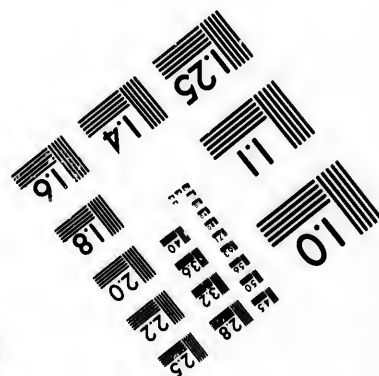
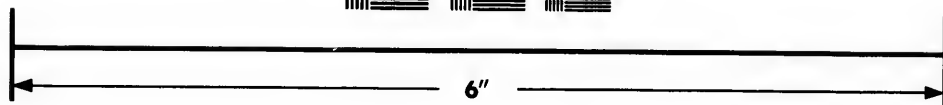
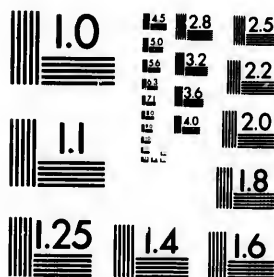


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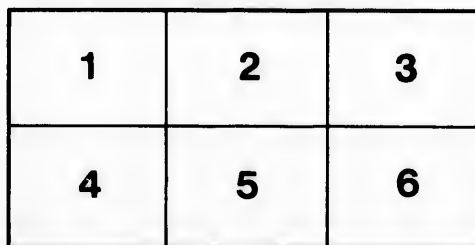
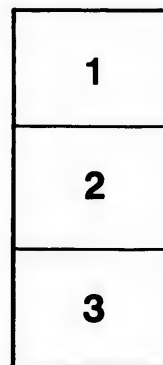
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"JANE WAS ABOUT TO FLY WHEN A SHOT FROM THE INDIAN HUNTERS DROVE THE HUGE ANIMAL BACK INTO THE COVER."

CANDOR'S GIRL,
OR THE
PIRATE OF THE LAKE

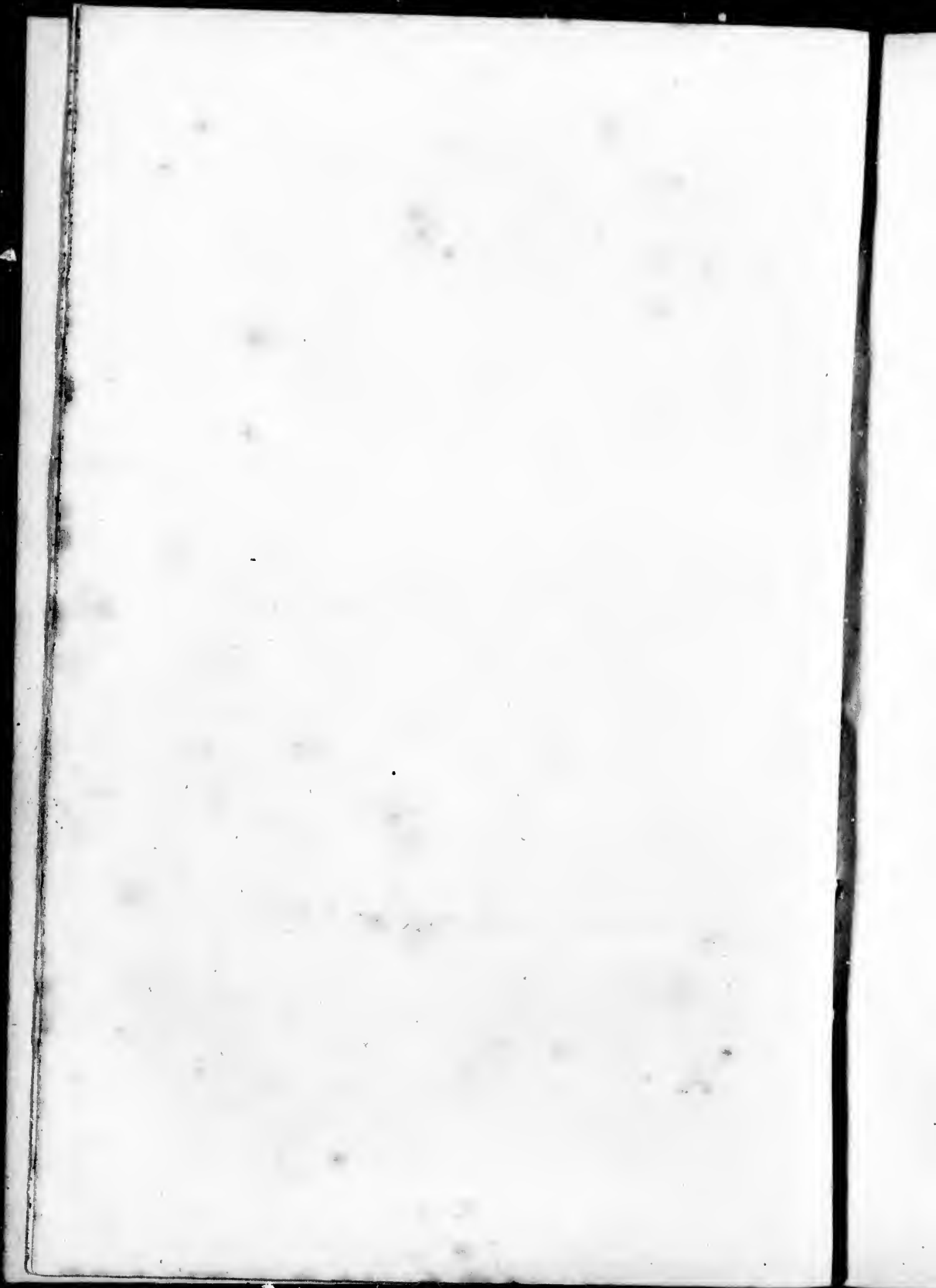
A STORY OF THE AFFECTIONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE JEWS DAUGHTER, ETC ETC



CAPTURE OF THE PIRATE AT QUEBEC

The Lake & the Sea



THE
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OR,

THE PIRATE

OF

THE LAKES.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "THE COTTAGE GIRL," "ORPHAN SISTERS,"
"BROKEN HEART," "JANE SHORE," ETC.

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PREFACE.

COULD I think that the following pages contained any merit sufficient to atone for their many faults, I should pen these introductory lines with a less unflinching hand. As it is, I can only commend my book to the indulgence of the reader. If I have *any* satisfaction in sending it forth, the qualities productive of that satisfaction are merely of a negative character—consisting of an absence of the false philosophies now in vogue, and the polluting pitch of licentiousness, evils which too surely convey to the inexperienced mind a poisonous contagion, more swift and deadly than that the eastern prince imbibed, while turning over the fatal leaves bequeathed him by his seer.

And now my bubble is blown. For the evanescence of its existence I am fully prepared, and shall be well content if anything in the form or colouring of the momentary trifle please even the passing glance of the condescending beholder. But some will say life has more serious ends than to be frittered away in creating or in beholding mere bubbles. This is true to a certain extent; yet even in bubbles there may be found matter of important observation, and touches of beauty suggestives of ideas refining to the taste and softening to the disposition. The Bard of Avon found "good in everything;" and so will most rightly tempered minds. If, then, my book wholly fails to yield improvement as well as gratification, let the reader share the blame.

To those who think that the orders of fiction should be preserved as distinct from each other as the orders of architecture, both the treatment and design of this work will give great offence. It is not strictly a domestic or a sentimental story, neither it is a humorous or a fashionable story; nor does it claim kindred with any decided school whatever, but partakes, perhaps, of all. Another more serious argument among adverse critics will be this—that the professed heroine does not chiefly sustain what interest there may be found here. For this license which I have taken I make no plea other than that the nature of my design required an exception to what I admit should be held as a general rule.

With respect to the characters I feel that I have not done justice to my own conception. In the *Pirate* I aimed to show a man whose vices were all of an open description, and originated in one single passion, and that a comparatively rare one—the love of *rule*. He is temperate dignified, firm, but not cruel; brave, courteous, and always suffering a secret struggle between his principles and the enthralling power of his master passion. His son, *Clinton*, was drawn from the life, and therefore should have been more skilfully portrayed. The goddess to whom he sacrifices himself and others is *pleasure*. Of a poetical temperament, of a delicate organisation answering to the faintest play of fancy and feeling, without any fixed principles to guard these dangerous gifts, he plunges, upon the first disappointment he meets in life, into dissipation, and, as an almost natural consequence, into fraud, to support that dissipation. His culpable conduct to the artless *Lucy*, is a picture of what too frequently takes place in real life. The proud lords of creation can descend to very petty vanity, and in order to gratify it, will peril the peace of the young and inexperienced female without remorse. In suddenly removing *Clinton* from fortune and happiness to a grave beside her, I have performed an act of poetical justice. Of the other persons who figure in this story I shall here say nothing more than that *Lucy* is perhaps the female character most likely to interest the readers' *affections*—*Jane*, their *esteem*—*Lady Hester* their *imagination*.

I have only now to request that those persons who have honoured the present work during its progress through the press with their very liberal patronage, will accept from me many heartfelt thanks, and some apologies. I say *some*, because I wish it to be distinctly understood that only *once*, and that at the commencement of my task, have I been the cause of those vexatious delays that have occurred in the publication. This grievous fault, and others more depending on my own efforts, will, I trust, be found remedied in the *Historical Romance* I have recently undertaken, to which, in conclusion, I beg to solicit the kind attention of my well-wishers.

THE
CANADIAN GIRL;

OR,

THE PIRATE OF THE LAKES.

CHAPTER I.

She wandered on from morn to night;
High were the trees—the lake was broad;
And not a sheltering roof in sight,
Nor friend to cheer the lonely road.

TOWARD the close of a warm and bright day, a young girl was walking alone in one of the sublime wildernesses of Upper Canada. She might be fourteen or sixteen years of age. Her head and feet were uncovered; and the tattered English frock which she wore, with tight sleeves, barely hiding her shoulders, left her arms also exposed. As she walked slowly, she leaned on a strong branch of a tree that she had picked up, but it was evident, that even with the assistance of this, she could scarcely move onwards, so much was she fatigued. In truth, her solitary journeying had continued nearly

all the day; during which time she had not seen one human habitation. Boundless woods surrounded her; and, with the lake whose margin she pursued, were silent to awfulness. Scarce a bird among the trees or on the water was seen or heard; sometimes a fawn darted from the thicket on her right to slake its thirst in the clear broad stream, and at the sight of the girl, scoured off to join its companions at a distance; but the noise the animal made tended rather to heighten, than disturb, the deep repose of the scene. The brief Canadian summer had opened here all its finest beauties, which the moisture exhaled from the lake, prevented from becoming scorched and withered. The soil, always fertile, had now cast up its rarest productions, which no hand of man had sown or planted. Long grass, of a brilliant green, covered all the wild undulations of the ground, as far as the windings of the lake and the woods permitted them to be seen. Herbage, in luxuriant variety, mingled with the grass, and exhibited the utmost freshness, its tints comprising all shades of green, with sometimes a bright brown or red. Occasionally, openings in the tangled underwood, revealed spots of fairy-like beauty, sheltered under the long overhanging branches of enormous trees, and in such spots the few coy flowers which graced the solitude, were principally gathered.

There were six majestic trees standing apart from the thicket to which they belonged, like a family growing in close union, side by side: their far-extending roots touched the water, and their combined foliage formed a dark shade upon the grass for a considerable distance round about them. They were Canadian oaks, of ancient growth, and of more than the usual size of that species.

As the girl advanced toward these oaks, she perceived that the knotty fibres of their roots made the ground, on the lake side, very hard and unequal for her blistered feet, therefore she turned aside to the thicket, and followed its course instead of that of the stream.

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

"We have her—we have her!" shouted both the hunters, in the Indian tongue, springing forward to seize their prize. "'Tis the calumet eagle, brother," said the taller hunter, "that carried off the red deer so gallantly, last sunset; she's as brave a white-head as ever wore plume. I know her own screech—it is the loudest and the fiercest I ever heard."

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

The tallest hunter, however, stood with his keen black eyes fixed with awe upon the thicket, and allowed his brother to buckle the leathern strap around the body of

the eagle, unassisted. The two Indians exactly resembled each other in all points, excepting height. They were well-made, muscular, and handsome; and apparently had no more than just reached the period of manhood. Their countenances expressed openness, honesty, and daring: they were inseparable at all times. Their rifles were made of the same kind of dark wood, of one length, and of the same weight; the pouch and horn which each had hanging from the shoulder, were of one shape and size; and the scanty, primitive garment of skins, with the hair outwards, was worn alike upon both figures. In the deer-skin belt drawn around each waist was placed a broad knife in a leathern sheath, with a stout handle of buckhorn, both made of one pattern.

“What is it that my brother sees?” asked the shorter Indian, who was stooping over the eagle, and with astonishment perceived the awe-struck looks of his companion, for which he could discern no adequate cause.

“Softly!” cried the other, with uneasiness: “’Twas a white spirit! No woman of the Pale-faces would be abroad here—’tis an impossibility! If she had the foot of a hunter, she could not reach the nearest settlement before to morrow’s dawn!”

A few more words passed between the Indians, and then leaving the bird which they had had the unusual good fortune to bring down, they pressed side by side into the thicket, where the girl had appeared to the taller hunter—but she was not to be seen.

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

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

"No; it was a white spirit," said the taller; "I saw it pass under these outside trees, alone, before you fired. Hark! did not the bushes rustle?" and he stooped with his hand in that of his brother, attentively listening for a considerable time. All was still, however; and they both became convinced that no human being was near: fully satisfied of this, after the most vigilant watchfulness, they returned to the spot where they had left the bird of prey. The taller Indian looked on with quiet exultation, while the other traced the passage of the lead through its body.

"A clean shot, Sassa!" said he, turning it over, and pointing with his finger to the ruffled and stained feathers on the left side of the breast. "It hit her right under the wing!"

Sassa disdained to express the pleasure he felt, but it was sufficiently seen in the dancing light of his fearless eye, and in the proud, but smiling curve, of his lip. Grasping the legs of the eagle with both hands, and exerting all his muscles to support the weight, the shorter Indian swung the bird on his back, and proceeded with it to the side of the lake. Sassa followed, carrying the

two rifles on his right arm, while his left assisted in supporting the body of the eagle, the left hand affectionately resting on the farthest shoulder of his brother.

“This is the first calumet eagle you have touched since we have hunted together, Sassa,” said he who bore the bird. “It is a rare piece of luck! but who can tell,” he added, “that it always lived in a nest? Our people have wonderful traditions; and the good white Pastor told us, Sassa, what we know to be true, that the Great Spirit can do greater things than we know of. Who can tell,” he said, turning upon his brother a look of real seriousness, “long before the crack of a bullet was heard in the Canadas, or the mocassin on the foot of an Indian had pressed the grass of the wilderness, the spirit of the eagle you have killed might have dwelt in another shape—the shape you have just seen, Sassa?”

“Would the spirit of an eagle dwell in a woman of the White race, when it was once so seldom found in their men?” asked Sassa. The other did not reply; but throwing down his burden at the edge of the water, stood reflecting; then exclaimed under the sudden impulse of that generous affection for which both these Indians were remarkable, “I am glad my brother struck the eagle! It is fit that Sassa, who has the steadiest hand, and sharpest eye, among the braves of our tribe, should win feathers with his own rifle for his head! It shall be told to his honour before the aged hunters in our lodges!”

Sassa stretched out his hand—and his proud lips quivered with manly sensibility, as, emulating the graceful humility of the other, he said, “The old hunters have given my brother the name of the Eagle Eye; and the buffalo, and moose-deer, know that *his* hand is steady!”

He paused—leaning in a dignified attitude on his rifle, then resumed, with something of passion in the depth of his tones, “ Shall I tell the son of my father, that our hearts are as one? This eagle which he sees, is his; and the buck, whose plump side sheathed his arrow to the head yesterday—is mine. Have we not one lodge? Do we not eat together? The Pale-faces have taken away our woods on the west, (where Lake Erie, and the rivers which run inland, have borne our fathers canoes,) but here they come more slowly—here they dread more the snow and the cold. My brother and I, with the few that remain of our tribe, will hunt here as our fathers hunted in days past; and Sassa will die with his fellow hunter—for he was born with him!” As he concluded, a canoe, covered with sheets of birch-bark, which had been hidden under the bushes and weeds of the bank, shot into sight upon the water. The valuable prize the hunters had obtained was placed between them in the narrow vessel, and they were soon at the opposite side of the lake, where vast trees formed a dark wall, growing within the boundary of the stream.

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

Night came on, and mists rising from the lake, hung suspended between the sky and the earth; but the air was soft and refreshing to the wearied and fevered girl. She had found a little honey in the tree-hollow, which

had sheltered her, and had spread it over half of a small cake that had been given to her when she started upon her extraordinary journey ; with this she drank a little fresh water, that she obtained in the hollow of her hands from a rill which bubbled up from the ground within the labyriath of the thicket, and flowed past her temporary resting place. When the last morsel of her cake was eaten, she clasped her hands on her knee, and looked up fixedly to the darkening heavens. Her lips moved with inward prayer ; and instead of expressing apprehension, her pale countenance was irradiated with a smile of thankfulness. She next arranged for herself a couch of balsam-tree boughs, and broad leaves, in a spot entirely hidden from sight, just within the thicket, and there yielded to the welcome slumber that stole swiftly over her senses.

When she awoke, it was with a convulsive start, and she sprang up crying in shrill tones that sounded far through the thicket, " Father—father—take me in the boat ! Leave me not in the burning ship ! O, father, as you hope for mercy, save me ! save me ! " The words died off on her tongue, as, trembling from head to foot, she revived to consciousness. Looking at her bed of balsam, her lips moved again with thankful emotions. She kneeled down, and thanked the Almighty that she was safe. It was strange that so young a girl, entirely unprotected, in a place so wild, and lonely, should be *thankful* for her *safety* ! Yet so it was—and the feeling was ardent too, again producing a flickering smile on her lips, as she took up her branch with renewed activity, and proceeded on her toilsome way. The mists were dissipated by the rising sun, which threw its long

tracks of fire on the lake. Wild-ducks were floating out from their coverts, and arranging their feathers with their bills; woodcocks and snipes, in considerable numbers, added to the exhilaration of the scene; and, as the lake narrowed, she heard the loud clarion notes of a pair of majestic swans, that moved slowly and heavily over the surface of the water. The heat increased;—but she walked onwards with the steadiness and speed of one who had from her birth been inured to danger, hardship, and fatigue, and who was supported by a resolution based upon no common motives, which buoyed up her spirits to a pitch above that usual with woman.

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

CHAPTER II.

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"I would you did but see how the storm chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point."—*Shakespeare.*

"They hurried us aboard a bark;  
Bore us some leagues to sea! where they prepar'd  
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,  
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
Instinctively had quit it; there they hoist us,  
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh  
To the winds, whose pity sighing back again,  
Did us but loving wrong."—*Shakespeare.*

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THE recollections of the young girl just introduced, went as far back as her fourth birthday. On that day she was in the interior of a ship which tossed very much under one of those violent storms which are so frequent and dangerous on Lake Superior.—This lake is the largest and most elevated, as well as the most remote, of the singular inland chain of great North American seas of fresh water, which, says a writer, "may well be considered the wonder and admiration of the world;" beyond this lake, lie interminable wastes of the dreariest possible description, utterly uninhabitable, and buried under perpetual winter.

During that storm she remembered lying in her father's cabin, while he sat by her, endeavouring in a very

kind manner, to keep down the terror which every now and then caused her to scream aloud, and to cling round his neck in convulsions. Frequently he was called upon deck, by the title of "Mate!" and then an old sailor, called Toby Haverstraw, took her father's place, and administered brandy to her. The storm being over, she was led by her father to the forepart of the vessel, and shown the boiling waves, which, as far as the eye could see, appeared like mountains of white foam, intersected by pitchy vallies, and gulfs of frightful depth. The clouds seemed to hang so low as almost to touch the crests of these dazzling and innumerable heights—and altogether, the spectacle was such as the child could never forget. It precipitated her mind forwards in intelligence, and roused her faculties to premature action. She could retrace with what extraordinary quickness, after that day, she had imbibed new ideas, and how swiftly her capacity for affection had enlarged itself. Her father was loved with more and more devotedness;—the water and the sky unfolded more and more wonders;—the ship was more and more a place of strange occurrences;—and these composed her world for several years. She became pleased with every variation of the atmosphere. She learnt by degrees to admire the very phenomena which caused her dread. Isolated from all but her father, and ignorant of the world, she early entertained the design of devoting her life to his good. He was a man of proud and careless mien, and of a reserved, disdainful temper, which had procured him the nickname of "Seignior," among the crew, who, nevertheless, paid great deference to his distinguished nautical skill and courage. He seldom suffered his child

to leave his cabin in order to go on deck, unless in company with him, and then never kept his eye off from her until she returned to it again. When she was getting dull, he would send in Toby Haverstraw to entertain her by answering her multitudinous questions concerning such a coast, such a sea, or such a storm; and to provoke her to question him further, the sailor would tell tales of marvellous events that he had picked up from seamen at different periods of his marine life. Hence, Toby became also much loved by Little Jenny, which was the name he bestowed on her. The use of these two words was a particular favour permitted to Toby by the mate her father, and to him only, for none else were allowed to address her by any other but the English appellation—Miss Anderson. Her father himself called her Jane, as did likewise the captain—a grave, good old man, who seemed to leave all the active management of the ship to Leonard Anderson—his mate.

Jane was sometimes left on shore in the care of persons on whom her father could rely—once she was left at Quebec, in Lower Canada, in the house of the captain's lady, where she learnt more of the true nature of right and wrong, of good and evil—with the addition of the ordinary rudiments of female education—than ever she had learnt before. There was an originality about the little girl that delighted Madame Barry, and she took considerable pains with her.

This lady was childless, having lost her only son in the disease known as the March fever. Long-enduring grief for his loss had imparted to her bearing an air of touching melancholy, which called forth the sympathy of all who approached her. She constantly retained her

mourning dress, which she purposed wearing without change during the remainder of her life. Its never-varying style, *a la Francaise*, rather stiff and antique, but charmingly relieved with snowy-white frills, kerchiefs, and ruffles, harmonised with, and expressed her character; her precise head-dress, composed of white crape, under the surveillance of a reputed French-Canadian milliner of Quebec—suited very well the settled placidity and gravity of her matron features, which were marked with the sorrows and trials of fifty years. The captain, her husband, was fifteen years older than herself, and it was while Jane Anderson was at his house that he was gone upon what he had hoped would prove his last expedition, before he finally gave up a sea life. And his last expedition it proved—for he never returned more. Madame Barry, leading Jane by the hand, daily visited the Quebec Harbour in search of her husband's vessel, or with the expectation of receiving some intelligence of it; but month after month passed away, after the period when his return was expected, and hope was gradually changed into agonising doubt and apprehension. At length Madame Barry received tidings that a vessel had been cast away in the north channel of the St. Lawrence, between Ile aux Coudres and Quebec, where many shipwrecks had before occurred. Further particulars arrived to confirm her worst fears; and at length it was proved, beyond all doubt, that it was Captain Barry's vessel which had sunk almost in sight of the bay of La Prairie, on the north side of Ile aux Coudres, and it was supposed that all on board had perished.

But in a short time after came still more distressing



tidings. The weather, at the time of the wrecking of the Antelope vessel, belonging to Captain Barry, had been particularly calm, and this circumstance, joined with others of a still more suspicious nature, led to the appalling supposition that the ship had been purposely foundered by some of the crew.

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

Jane was wandering in the extensive garden adjoining Madame Barry's residence, when her father and Toby Haverstraw appeared on the path before her, just within the gate. She would have screamed for joy, but was prevented by the former, who immediately took her to the St. Lawrence river, and placed her in a small boat, which, rowed by Toby and another sailor, quickly reached a long, but lightly-framed ship, that Jane had never seen before. Upon this vessel she heard her father hailed as "Captain," instead of "Mate," the latter office being now assigned to Toby Haverstraw. Before she had done wondering at this and other strange alterations, for which she could not account, and of which she received no explanation, Leonard Anderson directed the "Vulture" to be set forward up the St. Lawrence toward the great Lakes of

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Drawn by T. H. Shepherd

Engr. by W. Watkins

"EXHAUSTED, JANE LAY DOWN BY A SETTLEMENT,  
AND SLEPT"

Upper Canada.—It was done ;—and the Pirate (for such was Anderson now) continued navigating on these inland seas, his daughter living in his cabin, until the period of the opening of our story, when Jane had left the ship under circumstances of peculiar terror, and had fled for refuge to the wilderness.

At the eve of her second day's journey, being exhausted, she lay down by a settlement and slept. She had walked during those two days from a river connected with the Ottawa, a distance of thirty or forty miles, but had now, though she knew it not, reached the place of her destination. She was roused about midnight by the noise of a North American rattle-snake, one of which had coiled itself under some dwarf bank-pines almost close by the felled tree on which she had pillowed her head. She arose immediately ; but found her joints so stiff and painful that she could scarcely stand. Now, indeed, her heart sank fearfully ; she stood moveless for a considerable time, hardly daring to breathe, but yet all the time endeavouring to call up sufficient of that energetic courage, which was native in her heart, to resist the influences of her dreadful situation ! Presently, while a clammy dew overspread her face and her hands, while she appeared under the starry sky, and amid the dusky foliage, as a fixed and rigid figure of marble, the cautious dash of the paddle of a canoe came upon her ear as the most welcome sound ever heard beneath heaven. She turned her head in the direction from whence the sound had come, and beheld a scene of the most picturesque description :—an oval basin of calm clear water from the lake lay stretched out in front of numerous log-houses and cabins, which were backed by lofty pines firs, and

cedars; its banks were formed of high and wild green slopes, thickly bordered with bank-pines, juniper shrubs, and other small trees, such as flourish principally in low, well-watered districts. The dark surface of the water mirrored these around its edges, while in the centre the twinkling orbs above were reflected with all their solemn beauty. But the eye of the girl gazed not at any of those parts of the picture—neither did she take any notice of the bold ridge of rocky hills which ran by the settlement on the right, exhibiting a lofty mass of shade, and an outline of positive grandeur—nor did she observe on the left, an abrupt and deep ravine, which descended from the level land;—but her eye was strained through the all-pervading gloom, on perhaps a dozen bright red lights, which were burning near together—sometimes stationary, sometimes moving—a few inches above the surface of the water. She knew they were formed of blazing pine-knots, placed in iron baskets at the heads of fishing-boats; and thus she was aware that succour was nigh.

