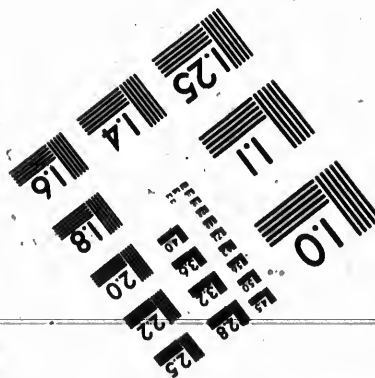
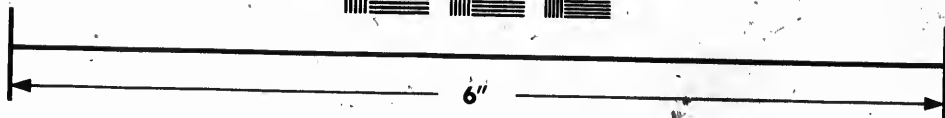
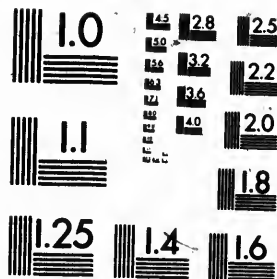


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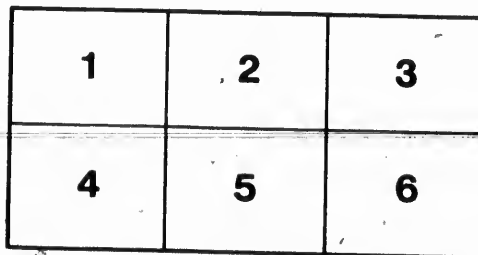
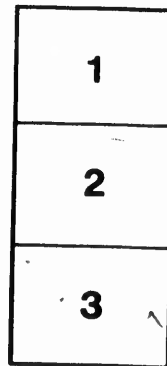
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ALTHAM :

A TALE OF THE SEA.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

JOHN S. CUMMINS, ESQ.,

LT. COL. CANADA MILITIA.

VOL. II.

LONDON :

SAUNDERS AND OTLEY, CONDUIT STREET.

1849.

GEORGE PERCELL AND CO., PRINTERS, CORK.

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ALTHAM.

CHAPTER I.

“ Beshrew me but I love her heartily ;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself ;
And therefore like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant heart.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

HALIFAX^v is proverbially gay and hospitable at all times—more particularly during war ; but never was it more remarkably so than on the Shannon’s arrival. It required all Jonathan’s previous bragging to give such zest to so usual an occurrence then, as that of an enemy’s frigate of slightly superior force being brought in ; but the American navy of the day consisted of only a few frigates, to which, however, we had scarcely one of anything like equal force to oppose. Had Captain Brooke captured a Frenchman of the

same superiority, little, comparatively speaking would have been thought of it. Uncle Sam had entirely succeeded in persuading himself, and more than half convincing such of our countrymen as were ignorant of naval affairs, that at sea his prowess was unequalled. It was therefore that such gratulation was expressed when the first action of nearly equal ships, set the question so effectually at rest.

As to the capture of a solitary frigate, it was a matter of no importance to England, and the loss could be but slightly felt by the United States; but morally considered it was a conquest. The rulers of the infant republic could only hope to console their country for the total destruction of her foreign commerce, which their navy was unable to protect, by triumphs in single actions of equal ships, and hitherto their rulers and press had furnished the people with an abundant harvest of "glorious news," rating sloops of 10 and 18 guns, as "fine frigates," when taken from us, and glorifying the readers of their "naval chronicles," by similar Yankee tricks. The respective forces of the Chesapeake and the Shannon were,

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however, too well known to be *much* falsified; still the proceedings of the court of enquiry, which reported on the causes of the capture of the former, shewed how sore the parties composing it felt, and that there was at least no indisposition on their parts to lessen the national discomfiture, by the grossest misrepresentation of all kinds.

It was for the above reasons that the ever loyal Novascotians vied with each other in fêting Captain Brooke and his officers. Old Smith was on his pins again — merely evincing (whence arising, of course we know not,) a mercurial indisposition to sit still for a moment at a time. The Admiral had at once confirmed his promotion, and the old fellow was in the seventh heaven. As usual, Annesley and he were inseparable. Jemmy was a handsome gentlemanlike lad, and was in great request at all the shines. Amongst the Halifax belles, his acquaintance was extended, and despite his junior rank, we doubt whether Captain Brooke himself was considered a more desirable partner, at least by the young ladies themselves. Now and then a mamma did certainly

manœuvre to sever her fair daughters from the handsome mid, but often in vain. Few partners are so acceptable to the lassies as a good-looking little middy—the dear young *saltees* are so full of fun and frolic, so gallant, so frank, and yet so polished when in ladies' society. Salt water and French polish differ essentially, and the gun-room is by no means noted for the elegance of its intercourse; yet who of either sex, whether young or old, has associated with its occupants ashore, and not been delighted? the young scamps are always welcome companions, more especially to ladies of their own age; they are indeed generally

“ Variable as the shade,
By the light quivering aspen made,”

in their *liaisons*, which, though too often entered on with the sole intention of spending the passing hour, sometimes are for the moment sincere as they are brief. We know not in which of these classes to place a flame on which Annesley's shipmates quizzed him—its object was certainly well calculated to excite the latter—whilst the actual cautery which she

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unsparingly applied to his romance, shewed that she at least was yet free from the rankling of the boy-god's arrows. Annesley was proud of her as a partner, (for she was the belle of Halifax,) and delighted in her society, for, unless when he presumed too far, she was gentleness itself. Her well informed mind reflected warmly his boyish generosity, and the innate nobleness of his thoughts. In his quiet moments he sought her approval of each projected action, and if he read it not in her soft blue eye, felt that he must be wrong; but if she smiled on thoughts which she read, though but half expressed, that sunny smile assured his wavering judgment. Did he love her?—perhaps he had, were not that reminiscences which scarcely assumed a tangible form, were ever present, arming him in proof against master Cupid's assaults. If the sly boy's arrows had touched him in by-gone days it was but to produce for the moment pleasant pain, and when he remembered Isabella Brock, he felt but the happier in the recollection of their youthful friendship; but his heart had never reflected, *when alone*, another image.

In the sweet girl whose evening companion he now constantly was, he unconsciously worshipped her likeness, for in many respects they were alike. At all events their alliance gave pleasure to each—neither was of an age to detect the lurking quagmire beneath the fresh wreaths of foliage on which they sported—

“Their ways were ways of pleasantness,”

and thoughtless and joyous was their path.

On such terms was Annesley with ———, the second daughter of Sir ———, the highly esteemed Governor of Nova Scotia, at whose house, the kind mention of his Captain had made him always welcome, and where we take up the too long neglected thread of our story.

Government House was brilliantly lighted up. No absurd conventionality closed its hospitable doors to the wealthy and well-informed mercantile community, whose presence, with that of their wives and blooming daughters, formed one of its chief attractions. The crowded saloons were gay as morning—

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fair forms twined the mazy dance to the delicious music of a military band, softened by distance. The glittering uniform of the soldier, mingled with the more tasteful one of the sailor, and the chaste plain dress of the civilian—the sweet presence of woman shed its balmy influence around, and all was happiness as perfect as is allowed us here below. The brave old soldier, whose half century of service had been rewarded by his sovereign with the government of the Colony, hung over his daughter's chair, interchanging with its occupant and our hero, that light chat which forms the staple of our usual intercourse.

“Why are you not dancing, my Mary?”

“I have been, papa, and am a little tired, besides, I hardly like dancing with a new acquaintance, and the officers who have arrived to-day are the only partners who have offered—to them I have pleaded fatigue.”

“I did not expect such an accusation from you, Miss Mary,” cried Annesley, “I am not a very new acquaintance. I hope, Sir, you do not imagine that I have not pressed Miss Mary to dance.”

"You know Mr. Annesley I had twice danced with you before, so you cannot complain."

"I am not given to complaining, lady, more especially when you grant me the more enviable gratification of your society in a quiet chat."

The old General's calm eye rested for an instant or two, first on his daughter and then on Annesley, with a questioning glance—no consciousness tinged either cheek.

"You are right to reserve yourself, Mary, I hope to have the pleasure by and by of presenting to you one of the most agreeable young men I have for some time met. He is *aid-de-camp* to the General in command of the new arrival—I wonder the party has not appeared."

A glance passed with electric rapidity between the young people. After our elucidation, was it coquetry? we fancy not: a sufficiently jealous feeling may exist between two young people of different sexes, without bordering on love or its subordinate phases. The Governor passed on to do the honors of

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his house to others, and Annesley continued to chat with his former partner; they criticized the different parties who now flew by in the fascinating waltz, or swept through the more stately quadrille. A movement took place at the door of the room, and even the sweet tones of Mary's voice were unheeded; for with his daughters leaning on each arm, and his uniform decked with the aiguillette of a general officer, the father of Alice and Isabella entered, followed by Mountmorris as his aid. Scarcely a year had passed since Annesley had been their uncle's guest at Mountjoy Square, yet in that brief space his favorite Isabella had ripened into womanhood; had she not been in company with her father and sister, he could scarcely have recognised her, at least at first sight. Sparkling eyes and lovely forms had surrounded him during the evening, and he had enjoyed the association with a zest which a sailor alone can feel; but amongst them, to his eye at least, none could compare with Isabella; his senses wandered to long passed scenes as he gazed on her. Mary at length perceived his abstraction.

“ May I ask, Mr. Annesley, what it is which prevents your answering me ? ”

“ Pardon my rudeness—I am certain you will, when I tell you that General Brock and his daughters have been amongst the kindest friends of my boyhood, and that until this instant I was not aware that they were in America.”

“ They must be the arrivals of whom my father spoke—pray let no idle ceremony detain you from your friends.”

Had Mary entertained even a latent feeling for our hero, his meeting with the Brocks would have pained her, but it was not so ; she esteemed and liked him as an acquaintance, but that was all ; it was therefore that she felt unmixed pleasure at seeing him most heartily received by the veteran and Lord Mountmorris, whilst the General’s youngest daughter testified her surprise and pleasure by soft blushes. The observant eye of a female friend reads our hearts ere their pulsations are rightly construed by ourselves, and Mary had already sketched a shining future for Annesley and Isabella Brock, ere they had exchanged their blushing greetings.

The surprise felt by Jemmy and the General's party, was mutual, but did not equal the pleasure which the meeting afforded. Sir Isaac took the earliest opportunity of withdrawing with Annesley and Mountmorris to an unoccupied card-room and seating himself, said—

“We fancied you still with Mr. Bushe's uncle, working away in the Attorney's office. How in the name of fortune, have you been metamorphosed into a navy officer?”

“The tale is a long one, sir; but if you can afford me a few minutes, I will condense it.”

“Let us hear it, my boy.”

Jemmy briefly told his tale, in delicacy to Mountmorris, suppressing his suspicion that Lord Altham was his evil genius.

“'Tis a wonderful story, Annesley,” said the General, after musing for a few minutes, “and beyond my comprehension; but Mr. Quill shall make all clear—my utmost endeavours shall be exerted to punish the scoundrel, and do you right. Take an opportunity to introduce me to your gallant Captain—I long to make his acquaintance, were it

only to thank him for his kindness to you ; and now let us rejoin the girls, they are no doubt as curious as their old father to hear your adventures. Of course you take up your quarters at my house for the few days I remain here, at least when duty does not intervene."

Notwithstanding the delicacy which had prevented Annesley's touching on any point in his history, which might lead suspicion towards Lord Altham, a chill oppressed the heart of Mountmorris, as he proceeded, and the most painful of all doubts, that of a loved father's honor, fell on his spirit and clouded his brow ; he could not help remembering the unaccountable dislike evinced by Lord Altham to Annesley after his wound, and the prohibition so strongly insisted on against their intimacy. He was also aware that just before he left, Mr. Quill had been appointed agent to the estates in Galway, and Jemmy's abstraction happening scarcely a month after,—the whole subject was shrouded in painful mystery.

They rejoined the ladies, who gladly renewed their acquaintance with Annesley, questioning him as opportunity offered. Alice's attention

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was soon taken up with Mountmorris, whose depression she perceived. They had only met that day, after a long absence, during which the young noble had been with his regiment, from which he was recalled by an order to await General Brock's arrival at Halifax, and to attach himself to his staff. Short as had been the period of their reunion, much of deep importance to the happiness of both had passed, and though no express troth had been exchanged, yet each heart was glowing with happiness, when they entered the Governor's house. It was therefore that the gloomy abstraction which he manifested, on rejoining their party, after the conversation with Annesley, almost instantly attracted Alice's attention and fond sympathy.

"You have heard ill tidings, Edward—or something has occurred to pain you."

"Much, sweet Alice—Annesley has been most infamously treated, and placed in the hands of pirates, from which extraordinary good fortune alone has delivered him."

"Our young friend is certainly in a far better position than when we last met; and

although this does not absolve the unintentional authors of his good fortune, surely there is nothing to regret."

"Not on his behalf, certainly. Pardon me, dearest Alice, if I cannot even to you, explain my present feelings, as they are founded on what may, I trust, prove idle suspicions—still I cannot shake off the depression which your kindness has noticed. What a lovely girl Annesley is introducing to your sister—let us too make her acquaintance."

Happily the evening sped for Jemmy. Mary — had read his secret soul, and in a thousand apparently trifling ways advanced his suit. Nothing pleads more strongly the merit of a lover, than finding it appreciated by one to whom his homage might be worthily devoted, but *is* not; and very different would have been Isabella's sensations at hearing Annesley mentioned in such terms by a lovely girl, were it not apparent at a glance that they were simply warm friends.

General Brock reminded Jemmy of his engagement to introduce him to his Commander; and taking his arm, led him to

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where the hero of the day was surrounded by the most distinguished persons present. All made way for the noble looking old soldier—the introduction took place, and Jemmy blushed gracefully at the praises bestowed on his conduct during the period he had served in his ship, by Captain Brooke, who concluded by requesting to know at what hour he should wait on the General the next day—saying, that he had much of deep importance to communicate on a subject which he doubted not would be of great interest.

“Name your own hour, sir; my time is entirely my own at present, so that any hour which may convenience you will suit me.”

“Shall we say at noon, Sir Isaac?”

“Certainly, I shall be at home all day—having letters to write—so do not inconvenience yourself to be punctual—meanwhile I have a favour to ask.”

“It is granted, sir, if in my power.”

“I wish, should duty not occur to prevent it, that you would give Annesley leave to remain ashore with me whilst I stay.”

“With the greatest pleasure, sir; I am

always delighted when my young officers have an opportunity of being in good society. Annesley deserves leave, but I should recommend him to pass a few hours on board each day, as repairs are going forward which it will advantage him to witness. *Au revoir*—I am habitually punctual—so notwithstanding your good natured permission to be otherwise, I shall be with you at twelve to-morrow.”

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CHAPTER II.

“ Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.”

HENRY VI.

UPON the return of our party from Government House, the General, after kissing his daughters, bade them good night, whilst the young people drew their chairs around the drawing-room fire, for a chat. All had much to hear and to communicate. Drawn out by Isabella, Annesley entertained them with his adventures at greater length than he had detailed them to the General, but with the same cautious reserve on any subject which he thought might be painful to Mountmorris. It grew late, and as they lighted their bed-room candles, Mountmorris drew Alice aside.

“ Will you promise me, dear Alice, that however strange my conduct may appear, you

will not doubt me? for, circumstanced as I am, after what has passed this morning, I feel it my duty to be explicit. I long have dearly loved you—I seek not, nor indeed could I in honor receive a reciprocal avowal, should I be so happy as to have won your regards. I shall hope the best; but should my suspicions become certainty, I shall not hesitate, painful as it may be, to tell you all. Good-night dearest—whatever may betide, I shall never cease to love you fondly.”

“ I promise you all you wish, dearest Edward, and hope, to whatever your fears point, you may be in error. Happen what may, you have my warmest sympathy—you have forbidden my saying more,” she added, blushing, and smiling through tears.

The breakfast party at the General's seemed to him less mirthful than he had expected; yet, suspecting nothing, he attributed it to the late hours of the last night, succeeding to the confinement of a ship.

“ You must, Alice, consider yourself under arrest; and, after eleven in the evening, confined to your room. Raking does not

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agree with you—you look pale and weary this morning, my girl, and need a few days rest after our voyage. Take a short drive by and by—Mountmorris and Annesley will be your esquires. I have an engagement which will prevent my accompanying you.”

“I fear, sir, I must deny myself the pleasure,” said Annesley, “great as it would be, you remember the condition on which Captain Brooke allowed my remaining on shore. Although he only expressed it in the shape of advice, I would not on any account disobey his wishes. I hope to be back to dinner, but must be on board the greater part of each day.”

“You’re perfectly right—I had forgotten Captain Brooke’s advice. On you then, Mountmorris, will devolve the duty of enacting *diable boiteux*, that is if you have no other engagement.”

“It would be an important one indeed, sir, which should prevent me. I am qualified too; for, during the first month after I joined, I was quartered here.”

“Well, *chacun à son métier*. I will order

the carriage at once, so get ready you lasses, and come in with freshened roses, or faith I'll send for old Sawbones, for I won't have you looking pale. You can take Annesley down to the wharf, on your route."

The old General sat him down to his writing table—giving directions that he should be at home to none, but Captain Brooke, and ordering that gentleman to be shewn up on his arrival.

Punctual to the stroke of noon, the Captain entered the apartment, saying—

"I have solicited the honor of this interview, General, finding that you were an old acquaintance of my friend Annesley—do you know who he is?"

"Yes; a natural son of the late Earl of Altham, and as fine a youngster as I have ever met."

"I entirely concur in your good opinion of him, Sir Isaac, but you are in error as to his parentage—I have good reason to know that he is legitimate, and is at this moment *de jure* Earl of Altham, and heir apparent to the English Earldom of Annesley."

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"This is news indeed, sir; I remember that my brother-in-law suspected that all was not right, on his uncle's accession to the title, but on investigation, he learned the truth from the boy's own mother, who reluctantly confessed all; so you must be mistaken, my good sir."

"You shall judge for yourself, General—a man named Ingram, who at one time saved my life, at the imminent risk of his own, by attending me through a desperate fever on the African coast, left the service a short time afterwards, despite my entreaties to the contrary, and promises of promotion—he was a wild adventurous fellow, and had been at one time a sort of gentleman in Galway, when, through his own youthful extravagance, and the knavery of an Attorney, he soon ran through the remains of an already heavily burdened patrimony, and finding himself destitute, entered the Navy, where his daring courage, aided by some slight education, would quickly have ensured his advancement, were it not that misconduct in other respects ever intervened; even his bravery had a touch of foolhardiness. On the whole, he was one of

the most troublesome characters I ever commanded, always in scrapes of one kind or other, for which, more than once, I was obliged to punish him. When I was attacked with the fever, we were running into Sierra Leone, and knowing its deadly character, I had myself at once carried to the hospital on shore, when Ingram sought and obtained my Lieutenant's leave to attend me. Of his devoted care, I was for more than three weeks unconscious. You well know how few survive hospital treatment on those deadly shores, and I have no doubt that but for Ingram I should not have been amongst the few. Through a long convalescence no mother could have nursed a son with more untiring care. I besought him to change his habits on board, offering my purse and interest to their fullest extent; but he refused both, requesting as his sole reward, a discharge from the service. I remonstrated, but finding him determined, procured it for him. Though constant in my enquiries for him, for three years I could not discover what he was about; and when, through Annesley, I again traced him, I found

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that he had turned pirate, kidnapper, and traitor. I endeavoured, nevertheless, after the destruction of his vessel, to get him on board, but he had taken to the woods. How he made his way to Boston I know not, but the day before my action with the Chesapeake, he voluntarily came on board my ship. During the action, he behaved with his accustomed coolness, and poor Lawrence, as Annesley afterwards informed me, owed his death to Ingram's deadly aim, who the next moment was himself mortally wounded. On his death bed he sent for me, and told me that a couple of years before he had found himself in funds to repurchase his paternal property from a Mr. Quill, the attorney who had enabled him to dissipate it so quickly, and into whose hands it had eventually fallen. The most cunning sometimes betray themselves, and most fortunately, Mr. Quill misdirected a parcel of private papers of the late Lord Altham to Ingram, in mistake for the deeds of the land he had purchased—no nice scruples prevented the rover from possessing himself of their contents.—Accompanying them was a

letter to a Miss Gregory, who it appears was Lord Altham's mistress, and entertained hopes of persuading him to marry her. The letter acknowledged the receipt of a large sum of money, and stated that the papers of which it was the price, were enclosed, dwelling on the difficulty he had in obtaining them, and the great risk incurred, especially in inserting a false leaf in the parochial registry. The papers referred to as enclosed, were a leaf taken from the registry of the Parish of Dunmaine, shewing the marriage of Lord Altham with Miss Mary Sheffield, and a similar document, proving the baptism of a son, the issue of that marriage, by the name of James Annesley. Ingram further stated, that Quill, discovering his mistake, came on board like a maniac, but that for his own ulterior purposes, he had refused to deliver the papers, as he gained thereby, together with a lasting tye over the attorney, the probable means of extorting money from the parties implicated in suppressing the marriage and birth.—Ingram further stated, that on abandoning the schooner, he had given the packet containing

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these papers to Annesley, making him, however, promise on his honor, not to open it until he had in vain endeavoured to procure justice from Quill, after having let him know that Ingram had placed in his hands the papers, which were enumerated in a sealed note accompanying the parcel. I have ascertained that Jemmy has them safe, but felt under all the circumstances, that it was better not to enter on the matter at large with him. My Clerk was by at Ingram's confession, and took down its substance in writing, which I have duly attested. In connection with all this, taking Annesley's reminiscences of himself, no doubt remains of his identity with the child to whom these papers refer; and his uncle's having subsequently caused him to be kidnapped by this same rascal Quill, (to whom he had restored the agency) has to my mind fully corroborated my views."

"My brother-in-law was then right after all, in his suspicions. Although of course justice must be done, I must confess I am grieved for young Mountmorris—he is guiltless, and will suffer deeply."

“ But has Annesley not suffered from his infancy upwards ; and, considering the destiny to which his worthy uncle intended to consign him, I confess I feel but little sympathy with the usurping family, at losing their ill-gotten wealth and rank.”

“ You mistake me, Captain Brooke ; the loss of station will weigh less with Mountmorris than with most young men ; but if I judge him rightly, he will deeply feel his father’s crimes, and consequent dishonor. With such a man as Lord Altham, Annesley will have a severe contest ere he establish his rights. ‘ Possession is nine points of the law,’ more especially as that possession affords unbounded resources.”

“ Money will not be wanted, Sir Isaac, to make good Annesley’s claims. Ingram has left in my hands the large gatherings of ill spent years, amounting, I should suppose, to a greater sum than Lord Altham can command, as it will be impossible for him to sell or realise by mortgage with a disputed title.”

“ Mr. Dawkins will be delighted, although he too values poor Mountmorris highly.

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“ *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.*” If I can be of any use in the matter, I pray you to believe that I shall do my utmost. Meanwhile, shall we inform those most deeply concerned, or leave them to learn it from home ? ”

“ I should suggest the latter as regards Mountmorris—poor fellow, ill news flies fast, and he will learn it soon enough ; but we must tell Annesley all, as on his part immediate action is needful.”

“ Be it so ; I have to repeat that if I can be of use, either myself, or through my connexions in Ireland, I shall be most happy.”

“ The Captain took his departure—leaving Sir Isaac Brock in what is vulgarly termed a “ brown study ; ” he felt deeply for Mountmorris—well knowing how his sensitive spirit would feel the impending blow ; at the same time he could not but rejoice, that Lord Altham’s deeply planned schemes were about being frustrated. In justice to Annesley, it would be necessary to inform him of what had come to light, that he might use the important documents in his possession ; he therefore rung, and ordered the servant who answered

his bell, to desire that Mr. Annesley should, on his return, be told that he wished to see him. Sir Isaac sat with pen in hand, occasionally adding a line to the letter he had been writing, but his thoughts ever and anon wandered to the momentous tidings he had heard; and although three hours had elapsed since Brooke had taken leave, his letter was still unfinished, when Annesley was shewn in, looking pale and harrassed.

“ Sit down, my young friend—I have to inform you of things wonderfully discovered, which deeply concern you.”

“ I have seen Captain Brooke, sir, and know all.”

“ I had hoped to be the first to communicate the good news—I congratulate you from my heart on the bright prospect before you.”

“ You are most kind, sir, and I am grateful; but Captain Brooke’s communication has occasioned me, nevertheless, almost unmixed pain; fortunately the papers he referred to are in my possession, and he has promised to take no step in the business, contrary to my will, nor even to mention a word of it—

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may I hope a similar promise from you, my dear sir ? ”

“ You are a most unaccountable fellow, Annésley ! What can you mean ? ”

“ Simply, sir, that I love my cousin Edward, more than (with one exception) any earthly being ; he has been brought up in the idea that he was the heir of honors and estates ; he is also the soul of honor, and how can he endure disgrace. I, on the contrary, have always roughed it, and have now an honorable profession, and sufficient means to support me creditably, until I win promotion. Promise me, dear General—if you love me, promise.”

“ I do promise, Jemmy ; but do you know what you relinquish ? An ancient title—estates, whose rental few in England equal, and (it must out) an unblemished birth.”

“ I know and have thought on all. *I* have never doubted my being legitimate ; you, dear sir, now know it also—so does Captain Brooke ; for the opinion of strangers on that point, I care nothing. My poor mother, I never knew. Alas, what must have been her sufferings !—had she lived, a different course would have

been forced upon me—but there is no doubt she is long since dead, and the few who knew her have forgotten that she ever existed.”

“ I will not conceal from you, Annesley, how much the generosity of your determination has raised you in my esteem. I would there were some way of punishing your rascally uncle, without including Edward in the chastisement. 'Tis strange that gentle blood could conceive such baseness—stranger still that such rascality should have been successful in this age—but most strange that the chivalrous friendship entertained by you for the son, should prevent justice taking its due course with the false peer. Leave me, my dear boy,—thinking of this astonishing drama, and its probable future events, has prevented my finishing a most important letter which must be in time for the packet which sails this evening. We shall meet at dinner.”

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CHAPTER III.

" We the world can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon."

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

WE have been so occupied with Annesley and those whom fate threw into his immediate proximity, that we have too long neglected our earliest acquaintance, Bushe. On reaching London (where it will we trust be in the recollection of our readers, he had been despatched by his uncle, in order to have the coast clear for his villanous designs upon Jemmy,) his first duty had been to wait on Quill's correspondent. The affair on which he was employed had been judiciously chosen by the astute attorney, being one of much historic and legal interest, involving a curious question of succession to forfeited lands, originally granted by Charles II., to his

unfortunate brother, James Duke of York, and by him sold to a London Corporation, styled "The Governor and Company for making hollow sword blades," at a trifling sum, on the sole condition of extirpating the wolves and *Kernes*, or *Wild Irish*. Amongst the title deeds were strange old bonds, in quaint contracted law latin, executed by Murtach Oge O'Sullivan More, and which, notwithstanding his forfeiture, were (being previously *granted to a protestant*.) held binding on the lands. The rents reserved by the Company, from the Irish occupying Tenants of these lands, were all made payable at Strongbow's tomb, in the cathedral of Christ Church, in the city of Dublin. This galling badge of slavery and conquest having been inflicted doubtless, in the rancorous spirit of haughty domination with which until almost our own times, it has ever been the custom of their Saxon conquerors to treat the "mere Irish," as in scorn they termed their serfs,—the inscription upon the aforesaid tomb stating, "Richarde Earle Strongbowe," to have been "the first and principal invader of Irelande."

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Many other particulars excited the attention of the law student, which would be scarcely read by you, good reader, had we the cruelty to inflict them; and, to say the truth, with which you have as little to do as with the above recited legal curiosities.

Mr. Quill's first letter entered at length on the cause of Bushe's mission, giving the most detailed instructions as to his proceedings. A postscript line mentioned Annesley as giving satisfaction, and being well. The next epistle contained a liberal remittance to enable Bushe to enjoy the idle time which would necessarily be his in the interval of the sessions of the Law Courts—plainly evincing Mr. Quill's desire that he should remain in Town: to which, assuredly, he had no disinclination. Mr. Dawkins had furnished him with letters which enabled him to spend such evenings as were not devoted to the Opera or Theatre—so that taking into consideration that this was his first visit to the great Babel, it is not to be wondered at, that he was in no great hurry to return to his musty law books. Thus three months passed, when Bushe, wondering that

his uncle took no notice of his questions about his protégé, wrote directly to Annesley—weeks elapsed, and his letter remaining unanswered, caused him some uneasiness; he consoled himself, however, with the thought that it might have miscarried, and with the belief that had anything serious occurred to Jemmy, Mr. Quill would have informed him; he however, wrote again, enclosing his letter to his uncle, for though he was one whose nature it was—

“When an equal poise of hope and fear
Did arbitrate the event”—

to choose the former; still the attorney's strange silence respecting one in whose wealth he knew his nephew's interest, and his letters remaining unanswered, made him uncomfortable. He therefore was anxiously expecting an answer from Annesley, when the postman handed in a letter with the Galway mark. Bushe did not at first recognise the writing, and with that so easily to be gratified inquisitiveness, which we all have felt, he turned it over more than once, examining the superscription, and the impression; at length

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curiosity got the better of this unaccountable feeling—he broke the seal and read as follows:—

GALWAY, January 10, 18—.

DEAR BUSHE,

I think I mentioned in my last, that I was coming down here to our young friend Daly, to have some shooting—finding myself in your uncle's neighbourhood, I determined to call and see young Annesley. Mr. Quill received me in his inner office—pardon me, dear Bushe, for saying that neither the old gentleman's personal appearance, nor his *shop* prepossessed me in his favor. On enquiring for Jemmy, he told me that he really could not say where he was at that moment. I said I would call again, to which, although he looked sulky, he did not object. Happening to mention his name at the dinner table at Mr. Daly's, I learned with some astonishment, that just previously to your leaving for London he had been reappointed to Lord Altham's agency—my suspicion was at once awakened, having as you may recollect, much doubt of this same

Lord's intentions, when he offered to relieve you of the care of his nephew when wounded. I therefore, called early the next day on Mr. Quill, but found him from home, and on the succeeding day learnt that he had gone to town, and was not expected to return for some time. Of Jemmy the people at his house either knew or would tell nothing ; I therefore determined to await the attorney's return, knowing that his business would not allow his absenting himself for any length of time, and that if (as I judged) such were his purpose, he could easily evade me in town. I took care to make my intention known to his greasy cynical looking old clerk, and the result was, that as I expected, he came home fully a fortnight earlier than I had been led to expect. On my being shewn in, the morning of his arrival, he, after no very cordial greeting asked—

“ Are you come again about that boy ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ Well, then, I no longer see any use in concealing, that he has been indented as a vagrant by his natural guardian. I should

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have informed you of this when last you were here, but that my foolish nephew has taken a sort of fancy to this young vagabond, and I did not wish that he should be disturbed (whilst transacting important business about which I have employed him) concerning a matter for which when he dispassionately considers it, he will thank me heartily; and now, sir, that you have the information which alone, as I suppose, you sought here, I trust that you will not think me discourteous if I remind you that my business is in arrear in consequence of my absence from home."

Sheer astonishment had hindered my interrupting this oration, and even kept me silent, when your good uncle arose and moved towards the door, for the purpose of bowing me out; at length I recovered from this feeling of stupid amazement.

"By whose authority has this been done, sir?—depend upon it, it shall be enquired into."

"Be it so," he replied, "you will find, young sir, that the authority was competent. Allow me again to remind you that my time is too valuable to be taken up thus."

A bitter rejoinder rose to my lips, but I suppressed it, and left the office in, I confess it, no very charitable mood towards Mr. Quill. I have since made enquiries at every place where I thought I might obtain information, and can only learn that our poor boy has been sent to sea in a vessel which lay here for some time under pretence of being an African trader, but turned out, as it appears, a pirate; and which, after crippling an English cruiser that had been sent to take her, escaped to sea.

I have thus, dear Bushe, given you a narrative of the means by which I have learned so much of this sad business—it will be for you to consider your course. I know your situation as respects Mr. Quill, and you may depend on it that my father's zeal and my own will leave no stone unturned to penetrate its depths—to recover if possible poor Annesley, and to punish his persecutors.

As ever, yours,

H. DAWKINS.

A. Bushe, Esq.

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Bushe had more than once started to his feet whilst reading Henry Dawkins' letter. On concluding it, he mused for some moments, feeling perfectly stunned at his uncle's baseness. He never had loved or respected Mr. Quill, but had felt grateful to him for benefits conferred, and now deeply lamented that he was forced by circumstances to assume a hostile attitude; for, never for an instant did he hesitate as to his course. He mechanically read the sentence in Dawkins' letter suggesting the probability of his leaving to others the task of compelling justice to his young friend, but read it without thinking of its obvious meaning. After musing for a few minutes, he packed up his necessaries, discharged his bill, and taking a coach called on his uncle's agents, and having informed them that business of the utmost import required his instant presence in Ireland, and calmly pointed out that in the present stage of the business which they were jointly carrying on, no injury could accrue from his absence. He drove to the Spread Eagle, Grace Church Street, for at the time that ancient hostlery was in the zenith of its

fame, and took his place in the Liverpool Coach. On the day week from that on which he left town, (a journey at the time of almost unequalled velocity,) he landed in Dublin, and drove at once, though it was late at night, to Mountjoy Square, where he found Mr. Dawkins and his son, who had that day returned from Galway, in deep debate on the subject which had so hurriedly and unexpectedly recalled him.

“A thousand times welcome, Bushe,” said Henry, as he entered the drawing room where they held their conclave; “this is a bad business; but we feared that we should not have your assistance, and indeed still you should consider what you are about.”

“Surely, Henry, you cannot suppose that I could hesitate, or that I would accept bread at the price of my independence, nay, of my honesty.”

“You are in the right, Bushe,” said Mr. Dawkins, “you are able to work your own way in the world; nay, it will be better for you in the end that you should do so—a hot-house plant rarely succeeds when transplanted into the common atmosphere. All I can say,

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my dear fellow, is, that my house is ever open to you, and that in the prosecution of this matter, you will consider me your banker; you must remember that we took almost as deep an interest in Annesley as you did."

"Without hesitation I shall avail myself of your assistance, sir." I start for Galway in the morning, as my first exertions must be to find out the motives of my uncle, and if possible to obtain some clearer clue as to what has become of poor Annesley."

"On mature consideration," replied Mr. Dawkins, "I think that Henry is right in supposing that Lord Altham is at the bottom of the whole affair; and if we can ascertain that this is the case, we may feel assured that he is influenced by most important motives, for otherwise he would hardly run the risk of kidnapping the boy, knowing that we should sift it to the bottom."

"Mr. Quill seems little apprehensive of the result of any measures we may take," said Henry; "he would not else have so boldly admitted the apprenticing of Annesley."

