—This is cold comfort, conveyed in very cruel words. I must rid myself of Florence—land-society provide for her future support—and, in my moral duties, activity and make all the reparation, and land, and remain silent."

"She was soon intimated, with all that was comfortable, in her little berth, but treated in all outward respects as a close prisoner. The sentry at the cabin-door was ordered to consider her as strictly under his charge, and to prevent no one to speak with her, excepting the captain, the surgeon, and Frank Pughly. Affairs took a glorious turn for the latter heavy personage. He was discharged from all duty, excepting that of watching over and attending upon Florence. He was ordered, on pain of confinement in the stocks, never to go into her cabin, and not even to presume to cast his eyes into his door. He was ordered to look his hammock outside of her berth, and to do all her bidding."

"Among the officers who were known to Master Florence, or young Florence, and sometimes as the handsome eye; but she was never allowed to have the least communication with any of them."

"At first, close, and beautiful, and mutually beneficial, was the intercourse between the father and daughter. She increased daily in liveliness, and a strange, new, and ecstatic happiness arose in the breast of Sir Hugh, notwithstanding he had his moments, and hours, and even days of deep remorse. He had hitherto regarded his connexion with Florence Estlin's mother lightly, and even scornfully, as an elderly man of the world usually do. He had forgotten her almost totally, and when the remembrance of her intruded itself upon him, it was only to rebuke him for his want of respect to her memory. Had it not been for the duty, and the loyalty of the members of her family, even the little remembrance that he had of the transaction would have been much impaired."

"When Florence was not in her own private berth, she was usually in the after-cabin in the society of her father and the doctor, and she and her mother called them away, she was always in the company of Francis Pughly. When she came to walk on the deck for the benefit of the air, Frank was at her side, watching as a house-dog, and a part of the deck, from no other intention, was assigned to her. Things had not been more than a week in this state, when the master reported to the captain that the ship had reached a certain degree of latitude. When he had arrived there, Sir Hugh had sealed orders to open, and the period of them caused him great consternation. He sent for his daughter, and thus addressed her, "My dear Florence, the measure of my retribution for my past conduct is not yet filled up. There is a most hateful, a most heinous crime, supposed upon me—of all the crimes of his Majesty's navy, on my only child. There is, there must be something more than accident in this. Do not shudder, when I inform you that a transport ship was spoken at sea by a small vessel, the conduct of which had risen upon the crew and the military; that the military had been successful, most of the soldiers being drawn in by high spirits, for some of the Indian Islands. I am ordered, at all hazards, to sail for England, to receive my trial, and finish the service before I place myself under the command of the admiral on the East Indian station. 'Tis horrible thought. God bless this service give rise to."

"There is the hand of an all-wise Providence in this my dear father. Do His work that he has set out before you, manfully. You owe your mother the only, the great reparation. Through you, and for you, she died. Through you, and by you she may be again made perfect."

"What mean you, Florence?"

"Upon this long and most interesting declaration ensued, which, aided by Florence to convince—My father and my mother should be man and wife."

"This is too much—leave me."

"Florence submitted to her head, and, with tears in her eyes, withdrew once more. He then began the greatest captain's triumph of thought. He swore, and stamped, and raved; and at length feeling that he could no longer bear misery alone, he sent for his father-in-law, the doctor, and placing with him across and across the after-cabin, under the strictest pledge of secrecy, he told him the whole, upon which the following dialogue ensued."

"Sir Hugh—You preserve, my good doctor, that little mind will preach me into madness, and I shall be obliged to leave the beautiful and affectionate parson."

"Doctor—I am sure she deserves it. But suppose she should be right?"

"Sir Hugh—Right, doctor! How can you be so absurd? You, too, who are so prudent; whose expediency is so very expedient; whose policy you are so anxious to preserve. You know, as well as any man, that the marriage and religion which give to the world, are not those which govern his conduct."

"Doctor—All that is very true, captain; but, at our time of life, I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh, for supposing my superior officer either older or younger than myself, as it may be offensive either way—but I would, at least, that when you get near the ship, you should consider to reflect whether or not we are at all happy for it."

"Sir Hugh—Doctor, I have long desired of mine myself; the beautiful quiet of the mind can be mine no more; and I fear that in this I am like most ambitious persons. But I have not the least intention to preserve my self from wound or hurt; it is one of my highest. The mother of the dear child, with the thought, the action, and the blood of beauty in my veins, marry—in the day of her beauty, and when past the prime of her life, a heart and a covered forehead—upon occasion of her."

"Doctor—If you are to decide the question upon guttural, you cannot have a better."

"Sir Hugh—Are you serious, Mr. Quiller? This is the very strain in which Florence talks. She has even had the audacity to tell me that she has a right, after my conduct, to hope for earthly happiness, but that I need not despair of it, if I have the courage to repent, do justice, and make all the reparation in my power. I am bound to death; when I oppose the little saint with excellent arguments, founded upon common sense, she assumes the look of a reproving angel, and stops my mouth with a quotation from the holy Evangelists."

"Doctor—Well, Sir Hugh, it is no matter to me to read you a great moral lesson, and there are very few of us indeed, that go down in the ships on the great waters, that have any right to make use of the oratory of the Scriptures to fire upon each other. I am always for tempering—excepting in very rare cases medical and surgical. You are if you cannot cure the lady, whom you have seduced and ruined, in the revealed spirit of his blood there, you are very likely to meet it—you have no moral duties, activity and make all the reparation by the villain—nothing more probable, and let the worst come to the worst, and that she and you were standing face to face, she might even refuse the reparation of your hand, and prefer the society of the combed who has tempted her on to the very verge of the gulf; for the power of true love in a woman's bosom is irresistible."