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

## CHAPTER III.

"What is my offence?"—*Shakspeare.*

IN this valley stood two principal farms, lying near to each other, and enjoying a highly prosperous condition. A little beyond them was the romantic residence of a magistrate of this district, named Wilson, whose office might be considered almost a sinecure, but for the circumstance that he received no salary. He was the resident pastor also, and engaged himself unceasingly in the labours belonging to this profession.

A grandson and granddaughter, Arthur Lee, and Lucy, his sister, were his endeared companions amid the wilderness; the one adorned his small, but interesting establishment, over which she presided—the other shared and cheered his study and his mental toil, and also overlooked the cultivation of his grounds.

The poor wandering daughter of the Pirate of the Lakes, a short time after her arrival in the neighbourhood of the two large farms of this settlement, sat employed in making nets at one corner of the main apartment of that farm which lay nearest to the large pool on

which she had seen the fishers. In this apartment were at least a dozen persons assembled, to whom Pastor Wilson was continually exclaiming, "Good people—peace! No sense, nor reason, is to be heard in such confusion. This is worse than Babel! Will you be silent—that those may speak who know something of the matter!" His gold-headed cane was frequently rapped on the floor to assist the effect of his words; and at length the hubbub, which had existed for a quarter of an hour without cessation—began to subside.

"Now, Pastor Wilson," cried the master of the farm, subduing the rough and vindictive tones of his angry voice, into a more respectful modulation, "please you, let us know your mind?"

"If you will hear me, Joshua," said the pastor, "I will. But hitherto there has been no opportunity for me to speak one word. Bring the young man hither, and place your family around my chair, farmer. I must first hear the statements of you and your's; then converse with the accused; and afterwards, I hope to give such a judgment as shall satisfy all of you."

"Judgment!" muttered the farmer (or backwoodsman), casting his eye toward a young man of very prepossessing exterior, who advanced to the left side of the arm-chair in which the benevolent pastor sat. "Judgment! were I on the States-frontier, out of reach of the law—a tough hickory-branch, and a stout cord, should soon give the rogue judgment! There he stands, pastor!" continued the half-wild settler aloud, pointing to the youth, who, with a smile of calm contempt seemed to defy his threats:—"there he stands—the knave. with that cursed care-for-nothing look of his—which I

guess has stolen away the wits of all the foolish girls in the two farms!"—

"Softly, my good Joshua," interrupted the pastor; "we will see justice done to you—do not fear. What is your name, young man?"

"Nicholas Clinton," replied the person addressed, with a peculiarly pleasing tone of voice, accompanied by a respectful bend of the head.

"And your country?" demanded the venerable pastor.

"Germany."

"Germany—Germany—" repeated the interrogator—your name is not German—I think! it is more like one of my own country. Your appearance is English, too." At these words Nicholas Clinton avoided the pastor's eye, and appeared slightly embarrassed.

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

"Nearly four years," replied Clinton.

"And what were your intentions in emigrating hither?"

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

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

"I never will deny it!" said Clinton. "I have found



you hospitable and generous—and I have done all that lay in my power to repay you. Certainly—I could not toil as you and your sons have toiled: my frame,” he said, stretching out his arms, and surveying his very slight figure with a smile, “is of a different quality from your’s.—I was never made to wield the hatchet;—but I have kept your reckonings—penned your letters—contracted your bargains—and seen your timber floated down the Ottawa, for sale—besides—”

“Corrupting the household!” cried farmer Joshua, with a look of rage.

“Whom have I corrupted?” asked Clinton, very coolly.

“Whom!” repeated the backwoodsman. “Here, Dan—Dan, step out into the light, boy, and tell your tale!” With an air of authority he beckoned as he spoke to one of his sons, whom the females of the household were endeavouring to keep back.

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

The last three words were pronounced with startling power, and they were answered immediately by the approach of Dan to the head of the room, whither he was followed close by his mother and sisters.

“If you speak one word more than is true—may your tongue be blistered for a twelvemonth!” said the settler’s wife.

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

"I guess," said Dan, casting a half-apologetic look toward Clinton, "I have made more stir here than I meant to make."

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

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

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

"Its true!—Its true!" cried the settler: "I have noticed it."

"His friend!" reiterated the mistress of the farm.—  
"You havn't man enough in you, Dan, to be any man's friend—you know you havn't!"

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

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

“Go on!” imperatively exclaimed the settler; and his son hastened to give a tolerably clear account of Clinton’s offence.

The very large apartment in which this animated scene occurred, was, as we have said, the principal room of the farm. The praiseworthy industry of the settler’s wife and daughters, had kept this, and every other part of the building, in a state of thorough cleanliness. The eye could not rest upon any spot which indicated neglect. All was well ordered, shining, and regular. The commonest utensils were made to serve for ornament as well as use. The three expansive window-benches were loaded with flowers; and the white-washed walls were hung with ranks of implements of husbandry, fishing, and hunting spears, rifles, knives, shot-pouches, dirks, &c., which were kept in admirably neat array—ready for instant use—by the four sons of the settler. The fireplace, in the centre of the apartment, consisted only of a vast hearth, and a chimney; which, being without fire, afforded the inmates of the farm another spot for displaying the flowers of the season. The lower end of the room, connected with the kitchen, exhibited a goodly collection of trenchers and drinking cups, in rows, on each side of the doorway—the upper rows being of bright metal, the under rows of polished horn. The opposite end of the room led into the sleeping apartments, and it was at this end that the pastor sat, in a large easy chair, to decide, in his capacity of magistrate, upon the case brought before him. He was nearly seventy years of age, but his cheek was fresh and ruddy, and his frame bore not the slightest vestige of decay: his silver hairs were covered with an English clerical hat, looped up at

the sides: his figure was perfectly upright, and one leg rested horizontally over the other, neatly covered with black cloth gaiters. He retained, in these solitudes, the black dress, the white lawn ends depending from his cravat, and the silver knee and shoe-buckles, which had together characterised his appearance when, in former years, he resided on a benefice of the county of Suffolk, in England. His countenance expressed the goodness and mildness of his disposition; his manners were unassuming and kindly; and his speech was particularly persuasive, affectionate, and instructive.

At his left hand, stood in an easy, careless position, the young man who was known in the farm as Nicholas Clinton, "the scholar." His throat had been bared on account of the heat, and its uncommon fairness contrasted the sunburnt tinge of his face, which, however, added richness to, rather than injured, his almost feminine complexion. His figure was rather below the middle height, very slenderly formed, but of most accurate proportions, making up in activity what it wanted in strength. His manners were such as might have been formed by superior education and society; and yet, to a very close observer, there was something in them not easily to be defined, which was not altogether satisfactory. On the surface, he was all that was pleasing; and no one knew better how to adapt himself to different characters in order to accomplish an object—than Nicholas Clinton.

Farmer Joshua, the Canadian settler, from the States, who was standing opposite Clinton, might be viewed in some respects, as a specimen of his class. He stood more than six feet in height—sinewy—shrunken—of great

strength—and unrefined manners. His dress was a long brown surtout, of the coarsest possible manufacture, with leggings of the same sort of cloth. His face had been exposed to the elements until it had become nearly as dark as that of an Indian, and bushy black hair, matted above it, considerably added to the uncivilised character of his aspect. A slouching stoop of the shoulders, made his height seem less than it was, and in some measure disguised the strength which he possessed. There was in his features an invincible independence, a perfect reliance on his own resources, and a patriarchal authority. The inroads of civilization into the wilds which he had penetrated, he viewed with great jealousy; and his aversion against persons from civilised parts, was easily excited, and difficult to be overcome.

The sons of the settler all more or less resembled him. The eldest, who bore his father's name, had married the daughter of a States frontier-man, and had built a farm and cleared some acres of land around it, at a convenient distance from that in which he had been reared up. On the present day he had joined his brothers and sisters in his father's house, to hear the charge which Dan, the settler's second son, had brought against the favourite—Clinton.

The wife of farmer Joshua the elder, was in most respects a partner suitable for him. She was robust, active, and cleanly, although violent in her temper, and rough in her manners. Her daughters inherited her virtues and infirmities; but few more healthy, lively energetic women existed, than those brought up beneath the settler's roof. Refinement, which so much enhances the beauty of the sex, is not without many attendant

evils, from which these persons were free. The perfection of the female condition, perhaps, would be, when, to the attainments, the softness, and sensibility of polite society, were added the advantages of the uncultivated.

The forlorn Jane dropped her netting as Dan spoke his charge against Clinton. She saw that all parties were expectant, and as Clinton had behaved to her very kindly, her sensibility was awakened for him, and she tremblingly hoped he would be cleared from the threatening dishonour. When her eye turned toward the accuser, and from him to the accused, the contrast between them increased her prepossession for the latter; and, misled by fancy and by deceptory appearances, she entertained not a doubt of his innocence. Her own acquaintance with misfortune, the sense of her own solitary situation, united with inexperience, induced her to yield to first impressions in favour of Clinton, without examination.

He had thrilled her youthful heart, when he told the pastor his brief story, and tears of pity and of sympathy filled her eyes. She had ill endured to hear and see the settler's behaviour to him; her colour came and went; she breathed quick and loud; and shrank within herself as one violent, and, as she thought, savage speech, succeeded to another, from farmer Joshua's lips.

Her attention was now fastened upon the speech of Dan, which was to this purport:—Clinton had frequently hinted to him how easy it might be to advance themselves in one of the populous cities of the States, had they but a few hundred dollars. Dan at length began to think there was more in this than met the eye; and, to try the other, pretended to encourage the suggestion, and to invite him to speak with less restraint

concerning the means by which the sum might be obtained. They were much thrown in each other's way during the floating out of a quantity of timber from the settlement, the rafts being entrusted to their care; and it was during these journeys that Clinton, by degrees, proposed to Dan to *borrow* from the settler, without his knowledge, a bag of dollars, which they were aware he had concealed in the farm.

"There!—There! Pastor Wilson!" cried the infuriated settler: "do you hear that? Hanging is too good for him! A traitor by one's own 'arth! He has come in and gone out under this roof of mine, just as free and welcome as I who built it! He has been idle when it pleased him—and yet I call all here to witness, he has had as much of my store as any of the children of my own flesh and blood, from my eldest-born to my youngest; and there has not been one of them, though I say it, who would not have done a week's work, where he has done a day's!"

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

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

"I was," replied Clinton, colouring, as some secret remembrance was awakened by the inquiry.

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

"You honour me," said Clinton, bowing; and while the receding flush left a paleness on his cheek, a half smile played on his lips.

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

"No, sir," said Clinton, with a negligent air; "I make no answer to *him*, whom I too perfectly despise! I would not put myself to the trouble. He has declared my offence—it is for you to give judgment, (which I trust will be severe enough to satisfy the farmer,) and so the matter is concluded."

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

Then the pastor considered what Clinton had remarked concerning his own disposition and habits; and the good man could not but feel that the scholar must have been very much out of his proper element here, where manners were so rough, language so unpolished, ignorance of literature so entire. He saw at once that the settler and Clinton could never have assimilated, and therefore far-



mer Joshua's bitterness did not in the least prejudice his mind against the young man, but on the contrary, rather disposed him to be lenient. Suspicions more than once crossed his mind, that the whole charge was an invention on the part of Dan, and it was under this impression that he again requested Clinton to defend himself if he could do so.

"Sir," said Clinton, "only to yourself will I condescend to make any remarks upon this most extraordinary accusation; and I entertain not the remotest hope that by them, I shall at all succeed in removing the stain from my character. Reputation is a brittle thing, and once broken, there is no repairing it. But you will perhaps be surprised if I attempt to turn my enemy's weapons against himself; in other words, if I charge him with the very design which he has said was mine. He told me there were dollars to a considerable amount concealed here, or I should not have known that circumstance; and he needed my counsel how to turn the money to most account, or he would not have risked a discovery by placing confidence in me. When I was fully master of his intentions, I resolutely told him, that, if he did not immediately swear to abandon them, I would expose him; then, as I imagine, fear drove him upon this supposed remedy—and I am made the scape-goat of his guilt."

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

"Now may I never handle an axe, or shoulder a rifle more," cried the settler "if this is not the blackest lie that ever mortal coined! Dan! haven't you a word to say for yourself? Are you struck dumb? I'd wager my

right arm, boy, you should speak quick enough, if it warn't for the law, you should!"

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

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

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

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

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

"I darn't father—I darn't," at length articulated Dan, with difficulty, and then throwing himself down upon a seat, he hid his face.

The settler groaned, and walked at once into the open

air. The pastor arose:—"There is no more to be done," said he: "I leave you, Daniel, to your conscience, and to the natural punishments which wrong-doing brings. As a justice, I conclude here, I have no means whereby to demonstrate your offence more perfectly, neither are they needed. I am afraid that even your nearest friends concur in convicting you. My office as a minister, however, gives me the privilege of entreating you to let this timely discovery, work your ultimate good. I will not think you are yet familiar with thoughts of crime—I would rather suppose that you have been tempted beyond your strength, and so have let go your honesty only for a time;—God knows! This young man, Nicholas Clinton, was a stranger in your house; he had been torn by a mysterious providence from the society to which he had been accustomed; he was far from his relatives and friends; and yet you would have laid upon him the imputation of guilt he never committed, and have seen him driven from your father's house, innocent, yet a miserable and degraded man—branded with your crime!"

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

"It is many a month since I saw them," said the settler's wife. "I thought they had clean put us out of mind. Farmer Joshua will have some plump fruit for them to taste; it is as good as any raised by Mr. Arthur, so you may tell him, pastor." She endeavoured to con-

ceal the pain which the disgrace of her son occasioned her, and looked as lively as usual, when she came out at the door to see the pastor depart.

“ I had nearly forgot,” said he, “ the young man within, dame, will hardly like to stay in the farm after this occurrence ; and his presence might very possibly stand in the way of Daniel’s reconciliation with his father, besides causing unforeseen unpleasantries. Now as he is destitute of a home, and as employment suitable to his attainments does not abound in these districts, I will take him to assist my grandson and myself in our little nest among the rocks, if it be agreeable to him, to you, and to the farmer.”

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

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

“ Yes,” interrupted the settler’s wife, without ceremony, “ very true ; and as I was saying, Pastor Wilson, Clinton is no helper to old Joshua ; and I can’t say, if the truth be told, but I shall be glad to see him away, if I only know he is comfortable ; for he is a gentleman, that I’ll say, and very civil and obliging to me and the girls. I have long seen something in Dan, pastor,” she said, with a sigh, “ that I have not liked ; and I must

say, if the truth be told, I thought that all was not right."

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

The pastor ~~feared~~ that the latter was taking his leave of the farm, and that he was about to go he knew not whither. A kind smile from the benevolent old gentleman, invited him to pause in his hasty progress from the house, and to turn back. The pastor held out his hand, Clinton took it, and bade him farewell.

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

Clinton appeared to hesitate; but presently, with a very ingenuous manner, accepted the proposal, and after exchanging many adieus with the females of the farm, set forward with the pastor across a romantic country, to the house which the latter occupied, occasionally stopping with him to admire some striking feature of the extensive landscape, some new beauty in the water, the earth, or the sky.

In front of the settlement of farmer Joshua, they passed the glassy fishing-water, called the Trout-pool, on the bank of which Clinton himself had discovered Jane. The bark in which he was, when he first saw her, had been a little in advance of the others, and as he was raising the spear in his hand to strike one of the fish which were gathered around his boat, attracted by the lights hung out, the appearance of a female figure sitting by the edge of the water, close at hand, startled

him. He rowed to the bank, and her plaintive entreaties for succour became audible to his ear. In the other boats were the settler and his sons, and these, being summoned near, unanimously agreed to take her directly to the nearest house, which was that of farmer Joshua. It was done; and after Jane had a little recovered from the effects of her long and trying journey, she was permitted to remain in the farm, on condition that she would assist the females in the labours of the interior. Clinton pointed out the exact spot where he had first seen her, and described these particulars to the pastor, who was much interested in the recital, and wished that he had spoken to her on his recent visit.

Their route was toward the chain of hills or mountains which bounded the broad valley on the south and southwest. The sun was setting in the horizon behind the most remote of these elevations, and coloured, with the most splendid tints, the light vapours which played about them, while the great plain of the sky was softening into evening's milder hues. The atmosphere was delightful; the sod soft and green; and the groves which opened before them, seemed "for contemplation formed."

At length they struck into a pine-wood, where trees, most of whom age had overthrown, lay embedded in the soil, and formed a natural road a quarter of a mile in length, all superfluous branches and bushes having been cut away, and the interstices between the fallen logs filled up, by the care of the pastor's grandson. The way narrowed beyond this, and became dim and uneven—it had been left so by the taste of Arthur Lee, who had permitted the feathery evergreens to grow here without pruning, and the yellow-pines to overshadow the ascend-

ing ground in their native majesty. A spring of water, like crystal, murmured pleasantly along by the feet of the travellers; and the cooing of the American wild-dove was heard at intervals. The pastor pointed out to his young companion a pair of these birds, which were perched on the top of a tall larch tree. Clinton stepped backwards, and viewed them with admiration as they were defined against the western sky, which showed to advantage their delicate forms, their rich azure down, and the tints of green, crimson, and gold, which, with every motion they made, were seen to variegate their breasts and wings.

The ground rose steeper, and the sweet scents of a garden and orchard mingled upon the air. "I can smell," said Clinton, "some of the fruits of England, and could almost fancy that I were now approaching one of her happy, rural cottages."

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

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

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

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

The conversation that had taken place between the pastor and Clinton since they left the farm, had been so interesting and various, that it had served very much to familiarise them with each other. The pastor was na-

turally of an unsuspecting temper ; and the easy, fascinating talk of the young man, abounding with sentiment and poetry, charmed him insensibly ; although he regretted to perceive that he was tinctured with modern scepticism.

A turn led them to the outskirts of the orchard, which was spread over the declivity of a dell, and abounded with the fruits of Europe. Clinton expressed in lively terms his admiration of the scenery, and the pastor's eye ranged around with blameless pride and pleasure. Although night was just setting in, yet the brightness of the sky, and the purity of the air, occasioned all objects to appear distinctly defined, the shadows only investing them with a softness and solemnity peculiarly captivating to the imagination.

The house stood surrounded by a garden at the bottom of the dell, its glistening white walls contrasted with the dark groves that clothed the hill facing the orchard. On the right, a descent of water, over a precipice, fell into a circular basin, whence it foamed along the ground in a deep, but narrow channel, about a hundred yards from the house, and at a little distance was employed to turn a picturesque mill.

An irregular path conducted from the elevated spot, where now stood the pastor and Clinton, to the door of the house, first passing down a slope of the dell, through the midst of the orchard, and then through the garden.

" This is a very wilderness of sweets," observed Clinton, as he began to descend.

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



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

He was directly joined by the delighted brother and sister, who welcomed him home in the most affectionate manner. The stranger was then introduced, and in a few minutes the little party moved toward the house on the most cordial terms.

But the innocent gaiety, the uncorrupted bliss, of these attached relatives, had the immediate effect of saddening Clinton; therefore perceiving that they had many questions to ask and answer, which were of no interest to him, he availed himself of the opportunity, slackened his steps, followed more slowly, and gave the reins to his thickcoming fancies.

Arthur presently noticing his being considerably behind, turned back to him, and the pastor and the young lady stood still in the garden until both came up with them again. A seat of curled-maple, within a summer-house, was approached, and the four sat down on it, while the pastor related to his grandchildren the occurrence which had been the means of separating Clinton from farmer Joshua, on hearing which, they expressed a generous indignation and sympathy.

Clinton, while the pastor was speaking, employed himself in mentally painting the characters of the persons among whom his lot was thus unexpectedly cast.

The young lady was about the age of eighteen; her brother, a few years older: their English dress was neat and unpretending; their countenances beamed with in-

telligence and virtue, health and happiness; and if we would draw the summary of Clinton's conclusions concerning them, it would be this—that they knew little or nothing of the actual world, but inhabited a hemisphere of their own creation—a pure, a bright one—teeming with truth and joy. Lucy realised Wordsworth's description—

“She dwelt among the untrodden ways,  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

“A violet by a mossy stone,  
Half hidden from the eye;  
A single star when only one  
Is shining in the sky.”

CHAPTER IV.

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"Hear my soul speak;—  
The very instant that I saw you, did  
My heart fly to your service; there resides,  
To make me slave to it; and for your sake  
Am I thus patient."—*Shakspeare.*

"And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows."—*Shakspeare.*

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CLINTON was not the only stranger introduced about this time into the pastor's abode. Jane Anderson, the Pirate's daughter, was fortunate enough to be taken from the farm of the settler by Lucy, to assist in the household affairs of the isolated lodge; and as Arthur Lee became attached to Clinton, so did Lucy to Jane. Often was the Pirate's daughter reminded here of her former residence with Madame Barry, and she loved nothing better than to talk of her to her young friend and mistress, and to describe her looks, her dress, and her discourse. But her father she never could be induced to speak of. If asked concerning him, she sighed; a kind of horror was in her eye, and she would be melancholy for hours after. Clinton, also, if interrogated on his early life, if asked to converse about his former friends

and associates, looked as if suffering hidden pangs, the nature of which were not explained. Thus a mystery hung over them both. But still they advanced in the favour and confidence of the pastor, and in the esteem of his grandchildren.

The employments of Clinton chiefly confined him to the pastor's study, where he transcribed sermons, letters, and law papers; kept the book of general expenses and receipts; and assisted his patron to turn over the solid tomes which burdened the shelves, in search of choice passages on topics of religion, philosophy, or judicature. In addition to this, he was a valuable assistant to Arthur, with respect to agricultural subjects, having so excellent a memory, that he could bring forward, when necessary, quotations from writers of authority, to elucidate any particular branch of the art, and could point to the very book, and chapter, if not to the page, in which any information required could be obtained. And though he had appeared to take so little interest in the farming concerns of farmer Joshua, yet, while under the settler's roof, he had not failed to acquire a great deal of knowledge as to the best means of raising crops of all kinds, and had made himself expert in the Canadian arts of spearing fish, of hunting and trapping animals, both large and small, and of shooting birds.

His earliest morning, and his latest evening hours, were devoted to Lucy. Her favourite walks and seats in the dell he decorated with considerable taste; his turn for poetry was cultivated for her amusement; and as he had a fine mellow voice, and she was rapturously partial to singing, he practised this accomplishment too. There was an old guitar in the house, which had not been played

upon for years, Clinton put it in order, and found that it was really a very superior instrument; he had once taken lessons from a professor of the guitar in the English metropolis, and now he turned them to account, so that shortly many a tender air won the ear of Lucy, at hours most favourable to such sounds—the beginning and decline of day.

He had some acquaintance with botany, mineralogy, and other ornamental sciences, which he now brought forth to the light. His knowledge on these, and all other abstract subjects, was very superficial—but Lucy did not perceive that. She admired his classification of the plants and flowers which he gathered in her walks; and, while he was never wearied of drying them, and arranging them in her cabinet, she took pleasure in pronouncing the hard Latin names for the different parts of each fair production, which he had taught her.

Insects, she was too humane to kill by the barbarous method of impaling with pins, which Clinton recommended as the practice of some European ladies, who esteemed themselves for fine feelings; but Lucy gratified her curiosity more guiltlessly, and more perfectly, too, by observing the fragile creatures in their pleasant haunts, possessed of freedom and life, sunning their gauze wings bedecked with splendid colours, and humming aloud with joy as they pursued their airy sports, among countless myriads of their kind.

When Clinton was with her, he acted as the interpreter of her observations on them. Theories regarding the cause of the colours they exhibited, he set before her in the most pleasing light. He endeavoured to make her sensible of the wonders which the microscope was able

to reveal in their minute bodies: he narrated anecdotes of their habits, of their governments, of the changes they assumed. The military manœuvres of the ant, the monarchical empire of the bees, the transformation of the chrysalis to the butterfly, and similar wonders of the insect world, were his delightful themes.

He gave such names as Lucy approved to ..... most beautiful parts of the scenery around the house. The basin of the cascade, was called the Marble Fountain—its diverging channel, the Milky Way—(alluding to the colour of the rapid current, which, being pent within confined boundaries, became white as milk under the concentration of its force)—the dell itself was called the Happy Valley, (in reference to Dr. Johnson's prose poem of "Rasselas," which was a favourite book of the young lady.) A slight bridge was thrown over the Milky Way by the mill, and just behind, a path wound up the front of a steep and bold rock, to a commanding situation, where Clinton constructed a couch and table of branches and moss, and at the edge of the precipice, piled a low wall of stones covered with sod—this spot was designated Lucy's Observatory; and here the guileless girl listened to the musical tongue of the designing Clinton, when he pointed out the planets and the fixed stars—explained the nightly changes in the heavens—the moon's relation to the earth—and the true nature of planetary systems; and when, gradually raising her imagination, he repeated the suppositions of noted astronomers regarding those immense tracts of the universe which seem unpeopled and in darkness, and those tracts, which, on the contrary, are not only strewn thick with innumerable stars or suns, each the blazing centre of revolving worlds, but also dis-

play misty appearances of light (called nebula), which it is supposed form the material of which worlds are composed.

Arthur's Seat was a noble crag about half way up a mountain, so named, because, when reached from the yellow-pine walk above the valley, it afforded an admirable bird's-eye view of all the land which Arthur Lee had cultivated. It was a sublime pinnacle; overhanging rocks above, and a tremendous precipice below, inspired the heart with fearful emotions, yet the prospect would have lured thither even the most timid. The dell was sweetly pictured at the mountain's foot, with its bright streams, its cascade, its smiling enclosures of Indian corn, fruit, and flowers. From this remarkable crag was seen on the right, rising ground, clothed with trees, that nodded their majestic tops to every wind; on the left, the gentle ascent was odoriferous with fruit-trees; and opposite to the spectator was reared a rugged elevation of granite, (yielding in point of grandeur only to Arthur's Seat,) bearing Lucy's Observatory, raised on its front, at a comparatively small height above the level of the ground. Thus was the Happy Valley shut in by hills; and on whatever side it was viewed, appeared combining sublimity with beauty, romantic wildness with rural simplicity.