"He knows he could not conceal it on

Bushe's return, and that in fact he could not hide it from you for any period; he was moreover aware that if he made a mystery about it, *that* would tell against him in the investigation which he well knew must take place. On the whole, he has played his part ably—with the 'wisdom of the serpent,' at least, if not with the 'harmlessness of the dove.' I am sorry that my brother-in-law has left; he would have been both an able and a zealous assistant."

"How fortunate poor Jemmy has been, Mr. Dawkins, to have made so many friends at the crisis of his fortune; had he been kidnapped or murdered a few months ago, there would have been no one to make a fuss about it, except indeed poor Mary Weedon, whom, as you know, sir, he used to call his mother. I now much doubt whether he was right in so doing, though I did not then after questioning her on the subject. By the way, I must see her, and tell her every thing: when she left Dublin, she made me promise, that if he should fall into 'his *bad* uncle's hands,' I would at once let her know; I have only this moment remembered

it, yet she may be a useful auxiliary, having attended him from his infancy, and of course being conversant with the history of the Althams."

"That is a good thought, Bushe," replied Henry, "I wonder it did not occur to me. You will recollect I met her at your chambers at college, and at the time I certainly should have asked her more than your good-nature permitted you. With my father's leave, I will accompany you to Galway, and thence to Dunmaine, where no doubt Mary Weedon still is with her vagabond husband. 'Pon my honor I dare not write to Isabella Brock, though I promised to correspond with her by every packet, without being better able to account for Annesley's whereabouts—the darling little puss is half in love with him."

"I was about to propose that you should go with Bushe," said Mr. Dawkins. "Our connections and friends may be of avail to you in the country. I am sure Mr. Daly will put you on the right scent in Galway. He is getting old, and rarely acts in his magisterial capacity; but I know no one of more clear

judgment, when he can overcome a laziness which, to say the truth, is constitutional; or who, when his interest is excited in a case, as in this I have no doubt it will, exerts himself more."

"I can assure you, sir, that ere I left, the interest you suppose needed, was effectually aroused. He hates Mr. Quill from the bottom of his heart; some tenants of his also hold land from Lord Altham, and (pardon me, Bushe,) your uncle has of late screwed the poor devils to the uttermost. This, in Galway, is a new system, and Mr. Daly has, in almost all the cases of this mutual ownership, been the sufferer to the full extent of his rent, as he would not exact his rights from poor wretches whose cattle and crops were sold for even the last groat, by Lord Altham. Of course this aided his old antipathy to Quill, together with finding his name associated in the same commission with his own. You may believe too, sir, that my eloquence in Annesley's behalf was not spared on him."

"Well, I am glad, boys, that you will have his assistance, for his opinion carries the

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weight it ought to do in the county; the people are devoted to him, as they invariably are to the few landlords who do not abuse their position. Good night, my lads—my old eyes grow heavy—I shall see you before you go in the morning.”

“I fear it will be too early for you, sir; the coach starts at five—Bushe and I must leave this half an hour earlier.”

“Well then, God bless you—keep me well informed of your movements—good night.”

“Is not the old governor a trump?” asked Dawkins, after his father left. “I hardly think you take more interest in Annesley’s fate than he does. I thought, when first I told him what my letter informed you of, that he would have gone and accused Lord Altham of what he might suspect, but could not prove. We have since had long consultations on the course to be adopted, but some how, could not fall on anything likely to succeed. Your uncle has, doubtless, entrenched himself within legal ramparts, which it will task our utmost efforts to storm; but you have to-night suggested the true source to be relied on, in Mary Weedon—

that is if she still lives—she scarcely looked likely to outlast the winter, when I saw her at your rooms.”

“ Well, it is time to turn in now, Harry ; and, to say the truth, I need rest, for with the exception of some ten hours of sea-sickness and misery on board the packet, I have not been in bed for a week. Have me called in time, for I verily believe that, anxiety notwithstanding, I should sleep for two or three days otherwise. My constitution generally makes up for any grievance it may be subjected to in that way.”

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CHAPTER IV.

“ She is asleep, good wench,—let’s sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her.”

HENRY VIII.

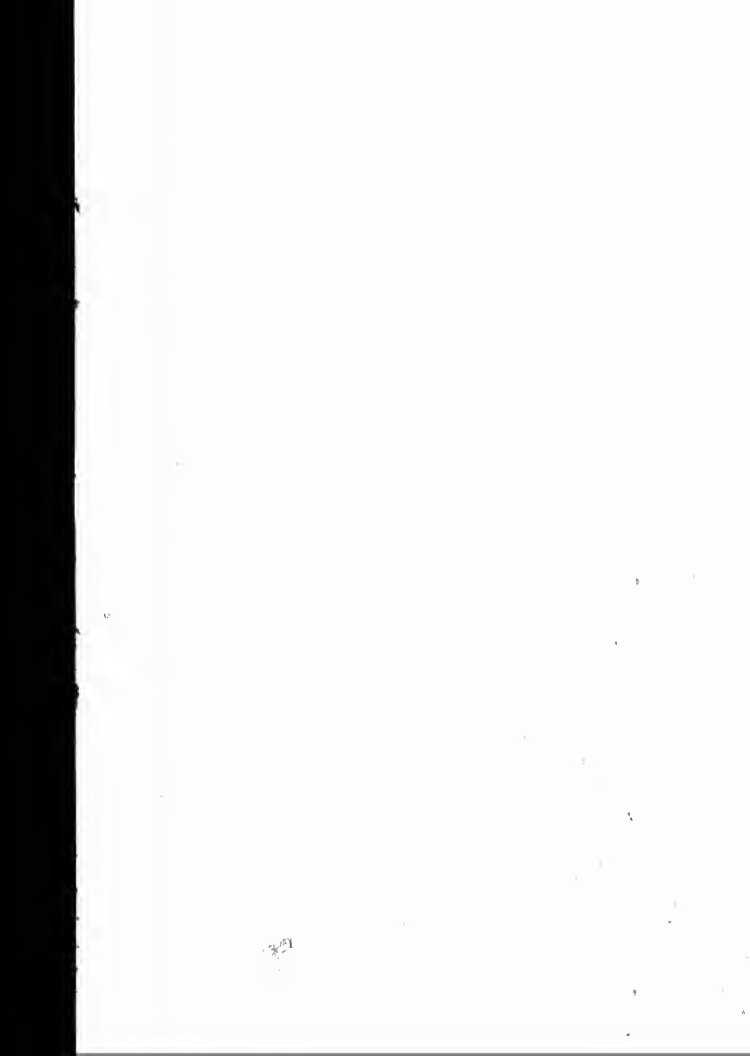
THE communication by public stage between Dublin and the ancient *city of the tribes*, is one of the oldest in Ireland ; and whilst on other routes, at a distance from Dublin, the traveller “ rode post ” as he best could, either hiring or buying cattle. Even at the period of our tale, a public conveyance was no novelty on the Galway road—slowly, though at a steady pace, it jolted along, racking the bones of its unfortunate passengers. Yet although staging is there of such ancient date, the reader may infer that it *has*, or, at least twenty years ago *had*, not reached any great degree of excellence, when we inform him, in sober seriousness, that in the year of grace 1828, we

travelled from Loughrea to Connolley's hotel, in the county town, *in a Hearse*, and that such was the ordinary conveyance plying between those places, of which carriage, if we recollect aright, the inn-keeper aforesaid was the proprietor. This *stage* had received some trifling alterations, but still retained its dome-shaped head, and lugubrious gildings might be traced through the coat of rough paint which was intended to cover them. The panel of the door was adorned with a skeleton figure menacing the entering traveller with a brandished scythe; and on the adjoining sides were to be seen angels, skulls, cross-bones, and hour-glasses; nevertheless, although at first we confess to some rather unpleasant feelings, we certify that after we had shaken into our places, a merrier party of six inside never passed over that most bone-dislocating of all earthly roads. True it is, that in such torrents fell the rain, we could only occasionally catch a glimpse at the prospect; but decidedly this was an advantage; for a more desolately dreary view can scarcely be imagined—the country was covered with loose stones of all

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dimensions, with hardly a vestige of green to be discovered between; but then our *Hearse* was waterproof. We were a party of fellow collegians, and had become very intimate in the canal boat, which brought us to Loughrea, far more comfortably, and quite as fast as we were now finishing our travel, (well might it be so named.) The roughest part of the journey was through the streets of Galway. We were used to the wretched tumble-down appearance of Irish country towns, but this city astonished us by its misery, as much, as judging from appearances, it must have struck our friends, Dawkins and Bushe, by its flourishing prosperity, when they arrived, as they in safety did three days after we lost sight of them. "Nations and cities die as well as men."—And poor Galway appeared, in 1828, far gone in fever and ague; so tottering, cold, and squalid, did it seem,—having, nevertheless, an air of faded respectability which touched the heart.—Luckily our friends had not to entrust the supplying of their bodily wants to the tender mercies of a Galway landlord—although in olden times, they might



perhaps have attained some thing besides salmon and whiskey, the only viands in vogue there twenty years ago.

They drove at once to Mr. Daly's; the old gentleman received them hospitably, and although for a brief space he could not forget that Bushe was Mr. Quill's nephew, that soon wore off before the student's honest candor; and Mr. Daly was, perhaps, willing to be still more friendly, from the feeling that he had done one friend injustice. They found their host in possession of all the particulars respecting the indenting of Annesley—such proceedings were of common occurrence. The government of the day, much more anxious to settle the colonies, than scrupulous about the means, held out inducements to parents overburdened with large families,—to the guardians of the poor, and the *relations* of *friendless* children, to rid themselves of the incumbrance, by indenting them to captains or owners of vessels, who found the means of transport to the Plantations,—receiving from their nominal apprentices, but real slaves, an engagement to work in the colonies for such

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shipowners or their assigns. These indentures they set up, on their arrival, for public auction to the highest bidder, and the slavery of these unfortunates was far more bitter than that now endured, amongst their "free and enlightened" descendants, by the negro population.* No doubt rested on Mr. Daly's mind that poor Annesley was at this moment eating the bitter bread of slavery, and he had hitherto been unable to strike out any plan for his recovery. Mr. Quill, as Henry Dawkins supposed, had avoided laying himself open to the law. The old rascal appeared very much astonished, when, on the morning after his arrival, his nephew entered his sanctum, but received him with his usual manner.

"Why, Amos, what brings you here? Your last letter said nothing of your intention to return."

* We are not aware that the indenting of emigrants is illegal even at the present day. In our own memory, a fellow apprenticed a cargo in Cork Harbour, and sold their services at the Cape of Good Hope. The affair made much noise when its nefarious character became known; but he laughed at the public indignation, having become affluent by his speculation.

“ Nor did I then intend it, sir. Without preface, I ask what you have done with young Annesley?”

“ I have thought it right to relieve you of the burden of his support. I do not exactly see how you could reconcile it to yourself to press more heavily on me than was needful for your own.”

“ I never exceeded the allowance you gave me, sir ; and the little I should have been obliged to expend on the boy, I should have retrenched from my own expenses ; but we are wide of the question. I entreat you to tell me how we may regain the unfortunate boy.”

“ Even if I wished it, that is impossible now. He is earning his own bread, as *I* have always done, and will most likely do well abroad.”

“ Am I then to expect no further information from you, sir ? ”

“ I have none to give.”

“ You have been kind to me ; but now, sir, you force me to say that I am sorry ever to have received obligation at your hands. I am not without friends, and this unrighteous business shall be sifted to the bottom.”

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Mr. Quill was not prepared for such resolution on his nephew's part,—as the latter turned to leave the office, he said—

"In what I have done, I have been actuated with the sole view of doing you good. I have nothing to fear from any investigation; but mark me, sir, should you presume to shew your ingratitude by endeavoring to stir up idle prejudices against me, you have no further favor to expect at my hands."

"I shall not seek it; do you suppose me base enough to be indebted to you, after what has passed. I will work hard to repay the expense you have been at on my account, and that of my poor mother."

"Well spouted, sir; doubtless you deem what you have said as creditable to yourself as it is painful to me; for once, at least, I have conferred favors, and I ought to have expected the usual harvest—my want of foresight is annoying. Leave me."

Without comment, Bushe did as he was bidden, and returned to Mr. Daly's. When he had recounted what had taken place at his interview with his uncle, the old gentleman said—

“ You have not a moment to lose, boys, in going to Dunmaine—that rascal will act with determination, now that he is put to it,—my son will ride over with you. It is a rough country, but I can mount you well, and a ride of a couple of hours will bring you to Lord Altham’s place. I passed an evening there once with his rollicking brother.—Egad we have had some hard going fellows in Galway, but the worst of them was slow, compared to him. One night in his house was enough for me,—he had around him as choice a rabble as Comus, and their wassailing was as noisy. I suppose the old place is going to wreck, for it has been long deserted.”

Accompanied by young Daly, our friends were soon cantering across the park at Dunmaine. It was a wide expanse of wood and lawn; much of the timber was evidently the remains of the primeval forest. Magnificent avenues shaded by old gnarled oaks, led across it in various directions, and underneath reposed immense herds of deer. At a distance might be seen the old mansion house, grey with time, having its steep gables, and curiously

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clustered chimneys, wreathed with luxuriant ivy. It was a bright, frosty winter evening, and the half dozen spaniels which followed Daly, now chased the hares which each moment started from their forms—now flushed the skirring coveys, long unused to such intrusion. The park, at least, had been well kept, and the Earl's game-keepers had done their duty.

“By Jove,” cried Dawkins, it puzzles me much how the owner of such a place as this can condescend to hang about our farce of an Irish Court; if I were he, my visits to town would be few and far between. What a prince this Lord Altham might be here.”

“Most likely he would be about as happy as the late Lord,” replied Bushe. “He is not a man to enjoy the country; young Mountmorris however will be of a different stamp—I can fancy him one of these days a regular patriarch; but here we are—the old house seems shut up—I wonder whether we shall get in?”

Loudly and repeatedly they rapped, and rung peals of the sonorous hall bell, which resounded from basement to garret, through the empty old house, but had nigh given up

the effort in despair, when an elderly lady was seen coming through a door in an old moss-clad wall, which probably enclosed the garden. The young men ceased their clamorous demands for entrance, as she slowly approached. She did not perceive them until within a few paces, when she stopped and gazed on the unwonted presence of strangers, with unfeigned astonishment. Her voice was harsh and imperious as she asked—

“ How got you into the park, sirs ? ”

“ Why faith, madam, very much against the wish of the good woman at the gate, by which we entered ; fortunately we found it on the latch—a young girl having just passed out, and once we were in, the portress vainly tried to persuade us to return,” answered Bushe. “ The truth is, Madam,” he continued, “ my friend, Mr. Dawkins, and I, knew a poor woman named Mary Weedon, who now resides here, in Dublin, and having something of importance to tell her, have taken the liberty almost to force an entry into the domain. May I ask, madam, where we are likely to find her ? ”

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importance to others, sir, you must not intrude on her now. With earth and its concerns she has well nigh done," answered the lady in a softened tone.

"It is of the utmost importance to one whom I am mistaken if she loves not more than her own life."

"It must then relate to the boy whom she calls Jemmy.—She has lain, poor thing, during long delirious nights—sometimes accusing him of deserting her, and again thanking God that he was safe. Know you ought of him young sir?" This question was accompanied with a quick, enquiring glance, which assured Bushe that the old lady was not unacquainted with Annesley's history.

"It is on his account that I wish to see Mary Weedon—our interview should take place at once."

"It shall, sir; but you must come alone—she is not in a state to admit the presence of strangers."

"Our conference should have witnesses, lady, and for that purpose I have brought these gentlemen."

“ I cannot consent to it, sir, it would kill her—my evidence will suffice to corroborate your statement of what may pass. May I ask whether your name is Bushe? ”

“ It is, madam. ”

“ Well, sir, we will go together to Mrs. Weedon’s,—meanwhile tell me if all is well with Jemmy? ”

“ The question was embarrassing, but Bushe saw that it was put with anything but hostile motives ; he, however, parried it for the time, answering merely—

“ I trust it may be, madam. ”

The old lady’s keen eye had been intently fixed on the student, as if endeavoring to anticipate his answer, which she heard with a disappointed sigh, and turning to his companions she said—

“ I presume, gentlemen, that I need not apologise at leaving you for an hour to amuse yourselves—we shall scarcely be detained longer. Come, Mr. Bushe. ”

The good lady’s dress was that of a house-keeper, or lady’s companion in a noble family ; but there was that in her demeanor which

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convinced Bushe that if such in reality were her situation, she had sought to shelter age in a very different sphere from that in which she was brought up. In her expressions of interest in Annesley and Mary Weedon, he felt that unhesitating confidence which is the freemasonry of honorable minds. Thanking his stars, therefore, for such a fortunate alliance, he followed her towards the gate in the moss-grown wall, whence she had first issued—it led to an old garden, kept in the fashion so much in vogue a century ago : the hedges and standards cut into grotesque shapes, and the walks of raised velvet turf ; a show of flowers at that season of the year was, of course, impossible, but the neatly trimmed beds with their mat-covered shrubs and plants, shewed that the gardener did not neglect his duty. In passing through, they found him superintending some laborers. He greeted the lady with a deep reverence, but gazed on her companion with unconcealed wonder.

“ Lord Altham’s orders prohibit strangers entering Dunmaine,” she remarked. “ These good people are astonished at finding them

transgressed—more especially at my countenancing it. I risk much by so doing, sir, but I could not refuse your wish to see poor Mary; her hours are numbered, and she has shewn such anxiety to hear of her boy, that I have little doubt it would kill her at once to learn that I had prevented it.” They had now passed through the garden, leaving it on the other side by a wicket similar to that by which they had entered. An avenue, shaded by ancient trees, led them a few hundred yards to a cottage so embowered by evergreens that Bushe was not aware of its existence until on the threshold. The old lady raised the latch and entered, followed by the student; a woman nearly her cotemporary was busied at the fire preparing something for Mrs. Weedon,—her wonder was still greater than the gardener’s at seeing the housekeeper so accompanied.

“Any change since I left?” asked the lady, taking no notice of the obvious amazement of the nurse.

“No madam, at least none for the worse; Mrs. Weedon is asleep, and has not for weeks slept so soundly.”

"Alas," thought Bushe, "my tidings will not contribute to her rest."

"We must wait her awaking," said the housekeeper. "It would be a sin to disturb her; poor thing, she rarely enjoys a sleep of even a few unbroken minutes, nor do I anticipate that we shall have long to wait."

"Sleep seldom visits sorrow;
When it doth, it is a comforter."

For half an hour they sat silently, expecting the invalid's waking, of which they were made aware by the tinkle of a bell with which the housekeeper's kindness had furnished the cottage. Intimating to Bushe that she went to prepare Mary to receive him, the lady entered alone. She found poor Mary reinvigorated indeed by her long sleep, but as her experienced eye told her, verging on one of infinitely longer duration. A burning hectic spot glowed on her otherwise wan cheek; her eye was bright, but shone with a fitful lustre which deluded not—it was the momentary flash of an expiring lamp.

"This is kind indeed, honored lady—I did not hope to see you again to-night."

“ My poor friend, you must nerve yourself for an interview which I fear may be painful. Mr. Bushe is in this house, and I am certain brings tidings of Jemmy.”

A slight scream escaped the invalid—“ Nay, nay, dear Mary, be calm, all may be, and I trust, is well. I dared not enter on the subject with him—I wished to find out something from him, but he manifestly was unwilling to trust a stranger, and I feared to let him suspect the deep interest I had in learning the news he brought. You must endeavor to be yourself, my ever faithful friend; even he must not know our secret, at least at present. Do you think that you are equal to this meeting?”

“ Oh, yes, madam,—I must see him, and hear what he has to tell. God grant that it may be no ill tidings, for I fear I could not bear *them*.”

Again a slight tinkle of the bell was heard, and the old nurse having entered the sick woman's room, returned and beckoned Bushe to follow her. The student stole on tiptoe into poor Mary's room—the first momentary excitement over, she had sunk on her pillow,

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panting and exhausted. Weak and faded as he had last seen her in Dublin, he started at the change which had since taken place; were it not for the hectic flush which still burned on her hollow cheek, and the hurried breathing ever interrupted by a hollow cough, one had thought her an exceedingly emaciated corpse, so wan appeared her face and neck; but on his entrance, she raised herself on her wasted arm and gazed in his face with mute but eloquent questioning. On his hesitating to communicate tidings whose effect he feared, she gasped out—

“For God sake, speak, sir, and tell me all.”

Thus adjured, he succinctly narrated how Mr. Quill had got him out of the way, and with Weedon's assistance, kidnapped the boy.

Mrs. Weedon bore the recital with more firmness than he had expected; when he had ended, she said—

“At length then they have gone so far, that though a dying woman, I feel it my duty to break an oath, which I never should have taken. That oath, and its consequences, have rendered my life accursed, but it was imposed

by Jemmy's father, and he swore that it was for the boy's good; by it I pledged myself never to tell what I knew of occurrences at Dunmaine. Now then, cruelty to its true heir, (for so my poor boy is,) has passed all bounds, and I consider it my duty to tell you all. Nay, dearest lady, I know Mr. Bushe—fear him not, he is all kindness and honor. In that wronged lady, sir, you see our poor boy's mother. The Lord Altham, who is gone to his account, (God be merciful and pardon him,) shortly after Jemmy's birth, sought occasion of quarrel with my lady, cast her off, and so managed matters that the country believed they were never married; the witnesses are dead or absent, and the parish registers show no entry of the marriage, altho' they do of parties married on the same day. I often in long past days spoke with persons who had been by at the ceremony, but on my return here last autumn, sought in vain for any of them. You may imagine my astonishment when I found my honored lady acting as housekeeper. By the aid of her true old servants the steward and gardener, she had

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been represented to Lord Altham as the widow of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and he employed her, little imagining that she was his brother's widow; he had indeed long supposed her dead, as I also did."

"But, lady," asked Bushe, "what induced you to allow a doubt of your son's right to the succession?"

"Alas, sir, my story is a most unhappy one; deserted by my kindred, my lonely situation induced Lord Altham to indulge in designs against my honor; finding himself frustrated, he sought me in marriage; young, inexperienced, dependant on the bounty of unkind relatives, who seconded his suit with all their power, I at length consented, though with a foreboding heart—would to God I had listened to its promptings, or had rather married the poorest peasant on his vast estates. My husband was a capricious tyrant, whose passion having quickly subsided, he treated me with the utmost barbarity; by mutual consent we separated, and for twenty years all intercourse ceased, when unfortunately we met at the house of a mutual acquaintance in Dublin,

where neither expected the other's presence. Lord Altham could assume any character he chose, and, notwithstanding my previous knowledge of him, his pretended penitence deceived me, and I suffered myself to be persuaded that he had changed. A reconciliation took place, and we came to live at Dunmaine; but, alas, my eyes were soon opened—he assembled around him a horde of his most vicious acquaintances—days and nights were passed in mad riot and sottish debauch, whilst to me his conduct was more cruel than at first. I however bore up as well as I could, for I was about to become a mother. Increased uproar and revelry marked the period which heralded my unfortunate son's birth; for his sake I lived, for I felt what a situation his would be, if I suffered my weary frame to sink. Years passed, during which my only comfort was my boy, whom I removed to my faithful Mary's house. About this time, Lord Altham first met a being who contrived to render my misery still more acute. During one of his short residences in Dublin, a Miss Gregory had fascinated him, and

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thenceforth he strove by all means in his power to drive me from his house; finding neglect and cruelty unavailing, he at length succeeded by bringing an abominable accusation against me. This drove me to despair—I returned to town, and only twice since have seen my poor boy. As long as his father treated him with common decency I was satisfied; but finding after a time that he was regarded as illegitimate, I summoned resolution once more to see Lord Altham,—he received me at first more courteously than I expected, but on my alluding to his treatment of our son, stated in coarse terms that I had never been legally his wife, of which I might easily satisfy myself; that the party who officiated at the mock ceremony was not in orders,—that as for Jemmy, he would have him brought up as befitted his future station in life.

“I was struck dumb with astonishment and horror—I knew Lord Altham to be capable of the baseness of which he had accused himself. I was carried fainting from his house, and never saw him again. On my recovery from a severe illness, which was the result of this

interview, I employed a person in whom I could confide, to investigate the truth of my destroyer's assertions, and his report fully corroborating them, determined to hide my shame in a foreign convent; and selling my jewels and other remnants of former days, I went to France; but continued ill health rendered me unable for some years to carry out my resolution, and on my partial restoration, finding that Lord Altham was dead, the advice of my medical attendants, together with an eager desire once more to see my son, induced me to return to Ireland. With a beating heart, I sought Mary Weedon at Dunmaine,—even my old servants did not recognise me, such was the alteration which sorrow and long sickness had wrought. I then formed the plan of residing here permanently, under an assumed name, and made myself known to the steward and gardener, both of whom loved their old mistress well. Shortly after my arrival, Lord Altham sent instructions that a new house-keeper should be employed in the room of one who had lately died, and on the steward's mentioning the matter to me, I determined to

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assume that character. I dreaded to write to Mary Weedon, (who, I found, was in Dublin, her husband being a servant of the present Lord's,) fearing that my letter might fall into wrong hands, and determined to wait until the steward went to town, to lay his quarterly accounts before Lord Altham; but ere this time came, poor Mary arrived at Dunmaine; she too had suffered much, and her constitution being unequal to the burden, was sinking fast. Her account of my son's situation on the whole comforted me, although it deferred indefinitely my prospect of seeing him. You know all, Mr. Bushe—may I enquire what course do you propose to take?"

"I confess, lady; that I am at a loss how to proceed.—Weedon must be in the confidence of his employer;—do you think we can do anything with him?"

"It must be tried at least, Mr. Bushe," said Mary. "I feel that my end is near; I will see him once more—it may be that he will hearken to me, at least I will ——"

"It must not be, Mary," interrupted lady Altham—"you are unequal to such an inter-

view; it would but hurry your death most probably, without resulting in any good."

And what matters, dear lady, whether I die a few hours sooner or later. Believe me I should be worse if I felt that I left aught undone which might benefit poor Jemmy. I *must* see John, and that at once, for time is most precious now."

"Be it so then—I will send to the steward's, and have him brought hither. Mr. Bushe and I will return before he can be here—meanwhile, my poor Mary, endeavour to rest."

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CHAPTER V.

"Oh ill starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven."

OTHELLO.

"I TRUST, Mr. Bushe, your friends will pardon our long absence," said Lady Altham, as they emerged from the garden, and approached the house. "Gentlemen," she continued, as they rejoined Bushe's companions, "our interview with Mary Weedon, has been much longer than I anticipated, otherwise I should not have left you so unceremoniously. We must go round by the eastern entrance." Lady Altham introduced them by a glass door, situated in a recess between two projections of the old building, and led the gentlemen into a comfortable sitting room, in which a large wood fire burned cheerily, and having directed her deaf old domestic to place refreshments before them, said aside to Bushe—

“ I think, sir, that I had better go over myself to the steward’s. Although Weedon has not recognized me, I have by some means or other acquired a greater influence over him than is possessed by any person here, and it may not be amiss that I should have some conversation with him before he sees Mary.”

“ Will it not be too great an exertion for you, madam ? ”

“ By no means. Though not strong, I am accustomed to exercise, and it is not more than half an hour’s walk to and fro.”

“ Then will your ladyship permit me to accompany you ? ”

“ I think not, Mr. Bushe—Weedon might recognize you, which perhaps would alarm him ; in three-quarters of an hour hence I shall expect you at the cottage.”

“ I feel that you are right, madam—I shall be punctual.”

Lady Altham having first seen the wants of her guests supplied, set forth with her old attendant. After they had gone, Dawkins, whose curiosity had been excited by their private conversation, asked—

“How sped you, Bushe—have you learned anything from Mary Weedon?”

“Much my dear fellow, and expect to get still more out of her husband—I hope the rascal may not be drunk. All I know, to a certainty, is, that our poor boy is Earl of Altham, (though how to prove it is another matter,) and that the lady who has just left us, is his mother; it is too long a tale to enter on now, the proofs of her marriage with the late Lord Altham are wanting.” It is unnecessary to our tale to follow the conversation which ensued—during it, however, Bushe came to the determination to question the steward and gardener, and find out how far their evidence might avail. The time approached at which he had promised to meet lady Altham at the park cottage, he therefore left his friends, promising to return as speedily as possible.

He reached the cottage before her, and the nurse informed him that Mary had slept from almost the moment they left.—After a few minutes, preceded by lady Altham, the steward and Weedon entered. Habitual debauchery had worn the latter to a shadow; he was now

sober, and evidently touched by the lady's description of his poor wife's situation. His brow contracted on seeing Bushe, but other thoughts mastered his rising petulance. The house was still as the tomb, save when the nurse moved lightly across to listen at the door of the sick woman's room. After passing an hour communing with their own hearts, lady Altham broke the long silence, saying in a voice scarcely louder than a whisper—

“I am sorry indeed to disturb your wife, Weedon, but you must see her once more before she dies.”

“Good God, madam, is there no hope for her?” asked he, deeply affected. That quiet hour of forced self communion, had brought back vividly to his memory days of love, ere his intemperance had wrecked their happiness for ever—he was softened. Such a mood was that, during which the projected interview was most likely to produce the desired effect.

“I am sorry to say that I have no hope, Weedon; nay scarcely do I think that Mary will see to-morrow's sun.”

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She took a lamp from the table, and softly entered the invalid's room. After a brief absence she returned much affected.

"It is too late—the misery of this wretched world has no longer power over poor Mary. She has been some time dead."

The wretched husband, with a piercing shriek, rushed into the chamber of death, and stood stupified by the bedside.—Lady Altham had left the lamp on the table, on which stood also the last drink the nurse had made for poor Mary. Her brow lately furrowed with suffering and care, was serene and calm; her naturally beautiful features stood forth more prominently than in life, in chiseled loveliness; a sweet smile appeared on her lip, shewing that her last moments at least had been peaceful—nay, happy. Her attitude rendered it likely that her spirit had departed whilst she slept. One delicate hand was half hidden by her cheek, and a few raven curls which had escaped from beneath her cap. One felt the presence of death, but scarcely his terror.

"The calm, the placid air—
The rapture of repose *was* there."

Repose, how sweet to that worn frame and weary spirit,—how welcome

“ That first dark day of nothingness—
The last of danger and distress,”

is to many, whose earthly pilgrimage has been a tissue of scarcely interrupted miseries. How eagerly does the soul long for the time when it shall

“ Flee away and be at rest.”

Mary's appearance was that of sweet sleep, and were it not for a something awful yet indescribable—

“ Some moments, aye, one fleeting hour,
One still might doubt the tyrant's power.”

Weedon was not originally an unfeeling, or even an ill-tempered man. At one time he had warmly loved her, who was now (as the still small voice of conscience whispered,) mainly through his instrumentality, stretched on her bier. The indulgence of one grovelling passion had for years blunted his better feelings, and during its paroxysms (lately of almost constant recurrence,) he had been a cruel tyrant to her. The floodgates of his heart were opened, and torrents of long

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unwonted tears burst forth. What would he now have given for one half hour to express contrition and entreat pardon; but she was gone—gone for ever, and as he felt that it was so, he writhed in agony—the time which he spent alone with the dead wrought in him; for the present at least, a thorough change of character; but few minutes had elapsed, when he remembered how *she* had loved Annesley, and how *he* had wronged him. He bent his lips to that cold marble forehead, and mentally devoted the remainder of his life to the service of him she had loved, and called her son. As these thoughts passed through his mind, a waster fell from the lamp, which shed a brightened light on poor Mary's face, and her husband, for the first time, noticed the serene smile which dwelt on her lips. He felt a momentary gush of blood tingle through his veins—did she know and approve his intention? Again he kissed those cold lips, and remembering that in Bushe he should have a useful assistant in the career he proposed to pursue—he went to the door and beckoned the student to enter.

“ You have come here, sir,” he said, with more calmness than was to be expected, “ to hear of Mr. Annesley. She loved him, and I loved them both, as long as I cared for anything. Lord Altham’s gold, and my love of drink have for years made a brute of me—there is the consequence, as far as my poor wife is concerned. As to Mr. Annesley, I may still serve him, and I will, to the utmost of my power. In one thing I have resisted temptation—my lady thinks I do not recollect her—I alone *did* until she made herself known: I was but a boy when she first came to this accursed place, yet well do I remember being present at her wedding, for I am the oldest servant of the family now remaining.”

Bushe saw the immense value of the evidence thus offered so unexpectedly, but he distrusted the steadiness of a man who had for years been a habitual debauché; he therefore asked coldly and even sternly—

“ Can we rely on you, Weedon?”

“ I do not wonder that you should ask, Mr. Bushe. Before this awful night you could not; but now, sir, by her that is gone—by my

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hopes of her forgiveness, and that of God—by this last kiss of her cold lips, I swear never again to taste spirits in any form. They have made me what I am, or rather have been. I must go with you, for here I dare not stay; I feel that, notwithstanding the oaths taken in your presence, I need the support of one who was by when they were sworn. Beside, Lord Altham is capable of anything, and even my life would not be secure if he found out that I had been speaking to you.”

“But Weedon, we must go hence to-night—I will come again for you in a day or two.”

“No, sir; I know what you mean: but poor Mary would, if she were alive, approve of my going with you at once.—Lady Altham will have her decently buried, and now, sir, the sooner we are gone the better. I dare not speak to my lady, but tell her that on account of all the wrong I have done—but still more for her kindness to my wife, and because of Mary’s love for her son—I will do all in my power (and it is more than I have had time to tell you,) for him.”

They returned to the house—Weedon cast

one fond glance on his dead wife, and followed them. Bushe communicated to Lady Altham all that Weedon had said ; by her orders the steward had directed a horse to be brought round for the coachman. All were ready to mount, when the steward, who had remained outside in deference to his lady, entered with a disturbed countenance.

“ A man, madam, (whose horse has evidently been ridden hard,) has just arrived, bringing orders from the agent, that Weedon should be forthwith sent to town.”

“ And so he shall, Mr. Forester,” replied lady Altham, “ but not to Mr. Quill. Make yourself easy, my good friend, all will be right at last.”

“ God Almighty grant it, lady ; but I fear that man—his enmity is deadly.”

“ We shall find means to render him harmless ; he has long triumphed both in my — in the old Lord’s time, and since his brother succeeded, but his day of reckoning is at hand.”

“ I should not despond madam, seeing you bear up so stoutly ; but what am I to do with this messenger of Mr. Quill’s ?”

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"Oh, tell him to stay till morning—that you know on what business his master wants Weedon, and that he shall be in Galway early to-morrow; and so he shall, although the Attorney's office is not his destination."

Our friends, accompanied by Weedon, now mounted and galloped across the park, by the light of a glorious frosty moon, and a galaxy of stars, more brilliant than are to be seen in any other country in the world. Fine, hard, frosty nights are few in Ireland, but when they do occur, the "suns of distant systems" shed a more beautiful and gem-like light than is to be seen elsewhere.

CHAPTER VI.

ON their arrival, they found Mr. Daly anxiously awaiting their return. Bushe quickly recounted the information they had acquired.

“ You have been fortunate indeed, far more so than we could have hoped, Bushe ; but the business of the day is not yet over—we must not trust too much to the continuance of Weedon’s penitence. I will take his deposition of all he knows of the astounding proceedings of these Lords of Altham.”