"Sir Hugh—This is cold comfort, conveyed in very cruel words. I must rid myself of Florence—land-society provide for her future support—and, in my moral duties, activity and make all the reparation, and land, and remain silent."

"She was soon intimated, with all that was comfortable, in her little berth, but treated in all outward respects as a close prisoner. The sentry at the cabin-door was ordered to consider her as strictly under his charge, and to prevent no one to speak with her, excepting the captain, the surgeon, and Frank Pughly. Affairs took a glorious turn for the latter heavy personage. He was discharged from all duty, excepting that of watching over and attending upon Florence. He was ordered, on pain of confinement in the stocks, never to go into her cabin, and not even to presume to cast his eyes into his door. He was ordered to look his hammock outside of her berth, and to do all her bidding."

"Among the officers who were known to Master Florence, or young Florence, and sometimes as the handsome eye; but she was never allowed to have the least communication with any of them."

"At first, close, and beautiful, and mutually beneficial, was the intercourse between the father and daughter. She increased daily in liveliness, and a strange, new, and ecstatic happiness arose in the breast of Sir Hugh, notwithstanding he had his moments, and hours, and even days of deep remorse. He had hitherto regarded his connexion with Florence Estlin's mother lightly, and even scornfully, as an elderly man of the world usually do. He had forgotten her almost totally, and when the remembrance of her intruded itself upon him, it was only to rebuke him for his want of respect to her memory. Had it not been for the duty, and the loyalty of the members of her family, even the little remembrance that he had of the transaction would have been much impaired."

"When Florence was not in her own private berth, she was usually in the after-cabin in the society of her father and the doctor, and she and her mother called them away, she was always in the company of Francis Pughly. When she came to walk on the deck for the benefit of the air, Frank was at her side, watching as a house-dog, and a part of the deck, from no other intention, was assigned to her. Things had not been more than a week in this state, when the master reported to the captain that the ship had reached a certain degree of latitude. When he had arrived there, Sir Hugh had sealed orders to open, and the period of them caused him great consternation. He sent for his daughter, and thus addressed her, "My dear Florence, the measure of my retribution for my past conduct is not yet filled up. There is a most hateful, a most heinous crime, supposed upon me—of all the crimes of his Majesty's navy, on my only child. There is, there must be something more than accident in this. Do not shudder, when I inform you that a transport ship was spoken at sea by a small vessel, the conduct of which had risen upon the crew and the military; that the military had been successful, most of the soldiers being drawn in by high spirits, for some of the Indian Islands. I am ordered, at all hazards, to sail for England, to receive my trial, and finish the service before I place myself under the command of the admiral on the East Indian station. 'Tis horrible thought. God bless this service give rise to."

"There is the hand of an all-wise Providence in this my dear father. Do His work that he has set out before you, manfully. You owe your mother the only, the great reparation. Through you, and for you, she died. Through you, and by you she may be again made perfect."

"What mean you, Florence?"

"Upon this long and most interesting declaration ensued, which, aided by Florence to convince—My father and my mother should be man and wife."

"This is too much—leave me."

"Florence submitted to her head, and, with tears in her eyes, withdrew once more. He then began the greatest captain's triumph of thought. He swore, and stamped, and raved; and at length feeling that he could no longer bear misery alone, he sent for his father-in-law, the doctor, and placing with him across and across the after-cabin, under the strictest pledge of secrecy, he told him the whole, upon which the following dialogue ensued."

"Sir Hugh—You preserve, my good doctor, that little mind will preach me into madness, and I shall be obliged to leave the beautiful and affectionate parson."

"Doctor—I am sure she deserves it. But suppose she should be right?"

"Sir Hugh—Right, doctor! How can you be so absurd? You, too, who are so prudent; whose expediency is so very expedient; whose policy you are so anxious to preserve. You know, as well as any man, that the marriage and religion which give to the world, are not those which govern his conduct."

"Doctor—All that is very true, captain; but, at our time of life, I beg your pardon, Sir Hugh, for supposing my superior officer either older or younger than myself, as it may be offensive either way—but I would, at least, that when you get near the ship, you should consider to reflect whether or not we are at all happy for it."

"Sir Hugh—Doctor, I have long desired of mine myself; the beautiful quiet of the mind can be mine no more; and I fear that in this I am like most ambitious persons. But I have not the least intention to preserve my self from wound or hurt; it is one of my highest. The mother of the dear child, with the thought, the action, and the blood of beauty in my veins, marry—in the day of her beauty, and when past the prime of her life, a heart and a covered forehead—upon occasion of her."

How, then, which it would take volumes to describe; its narrow streets, high houses, each story of which projected from the lower one and forms a canopy over the throng of turbaned men, veiled women, crowds of camels and donkeys, a perfect picture of what we read in the Arabian Nights entertainments. We employed a week in visiting the Mosque, the celebrated Garden of Shambou, belonging to Mahomet Ali, the Viceroy or rather King of Egypt; the most fairy scene I ever enjoyed. On the 26th March, we wandered through flowerbeds and green lawns, and in the evening, the most beautiful scene I ever enjoyed. On the 26th March, we wandered through flowerbeds and green lawns, and in the evening, the most beautiful scene I ever enjoyed. On the 26th March, we wandered through flowerbeds and green lawns, and in the evening, the most beautiful scene I ever enjoyed.

On the 26th March