The house was small but convenient, with an oven-house, and sheds for the cattle, adjoining it. As the polished windows became yellowed with the evening or morning sunbeams, stages of geraniums, myrtles, musk, and lemon-plants, reared against the walls, were watered by the gentle Lucy, and rewarded her for the nourishment imparted, by a richer fragrance, and by more

charming tints. Nor was the humbler, but delightful mignonette, with other plants, overlooked, but all alike rejoiced under the grateful moisture her hand distributed. Next, she fed her fowls, and after that arranged the domestic operations of the day.

Jane was very serious, and always seemed to be full of thought. The pastor took a growing interest in her, and sometimes endeavoured to lead her into religious conversation, but she was so excessively humble that he could scarcely draw anything from her. He observed that at family prayers she seemed usually much affected, and sometimes he found her sitting by the marble fountain in tears, reading the Scriptures. She perused all the memoirs of pious individuals that the house afforded; she gathered from Lucy and Arthur all the examples of living persons worthily professing religion, which their memory could supply, and especially sought accounts of such persons as had ventured much, and suffered much, for the sake of doing good.

In the affections she was the same. Lukewarm feelings had no part in her; and yet she was not at all of that sort of character to be termed impassioned or enthusiastic; certainly it would be difficult to draw the line which separated her from those, but it was to be drawn. She was meek in the highest degree, of simple manners, and absolutely impenetrable to provocation. Filial devotedness was the virtue which she most loved to hear of, and any story illustrative of this virtue seemed to open all the springs of her heart. She embraced the doctrine that love, *once fixed*, should not be removed on account of any guilt in the object, but should be steady, unchangeable, immortal; "For," said she to Lucy,



"otherwise love has no grandeur, no dignity, and is unworthy of the praises bestowed upon it."

"I think," said Arthur, who was sitting by her side on this occasion, "that when the object of affection ceases to be worthy, our love should cease."

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

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

"What would be the result!" she repeated: "happiness—peace—*these* would be the result at last. Did you ever know any thing but love, reform the bad? Who are the bad, but people who do not, cannot, love truly, any but themselves? Evil, is selfishness!—take away selfishness, all would be happy. And can indifference, dislike, proud contempt, and hard reproaches, ever subdue one grain of selfishness? No—no; but love every day will soften it, and subdue it."

Arthur meditated, gazing upon her countenance, which was suffused with blushes for the ardour with which she had expressed herself; her eyes were cast down, and she pressed the hand of Lucy, which lay upon her lap, as if entreating pardon for her boldness. There was another person on whom her words made much impression—Clinton—whose eye sparkled with ill-concealed pleasure as he persuaded himself her heart was secretly inclined to him; and rejoiced that whatever she might eventually discover to his prejudice, would not destroy his power over her. But he greatly deceived himself: Jane thought only of her father, who was the sole object of her solicitude. The dangerous interest she had at first taken in

Clinton, had subsided ; particularly as his attentions to Lucy appeared to her so unequivocal, and as she was aware that the latter had already fixed her affections on him beyond the possibility of recall.

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

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

" Leave them to finish their debates, Lucy," said he, in a low, bland voice, bending his head toward Arthur and Jane, who still continued to converse, " and let us go to the spice-wood thicket in search of some specimens of those plants I told you of yesterday."

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

" No doubt," said Clinton, affecting to laugh, but inwardly chafed.

Lucy pressed the hand of Jane ; an open basket of roots and wild-flowers hung on her arm, which Clinton transferred to his own, taking the guitar also, and then agreed with Arthur and Jane to meet them at Arthur's Seat in a half an hour. Arthur, with a thoughtful and anxious look, watched them slowly ascend to the top of the orchard, where they stopped a moment, and smilingly waved their hands to him. As soon as they were out of

sight, Jane would have returned at once to the house, but Arthur gently detained her.

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

"Two years this month," she answered, and sighed abstractedly.

"Do I mistake the meaning of that sigh?" said he; "Are you not wearied of the Happy Valley?"

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

"Go on," he said.

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

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

Jane turned away from him with confusion and surprise. He followed her, and said, "I have not the accomplishments of Clinton, or I would have wooed you differently; but if you will accept a plain offer from a plain man, Jane, as you are a sensible girl, say so? I have already spoken to my grandfather, and you must not think that our engagement would want his favour. He only wishes for the true happiness of my sister and myself; and I have his own authority for saying, that he believes you, dearest Jane, can, if you will, make me permanently happy for the rest of my life."

Jane was distressed: she seemed to wish to say something of moment, but checked herself. She was not totally indifferent to his suit, yet her demeanour forbade

him to hope. After a brief silence Arthur resumed:—

‘ Since the first time I saw you I have been attracted toward you : I have watched closely your conduct, your habits, your sentiments, your principles. You will not think me bold when I say you have improved essentially in all these since you came here, especially during the last year. I am sure you will make such a wife as I can repose my heart upon ; such an one, as I can truly cherish, because I can truly honour her.’

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

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

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

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

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

She broke off, and was much agitated. Arthur was much affected, and, forgetting self, he exclaimed, catching her hand to his heart, “ Dear, dear Jane, end this

mystery. Put confidence in me. Tell me what your father is. Tell me why you are always so disturbed when he is named; and if to serve you, I am even required to give up my fondest hopes, I will pledge myself to do it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Blame you, Jane!" ejaculated Arthur.

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

"My mother was born in England, she was the daughter of a country clergyman, and in opposition to her father's entreaties and arguments, as I have heard, unmarried the mate of a North American vessel, and came out with him to the Canadas, where his parents

and friends lived. After a few years she became very unhappy, and determined to return to England to her father's house.

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

“Her sister's husband was also dead, and some distant relations only were left to her. These persons, being in excellent circumstances, treated her kindly, and undertook to educate and provide for my brother if she would leave him; it cost her much suffering, but she acquiesced, and being almost penniless was compelled to accept from them the means by which to pay for her own voyage back to Canada, whither she returned, broken in spirits, with decaying health, and with no more money than would just maintain her a month.”

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

“I cannot remember my mother; but I know that I

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

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

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

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

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

"He must have been a villain indeed!" cried he. "Bless me, to what has he exposed you! This was worse than all his other crimes, of however deep a dye they might have been! An innocent, sensitive being like you, three years among a pirate horde!—Good heavens! I could not have believed it had *you* not said it. I could not imagine that a man could have existed so insensible to the proper feelings of a father, however, in other respects, he might be depraved. For my own part this is what I never could pardon."

Jane saw that he was yet greatly disturbed, and knew not how to abate the storm she had raised. "O father, father!" she exclaimed mentally, "how much I may yet have to suffer for your errors!" In her excitement she wrung her hands, and longed to die.

"Go on Jane—I implore you tell me all!" said Arthur, sitting by her with a gloomy countenance. "How did you get away from this father who took so much care of you?" His ironical tone increased her pain, and some minutes passed before she was able to proceed, during which, Arthur said not a word to her.

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

"Plundered, I suppose," quickly interrupted Arthur. Jane was humbled to the dust—pang was succeeding pang—but she went on:— "An old sailor, old Toby, as



he was called, or else my father, constantly kept guard, as it were, so that my cabin could not be approached by any but themselves. A negro woman was brought on board to attend on me, and I only went on deck at particular times when my father was with me, and then there were seldom more than one or two men about. I am sure I knew little more of what was going forward in the vessel than if I had been on shore, and it was many months before I discovered the true character of the cruiser. When I did, I was very much frightened, and not without reason, for presently after, occurred more than one fight between the crew of the Vulture, my father's vessel, and the crew of a ship he had attacked."

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

"The noise of the guns," she continued, "of the shrill winds in the sails and cordage—of the splitting of the masts—of the giving and receiving of orders for firing—and of the loud, impatient tramp of my father's feet on the planks over my head—I can think I hear now. It was after the second of these dreadful conflicts, that an old missionary, who had travelled many thousands of miles to spread the knowledge of his belief, and had undergone great hardships, and passed through a numberless succession of dangers, was brought from the conquered ship, in which he had been sailing across Lake Superior, and with several persons, whom I did not see, confined in the cruiser. This remarkable old man, during a heavy gale, heard my screams, and in the confusion of the time, was allowed to pass into my cabin, where I sat on the ground almost beside myself with fear. I think, Arthur, I never can forget that old man!—his composed,

his collected manner, the solemnity of his remarks, and the hope, which even at such a moment, when an unexpected death appalled the stoutest-hearted, beamed in his eye. He soothed me, taught me, begged me to be resigned to my Maker's will, and repeated sublime verses from the worn Bible he carried with him, addressing me in the name of God. The Scriptures I had never before thought of, and his quotations from them affected me in such a manner as I cannot describe; it was as if, in the midst of the wild roar of the elements, I had seen a glorious angel, who, lifting me from the horrors of the deep, gave me assurance of safety, and bade me be in peace. The storm over, the old man still obtained access to me occasionally, and every time he came he taught me more of myself, the world, and eternity.

“ One day he was standing on the deck, looking over the edge of the vessel, and speaking to a fellow captive, when, by some false movement, as he all at once turned his head, he was precipitated into the lake; his last words were ‘ Friend—go hence;’ and the sailor to whom he had been addressing himself when he was drowned, never forgot them; he left off his bad habits, and, after being the ridicule of the rest of the crew for some time, went on shore, parted from the Vulture finally, and from all belonging to it, and settled at the bay, which lies about forty miles from this valley, in an honest way of life as a fisherman.

“ The Pirate's crew, some time after, mutinied against him, and against three men next in command, and set the holds on fire, after securing to themselves the boats, filled with the riches of the vessel; but my father, who had been partly aware of the stratagem, and had been taking mea-

asures to prevent its success, immediately secured the principal offenders, whereupon the rest yielded without making any opposition. When the flames began to ascend he was horror-struck, but instantly manned the boats with those sear on who had adhered to him. These were for pushing off in haste, when I flew upon deck shrieking. There I saw the most horrible spectacle that you could imagine. The mutineers were left to perish in the fire they had kindled. They prayed, they cursed. Some struggling in mad desperation, got loose. One of these jumped into the lake; one ran up the rope-ladders and fell headlong from a mast; one darted up and down the deck amidst the eddying smoke; two others grovelled on their knees, shouting to the men in the boats for mercy, but they would not listen to them; and the rest of the mutineers, who were still bound, with shocking oaths defied God and man.

“I can recall all this; I can see the rising flames, and hear the awful clamour, then around me; I can see the boats rising and sinking on the waves but a few yards off; and can distinguish my father standing in the centre of one, holding two pistols, and threatening to shoot the seamen with him, if they would not return to the edge of the sinking Vulture to save me—but what occurred after that is all a blank—I felt dizzy, and instantly became insensible.

“The next day I found myself in a neat bed in a cottage, tended by the good-natured wife of the fisherman who had formerly sailed among the pirates of the Vulture. He had been fishing at a long distance from the Ottawa, having crossed Lake Nipissing, and the French River, to Lake Huron, when a small blaze, in the distant

horizon of Huron, informed him of a ship on fire. Jacques, for that was the fisherman's name, immediately went out to the assistance of the vessel, and had nearly reached it, when it went down stern-foremost, hissing and roaring, in one unbroken sheet of flame, until the waters closed above it.

“ Jacques was going to return, melancholy enough, to the shore, when he saw a drowning sailor clinging to a plank with one arm, and with the other, supporting the body of a senseless girl. From Jacques' description I think this sailor must have been Toby, the old mariner whom I have remembered ever since my infancy. How he had taken me from the burning ship I cannot tell; when last I saw him he was in one of the boats. A strong billow bore away the plank, and the sailor with it, a counter wave sweeping the figure he had held in a contrary direction, close by the fishing-boat. Jacques succeeded in rescuing me from the waters, sailed back to the shore, and gave me into the charge of his wife. By these kind persons I was conveyed with care on the water to the bay where they dwelt. I remained with them for several weeks, until my father found out my place of refuge, and would have induced me to trust myself again with him in another pirate vessel, which he had by some means obtained, but I could not—dismay seized me at the thought. He then said he must compel me; but still his manner was kind.”

“ Very kind !” muttered Arthur.

“ Greatly distressed, I consulted with the wife of Jacques. She advised me to hire myself in some farm, of the district under Pastor Wilson. The idea pleased me, and I set my mind upon it, but I had no fit clothing in

which to present myself for hire; the dress which I had on when the ship went down was all my stock, and that was spoiled. In this dilemma the fisherman's wife offered, poor as she was, to divide her scanty wardrobe with me. I became then quite hopeful of my future prospects. Jacques, with unaffected good will, undertook to guide me through the woods to the most likely settlement, accompanied by his wife's father, who had some knowledge of the persons by whom I hoped to be hired.

"The next morning early, as I was dressing, thinking of my journey, anticipating, and preparing for, the questions that might be put to me when I should reach the farm, I overheard my father and his second mate speaking beneath the window. All without and within the house was so quiet, that I could easily hear their words. A serious alarm obliged them to prepare for flight from this part of America; one of the mutineers had been saved, and had given testimony against Captain Anderson, so that the lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada had set a price upon the Pirate's life."

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

"I next heard my father express doubts of Jacques, notwithstanding the latter had made oath on board the Vulture never to impugn any of those individuals with whom he had been connected. My father then gave directions to his mate to remove me, by force if necessary, from the cottage to the ship. I staid to hear no more. Forgetting every thing but my new hopes and my former danger, I stole in great agitation down stairs, and passing out by a back door, ran along a road which led to

the interior country, leaving behind me all my little stock of apparel which had been given me, with my bonnet and shoes. I lingered near the bay for an hour in hopes of seeing either Jacques, his wife, or some one of her relatives, but as this expectation died off, I became resolute to fear nothing, and to go on my journey as I was, alone. Seeing a barefoot and bareheaded Irish girl singing along under the trees, I was inspirited by her example, and having slept through the warm night, concealed in a heap of hay, set off by daylight, my heart being so fixed upon the end I had in view, that the difficulties of the way seemed light."

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

“Arthur,” said Jane, without withdrawing her hand, “I came hither a poor, desolate girl, and yet you would give me your affection: I have told you that I am the daughter of a man to whom the laws have affixed infamy—and still you will not take away your regard from me—I am neither beautiful, nor learned, witty, nor rich—but you make up your mind to press upon me the acceptance of your hand. You have asked from me a plain answer, I will give it to you. I never yet did love any one, not even yourself, so well as I have loved my miserable father.” She wept violently, then checking herself, continued, “that is the sincere truth, and I hope I do not pain you when I say it.”

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

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

“This is enthusiasm, Jane; you cannot seriously mean what you say. You will not so sacrifice me to mere imaginary dreams that may never be realised? For ah, my dear girl! you know little of the true character of mankind—how difficult, nay, how almost impossible, it is, to bring about any thorough reformation in men who have been long habituated to vice. Beside, only consider, you have no means to put in operation for such a purpose.”

“I know I have not,” said Jane, looking, however,

no less determined. "I know I must wait, perhaps long, before I can—"

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

Jane arose as he was speaking, and walked forward beyond the bridge. Arthur followed her.

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

"Thanks, dear, dear, Jane!—unmeasured thanks!"

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

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

They shortly ascended to Arthur's Seat, and finding that Clinton and his charge were not yet arrived, sat down to wait for them, conversing together with more freedom and cheerfulness than before. They spoke with confidence to each other, and Arthur mentioned the attention of Clinton to his sister, concerning which he did not feel perfectly at ease.

"He is still a stranger," said Arthur, "as regards his connexions and birth, for he keeps these sedulously concealed; and latterly I have not been at all satisfied that he was innocent in that affair with the Settler's son. Dan is but a simple fellow, and it is hardly likely that



he could have invented the charge, so as to produce all the circumstances which he now narrates with such accuracy. You were present, Jane, at the time when the accusation was made before my grandfather—and you felt satisfied of Clinton's innocence?"

"Yes," replied Jane; "but I think little of what was my opinion on that occasion, for I was rather guided by feeling than judgment. I felt very much for Clinton—but I am sure I know not why. When I look back I can see no reason why I should not have felt just as much for Dan. Two years has made a great difference, Arthur, in my mind. I suspect now, where at that time I should never have suspected—and distrust appearances, that I could then have laid down my life for. Though my poor father was a Pirate, and I knew that he was so—though I dwelt so long on a vessel filled with reckless, abandoned men—yet my early years were like those of many other girls, marked by a disbelief of evil. How could I think the fair-seeming Clinton could harbour one base thought, when, even in a man like my father, I have found noble feelings, fine sentiments, and at least the recollection of former principles, that he had entertained in the days of good Captain Barry. He was rendered very unhappy by the wild and turbulent life he led. I have seen him weep sadly, sir, when he has been talking to me alone; and he has said he would give the world, were it his, to live over again the last ten years of his life. When I have entreated him to forsake his men, and to hire himself on some foreign ship, or to cruise for himself in a lawful way of trade, on the Canadian waters, he would shake his head, and say, 'No, no, Jenny Anderson, it is too late now—it is too late now;' or, 'Go

to your book, my child—think of your poor mother—we will talk of this at a future day.’ And so, Arthur, having seen good in *him*, who was openly setting law at defiance, could I think one like Clinton, was in the least depraved ?”

“ My dear Jane,” said Arthur, “ I myself, when I have heard Clinton speak of the occurrence with Dan, would have staked all I had on his guiltlessness. His proud carelessness—his plausible statement of what had passed between him and the Settler’s son at different times—the becoming forbearance with which he pretended to excuse his false accuser—completely satisfied me; and yet, upon examination, I must say with you, I cannot tell why I should feel so satisfied. Impressions in a person’s favour, are not evidences—neither are his own representations. We may have been deceived. I, like you, also, have much altered in my views of human nature during the last two years, since Clinton came here. In private talk with him I have heard such things as I never heard before, that have made me suspicious of the world. He has evidently mixed with all sorts of metropolitan society in England. He has described to me the splendid gaming saloons, and many other places of public resort (which I call by one name—infamous), with the circumstantiality of one who has been familiar with them, and partaken of their spirit; his acquaintance with places, where none but the vicious congregate, first rendered me uneasy, and set me upon drawing out more of his recollections, and with them, more of his principles, but he has become more on his guard of late. For one so young, it is strange, what a medley of scenes and characters he can bring before the eye; it seems to me, as

I hear him, that he has had the full experience of a man who had lived a life of incessant change in London. How he has contrived to learn all he knows, amid such glare, bustle, and confusion, as he describes, I cannot tell. Though by the bye he is rather an elegant, than a profound scholar. I find little solidity in his attainments. Perhaps a very quick fancy, and a very strong memory, such as he possesses, might have enabled him to pick up, and treasure, a quantity of shining facts, such as lie most on the surface of the arts and sciences, without much trouble, which the constant play of London talk, in lively society, kept in use. I can see it is not the amount of learning, but the method of using it, which makes a man agreeable. Deep study may be requisite for a scholar, but certainly is not requisite for a man of the world. He may dazzle without it; his object not being to enlarge his own immortal mind, but to charm his fellow-men, and gratify his self-love."

Arthur was leaning on the ground, raised on his right arm, and his face turned toward Jane, who sat on a low seat of sod, her hands crossed on her knee. He extended his left arm frequently in his earnestness as he continued to speak, and she heard him with increasing fears for the happiness of Lucy.

"I could not oppose him if he is really attached to my sister," continued Arthur, "although he is without any means of dependance separate from us; and although I should never wish to see her deprived of those indulgences she has hitherto enjoyed. I know that a woman who loves can bear any sorrow better than losing the object of her tenderness; and what right have I, or any one, to inflict upon her the greater sorrow, in order to spare her

the lesser—No. I perceive too well she is strongly attached to Clinton, and I suppose that he would have it thought that he returns her affection with equal force. And were it so indeed, I should not speak against it. I should pray for her welfare, do her all the good I could, and allow her the natural privilege of woman, to decide whom she will have for the partner of her joys and sorrows, without interference. But what think you, Jane, speak freely, for I am very anxious on this matter, do you think Clinton sincerely prefers Lucy to every other woman?" He fixed his eye very attentively on her until she answered, which she did, after a brief reflection, dubiously:—

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

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

She did not wish to increase his doubts, not knowing how it might terminate for Lucy, therefore she said—  
"Clinton must see that Lucy regards him, and surely we ought to be satisfied; for what must he be, who encourages an affection, which he is conscious he cannot return? There cannot exist a more dishonourable man than one capable of such a piece of duplicity; he deserves never to be loved; he deserves the severest treatment; he is the worst enemy of woman. I would not think Clinton was such a man."

"You express yourself strongly, Jane," said Arthur, but to my mind not too strongly. It is bitter to entertain even the most distant probability, that Clinton is such a

man. Yet he makes no open avowal. Week after week goes on—my sister pines and wastes—she is unhappy—she is restless. She cannot long bear the excitement of suspense, and the conflict of hope with fear—her health is not strong enough for that. I have borne this suspense and conflict for you, Jane ; but I am not the fragile being she is ; hardly the butterfly now fluttering on your shoulder, is more tender than Lucy ; hardly yon thin, soft cloud which lies upon the bosom of the blue sky, is more delicate. Let the cold arise, and where is the butterfly ?—let the wind blow, and where is the thin cloud ?—let disappointment in this, her first love, fall upon my sister's heart, and where is she ? The spot which you see yonder, below in the dell, Jane, under those melancholy trees, near the Marble Fountain, I have planned for a burial place for the settlements that may spring up in and about the Happy Valley ; and I have, you perceive, provided an enclosure for it ; in that spot, if Clinton is wearing a mask, mark me, before long, will my sister be laid, and the earth which I have left untilled for the reception of mortality, will receive her pure corpse."

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

" The Majesty which created these scenes knows with what sad reluctance I do say it !" exclaimed Arthur. " My sister I love most tenderly. Her fine sensibility has knit our hearts in one—yet the excess of that quality will, I fear, destroy her. She has not the least strength of mind, not the least fortitude with which to

bear suffering. Had she passed through your trials, Jane, she would long ago have been a sleeper in the cold ground. All her character is soft, exceedingly soft, and tender to excess. Her gaiety is but like that of the white convolvulus, which flower, you know, laughs on its stem with its beautiful pink blushes, but which is so very frail, that the least change of atmosphere, the least unwary touch withers it. Her mother died of decline, and Lucy inherits a tendency to that fatal English disease. Have you not seen the hectic crimson on her alabaster cheek? You have admired it, and so has Clinton; but I and my grandfather have trembled to look upon it. We recognise the sign; we feel that she who displays it, is marked for an early grave. The fine scarlet of her lips, too, is a concurrent witness of the malady; and her figure, or I am deceived, Jane, slight as it always was, has become slighter of late; and her eye, more brilliant than formerly. --Oh, I grieve to see such brilliancy!"—

"Hush," cried Jane, raising her hand in the act of listening, "they are near."

Lucy's laugh, so peculiar to herself, so silvery, so gushing—like a quick, and sparkling run of waters, for the first time breaking from a verdured rock—like the laugh of an untainted child, but more intelligent and subdued—rang from a height near; and Arthur and Jane saw the delicate girl of whom they had been speaking, advancing down a path that had been cut deep between two bold elevations. Clinton was by her side.

Two soft and long ringlets, of a light brown, half out of curl, were blown over her face from each side of her forehead; her back hair was knotted simply up; a plain white frock, and a white silk scarf, composed her dress.

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

It was so, indeed—Lucy *was* much wasted. His forebodings had been too correct—she was sinking under the excitement, and watchfulness, which had of late possessed her. A slight cough, and a quick, fevered breath, as she came near, gave further tokens that the insidious foe was gaining fast on her constitution, though concealed under an aspect of increased attractiveness. She frequently looked up into the face of Clinton, and as frequently, with smiling bashfulness, turned her eye away. That innocent blue eye, was languid in its motions, too bright for health, and too full of exquisite feeling to give promise of permanent happiness on earth.

CHAPTER V.

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Soft was the vale! its gentle habitants  
Lived peacefully. Wild woods  
Severed them from the world; and they  
Could only feel sweet nature's softest cares,  
And only sought her guiltless joys profuse.

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"SEE, my dear brother," said Lucy, taking the small basket from Clinton, with a half-suppressed sigh, "we have found many varieties of flowers since we left you. Here is a very large wild peach, too, Clinton plucked it for Jane, he said, but I shall give it to my brother, and if he will, he shall give it to Jane."

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

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



"Well, children," said the Pastor smilingly, when he had reached the summit of the crag, "You are enjoying this fine weather in a very grand situation. Well, well. Do not let me disturb you. Nay, Jane, sit still. I see Arthur has been entertaining you here with the sublime and the beautiful. He has been, I make no doubt, pointing out to your notice every object of the surprising prospect before you, and has gravely instructed you by very profound homilies on them.—Very well—very well."

Arthur laughed, a little confused, while Jane looked down, and especially when the former openly took her hand and drew her back to the seat of sod on which she had been sitting, not altering in the least his position by her side. Emotions of happiness arose in her breast as she marked this evidence of his sincerity, nor were they diminished when the Pastor himself sat down close by her, and spoke to her more familiarly than ever he had done before.

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

"Have you had no refreshments, grandfather, since you came back?" inquired Arthur. On being answered in the negative, he called to Lucy, who was standing at the farthest end of the broad rocky platform, harkening

to Clinton, who was quoting from English poets passages in unison with the scene, and asked her if she was willing to go down now to the lodge. Lucy sent Clinton to desire Jane to go first, and see that the preparations for the afternoon meal were made in the garden. Jane was in the act of rising in obedience to the request, but Arthur held her back.

"Grandfather," said he, "Jane Anderson must not be looked upon in the character of a servant after this moment." His tone was decisive—his manner no less so. The Pastor looked neither surprised nor displeased.

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

"That I will," said Arthur, calmly, but with affecting energy.

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

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

"You can have nothing to say, my dear Jane, that I may not hear," said Arthur, "if you have really

entire confidence in me, and have opened your heart to me without reserve."

"I have done so," said Jane, quietly; "yet, if you please, I must speak with the Pastor alone."

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

"Thank you sir," said Jane.

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

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

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

Clinton took no notice of the direct encouragement she had thus given him, but struck off into another subject, while her mild face gradually assumed a deep paleness, as the shock of wounded pride agitated her spirit.

"Jane, I thought you were gone to the lodge," said

Lucy, stepping forward, and addressing the former, as a sort of relief from the oppressive sensations she felt.