“ Although I have little fear of his totally relapsing, I think you are very right, sir,” answered Bushe. “ Now he will not hesitate to tell the whole truth, however it may implicate him, whilst at a future time he might be inclined that it should appear that less guilt lay immediately with him, and such

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a proceeding would render his evidence so open to successful cross-examination, that its value might be totally lost in court."

"Well argued, Bushe," said Dawkins. "We must have Weedon up to-night."

In an hour, Weedon's testimony, duly signed and authenticated, was in their possession. It embraced the fact of Lady Altham's marriage, by the then Rector of Dunmaine; the birth of a son—his baptism in Dunmaine Church, and that Weedon had not lost sight of the child so born and baptised, (except during the short period of his residence with Bushe,) until he had apprenticed him to Ingram; and what was still more important, he completely identified both Quill and Lord Altham with the abstraction of Annesley, in confirmation of which he produced a letter from the latter, ordering him to go to Galway, and obey all Quill's directions respecting the boy.

"On this deposition we might go into court, could we but recover poor Annesley—his authority alone is wanting," remarked Dawkins. "I think we should return to town to-morrow; we may count on the steward

and gardener's testimony in corroboration. I thought you meant to have questioned them whilst at Dunmaine."

"I thought it better not afterwards, particularly as Weedon's evidence was so much fuller than we anticipated; and as moreover, we can get at them at any time, as Lord Altham has no idea of their being in our interest."

Mr. Quill waited anxiously the next morning for Weedon's appearance; hour after hour passed, and as he came not, that anxiety became so intense that the attorney determined to drive over to Dunmaine, and ascertain its cause. On making enquiry at the entrance, he learned to his dismay that the coachman had on the preceding evening, ridden in the direction of Galway, in company with three gentlemen who had been for some hours in the domain. He drove to the house, but found it vacant; at length he learnt from one of the labourers that the housekeeper was at Weedon's cottage, where Mary lay dead. This somewhat relieved the attorney, as he supposed it possible that in consequence,

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Weedon's absence might be satisfactorily accounted for; he hurried to the cottage where he found lady Altham. Many years had passed since he had seen her; he did not recognise her, yet there was something in her calm, pale face, which awakened unpleasant feelings; and he strove to cover them by assuming even an unusual degree of rudeness.

"I learn that the coachman's wife is dead—even that should not prevent his obeying my orders—where is the fellow now?"

"I cannot exactly say," quietly answered Lady Altham. "I have not seen him since last night; and supposed him to have gone to town, as I understood that he had received orders so to do from Mr. Quill. I suppose I now speak to that gentleman?"

"Even so; but if the rascal went to Galway, he came not to me. I heard at the gate, that he left, in company with three strange gentlemen, last night. Do you know who they were?"

"Yes, sir; two of them introduced themselves as Mr. Bushe and his friend, Mr. Dawkins, from Dublin. They wished to see

Mary Weedon, on business, as they stated, of the utmost importance. Although the poor woman was exceedingly ill, I did not like to refuse telling her of their arrival, and she prayed so earnestly to see Mr. Bushe, that I allowed that gentleman to be shewn into her room—he continued there for more than an hour; and it is probable, that as they were returning to Galway, Weedon accompanied them on the road.”

“The attorney had listened in terror—more than once he was about to interrupt, but knowing the advantage which is often derived from letting one tell a long story, he refrained; when, however, Lady Altham had finished, he let loose the torrent of his fury.

“Did you not know, woman, that Lord Altham had given strict orders that no stranger should be admitted to Dunmaine? I'll make you all rue this disobedience. How dared you permit these people to remain here, even for a moment?”

“You are rude, sir,” she calmly replied. “I for one never received orders from Lord Altham on the subject.”

Mr. Quill was used to exact as great servility from those whom he considered his inferiors, as he was wont to pay to those in superior stations,—he was therefore astounded at the tone of independence assumed by his companion. It cost him an effort to keep up his arrogant manner—she was a woman—an unprotected widow, as he supposed, so he succeeded.

“ I shall inform my lord of your doings by this day's post, so you may pack up your things.”

Lady Altham could not refrain from a smile at the fellow's insolence, which the attorney perceiving, seized his hat, and rushed from the cottage with a curse on his lips. On his return to Galway, he learned that Weedon had been seen in company with young Mr. Daly, and two others, entering that gentleman's demesne; he felt that the net which he had twined was enmeshing himself—that he was falling into the pit which he had dug for others; and it was with a foreboding heart that he sat down to give his principal an account of recent occurrences; nor did he fail to dwell on the

instrumentality of the new housekeeper, at Dunmaine, in bringing about the mischief. Rancorous malice filled a large portion of his bad heart, and though he felt his own situation to be most alarmingly perilous, he forgot not to seek revenge on the poor widow.

He had scarcely despatched his letter, when a thought struck him on which he highly felicitated himself. Should he by any means manage to get Weedon into his hands again, he had no doubt that he should be able to influence him to anything he wished. It must have been on one of Lord Altham's horses that he came to Galway, and although Quill could not of his own knowledge be certain of it, he forthwith repaired to a neighboring justice, and having lodged an information on oath against Weedon for horse-stealing, procured a warrant for his apprehension. Filing an affidavit is so common an occurrence with attorneys, and so much looked on as a matter of mere routine, that the respectable brotherhood seldom trouble themselves further about truth, than to keep clear of the pillory. Knowing that Mr. Daly would probably

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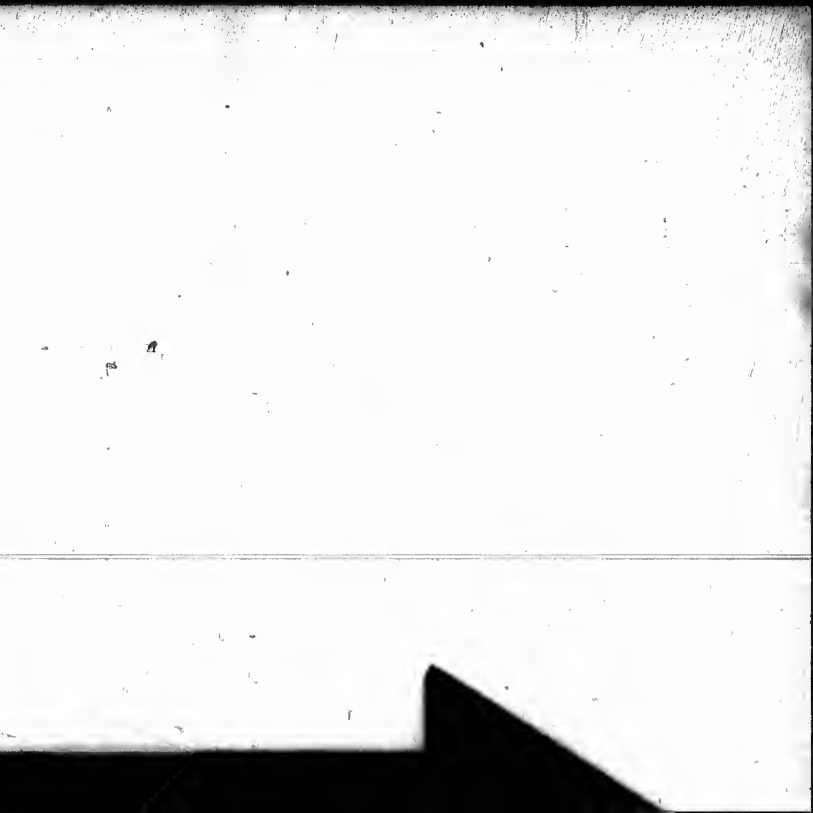
interfere, but thinking that he would be obliged to commit the accused, he thought the best way was to act boldly, and therefore, despatching a messenger to Dunmaine to procure the attendance of the steward, he accompanied the constable to Mr. Daly's.

Nothing could exceed that gentleman's astonishment at learning that the attorney was in his house, and sought an interview with him. He desired him to be shewn into the steward's office, where he shortly after joined him, and not concealing his displeasure at his presence, asked—

“To what am I to attribute your visit, sir?”

Mr. Quill did not like the tone in which the question was put; he feared Mr. Daly, well knowing how superior he was in intellect to the vast majority of the booby squires of Galway; he had therefore been assiduously servile in his flattery at county meetings, and on the bench; but it was in vain—Mr. Daly entertained the same contemptuous dislike as before; nay, the feeling was enhanced by the cunning petty-fogger's name appearing in the same commission with his own—so deeply









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indeed did he feel the insult of such an appointment, that nothing but his habitual laziness had prevented his resigning on its having taken place.

It was therefore with more than usual lowliness that Mr. Quill explained, that having obtained a warrant in consequence of a robbery which had occurred at Dunmaine, and learning that the delinquent was in Mr. Daly's house, he had come to request permission for the constable to do his duty.

"He needs no permission from me or any one else. I presume the party to whom you allude is Weedon. May I ask what he is accused of stealing?"

"One of Lord Altham's horses, sir. I am the more concerned, as I find he left the domain in young Mr. Daly's company."

"Who must therefore be an accessory to the robbery, Mr. Quill. Pray why do you not obtain a warrant against him also?"

"I make no such charge, sir," said the abashed limb of the law. "The young gentleman was not obliged to know how Weedon obtained the horse he rode."

"'Tis well, sir; I will assist in investigating the charge."

To this Mr. Quill had nothing to object—he knew Mr. Daly's dislike to magisterial business, and scarcely supposed that he would have made Weedon's case an exception; he therefore said—

"The warrant directs that the prisoner shall be brought up for examination to-morrow, when we shall be most happy to have your assistance."

"I cannot consent, Mr. Quill, that a man whom I consider innocent shall pass the night in gaol. I will, therefore, on my own responsibility, hold him to bail."

Defeated on every point, Mr. Quill became exasperated.—"You will do as you think best, sir; but the responsibility will be heavy if the culprit escapes."

"Pray, do not annoy yourself about that, Mr. Quill," replied Mr. Daly, with a contemptuous smile. "I really enjoy your having once outwitted yourself; depend upon it, *the culprit*, as you call him, shall be forthcoming—and now I have no more time to waste on you.

I will satisfy the constable, and to-morrow shall meet you and my brother magistrates at the court-house, at noon, when you will be good enough to have your witnesses in attendance."

Burning with passion, Mr. Quill returned home. An hour afterwards, Mr. Forrester, the Dunmaine steward, was ushered into his office.

"How came you, Forrester, when I was at Dunmaine to-day, not to let me know that Weedon had carried off one of Lord Altham's horses?"

"God bless me, sir!—your messenger ordered him to come into Galway, with all haste, and as none of his lordship's cattle were at hand, I had my own saddled for him."

Mr. Quill was in a *fix*, and he felt himself to be so; the steward's account acquitted Weedon, and although it was an equivocation, was certainly a perfectly fair one. The attorney now turned his attention to making good his retreat, as well as he could, from his very unpleasant situation; after thinking a few minutes, he said—

"This entirely alters the question, Forrester;

I knew not that he had your authority for bringing away the horse."

"And if he had not," replied his blunt subaltern, "surely, sir, your orders would have justified him in riding any of my lord's horses." *

"Yes, if he had obeyed them, which he has not. All is right however—you may return. You will oblige me by seeing that no more strangers trespass on Lord Altham's domain—I am very much displeased that his orders were totally disregarded yesterday."

"I fancy you are," thought the steward, "and would be more so if you knew all;" but he only said, "it was not my fault, sir;" and, as he had been directed, took his departure.

Mr. Quill seldom acted without deliberation. The desire of getting Weedon into his hands, even for a few hours, had hurried him into bringing an accusation, which he could not substantiate, against the coachman; it was now difficult to withdraw it—paying a due regard to appearances, which at present he saw great need of keeping up: the result of

half an hour's consideration was the following letter to Mr. Daly :—

“ DEAR SIR,

“ I am happy, at the earliest moment, to inform you that my charge against Weedon arose from misapprehension : as I now learn from Lord Altham's steward, that he authorized him to take the horse from Dunmaine, which he rode last night. I therefore withdraw my accusation.

“ I have, &c.,

H. QUILL.”

Mr. Daly and his young friends were amusing themselves by anticipating Quill's appearance on the morrow, for which Dawkins and Bushe had determined to wait, when a servant handed in Mr. Quill's note,—on reading which, the old gentleman said—

“ The fellow finds himself caught in his own trap—it would be glorious fun to see his struggles to get out ; nevertheless, boys, the intelligence you have obtained is of such importance, that as Quill's note frees Weedon, I think you had better start to-night, taking

him with you to town, as you originally intended,—meanwhile, doubt not I shall have my eyes open.”

“ I hope yet, Mr. Daly, to hear poor Annesley thank you with his own lips, for the assistance you have given us,” said Bushe.

“ One request further, I have to make, which is, that should any attack be made on Lady Altham, you will protect her.”

“ I shall ride over to-morrow to pay my respects. I well remember how deeply I sympathized with her, poor woman, on the day I had the misfortune to spend at Dunmaine—although I only saw her pale, sorrowful face for half an hour before dinner, in the drawing room ; for, of course, she never mingled with the herd which wallowed in her husband’s epicurean sty. The coach starts at eight—so you had better get ready. I shall always be glad to see you here, Mr. Bushe,—I need not say so to you, Henry.”

In a few minutes the servants had packed their luggage, and after a stay of not exceeding forty-eight hours, Bushe and his friend were again jolting away towards the *Metropolis*.

CHAPTER VII.

“*Rara avis in terris.*”

WE have known parsons, who did not in every respect practise exactly as they preached—physicians, who were thought in some few instances, by their treatment, not to have contributed to the longevity of our species—soldiers, whose valour was very problematical—but we have met with only one attorney, who was generally suspected of honesty. It was, therefore, that we every moment expected the usual characteristic of his brotherhood to break through what we supposed to be a veil of honor, worn by Mr. Dawkins’ solicitor, whilst we perused the authentic documents from which we cull our present tale—but we may at once tell you, reader, that we were most

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agreeably disappointed. He really seems to have been a man who took pleasure in assisting with his deep legal lore the oppressed, and rendering from the oppressor that which belonged not to him. When a story-teller gets hold of a rare character, he loves to dwell on it,—and such was the case with the writer of the chronicles above referred to, with respect to Mr. Torrens, to whom Harry Dawkins introduced Bushe, with his father's directions, that such steps as the attorney deemed needful should at once be taken, at his expense. The solicitor's outward man corresponded with the character which he bore; his grey hair was brushed back from a broad and massive forehead, confined behind in a club tye, (then much in vogue,) and profusely powdered and perfumed. His eye, which was clear and searching, always met your's with a kind, yet heart reading glance. His features were Roman—the well defined lips shewing no want of energy—a round and slightly doubled chin reposed on a spotless cravat, terminated in richly laced corners. His necessarily capacious waistcoat reached nearly to the hip,

and was, as well as his coat, of much the same fashion as those worn at court in the present day. Dark knee-breeches, and silk stockings, with high shoes, and broad jewelled buckles, completed his costume.

He listened patiently, and even with interest, to Bushe's narration of Annesley's history; and having read Weedon's deposition, said—

“This is exactly the sort of case that suits me. At once you may tell your father, Mr. Dawkins, that I take it upon my own responsibility; it were most unfair, that if it fell to the ground, as it must, if the young gentleman does not turn up, *he* should be the loser; whilst should we succeed, I shall reap a rich harvest. By the way, Mr. Henry, how soon shall you be called?” “Next term, Mr. Torrens.”

“Very well, I retain you, should this case come on—remember, that you must not take a fee from the other side.”

“Not much fear of it being offered, sir, I should fancy; nothing would give me more pleasure than to open my career at the bar, on young Annesley's behalf.”

“And so you shall, sir, please the fates. We must try and have this Ingram. It will be difficult certainly, yet ere a year expires, I will know Mr. Annesley’s whereabouts, if he be over ground—and that once ascertained, all will be plain sailing; meanwhile, I shall not wait for it, to commence proceedings. The best course to be adopted is, to bring an action of ejectment in his name, against some lessee of this precious uncle. This is an india-rubber process which we can stretch from term to term, on the evidence which we have; and at the worst the expenses will be but slight, whilst we shall have the advantage of putting the testimony which we can now command on record. I will, forthwith, serve notices of the action on Lord Altham, and one of his principal tenants—we shall see with what effect. - As regards Lady Altham, I think it were well if she at once assumed her proper standing, as her continuing her present disguise might in some degree compromise both her and her son.”

“My father would, I am sure, be glad to ask her to spend some time with us,” said Dawkins.

“ Nothing could be better,—he is the judge of the pretensions of parties wishing to appear at court. If he be satisfied of her right, it would be most advantageous that she should be presented.”

“ Of course, sir, in that he must be very cautious; but I think, on the evidence of Weedon, and Mr. Daly, he cannot hesitate.”

“ You say that Mr. Daly knew her as the recognised Lady Altham, when he visited Dunmaine.”

“ Aye, sir;—moreover, as she and her husband lived in Dublin together, for some time after their reunion, no doubt, considering the sphere they moved in, other evidence can be procured of that fact.”

“ That is exactly in my line—leave it to me; and now lads, I have spent half an hour which did not belong to me, with you—leaving my brethren learned in the law to imagine that I have an apoplectic fit, or some such reason to assign, for not being at consultation at half-past two, whilst yon clock has just stricken three. Punctuality is my forte, and really you have to answer for a good deal, in

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thus interesting me so deeply for Master Jimmy Anhesley. Don't forget to look Lord Altham in the face, should you meet him to-morrow, and I promise, that you shall see a legal blisfer rising famously."

"Torrens is by no means popular with those of his profession generally," said Dawkins, as the friends strolled homeward—"he does not stand on etiquette, and although he has made a large fortune at his business, nature intended him for anything but an attorney."

"I differ from you, Harry," rejoined his companion. "It needs but some dozen men of character such as his, to monopolize the whole business of the kingdom, and how differently would things be conducted; a client would be told at once that his case was hopeless, or if it were just, it would be brought to an end in a short period; whilst at present, our *terriers*, play into each other's hands. It is really too hard, Dawkins, that a suit at law, however just, should be dreaded as the very worst ill which can befall a man. As it is at present, the commencer rarely lives to

see the issue. Surely, under our vaunted constitution, this need not be the case.— Would it not be well to make an attorney, undertaking a suit, forfeit a portion of the costs, in case of its failure—surely he ought to know whether he should succeed or not.”

“ You forget how clients colour their own cases ; a man should be omniscient to discover from an *ex parte* statement, where truth lay.”

“ There is something in what you say ; nevertheless, I fancy that a shrewd attorney could easily elicit the truth, to such a degree at least, as to guide him in undertaking or refusing a suit, were such made the terms. Now, win or lose, if the client be responsible, he must be paid ; whereas, were he shackled with a due proportion of the loss incurred, nine-tenths of the cases now occurring would never be undertaken. There would, of course, be less work for us, but I should enter the profession with a lighter heart—I fear I shall never be able to take a rogue’s part, *con amore*.”

“ You know, dear Bushe, that one of the first precepts of our law, is, that no man is

guilty until he has been proved so ; our duty, therefore, is, to put the most charitable construction on the acts of our clients. When evidence even makes them appear to be in the wrong, it is still our duty to make the best fight we can, as we know how it is often falsified ;—for the rest, no better mode can be devised, to find out truth, than two parties of educated men taking opposite sides, on the discussion of any given question.”

“ No doubt, what you say, is correct ; but how should you feel, Harry, had you to go into court, as an advocate for this Lord Altham.”

“ Most likely I should make a fair fight of it, as of course I should take the contents of my brief, as the facts of the case ; we are not, thank God, the father confessors of the implicated parties, as the attorneys are, or ought to be. They furnish us with *assertions*, true or false, as the event may prove ; and our only duty is to elucidate truth, by endeavouring on either hand, to prove the correctness of the data given us.”

“ It is dangerous, nevertheless—no lawyer can feel as a neutral.”

“ Nor is it needed that he should ; were it so, human nature were unequal to the task. The jury and the judge are the arbiters. That truth should be elicited, it is necessary that causes should be argued on either side, by those *who give up their whole energies to prove the premises which they advocate true*, even should they at first desire the triumph of their opponents. Under these circumstances, were I a lawyer, I should feel no difficulty in taking a brief even from Lord Altham, and doing my utmost to defeat Annesley, for I should not doubt, that he would enlist equal attainments on his side. Are you at this moment, positively sure, that he is in the right ? ”

“ I am.”

“ Now, I only think him so. It is possible that Weedon’s tale, as regarded Lord Altham’s marriage, may be false, arising from ill will to his employer ; or, that he may *only* have supposed the party, who officiated at the ceremony, to have been the Rector of Dunmaine. A thousand and one *possibilities* may occur, to render what we take for granted

untrue; and you would deny the opportunity of truth being arrived at, by a fair trial, if you succeeded in persuading our profession, that it were dishonorable to espouse a doubtful cause."

"I only speak of one, which we know to be unjust."

"Where will you find such an one, if you allow the possibility of our being in error in this—depend on it, that faulty as our institutions may appear at first glance, it is hard, in a country where titles depend on a succession of a thousand years, to better them; at all events, neither you or I shall be legislators for some time to come, and it will be time enough for us then to bother our heads about legal reform. Still, it is to be wished, that the Chancellor more frequently punished roguish attornies. The law is sufficiently stringent, and gives him ample power, but the rascals contrive to screen themselves in some way or other. Never mind, when you or I arrive at the woosack, they may look out."

Mr. Dawkins at once consented to write an

invitation to Lady Altham, offering to send his son, to be her ladyship's escort to the capital. A week brought a grateful acceptance, and Henry started the next morning, for Galway. A few days after his departure, the old gentleman wended his way to Bushe's college chambers, to which, the application rendered necessary by his being now thrown entirely on his own resources, confined our friend pretty closely. He had sought, and with Mr. Dawkins' recommendation obtained a sufficient number of pupils, to enable him to meet his slight expenses. Mr. Dawkins had, indeed, offered him funds, but Bushe was too independent a fellow, to owe to another what his own exertions could procure; nor did his friend press the offer, as he well knew that the student was right. He found him busily employed in his vocation—and as Bushe rose to receive him, he said—

“ I was not aware, Amos, that you had any friends in the West Indies—here is a letter for you, which strangely enough is addressed to my care.”

Bushe broke the seal, and glanced at the

signature. "Hurra! sir,—from Annesley." Dismissing his pupils, he read aloud his protégé's narrative of his adventures, up to his arrival in Jamaica, and receiving a midshipman's rating in the "Shannon." "Now, sir," he said, on concluding, "Mr. Torrens will have it all his own way, as (although no doubt with a very different meaning from that which it will bear,) the poor fellow says here, "Mr. Quill is your uncle, and therefore, my dear Bushe, I will be entirely guided by you—*in fact, act for me as you choose.* I feel no anger,—all has turned out for the best." Again, "Letters addressed to the care of Captain Brooke, at Halifax, will always reach." "What delightful news for the Countess, on her arrival."

"I will walk with you as far as Torrens' office—he will be in high feather at this news. He tells me, that Lord Altham is already dreadfully frightened—that he had come to him, and actually hinted at a compromise, which he indignantly refused. Now, all must be right—for I agree with you, that in Annesley's letter you have full authority to

represent him. At all events, the Chancellor will be his guardian; and now, that his existence is proved, will at once take up his cause."

We will not dwell on the glee of old Torrens, or on the joy which brightened a face long faded from sorrow, when the happy situation of her beloved boy was communicated to Lady Altham. Luckily we can cross the ocean—

"Swifter than the moon's sphere."

for the thread of our tale requires our presence at Halifax.

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CHAPTER VIII.

"Now does my project gather to a head,
My charms crack not, my spirits obey, and time
Goes upright with his carriage."

TEMPEST.

ON receiving orders to proceed to the seat of war in Upper Canada, General Brock had gladly availed himself of Sir John Sherbrooke's invitation to entrust his daughters to his care: much as the young ladies wished to accompany him, and earnestly as they prayed him to allow it, Sir Isaac had been resolute, and Miss Sherbrooke became their hostess. Hitherto, their father's career had been one of unvaried success; and letters had just been received, announcing the defeat of General Hull, at Detroit; beaten on every point, but more especially in Canada, (which with their usual arrogance, they had supposed an easy prey,) the Americans felt disposed for peace, and anticipating an early meeting with their

friends, the party at the Governor's were in unusual spirits.

Captain Brooke and Annesley had found a most cordial welcome there, when the Shannon was in port. Sir John had, indeed, requested the latter to consider Government House his home, whenever duty permitted absence from his ship. The Shannon's arrival had been reported, and our hero was the more anxiously looked for, as many letters were awaiting him—one bearing the well known superscription and seal of Mountmorris; nor had they long to wait, as half an hour after the frigate came to, he was announced.

"You will be glad to hear from your friends in Ireland, Mr. Annesley," said Isabella, as she presented him his letters. Amongst these is one from Mountmorris, which bears a later date than any we have received—may we hope you will let us hear any news it may contain of Papa."

"Most certainly, and of my cousin too," he replied, glancing archly at Alice.

The elder sister coloured, but replied calmly: "Indeed we shall be most happy to hear of him, Mr. Annesley."

"Well, ladies, you shall have the contents of my despatches, if Miss Sherbrooke will permit me."

"Of course; use no ceremony here, Mr. Annesley.—My authority to dictate to you, I have long relinquished," answered their young hostess, with a something, which a young man more given to vanity than Jemmy might have imagined approaching to a sigh; but he heard it not, for he was already deeply and painfully engrossed with his cousin's letter.—We shall copy it, as it serves the purpose of a chorus. It will be remembered, that six months have elapsed since they had last parted.

Head Quarters, Niagara.

MY DEAR ANNESLEY,

Nothing save a sense of duty could induce me to reveal to mortal, the most painful matters, which I am now about to communicate. Your narrative of events, from the time when we parted in Dublin, up to our meeting at Halifax, together with antecedent circumstances, led me to entertain doubts as to my father's right to the titles and estates of our family:

I at once wrote to him, requesting a full explanation of every thing connected with you, and giving him' a detail of your later history. The last post brought me my father's answer. I cannot tell you the anguish with which I read it; he did not offer one word in extenuation of his treatment of you, but dwelt much on unexpected proofs of your rights coming to light,—which, he says, even those long since supposed dead, reappear to verify. You have professed friendship for me, James; and Sir Isaac Brock, (for circumstanced as I have been in his family, I thought it right to tell him all,) has informed me how nobly you have proved the sincerity of that profession. Heaven pardon me, if I seek to take an unfair advantage of your generous nature; but judging of you by myself, I trust I do not ask you too much, when I pray you to spare my father's grey hairs;—remember, he is *your* father's brother; and, however ill he has treated you,—for your father's sake—for my sake—spare him. I renounce all claims to succeed him; he is old, and in all human probability, a few years will put you in your

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true situation, as head of our family; meanwhile, any amount of money you may need, is at your disposal, for my father leaves "any pecuniary settlement I may think fitting to my discretion." How bitterly I felt, whilst writing the last few words! If I know myself or you, how lightly do such things way with either of us. What I ask, is, as a personal kindness to a distracted son, whom you have called your friend—nevertheless, of course, you should avail yourself of your own funds, whenever necessary—as to myself, my pay is more than sufficient for my wants. I have placed a remittance of £1000, which my father's letter contained, to your credit, in the Montreal Bank; to me it is useless, even were it legitimately mine. I know not, whether you are aware, that by the death of our uncle, Lord Annesley, an English Earldom is also your's, and that vast estates have accrued, whilst all around are heaping congratulations upon me—Oh, how unutterably miserable I feel! My father says, he has been guided in the course he has pursued towards you, by a view to my advantage alone—alas! alas! how

little do they, who seek this world's advancement, by any but an upright course, know the misery they are preparing for themselves, and for those they love—those, perhaps, for whose sakes, more than for their own, they were ambitious. A few more lines and I am done—you know, at least you must have guessed, how matters stood between Miss Brock and me—this must end—her name must not be linked to one dishonored as mine has been—tell her all—it is perhaps the last act of friendship I shall ask of you; I have acquainted her father with this sad business, in order to explain my reasons for wishing to leave his staff, and seeking his interest to obtain an appointment in India.

The General has refused, point blank, to suffer me to leave him, and expressed the kindest sympathy in my fortunes; he says, moreover, that at present I could not leave Canada, without subjecting myself to remark, as India is in a state of profound peace. Pray heaven, some chance ball may set my weary spirit free—write to me.

Your Cousin EDWARD.

J. Annesley, Esq.

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Annesley was deeply affected by his cousin's letter; his pale cheek and quivering lip, as he turned towards them, alarmed the anxious girls for their father's safety.

"Our father, Annesley, what of him?" burst simultaneously from both.

"He is well, thank God, quite well, but, alas, there is much of pain to us all in Edward's letter. I am not at liberty to communicate its contents to any, save to you Miss Brock, the secret not being my own."

Isabella was piqued, but instantly rose with Miss Sherbrooke to leave the room. Annesley perceived the feeling, and, taking her hand, said, in a tone audible to her alone, "nay, dearest, do not add the weight of your displeasure, to a heart already overloaded;" the soft hand which he held was allowed to remain a moment in his—their eyes met, and all was peace again.

When Alice and Annesley were alone, an embarrassed silence for some moments ensued; the young lady first found courage to break it.

"Tell me the worst, James—I can bear

any thing more easily than this cruel suspense. What news of Edward, I feel that your tidings relate to him?"

"They do indeed. I have long been aware, of what has now come to his knowledge for the first time. I had hoped that it never would have reached him—God help him to bear up against it, for it is indeed a sore trial; his letter tells it fully,—I will read it for you." When he had done so, he continued, "Now, Miss Brock, what is your opinion."

"That hitherto you have acted most nobly; and that you will continue to spare Edward's father, for his sake.—You may tell him," she continued, with moistened eyes and heightened colour, "that Alice Brock now considers a prohibition which he once laid on her removed, as she knows all, and that in good fortune or in ill she is only his."

"You have rightly judged my intentions, Miss Brock; I had determined long since to act to Edward's father as you supposed I should; God forbid that I should add a pang to what my cousin feels, nor did I anticipate a different course on your part, from that you

have now avowed. Write to him, dear lady, you can better console him than any one else living. His is a noble nature, and he must deeply feel his father's guilt—it is for us to alleviate his grief as much as possible. While you write, I will, with your permission, look through my other letters.”

With the contents of that from Bushe, the reader is already acquainted. Annesley for the first time learned poor Mary's death; but the grief occasioned thereby, was absorbed in the joy with which he heard, that his mother still lived, and was occupying her natural position in society.

Alice witnessed his emotion, but did not choose to interrupt him; when he had finished reading and looked up he found her eyes fixed on him.

“No more ill news, I trust,” she said.

“The contrary, as regards myself; but now indeed, I know not how to act, and need the advice of those, who can coolly consider the position in which I am placed. My poor mother is alive, and her honour must be placed beyond suspicion, happen what may; most

unexpected evidence, independent of her's has turned up, and, no doubt, Mr. Bushe has ere this availed himself of it; painful as it is, for Edward's sake, matters must, I feel, take their course."

"It must, indeed be so, James. May God enable Edward to bear his bitter lot; how lightly would loss of fortune weigh with him, if it did not proceed from so dishonoring a cause. Were he here, he could not ask you to do otherwise, than assert to the uttermost your mother's rights."

"As regards fortune, it need not be felt by him. The Annesley estates are princely, and being English, the proceedings forced on my mother's account in Ireland, need not affect his title there. In fact, publicity may still I hope be avoided in a great degree, by a compromise. I shall write to Bushe, to request him to propose this to Lord Annesley, and with the proofs in my possession, together with the evidence they already have, I should think my uncle will be glad to come to terms. I have still another letter to read, but as I know it is from my poor mother, (of whom

my recollections are so few, yet for whom I feel a reverence and affection that is scarcely to be accounted for,) I must be alone. Will you, Miss Alice, write to Edward—tell him all I feel, at being compelled to measures which are ~~as~~ painful to me as to him. We shall meet at dinner." Annesley shut himself up in his room, and read as follows, his eyes often dimmed with tears.

DUBLIN, April 6, 18—.

MY DEAREST SON,

I will not attempt to describe my feelings, on, for the first time, writing to my beloved boy,—now my only relation. Oh! may it please the great Being, who has in his wisdom allotted me so much of sorrow, to allow us to meet once more. I am almost delirious, when I think that I shall be so blessed. They tell me, that you cannot with honour leave the service before the termination of the war; and I know, that I should vainly pray one of your name to shun danger; all I ask, is, that you will not rashly seek it—remember, that in

your life mine is bound up. What is honor? And yet, I cannot but reflect, that to my want of moral courage, to bear the sneers of the world, much of your misfortune is owing. Had I dared, (conscious as I was, that even if my marriage had been a feigned one, no real guilt was mine,) to remain in Ireland, how many days of sorrow might I have spared you, or at least how much of pain might I have alleviated, by sharing it with you. I was almost, if not entirely mad, when I fled to France, to bury my shame from the world's eyes, and as I vainly hoped even from my own, in the gloom of a convent. Heaven prevented my so doing. On recovering from a fever, which brought me to the verge of the grave, my medical attendants recommended my native air; some kind friends advised my compliance;—life I valued not, but a longing once more to behold you, before I died, induced me to revisit Ireland. I hoped to find you at Dunmaine, and not being recognised by the people of the place, I procured the appointment of a servant, in the house which had once been my own.—There I had the

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satisfaction of soothing the last hours of my poor faithful Mary. I will not enter on scenes, which, no doubt, your generous friend, Mr. Bushe, has communicated fully. Heaven has cleared up all doubt of your right to the titles and estates of your ancestors. For your sake, I have again appeared in the petty world of our vice-regal court. I long to see you assume your place amongst the highest of the land; but oh! how much more fondly do I pine for the hour, when I shall press to my heart my long lost boy. I have wept happy tears, at the description of your brief acquaintance with your Dublin friends. Over and over, I have led Mr. Bushe to describe your first casual meeting, and the subsequent events, when your noble conduct won his regard. So deeply are these scenes impressed on my mind, that I seem to have been present at them. With what avidity did I read your letter to Mr. Bushe? Heaven, which has preserved you through so many dangers, will, in its own good time, restore you to my longing arms. Hasten, my darling boy—when duty permits, hasten home; life to all is uncertain, and mine

is most so ;—sorrow and suffering have broken a constitution never strong. Should I but live to see you—to hear your voice—to fold you to my heart—I shall die content.

Ever your fondest mother,

MARY ALTHAM.

How fondly Annesley dwelt on each expression of his poor mother's affection: he had never experienced, except in Edward's case kindness from a relative, and each word which he read, awakened feelings new and most delightful. He still sat with the letter spread before him, when the first dinner bell rang; then, bathing his eyes and hastily arranging his toilet, he descended to the drawing room, and found his Captain the only guest. Dinner had been some moments announced before their host appeared, a most unusual circumstance with one whose habits were regularity itself. Sir John apologised, by stating that he had some important despatches to answer. On the parties being seated, he said to the sisters—

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as the Governor General has desired my presence in Montreal, and I must at once proceed thither, to take the command during his absence in the West."

"When do *we* go, Papa?" asked Miss Sherbrooke. "*We* dont go at all, young lady, *you* will remain here and entertain your friends."

"Nay sir, you must not leave your daughter on our account, for we also ardently long to go to Canada—to be at least somewhat nearer my dear father," answered Alice.

"But, young ladies, the thing is utterly impossible; the route which I shall follow, is only practicable on horseback or a-foot; I do not believe a lady has ever passed it, at any season of the year, and now the mud is unfathomable."

"But the passage by sea is still open, Papa; and one of the officers' ladies who called here this morning, told me, that their regiment is under orders to embark at once for Canada.—Now, dearest father, do not refuse to allow us to follow you."

"Your information is correct, Mary; but

I had rather not risk your capture on the high seas. I fancy, a sojourn amongst the Americans, would be scarcely agreeable."

"No danger of that, sir," said Captain Brooke; "I am ordered to afford convoy to the transport, as far as the entrance of the gulf of St. Lawrence, and from thence up they can have nothing to fear from the enemy. The young ladies will, if you permit it, be my guests as long as we are in company. I am to send some volunteers from my ship, for service on the lakes, as the war may be said to be at an end on the ocean."

"Come, Papa, what have you to say now?" asked Mary.

"That, as usual, you have your own way, my daughter; I have spoiled you always, and 'tis too late to amend it now."

"I should but little enjoy my victory, if I thought you were displeased, Papa; but I know you only jest—do say so, sir, and let us part in peace."

"You well know, my Mary, that you have never given me cause to be angry with you in your life."

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Mary's cheek flushed with a delightful consciousness, that her father spoke but the truth; and with the happiness of receiving his well merited praise, left the room.

Annesley had been no uninterested listener to the foregoing conversation; he longed for a personal interview with his cousin; and a feeling, which he *now* dared to own to himself, led him to seek to perpetuate his intercourse with Isabella Brock. When they left the room, he communicated to his commander the events of the day, and requested his permission to accompany the volunteers for Lake service.

"Personal considerations apart, I should have wished you to do so," replied Captain Brooke, "as there alone you can hope an opportunity of further distinction; I am therefore glad you have determined on going to Canada, whilst I am delighted that your future prospects are so brilliant. I cannot but regret that the service is likely to lose you, for of course at the termination of the war you will quit it."

"Of that I am by no means certain, sir, the navy offers a glorious career, and in fact I

prefer it to any life on shore,—but I shall have time enough to make up my mind,—believe me, I shall always gratefully remember your kindness wherever my lot is cast.”

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CHAPTER IX.

“ Look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdst,
But in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still quiring, to the young eyed cherubins,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

READER are you tired of sea-going? If so, you may skip the following chapter, as its events do not materially forward the thread of our narrative. We love old Neptune well, and our spirits are light when we “bound over his billowy breast.” It gave us pleasure to dwell on the long details with which our materials furnished us; we even enjoyed accompanying the ladies on board the Shannon, and the getting under way of the stately vessel and the lumbering lobster-box which she had under her protection. We liked the vivid description there furnished us of the noblest

harbour in the world, with its lofty forest-crowned shores and islet guarded entrance.

For the first thirty hours the ships made but little way, the wind barely allowing them to lay their course, and the dull old transport scarcely being able to move on a bowline. The frigate was half the time hove to, with her main-top sail to the mast, although she was only carrying her topsails, jib, and spanker, whilst her consort wore every rag which would draw. Nothing is more chafing to the temper, than such an enforced companionship,—'tis hard to say which party feels it most—Captain Brooke even champed the bit, notwithstanding the pleasure which he derived from the presence of his fair guests.

On the second evening of the voyage, Annesley, who had dined with his captain, and had lingered in Isabella's society until the latest instant possible, returned, a moment after he had taken leave, to request the ladies presence on deck for a few moments. The scene which presented itself to them was such, as once beheld, imprints itself so vividly on the imagination, that it can during the remainder

of life be called up without the loss of the most trifling feature or tint. Cape Enfumè raised its giant cliff to heaven, at a distance of twelve or thirteen miles; but so vast is its height, that to the inexperienced eye, it seemed as though the ship were within its very shadow.

“The moon, like a silver bow
New bent in heaven”

was about to set behind the Alpine cape, but so brilliantly shone the glorious stars, that her feeble light would scarcely be missed, were it not for the glittering radiance with which she reflected

“Her silver image in the watery glass.”

Light fleecy clouds shewed here and there, shading the æthereal vault, and

“Flying between the cold moon and the earth.”

The ladies were entranced with the witching scene; even the old transport shewed to advantage by that soft light; the ugliness of her hull, and the false proportions of her *toute ensemble* were shaded away, whilst her distended canvas, and the glowing of the waves as they were severed by her bluff bows, and

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seemed to dance for joy when reunited in her wake, enhanced the beauty of that night picture. Along the frigate's side, the billows flashed with a brilliance seldom to be seen so far north, and her wake was an ever changing stream of liquid light—a milky way of radiant stars. In shore, half buried by the dark shadow of the cape, a coasting schooner was running the same course with them, easily keeping in advance of the slow sailing transport; indeed, whether it were that she wished to avail herself of the convoy, or from a fear of squalls off the high land, she first took in the top gallant sail, and next furled her topsail, contenting herself with keeping pace, or rather a little a-head of the transport and her consort. Nothing could be more beautiful than the heavens that night; the sea was placid, and the ships were stealing silently along, with a light air off the land,—the very breezes adding their spruce and cedar perfumed incense, to enhance the enjoyment of our party. For some time they gazed silent and spell bound on the exquisite picture,—what is so eloquent as such silence?—it tells

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how deeply each one feels, how inadequate each supposes words to be, how every mind is employed, etching each beautiful line on memory's tablets, and laying it by for future pleasure. Captain Brooke enjoyed it, but similar sights were familiar, and he was the first to break silence.

"Before daylight I hope we shall be abreast of Cape North, further than which, my instructions will not permit my accompanying you. Had you not better to bed, fair ladies, you have not long to sleep?"

"We shall have long enough for that on board yonder ship, I fear," answered Isabella, "I enjoy myself much more on deck to night, and as we shall, you say, leave you so soon, 'tis scarce worth while to go to bed—'tis now past one."

"But the night air, young lady."

"Is to me most agreeable, and with your kind permission we will enjoy it—"

"Even till the eastern gate all fiery red
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams."

"But rheumatism, Miss Isabella."

“ I have never felt it, sir captain, and this is not the first time my imprudence has outrun my discretion. May I trouble you, Mr. Annesley, to tell my maid to bring up shawls and cloaks,—now, Captain Brooke, am I imprudent ?”

“ Indeed you are, but as I have no lawful authority over you, I will wish you a good night,—to your beds if my advice avail, but if you will not take it, pray tell your fathers, that all the consequences which may ensue were the result of mutiny.”

An hour after the captain had left the deck, a dark segment of a circle appeared on the northern quadrant of the horizon, definitively marked, yet so transparent, that the stars were clearly visible through it; above and beneath were corresponding arches of a faint roseate light, the upper circlet assuming occasionally a billowy outline, which the eye could not follow, so fitful were its undulations. Scarcely had Annesley pointed it out to his companions, when pencils of party coloured light were thrown aloft, their bases appearing to float from north to east,

" Begot in purple, nurtured in vermillion,
 Cradled in molten gold and swathed in dun,
 Glittering like crescents on a Turk's pavillion,
 And blending every colour into one."

For so they did their varied tints. The ocean, the air, the tall frowning cliff which they had left on their weather quarter, and the line of coast on their beam, even the frigate and her convoy reflected the hue of a crimson canopy, which seemed suspended at no great height over head, its tent-like structure, not even wanting supports from the horizon, although so fleeting were they, that the eye could scarcely catch them. The colouring of this magnificent phenomenon was now the same, varying only in intensity, for ever and anon flashes seemed to pass over its surface with a wild, indistinct, dreamlike effect. What added to the intense beauty of this strange display, was, that through the ruddy dome the pale stars shone with their full lustre, seemingly calm witnesses of the beautiful vagaries of our atmosphere. Not an aberrational twinkle of a fixed star was lost to the eye—the very colors of the planets were distinguishable,—Mars frowned red and baneful as of yore, and the

emerald emblazoned zone of Venus, radiated its green scintillation unchanged—they were but the more to be remarked coming through this unwonted medium. The light of the Aurora, was, at least, equal to that of the full moon in intensity, whilst its ruddy corruscations displayed an ever-varying kaleidoscopic panorama of intense beauty.

Old Smith had charge of the watch, and hitherto had walked the deck in silence; he now approached the absorbed party.

“I say, Annesley, you know I am an old croaker; I much fear the 'ladies and you will have bad weather in the gulf,—I don't like an aurora which reaches the zenith; thank your stars that you are in a northern latitude,—I could wish that the Shannon were bound for Quebec, yonder old tub will make but a poor hand of it in the narrows in such weather as I foresee,—another hour and you will be on board her.”

“I agree with you, old fellow, that something not too pleasant is brewing, but we shall do well enough; Captain Brooke says that the master of the Triagain is an old timber droger,

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he must therefore be an accomplished pilot in the gulf and river."

"But where the deuce is the use of all that, supposing his abominable tub on a lee shore? The Board of Admiralty, even if they were (as they ought to be) the best sailors in the British navy, could do nothing with her. We have only to hope, that the gale may come in a leading direction, in which case she may do well enough."

By half past four in the morning, the vessels were abreast of Cape North; even at the distance of four leagues it seemed close to, but the tall pines which clothed its sides, of a size to fit a first-rate with spars, seemed but like broom sticks. Captain Brooke came on deck to take leave of his guests. The late beauty of the heavens was dimmed, but still, though not clear, as the sun arose, an azure Copley Fielding like mist, softened without obscuring the view of the land. Captain Brooke steered the boat in which the ladies were transferred from the Frigate to the Triagain; another followed bringing the volunteers, who having braved the perils of the ocean warfare, between their island home and her former colony, now,

were about to seek her foes on the lakes, having at sea

“ Sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.”

Poor fellows! of their subsequent fate we have to speak. Up to this time they felt, that the necessary means of making a gallant defence to vastly superior foes, had always been placed at their disposal, and that an equal had been a certain prize,—they had yet to learn what an equal meant. Associated with a number of voyagers and soldiers, who whilst they swelled the muster-roll, were only in the way, they were to meet a foe, whose number did not equal the aggregate of their own, and *to be beaten*. Could they have foreseen that their government would have subjected itself and them to such opprobrium, rather would they have died than entered on a service, for which they now volunteered, with hearts beating with enthusiasm—such thoughts were foreign to their bosoms, as they were to that of their young leader, who now accompanied his captain and the young ladies. The boats approached the Triagain, and their respective freights ascended her lofty sides.

With three cheers the vessels parted (the wind having come round to the southward) each with a free sheet. To the educated eye of Annesley, every thing on board their temporary home was wrong, but with that he had nothing to do, and with the comfortable feeling of being a *passenger only*, after seeing the ladies to the cabins assigned them, he joined some late wassailers, who still kept it up in the cuddy, but, soon disgusted, he retired to his birth, where, worn out by long wakefulness, he slept for many hours. When he returned to the deck the Triagain was walking along under courses and reefed topsails; the heavens, although not very threatening, shewed not as much blue as would make a nightcap, their hue was an unvarying dull lead colour—a mist, if it might be so called, or rather a fog like that of the Newfoundland banks, shut from the eye all save the extent of a couple of hundred yards around. In their fatigue dresses soldiers thronged the decks, with the exception of the aristocratic and reserved poop, where a few young officers were lazily lounging, most of them imbibing

the fumes of that soother of idleness, the Raleigh-introduced weed. Dimly through the mist to windward, might be traced the outline of their schooner companion of the previous night. They were now by their reckoning abreast of the 'Birds' Islands; Annesley took a telescope to wile away an idle moment, but the next instant he was all life, for he had discovered that her deck was crowded with men, and her sides bristling with cannon, about the loading of which they were even now busied. He lost not an instant in communicating his discovery to the transport captain, and the colonel commanding the troops on board. Their glasses confirming his information, all heads amongst the officers were in consultation as to the course to be adopted; it was clear they had been dogged, but, as yet it was doubtful, if their true character were known to the enemy. At long bows he could mill them at his ease—the Triagain only carrying two small caronades—and these more for show than use, and probably quite as dangerous to those firing them as to the enemy. It was determined,

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therefore, that the soldiers should lie down along the deck, as then the bulwarks would conceal them effectually from those on board the low schooner—every thing was prepared—if the schooner bore down on them, she evidently would have supposed them a freight ship. The Triagain having been convoyed by the Shannon made this appear the more likely, as naval and military stores were being daily sent to the Canadas from Halifax. The issue was not long doubtful—the schooner was seen to ease away her sheets and stand for them,—when within hail a single shot was fired, which came bounding across the Triagain's bows, and the privateer displayed the star-spangled banner of America. As had been previously arranged, the transport came to the wind, and backed her main-yard, the schooner keeping directly for her; when within twenty yards, a hail came booming

“Ship ahoy, do you surrender?”

“No, do you,” was the response, as along the rail, fore and aft, five hundred musquets were pointed at the schooner's crowded deck.

“Fire men, damn it, it is a transport” reached Annesley’s ears in well known tones, a moment before the boom of the privateer’s guns, and the crash of the murderous musquetry, rendered hearing anything save the salvos impossible. Thrice the pealing vollies were heard from the troops; the last discharge being unanswered by the Privateer, a sharp squall drove the smoke to leeward, and the enemies’ deck was seen tenanted but by the wounded and the dead, with the sole exception of the helmsman, who had hauled his vessel to the wind, and whose voice could now be distinctly heard calling on his fellows to flatten aft the sheets, but calling in vain, for none save he seemed willing to encounter the death-bearing storm.

“I say,” cried the old Colonel, “who can pick off that fellow—if they range out of musquet reach, all is up.”

“A dozen muskets were instantly pointed at the bold helmsman; but Annesley, who still retained Ingram’s long Kentucky rifle, anticipated them.

“Let me try first, lads,” he said,—“that

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fellow is an old acquaintance of mine, and I should be sorry he suffered more than is necessary—I’ll use up his arm.” He had scarcely ceased speaking, when the ring of his gun was heard, and the man who had so undauntedly braved the storm of shot, let go the helm for an instant, but almost instantly grasped it again with his left hand, his right arm hanging by his side. In vain Annesley now pleaded for him; a torrent of musket balls tore the deck around its solitary occupant. Intrepidly he still held to his post, but a sharp ring was again heard, and his left arm was seen to relinquish its grasp. His curses could be heard on board the Triagain, as he finally relinquished his station, and indignantly kicked off the cleat to which the ensign halliards were belayed. The schooner came to the wind, and on being hailed, her brave skipper acknowledged that he had surrendered.

The Triagain’s boats were lowered, and the Privateer’s crew transferred to her. Having plenty of men on board, the transport furnished a prize crew, and the schooner was sent to Quebec.

She sailed like a witch, and they soon lost sight of her. The last boat brought her captain on board the Triagain; he had to be assisted up the side, as both his arms were disabled. Nothing could exceed his astonishment, at seeing our hero in naval uniform amongst his captors. Jemmy at once went up and accosted him.

“ This has been an unlucky mistake for you, Mr. Van Ransellaer—I am sorry you attacked us.”

“ Aye, I guess it was a mistake, and about the worst I ever made. I ought to have had a closer look at you yesterday. If I knew you were full of red coats, the way you would have taken it would be cautionary;—but where is Ingram.”

“ Dead some months since.”

“ I guessed so; for I did all my possible to find him out when I got that schooner.—What killed him?” “ A shot from the Chesapeake.”

“ Well, I always thought he ware a fool, but I vow I never did think he was such an ass, as to ship with the Britishers. But I say,

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Annesley, have not our frigates used you up—whipped you complete?" Not to my knowledge, Mr. Van Ransellaer; but you are wounded severely, you had better have your arms dressed."

"'Taint much of a matter neither, but 'tis cursed inconvenient. If my rascally fellows had stuck to me, we should have a different story to tell jist now; 'tis too bad to be taken by a transport,—but where is your berth, Jemmy, we will turn in and out."

"Come below then; the surgeon is busy with your fellows—I'll bring him to you."

The small bone below the elbow of Van's left arm was broken, but the right was merely paralyzed by a flesh wound. The doctor quickly put him to rights. Meanwhile, the old Triagain was bowling off the knots; by evening she had overhauled a fleet of merchantmen, who were headed off by the trending of their course to the southward. On reaching Cape Rozen, the evening was uncommonly hot for the season; and though the heavens were gloomy, the air being pleasant and balmy, all hands were on deck. The eternal cigar was



smoked on the quarter deck by its devotees ; the ladies and non-smokers had the poop to themselves, whence they enjoyed the view of the crowd of vessels in sight. It was now the Triagain's turn to be a clipper, for in this queer world of ours all things are comparative—wealth and poverty, beauty and ugliness, swiftness and sloth—all are so. One by one the transport weathered the fleet, and her captain was in ecstasy. Suddenly, the wind which had been blowing a single reef breeze died away,—threatening piles of blueish black overspread the dull lead coloured sky,—distant thunder is heard, and occasionally a flash of sheet lightning illumines the scene. The wind which had hitherto been steady, blew in cats' paws. The fleet was now heading in all directions—some running on their true course with the wind dead aft, whilst within half a mile on either side, one was becalmed, and another had the wind right down the river. As varied as were the atmospheric currents, were apparently the opinions of those who directed the movements of the merchant ships ; some shortened sail to close reefed topsails,

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whilst others, who had the wind aft, even set steering-sails. The growling thunder approached, and its volume increased ; an occasional forked shaft might now be seen. The master of the *Triagain*, who had happened to be one of those favored by the wind, had hitherto kept her under the easy sail with which she had first made Cape Rozier. He now ordered in the close reefs of the topsails, and stowed his jib and spanker. Now the storm rolls onward ; a fiery hail of forked lightning is descending continuously in every direction, apparently within a few yards, and falling amongst that crowded fleet ; it appears perfectly unaccountable, that some of their lofty spars do not attract it, we suppose in such cases, the ships become highly charged with electricity from the surrounding air, and slowly dispose of the fluid, thus forming imperfect conductors—at least this is the only way we can account for what we ourselves have seen, and that so few accidents occur from lightning at sea. Now, a perfect panic seems to have seized the skippers ; some of those who had been boldest in making sail, were

busiest in stowing every thing ; indeed, amongst them all, the master of the Triagain alone was inactive, as stemming the current he held on his course, without thinking it necessary further to extend or diminish his canvas. Thus matters went on, until supper time, when the whole party assembled in the cuddy. The skipper had on either side, Alice and her sister ; Annesley, as a guest, sat next his beloved—all was conviviality and fun. Soldiers are, doubtless, the pleasantest evening companions existing. The Major was, after much pressing, entertaining them with a song, his rosy Bacchanal face beaming with benevolence, like that of the illustrious Pickwick, when suddenly the ship was laid on her beam ends—a sharp crash was heard, and the skipper, regardless of his prostrate friends, rushed on deck.

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CHAPTER X.

*" Interia magno misceri murmure pontum,
Emissamque Hyemem sensit Neptunus et imis,
Stagna refusa vadis."*

VIROIL.

It was dark as midnight, and nothing could be seen on first reaching the deck, save that the sea was a sheet of mingled foam and fire ; as the eye grew accustomed to the gloom, the cause of the shock experienced in the cabin became apparent, the ship had been taken aback. The officer of the watch foreseeing a squall, had clewed up the fore top-sail, and the hands were still aloft stowing it. When the storm had burst upon them, the ship was running free, and the united force of her impetus, and the contrary squall striking her main top-sail, had carried away the spar on which it depended, the wreck of which,

together with all the still loftier gear it had supported, hung over the side to leeward. Fortunately there was not much sea on, still as the overpressed ship rolled to windward, the broken spar struck heavily, and much damage would doubtless have ensued, had not the squall lulled as suddenly as it had arisen. Tomahawks were the order of the day. The chief officer wished to save the rigging and sails, but his superior was too familiar with the gulf, to trust the momentary cessation of the gale. In accordance with his orders, every thing was cut away; and scarcely had the ship freed herself from the wreck, when the true tempest, of which the former gust had been but the precursor, struck her from the eastward. Her registered tonnage was nine hundred, and in the lower hold were ordnance stores considerably exceeding seven hundred tons; yet under bare poles, and with her main topmast gone, she lay over almost on her beam ends; fortunately her drift was up the river, if river it may then be called, for from its centre you can hardly see the land on either side, except in very clear weather. On the

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ocean, the fierce wind which was now blowing, would have prevented the sea getting up, but here the current forcing its way against it, occasioned a mountainous swell to rise in an incredibly short time. As soon as possible, the Triagain had been got before it, and she was now running nine or ten knots under her close reefed fore-top-sail; her unwieldy hulk groaning and creaking from keel to rail at such an unwonted effort at speed. She steered like a mad bull. A hand had been from the first placed at the lee wheel, but the joint powers of the steersmen soon became unequal to their task; and although relieving tackles were applied, still such a tremendous sea got up by midnight, that the danger of being pooped when she yawned, became imminent. However, the skipper well knew that before it, was his only chance of making a passage; so taking every precaution which long experience suggested, he continued to run. The morning brought no abatement of the gale, but rather the contrary; and on Annesley's coming on deck, he felt the greatest astonishment, that the tub-shaped craft still was able

to scud in a sea to which none he had hitherto seen could compare. One alone of their companions of the previous evening was in sight, and that one but occasionally. Although she was scarcely half a mile ahead, it was only while each ship was on the crest of a wave, that their hulls were visible from one another; and not unseldom, even a glimpse of the highest spars was not to be seen. The gale was fierce in the extreme, but alone would not sufficiently account for the seas, which were now bearing the old ship along with lightning speed, on the crest; now threatening her with annihilation, as the following roll reared its curling top some forty or fifty feet in height, half her own length astern, whilst it becalmed her so, that she almost lost steerage way. Yet if it be remembered, that the mighty river which they were ascending, forms the communication with the ocean, of one-third part of the fresh water existing on the surface of the globe,* being the sole outlet of the vast inland

* The lakes Superior, Michigan, Huron, St. Clair, Ern, and Ontario, I rather think contain a much larger proportion than that stated.

seas which form a Mediterranean, (of as great extent as the father of seas, so named,) separating the American territory of Britain from the boundless domains of her republican daughter. To be added to the flood, from these, is that of the Ottawa, draining an extent of country, of eight degrees of longitude, and four and a half of latitude, or about 130,000 square miles in area; and not to mention hundreds of minor tributaries, which in Europe would rank amongst first class rivers, the Saguenay (whose origin is as little known as that of the Nile,) affords a mass of water, which rushes along for miles into the St. Laurence, without mingling with it. Near its mouth, the former river is, it is true, but half a mile across; but within a few yards of either shore, no bottom is found with *three hundred fathoms*. Taking these circumstances into consideration, it will cease to be matter of wonder, that even a sea of sixty miles breadth should roll towards the ocean, a current against which the fastest clipper in vain tries to ascend, with the wind adverse; and which produces a roll, when opposed to an easterly

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gale, unknown elsewhere. I need not say, that Annesley was often by the side of his old shipmate, Van Ransellier.—For many hours after the commencement of the gale, the Yankee enjoyed that blessed state of *insouciance*, which we have noticed, as being the characteristic of sailors, when mere passengers. The ladies, who were our hero's peculiar charge, were where they ought to be, in their state room. The second evening approached to dusk. The skipper of the *Triagain* enters the saloon to supper, nearly wearied out. At the upper end of the table, blazes the fiery face of the gallant Major, supported on either hand by some staunch devotee of Bacchus, to whom, whilst the rosy god is in the ascendant, all external affairs are equal. With difficulty they can keep their places, so heavily rolls the ship.

“Confoundedly hard to hold on here, Skipper,” said the Major, (who never, even in the fullest enjoyment of conviviality, forgot that her Majesty's commission alone entitles a man to the designation of Captain,) “could not you keep her for an hour or two on some course which would make her a little easier.”

"Certainly, sir; in an hour or two she would be easy enough, giving her a couple of points either way."

"Well, damn it, old fellow, don't bother now; I fancy it is bad enough—do your best—but don't bore us about our situation."

"As yet, Major, there really is no danger; but I must ask you, as the Colonel is turned in, to send orders, that your men should go below, as I must have my hatches battened down. I cannot run much longer, even if I had sea room,—and when I bring the ship to, 'tis highly probable, that our decks may be swept."

"Certainly," replied the Major. "I say, Annesley, you have your sea legs aboard, (faith, ashore or afloat, mine never stand to me well after dinner,) like a good fellow, send our men below. And I say, tell them that the skipper says, that if the wind holds, we shall be at Quebec to-morrow;—it will make them sleep at all events; and no harm done, even should Quebec be changed for some other quarter."

The hatches were battened down, after the

troops had gone below ; and the skipper resumed his station on the poop. He had run as far as he dared, in the existing gloomy weather ; and had, barely, according to his reckoning, left himself sufficient room for a five hours drift—or at farthest, until day-light. He, therefore, anxiously watched for a comparative lull, to bring her to the wind. The fore and foretop sails were stowed. Three immense consecutive seas rolled by, and as the comb of the last passed her fore chains, the order was given to the men at the wheel, to let her come up with her head to the southward. The moment was well chosen ; and, although one huge sea struck her, whilst in the trough, but little damage was sustained, beyond the loss of a few planks off the weather bulwarks ; now, however, for the first time, they felt the full power of the tremendous sea.

“ Tunc Prora avertit et undis,

Dut latus ; insequitur cumulo præruptus aquæ mons,
Nunc summo in fluctu, pendent, nunc unda dehiscens,
Terram inter fluctus aperit.”

The ship laboured tremendously, as she ascended the side of a huge sea ; and when it

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 groaned to her centre, and now, as she fell off
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 her in nearly to her leading blocks, whilst as
 she became almost the instant after becalmed
 in the trough, the pendulous action of the shot,
 and other heavy stores which freighted her
 lower hold, caused the weather roll to be
 most unusually quick and straining. No
 two opinions can be entertained, as to the
 modelling of our ship builders half a century
 since; (and our contemporaries have but
 slightly improved,) but to give the Devil his
 due, *they* gave fair play with their splendid
 native oak and copper. The Triagain was by
 no means a remarkably staunch ship before
 the blow, but the joint assaults of Eolus and
 Neptune, were as yet unable to increase the
 customary spell, each four hours, in any
 perceptible degree. Finding her lying to,
 much more easily than under all circumstances
 he had expected, Annesley entered the poop,
 and made his way to the door of the cabin
 appropriated to the ladies. His knock was at
 once answered, and he was received by the

sisters, and Miss Sherbrooke, in a room, which from its size and appearance might be called a saloon; the portion assigned to the repose of the occupants, being screened off with a rich drapery of crimson damask. The kindness of the Colonel commanding on board, had appropriated his own cabin to their accommodation; so that as far as people could be comfortable at sea, in bad weather, who had not been much accustomed to it, they were so.

“Is any danger to be apprehended, Mr. Annesley,” asked Alice.

“None whatever, at present; the ship has behaved miraculously, considering her appearance.”

“We have a favor to ask of you, Annesley,” said Isabella,—“When you say that there is no present danger, I feel that you speak the truth, but your very expression leads to the supposition, that it may not be far distant—do not treat us like children—but should it become imminent, let us know; so full is our faith in you, that we shall remain here without dread, until you advise differently.”

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There was a something in the manner of the speaker, as well as in her words, which caused Annesley's heart to throb, with an effort (even in the presence of Miss Sherbrooke and Alice,) he restrained himself from saying more than "dearest Isabella, you will never find any confidence, with which you honor me, misplaced. I am now about to see Captain Van Ransellaer, after which, if you will permit me, I shall have the pleasure of returning here, and you may, in all confidence, rely on my report."

Annesley descended to his cabin, where, in spite of his recent severe injuries, he found the Yankee dressing, with the aid of his servant.

"I say, Jemmy, I don't at all fancy our position; the reports of your youngster have been my only log, so that I don't exactly know where we are—but by my reckoning, we must be well up in the river. Whereabouts are we?"

"Faith, I can't exactly say; I don't think I ever looked at a chart of the St. Lawrence in my life. But why are you disturbing yourself?—depend on it, every thing is

right ; at least, every thing that is possible will be done."

" I don't know, boy ; I have every inch of the coast by heart, and have no fancy to die like a rat in a water cask—lend me a hand on deck.

" But the doctor prescribed quiet."

" Damn the doctor and his orders ; I guess, I don't feel a bit too quiet here.—I never like to trust your English skippers, they don't know enough to be boatswains aboard our ships. Come, I am all right now—let us go 'pon deck."

Most certainly, appearances above, were by no means likely to lead Van to a more tranquil frame of mind ; still, strange as it may seem, when he had seen how things stood, he relapsed into his usual apparently inert state. By his request, Annesley passed a rope's end round his waist, and he chatted away, about past scenes, as coolly as ever ; the fresh air seemed to reinvigorate him, and every now and then he sent Annesley's boy, who had accompanied him, on deck, to ascertain the position of the ship's head, as she came up and fell off. Thus

matters went on, for two hours after they reached the deck, when a sudden lull took place, and for a time, Neptune alone seemed in charge of the ship. Several successive seas struck her, sweeping away her bulwarks from the main-chains forward, and making a clear breach over her. Still, Van chatted away, unheeded by our hero, whose mind was far too deeply occupied by the dearer interests which were on board. A strange sound is heard to windward, and an instant after, the ship is on her beam ends. The gale, which for a few minutes had lulled, now struck her from the southward and eastward, throwing her off into the trough. A voice is heard above the howling of the tempest, clearly by all on deck — its tones are unknown, yet instantly obeyed.

“All hands axes,—cut away the mizen mast.” Tomahawks and axes are busily at work, before the astonished skipper has brought himself up amongst the floating mass to leeward; and as he reached the poop, his mizen mast fell over, and the ship righted.

“Whoever gave that order it was correct,”

he said ; “ had it not been so, he should have dearly rued it. I wish all to know, that I command here ; as it is, I feel obliged, but beg that no more such liberties may be taken.”

“ Egad you may be obliged,” growled Van, in tones which only reached those in his immediate vicinity ; “ if another sea struck her, while in yon fix, ’twas all up.” The ship rolled frightfully, labouring far more from the loss of her spars ; whilst from the hold arose a stifled yell, in which the bass voices of men mingled with the shrill cries of women and children, in wild diapason. Affairs seemed now far more critical than before, for the altered direction of the wind, placed the ship directly in the trough of the sea, in which she rolled tremendously. To add to the affright of the prisoners in her womb, at each roll, the deep sound of the ship’s bell tolled as at minute intervals, forming a funeral accompaniment to the other terrors which struck to the hearts of the captives, its every knell calling forth shrieks of anguish.

At dawn of morning, a line of breakers might be seen to leeward, but all over them

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was obscured by mist. The captain was quite taken aback at this, as he had calculated on being many miles from the north shore; and the present direction of the wind, together with the unlooked-for place of his maimed ship, left him in a position of most imminent danger. For an instant, the veil of mist was upborne by the tempest, revealing to the terror-stricken crew, an iron-bound shore of vast height, within three miles to leeward. Annesley did not forget his promise to the ladies, and however painful, he felt that the time had come when it was his duty to redeem it, and for that purpose was about to leave the deck, when he was startled by Jake's breaking out into the chorus of a song, which in moments of pleasurable excitement he had often heard him sing before. Van's chant is characteristic; and as it is not long, we present it to you.

Old Joe kicking up behind and before,
And the yalla gals kicking up behind old Joe.

Alto—Old Joe.

Bass—Old Joe.

(These first two lines repeated.)

Whilst on board the *Xarifa*, Annesley had imbibed much of Ingram's faith in Van; but

now, he could not but believe, that his mirth was the effect of delirium.

“ Mr. Van Ransellaer,” he therefore said, “ I wish you would go below—Charley will look after you ;—I have other duties.”

“ Ha! ha!” roared Jake, “ you fancy me fevered, boy, I guess. Just put your finger on my pulse, and then on your own, and judge who is most so.”

“ Instinctively, Annesley did as he was bidden. Van’s pulse kept equal time, he therefore asked, “ How or why do you think us safe ? ”

“ You *are* so, boy, I tell you so ; make your mind easy.”

At this moment, the skipper of the Triagain’s voice was heard calling the hands aft ; his speech was short and nervous, telling the men that in case of the ship going on shore, their only chance was, that they should pull together, and obey the orders of their officers.

“ Very good advice if there was any need of it,” sung out Van, when the skipper had ended, in a voice heard before and aft : that voice had been heard before, and was now

recognised by all, and amongst others by the captain—

“Who dares to interrupt me?”

“He will know soon enough, Jemmy,” said Van, in a low tone, “jest wait a bit.” Scarcely had he ended, when the voice of the look out forward was heard—“breakers ahead on both bows.” The skipper rushed forward, and found that it was but too true. Before he had reached the fore-castle, Van said to Annesley—

“Go to him, Jemmy, and tell him, that I can and will save his ship, if he will give me charge as pilot,—if he doubts you, swear that he may trust me, and I will redeem your oath.”

When Annesley reached the fore-castle, the captain had convinced himself that the report of his look out was correct, half an hour before he had seen the line of breakers to the northward; and all now seemed very nearly over with the good ship, in which for years he had traversed almost every part of the globe; having no hope of saving her himself, he grasped at what, truth to tell, he considered a straw.

“Tell your friend, Mr. Annesley, that if he

saves the ship, he shall be well paid for it— I give her up to him.”

On our hero's rejoining Van on the poop and communicating the captain's message, the Rover (assuming that energy which, as has often appeared in these pages, never failed him in times of real need,) cried—

“ In stay sails—stand by your weather fore-braces—lay the yards flat aback—let fall and sheet home the foretop-sail.” It was done. Hard up with the helm, and let her make a starn-board;”—she did so; the sea breaking clean over her for some minutes. “ Stand by men, to run up the foretopmast stay-sail—right the helm now, as she falls off—hard up.” A few seconds, and the old ship is flying before it again. Annesley, look to the steering—some half-dozen hands pass the word along—and I say, a couple of you lend me a hand forward.”

Jake took his station on the gallant fore-castle, and thence passed his orders to Annesley, who conned. In half an hour the line of coast could be distinctly traced to leeward, shewing a front of black rock more

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than one thousand feet high, apparently perpendicular, whose base was lashed by a fearful surf. As they neared it, an opening, or rather a fissure, as it seemed, was discernable. The mouth of the Saguenay scarcely exceeds a half mile in breadth; at either side, all is fierce war between the storm-vexed waters and their impregnable coast; so narrow, indeed, is the clear passage into this vast river, that it hardly interrupts the breaking of the waters, as each huge billow rolls ashore. On the crest of a mountainous sea, the ship enters the yawning chasm, whilst the blinding mist from the surf, on either hand, rendered it impossible to discern any thing around, for some moments of deep anxiety; piloted by Van, however, she reached a basin so perfectly land-locked, that it needed the still clearly distinguishable roar of the breakers, and the hurting of the gale, as it breathed its wild music amongst the mountains around, to convince the amazed crew, that they had not, for the last two days, been in a fevered dream.