"No—no," said the Pastor, "I could not let her go without us. And how does your guitar sound, Mr. Clinton, among these tremendous rocks? Suppose you tune a few stanzas on it, before we return home. You can handle the poet's lyre, as well as the musician's instrument, I have heard, so perhaps we shall have a few verses of your own, to some favourite air of the British isles."

Clinton placed his guitar beneath his arm, and, touching it softly and tenderly, sang in a superior style, slowly, the following irregular lines, as he stood near the edge of the precipice:—

Come hither, come hither, my own true love!  
On the shell-strewed shore we'll roam;  
Where the billows play, through the livelong day,  
In their coronals of foam;

While the gentle kin of the giant blast,  
From the groves sweet odours bring,  
Lulling young eve as they wander past,  
With their dreamy murmuring.

There is a cave, where the sleepy wave  
For ages hath sought to rest;  
It may not be, yet still wearily  
It creeps to that darksome nest.

And its querulous 'plaint is all that's heard,  
Oh, thither love hie with me!  
There dwells with its mate the wild sea-bird,  
Shunning the world—like thee.

Arthur, springing up, drew the arm of Jane through his own, then looking at Lucy with affection, said to her—  
"Tie on your bonnet, sister, and draw the scarf double

over your breast, the breeze is growing stronger, and though it is warm, yet you had better not meet it without a covering."

"You are very tender to me," said Lucy, restraining the tears which pressed upwards to her eyes.

The Pastor led the way down an irregular mountain path, and the younger persons followed. Their steps were slow, and they spoke to one another as they went with gaiety and freedom. Few would have surmised that the heart of either had ever felt a wound. Yet even now, what doubts—what apprehensions—what jealousies—what anguish—what poignant regret—rankled beneath those five seemingly happy countenances. The Pastor sighing for his departed children, and trembling for the life of his granddaughter—Lucy suffering the pangs of a breaking heart—Arthur the anxieties of a brother and a suitor—Clinton tortured by jealousy, and the secret stings of conscience—and Jane, although enjoying the unequalled luxury of a first affection, enduring more real distress of mind than either of the others. In the most blissful situations, "the ills that flesh is heir to," will find out their victims—the most beautiful scenes of nature, and the most retired, nourish human troubles.

High above the valley towered the noble mountain which the party had newly left, whose vast summit was nearly flat, and loaded with pines, and whose lower half formed a perpendicular wall of granite, extending along the side of the dell to some distance.

Wheat-fields were laid out along the base of that mountain in soft beauty; the breeze gliding over the full ears, caused them to bend on their long stalks, and they appeared to Jane, who was expert in such associ-

ations, to resemble exactly the waves of a quiet sea undulating in gentle swells.

The Pastor and the young persons crossed the slender bridge, and passed a shallow pool, studded with little patches of verdure, and surrounded with beautiful willows. Several horned cattle grazed in an enclosure close by, with some sheep and swine. The mill, which was but small, and only employed for the use of the lodge, had just ceased to play, and the man who performed the office of a miller, was shutting the door on the outside; he touched his hat to the Pastor and Arthur as they passed him, and walked leisurely to the house by a bye path.

The garden gate was opened by the Pastor, and he held it back until his young friends had passed through, then stood leaning against it with Clinton and his grandson, while Lucy and Jane went forward to see the table spread for the last meal of the day, which included tea and supper.

The garden covered a large space of ground around the house, and, though arranged with very little regularity, was both useful and ornamental in a high degree. The flowers were mixed with many weeds, but such as were in themselves so charming, that the person must have had little taste who would have wished them away. Abundant vegetables were cultivated beyond the flower-plots, and beyond these again, next the palisades, were sheds and hay-ricks, a plough, rude carts, and other farm appurtenances.

In front of the kitchen door of the lodge many tubs and pans might be seen, filled with delicious fruit, mostly wild, which Deborah, the principal woman-servant, was just about to preserve for winter use.

Deborah was sitting on a stool, singing to herself with much untutored pathos, one of the old ballads of her country; occasionally she stopped to sigh, and looking on vacancy a few seconds, suffered her memory to dwell with regret on past scenes.

“What are you thinking of Debby?” said the Pastor, with that unformal kindness which had won him the affections of every domestic of the lodge. “Have you not forgot Ireland, yet?”

“No, indeed, your worship,” said Debby, examining with double diligence the luscious plums and raspberries heaped by her side, in the state in which they had been gathered in the woods. “How should I ever forget the bonnie land where the bones of my father and mother lie? The mud walls of their cabin, are they not still seen upright by the bogs of Kilsenora? ’Tis the wind of Ireland sweeps over their cold hearth, and that same wind sings in my ears now. I’ll never see the place again, I know, where the cabin is. I know I’ll never kneel to the priest of the parish to say my confessions again—I’ll never dandle on my knees my dear little brothers and sisters—I’ll never kiss the cross at the head of my parents grave—as I have come over sea so far from Ireland, I must never go back to it again—that I know at any rate, your worship;—but it is not asy to forget her, and I never shall forget her.”

“But you are happy here, Debby, are you not?”

“Yes, your worship, happier than I could be any where else out of Ireland.”

“And how, my good girl, since you loved your country so sincerely, came you to leave it?”

Deborah’s homely face was all on fire at the question;

a chord was touched that vibrated painfully :—" Ah, your worship!" said she, " most persons have a tale to tell; and every one, high or low, at my age, have had a taste of affliction. I came out to be married, your worship; but my husband that was to be, united himself to a Canadian-French peasant, instead of to the girl he had sworn faith to in Ireland, and that was me. I broke a piece of silver with him, twelve years ago next autumn, and here it is;" so saying she drew from her breast the token she named, which was suspended from her neck by a piece of black ribbon. " He was a playmate of mine, your worship, and went to America to seek a situation. And indeed O'Reilly did send for me, your worship, I have his letter in my pocket now,"—she groped in that expansive receptacle, and brought to the Pastor's view an old sheet of paper, written over, which had been evidently preserved with great care. The Pastor, as if the circumstances she related were of the highest consequence to him, read the relic to the bottom (though this was no easy matter, the writing and spelling being very bad, the ink pale, and the creases of the paper numerous,) then returned it to her, with as much real respect as if she had been a lady of the first order of rank and refinement. " But he deceived me," said Deborah, and wiped her eyes, " and I have never seen the face of him since the first week I landed, when he told me himself he was wedded to another."

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

" O'Reilly has broken his troth," said the girl, " but I have not broken mine; and I'll wear this bit of a sil-



ver token till I lie down in my grave, at any rate, your worship."

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

The summer-house was large, and delightfully shaded in front with a maple tree, which, as it was now July, was fast becoming clothed with richly-tinted foliage, that drooped upon the roof of shingles. The long table, of black walnut-wood, was in the middle, chairs of the same material, and of easy shape, stood at the upper end, and stools at the lower. The Pastor occupied the chief place: Lucy was on his right, a bubbling English tea-urn, and a silver teapot, being before her; from the latter she filled the cups with the incomparable and far-celebrated Chinese decoction; Arthur, on the Pastor's left, dispensed small cakes, of different sorts, some hot, casting up thin smoke, which blended with the fumes of the tea, inviting the unsophisticated appetite with the most pleasing smell. Clinton sat near Lucy, lower down the board, and cut for the domestics and labourers as they came in from the fields, the house, and the outhouses, liberal slices from a majestic pile of beef, that had been salted and boiled to the exact point of perfection. Opposite him Jane helped portions from a stately round of messed pork. On the other parts of the table were grouped moist new cheeses, and butter fresh from the churn, rich creams, omelets of eggs, custards, buttermilk, syrup of molasses (or maple-sugar in a half liquid state), honey of a pure tint, rolls of rye, barley, and wheat, and sweet cyder.

The conversation was cheerful, and every one at table contributed to it, each possessing information on one or

more points of domestic interest. The principal topics had reference to the sugar that had been taken from the maple trees of the valley in the late month of May, which was compared with that procured in past years from the same trees, and with that laid in by other settlers from other maples, in distant woods. The merits of the new apples were next examined, and the worth of the quantity expected to be gathered in roughly estimated at market price. The approaching wheat-harvest was of great importance in the colloquies of the table, but in its turn gave way for the introduction of other produce of the season, in field, orchard, and garden.

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**CHAPTER VI.**

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"Farewell! and when thy days are told  
Ill-fated Ruth! in hallow'd mould  
Thy corpse shall buried be;  
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,  
And all the congregation sing  
A Christian psalm for thee."—*Wordsworth.*

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AFTER tea, Jane conversed privately with the Pastor in his study, and was leaving him, when Clinton met her.

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

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

"Then I am still more bound to thank you," said he;

“and first, while we are uninterrupted, tell me, I conjure you, if you have given encouragement to Mr. Lee?”

Jane was silent. He entreated her again with impassioned language to tell him. She then replied in a low, but distinct voice—

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

“Dear Jane, you are far more sensible than she is. I have an unbounded esteem for *you*. She has a trifling annuity of thirty pounds a year; but you have superior goodness, superior talents—my soul assimilates with yours; with hers it cannot. Many such girls as Lucy I have seen, but never one like you. When first I found you, Jane, by Farmer Joshua’s trout-pool, (you remember the hour) I felt my heart affected for you most strongly; and when, afterwards, I saw your eye kindly bent upon me, at the time when that fool, the Settler’s son, attempted to injure me, I knew Jane, at least, acquitted me, and then I—loved her.” The last two words were pronounced with thrilling emphasis, and immediately Jane turned her head, thinking she heard a faint cry behind the bushes, but, seeing no one, she supposed she had been deceived.

“We have been here two years,” resumed Clinton; “have been treated well, and made happy enough. But can such souls as yours and mine, Jane, bear to be immured longer in regions of rocks and woods? I am wearied of solitude and America. I intend to take my leave of the lodge very shortly. What would be my transport if I could have a companion with me—such as

Jane! Will you go with me? I will take you to England, to my relatives, who will welcome us to homes of style and splendour. You will be adored there. There are no people in the world like the English nobility; the society in which my friends move is full of spirit. Abundance of wit, and elegant repartee, will give zest to the refined conversation you will partake in. They are rich, and you will have apartments of your own, decorated with enchanting furniture, and hung with pier-glasses, that will reflect your image from glass to glass. You will have a fashionable servant, whose sole duty it will be to attend to you. And I—”

“I thank you, I am quite contented here,” said Jane.

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

“I will give you my answer in writing,” said she, “tomorrow morning,” thinking this the easiest way of disposing of the question; but he declared he could take no denial, for his very life was at stake, and she *must* agree to go with him.

“Then, not to keep you in doubt,” said she, “I reply at once—I cannot go from the valley with you—I have given my word to Mr. Lee, and I must keep it.”

“You speak so coldly, with so much apathy, as if love was a set of formal lawyers deeds—a bundle of written promises. But how spoke Shakspeare’s Juliet—

‘My bounty is as boundless as the sea;  
My love as deep.’

You are no Juliet—no Sappho—no Dido—Jane. You

should elevate your heart to love with more nobility—more fervency—more passion.”

Jane smiled. “I do not admire the two last,” she said: “the other I would not wish to imitate.”

“Not admire Sappho and Dido, those wonderful women!—not imitate a Juliet!”

“I have read little of the latter,” said Jane, “and nothing of the former; what I know of them has been derived from you. You have recited to Lucy and I a great many passages from Virgil, about Dido, some poems of Sappho, and some of Juliet’s speeches, all containing fine beauties, I dare say, but surely dangerous when held up to young women as examples. Excuse my presumption; I give my opinion—it may be foolish what I say. We like and dislike from impulse, and often know not why.”

“There is one character you like,” said Clinton. “Madame Cottin’s Elizabeth.”

“Ah, yes,” said Jane; “she devoted herself to obtain her father’s pardon—went from Sicoria to Petersburg, on foot alone. *That* is such a journey as I should like to have taken. I wish I had been Elizabeth. How happy she must have been when she saw her father free!”

“But that was only an imaginary woman.”

“Not imaginary altogether; Madame Cottin had, I dare say, seen some one who would have been capable of filial virtue as great. Simple, unobtrusive goodness, is to be found in the world as well as in works of fiction.”

“I think you would be equal to Elizabeth, in similar circumstances,” said Clinton.

“I fear not,” said Jane; “and yet, for my father, I could sacrifice much—and he is not a parent like hers.”

“ And do you admire the Virginia of Bernardin St. Pierre ?”

“ She left her mother,” said Jane, “ to gain a fortune.”

“ But that was for the sake of Paul, whom she loved;” said Clinton. “ Did you but love as Virginia loved !”

“ If I did, I should not remain thus conversing with a man who would induce me to break my word,” calmly returned Jane ; “ and though I do *not* love like Virginia, yet I should not remain here thus, only with the hope of doing good. When we first came to this valley, Clinton, the Pastor’s family were happy.—Is it so now ? Does not your heart upbraid you ?”

“ No,” said Clinton, with a short laugh of disdain, and gratified vanity, which he scarcely troubled himself to restrain. “ I know perfectly to whom you allude—to Miss Lee. But think you,” said he, gaily, “ she is the only weak woman who has sighed for me ? Wherever I have gone, Jane, I have found very little trouble in persuading ladies to break their hearts for me. They construe a few general compliments into confessions of love ; a few gallantries, into a positive offer ; and when our fancies flit from one to another fair flower—as fancies are apt to do—there is a great pother made about nothing, and *we* get all the blame ; whereas, you must confess, the fault all lies with the pretty sentimental sufferers, themselves. Did they never hear that ‘ Jove laughs at lovers perjuries ?’ A man of spirit professes admiration for every young lady, that he is pleased with at all ; but how weak those ladies must be if they suppose that the gentleman is prepared to put himself in matrimonial bonds with them all. Foily ! Miss Lee would

have seen me play a different<sup>1</sup> part had I intended any thing serious. To prevent the valley becoming dull to me, I amused myself as much as I could with singing, talking, reading, and so on. Miss Lee was captivated directly with what she was pleased to call my genius; and I could not, of course, be so barbarous, as to refrain from repeating that which gave her delight. *You*, unlike *Lucy*, have been insensible to all my efforts to entertain you; pure as ice, and quite as cold, you have been unkind to me; no kind glance from you has ever answered to mine; even my peach *Jane* refused, though the favoured *Mr. Lee* presented it to her."

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

"*Mr. Clinton!* *Mr. Clinton!*" exclaimed *Jane*, in alarm, and he immediately stepped between the bushes to a small grassy space.

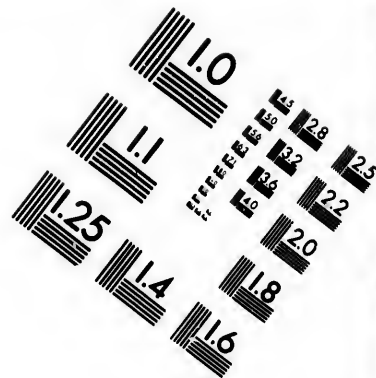
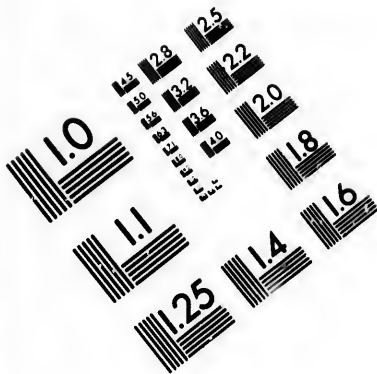
"*Heavens!*" he cried; "how came *Miss Lee* in this state?"

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

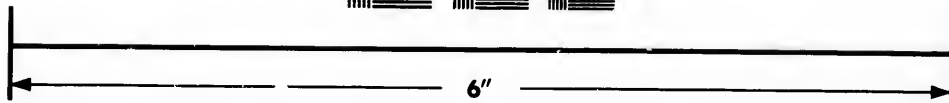
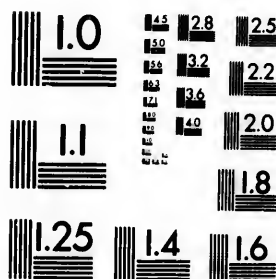
"I hope not," said he, stooping with *Jane* to raise *Lucy* from the ground. "By *Jove!* I would not have







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had her hear me for a thousand pounds! It would be the death of her!"

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

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

"O my young mistress!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Irish girl; "it's I will carry you to the house, in my own arms, at any rate; for I love you with all my heart for your tindir disposition!" and so saying, she took up the slight figure as if it had been a child's, and conveyed it with care to the door of the lodge, where Arthur stood. He could not see Deborah until she turned an angle of the wall near the doorway, but as soon as his eye fell upon her, he started forward, and received his sister from her breast. Immediately he carried Lucy into the family apartment, and laid her upon a sofa. The Pastor was called.

Clinton remained in unpleasant meditation and suspense outside the house, walking backwards and forwards, under the windows of the room in which Lucy was. Jane assisted Deborah in restoring her, while Arthur

sent off a man to the nearest village for a physician. Lucy opened her eyes and gazed around on the anxious faces collected near her. A long-drawn sigh which she heaved brought the tears into her brother's eyes.

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

"I am so oppressed here, Arthur," she said, and then closed her eyes.

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

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

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

The evening wore away, and midnight approached, none of the inmates of the lodge were retired to rest, but all awaited the arrival of the physician with anxiety. The miller and a field labourer set out about one o'clock with lights to meet him, and returned at the dawn of daylight, with a Doctor Bathurst. He ordered his patient to be immediately undressed and put to bed, which, having been done, he drew out his lancet and bled her in the arm. This experiment was attended with so little satisfactory result, that he was entreated to remain a day or two in the house, that he might be at hand in case of any more serious symptoms occurring. To this he consented, and a man was dispatched to the village to in-

form the Doctor's household that his return would be uncertain, and should he be wanted they were to give him notice. During the day, he had private conversation with Arthur and the Pastor, when he gave it his opinion that her constitution had been undermined with consumption, which had been hastened, at least, by mental agitation, and that she was in positive danger.

The Pastor received the tidings with silence, lifting his eyes to the sky as he stood by the open window, then putting on his clerical hat, and grasping his stick by the wrong end, unconsciously, went out of the house, and strayed into the most shaded parts of the orchard, where only the eye of heaven could behold the hard struggle in his soul between faith and grief.

But Arthur, young, impetuous, unused to sorrow, and indignant against Clinton, after his first burst of distress was over, sought the man whom, in his haste, he accused as the destroyer of his sister. He was passing Lucy's chamber, and looked in, pushing the door inwards noiselessly; the curtains were looped up at the foot of the bed, so that he could see her half raised on pillows, her eyes closed; green blinds, drawn down to the bottom of the windows, subdued the strong light of the afternoon sun to a soft hue, just suitable for a sick chamber, and combined, with the white furniture of the bed, to exhibit the invalid in the most interesting point of view. The full borders, edged with English pillow-lace, of her muslin cap, heightened the soft expression of her now colourless features; and a large shawl formed a simple drapery for the upper part of her figure.

Arthur beheld her with melancholy and tender admiration. No object, to his partial eye, had ever appeared

more fair—more spotless; but as he looked, the reflection that her days were numbered, smote him with overpowering anguish. He went to her; she opened her eyes with a sad smile, and attempted to raise herself:—

“ Brother, have you begun harvest yet ?” she inquired.”

“ Not yet in earnest,” said he ; “ but how do you find yourself now ?”

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

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

“ I feel strangely altered,” she said, “ since morning ; “ it must be with having been bled, for I see my arm is bandaged.” She presently added, “ Brother, look at the flowers when you go down stairs, if you please, for I am afraid they have not been watered this morning ; to-morrow I will change some of the geraniums into larger pots.”

He assured her he would look to them.

“ I am very cold,” said she ; “ winter will not be unwelcome to me—I shall be glad to see it come back, and then Arthur” (she smiled again) “ we shall have the great log burning once more in the broad kitchen chimney, and the heat, and the sparks, and the corn, parching, under Deborah’s eye, in the ashes—and the roasted hickory-nuts, and apples—and the mince-pies baking on the hearth—will not all this be delightful ? I am very cold ; I should be glad to get up before some right large blazing logs now.”

“ My dear sister,” said Arthur, “ I will tell Doctor

Bathurst that you are cold; perhaps you are not wrapped up sufficiently;" and he began tucking the shawl under her arms, and drawing it more closely about her neck.

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

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

"That coldness—that perfect unconsciousness of her danger are, my dear sir, unfavourable symptoms, said the Doctor a short time afterwards to Arthur; "I must not disguise from you the truth of the case."

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

"She certainly has not altered for the better. I am sorry to say," rejoined the Doctor. "Let me take the liberty to pour you a glass of wine, Mr. Lee. These are the periods, sir, when the strength of our fortitude is tried to the utmost. Believe me, I feel for you. I myself have passed through the ordeal more than once or twice, having lost a mother, a wife, and a son."

The Doctor was a wealthy man, of much skill, it was said, and of delightful manners. His cheerful kindness to the patient, and his sympathy for the anxious friends of the patient, pleased wherever he practised; then he had such a fund of anecdotes of medicine, from the old and new world, that those who could afford it, would willingly pay their fee for the sake of his conversation. He was the sole Doctor of the village in which he lived; and as there were few houses, and fewer illnesses, he had the more leisure to devote to those persons who required his services. In age he was about fifty, of the middle height,



stout, but remarkably active, and always well dressed in black. His countenance was portly, and good-humoured; his eyes quick; his mouth large but pleasing; and his forehead broad. He was a Doctor whom every one was delighted to honour—young and old, man, woman, and child, in the village, and its neighbourhood, sounded his praises. He was so entirely the gentleman, that the poorest labourers of the farms met the same politeness and affability from him, as their employers did. He attended them as carefully, took as much pains to support their spirits under the pressure of disease, and showed them as much sympathy as though they had each been capable of putting hundreds into his pocket. He had emigrated from Britain many years before the date of this story, with no other design, he affirmed, than that of seeing nature under a new aspect; for the Doctor was nearly as much distinguished for his taste as for his politeness, and took great pleasure in unfrequented scenes, where he could dream and talk of the busy world, but neither see it, nor move in it. He was accustomed to say, pleasantly, concerning this partiality of his, that he was a lover of nature, and preferred the society of his mistress when retired from the public eye.

Arthur would have again sought Clinton, though he knew not what he could say to him; but Doctor Bathurst detained the former without obviously seeming to do so, and gradually talked him into something like serenity. An hour passed—tea was brought in—and still the Doctor's stories were not exhausted, nor had the Pastor returned from his solitary ramble. Arthur proposed walking to meet him, and the Doctor consented at once, but said, as he rose, and looked around for his hat, "I

will first look in upon my charge, if agreeable, and see how she is."

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

"Nothing will make me more happy than to be able to do so," said the Doctor, bowing in his quick and friendly manner as he left the room.

He found her worse, but longing to get up, which, to soothe her, he promised she should do on the following morning. While the Doctor was with her on this occasion, and also during the ensuing night, her fancy, all astray, dwelt upon the coming of winter, and the home-delights of that season, with pertinacity. Her grandfather, who came up to see her after his mournful walk, was compelled to leave the room, he was so affected to hear her reckon up, with such preciseness, the months and weeks that would elapse before next Christmas, while she entertained not the slightest idea that before that anniversary of the Redeemer's birth came, she would be the lonely occupant of a grave.

About midnight she fell into a sleep—a trance-like sleep—from which the Doctor hoped much; but in an hour she started up with so much violence that she had thrown herself out of bed before she was awake. Jane was sitting on a chair, half asleep, behind the curtains; the Doctor and the Pastor had gone to lie down; and Arthur and Clinton were up, below.

"My dear Miss Lee!—my dear Lucy! were you dreaming, that you started so?" asked Jane, throwing her arm around the sick girl, intending to assist her back into bed.

"Dreaming?—yes," answered Lucy, loosening herself

from Jane's arm, and walking firmly across the floor to the looking-glass, "I think I have been dreaming—and such a dream! Let me see how I look." Here she drew a chair to the dressing-table, and sat down carelessly, as though she had been in perfect health, deliberately taking off her cap, and shaking her brown hair about her, preparatory to putting it in order.

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

Lucy smiled; and said, "Don't be afraid of my health, Jane—I am very well;" then went on brushing and combing her hair, and arranging it in her own simple way, without paying any regard to Jane's remonstrances and petitions. At length the latter, stepping out on tip-toe, hurried to the door of the room where the Doctor and Pastor were enjoying their brief repose, and knocked.

"How is she?" anxiously inquired the Pastor, coming to the door in his chintz dressing-gown.

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

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

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

Jane answered, "She looks very bright, and handsome, and I never saw her with so much colour before; her eyes are very sparkling, and she is quite lively; but

I observed no wildness, that is, sir, not much, scarce any thing to speak of."

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

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

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

"Oh, you were in very great haste," said she; "but on a dark winter morning, like this, one is not so quick to rise." She then bade good morning to every one whom she saw, asked if the fire was kindled in the kitchen, if breakfast was prepared, and if the ice had broken. Opposition, the Doctor feared, would increase her disorder, and therefore dismissing every person quietly, except Jane and Arthur, he answered Lucy with ease, that the fire was not lit down stairs, for it was as

yet too early, and that he hoped she would allow the domestics and her friends to rest a little longer, at least until the sun was entirely up. To the reasonableness of this she agreed, but persisted in walking out to see what quantity of snow had fallen in the night, and put on her bonnet and gloves. The Doctor now assumed a different manner.

“ My dear Miss Lee,” said he, very imperatively, “ you must not attempt to go out.”

“ And why not, Mr. Bathurst ?” said Lucy, taking the candle to the glass, and setting her bonnet in shape.

“ Why not, Miss Lee ?—why not ?” cried the Doctor, with well-sustained firmness, “ why think you I would suffer my daughter to go out to see how much snow is on the ground—before daylight ?—No, no.—Indians may be about—rattlesnakes may have crept from their dens—bears may have come down from the mountains—there may be wolves, wild-bulls, wild-cats, and other fierce animals, of our wild regions abroad, and those have no respect at all for young ladies, Miss Lee.”

“ You think your daughter, Sophia, would not go out now ?” said Lucy, dubious of her purpose.

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

Lucy sighed, looked at the window, and at Doctor Bathurst, then bursting into tears, allowed herself to be controlled. The Doctor whispered to Arthur to go and send Deborah to assist Jane in taking off Lucy’s clothes as quickly as possible. Lucy remained passive, took a draught which was administered to her, and, while the Doctor waited on the landing outside, was again placed in bed. A dozen leeches were immediately applied to

her temples; other active means were also resorted to, and the utmost stillness was maintained throughout the house.