CHAPTER XI.

“ *Statio bene fida carinis.* ”

VIRGIL.

ARRIVED at his destined mooring ground, Van ordered the sails to be stowed. When he reappeared on the poop, the master of the transport, after due expressions of gratitude, for the salvation of his ship, asked—

“ What depth of water shall we come to in, Captain Van Ransellaer ? ”

“ More, I guess, than your ground gear, if all bent on end, would find sounding in. The tops of the mountains around, are not further above, than the bottom of this here river is below us ; but we have a handier plan of mooring here. Have a warp coiled into one of your boats, and you will find plenty of trees ashore, to make fast to. The shore goes down like a wall, so you can lie as snugly as tho' you were alongside a wharf.”

"A sufficiently primitive way of bringing her to, but a piece of rattling would hold her here. I think I can promise, that in consideration of this night's work, my owners will make good the loss of your schooner, which most fortunately gave us the advantage of your local knowledge to-day."

"Well, I never wanted a fresh departure more; for the clothes I wear, are all I can at this moment call mine. A few months since I was rich—all I saved of that, went into the schooner I was ass enough to let you take. I guess, I never made such a darnation fool of myself since I was a boy, nor then neither—it vexes me—it does."

"Never mind, old fellow—better luck next time. I can't say that this turn it vexes me, as your mistake, besides saving my ship then, has now, a second time preserved her, and the lives of 800 men."

"Well, 'tis an ill wind which blows nobody good. I feel confounded sore; so now that there is time for it, I guess I will do as Sawbones told me—keep quiet."

"I have a spare state room next my own;

you will have more air there than below.— Shall I have a cot slung there for you ? ”

“ Thank you—I am well off enough with Annesley, who is an old shipmate of mine.”

“ As you choose. Pray send to me for any thing you may want—your kit was not brought on board, and Annesley’s traps will not fit you. I will direct my steward to see you all right.”

“ With a gruff expression of thanks, ~~he~~ descended, aided by Charley, Annesley’s boy. Where was the boy’s master ? As soon as his task at the helm was done, (a task at which he felt ten-fold responsibility, as it concerned the safety of the ladies,) he descended to the cabin. Again his knock was promptly answered by Isabella. In their cabin, as in the cuddy, all was confusion—the chairs all out of their places, and the table having burst from its lashings, overturned.

“ For a time, ~~she~~ supposed you had forgotten us. I knew, that care for our safety alone kept you absent.”

“ You did me but justice, dear Isabella. Thank God, we are safe ; but we had a most narrow escape.”

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"Indeed it has been a fearful time—we once thought that all was over, that the ship had upset—and again, that dreadful bell, and the awful shrieks that were so distinctly heard above the uproar on deck. I shall never forget that half hour. Our lamp was upset, and we were in total darkness. I used to think, that I could meet death more calmly than Alice. Had it not been for her and Mary Sherbrooke, I should have gone mad."

"Nay Isabella, who was it that first gained sufficient courage to reassure the others?"

"I really do not know; all I clearly recollect, is, that I should have died, had I been alone. But, Annesley, where are we?"

"In a small lake, the majestic beauty of whose shore I shall not attempt to describe.— Before the rest you need so much, a few minutes on deck would soothe you; and I can promise you such scenery as you have no where beheld—that is, if you are not too much fatigued. In your absence, your cabin can be put to rights."

Tired as they were, the ladies acceded to Annesley's proposal. As yet, none of the

military inhabitants of the poop, with the exception of the Commanding Officer, had appeared on deck. Even Annesley's expressed admiration, had not prepared his companions for the scene which awaited them. The ship was lying in a small basin, nearly circular, of not more than a mile diameter, surrounded by

"Mountains, on whose barren breast,
The labouring clouds do often rest."

Along the margin at high-water mark, ran a strip of nearly level land, varying in width, but seldom exceeding a few yards; formed, perhaps, by the wash from the adjacent high lands. On this, vast Maples and Basswood trees grew, interspersed with drooping Elms, whose gracefully pendent branches often touched the water. Immediately beyond this fringe of verdant beauty, arose mountains, sometimes formed of black rock, shooting perpendicularly, and varying from one to two thousand feet in height, and crowned, by what seen through the mist which partially concealed them, well might seem turrets and minarets. In other places, where the cliff had

a slight inclination, the dark foliage of the Pine and Cedar tribes was varied by the light sprays of the Poplar, and the soft green of the Birch, whose pensive blossoms were at that season in their fullest fragrance, and most graceful beauty. Sometimes the summits of the mountains might be seen, whilst again, masses of vapour hung in undulating wreaths down their sides; and it were hard to tell the moment of most picturesque beauty.

“This is,” said Isabella, “a spot to dream about; I hope we shall, ere we leave, have an opportunity of seeing it with a clear sky. I should like to get it by heart.”

“And I,” said her sister, “have it so already—I would not like to have my picture varied in the least—I could not spare even a single cloud from these magnificent cliffs. I see their outlines thence downwards; and my imagination assigns them summits within the heavens themselves—what say you, Mary?”

“That just now, I thought with Isabella; whilst you spoke, with you; and what a changeable being I must be, I even now, again, long to see their cloud-capped heights

reflecting the splendours of a Canadian sunset ; whilst down here, it should be twilight."

"And I, fair ladies," said the Colonel, who had been a listener to the foregoing, " would bargain, never to see a cloud again ; give me light-blue sunny skies, and (if it is my misfortune to be obliged to cross them,) blue seas, with a lightly rippled surface. I fear, I have no romance in my constitution. Most assuredly, I hate your storms ; and as certainly, even this Ossianic scene awakens no enthusiasm—I can fancy nothing more desolately dreary. We are all tired—so I move, that we go to bed. However, before we do so, Mr. Annesley, as I am informed, that we owe it to the privateer Captain, that we are not all enacting the part of Jonah, without the least hope of its favourable termination ; and, that the skipper is an acquaintance of your's, will you be kind enough to tell him, that I can promise his discharge, on our arrival at Quebec ; and, moreover, will most cheerfully pay my share, to make it turn out a good day for him that he was taken by us."

"I shall be happy to convey your kind intentions to him, sir. I think, that the Colonel's move is a good one—shall I attend you to your cabin, ladies."

The jolly Major, to whom we have before cursorily introduced our readers, was as fond of sport as he was of the *culte* of the rosy god. Whilst to others, the preceding night had been one of unmitigated horror, he had donned his usual night cap, before he turned in; and although he was almost awakened, when the ship was on her beam ends, he only growled a little about his bed being badly made—certainly not without reason, as he had a large knee under the middle of his back, his state room being to leeward; when she righted, so did he; and feeling snug again, resumed his half-broken slumber. Being thoroughly seasoned, he turned out at his usual hour, much marvelling at the quietude which reigned around. On learning that they were in the Saguenay, he desired his servant to hunt up his gun-case and fishing-gear. The result of his industry, together with that of some half-dozen youngsters whom he rallied around him,

was a most glorious dinner for all hands aft. No sooner did his fly touch the water, than it was grasped by a huge salmon. The first two or three gave him amazing play, until tired of doing them to death *more waldronis*, he unbent the top joints of his rod, and doubling his gear, hauled them out by main force—so that by noon, he had a barrel of magnificent fish. Hearing his friends blazing away in all directions around, he ordered his servant to get his gun to rights, and immolated some twenty brace of Partridge, (the most stupid birds in the world, by the way.) How think you, reader, they are shot? Why, of course, your dogs come to a point in a turnip or potato field, or perhaps a stubble. No such thing, my good sir. Your dog, if you have one, flushes the covey, and runs after them, yelping at the top of his canine lungs, until they pitch in a tree, under which he sits barking away. The birds finding that his hostility is confined to mere sound, quietly look at him, until attracted to the spot by his tongue, you come up—you then commence with the lowest of them, and blaze away as

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fast as you can load, until you have bagged the entire. You would not give a farthing for such shooting! Yes, you would, if you had for a month before luxuriated on rancid pork, and poor unfortunate fowls who had died of sea sickness and misery. To tell the truth, although the birds called Partridge in North America, are wrongly named, being in reality a species of Wood Grouse; their flavor, when roast, is unexceptionable. But you have no sport? You would not say so, had you witnessed the dinner party on board the *Triagain*. If the Major had done his part as a purveyor, fairly, no one could deny him the honor of being an unequalled trencher-man. Oysters had been abundantly provided by some strollers along the shore; and the Major asserted, and by practice proved, that their sauce is good with every thing, fish, flesh, and fowl being alike inundated with the savory adjunct. The most sentimental of the party fed with *gout*; and nothing disturbed the Major's happiness, until Annesley, who had gone for a moment on deck, returned, filled with enthusiasm. "Ladies, you should not

miss the scene exhibited at present; you thought it beautiful this morning, but it is infinitely more lovely now; you then doubted whether any change could be for the better—come and judge for yourselves. You had better put on your shawls, as I think you are hardly likely to exchange it for the cabin very soon.”

“Pish, boy,” retorted the Major, “the hot water is just coming in—to the deuce with your scenery.” But all thought not so—the ladies were bonnetted and shawled in a moment; and the panorama which displayed itself to view, well repaid them.

The storm had ceased, and the calm cold moon shed a flood of radiance over the mountains, though still in her first quarter. In the-mirror-like bosom of the lake, the hoar hills were reflected, as were the few fleecy clouds which wrapped the sky—deep shadow dwelt below the bases of the precipices of rock, but even there afar beneath the unrippled surface of the waters, varying streams of silver light marked the erratic paths of the inhabitants of the deep. For some minutes all were silent, enjoying the lovely picture.

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"At last, a soft and solemn breathing sound,
 Rose like a stream of rich distill'd perfume,
 And stole upon the air; that even silence
 Was took, ere she was ware, and wished she might
 Deny her nature, and be never more,
 Still, to be so displaced."

Some of the non-commissioned officers and their wives had borrowed one of the ship's boats, and with voices harmonized by distance, were singing the 100th Psalm. Nothing could be more exquisite, than the effect produced by that simple yet sublime music, to which the echoes answered in solemn chords.—It ceased, and all was again silence, until, on the approach of the boat, the Colonel ordered the band on deck. Even those capable of appreciating duly sacred music, can have but a faint idea of what it is, on such a night, and in such a theatre. One after another, solemn dirges succeeded, with an occasional burst of anthem, reverberating

Above, about, and underneath,

until the music

Dissolved them into ecstasies,
 And brought all heaven before their eyes.

Reader, can you recall a similar night of pure enjoyment? If you cannot—envy us.

CHAPTER XII.

* * "For nature here
Wanted as in her prime, and played at will
Her virgin fancies pouring forth most sweet,
Wild without rule or art."

PARADISE LOST.

Two days had passed since the Triagain had entered the Sagueney, and our voyagers already felt *ennuyè*, the more so, as the necessary refitting went on but slowly; Annesley therefore proposed to the ladies, a boat excursion of a few miles up the river, to which they readily assented, and having obtained the use of a gig from the master, was making preparations for their voyage, when he encountered Van, who, despite his wounds and the surgeon's orders to remain quiet, seemed to have discovered the secret of perpetual motion. Nothing could be more acceptable to the skipper than the proposed

cruise,—he offered himself as their pilot, and Annesley, (finding he was determined to go) was glad to avail himself of his local knowledge. The boat was stored with the necessary provisions against cold and hunger; every thing being in readiness they started the men of war's men, who formed her crew, making the light boat fly merrily along. The Indian summer had fairly set in—the sun was red, as seen through a dark Lorraine glass, the bold outlines of the shores, on either hand, were softened by a haze generally accompanying the brief continuance of this most delightful period. The air was warm and balmy, disposing them to enjoy the fragrance which it bore, as a last Autumnal offering from a thousand flowers, which old Winter should soon enfold in his chilling embrace. Van, with more judgment than we should have given him credit for, steered them, so that now from beneath an abrupt promontory of rugged rock, again from behind an overhanging curtain of foliage, the successive reaches of the noble river burst suddenly on their sight. The banks were of the same grand character

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which we have endeavoured to describe, as surrounding the basin in which the Triagain lay, varied by deep gorges and feathered cascades, giving exit to the waters which fell amongst the mountains around. For a couple of hours they stemmed the rapid current, when Annesley proposed to land on a strip of soft green sward, shaded by immense drooping elms and button-wood trees, the probable growth of centuries; but Van interposed, guessing that he was pilot, and promising to bring them up in a better berth. For half-an-hour longer he still headed the stream, when he steered for the western shore, which was there formed by a precipice of stratified grey rock, four or five hundred feet in height, not seeming to promise at its base so much as a resting place for the small foot of one of the ladies. As they neared it, however, they perceived a perpendicular cleft, of about eight or ten yards across, arched above, and dark as Erebus within. Into this, Van steered the gig. When they had nearly reached its apparent end, which became dimly visible when near at hand, they turned into a winding

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of the cave to the southward, and again, nearly
at right angles, it trended to the westward—
opening to their view, a lovely lake. Here,
Van cried, "oars," to permit them to
contemplate the scene before them. The
foreground of dimly-lighted rocky pillars,
crowned by the frowning arch, framed as it
were the picture. Beyond, was seen a small
blue lake, bordered by a broad margin of
meadow, shaded at intervals by vast old
basswood, and drooping elms.—Near the
farther shore, was an islet of a few acres
extent. The existence of such a paradise,
amidst the hoary and cloud-burdened moun-
tains around, filled them with delight and
wonder; but what raised their astonishment
to the highest pitch, was, that the island bore
unequivocal marks of being inhabited, for a
light curling column of blue smoke arose from
a habitation thereon, which was so embowered,
that but part of its roof was visible, peeping
through the luxuriant foliage. Surrounding
the lake, at the distance of about a mile, and
seeming to bound it in, like the happy valley
of the Abyssinian Prince, from the rest of the

world, mountains were piled in wild confusion to such vast heights, that their grey summits reflected in the sleeping waters of the lake.

"Pray, Captain Van Ransellaer, who the deuce lives here; but first, are we safe in venturing to intrude on your acquaintances, if such they be?"

"I guess, I would not have brought these here lovely gals, if they were not." The Skipper applied his gallant reference to the ladies, by a shrug of his dexter-shoulder, and an accompanying glance. "Give way, men," he added.

Again the gig darted swiftly along, clearing the caverned inlet, and gliding over the glassy lake, steering directly for the island; within a few yards of which they had attained, when a bark canoe shot around its southern strand. Its occupants ceased paddling, on perceiving the unexpected advent of strangers, and gazed on them with unconcealed wonder. The boats were within a few yards, and their crews obtained a full view of each other. The canoe was navigated by two girls, in the dawn of early womanhood; their colour was a dark

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olive, through which shone the bright flush to which exercise had given birth; their eyes of brilliant jet, were shaded by long and equally dark fringes; whilst masses of raven hair hung in wavy luxuriance over their sun-embrowned but lovely shoulders, and dresses of bright coloured cotton. Nature had taught these her children, to fashion the latter, so as to leave "every beauty free," and no artiste could have devised a more becoming costume. Their oval countenances were neither in form or colouring strictly Indian, yet the stamp of the Eastern origin of the wandering tribes was clearly to be distinguished. For some moments, they knelt in statue-like quiet in the canoe, when she who was in the bow, suddenly turning to her sister, cried, "Ichinapi* Van," which was responded to, by an exclamation of joy; and each, at the same moment, dipping her paddle into the water, they shot alongside the gig. Betwixt them and the Skipper, greetings were exchanged in a strange compound of Indian, French, and Yankee. They no longer entertained the

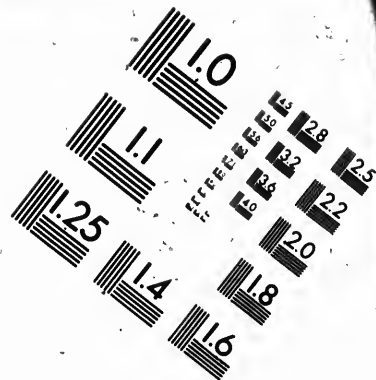
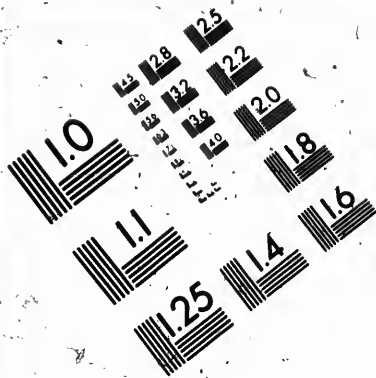
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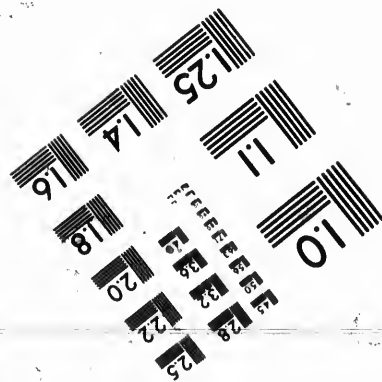
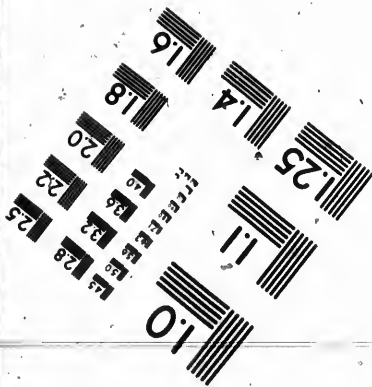
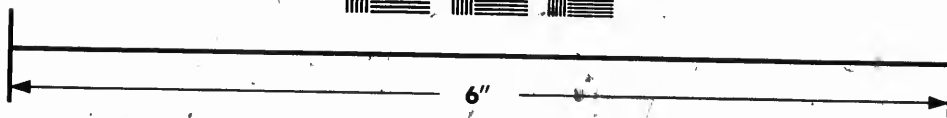
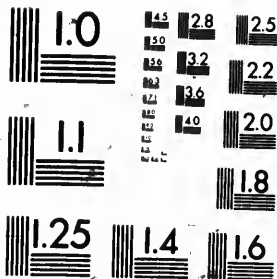








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least doubt that our party were friends, but stepped lightly on board, mooring their canoe by its Basswood painter, and chatting away with Van, in their mingled language, to which our worthy responded as best he might ; but even amongst Indians, the woman would be hard to find, who should wait long for an answer. Thus the conversation knew no halt, until one of the girls, turning her glittering eyes, encountered those of Isabella. An exclamation of surprise, directed her sister's thither also. A pause ensued—which she who appeared the elder, broke, asking Van—“ Ichinapi squaws — eeh ? ” The Skipper nodded assent ; and both the children of nature, after a timid second glance, and a courtesy which had done honor to a refined European drawing-room, kissed the ladies on either cheek, and seated themselves at their feet. Meanwhile the gig approached, and touched their islet shore ; conducted by their hostesses, they landed, and were led to their dwelling. The walls were formed of the rude trunks of the pine and cedar ; but much taste had been displayed in the selection of its

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site, and its structure. It occupied a southern slope, the turf on which was short, and soft as velvet. Huge old trees spread their protecting limbs above and around, amidst which, the steep gable of the cottage appeared, embowered with the rich crimson of the Indian vine, and the vivid green of the wild cucumber, which together, almost hid the rugged material of the walls. The interior of this sylvan dwelling corresponded with its outward appearance. The floor and ceiling were formed of the same material as the walls; but the former were neatly hewed, and around the latter were suspended many a trophy which would have been ornamental in a more courtly mansion. The broad majestic spoils of the moose and elk, the shaggy peltries of the bear, wolf, fox, and racoon, with the finer furs of the otter, beaver, fisher, and mink, adorned the walls; whilst the floor was covered with the smoke-tanned skins of animals of less value. Nor were indications of a taste more refined than that of the mere hunter absent—a guitar hung over the chimney, and a highly finished ebony flute, was placed across a deer's horns in its

vicinity. Arms, with hunting and fishing gear of every description abounded, mingled in studied and picturesque confusion, with leggings of scarlet cloth, and mocassins richly braided with bead and quill work, the products of the idler hours of their dark-eyed hostesses. Stretched in lazy enjoyment before the hearth, lay an old hound of pure blood, whose dim eyes and faded instincts rendered him unable longer to accompany the lord of this island-bower to the field, but whose comfort, in his old age, appeared to be studiously attended to. Perceiving how our party were accompanied, after having perused them for a moment, he welcomed them with a wag of his large tail, and resumed his posture of repose.

Van landed his stores from the boat; and with the assistance of the Indian girls, a table was quickly spread, to which, incited by the sharp appetite acquired by their row, our friends were about to seat themselves, when the Skipper asked,—“Should we not wait for the master of the house.”

“Unquestionably,” replied Annesley; “but

until this instant, we were not in the least aware of the existence of that gentleman."

"Well, I never! but you Britishers think of nothing else, when you are hungry, but feedin. Howsomever, I will go and call him." And taking a bugle from the wall, he ascended the brow of the hill on which the cottage stood, and elicited some horridly discordant notes.

"Amongst your varied qualifications, Captain Van Ransellaer, I did not know that music was one—pray where did you learn to play the bugle?"

"None of your humbug, master Jemmy," said Van, as he again hung up his instrument; "I guess, I made as much noise as you could. Hark! 'tis answered already." The distant report of a rifle was heard, when one of the girls left them, and entering the canoe, shot her across to the shore, whence they soon saw her returning accompanied, as Van informed them, by their host. He was habited in the usual hunting garb of the Aborigines, save that a cap of crimson cloth was substituted for the feathered head-dress; a frock of elk skin closely fitted his tall elastic figure; and though

his hair was of snow, his step had lost none of the springiness of youth.—His leggings and mocassins were of the same material as his hunting shirt; his waist was girt with a sash of scarlet worsted, the fringed ends of which reached the knee; resting in the hollow of his arm, he bore a long rifle. Although his dress and equipment were Indian, his features were of the noblest European caste. His blue eyes were bright and searching as those of an eagle; and whilst the moustache and whiskers were snowy as his hair, their long lashes were of silken jet. Exposure to the fiery heat of the forest summer, and the fierce blasts of the almost arctic winter of northern Canada, had bronzed and furrowed his face; but when he courteously raised his cap, in return to their greetings, it disclosed a forehead smooth and white as polished ivory. Such was their host, to whom Van introduced his party, addressing him by his Indian name, as Maneto-wassing.* The old man welcomed them to his island-home, with a grace which would have been conspicuous at a court. Van and he seemed

* The spirit lightning.

to be well known to each other; and although he must have been astonished, to see the Yankee Skipper so accompanied, he asked no questions. They re-entered his bower-like cottage; and during dinner, Van entertained him with a recital of the mishaps of the Triagain. The narrative seemed to interest him almost painfully—more than once he sighed; and Mary declared, afterwards, that she saw him brush away a tear; and that she noticed his daughters furtively glancing their glittering dark eyes at each other, and at their father. Scenes long gone by, were recalled to him by Van's tale; nearly half a century had since passed—most eventful to the world, but to him as a watch in the night—it seemed but as the dream of a morning hour. At its commencement he was young, noble, happy, and rich; at its close, old and nameless, but as regarded the wealth which he had learned to value, still rich, and (despite misfortunes, which for a time had nearly borne him down,) happy. He remained in pensive silence for some time after Van had ended his tale, but the Skipper interrupted his musing.

“Come, old boy,” he said, “I know you have a good yarn to spin. I have heard something of it from our red-skinned friends, but they aint fond of talk. Your log is worth the readin, and we have an hour to spare—so bowl along.”

“My history is a long and painful one, yet with not much in it of interest to strangers.—It is at your service, nevertheless.”

The ladies had feared, that Van’s rough, although not rudely meant curiosity, might have proved offensive. They had shared, but were careful not to express a similar feeling. Perceiving that it would gratify their host, they now joined in the prayer, that he should recite his story.

“Such as it is, you shall hear it, ladies. You are not to expect striking adventures; but the scenes wherein I have been an actor will prove novel, and to you it may possess an interest foreign to its mere tenor. You must excuse me, if with the garrulity of an old man, I dwell on occurrences which are burned in by subsequent misfortune. If I read your hearts aright, I count on your sympathy. Long

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since I should have blushed to *think aloud*, but now it gratifies me. If the beginning of my narrative seem puerile—be it so. It is in childhood and early youth that our souls are purest, freshest from the hands of our beneficent Originator, who, when he called the universe into existence by the word of his power, declared, that every thing which it contained was very good; and who still, when a new immortal is born, to play his part in the world, manifests the same kind care, and sends him forth pure and unsullied. Alas! that this purity does not continue ours—who may fathom the wherefore. It gives me pleasure to accede to your wishes. I know not that I shall be able to point out beacon-marks to guide you; but I do not believe, that the career of any one person can be truly told, without furnishing some leading points which may serve a subsequent voyager on the ocean of life. At all events, you shall have a true narration of the few joys, and many sorrows, which the retrospect of an old man's life presents.

CHAPTER XIII.

“ Then there were sighs, the deeper for suppression ;
And stolen glances, sweeter for the theft ;
And burning blushes, though for no transgression ;
Tremblings when met, and restlessness when left :
All these are little preludes to possession,
Of which young passion cannot be bereft.

BYRON.

I WAS the cadet of one of the proudest houses of France. My eldest brother was at an institution in Paris, exclusively devoted to those predestined by fortune to figure in the *grand monde*. I was educated at a religious seminary in the neighbourhood of my father's chateau, fifty miles from the capital, being destined for the church, the great resource of pauperised nobility ; as under the tonsure, the prince and peasant were on a footing, whilst the greatest did not deem it shame to call an abbé brother. 'Tis true, that we of the privileged classes, entered her sacred precincts

under far different auspices from our humbler fellows; but from my earliest days, I truly felt what so many feign, the "Nolo Episcopari;" for which dignity, I have no doubt, my parents intended me—whilst I cavilled at their want of taste. The army was equally open to the younger sons of the nobility; but alas! I had another brother, also my elder; and whilst he was to bear the colors in the van of battle, I was to be merely of the *church militant*. So natural and fitting did this seem to my acquaintance and friends, that, although my soul rebelled against the career allotted me, I felt obliged to yield myself, as best I might, to the prospect of dignified ease. I might have made an excellent bishop, had it not been for circumstances totally unforeseen. It so occurred, that close to the place allotted us in our parish church, (of which the head of our school was the curè,) was that chosen by the family of a noble, whose patrimony adjoined that of our house. Unfortunately for my father's plans, as regarded me, his neighbour had a daughter, a few years my junior. How perfectly, at this moment, I remember her as a

child—even her dress, at ten years old. The very bonnet of white beaver which she wore, the dress of blue satin, and its skirt of white, are as plainly before me, as though I saw them now. Sometimes I fancied, that when our glances met, the throbbings of my heart were reciprocated—at others, that I was laughed at. We met but in that old church once in the week; and my happiness, for the ensuing six days, depended on what I deemed I then read in Adele's eyes.

Eyes beaming oft with sunlight glances,
Trembling like the ray that dances
In the ruffled lake; yet darting
Looks of tender love at parting.

For yes, she loved me too; could I then have known it, how blessed I should have been; but the revelation was reserved for a day many years after. Let the children of a soul-bartering world scoff at us if they list. They should rather sigh, that true affection is scarce known amongst them, save by name; and that if she find a home, it is but amongst those at whom they dare to laugh—those few whom love leads to associate their destinies. Let

them laugh, if they may, after lives of misery have avenged their guilty prostitution of the most sacred of earthly ties.

Years flew by; the dreaming school-boy to whom I have introduced you, became a man; the usual period of ordination arrived, but I found means to defer what I felt not only an irrevocable severance from one who still occupied my whole soul, but as an awful mockery of Heaven, when an event occurred, which changed my father's intentions. My eldest brother was killed in a duel; and the soldier was recalled from his regiment, his life being now considered of far too great consequence to be hazarded.

For generations the head of our house had served his country in the senate, and one of its branches had been devoted to her armies. The latter was now to be my destiny. Heaven forgive me, if I did not deeply sorrow for my brother; from infancy we had been separated,—and whilst his young days had passed amongst the gaities of the capital, mine had been spent in a gloomy cloister. I could not help feeling, that his death removed an

obstacle from my path. When summoned to Paris, by my father, my heart beat wildly at the thought, that there I might meet Adele; I also longed to see my remaining brother,—we too had been much severed since childhood, but I remembered his frank kindness during the short time we had been permitted to spend together, and my heart warmed to him. In a few days after I had learned my eldest brother's death, I found myself at the gate of my father's hotel at Paris. I had never as yet been there. A crowd of Laquais in deep mourning, filled the vast hall, and on my being announced, ranged themselves respectfully as I passed. I was shown into a splendid ante-room, an upper servant going to inform my father of my arrival. I looked around me, in almost childish wonder, at a magnificence to which I was wholly unaccustomed; for my father reserved his state for Paris,—his chateau, on his estate, being comparatively plain. I was not long left to my solitary musings; the same domestic conducted me through long ranges of apartments, to his lord's reception room. My father certainly was a stately old man—

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every inch a noble. He rose with studied politeness to receive me, but his courtesy was as frigid as though I had been a stranger; I know not that I expected that it would have been otherwise, but I could scarcely restrain a hysterical desire to laugh or cry. On my entrance, my attention was not so absorbed by my father, as to prevent my noticing that he was not alone. Beside his chair stood a tall and handsome young man, habited in the undress uniform of a chasseur regiment. After my parent's chilling greeting, I looked towards, but did not recognise him, until, as the old gentleman re-seated himself, he sprung towards me, saying, "Do you not know me, Louis." I could scarcely believe, that in the noble looking fellow, I beheld my brother Henri. I threw myself into his arms, finding with unutterable joy, that at least one of my kin possessed a heart warm and affectionate as my own.

Our father looked on with a but half pleased expression, and took snuff.

"You should remember, gentlemen."—
He paused. "Ah! ah!—'tis well, my sons,"

he said, relaxing, and the cold expression of his eye softening,—“ ’tis thus, brothers should meet, after long severance. And now, as you have, doubtless, much to say to each other, adieu, until dinner.”

Henri led me to his room.

“ Oh! Louis, how I envy you. You are to be a soldier, whilst I, God pity me, have suddenly grown a party of such importance, that I must not breathe the free air of heaven. I often sighed at the abominable life poor Charles and you led—now, it is my turn.”

I could not refrain from smiling; it seemed to me so odd, that Henri should associate in his mind the gay life of a young noble in Paris, which I had often heard my companions sigh for, with the gloomy one I had led. “ Aye, you may laugh, he continued, but never brother grieved more deeply than I do. Had Charles lived, how different had been my lot. I am only a few days in Paris, and already I am suffocating, dying.”

“ You may survive perhaps, to find it, nevertheless, not quite intolerable,” I replied, smiling again.

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"It is impossible, I tell you. Do you know, Louis, you are a handsome fellow, and will be superb in uniform. Come, let me metamorphose you."

I yielded to my good brother's whim, with a glow of pleasure, at the compliment he paid my appearance; do not suppose me vain, when I say, that I thought his opinion delightfully true, as I glanced at myself in a mirror, after he had habited me in a full suit of his uniform.

"What a shame, to have dreamt of making a shaveling of you; 'tis as bad, however, to want me to become a chamberlain, or some such gilded tinsel thing, in the palace of our king, which I utterly abhor. Louis! Louis! I wish we could change places."

"And so do I, Henri, with all my heart, since you also will it."

My brother stared at me with astonishment. "Will you permit me to ask?" He said, after a pause,— "Why?"

"Can you not guess?"

"No, that can I not, unless your folly may be imputed to ignorance of the joyous life which is in store for you."

“ Nine-tenths of the world would be more likely to laugh at your want of knowledge of the world, than at mine, my brother. It is not the inheritance of poor Charles' wealth and station that I however covet—at least for themselves. Do you forget Adele? From almost infancy I have worshipped her; and, although, as a soldier of fortune I shall be as little likely to be received as when an intended priest, it would be a far different matter were I representative of our house.”

“ Positively Louis, you are most childishly doating. Bah! folly, man; one campaign, and all this nonsense will be forgotten.”

“ You, Henri, have never loved—that is plain. ‘ He jests at scars that never felt a wound.’ ”

“ Pardon me, I *have*, at least an hundred times; and a very pleasant amusement it is at an idle time. Never loved! and I am now—let me see—twenty-five. Apropos of your Adele,—she is now one of the belles of Paris, and an amazing *parti*. Our father is half in love with her I think. He was singing her praises, at the moment of your arrival. I

would be more of knowledge of brother. It is Charles' wealth yet—at least for Adele? From I loved her; and, when I shall be as when an intended matter were

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know not, whether her estate or her personal attractions have won him, but certain it is, that he talked to me for a whole hour about her."

I felt a sensation of pain, which almost prevented my breathing, as I answered,—
"I have only loved once, Henri,—but it has been for life."

"Why that moonstruck air man, you need not be jealous of the old gentleman; or—ah! now I see it,—you think he has an eye on the lady for me. Cheer up: they don't marry full-grown gentlemen at present, without their own consent; and I would not supplant you for the world."

In my light hearted brother's society, the time of our close mourning passed pleasantly away. I received my appointment to a regiment at the time quartered in this colony, my father wishing that I should serve abroad. At Henri's request, he permitted me to remain a few months at Paris, previously to joining. I went into the glittering world, which had for me but one attraction—Adele. We met—she received me kindly, as an old acquaintance. I shall never forget the first time I led her

out to dance. I had carefully conned a conversation, sufficiently long to have lasted for hours, but I was dumb—the thought of how stupid she must suppose me, provoked me exceedingly, and added to my confusion; of this she appeared not to take notice, and endeavoured to draw my attention to the scene around us—but absorbed as my faculties were, I drank in the music of her voice, scarcely comprehending what she said; and answered her, I suppose, absurdly enough. I remember, that she asked me, which costume in the room I most admired? I replied, her white beaver bonnet, spencer of blue satin, and white frock. She stared, and blushed slightly; no wonder, for her toilette was as *recherché* as art could devise. I suddenly awoke to the ridicule I had incurred, and was but the more covered with confusion, so that the dance being concluded, and we having mingled with the promenaders through the rooms, I could not even hear what she said—until, tapping my arm, she said, playfully—

“So, Louis, you still remember my white bonnet and blue spencer.” “Tell me,” she

added, again smiling and blushing, "whether it has been of them you have dreamt for the last hour; for, truth to tell, you have been less awake to the gaiety around us, than I could have conceived it possible to imagine a rustic to whom Paris is a novelty."

Adele had touched a chord which thrillingly vibrated. Although the renewal of our acquaintance had been so recent, I felt at full liberty to pour forth the fond recollections of our childhood, on which my heart had existed ever since. A crowd is the deepest solitude—the remark is trite, but true. I became eloquent,—every fondly remembered incident was vividly dwelt on; in half an hour we were on terms as friendly as though we had never been separated, and if I alone spoke, I could not but perceive that my reminiscences were not displeasing. My brother fearing, as he afterwards said, that I should be remarked, claimed Adele's hand; and I retired to a moon-lit balcony, with flying pulses and a lightened heart.