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

## CHAPTER VII.

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“The grief that on my quiet preys,  
That rends my heart—that checks my tongue,  
I fear will last me all my days,  
But feel it will not last for long.”

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ON the third evening of her illness, Lucy, still wandering in mind, contrived to elude the vigilance of her friends. She persuaded Jane, who sat with her, to go into an adjoining room, pretending that she wished to sleep, and could not while any one was in the room. No sooner, however, had Jane disappeared, than Lucy darted out of bed, and searched the room for her clothes, making no noise whatever. She was unable to find any of them, for they had been removed by the orders of the Doctor. She looked round bewildered and perplexed, until her eye chanced to light on a white morning dress, hanging on a nail. Instantly she took it down, put it on, and whispered, “This will do—this will do;” then tying the strings around her waist, said “though it is Christmas, the wind is warm, and I know Clinton admires me in white.” She sighed twice, and sat down with an air of frenzied melancholy, taking into her hand a paper of verses which had been addressed to her by Clinton.

All at once she seemed to recollect where Jane was, and adroitly fastened her in, still without making any noise. Having performed this, she smiled, and, like a bird let loose, ran out to the landing, and listened there. It happened that no one was on the second story, and she went from room to room without being observed. She talked to herself, and seemed to enjoy her freedom. Occasionally, she laughed softly and joyously. Here she opened a window, and there she shut one. In one place she turned over a half-filled cask of apples, in another a box of seeds. She set chairs in their order, picked up from the straw-matting of the floors whatever bits of flue had escaped from the beds, then went down stairs, and passed out into the open air unperceived.

By cautiously choosing her way, she reached the Marble Fountain without interruption, and sat down, listening to the dash of the waterfall, and to the screaming of the birds fluttering about it. Her smiles ceased; she dropped tears; she shook her head; she sighed; and spoke pathetically to the objects she saw.

Clinton had been wandering alone, over the valley, taking a final view of the principal beauties it contained, before preparing for his departure. He had reached a detached height by the cascade, on the top of which he now stood; the beautiful sheet of water leaped from crag to crag, almost within the reach of his hand; its last fall into the white marble basin below was fifty feet in depth, and coloured with brilliant tints as the sun shone on it. Hardly less beautiful than this fall, were the fine vapours, which congregated above it, and the dazzling white foam below.

Clinton held by a tree near the edge of a rock on



whose sloping sides grew dark pines and cedars. The branches, leaves, and bark, were ever bathed or sprinkled with brilliant spray, which the wind had caught up, and shed over them. On the other side of the fall, also, thick woods rose on ascending rocks close to the torrent. The contrast of colours was truly fine. Here, Clinton feasted his luxurious imagination, and repeated to himself in a loud voice, overmastering the din of the waterfall, lines from Byron's *Childe Harold*. The wildness of the scene pleased his lawless humour; he felt himself as a part of it; the hurrying rush of the water resembled the quick tide that rolled in his veins; the eccentric motions of the spray, spread momentarily by the breeze to the sunshine, now high as the cascade, now far on the right hand or on the left, was like his inconstant fancy.

While he stood gazing, listening, yielding to sensations rapid, vivid, and ecstatic, a darkness came over the sky, which induced him to turn his eye upwards that he might discover the cause. Two huge clouds, of a fearful blackness, were rolling from opposite sides over the valley: the eye of Clinton was rivetted upon them, filled with a tumultuous delight. Prudence would have urged him to descend from the rock and to seek the shelter of the lodge with speed, for the violence of the Canadian storms he had before experienced; but he disdained to listen to prudence, and stood firm, awaiting the shock of the thunder which he knew must follow the meeting of the two clouds. On they moved, majestically slow, until there was only a narrow fissure between them, from which the sunlight descended in slanting rays. The lowing of the terrified cattle could be heard from the sheds whither the herdsman had just driven them; the wild ducks, that had been

peacefully floating on the marble basin and its diverging stream, hastened in flocks to the bank, and took shelter under a clump of willows and alders; several head of wild red deer hurried to the woods which clothed the sides of the valley, and the noble creatures panted for fear; some fawns were with them, whom they stopped once to lick with evident signs of anxiety; the beaver looked up out of the pond as if putting forth all its sagacity to discover the cause of the strange closeness of the atmosphere, and as the thunder reverberated among the hills, it struck the water with its tail several times, to acquaint its companions in their castles below that some unusual peril was at hand; birds of splendid plumage flew by hundreds and by thousands through the air, giving vent to wild cries of distress; a shot from an adventurous and unerring hand, brought down the largest of them, on which the eye of Clinton had been turned. He pursued with his gaze the fall of the fluttering victim, and saw the two Indian twin-brothers, Sassa and Taota, raise it from the ground.

“Ha! they are hardy fellows—they are worthy to be called braves! Well done—well done!” exclaimed Clinton in delight. “The tempest, aha, it does not appal them! they are brave spirits! they know no touch of fear! Their minds, I swear, are tempestuous! and their blood is not tame and watery! They *like* the roar of the thunder; and when the lightnings flash, why they help it with the flame of their gunpowder. By Jove! that was a confounded blaze!” He shaded his eyes for the moment, as sheets of electrical fire enveloped the valley. When he again looked below, he observed that the Indians were running to the lodge. Another tre-

mendous peal of thunder, and with it another descent of lightning, subdued his daring a little—and but a little. He overmastered his rising terrors, and compelled himself to fix his eyes on the line which still marked the outline of each cloud from that of its fellow: and truly no grander sight had ever man beheld. Momently now that fissure closed and opened, raining sheets of the most beautiful rose-tinted fire, vivid and broad; with these sheets came deep-red, sharp-angled forks, glancing in every direction down to the earth. Every second Clinton expected to see one of those deadly darts aimed at the buildings of the valley, or at himself; but pride made him insensible at present to the fear of death, and he stood like some young deity of old Greece, defying the elements with his scornful and yet admiring glance. The rain burst down as if a general deluge was commencing. The ground smoked every where; the thunder and lightning were almost unceasing; and the pressure of the atmosphere was nearly suffocating; globes of fire seemed falling from the clouds, which now lowered themselves still more. At times, as the storm raged, Clinton fancied he heard cries in the valley, as of persons hallooing in alarm. Presently he perceived the figure of a man, whom he thought to be Arthur, running over the grounds around the house like one distracted.

“There must be something the matter,” said Clinton; and seizing the roots of a tree, at the uttermost extremity of the rock, he swung himself over upon a projecting shelf, and there obtained firm footing. With a step as steady as any mountain hunter could boast, he trode along to the end of this shelf, from which he leaped forwards upon the summit of another rock, that was as soft as

velvet to the foot, and shaded with five or six most ancient trees, standing separate from each other; from here he again heard the shouts of men, which the rain and the thunder again overpowered.

“Perhaps the lightning has struck some part of the lodge!” cried Clinton, aloud, pulling his hat on more firmly.

A solitary woodpecker was hopping about this verdant platform, half drowned with the rain; Clinton caught the little panting thing and put it within the hollow of a tree. His deficiencies were not on the side of sentiment, but principle. The poor bird shrunk instantly to the darkest part of the hollow trunk, and showed no disposition to move. Clinton had not lost half a minute with it ere he descended with intrepid agility the side of this rock also, and alighted on a round hill, from which several rivulets and streams flowed over into the marble basin. There was a path leading down to the ground from here, but the violent rain prevented him from availing himself of it, as it now formed a channel for the pouring water. He did not hesitate long, but descended by clinging first to one tree, and then to another, on the side next the cascade, where the hill slanted out.

When he stood on the level ground he looked up, and scanned the way by which he had come down with no small portion of surprise at his own hardihood. Exultation then swelled his breast, and he confronted the storm with a glance that seemed to say, “I who have accomplished a feat like this, will not tremble before you!”

Turning round, he saw a figure in white, lying near the foot of the cascade, apparently dead. He felt a shock

of fear. At first he could only stand gazing on it, while flashes of lightning quivered about the pallid face. The marble fountain was apt to attract the lightning, by means of the great height of the trees on its edge, as well as with the cascade itself, and hence it was considered a dangerous spot in a thunder storm. Poor Lucy, in her bewildered state, fancying it was Christmas, had watched the storm come on, and expected a fall of snow. When she found the valley grow so dark, she said to herself, "Christmas is likely to be severe this year; hail may be coming—I will get under the thickest branches of these trees, and Clinton will seek me presently with a mantle, in which I shall wrap myself, so that the storm will not touch me." She had not sat five minutes under the trees when a thunderbolt clave in sunder the root against which she leaned, and she was laid prostrate. Clinton shook off the paralysing surprise he felt, and hurried to her, just as the Pastor and Arthur appeared. A few hurried exclamations, a few rapid questions and answers, were all that passed, before Arthur bore his sister back to the house. The Doctor again bled her, and, to the joy of all, she revived, in the full possession of her senses.

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

No one durst tell Lucy that he was gone. The storm was over. A splendid evening ushered in a night of beauty. She was not removed from the sofa of the family apartment, and when the family were all withdrawn, she sat up partially, and looked through the windows with eyes full of calm tears. Jane, who was still her companion, about eleven o'clock, brought her medicine to her. When Lucy had drank it, she looked at Jane with an expression of affection, and rested her head on her bosom.

"Give me your hand, Jane," she murmured in weak tones; "here, on my heart. Jane, I had hoped to see you married to my brother, but I must now relinquish the hope. I am in my last sickness—I feel it—I know it." There was a mournful silence. Jane could not trust herself to speak, but she bent her head and kissed with fondness the pale forehead which was supported on her bosom.

"How pure—how celestial!" Lucy exclaimed, locking her hands in each other, as she beheld the moon, and the ether round that fair planet, which was of a surpassing green, ineffably woven with her light. "How wonderfully lovely!" a veil of rich purple cloud was stretching across the moon's track, filmy and transparent as the web of the gossamer.

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

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

Lucy rejoined, "You think so because I speak of death. But why is death sad? Does it not seem that it should be otherwise? It ought to be pleasant to us

to die. Christians should rejoice to die—for to them the dark portals of the grave are openings to glory.”

Hitherto she had not mentioned Clinton or the conversation she had overheard; and the Doctor had directed that no one should speak to her upon any subject likely to cause her agitation. But now she whispered—“Jane, how was it *he* was not present during family prayer to night?”

Jane was at a loss how to answer. She could not bear to say any thing that was not strictly true; yet, to tell Lucy the truth, was impossible. Her invention was not very quick, and her feelings were so much excited, that she could only, again kiss the forehead of the querist in silence.

“You weep, Jane,” said Lucy, after a brief pause, during which she had been meditating. Then throwing herself from Jane’s supporting arms, she sat upright, and, as the moonlight fell upon the face of her sympathising companion, viewed it with attention. “There is grief in your countenance,” said she. “Grief for me! O God! hold my heart firm while the blow lights.”

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

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

This question was asked with a decisive and imperativer tone, that Jane could not evade, however she might wish, to do so.

"Your silence tells me," said Lucy, closing her eyes and sinking back on her pillows upon the sofa—"your silence tells me." Jane hung over her: "How shall I comfort you?" she said.

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

The wild grief which spread through the house was dismal indeed. The lament was loud and vehement. Arthur, who had given Clinton the coldest adieu possible, on the evening before, was now filled with the bitterest resentment against him. He looked upon his sister as a victim to his cold-blooded vanity. He felt that her death was to be attributed to Clinton almost wholly. The Doctor strengthened this idea, by saying, that although there certainly had been signs of a consumption having fastened itself on her constitution, yet, had she lived quietly and peacefully, with a tranquil mind, she might have got over it. Jane repeated now the whole of Clinton's conversation which Lucy had overheard, and Doctor



Bathurst did not hesitate to say that it had been the shock she had then received which had caused her to die so suddenly.

The sofa on which Lucy had expired, and on which she still lay, was lifted with care into the middle of the apartment; two handsome windows, elegantly hung with summer drapery, threw the rays of the sun on it. The body had not yet been disturbed. The three women-servants, silent and awe-struck, stood at the back of the sofa. Jane knelt at the front, sobbing and weeping. Arthur, with masculine intensity of agony, leaned, tearless, over the upper arm of the sofa; his look was concentrated, his lips sternly compressed, his face pale, and his eyes turned on his sister's lifeless countenance. It was for his sake that no one moved for some time. There was something in his bearing which would have imposed stillness on the most careless individual. All present were conscious that he was suffering a depth of anguish greater than they had ever before witnessed or experienced. All remembered that she was his only sister; that he had never been separated from her a week since his birth; that she had been his friend, his confidante, on all occasions; that she had shared his domestic happiness, his domestic cares; and that they had so tenderly loved each other, that no one could speak of an hour in which they had been seen or heard to be at variance. Their tempers had exactly harmonised; their sentiments had been exactly the same; they had had the same tastes and the same interests; lastly, they had loved at the same time, and under similar circumstances, though hitherto with different results.

But when the Pastor entered, to look upon the relics

of his granddaughter, he inspired even more sympathy than Arthur, if that were possible. He leaned upon the Doctor's arm, and his limbs trembled; coming round in front of the sofa he fell upon his knees by the side of Jane, solemnly repeating the words "Our Father—Thy will be done—Thy will be done." He removed the counterpane from the arms and neck of the body. The hands were placed palm to palm, near the neck, and between them was a piece of paper, which the Pastor drew away with difficulty. There was eagerness and curiosity manifested on each countenance present. A few verses were written on the inner side of the paper, in a fine, bold, running hand.

"This is Clinton's hand-writing," said Arthur, scanning the lines with a flaming eye.

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

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

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

"Sorry am I, indeed," said the Pastor, "that I brought him to this house. But do not reproach me with that error, my grandson. I was deceived in him as Lucy was. I saw, as I thought, something excellent and

uncommon in him. His manners deceived me. His attainments deceived me. Since he came here, except in this sad circumstance, he has conducted himself well. He has made himself agreeable and useful. I observed his attention to my Lucy, as I did yours to Jane, and I pleased myself with anticipating many years to come happier than any that had gone before. I thought to have married the two children of my never-forgotten daughters, to the objects of their choice, and to have spent my old age with them in tranquillity, under the favour, and enjoying the bounty, of gracious heaven. But be the will of God done!" Here he uplifted his hands, and tears flowed from his eyes. Arthur raised him to a seat.

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

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

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

His anguish became so overpowering that Doctor Bathurst, with friendly violence, forced him from the room. Deborah and her fellow-servants, with many a piteous expression, and many a sincere tear, decently prepared the body for the grave. The house-carpenter constructed a beautiful and durable coffin of black walnut wood, and Jane lined it throughout with white satin. A melancholy task ! but she went through it with serious serenity. She had endured many trying scenes before this, and she felt that many more were before her.

No vandyked shroud, that thing of "shreds and patches," that most unseemly of modern inventions, disfigured the lovely corpse ; but in its stead was put on a simple white dress, drawn to the feet in graceful folds. When the remains of Lucy were thus ready for burial, Jane, as she looked at her could not refrain from saying :—

"O lovely appearance of death !  
No sight in the world is so fair ;  
Not all the gay pageants of earth,  
Can with a dead body compare."

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## CHAPTER VIII.

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“But now thy youngest, dearest one has perish'd,  
The nurseling of thy widowhood, who grew  
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherish'd  
And fed with true-love tears instead of dew;  
Most musical of mourners weep anew!  
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,  
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blow,  
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste,  
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.”—*Shelley.*

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ON the second day after Lucy's death, Arthur went out to the spot he had selected for a burial place. It was a little elevated above the level of the valley, and formed a square, backed by a mountain; it was well shaded, especially at the boundaries, with high and slender trees; and was as solemn and retired a spot as any that was to be found throughout the valley. The grass was very high, of different sorts and colours, and matted. In some parts American reeds rose to the full height of a man. A labourer was employed in enclosing this spot with oak palisades; another was digging in the soil. Seeing Arthur, the latter cried out—

“It's of the right sort, master! I thought nothing but fine deep clay could bear such a burden of grass as we see here.”

Arthur walked to him, sighing, as he waded through the weeds and clover.

“Clear off the decayed vegetation,” said he, in a voice low and unmodulated; “make the ground in trim condition. Carry a path through the middle, and cut a few steps to the ground below.”

“It shall be done, master, as cleverly, I guess, as by any yankee, or old England man, be he who he may,” said the States field-labourer, commencing operations with lusty readiness, that, to do him justice, sprang as much from honest sympathy, as from the love of gain.

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

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

‘And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring.’”

He went back to the busy labourer, and after a pause, during which his emotion was great, said, pointing—

“You see, Jacob, that middle space between those four trees—”

“Yes,” said the man, “I was noticing it this morning, and, thinks I, it will just do, I guess, for—”

The agony visible upon Arthur’s face checked the speaker. The former laid his hand upon the labourer’s arm, and said, in scarcely audible tones—

“ Make it with the head to the hill ; let the depth be not spared, and smooth it well at the sides.”

“ That I will, master ; it shall be as neat a grave as ever was made in the Upper Canada country. You may depend on me. And when am I to have it ready ?”

“ By Saturday,” Arthur replied.

“ Saturday be it then,” said the man. “ You need not trouble yourself any more about it. The stakes will be driven in round the ’closure, and all done as you have ordered, take my word for it, master.”

“ I may *depend* on you, Jacob ?”

“ Unless I fall mortal sick, or die, all shall be made ready here by Saturday, as I hope in the Lord. Yes, to a sartainty, you may depend on my word.”

“ Very well ; on Saturday evening, Jacob, I shall come hither, as Sunday is the day fixed for the interment, and if you have kept your word, and all is prepared as I wish, it may prove to your interest.”

“ I am not thinking of my interest, master,” said Jacob, wiping his eyes, and then pressing down the spade in the soil with his foot.

On the Saturday Jacob had finished his task. The grave, the path, and the few steps leading up to the path, were made. All but the freshest grass and reeds had been carefully removed ; the palisades were completed, and evergreen shrubs were planted close to it on the inside ; besides all this he had placed a wooden seat around each pair of the cypress trees, by the grave, and had planted the borders of the path, which conducted thither, with simple and hardy flowering plants.

“ Will it do sir ?” said Jacob to Arthur, as they walked along to the grave.

“ You have exceeded my expectations,” said Arthur ; “ and next week I shall raise your hire, and make you a sharer in the product of those two meadows under the great crag which bears my name. I have for some time proposed to advance you. No thanks, Jacob—I am not in a mood to receive them. I am grateful to you for this favour you have done me. Now be so good as go to the house, company are arriving, and your services may be required ; you may put up their horses, and assist the other servants, who are all as busy as they can be in preparing for to-morrow.”

Jacob accordingly went to the lodge, in compliance with his master’s request, leaving Arthur musing alone. The Pastor was shut up in his library, where he had remained almost unseen during the past week. Jane was compelled to receive all the friends that came to the valley on this occasion, and they were not few. Among them were Miss Bathurst, Farmer Joshua and his wife, and a son of the latter, who had once been an admirer of Miss Lee. It was usual for many persons to come from settlements around to the Sabbath services, conducted by the Pastor in a large log-house, on his grandson’s estate. Those who came from places the most distant sometimes arrived on the Saturday evening, at the lodge, where they always found a bed and a hospitable welcome. It was thought the preparations for the Sabbath, by public prayer, in the chapel, would not be performed on the present evening ; but the place was lighted as usual, and at the exact time the Pastor entered, leaning upon the arm of his grandson.

There was no pulpit ; a chair, a reading-desk. and cushion, included all that was provided for the minister,



the small assembly having for their seats, rude benches, chairs, stools, and round blocks of some imperishable wood.

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

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

"My father asks," said Sassa, speaking in tolerable English, his breast heaving with that enthusiasm religion so frequently arouses in the soul of the child of nature, "if our white sister is living yonder," he pointed with his finger upwards, impressively, "and if she be happy?" He looked around, standing in a noble position. There was something exceedingly elevated on his countenance, his eye was full of a sublime depth of expression. "My father who has taught us in the Great Book, asks this—and Sassa the brave tells his father—Yes. Has she not lived as the Great Spirit told her to live?—therefore she must be gone to that happy country where the Great Spirit is. Has she not conversed with the Great Spirit here, and has He not called her away with his own voice? He will not deceive his children. Look and see." Sassa pointed to the large folio on the Pastor's reading desk

the minister bowed down his face, for the Indian had strengthened his heart, and he inwardly thanked God for the words of the convert. "The Red men know that they will not die," said Sæssa. "They know they must go away from their tribe, from their wives, and from the woods and prairies in which they have hunted—but they will not die! Ask them;—they will tell you they shall live as long as the moon. They will tell you they shall eat buffalo-flesh, and corn, and fish, after the earth is laid on them. They will tell you the bad Indians will be punished, the good Indians will be happy—very happy. And if the Red men know all this, do not the White men know more? Look in the Great Book, and see." Again he pointed, and the Pastor said to the assembly—

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

The usual form of devotion was then gone through, and did not occupy in the whole a half an hour. A stranger would have seen a heartfelt spirit of union and of gravity pervading the chapel, but no sound of grief would have informed him of the peculiar sorrow in which all shared. The hymn last sung, it was well known, had been a favourite one with Lucy, and the Pastor and Arthur were observed to close their books,

and at the same instant to kneel down. The sympathising congregation went on to the second verse only, and then ceased of their own accord. The concluding prayer was offered up by Arthur, it was brief and affecting.

On coming out of the chapel the Pastor saw his principal communicants collecting around him; each comforted and condoled with him, speaking with the utmost deference and good will. He received their kindness as it was meant, shook hands with each, and informed them that the burial would take place shortly after the next sunrise, in order that the services of the Sabbath might proceed without any interruption. After this scene, which had been trying to his fortitude, he returned to his study, and spent most part of the night in prayer. Arthur, also, retired to his own room, and remained secluded until the day dawned. The family apartment accommodated all the females of the house, including the visitors, plain but clean beds having been put up round the sides. The coffin had been removed to the chamber which Lucy had occupied. In the spacious kitchen, ranges of beds accommodated most of the male servants and the male visitors, the rest slept on the second story. Upon Jane had fallen the mantle of Lucy's domestic authority; all the house had been placed under her superintendence, though contrary to her wish.

Just as it was growing dark she went with Deborah to the poultry-yard, and to the small pond adjoining, where they fed the fowls and swans, a task which had been Lucy's exclusively. Jane was stooping to caress one of the stately birds which floated close to her, when she saw Clinton standing at a few yards distance. His back was towards her, and he seemed looking at the

numerous windows of the house. She raised herself instantly, and turning to Deborah, whispered—

“Who is he standing near us there?”

“Whisht, darling! I know him; its the villain who deserted our dear Miss Lucy, as O’Reilly deserted me,” said Deborah, with energy. “Ill luck light on him, for a desaiwer as he is!”

Clinton turned, and came deliberately near. His appearance was much altered. He seemed to have joined himself to the daring hunters of the woods, for in his right hand was a carabine, and at his waist a shot pouch, a knife, and a wallet; a small pack, also, was slung at his back; a cap of fur covered his head; and he wore mocassins and leggings.

“Miss Anderson,” said he, with more respect than familiarity, “will you have the goodness to tell me why it is that I see the windows of the lodge all curtained so closely?”

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

Clinton placed his carabine on the ground, and seemed moved:—“Miss Anderson,” said he, after a minute’s silence, “can you not so far feel for me, as to permit

me for a moment to view the being who loved me? Deborah, you are kind-hearted, I know; dismiss your anger for the present, and contrive to bring me in sight of the body."

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

She was walking away, but Clinton stopped her, saying, with a dash of careless and melancholy humour, "O, Deborah, I see now how it is with you—

\* To be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.\*

You cannot *mean* all this bitterness against me! Do you forget telling me all about O'Reilly and Ireland? Come, I know you will forgive me, Debby! and I can assure you, if it will be any satisfaction to you to learn it, that I am far from happy."

"Happy, is it? Oh, then, ye'll never be happy again while the world stands, I'll wager any thing," said Deborah; but at the same time she relaxed her repulsive demeanour. Clinton perceiving this, urged his request to her with such determined persuasion that she yielded, and turning to Jane, said, "Its but a trifling matter that he asks, Miss Jane, darling; I'm in a mind, if you have no objection, just to step with him up the back-kitchen stairs. Maybe the sight of the corse 'll do his soul good."

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

"Lave that to me, darling," said Deborah; and Clinton, having gained his point, followed the latter, as she led the way with a stealthy footstep and an uplifted finger, to the chamber of death.

They reached the chamber unnoticed, and Deborah, laying her hand on the key of the door outside, whispered, "This is the room, Mr. Clinton: you can go in now, but don't stop above a minute or two. I will stand in front of the door, and listen. If I hear any foot coming this way I shall give one tap over the lock, and as soon as you hear it you must come out as fast as your legs will bear you, mind that."

"Very well," said Clinton; "only be sure and make the tap soon enough, and loud enough, for I should not like to bring blame on you, Deborah, and if I were seen, I fear you would not find it easy to excuse yourself."

"Don't stand talking, sir, but go in, and make haste to come out," cried Deborah, turning the key softly, and admitting him into the room. "Maybe it was what I had no right to do, the bringing him here," she said to herself, as she stood listening on the landing-place; "but for the life of me I couldn't deny him. Sure and its no marvel at-all-at-all, that Miss Lucy brake her heart for him. Oh, murther! there's Mr. Arthur comin'! Was ever any thing so unlucky?"

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

"By Jove, that's unfortunate!" exclaimed Clinton;

and the words had hardly left his lips when he heard Arthur addressing Deborah thus :—

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

“ Yes, a gentleman, there is, Mr. Arthur.”