As we returned home that night, Henri rallied me on what had taken place. "I never

knew how ridiculous the blind god could make even a handsome young fellow like you, until to-night; positively, during that dance, you looked the very incarnation of Momus,—but neither was I aware of the change which his happier mood could effect. You should be more cautious, Louis; you know, your lady love is a ward of the king's, and his majesty may not, perhaps, be too well pleased, when he learns the devotion of Monsieur Louis de —, sub-lieutenant. However, courage, boy; you have made an impression, and that is half the battle—it will be quite *selon les regles*, that you should wait on her to-morrow. We will go together; never fear, I shall not be in the way,—and you can open the campaign in form.”

Day after day we visited Adele, much to the satisfaction of our father, who never dreamt of my presumption—nor was my time ill employed. She had not forgotten days gone by. Why weary you? She promised to be mine. I need not dwell on the delight with which I learned, that her remembrance and love had equalled my own. Months passed as moments, and the day at which I

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must join my regiment drew near, when our father, on returning from a long interview with the king, summoned us to a conference. He told us, that he had seen with joy, Henri's growing attachment to Adele, and had just received the most gracious accession to his proposals for her, from the king, who had left all the arrangements to him—these, he intimated, should be on a scale befitting his rank and that of the lady. He dwelt on the magnificent addition to our family estate which her property would afford; and concluded, by saying, that the kingdom did not offer a lady whom he should so gladly welcome as his daughter.

When his drift became apparent, I felt the blood rush to my heart, and thought I should have fainted. I had certainly betrayed myself but for a gesture of Henri's, admonishing me to caution and self-control. He thanked my father, for the goodness he had manifested in thus interesting himself on his behalf, but stated, that he really had not thought of marrying the lady; that their acquaintance had been short; and that, in fact, although he

thought her society most agreeable, and had been always most courteously received, he was not vain enough to suppose himself likely to be accepted; and ended, by praying, that matters should not be precipitated.

Our good parent, who had evidently expected the most rapturous thanks, shrugged his shoulders, and took snuff in vast quantities; he, nevertheless, thought his part done, and considered, that however ungratefully Henri might choose to conceal his partiality, it was but the whim of a young man. As to the lady, he could not conceive that any objection could arise on her part, but agreed with Henri, that the deference of a sufficiently prolonged acquaintance, to meet her views, should be conceded.

When we had regained our own apartments, Henri gave vent to laughter which he had hitherto suppressed with difficulty. "The coolness with which the old gentleman wanted to marry me, without even asking my consent, is most amusing. Now, Louis, do you envy me."

"Can you jest at such a moment," I answered, deeply hurt at what I considered his ill-timed mirth.

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"Jest," he said. "Why, boy, I never was more serious in my life; I can't help laughing at our good father, though I know I should not do so. Why should you envy me, who has to remain here, and brave the anger of our father and the king; whilst you, lucky dog, are going to join a crack regiment, carrying with you, as a fellow campaigner, the very handsomest woman in France? Faith, were you out of the question, I think, I really should have obliged the old gentleman, and married her myself."

"Are you mad, Henri?"

"Not in the slightest degree that I can perceive,—although to be sane, is certainly to be remarkably singular in this world of ours. Adele is willing to be your wife; you, I rather think, are a consenting party; there needs but a third—a priest. Leave that to me."

"But the king, and our father?"

"Once you are married, what of them; neither of them can unbind a knot of a priest's tying; if they could, their lives would be no sinecures."

Adele consented to our joint persuasions;

my brother laughingly declaring, that she must make her election between us—as if she refused me, he was determined to have her himself. By his exertion, every thing was prepared; and the day before I left Paris, I folded Adele to my heart—my wife!

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CHAPTER XIV.

“ And first one universal shriek, then rushed
Louder than the loud ocean—like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed
Save the wild winds, and the remorseless dash
Of billows—but at intervals these gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash;
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.”

THE ship in which I was ordered to proceed to Canada, was to sail from Havre. It was decided, that Adele and I should proceed thither separately, in order to misdirect suspicion; Henri taking the charge of having my wife safely put on board, when the vessel should be ready for sea. All occurred to our wishes; the anchors were at the bows, and a towering cloud of canvass wooed a fair north-east wind, when I received her there. Ere night, our beautiful France was seen but as a blue mist on the far horizon. It was the first

time that either of us had beheld the ocean—grand, mysterious, illimitable, it reared its curling billows around us. We saw the sun sink beneath its waters—

“ Robed in flame and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;”

leaving for a while a rosy tinted glory behind. The calm beauty of twilight ensued—as it faded, one by one the pale stars shone forth, increasing in brilliancy and number, until they sparkled in myriads, spangling with gem-like fretwork the dark mantle of old night. Together we saw the “ fair silver-shafted queen leave her ocean couch, and spread around us the witchery of her soft radiance. We lingered on deck through the silent watches, in a trance of exquisite enjoyment, until she had assumed her “ highest noon.” The fondest dreams of our childhood were realized—we felt the “ sober certainty of waking bliss,”—we belonged to each other. Still to perfect our happiness, we pictured to ourselves our future dwelling in some bowery cottage, far from the “ busy hum of men,”

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beside one of the mighty rivers of the western world. During that happy voyage our every dream was poetry and romance. Adele loved to paint a glowing future; and when, like clouds, the rugged mountains of Newfoundland rose to our view, discovering as we approached, deep vallies, in which lay * perpetual snows; when we passed between the Alpine capes, and entered the mighty St. Laurence, it seemed to us but an announcement that we had almost reached our destined home. A swift east wind again urged on our flying ship amidst clouds of fog and mist, which rendered the land but dimly and occasionally visible, and the vast billows hurried her on their foaming crests to still more furious speed—alas! 'twas to her doom. Adele and I stood together on the lofty poop, watching the angry heaving of the sea, and the airy petrels as they now glanced upwards to avoid

* In other countries perpetual snows are on the mountain tops. I have passed the Newfoundland coast at all seasons, and have never seen the vallies without snow, although the thermometer often stood at 80°. These vallies are immensely deep; and whilst storms sweep the hills, they then accumulate snow to a prodigious depth.

the curl of a wave, now plunged into the yawning abyss betwixt two mountains of water, with untiring wing seeming to sport amidst the "fleecy and feathery foam,"—we little dreamt that these were the last moments we were to enjoy together. We felt a shock like that of an earthquake, which hurled us both forward against the poop railing; another still more violent succeeded, and ere I could regain my footing and assist Adele to rise, the masts had gone overboard, and the waves were breaking over the ship (which now lay with her side exposed to their force,) with terrific violence. We could see some struggling wretches still clinging to the reef rigging, and endeavouring to lash themselves to the stumps of the masts,—but our attention was quickly drawn from their agonies to our own fearful situation.

The sea now broke over the poop as the ship settled on her rocky bed; some few others shared its precarious platform. I cannot say how long we remained there—it may have been hours, or it may be that it was but for minutes. My agonies were intense. Was

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this then the bliss I had promised my Adele; was it for this that I had tempted her to leave all that life could offer? My arm still surrounded her, and sustained her fragile form as each successive wave swept over us more fiercely than its predecessor. Adele looked calmly on the almost certain death that threatened us; and during the occasional lulls of the storm, I could hear her loved voice in soothing accents endeavouring to give me fortitude. I pressed her more fondly to my breast, but could not speak. By degrees the ship broke up, and the rail to which I clung with one hand, whilst I sustained her with the other, became loosened—a mountain sea broke and carried us with it away over the midnight deep. Oh! the fearful horror of that night. Again the lapse of time is confused—we drifted at the mercy of the tempest; my senses were giving way, still I was conscious that my wife was with me; a dreamy feeling that we were wandering together in pleasant sun-lit meadows—a sensation of blissful existence, I knew not where, had stolen over me, when I was for a moment recalled to the dread realities

around, by being dashed against something—with instinctive effort I grasped at it, letting go the railing which had borne us across the abyss—I dug my fingers into what I rightly supposed a pebbly strand; the wave which had cast me on it receded. Hope awoke within me, and with a tremendous effort regaining my feet, I staggered a few paces up the beach, feeling that it was for life—for that life which I valued a thousand times more than my own. For a few short moments more, mind asserted its supremacy, and I reached what I felt was straggling herbage, which I knew must be above the high water reach of the waves; on this I sank down, with a fearful shivering. Oh, God! I cried in anguish, can this be death.—Adele! Adele! what is to become of her?

When consciousness revisited me, I felt the genial warmth of the sun; for a time I knew not where I was, nor remembered in the least the occurrences of years. I was again a school-boy in fancy. Adele smiled on me in our little church. I luxuriated in the blessed recollection; and dreamt, as I then used, of

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years that were to come. Again we were in that church, and the mellow tones of the organ blended with the soft warbling of the Choristers; and my soul was raised to ecstasies of devotion, as I listened to her childish voice mingling in the hymn. Alas! that sweet voice would never again thrill my soul. Oh! could I then have died, how blessed had been my lot. Now, a dread gush of memory, like a fearful dream, startled me—I endeavoured to open my eyes—for a time after I succeeded my vision was obscured as by floating black clouds. At length I saw. A snowy hand lay on mine—a bridal ring glistened on the taper finger. An agony of resumed thought gave me power over my numbed and wounded frame, and with fierce energy I started up, but again fell to the ground, drawn down by the weight of Adele, whom with a death like grasp my arm still surrounded. Now I remembered all. I still held her,—but it needed not a second glance at her “chill changeless brow,” to tell me that death was there. I bent over her in agony which human nature could not long endure, and I blessed that death which I

felt assured was now not far distant, and which should restore me to her I had lost.— Again my senses reeled, and I sunk exhausted by her side.

After an insensibility which must have lasted many days, I again felt conscious of suffering. Glimpses of the realities surrounding me were mingled with the delirium of fever; dusky forms flitted around me, uttering strange sounds, yet kindly ministering to my necessities; beside my couch two were ever present—an old man, with thin hair and deeply furrowed brow; and a child, with glittering eyes, and dark eastern features shaded by a flood of raven hair, which descended in lustrous curls over her shoulders and bosom. Through many a long day and dreary night they sat by me, ever ready to give me cool drink, or fan my burning brow. By slow degrees I recovered, and found myself the inmate of an Indian wigwam. My kind hosts had seen the wreck, on, as I suppose, the morning after our disaster, and found me a waif of the ocean, on the island. It was still a long time ere I could question them. I at

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length recovered sufficient strength to totter to the door, leaning on my nurse, who still manifested the same devoted attention. The hut which I had occupied was one of a village, of the inhabitants of which my host was the chief. I dared not ask concerning her on whom all my thoughts dwelt; I remembered, with agony, the last momentary glance that had stricken me to the earth, when I ascertained, that the eye which had ever met mine with glad fondness was for ever closed—that the hand which rested on mine was cold—and, that the heart which had throbbed with love, should beat no more. It was still many days before I found myself equal to ask my constant companion, what they had done with her dear remains. She led me in silence from the village; even the little children hushed their noisy play as we passed; gazing in pity as it seemed on the sorrow-stricken stranger, whom the sea had thrown on their shores. With slow and trembling steps I accompanied Ala,* to where a dense grove of cedars shaded a stream of rapidly flowing

* The fawn.

crystal ; beside it were the graves of the tribe ; at a little distance from them, was one of more recent date—wreaths of fresh flowers were scattered over the lately placed turf. I needed not to be told whose last resting place it was. I threw myself upon it, in an ecstasy of grief. My young nurse stood by, in silent but deeply felt sympathy ; and after permitting me to indulge the first transports of my grief, gently but authoritatively led me back to the village. Day after day we repaired together to that lowly grave, which contained all that was earthly of her who had hitherto bound me to existence. After a time, Ala then sat for hours by my side, chanting wild melodies, the dirge-like pathos of which well suited the place. Afterwards, when I understood her language, she loved to dwell in her song, on the angelic beauty of her whom with affectionate imagination she named Issala.* Sometimes she sung in wild but sweet poetry, how we were found together, even the fierce rage of the ocean being unable to sever us—how the great spirit had borne that which was too

* Sister of Ala.

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bright for earth, to happy hunting grounds, where we should meet her again, and inhabit sunny bowers of never fading beauty. Perceiving that I took a mournful pleasure in listening to her simple music, she sung to me there each day, often giving utterance to thoughts of an elevated beauty and piety, closely resembling those of inspired song. We were thus occupied one day, when the chief stood before me.

“ My brother’s soul is sad,” he said, “ and ’tis well, for the great spirit was angry with him—the manito was glad, and laid his hand on my brother. The Wolf was once proud, for he had seven sons, each of them was a brave ; his name was great with his people ; his great father sent him many presents, when he dug up the hatchet against the Yenglese. After three summers they smoked and sent wampum to each other—the hatchet was buried—they were at peace, and were glad ; but the Wolf was very sad, for in his lodge he found but Ala. For many days the young men of his people brought him venison, but he could not eat, for he could not see his

sons in the happy hunting grounds with his fathers—darkness was upon and around him—he wandered to their graves, and looked on them. The good spirit spoke to him, and he heard the voices of his sons—they were very glad—and the darkness fled from the soul of the Wolf, for he knew that he should find them there when the great spirit called him. Again he hunted with his people; and though he did not forget his sons, he was happy.”

The old chief spoke with a dignity which commanded my attention. It is strange, but true, that the part of his address which struck me most deeply, was, where he spoke of his people's bringing him venison. For months my every want had been provided for by them. Strength had returned, and I felt that I should not be a torpid burden on their hospitality; I followed the chief to his lodge, and asked to be allowed to join his young men the next day. Constant fatigue enabled me to fly from painful reflection—braced my frame, and forced sleep at night; still my loss hung heavy upon me; and at times, when, during the eagerness of the chase, I had for a moment forgotten it,

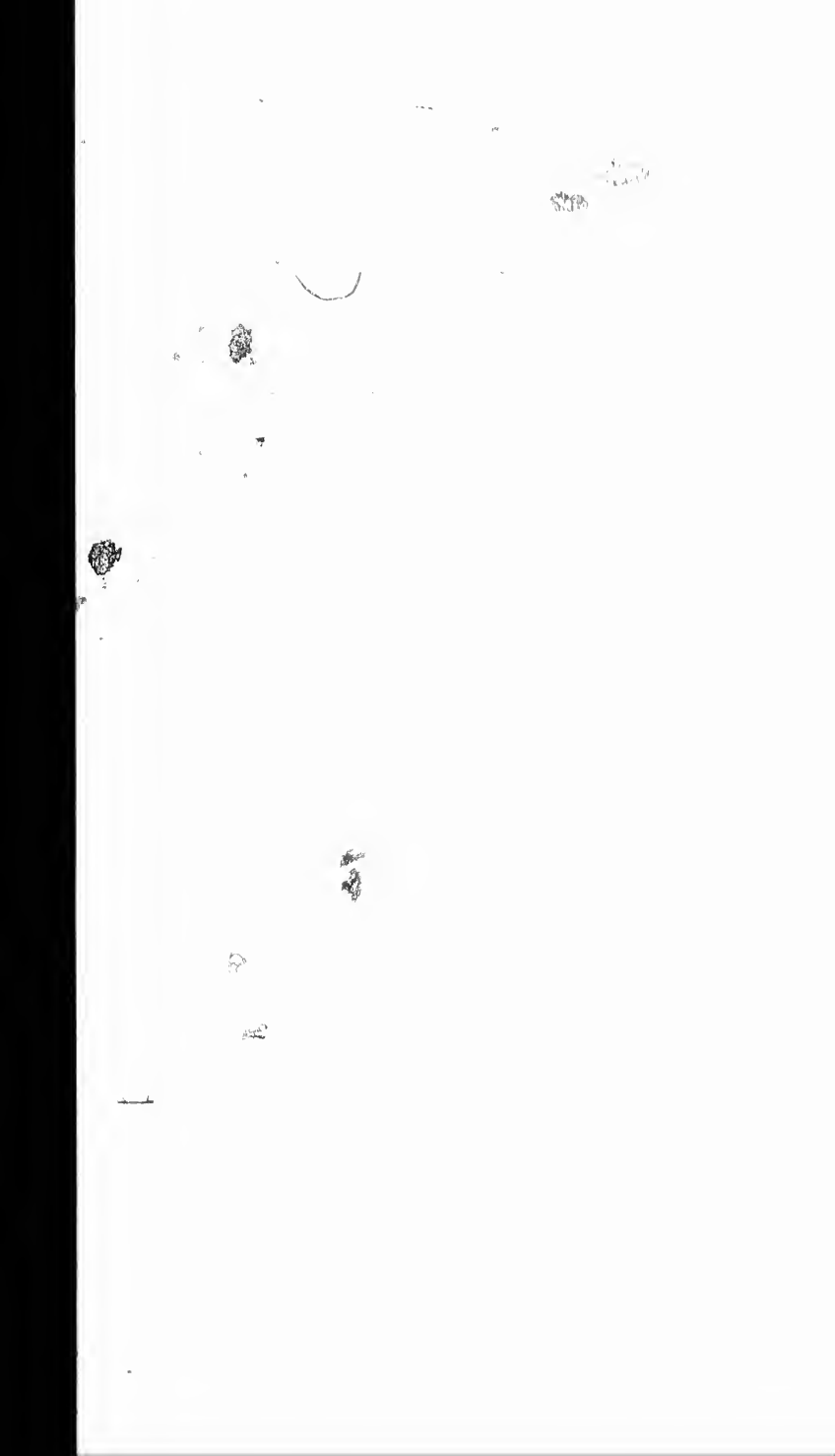
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I felt as though I had sinned against the memory of my beloved Adele. The winter came, and deep snows rendered hunting for a while impracticable. During the inactivity, sorrow preyed so deeply upon me, that had it continued, I must have sunk under utter despondency; but a thaw came, followed by an intense frost, and crusted the surface of the snow sufficiently to bear a man on snow-shoes. The tribe set out on a winter hunt of the elk. I was glad to join them. Having found the track, with slow but untiring march we followed, and during the first day once got sight of our prey. On perceiving his pursuers, he bounded off with the rapidity of lightning, causing the dry snow to fly in wreaths, which looked like spray; the treacherous crust gave way beneath his weight, and he sunk at each stride to the haunches. For two days we had followed the track, when the Indians perceived signs of flagging in the lessened paces of the poor elk, and predicted, that before the next night, we should come up with him; but his endurance of fatigue was greater than they supposed; during the day, indeed, we came

to several beds in the snow where from time to time he had rested. Earlier than usual we halted, and stripping the resinous flakes from a large shell-barked hicory tree, made torches of them. We knew that the elk could not be at any great distance, and the old chief gave directions as to the route each was to pursue, retaining me with him. Guided by their unerring instinct the hunters set out, each for his destined station. We had a short rest, of which indeed I stood sadly in need. After remaining a sufficiently long time to allow our people to gain the stations allotted to them, the chief again led the way, and for an hour we pursued the track of the elk, his foot-prints evincing that he had been aware that his pursuers had been more distant than usual. Before dark we saw the tops of the saplings broken off, and the bark stripped, having served to allay his hunger. Now distant shouts were heard, and my guide lighted his torch, shouting in reply. We still followed the track, and before long, came to a bed from which although the paces by which it had been reached evinced leisure, the bounds at the

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farther side were as long as those which he had made on the first day of the chase. Now through the far arcades of the forest a ruddy light was seen, and the shouts of the excited hunters were heard in every direction—the circle narrowed—and as the torches approached us, we could discern every thing around almost as clearly as by day light. The chief to whom I still remained close, now directed my attention to our quarry. Startled by the lights and shouts, he stood beneath an immense walnut tree, trampling the snow, and tossing his massy antlers—his distended nostril and proud eye showing, that he appreciated but braved the danger. A peculiar whoop communicated our discovery to the other hunters, who dashed forward, waving their torches until the flames brilliantly lighted the whole scene. The noble trees were branchless for seventy feet, forming at that height an impenetrable leafy canopy, their dark trunks contrasting well with the light green foliage; beneath, the hunters drew their circle closer, their dark eyes flashing in the torch light, like brilliant gems. The poor elk stood gazing



around in sullen despair. A volley was heard—the immense brute sprung into the air, and rolled on the ground in a death struggle, whilst a wild hallo resounded through the forest...

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CHAPTER XV.

"Your castle is surprised; your wives and babes
Savagely slaughtered."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE winter wore away, and its snows were followed by a wet and dreary month; after which, the sun shone brilliantly forth, and the music of a thousand birds welcomed the spring, which appeared with the rapidity of a theatrical change of scene. The Wolf announced to me, that he should go to Quebec, to exchange his peltries for necessaries, and invited me to accompany him; but I felt no wish, again to mingle with my countrymen. Amongst this tribe I was free. I had grown accustomed to them; and in their simple occupations I found, if not an enjoyment, at least an excitement which dissipated thought—
I could not bear to meet either the pitying or

careless glance of civilized man. I had found sympathy amongst these happy hunters, and they had treated me with the most considerate kindness. Little Ala, too, hung her head mournfully when her father spoke; and when I declined, her bright eye and heightened colour told me that she was glad. The old chief's countenance also expressed joy.—I knew that he felt affection for me, and had looked forward to our parting with pain. I now thought of Henri; as to my father, he had never cared for me; but I knew how fondly my brother loved me, and determined to write to him. Whilst I thought on the means of communicating with him, it occurred to me, that in the pocket of the dress in which I had been cast ashore were my tablets. I found them; and on opening the case, a letter of introduction to a Quebec merchant, with which the provident care of Henri had furnished me, dropped out. I also found some notes of the bank of France, then current in the colony. Here, then, were the means of in some measure repaying the hospitality I had received. I handed them to

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the chief, requesting that he would provide me with the articles, a list of which I should give him, and spend the remainder for the benefit of his tribe. He had but a slight knowledge of the value of my notes, but was sufficiently acquainted with the dealings of his white allies, to know that they highly prized such apparently worthless things. I gave him my letter of introduction to present, writing thereon in pencil, a short account of my shipwreck and loss, and entreating Henri's friend not to make my existence known. I also forwarded to him a leaf of my tablet, whereon I had written to Henri, requesting that he would enclose it to my brother. The Wolf left us, taking with him a strong party in two canoes—fragile vessels to encounter a voyage of nearly an hundred miles, on that sea-like river. During their absence, we were busily employed in hunting and fishing, for now the river afforded ample remuneration for an hour or two spent in spearing at night, and the deer thronged the forests. After a few weeks, the chief returned, his boats loaded with the articles which my notes had enabled him to purchase.

Greater kindness I could not experience than that with which I had before been treated ; but now I was looked on as a benefactor, and they sought every opportunity to evince their consideration and gratitude. They had now each a good rifle and its accoutrements—those dearly loved treasures of the Indian ; blankets, bright coloured cloth, and beads, filled the squaws with rapture. I had not forgotten to order books for myself, to which Henri's friend had added stationery. He wrote kindly, urging me to shake off my dislike to civilized society, but stating, that my wishes should govern his conduct. He moreover informed me, that Henri's letter had covered a credit for any money I might require. He had enclosed my note to Henri, whom he had the pleasure of meeting in old France, and from whom he had there experienced much kindness. I had now a resource during spare time in my books, and if I was not happy, I was at least content. Months rolled by rapidly ; again, old winter spread his snowy mantle over the land, and rendered the navigation of the river dangerous. Again the elk was hunted ; I

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sometimes joined in the toilsome sport, at others amused myself with my books. Spring came at length, and I looked anxiously for the chief's return from Quebec, as I hoped to hear from Henri. As I expected, he brought me a letter from my brother. Henri sympathized deeply with me; but thought, that in the busy world I should be more likely to recover my spirits. Much he told me of the dull life he led, which, he said, he would gladly exchange even for mine in the wilderness. Our father wearied him, by constantly reminding him of the high station he filled, and projecting alliances, each of which was more hateful than that last suggested. He pined for active life, and could not understand, how I who had it in my power, could bury myself in the desert. He thought it best to be silent about me to our father, who had made up his mind that I was dead, without evincing any very desperate grief about my loss. He was extremely irritated at Henri's missing poor Adele's estates; I was therefore, if not quite forgotten, remembered only with an angry feeling. Henri concluded by desiring, that whenever I had

need of money, I should draw on his friend in Quebec, to whom he had written about me; and praying me ever to remember, that he was my fond brother.

During the summer of this year we received a visit from a party of Esquimaux, on their return from Quebec to their home, which was on the main land to the north-eastward of Anticoste. They were evidently of a different and far inferior race to the tribe with whom I was domiciled, being short of stature and awkwardly made, with flat inexpressive faces, deeply set small twinkling eyes, and coarse lustreless hair, which separating at the crown hung stiffly around, half concealing the face. They were clad chiefly with the skins of animals of the amphibious tribes, and were disgustingly filthy. A young man who appeared to be their chief, and whom they addressed as Araha, stood pre-eminent even amongst his companions for ugliness and filth. Our people received them hospitably, giving up a wigwam for their occupation, and furnishing them liberally with venison and fish, which they devoured with an appetite of

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which I had until then no conception; each certainly consuming as much as five of our tribe could have eaten. Their supper being ended, Araha sent to the canoe for rum, which he offered to share with us, but the Wolf declined. The offering was not pressed, but our visitors seemed determined to make up for an abstinence which they despised, moistening their enormous meal with long draughts of the raw and fiery spirit. The consequences which were to be apprehended quickly ensued. The savages became wildly intoxicated, and indulged in an uncouth dance, to the vile noise of their harsh and discordant voices. The keg was not forgotten, and they finished their evening's amusement by a furious *mêlée*.

The Wolf had regarded them from the first with an expression of disdainful compassion. When utterly exhausted by the fumes of the rum and their exertions, they were at last quiet, most of them being stretched in helpless drunkenness; he rose, and pointing to them as a lesson to his young men, retired to his lodge. Notwithstanding their monstrous supper and subsequent debauch, the Esquimaux did ample

justice to the morning meal, their appetite seeming quite unimpaired by previous excesses. As they were about to depart, Araha drew the Wolf apart, and addressed to him a long harangue, the subject matter of which appeared to be as distasteful to the old chief as from the violence of his gesticulation and the eagerness of his manner we could judge that it was interesting to himself. In an attitude of cold disdain the Wolf listened, now and then interrupting by a monosyllable the torrent of words which the Esquimaux addressed to him. Their conference lasted nearly half an hour. I shall never forget the expression of fiendish malice which characterized Araha's hideous face when they rejoined us. Ala stood beside me; and when his bloodshot and glaring eye turned on her, I felt her tremble. In insolent silence he stalked to his canoe, muttering what sounded much like threats—his people followed. They launched their boat; and, without expressing the slightest thanks for the hospitality they had experienced, pushed from the shore, and paddled to the eastward. I felt happy, as I

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My curiosity was excited as to what had passed between the Wolf and Araha; but I knew that he did not like being questioned, and would most probably communicate it of his own accord. I had never before seen the old man angry; whilst before his own people and the strangers he had only manifested disdain,—but when I followed him into his lodge, I found him standing with extended nostrils—the veins of his forehead protruding like thick cords—his eye flashing, and his brow gloomy and threatening as a thunder cloud. He fixed his eye on me, but it was as though he saw me not; for some minutes I stood expecting that he would address me, but not finding that the case, I touched his arm, saying, “My father.”

He started, and glared on me for a moment—a shudder passed over his frame—he seemed about to speak, but the only word which passed his rigid lips, was, “Ala.” It, however, explained all to me; my blood boiled at the idea that the hideous savage had dared

even to think of her. Mastering my passion, I asked, "What of her, my father?"

The old man's eyes scintillated; he raised his towering stature to its full height.

"The Wolf," he said, "is the descendant of a thousand warriors—his fathers look on him from their happy hunting grounds. His sons fell like braves, and joined them there—they were not sorry, for Ala lived to hand over their name to a son on whom they could smile. Does the owl seek the towering eagle, whose sires for thousands of years have soared beyond the clouds, for his mate; or, does the timid hare ask the panther for his squaw? Yet this Esquimaux has dared to think of Ala?"

"The fire-water was still in his brain." I answered; "he will forget his insolence; or, if he wake and remember it, he will hope that we do not."

But Araha did not forget. The next summer his proposals were renewed and urged more vehemently than before. Domesticated now for so long a time with the Wolf, I looked on Ala as a much loved sister, and fully participated in the anger which he felt. If it

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were possible, the Esquimaux was more filthy and hideous than he had been on his former visit. He was also more pressing and insolent in his suit, which therefore received an angry and contemptuous reply. He left us, muttering threats of revenge, to which he dared not give more audible utterance. But at this time we had other matters to think about, the English had invaded the colony, and our chief had received a messenger with presents from the gallant Montcalm, urging him to come to his assistance with such strength as we could muster. The Wolf felt disinclined to mingle in the disputes of the whites; he had before grievously suffered by yielding to their entreaties, in the loss of his gallant sons, and of more than half the strength of his tribe. The emissary would therefore have been dismissed but for my influence. I represented that I was a Frenchman, supposed dead it is true, but not the less a sworn soldier of our king. At such a moment it was my duty to fly to his standard. I could not ask that the young men should be sent, but *I* was determined to join the warriors of my king.

“The Wolf,” the chief answered, “does not let his brother go alone to the battle-field; where you go, my braves and their old chief will also be.”

It is not my intention to enter into the details of a strife with which all Europe and the world are acquainted. Suffice it, that in every battle our tribe took part until the last struggle was over, when the gallantry and blood of those twin brothers of fame, Montcalm and Wolfe, equally maintained their country's renown; whilst, by the fortune of war, the colony remained in the possession of our foes. Dispirited, and with lessened numbers, we sought our peaceful home; but our misfortunes were not at an end.

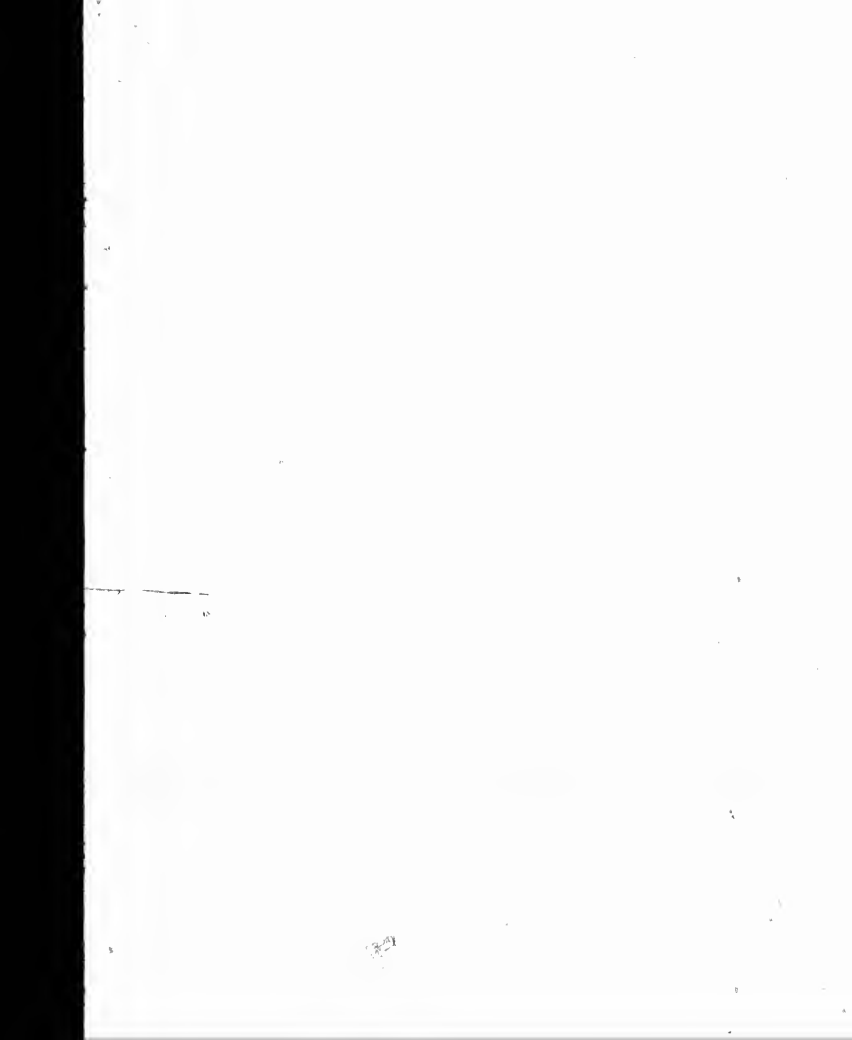
It was late in the evening when the site of our village opened to our view; a dim cloud of lurid smoke hung over the hill side. With anxious speed the paddles were plied; our canoes touched the strand, where we had hoped to be welcomed by the women and children,—but for a time no friendly voice greeted our return. I was, as usual, in the canoe with the chief; his expression was at

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first one of unmixed sadness, but suddenly his face brightened, and his eye glittered with vengeance. Raising his hand, and pointing to the eastward, he exclaimed, "Araha," A vengeful shout proclaimed that his warriors shared his suspicion and feelings. We landed, and learned from such of the women as had escaped a cold blooded massacre by hiding themselves in the woods, that we were not in error. A party of Esquimaux, headed by our old visitant, had landed, and proclaiming themselves friends of the English, murdered and scalped most of those who fell into their hands; and dried up the blood which they had shed, by firing the village. Our informants added, that they could not be far distant, as many hours had not elapsed since they departed, carrying with them some of the younger women, amongst whom was Ala.

My heart burned within me; the thought of Ala's being in the power of the vile Araha, fired me with indignation. I knew Indian habits too well, however, to dream that they would dispense with the customary formalities.

A council assembled, and for nearly an hour



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the seniors of the tribe smoked in silence. With difficulty I endured so long the inevitable delay; but finding, that whilst I could not interrupt the usages of the red man, invaluable time was lost, I beckoned to Saron, who had been my most intimate associate during our campaigns. We stole to the strand, launched a canoe, and set forth in pursuit. I had provided our little bark with a sail—the wind blew strongly from the westward; aided by the stream and our paddles, she shot along with such rapidity, that by midnight we were sixty miles from the mouth of the Saguenay, in the vicinity of which our village was situated; still onward we toiled, when on rounding a head-land, we discovered our enemies encamped on the strand. I plunged my paddle into the water with redoubled force, but my companion was not rash enough to think of an attack in an instant; he lowered the sail, and directed the canoe towards the cape. I saw that he was right. We had tracked the Esquimaux, and this was all I had proposed to myself when starting in pursuit. We landed, and deliberated on what was next to be done.

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We could see them clearly by the glare of their fires, and even distinguish that they had more than a dozen canoes hauled up on the shore. How I chafed at the dilatory proceedings of our friends. According to my experience of them, I judged that their council had scarcely yet broken up; and to a certainty they would not follow up the determination at which they had arrived, until the morning. Meanwhile, my adopted sister was in the power of these savages, and I could not aid her effectually.