“ Who is he?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

A small glass lamp burnt dimly on a table by the bed on which the coffin was placed. Clinton approached it, took it up, and surveyed the room, wishing to fix every object there permanently in his remembrance. A small drawer in the frame of the looking-glass caught his

attention, and he drew it out, almost without intending to do so: there were some articles of jewellery which he had seen Lucy wear, in it, and also a note, folded, and superscribed to himself. He returned the drawer to its place, but retained the note in his hand, and examined every letter of the direction with emotions strange and perplexed. Presently he opened the paper, and read two verses, written in small and delicate characters. He must have been destitute of feeling had they not affected him. Their simplicity and truth touched the chords of his better nature, and, too late, he regretted that he had trifled with the heart that had dictated them. They were as follows:—

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

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

His eyes filled with tears—he was overpowered almost to suffocation. The note was put in his breast; his feet approached the bed; he bent over the coffin and ventured to touch the hand which had penned the verses; it was cold and fair as unsullied ice—nevertheless he raised it an instant to his lips, then dropped it with despair; he spoke the name of the deceased girl with fondness and anguish, but there was no response on her lips. Mysterious change! at his lightest whisper, a little month ago, her heart would have palpitated violently; her eyes would have betrayed a sweet confusion; her cheeks would have been dyed with blushes, pure and fresh as those of



morning ; now, the heart was pulseless, the eye unmoved under its dull film, and the cheek had parted with colour for ever. His power over her could be exerted no more. A mightier magician, had bound her in his spells.

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

“ It’s a nice predicament that I have got myself in for you, Mr. Clinton,” said she.

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

“ Lave that to me,” said Deborah ; “ I told him as a grate matter, that I’d seen you about the house, and he’s gone back to his chamber—no, as I’m a true catholic, he’s a comin’ to this room, and sure enough he’ll come *in* this time. O, where’ll I hide myself out of his sight !”

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

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

“ Oh to be sure, sir—but now I think of it,” said she feigning to be vexed with herself, “ Miss Jane said an hour ago, that she wanted to spake with you, and I forgot

to tell you—but if you would please to go to her in the garden—not on the pond side, but on the other.”

“I will go to her shortly, Deborah,” said Arthur Lee.

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

“He is sure to be seen by Mr. Lee, and I’ll be bound he’ll say who it was let him up to the chamber. Sure and if he had a little real Irish acuteness in his brain he needn’t tell at-all-at-all. Now I’d like to know how I shall get out of the bog in which I’ve thrust myself over the head and shoulders. It’s true, if I’m put out of this place,” she added, “I’d have very little trouble to find another, where I’d get as much wages, and as good lodging, and boarding, the year round, as I have here, and no better, for there’s no better to be had in any farm in the Canadas; and go where I might, from Lake Huron to the St. Lawrence, I should be happier no where than I am here. So I’ll just listen as near the door as I dare, and if I hear them talkin’ I’ll run to his honour the Pastor, and tell him how it happened that I let Mr. Clinton into this house, and if that doesn’t get me out of the scrape I’m in, nothing will, and with the lave of the saints I must seek another habitation.”

Clinton was most uneasy. He feared that his breathing would betray him, or that he should be compelled to cough, or sneeze, or make some movement. The part of the room in which he lay was quite in dark shade, so that unless Arthur came round to the back of the bed he was not likely to be seen; but every instant he expected that Arthur would come round, and he inwardly

cursed his folly in having placed himself in such situation.

Arthur leaned in silence over the coffin of his sister, and Clinton heard his sobs growing louder and louder, until the mourner's tears fell in a copious shower on the face and bosom of the dead. Such grief, from such a quiet, sterling character, as Arthur, was too sacred for any eye or ear but that of heaven, and Clinton would have given any thing to have been out of the room. Yielding, as he always did, to the strongest impulse which acted on him, he arose to his feet, and, with assumed ease, walked near the door.

Arthur's nerves were unstrung by the indulgence or sorrow, and, though not inclined to superstition, he could not avoid giving way to the instantaneous conviction that it was a supernatural appearance which arose so suddenly before him. He staggered back, and dropped upon a chair; but the blood, which had been driven by the shock with violence from his heart to his face and head, rushed back to the centre of life with equal impetuosity, when he recognised Clinton's voice from amid the gloom which enveloped that part of the chamber in which the figure stood.

"However extraordinary," said Clinton, "my appearance here may seem to you, I beg you to believe, sir, that I had no other object in entering this chamber, than that of beholding once more, and for the last time, the fair and lifeless being before me."

Arthur arose from the chair—trembling with passion: his ashy lips could scarcely speak the words with which they were charged.

"Mr. Clinton," at length he said, in very stern and

subdued tones, "your audacity is equal to your falsehood. It would be incredible to me, that you could be so utterly lost to true feeling, as to venture to insult my sister's sacred remains by your presence here, if I did not see you with my own eyes, and hear you with my own ears, though really I could almost distrust both my eyes and ears. Tell me, sir, by what means you gained admittance into this house this evening. Who, under my roof, was presumptuous enough to bring you hither? Whoever that individual was, though it was Miss Arden herself, she should lose my friendship from this hour, and nothing should recall it."

"I certainly shall not say who it was admitted me," said Clinton, rattling with assumed nonchalance while he spoke, the leads in the pouch at his girdle. "I persuaded them with very great difficulty, and they are not in the least to blame—not in the least."

"Your refusal to tell me will be of no avail," said Arthur, speaking quicker; "I shall know, immediately after the interment, who it is. I *will* discover—and when I have discovered, I shall not forgive. This, however, concerns you but little. I shall not dispute what you assert, Mr. Clinton, that to see my sister as she *is*, as *you have made her*, was the object which brought you hither. But now, I presume, you have gratified your curiosity. You have seen her breathless, colourless—DEAD—stretched in a coffin—prepared for a grave—which grave, if you are still curious, you may see near the cascade. I recommend you to go and look into it; examine it well, sir, and feed your vanity with the delicious thought that the weak girl, who, to morrow at this time, will say to the worm 'Thou art my sister, and my

brother,' died of a broken heart—and that you had broken it. And in the meantime, if you have the courage, look at your victim in the presence of her brother. Come near, sir ;" he took up the lamp and passed it over the coffin from the head to the foot. "She is here—view her." He then put down the lamp, and, changing his manner, walked to the door, and opened it, throwing it back to the full breadth of the doorway.

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

Instead of complying, Clinton sat down on a chair close to the doorway, and very deliberately drew his belt tighter, saying—

"I obey no man's bidding. I am an adopted son of the woods. Free as a panther, or an eagle, I now come and go as I list. I shall lodge in this house to-night. It is the fashion you are aware for American farmers to be hospitable. It is also the fashion for American wanderers, like me, who become their guests, to remain in the quarters provided until they are tired of them. I shall not be one to break a good custom. I shall stay to-night in this house."

"You refuse to go?" said Arthur.

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

"By heaven, you *shall* go!" exclaimed Arthur, seizing him by the collar to throw him out of the room, and at the same time disarming him. A short, but fierce struggle, ensued; and Arthur, being much Clinton's superior in strength and height, succeeded in his aim. Clinton was

sent reeling out on the landing place, and Arthur drew the door close and locked it on the outside.

“I am not desirous to disturb the nouse,” said he, “and therefore I shall not say any thing more to you, Mr. Clinton, to-night. To-morrow is the day of my sister’s burial; during its sacred hours, also, you will be safe from me; but if, on the day succeeding that you are about these premises—”

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

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

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

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

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

"That I will, with all my heart, for I am thirsty, and a little tired," said Clinton, dropping into a chair which the miller brought to the table for him.

Jacob, although cooler in his greeting, directly filled for him a large horn goblet, which Clinton rested on his knee.

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

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

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

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

"But Mr. Clinton is another sort of character, I guess," said Jacob; "he fancies he knows what the real affection of the heart is, but I can tell you that I don't think he does. All he sought from Miss Lee, all he would seek from twenty other young ladies, to whom he would sing, and recite, and talk soft nonsense, was, and would be, to be *loved*; but the deuce a grain of true love would he give to any one of them. Yet, Thomas,

women always listen to such as him with more favour than to a plain, honest, man. Only to mention Mr. Lee, why before one lady would attach herself to him, a dozen would die for this gentleman here."

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

"Who is too sharp?" inquired Clinton, making a vehement effort to recover himself. As he opened his eyes they fell upon a stranger who had just entered the kitchen, the house doors being always left unfastened, as it is the custom in most Upper Canadian farm-houses.

The stranger appeared about fifty years of age, above the middle height, and of majestic proportions ; his dress was that of a French-Canadian mariner, and around his waist was tied a crimson silk sash. As he came into the light his weather-beaten face exhibited a truly classic outline ; it was such a face as a Grecian sculptor might have given to Achilles—bold, massive, haughty, and handsome. When he drew off the sable fur cap from his head, his ample brows were seen surrounded and adorned with an abundance of coal-black hair, which added to the stern effect of his countenance. In his eye, slept all the dark and fierce passions of which men are capable, but his mouth was not without softer traits. His voice, like a fine organ, could express every variation of feeling and passion. It was deep, rich, and perfectly at his command.

"Your servant, friends," said this stranger, inclining his head to each person present. He slightly started as he saw Clinton, over whose countenance, just before pale to delicacy, a deep and angry flush was spreading.

The former was invited to sit down, which he did without



hesitation; and when the cider was put toward him, he took it up, and said—

“ Thank you, friends; I will drink a little with you, if it be agreeable; the weather is hot, and I have walked many miles during the last six hours. Yes, this is capital cider,” said he, after he had drank with the eagerness and relish inspired by thirst—“ very good indeed; and I think, in return, I can let you taste some liquor of another kind, which is as good in its own way.” So saying, he drew out from a breast pocket a flat broad flask, and asking for a goblet, which he received, poured out a little of a kind of strong wine, that each who tasted, pronounced delicious—nay, incomparable. This liquor formed a theme for familiar talk, and so answered the stranger’s purpose.

“ Are you better, Mr. Clinton?” inquired the miller.

“ Oh, yes—I am perfectly well, now, I thank you.” As he thus replied, Clinton arose, pushed his chair back, and walked up and down the kitchen, frequently casting a singular look at the new-comer, who now seemed quite indifferent to his glances.

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

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

“ I shall sleep as soundly, friend, on the stones of this kitchen, as on the best feather bed in the world,” said the mariner. “ I have lodged hard and soft in my

time, I can assure you. I have slept on the top of a rocking mast, on the deck of a vessel drenched with salt water; and, indeed, in all kinds of rough situations."

"I have often slept myself on the ground under a tree," said the yankee labourer, "with no other roof above me but the sky—and a grand roof that was, I guess, 'specially when the stars were shining; I never minded the moon half so much as the stars; I used to love to lie and look at the little twinkling things, all so bright, and yet so solemn like; and the wind would play in the leaves, till I fell asleep. My gracious, talk of music! I never heard any music that went to my heart like that of the wind in the trees at midnight; it sung so wild—now high, now low—sometimes loud, sometimes soft; I often likened it to a spirit that had lost its way in the woods, and was grieving to get back to its kindred."

"Poetry—poetry!" exclaimed the mariner.

"Never mind—its truth what I say," said the field-labourer, evincing some tokens of modesty. "I have not the gift of the tongue like Mr. Clinton there; but I have seen something of natur', and felt something of it too, and the works of the Lord, Mr. Navigator;" he struck his knuckles on the table. "The works of the Lord are wonderful, and the works of man are not to be compared to them, wheresoever they are found, and howsoever they are to be praised;" and having pronounced this truism with fervour, he rose, and obtained a fresh supply of cider. "But the mast of a ship at sea must have been a queer hammock for you," he resumed, "and a deck soaked in brine, would be little better.

Yet, after all, a contented mind is every thing. Soft is the bed that content makes, wherever it be. And so I drink to you—and success to your next voyage.”

“ Thank you,” said the mariner.

Here Deborah entered the kitchen.

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

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

“ This bold navigator shall have my place on the pillow,” said Jacob. “ The night is not so mighty long now, and its a tarnation queer affair if I cannot stay up a few hours at such a time as this.”

“ And Mr. Clinton shall have mine,” said the miller ; “ so give yourself no more uneasiness, Debby, about accommodations, but go and take rest yourself—you are tired enough.”

“ I’m vexed enough,” said Deborah, aside, but in Clinton’s hearing ; then clattering the culinary utensils on the dresser, she muttered something to herself in the Irish language.

“ Deborah,” whispered Clinton in her ear, “ depend on it I shall not say who introduced me to the chamber, and Mr. Lee cannot possibly discover if Miss Anderson plays her part well. You must instruct her—you must impart to her a little of your inimitable shrewdness and tact.”

“ I think you was clane out of your senses,” said she, “ to get up in the sight of Mr. Arthur without the laast

necessity in the world. Och! by St. Patrick, I thought I'd have dropped when I see you!"

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

"I was peeping through the keyhole," answered Deborah.

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

"Oh not long, I'd be bound. As soon as I heard you spake I was off fast enough to his honour the Pastor."

Clinton would have ill endured to have heard that Deborah, or any other person, had been a witness of his forcible expulsion from the chamber by Arthur, and he was sensibly relieved by the evident certainty that she knew nothing of that humiliating incident.

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

"Oh, then, you have just hit it. Sure enough I had no other intintion. But little luck had I when I went, at any rate. I might as well have saved my breath to say my prayers with."

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

"Why," said Deborah, "this was what passed:— I rapped softly at the door, and heard him get off his knees, and shut up his book. Come in, says he, and in I went, making a curtsy. He was wiping his eyes, and seemed in great distress of mind, which was to be sure no wonder at all. I beg your pardon, your honour, says I, for intruding on you in this way. Never mind, Deborah, says he, is any thing the matter? Then I said my say, and tould him how I had seen you, and how you

had persuaded me just to let you have a peep at the bonny corpse of my young missthress, and how Mr. Arthur had seen you in the burial-room, and how I was afraid I should be very much found fault with; but he catches me up sharp, and, says he, Deborah, did you say my grandson has seen Mr. Clinton there? O, sir, says I, they are both there together this blessed minute. Then, Deborah, he says, says he, you have most likely done a mischief which you can never repair; and so he goes away without a word more to Mr. Lee's room, and laves me standing in the middle of the floor without the laast relief for my mind."

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

"And that's thrue at any rate," said Deborah; "and so I shall keep myself as asy as I can, and the timpist may make as big a noise as it likes; the wind may blow high, or blow low.—By St. Patrick, it shall be all the same to me! At the worst, I can only be bade to quit; and though I can't deny it would be a heart-sore to me, yet I would make no word about the same, but quit, and quickly too. The world's wide enough—I should not starve—I should find a bit of bacon and a pratee some where, no fear of that."

Clinton and the mariner refused to avail themselves of the kind offers of the miller and Jacob, and it was accordingly understood that they were to remain up together. Before the latter left them, with the intention of retiring, the sailor was asked many questions, such as to what vessel he belonged—when and where he had left

it—whither it was bound—what countries he had visited in it—and what articles it traded in. Clinton at the time was standing with his back toward the person interrogated, but immediately he turned round, and fastened upon him a look, which the mariner seemed to avoid a little uneasily; however, he spoke with freedom enough, and did not seem at all at a loss for a reply.

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

Seeing many interested faces about, he drew, with rough accuracy, on the surface of the table, a kind of map within a square, on which Clinton looked with the most curious attention.

“Now,” said the mariner, pointing with his finger to a slanting chalk line within the left side of the square, “you may suppose that to be the St. Lawrence, (one of the largest rivers in the world, you know,) with the gulf at this end next me, opening out to the Atlantic ocean. But at that end of the river, farthest from me, fancy my ship takes her start. There,” his finger was placed at the end of the slanting line, and moved along a stroke diverging horizontally, “where the St. Lawrence ends, twelve miles wide, starts my little schooner on the Lake of the Thousand Isles, Ontario, which is one hundred and eighty-five miles long. Here the States are

on one side, British Upper Canada on the other. Now as we go along, we may dip into Navy Bay (and a noble bay it is), on the English side, or into Quinté, or Burlington Bays, or into the bays on the American shore, and change our cargo as often as we can make good bargains."

"There are plenty of steam boats on Lake Ontario," said the miller, "and canoes in hundreds, I have heard."

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

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

"Then it takes a turn past Niagara Falls," resumed the mariner, "and is in Lake Eric, which is two hundred and fifty miles long. We may chance to have rough treatment here; navigation is no easy work among Erie's rocks, and high surf; and then you know, I suppose, the waters run shallower in this lake than the others, and that circumstance, with the constant current setting downwards, and the heavy north-west and south-west gales, make it dangerous for sailors who are not expert at their craft. Mind, all the way we go, the States are on one side, and English-Canada on the other." Now with his finger he turned a corner of the square he had drawn, and moved downwards on a third line, which curved a little inwards. "The corner you see is Lake St. Clair, which is just a sort of passage for us to the great Lake Huron. This water is two hundred and fifty

miles long, one hundred and ninety miles broad, and eight hundred and sixty feet deep—it covers five million acres.”

“And all fresh water—not salt!” exclaimed Deborah, who, with a pan of milk upon her arm, was leaning like the rest over the centre of attraction.

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

“I have heard that it has a great many large bays and islands,” said the miller.

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

There was now a movement of increased interest around the table, for this majestic inland sea, and the most remote of all the lakes, had not been visited by any one whom the listeners had met with before.

“If you are not rocked in your hammocks here,” said the mariner, “it is not for want of waves; and there is a ground-swell rolling you about so lustily, that if you had been at sea a hundred years I would defy you not to feel qualmish about the stomach. There are from two hundred to two hundred and fifty rivers running into this lake. The coast, on the Canada side, is twelve



hundred miles long at least, and never eye or man saw sublimer shores than there are to be found here: but the mists and cold are terrible, and—”

“Go on to your next place,” said the miller.

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

“And pray what rank do you hold in this schooner?” inquired Clinton, speaking to him for the first time, and in a peculiar tone.

“I am a common sailor,” was the answer.

“You have acquired much information on nautical affairs,” said Clinton.

“I am supposed to be a tolerable seaman, I believe,” said the mariner.

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

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

There was something strange and unaccountable to the lookers on, in the manners of the two toward each other. It was apparent that they had met before, and not under very pleasant circumstances. No one felt perfectly satisfied with the mariner. His bearing had something singular about it. Occasionally, a smite of disdain, that seemed habitual to him, sat on his lips; he

was thought too well informed for a common sailor, yet, if of higher rank, why was he disguised? Though a French-Canadian, he conversed in English, with striking correctness of pronunciation; and though, as he said, a common sailor, he could speak in a superior manner, without using nautical phrases; his gestures, too, though strangely lofty, had a remarkable dignity in them. All this awakened curiosity, and his reply to Clinton was waited for eagerly.

“Why yes, young sir, I have crossed the Atlantic more than once,” said the mariner; “why do you ask?”

“Because I suspect I have seen you before.”

“Very likely—very likely—though I have no recollection of you.”

“You have no recollection of me!” repeated Clinton; “were you never *mate* in a vessel that brought out emigrants from England? I should think you might remember me.”

“You will find a little more liquor in the flask,” said the mariner to Jacob, who had accidentally laid his hand on it; “as you are going to rest let me advise you to drink it; it will make you sleep sound.”

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

“Yet I have found it insufficient sometimes,” said the mariner. He spoke with a gloomy cadence, and his large forehead suddenly contracted itself between the eyebrows.

“A burdened conscience is apt to prevent sleep,” said Clinton, in a low voice, and pointedly, while at the same time he involuntarily sighed himself.

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

"What do you know of my conscience?" said Clinton, now pale as he had been before.

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

"Nothing, it may be," said Clinton, turning away.

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

"If I had," said the mariner, with a manner calculated to put a stop to further questioning, "I should hardly be a common sailor now."

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**CHAPTER IX.**

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“Oh! make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow,  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West  
From her own lov'd Island of sorrow!”—*T. Moore.*

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THE next morning was most beautiful. The valley was filled with the joyous beams of the rising sun; dew glittered on every leaf and flower; the grass which so luxuriantly clothed the ground every where, might be said to be strewn with diamonds; a thousand birds darted to and fro among the branches of the trees; to be sure, they had not the melodious voices of our English warblers, and some would have thought their splendid plumage could not compensate for such a deficiency; yet, occasionally, the wild and animated cries of the hawk, the crow, the plover, and the blue jay, sounded in fine unison with the scene.

At four o'clock Clinton lifted the latch of the back-kitchen door of the lodge, and passed slowly along the path which crossed the garden. A little rain had fallen in the night, and the flowers which had been refreshed by it, now gave forth a delightful odour, and their colours were vivid and lovely. But Clinton heeded them not—he was wrapped in earnest thought.

Beyond the garden he pursued a path which had been a sheep walk. He descended a lower part of the valley; the light brown corn, ripe for harvest, was spread out in fields on his left, under the wild and steep side of a mountain. On his right, gilded streams were flowing over the broken rocks, with lively noises. A mild wind curled the shallow pools on the ground, and awakened animation every where. The atmosphere was slightly hazy, but dry and soft. The sky in the east was superbly coloured with the roseate blushes of Aurora.

Clinton had walked nearly a quarter of a mile, when the narrow way he was upon, began to ascend; some wild fowl fluttered past him, he heard the dashing of the waterfall, and came to a natural platform. The ground rose abruptly, and a few steps had been smoothly cut in the soil.

“This, then, is the place where Lucy’s grave is made,” said he, as he went up to the level of the green enclosure, and walked silently along its borders. His mind was agitated by many thoughts—many recollections. He reverted to his life in England. Scene after scene was revived before him; his school hours, his vacations; the aching of heart he had experienced when his fellow boys rejoiced, for he had no mother to welcome him back to the mansion he called his home, no father to bless him. His uncle and his aunt were his nearest relatives, and these were not kind enough to satisfy the yearnings of his youthful affections. How he used to envy his playmates and companions who had brothers at school, and parents and sisters at home. *Their* lives seemed to be regarded as precious. They received the kindest letters, the most affectionate presents. But he—

he had often, in the vehemence of his feelings, and the vacuity of his heart, wished himself dead. "I would not live over again those days," said he, shuddering, "no—not for an empire!"

Then arose before his memory, pictures of another kind. Tears, genuine tears, were in his eyes, as he recalled his first dream of love; which, by its unfortunate termination, had given a wrong bias to all his after life. A high-born young lady, accomplished, unaffected, and beautiful, had visited at the house where he had found that he was dwelling solely by sufferance—a dependant, according to all the painful meaning of the term. He was carelessly introduced to her as a distant relative, who had been educated and maintained by them, and who was about to be placed in a merchant's office, with the hope that he might make his way in the world. The painful flush which rose on the handsome youth's fair cheek, excited the sympathy of the lady. She found him the most agreeable and intelligent individual in the house, and, little dreaming of the fatal inroads she was making on young Clinton's heart, did her utmost to chase from his countenance the pain she saw there. She played on the piano-forte and guitar to him; she sketched and painted for him; she walked with him; read to him; and sentimentalised with him. The result had been, his life had become bound up in her; he would have lived for her—died for her. But his attachment, as soon as seen, was ridiculed. He was told that it was the height of folly for him to think of her. She was high-born, he was low-born; she, when of age, would have a large fortune—he was penniless. The lady said nothing, but obeyed the mandate of her imperious father, and returned

to her home. Clinton went into a London merchant's office. To assuage the anguish and mortification of his feelings he plunged into every gaiety within his reach. His employers remonstrated with him on the levity of his character; his relatives, who had brought him up, wrote to him didactic letters, written in a severe strain. All was of no avail. To supply the extravagant expenses he was incurring, he resorted to petty fraud; his career was mad and ruinous; he was, as it were, in a fever, a delirium, whirled along to destruction at headlong speed, in a vehicle of glitter, and noise, and intoxication. This could not last long. He was dismissed from the honourable post in the firm to which he belonged, and bade to leave the house. Now he saw himself without friends, and without means of subsistence, excepting only such as guilt might furnish. Before he delivered up the key of the desk which had been in his charge, he took therefrom a sum of money, which he thought would not be missed for some days, and absconded with it. A few hours before his departure, a letter was put into his hand, which, had he read before he left, would have saved him from the commission of the act. But he had reached Liverpool, whence he intended to embark for America with his booty, before he opened the important page. Ah! the sweat-drops trickled from Clinton's forehead now, as he recollected his perusal of the letter. It was from the lady who had unintentionally bewildered his imagination, and made him reckless of reputation, health, and conscience. It was from the lady whose lightest word had still magic in it for him. And she had written to him a delicate remonstrance against the course she had heard he was pursuing; had begged him,

for her sake, to quit it; had enclosed him a check for a hundred pounds, and had given him a hint, which it was madness to him to understand, that if his affection for her remained unchanged, she would bestow herself and fortune upon him as soon as she was of age, provided, also, that in the intermediate time (a year) she should hear, as a proof of his continued affection for her, that he had altered his way of life.

He threw himself into a post-chaise, and rode to the seat of the lady's father. Leaving it at the door of a village inn, he walked over the lawn, and entered the shrubbery of the mansion. There it happened, that he saw her alone, sitting thoughtfully, with a book of poems in her hand, which Clinton had given her. Three years had greatly altered her. Her beauty was tarnished by the canker of grief, her eyes were languid and dim. She shrieked, as he suddenly stepped before her, wild, and haggard.

"Lady Hester," said he, "your letter came too late. I had just given the death blow to my character. I am come to take a hasty but an eternal farewell of you—you, who, I swear by all that is holy and true, have been my single, my only love, since the hour I saw you first. It has been my passion for you, which has ruined me. Ah! Lady Hester, do not forget that, when you bear me branded in the public annals as a villain—as a *thief*. I had taken nearly a thousand pounds from the desk of my employers, just before your letter was put into my hands. Had it, O cruel fortune! had it arrived a few hours before, I should have been here now, your penitent, devoted, and happy—too happy servant for life! As it is, I fly from justice. I go to a distant land. I



shall see you no more. The chaise in which I came hither, is waiting near. Every moment I linger exposes me to a fearful risk. Adieu;—your gift I return; I have forfeited you, and your money I cannot take." The lady's agitation was extreme, but with true patrician dignity, she forcibly restrained the outward expression of it. Her face, however, became white as marble.

"Clinton," she said, "if you will restore the money, and remain in England, I will undertake you shall be provided for respectably; and then," she added, after a slight hesitation, "I shall go to Italy, and reside there permanently."

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

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

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

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

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

“Some demon must be propelling me on to my ruin,” said he, walking quicker. He paused, and then resumed, “I was once told by those relations on whom I depended, that my father had been wild and worthless, and my mother a woman of sorrow, so I suppose I inherit from him, my erratic disposition, and from her, my sufferings.

“I am now,” he proceeded, “in the country of which I was told my father was a native, and in which my mother died. Scanty has been the history I have received of them in England, and who in Canada can I find to fill up the meagre outlines? Where shall I look for my mother’s grave? where shall I learn whether my father be alive or dead. He was a seaman—he may have been swallowed up in the ocean, or may

be sailing thousands of miles from the spot where his son now is. My imagination clings to him, whatever he may have been. Like me, he may have made himself an alien from all who valued him. Had we met, we might have battled with scorn and reproach together. My mother left an abundant home, I have been told, to go with him on the world of waters. He deserted her, and she returned broken-hearted and alone to her country, and her early friends. But an innocent sorrow is better to be endured than a guilty one. He may have been the least to be envied of the two. My poor mother when she parted from me, with the presentiment, I have been led to understand, that she should never see me more in this world—left with the relatives to whom she entrusted me, her endeared picture. *That* I lost on board the ship in which I was wrecked, and never did article more regretted pass from my possession. Had I a mine of gold, I would barter it to regain that picture; but I fear it is in the custody of the greedy waves, which would be deaf to all the offers I could make. As yet, I have heard nothing of those two cousins of mine, that I used to be told dwelt in North America; my mother's father, who had taken them out with him from England, my uncle heard, had died shortly after the decease of my mother."

His reveries were interrupted by Jacob, who accosted him with a graver salutation than usual, and said that he had come to see if the rain that had fallen in the night, had washed down any of the mould from the sides of the grave. Clinton walked with him to the cypress trees; some of the loose earth had fallen into the cavity which had been dug between them. The American threw his

spade in, and stooping, rested one hand upon the ground and sprang in after the implement. While he was employed in throwing up the light, fragrant soil, Clinton observed the approaching funeral procession—if so pompous a name might be given to a spectacle so simple and unaffected. The coffin had been placed before the house, where a hymn was sung around it, and as soon as the sun began to ascend the west, between the horizon and mid-heaven, four men belonging to the farm, took it on their shoulders—six young ladies, attired in pure white, bore up the pall, and the funeral slowly advanced.

There were no mutes, no crape head-bands, no black-hoods, no plumed hearse. The persons who preceded the coffin, were the principal members of the Pastor's chapel, and were all in their ordinary sabbath dresses. The Pastor leaning on his grandson's arm, followed next to the body. The former, wore his English clerical dress, precisely as he had always worn it, and his benevolent countenance looked serene and resigned; the latter, in dark brown clothes, neat and manly, also seemed to have strengthened himself for this melancholy hour. Jane and Miss Bathurst were two of the pall-bearers. Deborah in slate-coloured stuff, and a plain silk bonnet of the same hue, followed, with her fellow-servants, after the Doctor and Farmer Joshua, with a train of other mourners.

When the path the procession was upon, which was the same Clinton had pursued, began to descend, the sobs of Jane, and of Deborah, broke the silence that prevailed. On each side were stumps of trees—which are always seen on ground not entirely cleared, being the roots and trunks, which latter have been sawn through

breast-high, the upper parts of the trees having been consumed by fire, or taken away for use, and the lower parts left standing. On two of these stumps that were almost covered with bright green moss, the coffin was rested, while the men who bore it, changed sides. Arthur covered his face until again the procession set forward.

One of the persons who walked first, now commenced a hymn, which sounded very sweetly and solemnly in that solitude, among the rocks and hills. By the time it was finished, the burying ground was nigh. Clinton, not wishing to be seen, had gone to that side of the enclosure where the mountain rose like a wall, and stood behind a large detached stone, to view the lowering of the body into its dark and final abode.

No sooner had the Pastor entered the enclosure than he opened a prayer-book which he held, and with a faltering step, attended by the kindest sympathy of all present, went to the head of the procession, and began to read the burial service of the Church of England. At first, his unequal voice could scarcely be heard a few yards from him, but soon it became firmer and more distinct; and seldom have words fallen more impressively on human ear, than those of that service, on the ears of the mourners present.

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

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

"My dear son," said the Pastor, who was also now nearly overwhelmed with anguish, "be comforted—look upwards!" he pointed to the orb of day shining in the sky; "the Sun of Righteousness smiles upon us in our affliction! Be comforted; this morning air is reviving to our bodies, and the influence of the Eternal Spirit shall, in like manner, revive our drooping minds! Do not sink, my dear son; but rather support me, whom age and previous bereavements have robbed of that mental elasticity which youth possesses. I am in the autumn of my days—you are in the spring. All that is before me in this world is cheerless, and barren, but you have a thousand temporal pleasures in store for you."

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

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

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

He was checked by his tears; Jane, who also wept, was unable to speak a word to him, but she lightly pressed with her hand the arm on which it rested, as a token that she shared his grief.

Breakfast had been prepared for the mourners in the large sitting room. Eggs, pork, ham-rashers, potatoes, and strong tea, appeared on the table; and cakes, made

of tempered Indian corn, baked on slanted boards before the fire, (a very ancient method) were being brought in, as the company entered. Jane went below in the kitchen, after having taken off her bonnet and gloves.

Her first step inside the kitchen door was arrested in its advance, as a thrilling fear crept over her frame, strangely mixed with affection and delight. The mariner was standing by the hearth, on which Indian cakes were warming. His back was toward her, but she could not fail to recognise in that commanding figure, the person of her father!

The opening of the door caused him to turn his head slightly, and he saw her. The next minute she had sprang to his breast, and was folded, with nothing less than passionate fondness, to her parent's heart.

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

She made no answer, but her forehead sank on his shoulder, and she wept sadly. He spoke to her in a most gentle and soothing manner, and sitting down, placed her on his knee, and drew her arm around his neck.

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

"My own dear father!" said Jane, "much do I wish,

you know I do, that we could live together—and why may we not? Only give up that dreadful trade of piracy, and I will never part from you, but by your own wish and consent.”

“Conditions—conditions, Jenny!” said the Pirate, with an air of dignified reproach. “You must not forget I have an authority wherewith to command, as well as an affection with which to entreat. Tell me, if I have ever been rough to you, if I have ever given you cause to complain of ill-usage?”

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

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

“Not a word Jenny, to any one, of who I am, or I am destroyed,” he whispered in her ear; and Jane, reluctantly resorting to artifice, pretended to be engaged in examining the cakes on the hearth. The feint succeeded. Deborah, who entered, had no suspicion that in the mariner, Jane had found the individual from whom she had derived existence.

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

Jane accordingly went, and joined the breakfast party, and a mournful party it was! Arthur noticed her peculiar tremour as she placed herself in the seat which had been Lucy’s, in order to make, and pour the tea. Naturally attributing it to the agitating ceremony in which



she had been engaged, and to regret for Lucy, he spoke to her with tenderness, and took the cup which was shaking in her hand from her, replacing it upon the tray. Presently she rallied, and performed her office with tolerable composure, while he relapsed into the all-engrossing sorrow, which, at times, wrapped him in a sort of insensibility.

The Pastor said nothing until the conclusion of the repast, but it was too evident that he was suffering intensely the whole of the time, for the tears were momentarily falling fast and large from his eyes, and he sighed continually.

When the table was cleared, he went through the family morning devotions with difficulty, and frequently he was compelled to stop to wipe away, with his shaking hand, the superabundant moisture which impeded his sight.

## CHAPTER X.

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"A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday."

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

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

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

"Unplisintly! Och, then, you say the truth, Mr.

Clinton. Unplisint they were, and very unplisint too !” But as soon as Deborah had left the kitchen, she went to her chamber, and shut the door, standing with her back against it, and holding the letter end-wise against the light of the candle, peeping through it in order to make out, if she could, its contents. These, at first, baffled her curious eye, but presently she managed to get a sight of them, by pulling out one of the end-folds.

“ It is jist as I thought, at any rate,” said she ; “ it’s a challenge to fight at half past three o’clock in the morning. Mr Lee is to mate him beyond the cornfields, and there they will murther one another for nothing at-all-at-all, if I don’t prevint; but by all the saints of Ireland, St. Pathrick included, I *will* prevint it, or may I never knale down to a catholic priest agin.”

The loosened fold was carefully tucked in. The letter was examined with accuracy, and pronounced all in “ dacent order,” and in a few minutes after, Mr Lee received it from Deborah’s hands. Next, she went to the Pastor and addressed him as he was looking out of a window toward the spot where his granddaughter lay.

“ May it plase your honour,” said she, and there stopped.

“ Well Deborah,” said he, drawing in his head, and shutting down the sash, “ what have you to say to me ?”

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

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

“ If yer honour will belave me, I have jist carried the challenge in a litter to Mr. Arthur myself. I should have brought it to you right away, but I gave my word to Mr. Clinton that no other person but Mr Lee should see it, or look at it—barring mysilf. And if I broke the word I gave, sure I’d have to penance mysilf for the sin ! But I took a peep at the litter mysilf, and saw the maning of it, and that is the maning which I have tould you, yer honour.”

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

“ To be sure I have not, yer honour,” said Deborah ; “ I only promised to let no *other* person look at it or rade it.”

“ Well, I cannot stay to argue the point with you now, Debby,” said the Pastor ; “ I must go to my grandson and learn how far this statement of yours is correct.”

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

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

“ With swords *or* pistols, my dear grandfather,” re-

plied Arthur. "But sit down, and do not distress yourself in the least. You shall hear my brief explanation of the circumstance which gave rise to this challenge, and then read the letter itself—it lies before you on the table. I found Mr. Clinton in the room in which the remains of my beloved sister were. Of course, I was confounded at his insolence in entering the private rooms of this house, for he was no more to us than a stranger. Besides, that he should have dared to go into *that* room, was a most wanton act of impertinent curiosity, and doubtless, of vanity. I expelled him by force, and, in a manner, promised either to take his life, or forfeit mine, as the only satisfaction I could render him for having wounded his pride."

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

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

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

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

The Pastor was greatly shocked to read as follows:—

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

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

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

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

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

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

“ I will do neither of these things,” said Arthur:

“ satisfy yourself, dearest grandfather, with my assurance

to that effect. I am truly sorry that I should even have contemplated such a thing."

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

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

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

"Depend upon me, grandfather."

The Pastor affectionately wished him good night, and left him. The divine worship of the day was over, and all retired to rest in the lodge. At half-past three the next morning there was a slight rain falling, but this did not deter Clinton, who had slept in a bed in the kitchen, from springing up, and dressing for his engagement. Just before he left the house he looked earnestly at a very small and exquisite ivory miniature of Lady Hester, then placed it with a sigh inside his waistcoat next his heart, that, in case he was struck there by the ball or the sword, it might be shivered at the instant on the fountain of feeling and life. He had also about him Lucy's farewell verses; for next to the object of his love he placed in his affections the memory of her who had loved him; lastly, he took with him a small roll of paper, and two letters, which he had written in case of his death. Arthur was at the place before him with small swords. The young men haughtily greeted each other, and, at once, whatever fears Clinton might have secretly felt, all vanished. He was buoyant, and keenly eager for the desperate contest. Arthur, on the contrary, was some-

what depressed—not with cowardice, but with moral energy struggling with natural temper. He, too, felt that peculiar elasticity and recklessness which the presence of a foe oftentimes produces in men of ardent blood, and he could have fought with Clinton to the death; but, within his heart, and his mind, was throned a principle which checked every impulse of this sort, as a skilful rider checks the paces of a fiery steed on the brink of a precipice. But it was the force of the conflict between the strong desire to fight his adversary, and the principle which denied its gratification, that produced the passing gloom on his brow.

“ Now, Mr. Lee, I am ready,” said Clinton, in a voice of striking fearlessness and confidence.

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

“ Why do you ask ?”

“ Favour me with your answer to my question—I will then tell you why.”

“ I see no possible use in it—but if I must answer, I will do so truly :—I never knew an individual of a manlier spirit than yourself; I do not think it would be easy to know one.”

“ I thank you,” said Arthur, his face flushing a little. “ Now I may speak to you on this occasion with more frankness; and as you have had the candour to acknowledge so much, and the politeness to soothe me a little with a flattery not displeasing, you will perhaps not deny me a just appreciation of the motives which now dictate what I am going to say. Mr. Clinton, I cannot use



weapons of blood, in our present quarrel. I refuse to fight. I refuse to take your life—I refuse to yield mine, unless I am forcibly deprived of it.”

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

“I will not trifle with you, Mr. Clinton. Do you think, sir, I am mean-spirited? that I fear to meet the point of a sword like this which invites your hand? Speak, on your honour as a man, is it timidity which causes me to refuse to fight?”

“I will not say it is,” said Clinton; “on my soul, I believe you as bold as I am.”

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

“Then we are to return exactly as we came, I presume,” said Clinton, with an accent in which scorn was slightly mingled.

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

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

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

"Then now we part," said Clinton. "I will no more trouble you with my presence. You have undoubted reason to wish my absence from the valley, and I can no longer be happy in it. But before we separate I must give you a paper signed with my name, which contains a statement of the mutiny of the crew and mate of the Antelope vessel, commanded by one Captain Barry, who was murdered by them on ship board, while entering the St. Lawrence river; several emigrants were on board beside myself, and might be found to substantiate my statement." Clinton here handed to Arthur a small roll of paper, and resumed, "A mariner is in the lodge now, and intends, I hear, to set out on his return to his ship this morning. That is the mate of the Antelope."

"What! the Pirate?" exclaimed Arthur, in amazement.

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

"The father of Jane Anderson!" exclaimed Arthur, incautiously.

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

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

"I will not," said Clinton. "The knowledge of such a fact shall never pass my lips, without Miss Anderson or yourself gives me a release from the promise I now make you. But you will see, Mr. Lee, that the

man I have named, be he mate, or pirate, or common sailor, does not escape you. It is, of course, a case which requires the sacrifice of any personal feelings you may have towards Miss Anderson. His life is forfeit to justice, and he ought not to be left at large."

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

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

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

So happy was the old gentleman to see the latter return safe and uninjured, that he grasped him by the hand and shook it repeatedly, as though Arthur had but just arrived to his home after a seven year's absence.

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

"I am thankful that the trial is over, and I hope that I may never be subjected to such another," said Arthur;

“and now, grandfather, oblige me by mentioning this occurrence no more, for, whenever it is alluded to, I shall certainly be tempted to wish that I had met Clinton in his own temper.”

The Pastor shrank from the sight of the swords, and said, “I deem it a mercy indeed, that they are not stained with the blood of one of you rash young men.”

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

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

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

“Not only in the forenoon, but during the earliest part of it, if you please,” replied Arthur.

“Very well, I shall betake myself to the perusal immediately after morning prayers,” said the Pastor, who presently retired into his library.

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

“You will not, you say, Jenny?—did I ever expect to

hear my darling say so? Would her mother have so left me if I had entreated her to go with me for *my good*? You will not be a blessing and a comfort to your father: You will not? Well, I go back without having accomplished my errand. When you hear of my death, Jenny, perhaps an evil death—and when you hear of the crimes I shall have committed, after having been refused by my daughter my supplication to her, you will think of this. But I dare not stay longer. That young Clinton was on board the vessel of Captain Barry, and he is dangerous to me. I have hazarded my life in staying here so long—and why have I hazarded it? that I might gain my child back to my heart; but she tells me I am a Pirate—she will not dwell with me.”

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

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

Jane wept most agonisingly, and her answer was unintelligible.

“I have done,” said the Pirate, pushing her from him; “I go, and whatever becomes of me henceforward I care not.”

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

"Unintentionally, I have heard your words to your daughter," said Arthur, nothing daunted by the look of the mariner; "and, though against my will, have received in them confirmation of a statement which has this morning been made by that young Clinton you have named; he asserts that you are the murderer of Captain Barry, and the robber of the contents of his ship. Yield yourself, therefore, a prisoner to the laws you have violated."

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

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

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

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

"Mr. Lee, my father is no murderer!" said Jane, with more spirit than she had ever shown before. Her youthful figure was again encircled by her father's arm, and a warm energy was added to the usually quiet expression of her face

There is such a thing among virtuous people, as the *pride* of virtue, which some imagine (we think errone-

ously) to be necessary to its existence. Such pride marred the uprightness of Arthur. He extended his abhorrence of guilt to the individual; the guilty were, to use an Hebrew expression, as smoke in his nostrils. The Pirate, therefore, found little favour at his hands, although the parent of his betrothed. To favour the escape of such a man from the just vengeance of the law, Arthur would have thought nothing less than a crime—a crime which he was too proud, as well as too conscientious to commit.

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

“ You will find it difficult to prevent me from going, young gentleman,” said the Pirate.

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

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

“ Mr. Lee, you cannot suppose that he will not be known. Have not all the magistrates of Upper Canada been furnished with minute descriptions of his person, and been commissioned to take him prisoner, as the notorious Pirate of the Lakes? Would not Pastor Wilson discover who he was?”

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

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

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

“ And that result,” said Jane, “ will be—his death.”

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

“ Put aside your pistol, sir,” said the Pirate; “ I render myself up.”

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

The Pirate delivered them without any appearance of perturbation, and then followed Arthur without a word, into a room, which was locked upon him.

Jane remained as if stupified, leaning against one side of the doorway, until Arthur came to her, and endeavoured to justify himself in the conduct he had pursued toward her father.

“ Mr. Lee,” said she, “ I had deceived myself with the belief that my peace was dearer to you than I find it



to be. I will not, however, so deceive myself again. Our engagement is broken."

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

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

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

"What's the matter thin, Miss Jane, darlin'?" asked Deborah, who had entered the room half dressed, carrying her gown on her arm. "Sure and I'd like to know what it is ye're braking your heart for at this rate."

"Oh, Deborah, nothing—nothing at all—in particular," said Jane, rising, looking out at the window, and making an effort to speak unconcernedly; "the sky is very cloudy this morning, I should not wonder if we have many successive days of rain."

"Mighty fine, Miss Jane, you may throw your throuble aside with great pains when I am prisint; but it wont

do. You can't desave me. Come now, darlin, just tell me all about it. Mane as I am, may be, I might serve you Miss, if you would only think it worth while to open your heart to me. If it's a secret, I'll keep it as close as the grave, I'll be bound."

It was not easy for Jane, in her present frame, to deny the fervent Irish girl, and Deborah was allowed to coax from her an explanation of her tears.

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

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

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

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

Deborah was now put in possession of the remaining facts, namely, that the mariner and Jane's father were one and the same person; that Mr. Clinton had accused him of the murder of a ship-captain, and that Mr. Lee persisted in confining him on that accusation, until Pastor Wilson, in his magisterial capacity, should have examined him. Jane said nothing about her father being a Pirate as yet, but she said she could not undertake to assert that he had not been, in some respects, a guilty man. Still he was her father, and being such, she thought Mr. Lee would have had a little consideration for her feelings. However, she saw very clearly, that all the ideas she had been led to entertain of settling peacefully in the lodge, must be renounced. She had too much resisted her father's wish, that she would again

share his fortunes, wild and turbulent as they were, and she would now resist them no longer. If he was freed, she should go with him to his ship; if he was sent to jail, she should attend him in his confinement, and remain with him to the last moment of his life.

"And I commend you for the resolution," said Deborah; "I would do the same, with the lave of the saints. If my dear father, who is under Irish ground, could as the clay which lies upon him, were only alive, be he rogue or honest man, I would never desert him while I had breath. But if you go from the lodge, darlin, I would fain persuade you to take me along with you. Sure enough, I'd never be happy here, if you left me without yoursilf, and Miss Lucy lying in the grave. I'd go with you to the world's end, and keep your spirits up in all weathers."

"Thank you, Debby," said Jane; "I feel your kindness particularly, as I am so much depressed. You are called from below, we will talk again in the forenoon, when we go up to make the beds."

"Keep your heart up, my dear Miss Jane, things will turn out better than you expict, I'll be bound. Take my word for it darlin, though I am no prophet, your father will be all right again soon."

"I wish I could hope," said Jane, shaking her head with a melancholy air.

"Hope—you must hope; it becomes a Christian to hope, and espically one who has made a warm frind of an Irish girl," said Deborah, with a look indicative of a project.

## CHAPTER XI.

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" Oh, that hallow'd form is ne'er forgot,  
 Which first love trac'd;  
 Still it lingering haunts the greenest spot  
 On memory's waste!  
 'Twas odour fled  
 As soon as shed;  
 'Twas morning's winged dream;  
 'Twas a light, that ne'er can shine again,  
 On life's dull stream!  
 Oh! 'twas a light, that ne'er can shine again,  
 On life's dull stream!"—*T. Moore.*

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It was afternoon when the Pastor was seated in his chair of authority in his library. Arthur arranged before him the open paper which Clinton had given him, together with several law-books, pen and ink, parchments, writing-paper, and letters sealed with the Lieutenant-Governor's official seal.

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

Two men, messengers of the Governor, arose from chairs on which they had been sitting, and went with Arthur to the room wherein they supposed the Pirate to be confined. The door appeared locked, but when Arthur applied the key which he held, he found that it could not be opened by any ordinary means, the fasten-

ings having been purposely injured. He then knocked, but received no answer.

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

"Could he have jumped from the window?" asked one of the men.

"No, it is too high," said Arthur.

"Break the lock open," said the second man.

The requisite instruments had been wilfully mislaid, and some time was lost in searching for them, and after all they were not found.

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

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

"Why not force the door open?"

"That is what we are going to do, your worship, when we can find the instruments. But every thing we want seems to be out of the way just now."

"Where is Deborah—where is Jane?"

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

"Here—Alice," this was a young girl who had assisted Deborah in the dairy and cooking operations, "go directly, and as quick as you can, to the up-stair rooms, find Deborah and Miss Anderson, and tell them they are wanted here immediately."

The girl was crying. "Deborah, and Miss Jane are not in the house, sir."

"Not in the house!" echoed the Pastor and Arthur, "not in the house!"

"I have searched all over it, sir, and they are both gone, and have taken their clothes with them; they have left their boxes empty, and every thing belonging to them has disappeared."

"Bless me," exclaimed the Pastor, "I am astonished!"

"And I," said Arthur, changing countenance; "but let us make sure of the fact; follow me," to the two men, "we will not mind injuring the door, it shall be opened by some means, and I care not what. If the prisoner is gone, it is clear that Jane and Debo. h have aided his flight, and have gone with him."

The door, around which the men of the lodge and the Governor's messengers were presently gathered, burst inwards with a crash, and two panels fell out; there was no prisoner to be seen; but as Arthur stood in the middle, surveying it with looks of anger, gloom, and regret, he perceived a letter on the table. Hastily opening it, he read these lines:—

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

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

"The Governor," said one of the men standing by, "will be very much put out of the way, when we go back with the tidings. He said he had rather lose fifty common prisoners than this Pirate, for he has baffled pursuit a long time, done a great deal of mischief, and caused a great deal of useless trouble and expense."

"You see," said the Pastor, "how it has happened; he had a daughter living in my house, and she has contrived, with an Irish servant I had, to set him at liberty, and has fled with him. You must be so good as tell the Governor this, and if he pleases, I will visit him, to explain the vexatious matter myself."

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

He was a very passionate man, and all at once he burst into a drawing-room which opened by glass doors upon a lawn, and began pacing up and down with angry exclamations.

"What ails you my dear Governor? you seem greatly put out of your way," said the Lieutenant-Governor's lady, a portly, good-looking, over-dressed personage of just her husband's age, that is to say, fifty.

"No ill news from England, I hope, Governor," said a lady of dazzling beauty, about twenty-five years of age, dressed with equal richness, but more true elegance.

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

“Then what *can* be the matter with you?” said his Excellency’s lady. “The dinner to-day was dressed exactly to your taste. None of the plate, glass, or best china have been broken lately, I believe—the wines you have just received answer particularly well. What *can* be the matter.”

“That cursed Pirate has escaped me again, madam,” said his Excellency, with an oath.

“A Pirate—what is a Pirate, a robber on the seas, sister?” inquired a little lady just entering her teens, throwing up a pert kitten, that she might see it fall on its feet.

“Yes—yes, my dear Letty—and you must be quiet now, and do put down that cat. Your papa will be quite angry with you, if he sees you romping so.”

“He is out in the lawn sister,” said Letitia, “and I shall go to him, with my kitten, and talk very grave, and walk very upright, and when he has given me a kiss, I shall come back to you again.”

Off ran the child of aristocracy with her kitten under her arm. Lady Cleveland watched her with looks of affection and admiration.

“The little giddy thing,” said she smiling. Suddenly her whole soul seemed to be concentrated in the sense of hearing. She moved not a limb, her head was fixed, her breath caught back within her lips and throat.

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

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

“You were an emigrant, you say, in this lost vessel,



and saw the death of Captain Barry, and the seizure of his ship?"

Clinton bowed.

"Would you, as you know this Pirate under all his disguises, have any objection to go with a company in search of him on the Lakes?"

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

"What objection is that?"

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

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

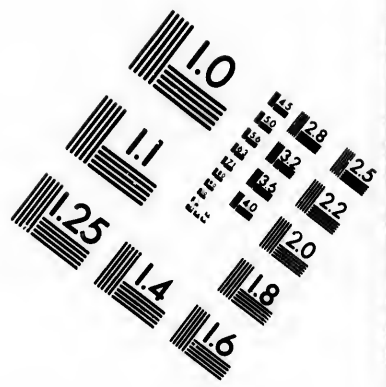
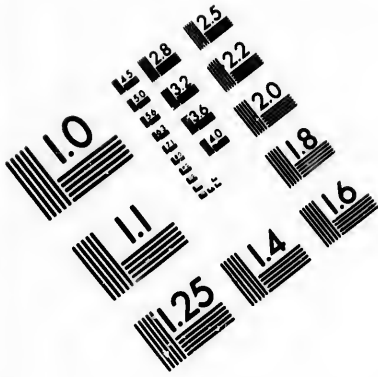
"Indeed!" exclaimed the lady, "I am very sorry to hear he suffered such a disaster. Have a glass of wine, sir," and she directly went herself to a decanter, and poured some Madeira. Her manner was hearty, warm, and motherly, and more truly pleasing than all the fine ladyisms in the world. Clinton could not but take the glass she offered with her own hand, and, with a gesture of genuine gratitude and respect, he drank.