¶ We could do nothing more than watch the course which they should pursue, and pilot our people to the rescue and vengeance. It was necessary that one of us should be on the alert whilst the other slept, and Saron offered to undertake this duty. SLEEP!—to me the very idea was preposterous. I desired him do so if he could—he awaited no second bidding, but wrapping himself in his blanket, and stretching on the rock, soon gave audible evidence of the soundness of his repose. He had not long enjoyed himself thus, when a thought occurred, which led me to desire his

counsel. Were our people here, the Esquimaux would not be able to maintain even a momentary conflict with them, as they were not more numerous than we should be, whilst we were greatly superior in equipments, and habituated to arms. I conceived a design, by which I should render it impossible for them to proceed, or at least delay them sufficiently long to enable our tribe to arrive. Saron agreed with me, that it was possible to carry my proposal into effect, and generously offered to execute it himself; but to this I would not listen. I chose the hour which preceded the dawn.—The morning was dark as Erebus; and the Esquimaux little dreaming of the vicinity of the Wolf and his warriors, had contented themselves with securing their captives, and appointing one of their number to act as sentinel whilst the others slept. From the comfortable position in which this fellow had remained leaning against a tree close to the watch fire, from the period of our arrival, I had no doubt that he too slept, or at least that nothing was to be dreaded from his vigilance. I slipt into the water, and swam to where the

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canoes were hauled up; being provided with a sharp knife, I easily cut out a piece from the bottom of each, and gashed the bark so as to render the repair almost impossible; and having done my work effectually, rejoined my companion. Nothing could exceed the astonishment and dismay which prevailed amongst the Esquimaux, when in the morning they discovered the state of their canoes. They eagerly examined all around the site of their encampment, searching for a trail which should elucidate the mystery. Ahara seemed suddenly to suspect that Ala had some hand in the mischief—he rushed to the place where she stood, and after violently upbraiding her, seized her rudely by the arm. I felt well disposed to have sent a bullet through his head, which from our proximity I could easily have done; nothing but the fear that they would revenge themselves on Ala, prevented me. She listened to his reproaches in cold disdain; and shaking off his grasp, walked a few paces apart, and sat down with as great self-possession as though she were surrounded by the warriors of her own nation.

I determined to shew them that she had protectors at hand; and launching our canoe, we paddled into full view. They recognized us with an angry yell, and saluted us with a shower of shot, out of the range of which we had taken care to keep. I thought it better to shew them our force, lest they should abandon the river, and pursue an overland route to their homes, in which case the difficulties of the pursuit would be greatly enhanced. I was therefore well pleased when I saw them set to work at repairing their canoes.

During the morning we contented ourselves with observing the enemy, and keeping an anxious look out for our people—earlier than we expected, we had the pleasure of seeing them sweeping down the river. They had approached within a couple of leagues before the Esquimaux scouts saw them, as the outline of the coast hid them much longer from their view than from us who were in the offing. On receiving intelligence of their vicinity, we could perceive that a hasty council was held—the work at the canoes was given up—they hurried their prisoners away under a guard,

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and soon followed, themselves, into the woods, abandoning every thing which was not easily portable. I hoisted my sail and fired several times, to attract the Wolf's attention; when, being convinced that we were seen, we paddled in to the strand. I found that they had left a trail which we should have no difficulty in following, and waited impatiently until we were joined by the tribe. We were soon fairly in pursuit. Over such ground we had no delay in seeking the trail; and we hoped, that before evening we should overtake them—even to my uneducated instincts it was clear that we rapidly gained ground, and that we were at no great distance from them by the time that the sun had reached his full altitude; but we came to a different description of country. Hitherto, the timber had been chiefly elm, maple, and ash, indicating a moist or soft loamy soil; but now, these were exchanged for dwarf pine, spruce, and poplar, having beneath a hard dry sod, on which the feet left no impress. Our people were, however, too well practised woodsmen, to be at fault, although our pursuit was of course

retarded. How they knew, that man had passed through these groves since the creation, was a mystery to me; their keen eyes noticed even the bending of a spray; and whenever we crossed the soft ground in the vicinity of a stream, we had undoubted proof of the truth of the conclusions at which they arrived. But now a difficulty arose, which brought us to a stand. We came to a barren tract of several hundred acres of naked granite, fringed around by an undulating belt of dwarfed trees and bushes; here, of course, all traces were totally lost. We took it for granted, that they would pursue a direct track, and carefully noting that by which we had reached the rock, crossed it. The ground on the opposite side, however, bore no traces of our enemies. The Wolf instantly issued orders to his people to form themselves into two separate parties, and sweep round in both directions to the place where we had issued on this trackless rock. I remained with him, hopeless of effecting what I knew was only to be done by an Indian eye. Our attention was soon arrested by a cry from the party which had gone round

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by the northern side of the barren rock, and we joined them. Dry as was the withered sod, a broad trail was easily discernable in that direction, narrowing as it reached the softer ground, where with the usual Indian caution but a single footstep was to be seen, even this shewing that some degree of care had been taken to efface its vestiges. I now felt confident that we were on the trail, of which indeed none of the party, with the exception of the Wolf, entertained a doubt; and we were in full pursuit when he recalled us,—stating, that we should await our other party. I thought this an unnecessary delay, but yielded to the cool judgment of the old chief. We retraced our steps, and were quickly joined by our fellows. They had discovered no trail; although they had minutely examined the whole of the opposite side, nothing extraordinary was to be seen, but a streamlet, which issued from a living spring, at the mention of which, I saw that the Wolf's attention was excited; when he ordered a movement in that direction, I expostulated—

"Surely, my father, we should not waste time—the evening is at hand."

"My young men's eyes are keen, and they see well—but so do boys. I am old—still my sight is good enough. A red man should know, though my brother could not, that in this dry ground yonder trail is plainer than it need be; whilst further on, the print of one mocassin can barely be seen."

Convinced by this reasoning, we followed. With hasty strides, he, as by intuition, sought the head of the stream, and following its windings, led us for miles through the woods, without finding any indication of our enemies. I was beginning to doubt the correctness of his conclusions, when we again came on the trail. Conceiving that they had effectually thrown us out, the Esquimaux had left the bed of the stream, and taken no further precautions. With hurried march we followed until evening, when the chief gave orders for encamping. We had still an hour of twilight; and as the track was plain, I secretly murmured. He bade us seek rest; and said, as his eyes had proved him the best scout, he would

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follow the trail alone. Wearied as I was, I sought sleep in vain; and was the first to greet him on his return. He had reconnoitered the camp of the Esquimaux, who, he told us, were within a few miles; and being well acquainted with its position, he ordered an immediate pursuit. The night was even more intensely dark than the last, and how he found his way was incomprehensible—silently we followed, and after a march of an hour and a half, he intimated, that we should proceed with more than ordinary caution, as we were in the immediate vicinity of the enemy. The report of a rifle, and the whistling of a ball, shewed us that he had not erred. The shot proceeded from a scout, and was evidently fired with the intention of putting the main body on their guard. We halted, and a short consultation took place, at which it was resolved that we should commence the attack at daylight, if (as it appeared probable from the position they had taken,) they should offer us battle.

CHAPTER XVI.

*" Res inde humanas, sed summa per otia, spectat,
Et nihil ad sese, quas videt, esse videt.*

BOURNE.

DURING the interval which preceded the dawn, the Esquimaux were busily employed ; we heard the continuous noise of the axe, with now and then the crash of a falling tree reverberating through the forest. Faintly, at first, we traced the rugged outline of the huge trunks which environed us, and the eager expectant figures of our associates, by the grey light which penetrated the dense screen of foliage over head. One after another, the woodland choristers hailed the young morning, gladdening in their song as she approached, until the wild woods rung with their merry music. Rude and chaotic masses grew into the exquisite tracery with which nature indulges in her unexplored and uncultured landscapes.

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Around me, resting in stillness on their rifles, were forms which the artist would have dwelt on with rapture, and which would have been to him invaluable as a study. A few paces in advance, a rivulet stole along over its pebbly bed, the soft murmuring of its waters sweetly harmonizing with the voices of the feathered choir;—beyond, and encircled by its stream, arose a natural mound of nearly circular base, the upper parts of which were hidden from our view by the rich arcade of living green above us. Since the creation, we had reason to believe, that this scene of beauty had been uninvaded by the foot of man; and now, on his first inroad, I saw but too just reason to suppose, that his tread would but profane it. I had seen and participated in war, without moralizing much on the scenes in which I was an actor. I had suffered myself to be led on to slay my brother man, deeming a superior's command a full warrant to justify my doing my utmost to destroy those to whom I entertained no personal animosity—nay, even those whose conduct had merited my esteem. Now, for the first time, I pondered

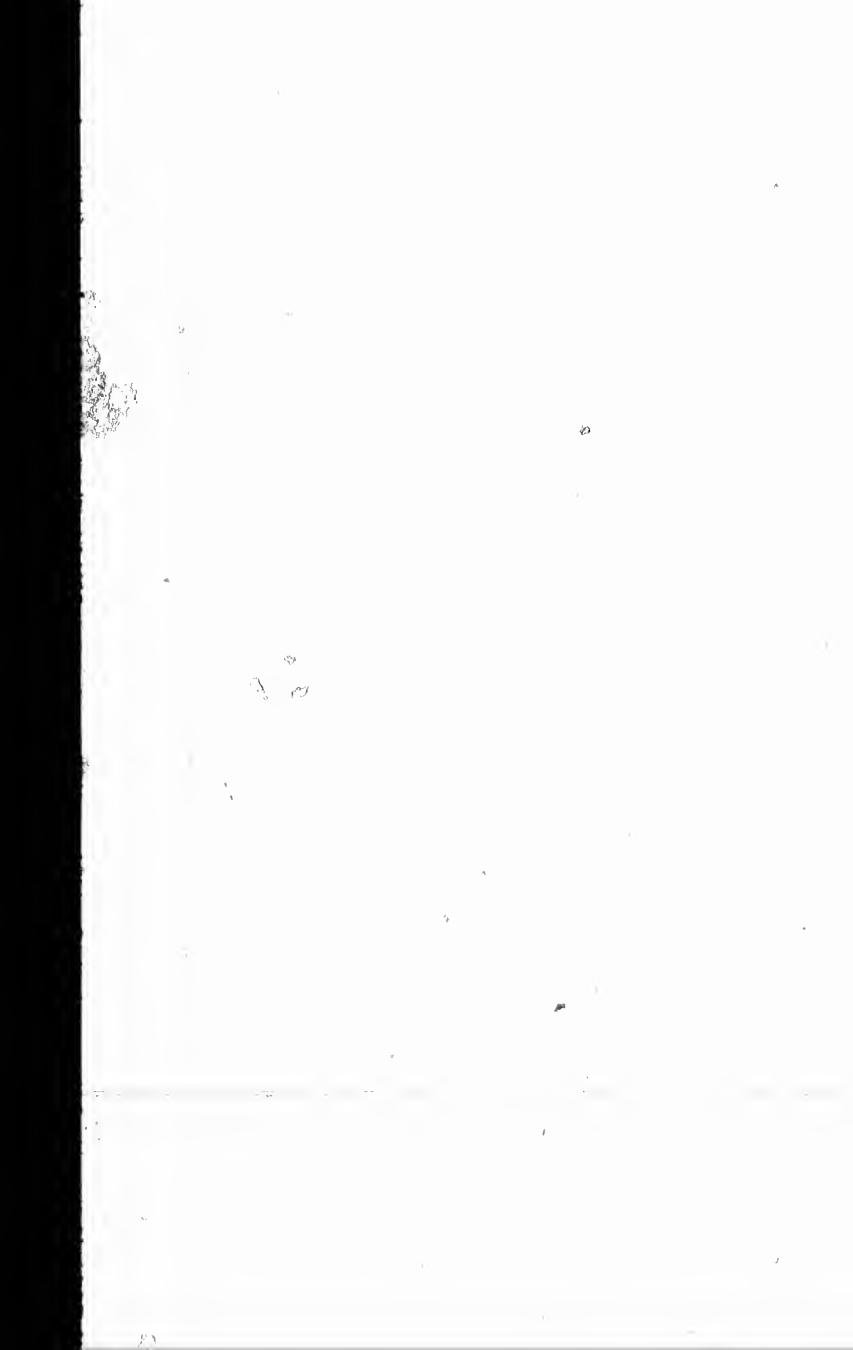
on my right so to do—fortunately, justice was here manifestly on our side. Our burned village, our murdered and captured women, rose in judgment against those who had despoiled us, and condemned them. Such was the line of thought which I entertained as I contemplated the scene around me, whilst the dawn brightened. The noise which we had heard was accounted for, when our scouts penetrated sufficiently far to gain a view of the higher parts of the hill, near the base of which we had halted. On gaining the brink of the stream, they saw that the mound had, in the brief space which had intervened since our arrival, become a strongly fortified position.—At thirty feet from its base the trees were felled, with their branches pointing outwards, so as to form an almost impregnable barrier if to be escaladed or cut through in the face of determined opponents; whilst one above the other, similar lines of works were drawn around the hill. The sleights of more enlightened engineering than we could have supposed our untutored foes acquainted with, were not neglected. Salient angles, from whence their

fire could be directed against our enemy, had the advantage of being so placed that we could not be surprised by any attack on men who were not appreciating the danger of the morning. The enemy had not deigned to attack us when he was hissing at us.

“We will not lose our lives,” he said, “but they are not to be taken in our camp, we will not squaw over the loss of a few cover. I will not let me to see your patience in the face of such a loss.” He perceived that we were most anxious to break in our attack on him to j

fire could tell with deadly effect on an attacking enemy, were projected. In fact, so strongly had they secured the defences of their position, that we felt they might defy from within it any attempt, the success of which depended on mere force. The first to perceive and appreciate the result of their well directed morning's work, was the Wolf. He rarely deigned to communicate his thoughts; but when he did so, as on the present occasion, I was his confidant.

"We should not waste our young men's lives," he said; "these dogs are cowards, but they are very cunning—if we try to force their camp, we shall lose many of our braves, for a squaw can fire a rifle with true aim from under cover. My sons are already too few to allow me to sacrifice them thus; when, by a little patience, we can scalp these thieves without loss." Thus far he had proceeded, when I perceived that Saron, who had been one of the most active of our scouts, wished to attract our attention, although he was unwilling to break in on our conference. I beckoned to him to join us.



“After all,” he said, “these are fools; they have made a strong fort, but a tall pine tree overlooks it—within a hundred paces from its top, I shall be able to look into their camp, and shoot them.”

We saw that Saron was right; the towering pine which he pointed out to us was within point blank range of the hillock, whilst the density of its foliage would afford concealment, and its trunk a secure shield to an attacking party. It was necessary, however, to draw off the attention of the enemy, whilst Saron should clamber it, as should he be then perceived, he would be necessarily much exposed. To effect this, the Wolf ordered an attack to be made as a diversion; but that our people should be content with maintaining a distant fire, treeing themselves with care. As was to be expected, whilst much powder was expended, no real damage accrued to either party. We looked anxiously for the time when Saron's fire should shew them the true point of danger,—but he rejoined us, without having unmasked our design. He was well aware, that the destruction of this robber gang was but a secondary con-

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sideration, whilst the recovery of their captives, uninjured, was not only a point of honor, but one deeply affecting the domestic happiness of many of our people; and he had discovered, that amongst the besieged, there were no women. He, therefore, thought it better, to make us acquainted with the result of his inspection of the enemy's camp.

The Wolf's eyes sparkled with pleasure at this intelligence. He sent Saron back to his post, highly praising his discretion—ordering that the fire on the hill should be maintained with increased frequency; and taking me with him, encircled the camp^a of the enemy at such a distance as precluded their observation—examining the ground with the greatest care for a trail, but in vain. We again came to the place whence we had started. How poor Ala and her fellow captives had been disposed of, remained a mystery. I knew it to be impossible that even a squirrel should have passed over the ground, and his track eluded the searching scrutiny of the chief, and was therefore satisfied, that no individual had reached the camp who was not still there;

whilst Saron's inspection of it being unsuspected by the occupants, there was no reason why they should have concealed our friends from his observation, even had it been possible for them to have so done. Suddenly, a thought struck me.

"I have it, my father. You remember the trail from the northern side of the waste; be assured, that knowing us to be near at hand, they planned this, under the pretence of deceiving us,—yet, justly calculating, that you would not follow that trail."

"You are right, my son. I would have thought of this, had the Esquimaux been warriors—I would have known that they planned it. The robbers learn. A few have gone by that route—follow them, my brother; take Saron and one or two more with you, whilst I smoke out this horde—you will be strong enough for them.

Saron's place was supplied by another of the tribe. We retraced the broad tracks left by us whilst in pursuit, and easily found the streamlet, crossed the bare rock, and saw where the Esquimaux had left it—the single

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foot-print was still uneffaced, and until evening we followed it with but slight difficulty. It is astonishing how quickly our instincts become sharpened; I, who had at first deemed the Indian quickness of sight wonderful, now felt that I could trust to my own; when we reached again harder ground, and the retreating party had proceeded with less caution, I could even ascertain their strength, and trace the small foot-prints of the women who accompanied them. We had the satisfaction too of knowing, that our number equalled that of those of whom we were in pursuit, and that numeral equality was decided superiority on our side. This I valued, as I hoped thence to secure their uncontested submission. I feared, that were we more equally mated, some ill might befall Ala, in the heat of action, or from the excited vengeance of her guard. As long as day light permitted we followed, but were obliged by its decline to encamp; perfectly wearied, I enjoyed a night of the deepest sleep I had ever experienced; and sprung from my leafy couch, at Saron's call, with an energy pervading my frame which such a toil-won

sleep can alone produce. We renewed the pursuit—it led us along a gradual ascent. Again, the woods shewed the lightness of the soil whence they found sustenance, dwindling from the majestic growth beneath which we had hitherto traversed, to dwarfed and stunted shrubs. The wind was from the south-westward, and as the orb of the sun became visible, it shewed red and murky. As we ascended, a lurid curtain enshrouded the flat country which we were leaving, and floated cloud-like upwards, dimming the day light. Over the locality which we had left the day before, it was densest, and ruddied as by a volcanic eruption; but our minds were too much occupied, to allow of our investigating the causes of this strange appearance. With the instinct of hounds we followed the track—it led us to the precipitous bank of a river—from an eminence of some hundreds of feet, we descried the objects of our journey—Ala, and the other girls. They were bound hand and foot, whilst a withe of bark was passed from one to the other, securing them together like galley slaves. They were seated on the

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strand. At a little distance from them, half a dozen Esquimaux were busily employed on the construction of a large canoe, the frame of which was perfected, and the bark more than half stitched on. Saron's rifle was in an instant at his shoulder, as were those of the remainder of the party. A volley rung, reverberated by an hundred echoes, and but one of the enemy stood unhurt. With a fierce yell, he sprang to where the defenceless girls were bound—I saw the cold gleam of a knife raised on high; but at the moment, my reserved fire told—the ruffian fell. We rushed down the cliff, and were but just in time to secure him. His jaw was broken, and he had been stunned; but as we reached the strand, he was endeavouring to rise, and the deadly glare of his eye shewed; that a minute more, and we had been too late to prevent his accomplishing his fell purpose. With difficulty I saved him from the vengeance of Saron; and having bound him, and liberated the girls, we retraced our steps. I supported Ala; and knowing the firmness of her character, was astonished to feel the arm which rested on mine tremble.

I soothed her,—shewing her that no further danger was to be apprehended. Mantling colour glowed on her dark cheek; and her eye, when she turned it on me, flashed proudly.

“The Wolf’s daughter does not neither,” she said, “when in Araha’s power, fear; but she has been sayed by Maneto-wassing; and loves to feel gratitude to him—she is very happy—that is all.” Again, evening was closing, when we regained the summit of the hill. The cause of the gloom which had hung over the country in the morning was now apparent—for a circuit of miles to the south-westward, the forest was on fire. A crimson glow lighted the dusky pavilion of cloud which hung over it, from out of which, as some tall tree, the growth of ages, fell, a rocket of sparkling flame shot forth; whilst, through the edges of the smoky cloud and the sky over it, forked shafts of lightning incessantly played. What did all this bode? For a few minutes we gazed on the conflagration; when Saron said—

“It is the Wolf; he has smoked them out—their fort kept him too long. Ah! he

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will now soon meet us. The woods were dry, and the brush beneath, too, was thick there. "To-morrow," he added, turning to Araha, "*you will meet him.*"

The Esquimaux seemed sunk in sullen despondence; my ball had torn his cheek, and his wound must have been most painful. I had not before thought of him; now, his pitiable condition, despite his deserts, claimed my attention. My skill in surgery was slight, but I bound up his face as well as I could. He foresaw that death was in reserve for him on the morrow, and without absolutely repulsing my attentions, he received them doggedly and almost contemptuously. The morning's dawn saw us again in motion; and as Saron had anticipated, we met the Wolf in the afternoon. He greeted his daughter with affection, but with as great calmness as though they had only parted an hour before; but his eye shot lightning when it fell on Araha. He ordered him to be bound to a tree. The seniors of the tribe assembled—a council fire was lighted—and the usual formalities gone through. I felt that our wretched prisoner had

justly merited the doom which was pronounced against him; yet, it was abhorrent to my mind, that an unarmed captive should be put to death. I could see men fall in battle, but the death of this thorough villain, in cold blood, horrified me. I seldom obtruded myself on the deliberations of the old men, yet now I did so, and earnestly prayed them to release their prisoner. I shewed them, that as they had annihilated the tribe, his power to injure them no longer existed. Finally, I entreated as a favor to myself, that he should be suffered to depart without further injury.

“My brother,” said the Wolf, “you are wrong. We have crushed the viper, but whilst he lives he may find means to make us feel his fangs. Still, as you desire it, he shall live.”

He stalked to where Araha stood bound. When within two paces of him, he whirled his tomahawk around his head, uttering the fearful yell which usually preceded the death-blow. The old chief smiled grimly, when, as the weapon descended to within a foot of his head, the felon screamed in anguish, writhing

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and cowering with terror. “ A coward too,” he said. “ Begone,” he added,—and severed the rope of bark which bound him to the tree. “ Murderer, coward, robber,—begone. If I again cross your trail, your days are ended.” Sullenly scowling at us, the ruffian slunk away, and was soon hidden in the forest. We resumed our march,—found our canoes on the beach,—and returned to the desolate site of our village, which was soon restored to its former state ; but the absence of many loved and well-remembered faces, gave us cause to mourn the fatal visit of the Esquimaux.

Peaceful years now rolled past—at the usual periods bringing me letters from Henri. At first, he urged me to cast off what he considered the morbid fancies which led me to shun the paths of civilization ; but, as he became more and more acquainted with the hollowness and vanity of the great world, his remonstrances became less frequent ; and when, at length, it was in his power to realise the fond dreams of his youth, when our father slept quietly in his stately tomb with those who had gone before—when his rank afforded him the opportunity

of obtaining employment in the highest grades of that profession which he had left with such regret, he found himself so accustomed to the frivolous round of Parisian life, that whilst he heartily despised its enervating occupations he could not dispense with them, and would have been wretched if deprived of them: then, for the first time, he frankly owned, that he no longer saw absurdity in my more natural and rational choice. With his wonted generosity, he conveyed to me an income far surpassing the usual portion of a younger son; and, bid me be happy in my own way, as he was the reverse in that which the will of others first, and habit afterwards, had forced on him. I had no need of the affluence thus bestowed on me. I had studied human nature sufficiently to be aware, that to bestow unearned superfluity on the people who had befriended me in my day of need, was not the way to bring about their happiness; and, therefore, contented myself with giving them every article which ministered to their wants—easily acquiring, by light toil, all that was really desirable. The old and feeble were no longer further a burden on

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the community, than was sufficient to maintain graceful and kind feeling. My occasional well-timed assistance, caused me to be looked on as almost a providence amongst them.

Meanwhile, Ala grew up to womanhood, and was sought in marriage by the most distinguished braves of her nation. The Wolf evidently longed to see his race perpetuated, yet he did not force the inclinations of his beloved child. At each new proposal, he enumerated the virtues and martial deeds of those who coveted his alliance; but when Ala's disinclination became apparent, he failed to press them on her. Amongst the crowd who worshipped her, Saron appeared to me the most desirable; he had never obtruded his pretensions, or spoken to the chief, yet his heart was not difficult to read—I led him formally to open it to me, and promised to become his advocate. Ala and I were still often in the habit of visiting the last resting place of poor Adele. The sweet girl's songs were not forgotten, beneath the "dark cedar shade,"—it was one of the holiest of my pleasures to listen to their solemn melody.

It was this loved and consecrated spot that I chose, to plead Saron's cause. My adopted sister heard me with a moistened eye and flitting colour, which led me to hope for my friend's success. I recounted the many feats of his daring courage, of which I had been a witness—I dwelt on the nobleness of his character, which led me to estimate him so highly as to deem him worthy of her love, and to anticipate, that he would duly value her. When I told her how he had often generously ventured his own life to protect mine, I saw that her heart throbbed, her colour heightened, and her eye beamed brightly—when I told her how he had spared the fallen, I saw approval in her glance: but when I wound up, by asking her to crown with happiness a warrior who had proved so highly the worth of the race from which he sprung, the dark fringes hid the sparkling of her eyes, and I saw a tear steal from beneath them,—the beautiful flush faded from beneath the olive skin of her velvet cheek,—and in faltering accents, she entreated me to spare her. In the native harmony of her race she told me how she valued Saron,

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but that she could not love him as a wife should. She spoke with enthusiasm of the virtues and beauty of a girl who, she said, loved him; and entreated me to soften her refusal, and awake him to the loveliness of her friend. Saron was certainly the most distinguished of the warriors of his nation, and one that I supposed well calculated to win the love of her to whom he should offer the tribute of his affection, but so modestly, yet decidedly was he refused, that I saw nothing was to be attained by pressing his suit further, whilst I was aware that I should only inflict useless pain by so doing. A dawning of the truth struck me, and I determined to withdraw myself for a time from what had become to me a dearly loved home. Letters then received from Paris furnished a sufficient excuse. Henri entreated me to visit him, if but for a few months. He told me, that tired of the life he was leading, my presence alone could reconcile him to drag along the fetters with which he had suffered himself to be bound. He prayed me, if I remembered our boyhood, the happy hours, long since as a

dream to us both, to give him the happiness of seeing me once more. As an excuse for my predetermined absence, I read this letter to the chief, declaring that I should defer to my brother's wishes. I took care that Ala should be present at this communication. A better motive than mere curiosity, led me to observe her closely. She bore up bravely, but her cheek grew pale, and tears shone on her dark lashes; but no inference could be gathered therefrom, save that she grieved at the proposed absence of a loved friend. Assiduously she set herself to the task of preparing my things, but day by day I saw that she languished, the colour now never visited her cheek, and her late sparkling eye lost its lustre, despite her efforts to conceal the agony which was destroying her very life. I saw that I could not leave without — Come, love begets love. What needs it to dwell longer on what you must have ere this foreseen. I found sufficiently valid reasons to justify myself to Henri, for deferring my visit to France. Again, Ala's eyes sparkled with gladness. A lodge was erected for us, and

amongst the heartfelt congratulations of the whole tribe, I installed Ala as its mistress; and was declared by the good old chief, to be a son in whom his fathers would rejoice. After a time we wearied of the village, and chose this lovely solitude as a place for our habitation.

Nature had lavished here her bounteous gifts. I have wandered far through scenes where she had delighted to sport in her richest luxuriance—amidst hoar mountains, from whose snow-capt summits bright gushing streams were fed, which flashing from height to height, at length reached bowery vallies, giving rich verdure to noble trees, or slept in placid lakes, reflecting their drooping branches, affording cool freshness to the breeze which scarcely rippled their blue waters. I had, in my native land, seen wide plains waving with golden corn, or teeming with the luscious grape; but here, she had combined all that had so justly charmed me elsewhere. The everlasting hills protected us from the rude violence of the winter storm, and abounded with cool fountains to refresh

us during the heats of summer. The lake and the woods furnished our table with the choicest dainties. The belt of prairie on the main land bore exactly the appearance of an immense tract of corn richly cultivated. The wild vine festooned the rugged old trees, mantling their trunks with wavy foliage, from amongst which, in due season, hung in large clusters the purple fruit. The prospects around delighted, whilst from their never-ceasing varieties of light and shade, they never wearied the eye. The exquisite taste of Ala soon rendered our island a paradise. Spring clad it with the softest verdure, which summer ripened into full voluptuous beauty. Autumn tinted the foliage with crimson and gold; and rough old winter, although he scattered with his icy breath the leafy bowers which had protected us from the sun's scorching rays, did so but in kindness, to enable them to penetrate when they were welcome. His chill blast made exercise delightful during the day; and when, in the evening, his storms bowed the bared branches of the forest around, they swept over our cottage, enhancing the enjoy-

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ment with which we closed to the crackling and glowing hearth. I have heard sojourners in what they deemed more favored lands, boast of their perpetual summer; and it may be, that they gave expression to their real feelings, forgetful perhaps of the long droughts which parched whole districts to such a degree, that the sole prayer of the wandering beggar was for *water*. It is possible, that habit may have rendered them insensible to the monotony of a never-varying temperature: for myself, I would not part, were it matter of choice, with one degree of the extremes of our climate; I enjoy the changes of our seasons as much as those which the morning glow and the grey of evening shed over the landscape. The blithe aspect of spring, when myriads of flowers enamel her joyous path—the golden and mellow fruits which summer scatters from her bounteous bosom over the land—the glories of our autumnal foliage, unequalled in splendor throughout the world—the adamant lake, capable of sustaining the serried chivalry of Europe, and the forest glittering with the brilliant pendicles of winter,—are alike delightful.

We have, it is true, short intervals of wet and gloomy weather in the spring and fall, but they are of so short duration, that home pleasures do not weary whilst they confine us.

In the enjoyment of our happy home, years flowed peaceably by; and the birth of our daughters enhanced our enjoyment the more perhaps, that it was delayed for some time. They are twins. We named them, Adele and Ala. The new duties which their advent involved, gave a fresh zest to life. We taught them what we knew. Ala has made them proficient in the tasteful manufactures of her nation, whilst to me they are indebted for some insight into the tissue of traditional fable, received as the history of the old world. They can read and write my mother tongue, and enliven their labour with such of the relics of the Troubadours as dwelt in my memory. I assure you, I am proud of our pupils. Alas! I have a more sorrowful theme to dwell on. Unheeded—undreamt of by those whom it so vitally concerned, the French revolution burst forth, shaking the thrones of Europe; causing by a just, though fearful

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retribution, the hearts of monarchs to quail, and their sceptres to tremble in their faltering grasp. I should not say undreamt of, for Henri with prophetic eye saw its approach, and even took the precaution of transferring a large portion of his property to the English funds; but he deferred, until too late, to leave the whirlpool of Parisian society. Poor fellow, he had the melancholy satisfaction of repaying with his heart's blood, the distinctions which the kings of France had lavished on our race; and dying, sword in hand, amongst the devoted Swiss, defending from the access of the brutal mob the private apartments of the doomed sovereign, whom so short a time previously they had greeted on each appearance amongst them with enthusiastic cheers. Deeply, and most sincerely, I mourned for my noble brother; yet, I could not help reflecting, how much more appalling death might have been to him, if dragged to an ignominious scaffold, (as alas! was the fate of tens of thousands,) than thus striking him, when in generous fight he exposed his life in the endeavour to save that of his benefactor.

I have little to add. The resources at my command are ample, to allow of my taking that place in European society to which my name would be a passport. On my own account I should feel it a banishment, whilst I cannot but think, that Ala and our daughters are far happier, ministering by turns to the comfort of the declining years of the old chief, and enjoying the blessed calm with which it has pleased Providence to endow us, than they would be in the adventitious society of Europe.

“But friend Maneto, the gals are growing up, and must soon be married. Why the plague did you not drop a hint of their fortins before? The Johnson’s are proud of the dash of the tar-brush under their skin, and it would be no stop to Jake Van Ransellaer; but ’tis too late now, I am all as one as buckled, and I can’t say as I am sorry neither; but you might as well have let the cat out of the bag before.

“Why truly, Captain,” answered the old man, smiling, “I was not aware of the honor which *might have* befallen us; but, my friend,

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I have provided for the contingency which occurs to your foresight. A worthier or a nobler man than Saron does not tread the mazes of the free forest; at my suggestion, the Wolf has named him his successor as the war chief of the nation. I have long since seen with pleasure, that two of his sons have felt the attractions of my daughters. I have brought them up together, and as far as in me lay, provided for their mutual happiness. Nay, blush not, my children; the tried love of such as they are, and its warm return, does equal honor to the wisdom of all parties; and, if this varied life have bliss in store for any of her offspring, it is for such as you, when wedded to affectionate hearts fresh and unsullied as the breath of morn."

Annesley perceiving that the sun now gild the western mountains with his setting ray, arose; and our party heartily thanking Maneto and his lovely daughters for their entertainment, bade them adieu; but the polite old man insisted on guiding them from his fairy lake—a service which became needed, as whilst they assumed their fur mantles, the twilight faded

rapidly ; and ere they had reached the grottoed entry, night had stolen on them—this the old man had provided for, by placing in the stern of his canoe, a JACK filled with birch bark and chips of the resinous knots of the pitch pine. Brilliantly the inflammable mass flamed up as he preceded them beneath the native arch, whose sides and roof glittered as with millions of gems reflecting its glowing light, whilst the clear waters beneath reflected the beaming coruscation. Although accustomed to the contemplation of the portal of his lake, Maneto was fully sensible of its striking beauty when thus viewed, and waved aloft his basket torch, that no part of its splendour might be lost on his guests. They glided in silence through the sinuous arch, at the river entrance of which they took a final leave of Maneto. The rapid river bore them swiftly to the basin where the Triagain lay.

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CHAPTER XVII.

" Not the dreadful spout
Which shipmen do the hurricane call,
Shall dizzy with more clamour Neptune's car
In his descent."

Four days were spent by the crew of the *Triagain*, in getting jury spars on end in place of those which she had lost, and putting all to rights, by the evening of the last of which, little appearance remained of the weather which she had lately encountered. Ere the ladies were up on the next morning they had left the *Saguenay* far a-stern. The bright green of the *St. Lawrence*, over whose surface flashed every now and then the white backs of the snow fish, (a species of porpoise peculiar to this river, and we believe one or two in India,)—the smiling beauties of the numerous islands, clothed in their spring attire of every shade of green—the majestic grandeur of the Alpine scenery, bounding the river even

from its bank on the northern shore, and recalling vividly our own Killarney, were it not that the scale might be alone calculated by the comparative size of the holly and arbutus of the latter, with that of the stately pine of the former. The south side of the river seemingly a continued village of cheerful white-washed cottages, becoming denser every mile or two in the vicinity of a neat church, the tin-covered roof and spire of which glittered in the sun light—were all admired in turn, beneath a sky as bright and sunny as that of Italy. Another day, during which the wind continues fair, and they are skirting along the lovely island of Orleans, the garden of the lower Canada. The thunder of its falling torrent directs the eye to Montmorency, as the ship opens the northern shore above the island; but even the highest waterfall in North America cannot long detain the eye from glorious old Quebec, of which, rounding Point Levi, they are now in full sight—its hundred domes, spires, and roofs, of brilliant tin, reflecting like smoked silver the glow of the declining sun.

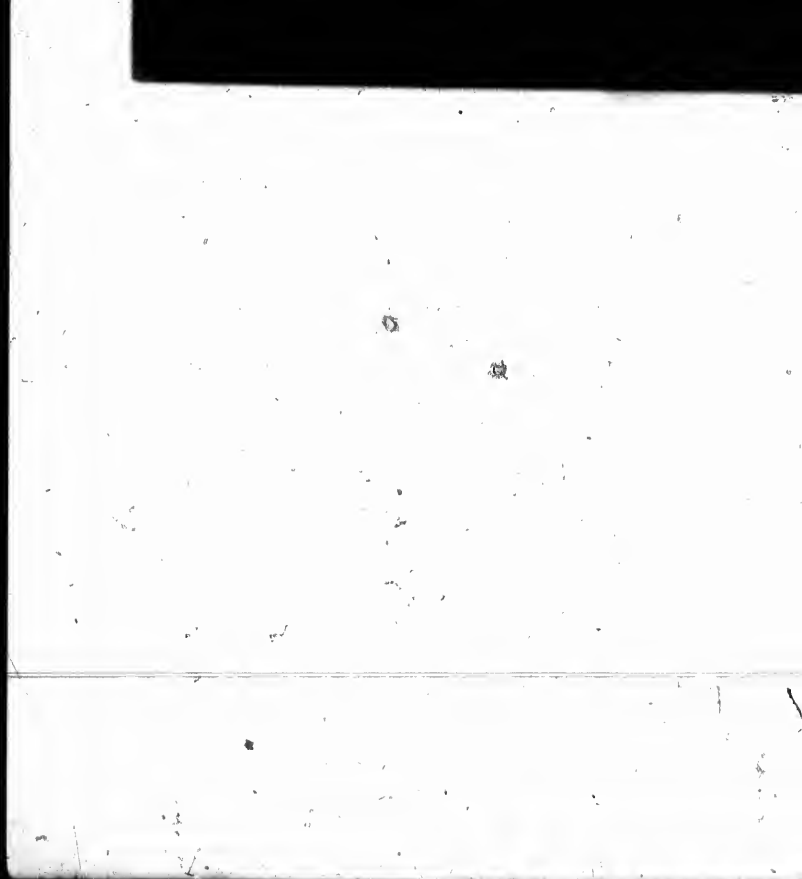
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Scarcely had the ponderous anchor of the Triagain reached the bottom, ere Sir John Sherbrooke came along side; and in another moment his daughter was in his arms.

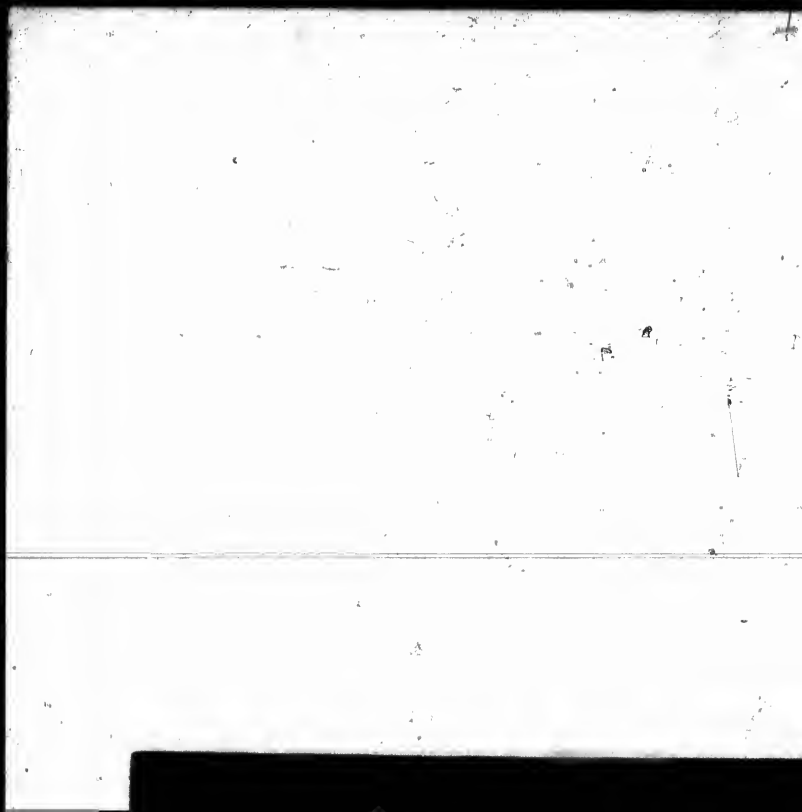
“I have been very much alarmed, Mary,” he said; “the prize which announced your being in the gulf, has been at Quebec fully a week, and reports dreadful weather encountered after parting you—thank God, all is well.”

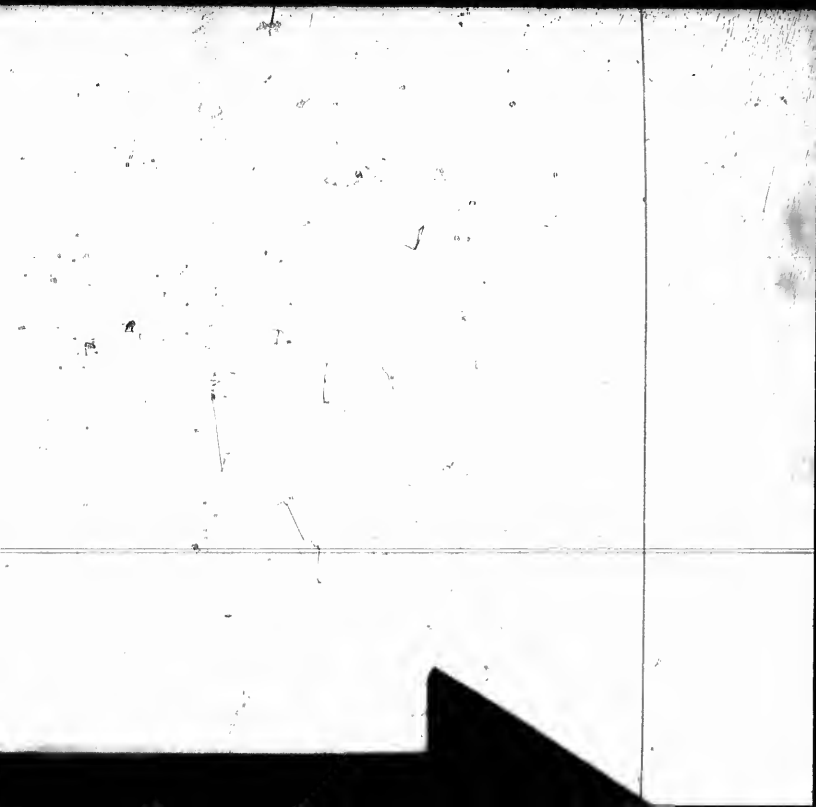
“We have, indeed, to be grateful, my father; for many hours I feared that we should never meet again in this world,—but to the local knowledge of the privateer Captain we owe our safety, as Annesley tells us.”

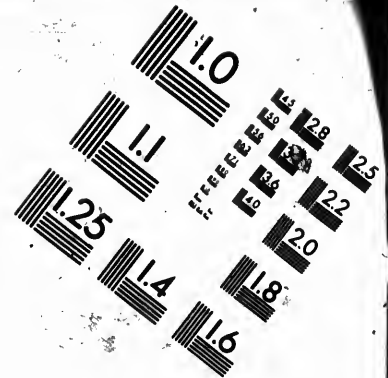
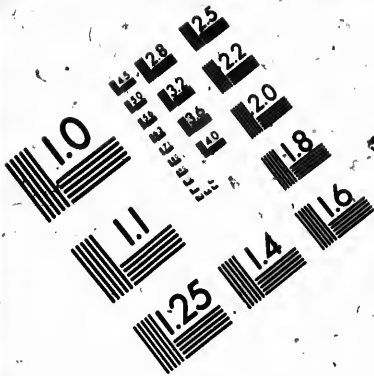
“I will acknowledge the debt, my daughter; no doubt you little thought to have met me here. An express from the Governor-General met me *en route*, ordering me to visit Quebec, on a particular duty, before proceeding to Montreal. I arrived yesterday, and having performed the required duty, was about to resume my journey, when I learned the capture and arrival of the schooner. We have now no time to lose, so as soon as you and your friends are ready, we must leave for Montreal.”



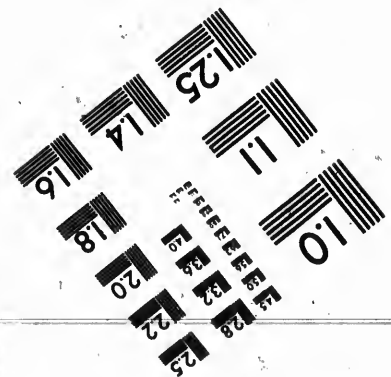
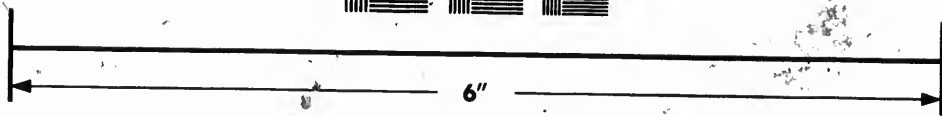
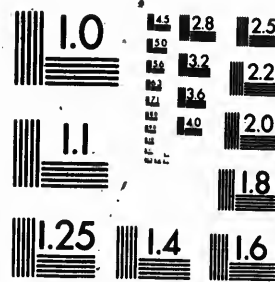








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It is not our purpose to accompany the General and his party on their tedious route, varied and beautiful as is the scenery between the two principal cities of British America; we feel that we have too far trespassed on your patience, good reader—so, now, for a bold leap over distant time.

The short though bloody war had ended; and may no cause arise again to induce the children of the same noble stock to imbrue their fratricidal hands in each other's blood. The *landowners* again plied their happy toil, and their bounteous mother, the earth, promised its due reward. On every side fair nature smiled as though red handed strife had never been; but many a heart at each side of the lakes was sad—many a young widow mourned over dreams, alas, for ever faded—mothers wept their sons, and little children the parent whose fondness was but too well remembered: and what did all these hearts' tears purchase? A more embittered feeling between nations who should be firm friends—whose union, alike desirable from kindred relationship and interest, should be indissoluble—who, amongst

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the inhabitants of the earth being alone *the free*, should foster in other countries the budding germs of that liberty which is their own pride and blessing. Let not the mother be jealous of the stately growth and ripening charms of her fair daughter; and let the daughter exult in the mature glories of her time honored mother. Let England and America vie in good feeling one to the other, and give liberty to the world, not by force, but by the influence which such a joint example must exert throughout the globe.

It was evening—a soft autumnal evening, more than a year after the above break in our narrative; the sun was still some degrees from the horizon, and a flood of glory shone over that most beautiful of views, the Niagara. Beautiful from its ocean lake source, whence in placid grandeur it springs full grown, and glides gracefully between its fertile shores. It meets Islands in its course, but finding full flow for its waters, it heeds them not, uttering scarcely a complaining murmur on their shores; but flowing on in its majesty, rocky barriers intervene, over these it hurls its waters, with

occasionally a hoarse roar, but more generally as though sporting with such petty annoyances; their more constant recurrence vexes the speeding river, and with a whirling charge it rushes on, heedless of what may be before. For some few yards it pauses as to take breath, then comes its mighty performance—a chasm, deep as the pit of Avernus, appears before it; but nought appalled, on dashes the ocean stream—it hurls itself into the profound abyss; and if the breath of the Almighty, whose voice is as the sound of many waters, is to be heard on earth, here is its concentrated echo. Who has beheld thee, Niagara, and not thought on Him—who has heard thee, and not felt, that notwithstanding the surrounding din, a still small voice spoke to his heart? For awhile after the tremendous exploit, all is wild chaos in the vast waters; but far above the river, God throws a victorious banner of sky-tinted spray, in which, by the behest of the Omnipotent, in mercy to his soul-stricken creatures, the bow of the covenant is displayed, promising that the world shall be no more submerged with a flood. As in all the great

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works of the Creator, the easiest grasped amongst the wonders of this tremendous stream, are its most minute points. Descend to the "cave of the winds," beneath an infinitesimally small portion of the vast waterfall, and you may judge, at least afterwards, of the immensity of the whole. Where you see from below the comparative utter insignificance of the middle fall, you will find it hard to convince yourself that it was this mere rivulet, as you will then consider it, which struck your soul with such awe, when you had entered a few yards beneath its arc. Afterwards, if you have courage, enter the sublime hall formed on the English side by the grand cataract. After having undergone the pains of suffocation, and being perhaps more than once baffled, you succeed in stemming the torrent of spray and pent up wind borne down by the falling river. Others have entered, and you resolve to do so or die, and are now probably successful. Oh! how magnificently are you rewarded for all your pains. On earth nought equals this stupendous cave. On one side at a vast height over head,

a rocky semi-arch is formed, rivalling aught that Milton, or his brother of the present day, the poet painter, Martin, has imagined of grim black shade, whilst even its dark terrific beauty is surpassed by an unique display; from some thirty feet from the summit, the waters form a corresponding arc of deep green; thence downwards, the falling flood is broken into ever changing but always beautiful, most beautiful columns of white, forming now imitations of the noblest productions of art,—now shewing whence they are derived from, the teacher of art—nature,—when in sportive mood she piles in some vast cavern her columns of stalactites in every conceivable line of exquisite form. But where have we deviated? From below the falls, from the one spot where the temporarily paralyzed river allows the daring voyager to cross her stream, from the shock she recovers as by magic, and for some miles rushes along as though ashamed of momentary inaction; sometimes forming foaming rapids; again, whirling around, as though half inclined to essay in an upward direction that tremendous leap; then grown

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more calm, recalling as it were the intention of her course, gliding along through the few remaining obstacles, and passing through an embouchure betwixt two lofty precipices of more than seven hundred feet, from which vast height, in long past ages, her waters had been precipitated; and, as though brought by the remembrance to entire submission to her present fate, sweeps peacefully towards her rest, in the bosom of Ontario, conscious that though her course from birth to the grave be short, no rival can be found for her amongst the rivers of the world.

The red cross flag of England, and the silver starred banner of the American union, floated half mast high on Forts George and Niagara, whose late hostile guns now boomed their slow and solemn tribute to the noble dead. From the former, filed a long procession of soldiers, with drooping ensigns and arms reversed, marching with saddened step to the wailing time of a dead march. Two gun carriages led the mournful array, followed by led horses, the poor brutes with drooping gait appearing aware of the melancholy import of

all around. On each of the dark carriages, the soldiers' most fitting covering, his country's flag, was thrown, the shape of its folds evincing its use.

" Upon each pall, in gloomy pomp arrayed,
A soldier's feathered cap and sword were laid."

Immediately behind the biers was a carriage, in which, although contrary to military usage, followed as chief mourners the daughters of the deceased, attended by a young lady, and an officer in the uniform of the British navy. In vain before them was that glorious prospect spread—their eyes saw it not, but their souls felt the sublime music. The youngest of the sisters had sobbed convulsively from the time she had entered the carriage, but the elder was for some time as though unconscious of all around. After the dead march, the band had ceased for a time; and when, again, its wailings were heard, the bugles alone took their theme from the national anthem; but, oh! how different was its effect, thrown into minor. For the first time, a torrent of tears relieved the broken hearted Alice Brock—for

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her what had earth in reserve? Isabella wept with all a fond daughter's love — her kind father; but still more deeply did she suffer for her sister. Almost at the same instant that General Brock fell, Mountmorris had received his death wound. As soldiers the end of both was happy, for victory had cheered their last pangs, and their fainting eyes beheld the enemy driven headlong from the shores which he had dared to pollute with his presence. To poor Mountmorris the event was but that for which his weary heart panted. Although his wound was from the first pronounced mortal, he had lingered for a day in perfect possession of his faculties, and with scarcely a feeling of pain — of this interval he had availed himself, as will be seen. The General and his Aid had been buried together at Fort George, but the justly earned gratitude of the province had decreed a public funeral, and a monument on the spot which they had consecrated with their blood; and to this place they were now being borne. To the honor of American good feeling be it told, that at the first interment at Fort George,

(although the war was then raging in full fury,) the guns of Fort Niagara, and the drooped banner, paid the same tribute as now to the illustrious dead. The funeral train reached the magnificent heights of Queenston; through a long avenue of those whom he had led to victory, the body of their chief was borne, whilst tears coursed down many a war-embrowned cheek. The service was read, and the artillery uttered its thunders thrice. The dead slept in their honored resting place, and of the living were—forgotten,—save by the solitary group who, shunning the martial music which cheered the returning troops, directed their steps towards Drummond Ville.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

* * * "Hear and mark,
To what end I have brought thee hither."

"DUBLIN, June 6th, 18—.

"MY DEAR NEPHEW,

"I will not affect to deny that I have deeply wronged you, and that it was in despite of my utmost efforts, that the Irish Courts have decided your claim to the title and estates of Altham to be just. I do not even profess to have been ignorant of your rights, or to have been unconscious of the extreme generosity of the offers made me in your letters of last year, from Halifax; but I could not bear that it should be known to the world, that Edward's rank was held merely on sufferance. Heaven has justly punished me, by taking away a son of whom I was unworthy.

It matters little to a forlorn old man, to retain riches and titles, of which he knows himself to be unjustly possessed. I have, therefore, communicated to your friend, Mr. Bushe, that I will not offer further opposition to your assuming your full rights. In so doing, I only obey the dying request of my poor Edward. To my astonishment, I received from Mr. Bushe, a letter written by you, on first learning your cousin's death. Your conduct throughout has indeed been the reverse of mine, in a degree most painful to me to contemplate. Your generosity makes no change in my plans, although, believe me, I feel it deeply. I have been an apostate from my religion, as from every thing just and honorable. During my life I concealed that I had early become a convert from the Roman Church, fearing that it might militate with my-ambitious views. I have taken a small sum, which you will not miss from large accumulations, which you will find to your credit with my bankers, to enable me to devote the remainder of my existence to heaven, without becoming a burthen to the

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poor brotherhood whom I am about to join. I entreat your forgiveness for the past, and pray that you will write, giving me an assurance of it. I shall feel more hope of pardon hereafter, if you accord it. Trusting that every good fortune may await you which I had hoped for my poor boy, remember me, as your deeply sinning, but most severely punished, uncle.

“ RICHARD ANNESLEY.”

“ DUBLIN, June 10th, 18—.

“ MY DEAR LORD,

“ Most heartily do I congratulate you on the full recognition of your rights, even by your uncle. My impression of his character is not in the least affected by his present conduct. *Prosperity he is unfit for*, and the reverses he has undergone, may enable him to deceive even himself.” The expression of his face, when he did me the honor of seeking an interview, was that of a whipped cur, who had all the inclination to fly at once, but dared not, and felt it safer to fawn. Whilst this

disposition lasted, (however brought about,) I deemed it my duty to obtain sufficient evidence of the falsehood of his pretensions. Forgive my speaking thus of one allied so nearly to you, but I distrust the man; and should it ever be in his power, with all his present pretensions to an overflow of every christian virtue, "then beware—woe unto you—then would he grind and ruin, malign and laugh at you." God pardon me, if there be want of charity in this foreboding; but charity, which is a love for my friend, compels me to let it stand as it is.

"In accordance with Lady Altham's wishes, and those contained in your letters, Dunmaine has been put into thorough repair, and is now ready. We are all most anxious to see you again. Lady Altham says, she is about to write to you by this packet, so of her I say nothing, save that which she may conceal, to avoid giving you pain, that I fear her health is waning, so on all accounts hasten home.

As ever, my dear friend,

Most truly yours,

"A. BUSHE."

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“DUNMAINE, 8th June, 18—.

“MY DEAREST BOY,

“I had always prayed, that I might live long enough to fold you again to my breast; now, life is doubly precious, as you hold out the prospect of my being blessed with two children at once. I have had a long conversation with your kind friend, Mr. Dawkins; he bids me tell you that, station apart, nothing could please him better for his niece and ward, than seeing her married to one for whom he has so high an esteem. Nor is this flattery, my son. You have behaved in many most trying positions, most nobly. Continue through life thus to act—some moments you may, nay, you will, experience the ingratitude of the morally vulgar; but you can fall back on your own heart, and there find your recompense. I have one favor to ask—when you have secured your Isabella, hasten to your mother. Assure your dear wife, that she also will find a fond parent in

“M. A.”

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Such were the contents of a package of letters which reached our hero on his return to Montreal. The Governor-General and Mr. Dawkins had been named the joint-executors of Sir Isaac Brock, and guardians of his daughters. Annesley took the earliest opportunity to communicate his feelings to Sir John. All was smooth. His excellency told him, that he was not only prepared to consent on his own behalf, but had the full approval of Mr. Dawkins. The blushing Isabella pleaded delay, but her sister over-ruled her, by instancing her own case, and pleading the uncertainty of every thing earthly, and the danger of trusting to the unknown future. All was speedily arranged; and, for once, poor Alice put off her mourning weeds, and together with Mary Sherbrooke, attended the loveliest bride that Montreal had seen for years, to the altar, where she was given away by the stately old soldier who represented his sovereign in the province, to one, who never during a long and happy life passed a day which did not enhance his estimation of the value of the gift. Shall we follow the fortunes

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of the happy pair? Yes; we cannot part with them yet.

His Majesty's schooner, *Mutine*, lay to a single anchor off Cape Diamond. Our old friend, Smith, paced the weather side of her quarter-deck in solitary state, his well worn frock displaying a narrow slip of lace on *each* shoulder, denoting that he had attained the rank of commander. Most impatiently did he stride up and down his short walk; the tide was just on the turn to ebb, the wind fresh from W. S. W.; every thing was ready for sea, even his despatches being on board; but still, no signal was made for him to get under way. His pace grew still quicker; he remembered his old father and doating mother picturing their longings to embrace the son who had brought them to so much honor. Most fondly, and not without an honest pride, did he remember the sacrifices they had made were now *not* in vain. For many years he had scarcely hoped they should meet again in this world; but now, with all, indeed far more than all, that they had hoped for, of honorably earned promotion, he most ardently

longed to thank them—to say to them, see what you have made of your son. In this mood—how should it be otherwise, than that impatience overmastered the usual coolness of our friend—annoyed, impatient, restless, he descended to the cabin, and whiffed a cigar, with an energy quite out of place with a fellow usually so quiet. Whilst thus employed, a Midshipman entered.

“ Please, sir, the Commodore wishes to know, whether you can accommodate a gentleman and two ladies, as passengers ? ”

“ How the devil am I to accommodate them here, sir ? ”

“ What am I to answer, sir ? ”

“ That the *Mutine* has very short accommodations, even for her crew ; but that such as they are, they are at the Commodore’s disposal. Perhaps he will let us go now ? ”

Most industriously did Smith puff his cigar ; the *Mutine*’s cabin was a perfect fog, when the signal Midshipman again made his appearance.

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wishes to know, whether you cannot find room for an old friend—then comes a 347—a private signal I suppose, sir?”

“Let me see—you are right, my boy—347, the number of the old Shannon—answer affirmatively, sir. I wonder who it can be; but no matter, they were good fellows, every one. Brooke would not have any that were incorrigible, and he had the knack of making others all right.”

The Commodore had made the answering pendant; “but what is this, a Peer of the realm, with his lady and sister-in-law, are about to go on board the Mutine.”

“The devil, what can the big wigs be about? Surely, the Commodore is not going to send them passengers in the schooner?”

No doubt could long exist however. The Commodore's barge put off, evidently tending to the schooner. The yards were manned as she left the flag ship, and the schooner, of course, received her with similar honors; escorted by the senior officer of the station, our hero, with the ladies, ascended the vessel's side, and was received by his delighted

shipmate. After a cordial leave taking, the Commodore returned to his ship; the Mutine's anchor was tossed up, and merrily she sped by the numerous merchant craft, with a cracking top-gallant breeze; her commander and Altham as happy as the renewal of valued association could make them.

Nothing can be more agreeable than a run across the Atlantic, to the eastward, in the early fall. Once clear of the land, strong favourable gales can be to a certainty counted on, with merely a deviation from N. N. W., to S. W. The Mutine made the most of them, and in twenty days from Quebec, she brought up at Portsmouth. A fortnight after, Lady Altham received her long parted son, in the house of his ancestors. Bushe, Harry Dawkins, and his sister, were also there. Reader, you can conceive a meeting which words are inadequate to describe.

The day after the arrival at Dunmaine, Mr. Quill received a summons to meet the young Lord. The worthy Attorney endeavoured to justify his conduct; in silent contempt our hero listened, not deeming him worthy of an

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answer on that subject. When Mr. Quill ceased, he at once entered on the matter which had induced his sending for him.

“ I have listened to the causes to which you wish to attribute the course you adopted towards me ; you are beneath my vengeance, so let these events be forgotten. I have transferred my agency to Mr. Bushe. I required your presence, to ask what you intend doing for him, as I learn that he is about to marry.”

“ Shortly then, my Lord, I answer you— nothing. He has not so conducted himself as to earn my good will, however useful he may have been to your Lordship. By giving him your agency, you place him in a sufficiently thriving way ; and, although it is at my expense, I am not sorry for it. I, however, shall do nothing for him.”

“ There go two words to a bargain, Mr. Quill. I am in possession of certain documents, of which here is a list, in the handwriting of our mutual acquaintance, Ingram.”

“ Quill, with professional impassiveness listened, until the mention of Ingram's name ;

but then, a sudden pallor rendered his face ghastly; nor did the perusal of the list dissipate his terror—it was some time ere he could ask—

“What does your Lordship require of me?”

“That you do justice to Bushe—you are better aware how you stand than I can be, although I know much more than you could wish.”

“I little thought, that any one now living was aware of the affair to which you allude. Bushe shall have his own—I never meant eventually to have kept him out of it; I merely looked on myself as my nephew’s natural guardian.”

Annesley knew as much as the man of the moon, to what the Attorney referred; but he felt, that some new villainy was about to come to light; he, therefore, merely remarked—

“You are well aware, that the documents in my possession, are amply sufficient to rid society of one who certainly deserves little forbearance at my hands—for Bushe’s sake, if you make him ample reparation, I am willing to let you escape.”

"Well, my Lord, I have told you, that I always intended to do so. His mother inherited property which should have been mine; and I thought it of no use to let Amos know of it, as he was far more likely to get on in the world without. I am now ready to hand it over to him; the more so, as your Lordship's agency will put him in a safe position."

"You are even a greater villain than I had supposed—never look blank, man. Of this property you have, for the first time, informed me; but, sir, with its restoration—now, that I know all, I shall not be content—my silence must be purchased by a handsome settlement on Amos' bride."

"But where am I to find means, my Lord? Boy as you are, you have outwitted me—what put it into your head, to talk of doing Amos *justice*?"

"Your conscience, if you have such a thing; or rather your guilty fears, Mr. Quill, have over-strained my words. As to where you are to find the means, I am aware that you are very rich—I only hope, that the ill-gotten pelf may not bring a blight with it to Bushe."

“ My Lord, you run me too hard perhaps, even for Bushe’s welfare. You do not suppose, that forty years practice as an attorney, has left me so totally defenceless as (my indiscretion notwithstanding,) you would have it appear. What, if I refuse to be dictated to, by you? ”

“ Take your own course, Mr. Bushe. I expect Mr. Torrens here to-morrow, and have also received a promise of a visit from Mr. Daly. To Mr. Torrens I shall report all you said about Bushe’s rights, which will be a quite sufficient clue for him; and, as a Magistrate, I should imagine, that Mr. Daly will not refuse to take cognizance of the trifling errors brought about by you, in the registry of the parish. Ha, Mr. Quill, what say you? Bushe’s rights must be first, in any case, clearly ascertained; and further, you must secure to Mr. Torrens’ full satisfaction, £10,000 to him, on your death, together with interest thereon during your life.”

Quill drew a deep breath, half-gasp, half-sigh.

“ My Lord,” he said, “ I accept your terms— now, at last, for those cursed papers.”

“ Not so fast, Mr. Quill. — I have made an

offer—you have accepted it. I know not whether I have done full justice to my friend; nevertheless, my character is pledged as a negociator, and the treaty shall be carried out to the letter; but not until Torrens has assured me, that your part is fulfilled.”

“You expect me then to place myself entirely in your power, my Lord?”

“I do—we each know with whom we have to deal. At this moment you feel perfectly assured, that every thing I state I will perform, whilst to say the truth, Mr. Quill, I have no earthly reason for placing a similar dependence on you.”

“My Lord, I take my leave—you know where I am to be found in Galway.”

“You may take your leave with all my heart, Mr. Attorney; on my behalf, none, save a constable, shall seek you in Galway. Come, sir, lay aside your airs—Mr. Torrens will be here to-morrow, and if all I demanded be not done to that gentleman’s satisfaction, I shall be guided by him what steps to take.”

How Mr. Quill felt, as he rode down the stately avenue of Dunmaine, is no business of

ours; all we know, is, that ere the young noble was up next morning, the following note was handed him.

“ GALWAY, September 3rd, 18—.

“ MY LORD,

“ I am in your hands, so am obliged to subscribe to the hard terms you prescribed yesterday. I will wait on Mr. Torrens before noon, and with the papers I shall put into his hands, he can prepare the necessary documents, which I will sign.

Your Lordship's

Obedient servant,

“ T. QUILL.”

Right Honorable

Earl of Annesley.

Mr. Torrens and his brother of the Toga were closetted together in the library, for an hour. The jolly face of the former beamed with animation, as he met the young Earl after the interview. “ Egad, my Lord,” he

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said, "you have eased Mr. Quill's conscience considerably; and I, too, have not been idle on Bushe's behalf. My brother practitioner very reluctantly yielded, an account of the accumulations during his *guardianship*,—so that our friend Amos, is at this moment, a *parti* by no means to be slighted by fortune hunting misses."

"Do you know his views in that way, Mr. Torrens?"

"I have a shrewd guess, my Lord."

"And what think you of his chance?"

"That even without your Lordship's patronage, or this most unexpected piece of good fortune, he needed not have doubted a cordial reception, as he is a particular favorite of my old friend; and if I am not much deceived, something more than a friend of Miss Mary's. Of course, he will be none the less welcome for possessing a fortune."

"The sooner it comes off the better. My wife and her poor sister set their hearts on having Mary Dawkins for a neighbour, and I really cannot make up my mind to part with Bushe."

CONCLUSION.

Reader, we have wandered many thousand leagues together, over flood and field—we trust you are not tired of this companionship. Ere bidding you farewell, we gladly avail ourselves of the supposition, that you may desire some information about the other parties who figure in our tale. A young colonist, the son of a staunch United Empire loyalist, who had struck new root in the province, and had, by his industry, surrounded his home with every thing really to be wished for in the way of comfort, nay even of luxury, met Mary Sherbrooke at Government house. The young farmer's father had been an old and esteemed comrade of Sir John. The staunch adherence of the veterans to the glorious standard, beneath whose protecting folds they were born, had led to different results—to one it had brought rewards; to the other, in his old age, forfeiture of property,—with, however, the ennobling consciousness that he had done his duty, and the applause of his associates. Sir John

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received his ancient friend with open arms ; and his own means being ample, saw with pleasure a growing attachment between young Sherwood and his daughter. They were married ; and in their happy home on the majestic St. Lawrence, the time-honored old soldiers fought full many a time their battles over again. On the marriage, young Sherwood wished naturally enough to introduce his bride to the home which his family had forfeited in the revolutionary struggle. They ascended together the fair lake-born river, enjoying the exquisite beauty of its archipelago of the thousand isles—crossed Ontario's bright waters. No Rochester then existed ; but they saw with delight, the beautiful falls of the Genessee. It was summer, and the stream barely curtained the bold outline of the rock beneath, with a veil of misty spray. For many days they travelled southwards—the roads were for wheeled vehicles horrible, but Mary was a practiced horse woman. Every night they found accommodation in happy smiling homes, where, although customs slightly differed from those of the English provinces, the cordial welcome

to the hospitable hearth bespoke the kindred origin of the inhabitants. Many a time had young Sherwood detailed to his blooming bride, his father's descriptions of their forfeited home, with its foaming rivulet dashing through a rich valley embosomed in wooded hills—the old farm house in the Dutch style, surrounded by its capacious and well stocked farm yard—nay, the very ford by which the streamlet was crossed, was so well imprinted on his memory, that he had no difficulty in identifying the place at the first glance. True it is, that the woods had disappeared, their place being occupied by golden crops; and, that the stream, which in olden times rushed along unimpeded, save by a single dam which furnished power for a small grist mill, now, in its descent, was used throughout, by the several trades required in a flourishing neighbourhood. A beautiful evening spread its veil of blue mist over the valley—gaily carolled the lassies, as they passed either towards the pastures, or on their return with foaming pails. A neatly framed bridge had superseded the ford—our travellers crossed it; and now, the

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road wound round a high rocky cliff, and they are in full sight of the goal of their pilgrimage. The stout old mansion, composed of wood, seemed in perfect repair; it was embowered with Virginian vine and other creepers, masses of which rambled round the numerous dormant windows in the thrice pitched roof. Around, were all the testimonies of industrial wealth—the well ordered fences, and luxuriant waving crops, giving evidence of the flourishing farmer. Sherwood reined-in his horse, and sat gazing on the old house for some moments. “There, Mary,” said he at length, “is my father’s home; let us see who are now its occupants.” They approached—an old lady was knitting, seated in a large rocking chair, on the stoop; beside her, an exceedingly pretty girl, with soft blue eyes and fair complexion, yet with long eye-lashes and tresses of jet, was spinning. As the party approached, the younger ceased her work; and, as they pulled up their horses in front of the enclosure, told her mother, who being blind, had not noticed them. Mr. Sherwood alighted, threw his rein to the groom, and apologized to Mary for a few

moments absence, approached the ladies—the younger stood up to receive him.

“ May I ask, young lady,” he said, “ who lives here ? ” At the first sound of his voice the knitter suspended her toil. “ Who was he that spoke, my daughter ? ”

“ I do not know, mother—the gentleman is a stranger.”

“ Who are you, sir ? Either my ears deceive me sadly or I know your voice, though many years have passed since I heard it. Harry, my own brother, is it not you ? ”

“ My name indeed is Harry, and you must be my aunt Elsie—my father loves to talk of you.”

“ Come hither, my nephew—God be praised that I again meet one of my darling brother’s children. But I heard other horses—whose are they ? ”

“ Those of my wife and servants, aunt.”

“ You are all welcome here, my boy—bid them enter. Strange changes have passed over us, whether for good or ill ; but it would be stranger still, were you and your wife not welcome to a house which ought to have

been your own ; although at one time, dearly as I loved your father, I thought it justly forfeited."

Most warmly was Mary greeted by her husband's kindred. Nearly an hour passed quickly in the society of the ladies, together with the fat rosy son of the younger, a glorious boy of a year old. The other parent of the child appeared,—little changed was he from the first time we introduced him. In fact, the costume of Jake Van Ransellaer, on board the *Xarifa*, in Galway bay, very much better befitted the thriving Yankee farmer.

Kind reader, for the present farewell—if Altham gives us the privilege, we hope soon to renew our acquaintance.

THE END.