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

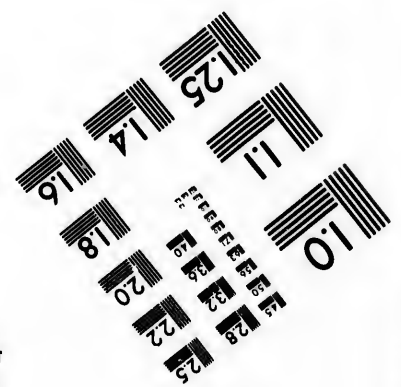
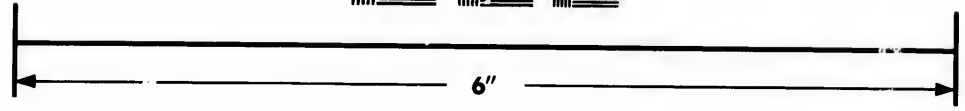
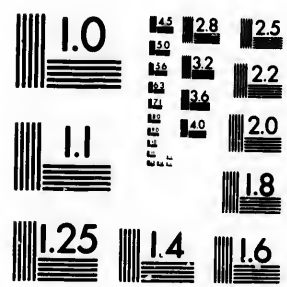
"No—dear madam; you are very kind to inquire," said Lady Cleveland, in a whisper scarcely audible two yards beyond her chair. "Perhaps you will have the kindness," she resumed, "to lend me your arm into the lawn—I do not feel perfectly well."

Faint as that whisper of Lady Cleveland's had been, it reached the heart of Clinton; unconscious of his movements, he arose from his chair, and remained standing,





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with one foot advanced, gazing after her, until the closing of the glass door roused him.

“It cannot be—I surely dream!” he exclaimed aloud. The Governor was astonished.

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

“I beg your pardon, but may I entreat that your Excellency will inform me the name borne by the young lady who has just gone into the garden?”

“Lady Cleveland is her name. She bears her husband’s name; he is a colonel—Colonel Cleveland. They have come out from the mother country by appointment under the British crown.”

“Her husband!” echoed Clinton, grasping the top of the chair.

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

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

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

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

“How provoking,” said she; “we have hardly been in this place Toronto, with its Indian name, a month,

and now we are to go to some out of the way place, I know not where, among strangers again. I hate travelling."

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

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

"But are you really going away?" asked the Governor, laughing, and patting her shining head.

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

"I am a little surprised—so soon—I was not informed," muttered the Governor, in disjointed sentences.

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

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

"I do not," replied Clinton, sighing.

When he had left the room, he had to cross some rather intricate passages, and in doing so, found that he

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

The ladies were sitting on a sofa, as it seemed to him, close to the inner side of the wall. They were evidently alone, for the tenour of their conversation was strictly confidential.

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

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

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

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

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

“An opera dancer in London,” were the next words which he made shift to hear; they had been spoken by Lady Hester Cleveland with much else that seemed to be important, if he might judge by the senior lady’s exclamations of “Indeed!—Really!—I am sorry to hear you say so!—I should not have thought the Colonel so de-praved!”

“I will not remain with him much longer,” said Lady Cleveland passionately, and a shower of tears accompanied the speech. “The earl, my father, may argue and plead for the Colonel,” she resumed, “and for the dignity of his house, and for the reputation of



his eldest daughter, as long as he will—I cannot bear what I now bear much longer, and I *will* not. Oh, my more than mother, kind madam, let me—let me unburden my mind fully to you! There is a positive relief in opening the heart to a friend, such as you are to me, after it has been long shut up with unutterable sorrows.” Her speech was more and more vehement, and her sobs mingled with every sentence in the most afflicting manner.

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

Clinton was quite unable to make out the long and melancholy recital which the young peeress was now some minutes, rapidly, and with many tears, unfolding to the matronly ear which was painfully bent to her. He conjectured, however, and conjectured rightly, that it concerned himself. He leaned against the wall overcome with the tumult of his feelings. He longed to burst through into her presence—to kneel before her—to express the homage of his soul—and to pour into her wounded heart the balm of exquisite affection. All that was evil in him he fancied he could renounce for ever, if he were but with her. But the figure of the Colonel came between him and those heated visions, and he cursed his own existence, and wished that he had never been born. He returned into the passage, and as nearly as he could, retraced his steps. Going along he met Colonel Cleveland himself, who was returning from a public square of

the town, in which he had been reviewing some troops of the Canadian militia. He was in full military dress, of a tall, tolerable figure, but appeared nearly as old as Lady Cleveland's father.

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

After the Colonel had passed, several servants appeared carrying luncheon to the Governor's table. Clinton waited until they returned, and then followed them down to the kitchen. Here he learnt that the Colonel had been twice before in Toronto, and that during his two former visits, as well as during his present one, he had acquired the character among the Canadians, of a man of loose morals, although a thorough soldier, and a liberal commander. Clinton next went out into the principal thoroughfare of the small capital town, with the hope of diverting his thoughts, but presently he grew wearied of observing things that had no evident relation to what concerned him most, and he walked as fast as possible in that direction which seemed to him least frequented. When he stopped he had reached the extremity of a sandy peninsula, which partially enclosed Toronto harbour. The scene was fine and singular. In front was Toronto, bordered with farms and gardens; on one

hand the peninsula seemed shrank to a span in breadth, and exhibited a tall lighthouse; on the other hand was an extensive marsh, and the River Don. Here, where Clinton was, the peninsula stretched a mile wide; the spot was known as Gibraltar Point; it formed the entrance beach of the harbour, and was protected by a good fort. The numerous flocks of wild fowl which gathered about the large ponds here, took the attention of Clinton for a brief space, and he went nearer to one of the stagnant pools to observe their motions. His eyes were pursuing a crowd of water-hens and ducks which were splashing among the weeds near the brink, and a smile was involuntarily relaxing his mouth, when a noise close to his ear startled him. He turned—and saw the Pirate. His first impulse was to throw himself upon the mariner, and to exclaim, “In the name of the Lieutenant-Governor, I arrest you! Yield, you are my prisoner!”

The Pirate shook him off, and laughed satirically. “Think you,” said he, “I ventured into the very jaws of that shark, some call justice, without being fully provided for any case of emergency that might happen. See, I am well armed.” He raised a boat-cloak which enveloped his figure in not ungraceful folds, and exhibited a sash stuck full in front with hand weapons. “You perceive,” said he, with laughing scorn, “you have little chance in a personal contest with me; besides, you are the lesser man. You have no such brawny limbs as these to show;” he bared his arms, which, indeed, were of exceeding strength, and again laughed, but as he did so, his eye settled upon Clinton with an abrupt expression of wonder and eagerness; and to the no small surprise of the young man, he snatched off the covering from Clinton’s

head, and exclaimed in accents, trembling and faltering as any woman's—

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Return it!—no, never!” said the Pirate, replacing the portrait quietly in the pocket from which he had taken it, but still surveying the features of Clinton with

scrutinising looks. "No—never! Tell me who was the female whose features are traced so well on this bit of wood which you lost—was she your mother? and was she an English woman?"

The question was put in a tone so peculiar, and so manifestly unfeigned, that Clinton felt constrained instantly to reply.

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

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

A whistle was raised to the Pirate's lips, and a low shrill sound passed over the pond. It was answered by three pirate seamen, who one by one sprang up from the thick bushes of the pond in which they had been concealed.

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

"Aye—aye, captain," was the brief response; and in five minutes a small trim boat floated into sight close to the borders of the solitary beach. Without speaking a word the Pirate stepped into it, and motioned to Clinton to join him, which the latter did.

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

"To the ship," was the Pirate's laconic reply; and after this he remained standing in the centre of the boat in earnest thought, while it glided swiftly outwards, from the

harbour, on Lake Ontario, near the head of which, Toronto, the capital of Upper Canada, is situated. The waters were almost at a dead stillness, and the keel of the boat ran on a surface smooth and equal, while a gentle breeze, blowing now and then from the shore, rendered the heated air delightful. A ship soon appeared in sight; it was lying on its anchor without motion, its top sails were partly fastened down, and its dark hull had a very strong and capacious appearance.

Clinton, as the boat approached toward the ship, surveyed it with curiosity, and asked the Pirate—

“What flag do you exhibit?”

“Only that of a fresh-water trader,” replied the Pirate, pointing with a smile to one which was hanging with scarce a movement from the top of the mast.

The boat was soon under the ship's side, and the ease and celerity with which the Pirate mounted to the deck, at once convinced Clinton that the former was here in his proper element. Two men on deck had been singing as they examined some cables, while they were sitting on the planks of the floor with their backs against a tree. One verse had been concluded, and a chorus, in which their comrades joined, was now roared out, loud as a north-western blast.

“Silence, rascals!” shouted the Pirate, in stentorian accents, as he assisted Clinton to ascend. “Haverstraw, is this obeying my directions? I thought I commanded you to preserve strict silence and order above board while I was absent?”

The ancient sailor to whom he addressed himself, was sitting with his head between his hands at the foot of the mainmast.

"It's no use in the world, captain, to leave me to order the men, for there's no such thing as doing any thing with them," said the old sailor, without stirring from his dejected posture.

"What is that you say, Toby?" said the Pirate, his eyes gleaming fiercely as they ranged around the vessel.

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

"Who has dared to disobey you, or slight your directions, Toby Haverstraw? Tell me—and tell me without disguise or evasion, as you love your own life."

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

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

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

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

"This is not the first time you have attempted to spread disorder and mutiny in the ship," said the Pirate; "I will not say more to you now, but if I hear of a

whisper of this sort again, some of your lives shall answer it—you hear me.”

Clinton was now conducted by the captain down into the interior of the ship, where he noticed, as he had done above, how strictly every thing was arranged, and how well all was prepared for defence. To a remark which he made, the Pirate replied—

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

Clinton followed his conductor into a room of good size, furnished in the style of an English drawing-room, with a rich carpet, chairs of fine polished wood, rose-wood sofa and tables, and ornamented fire-place.

“ This excites your surprise, I see,” said the Pirate, locking the door, and drawing against it a handsome painted screen.

“ Certainly it does,” said Clinton, viewing an oil painting that hung on the wall. “ I little expected to see a place so fitted up in a—”

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

“ If you can indeed *prove* it,” said Clinton, “ there shall be no secrets between us.”



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

The Pirate here went to a door that opened into an inner cabin, and called aloud—“Jenny—Jenny Anderson.”

“What!—can Miss Anderson be here!” exclaimed Clinton.

“Captain,” said our former Irish acquaintance, putting her head in at the door, “Miss Jane will be in to ye in a half a quarter of a minute, if you please.”

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

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

The Pirate leaned his elbow on the mantle-piece, and fixed his eyes sorrowfully on Clinton.

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

Just as he was speaking this, a loud and confused

noise was heard over head, and the captain, hastily begging to be excused a few minutes, hurried on deck to see the cause of the disturbance. He did not return for a quarter of an hour, and during this space, Jane Anderson entered. Deborah had informed her that Clinton was here, she did not, therefore, show much surprise at seeing him. She somewhat coolly met his warm greeting, and sat down on the sofa, as he occupied a chair near her.

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

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

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

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

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

Jane fetched a hand-mirror, and the picture Clinton

had lost was laid on the table. Smiles were exchanged as each, in turn, presented a face for the reflection of the mirror.

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

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

“ My sister—my dear sister! from this hour you have in me a friend and protector,” said Clinton, kissing her cheek with great tenderness.

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

“ Nicholas!” he exclaimed, at length giving vent to his emotions. “ Nicholas, my son! guilty as I am, and unworthy of my children’s love, I do crave it, and I feel it the only pleasure of my existence. However bad you know me to be, therefore, do not set me down as being without natural affection. Do not utterly despise and abhor me, Nicholas!”

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

“ Oh!” cried Jane, “ how great will be our happiness

if my father will be persuaded to leave the way of life he is now in! Try—try, brother, to persuade him!” The mild eyes of the speaker, eloquent with persuasive tears, were turned to the face of the Pirate, and she caught at the belief that she should now gain her dearest wish. The Pirate, anxious not to damp her spirits, replied—

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

While the Pirate was bringing upon the table some of the same delicious liquor which had been so approved by the inmates of the Pastor’s lodge, Jane whispered to Clinton, “Do not give up the point—do not rest until you have induced him to forsake the evil men he is now associated with.”

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

This introduced the expected story of the Pirate’s past life, which he told in nearly the following words:—

“The adventures I have passed through, my dear children, are too many for me to relate in full. I must, therefore, confine myself to the most important; and, to speak the truth, some of them it would pain me too much to dwell upon. I was the only child of poor and very young parents, who died in my infancy, and left me without home or friends. In this state I was taken into an indigent relative’s cabin, and lived there in a half-starved condition, until my third year; the cabin stood

on the extensive seignorie of a very rich man of solitary and eccentric habits ; he was accustomed to take long walks and rides alone, but never had been known to pass the boundaries of his estate. There was not a hut, however insignificant, tenanted from him, that he did not visit at stated intervals with the most precise regularity. He always inquired at such visits into the wants of all the inmates, and never failed to leave a blessing behind him. Sometimes he had the small buildings repaired, or he erected convenient outhouses, or put in windows ; sometimes he gave the cottager a stout beast of burden, or an additional piece of ground, or a stock of homely blankets and winter furs, or a fishing boat. But his aim was not to prevent the necessity of forethought and industry on the part of the peasant, but to assist and reward them. The woman with whom I was, he had visited duly for three years, but had bestowed little on her, for she was not a very worthy character, and her temper was as deplorable as her habits, but at the end of the third year, to her great astonishment, he told her that he would remove from her one who was evidently a cause of misery to her, the little urchin she had taken out of charity, and that he would have the boy provided for at his own expense. I was thereupon removed to a large and ancient baronial house ; a man of learning was in a few years hired to inform me in languages and the sciences ; a yearly provision was legally made over to me upon certain singular conditions, and the bulk of his fortune, and his noble residence, were secured to me at his death. Would you think it possible, my children, that with such advantages, and with such intellects as I possessed, I could be unhappy ? Yet,

so I was. But I must explain to you, if I can, some of the causes—apparently very trivial ones—that made me so. In the first place, I must never stir beyond his grounds—then I must not go beyond the gardens around the house without being accompanied by him or my tutor—then I must hold no intercourse with any persons that had not first been seen and approved by him—then three times a day I must attend prayers, long and dull ones, repeated word for word, without variation, the year round. I feel that such obligations must seem to you very trifling sources of disquietude—yet they ultimately caused me to throw away fortune and favour. My character as a youth was singularly independent, and I could not brook the idea which was constantly presented before me, of what I *owed* my benefactor. I could not endure that my inclinations, which were of a wandering, open, inquisitive, gay nature, should be so continually checked as they were by my tutor's ill-judged representations—that my benefactor would be angry—that he would cut off my expectations. And let him, I at last broke out, I will no more be immured as I have been. This place is like a prison to me, and I have found companions beyond it that suit my taste well. If I was destitute when he took me, I will go from him in the same condition. I will not take a single dollar with me, nor any more clothes than these I wear. I will seek my fortune on the sea, I care not to whatever part of the world chance may direct me; and let my way be rough or smooth, I shall not heed, so I am at liberty, and master of my own actions.

“The tutor repeated my words with considerable exaggeration to my foster-father, who called me before

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

“Now, my children, you will easily guess that I was not made happier by this change. For a little while I pleased myself with my apparent freedom from restraint, and set myself with all my heart and mind to learn the art of ship-management. But too soon the realities of my condition forced themselves upon my notice. I found I was placed among companions who excited in

me disgust and dislike, and that I was subordinate to men, whose arrogance, tyranny, sensuality, and want of mental refinement, also made me hate and despise them. For some time I kept myself aloof from all, and hid the passions which burned within me, employing myself unweariedly with my new profession, and making myself master of both its theory and practice. At length, my success, and some accidental praises which it drew forth from the master of the vessel, brought upon me the envy of the crew, who already jeered me for my lofty humours as they termed them, and detested me because I would not join them in their vulgar carousals. I left this ship, and joined myself to another of still larger construction, and of a different craft, which sailed further out, and in waters more difficult of navigation. My object was to perfect myself as much as possible in seamanship in order that I might ultimately raise myself to the command of a vessel. And after beating about a good while, and suffering much that I should be glad to forget, I *did* get advanced until I was second in command, and, I believe, I may boldly say first in skill, on board the Antelope, owned by Captain Barry. Drink again my son."

The Pirate averted his face for a minute, and then drank deep of the rich wine; Clinton took a turn across the cabin; Jane felt uneasy, at once being conscious that both were in possession of some dreadful secret connected with the Antelope of which they wished to spare her the knowledge. The suspicion entered her mind that her father had really destroyed the good old captain, and she turned exceedingly pale; but the dreadful idea was instantly overcome; nevertheless, it was with fearful



expectation that she heard her father resume his narrative.

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

“I wish that I could describe to you the only woman I ever loved as I remember her at that time. That picture of her which is before you was taken several years afterwards, when hardship and sorrow had taken the gloss from her beauty. I say beauty, though none ever called her in the strict sense a beautiful woman: but she had a fine delicacy of complexion—a sweetness of expression about the mouth—and a bashful, but deep tenderness in the eyes—which, if it was not beauty, I know not what other name to give it. You may see by the likeness that hers was not a common face. It shows her fair, but she was much fairer than the painter could delineate, for hers was a fairness of the soul which shone through her countenance. Her hair was extremely light and soft, as it appears in the portrait; but that shade of melancholy diffused over her forehead and mouth was not there when first I knew her.

“You have read the wooing of Shakspeare’s Othello, Nicholas; well, mine in some respects resembled it. I

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

“ Poor Fanny ! then her sorrows began. She was in character just what her daughter is now—serious, affectionate, mild, and of a most filial temper. Her parents objected to me on grounds that I have since seen to be reasonable enough, but which I then thought frivolous and arbitrary. She had been brought up in a strictly religious way—I had no concern about or regard for religion : she was of quiet, domestic habits of life—I had no other home but a ship, and was constantly roving over the wide world of waters. But these objections, and others like them, my passion would not listen to. I daily pressed for an union, and at last, when the time of my departure from England was fixed, my earnestness overcame Fanny's scruples, and we were privately married in a village church near the house in which we first met. Thus love conquered, and so I thought it ought to do ; but at that time I did not comprehend the tender and conscientious spirit I had won. She drooped under self blame, for the violation of duty to her parents. ‘ I have given them sorrow,’ was her cry, ‘ who never gave

me other than happiness; the tears and the sighs of my father and my mother will always be present with me go where I will; their home was a paradise, until my disobedience set regret and misery in it; their broken peace will pursue me to my last hour, though I go to the ends of the earth.'

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

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

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

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

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

"Our married life," he continued, "was not happy. To trace step by step the progress of our unhappiness would be too much for me at present, but I will plainly tell you the real sources whence it proceeded as it appears to me. If Fanny had been of a more adventurous,

spirited, ambitious character, I should have been happier with her; I should not have loved her so tenderly as I did, but I should have been happier with her. This was the principal fountain of our infelicity I feel persuaded, and others sprang out of and with it. She regretted her separation from her relatives too much, and too much lamented the single act of filial disobedience which she had committed. She too little entered into my schemes of enterprise—too little cared for my worldly advancement. She was too anxious for quiet and retirement—and, to speak the truth, too much loved virtue and religion.

“In Quebec I furnished a small house for her, and there you, Nicholas, were born, and there some of your mother’s saddest hours were spent.”

At this point of the Pirate’s narrative the noise overhead was repeated, and Jane, half rising from the sofa, looked alarmed. The Pirate pressed her gently back to her seat.

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

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

“Do you know what is the matter?” he asked.

She answered in an under tone, and with hurried breath, “Two of the worst men of this evil crew have

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often threatened father with—hark!—yes, it is them who have come down. Toby's voice, too—surely it was not him who fell! Kind old Toby, who once saved me in the waters at the risk of his own life—what *can* they be quarrelling about now?" she added.

"Jenny—Jenny—sit down, and be at your ease!" said the Pirate, with hasty and anxious gestures, which prevented the effect upon her that he wished.

"Cap'n, come out!" exclaimed a coarse voice outside the cabin door; "come out, and clear yerself!"

The door was instantly thrown open by the Pirate, and with pistol cocked he stepped out, saying with perfect self-possession, but in a manner calculated to daunt every adversary, "Who speaks? Of what am I called upon to clear myself? Hah! Toby on the ground!" he cried, in sterner accents, "how came he there?"

The old sailor had struck his head against the foot of the ladder, and was stunned. The Pirate raised him, still keeping his eye on the two men, and kneeling on one knee. Raising his powerful voice, he called up to the scamen above—

"How did Haverstraw get in this condition?"

A black looking down, replied, "Massa Captin, dat Jonas it was who trow him down de steps. Me will tell de truth, Jonas, if me die for't. You did trow de old man down, cause him say to you de Captin had *not* soid de vessel to de Governor in Toronto. Michael and Jonas say, Massa Captin, dat you hab been in de town to sell de vessel and de brave buccaneers. Dey say dat you hab brought aboard one of de Governor's people to spy de vessel, and they will hab his life and kill you too."

“Cuss you, you black fool!” exclaimed Michael from below, between his teeth, “I wish I was behind you. I do! Take care of yerself, youarnation fool you—take care of yer sooty self, from this minute! As sartin as ever you had a cowskin whistling about your cussed back, you shall have a feel of my knife yet, you shall!”

“Me tell de truth, Jonas,” said the black, coming down a step or two of the ladder, having a cutlass drawn in his hand. “Me am not frightened wid big words. You say Massa Captin sell dis vessel and de brave buccaneers to de Governor, and you trow down old Toby cause him take Massa Captin’s part; and you say—”

Here one of the two desperadoes below made a rush at the black, and succeeded in pulling him down; but the Pirate, letting Haverstraw’s head and shoulders fall back to the ground, stood between them, and in low, but emphatic tones, exclaimed—

“Not another word or movement of discord *here*, or you die! Silence, friendly, faithful negro! Silence, Michael, Jonas—malicious disturbers! Be hushed; all of you, and go up above! I will come to you there, and satisfy the crew, if they are to be satisfied, concerning things in which they would never have doubted me, had it not been for *your* good offices, Michael and Jonas!”

Jonas, who was a short, stout-built personage, with a face of most villainous expression, said, in reply—

“The crew aint to be satisfied; they know who’s who, and what’s what. They know you have been to the Governor’s, and mean to swamp the vessel, and give up the buccaneers to swing outside Toronto gaol, or on a hiccory-branch by lynch-law. They have had a hye

on your outsailings and insailings, for this many-a-day, they have, and 'tis no manner of use spinning 'em any more smooth yarns, Cap'n, for they know what it comes to.'

"Villain!" muttered the Pirate, who trembled lest his son and daughter should have heard what had passed; for their sakes he dissembled a little, and said, with as much calmness as he could command—

"*Here* I will say not a word more—hear not a word. Go on deck, I will come in a second or two; and then, whether you Michael and Jonas shall be heard, or whether I shall be heard—whether you shall be masters of the ears and confidence of the crew, or whether I shall have my due influence in my own ship—must be at once, and permanently, decided. Now go on deck," he said to the black, "go up good fellow, you have done me a great service—it shall not go unrewarded—"

"No, nigger, it shant, I promise thee," said Michael, meaningly, who, a little taller than his choice companion, Jonas, strikingly resembled him, and had the same sort of forbidding personal characteristics—the same thick neck, low forehead, large lips, and eyes devoid of any redeeming expression. "No, Cap'n," he went on, with the most triumphant and daring malignity, "above deck I will not go. You have a critter of the Governor's in that same cabin of yourn; let him come out and show himself. He and his employers would give us a taste of lynching, I guess," cried the fellow raising his voice; "let him come out, and he shall give us his opinion if it's suitable to his own palate!"

Often had the Pirate been in extreme danger from the lawless and ferocious tempers of the men with whom



he was associated, but never before had he felt the dismay which he felt now. Clinton was in imminent peril owing to a mistaken notion of his errand here being spread among the sailors—how was the father to dispossess the band of the poisonous idea in time to rescue him? Having scarcely a moment for reflection the Pirate double-locked the cabin door on the outside, secured the key, and, calling on the black to follow him, hastened up the ladder.

The negro was a young runaway American slave; his frame, which was well knit, and of the middle height, had no other clothing than trowsers of striped cotton, and a blue shirt left unfastened at his sable neck and breast; his face was not unpleasing; there was something frank and open about the lines of his mouth, and something affectionate and generous in the sparkle of his eyes. Merry, as he was named, had been a favourite in the ship; he had, up to the present time, offended no one, but obliged and cheered even the most sullen by his good humour and accommodating disposition. To two persons he had remarkably attached himself from the first hour of his admission into the vessel—those persons were the Captain and ancient Haverstraw.

“Keep close to me, Merry, my good fellow,” said the Pirate, speaking under his breath, and pausing an instant at the top of the ladder.

“Yes, Massa Captin—me at your heels—me stand by you,” whispered the black; “but dere be big black looks ready for you, I can tell, Massa, and amost a buchel of swords de men got out of de room where you look ’em up, and powder too. By gor, Massa, dey got powder in all dere pistols, and balls too—de rascals!”

"Hah! have they been to the powder room!" exclaimed the Pirate. "Well, Merry, never mind, we must make the best of a bad matter; now come on, and be sure you speak not a word, or half a word, nor lift your hand, unless I bid you."

"Me hear, Massa Captin—me mind what him say," said the black.

The deck was crowded with seamen, all armed as if for a fight; there was whispering on one hand, and loud and fierce talking on the other; some men were walking up and down with moody and dangerous looks, and some in a group were waiting the approach of the Pirate.

"I thought that when I came up last I had dispersed you all to your employments," said he, quietly but sternly; "how is it then I find you here in this disorderly way? Do you want to bring immediate destruction on us? Do you not think that passing vessels and boats have already observed you? Come, come away to your places, while there is a probability of your being safe. Put by your arms and disperse."

After a little fear and hesitation the sailors declared their determination not to separate or quit their postures of defiance.

"Jonas says you have sold us to the Governor," said one sailor.

"Jonas lies!" exclaimed the Pirate.

"Michael says that you have a spy of the Toronto assembly men in your cabin now."

"Michael lies!" again exclaimed the Pirate.

The two causers of the disturbance now came up, determined not to let pass this opportunity for ruining the Captain, as they had for some time waited for such

an one. They stood face to face with him, and with shameless looks reasserted their falsehoods. The sailors every moment grew more irritated and more deadly minded. Clinton's life was demanded. The Pirate's features grew darkly pale, and his heart quaked.

"Merry," he whispered, grasping the black's wrists, "my faithful Merry, get out the small boat—be hasty, and tell me when it is ready; you may do it, perhaps, with a little skill and boldness."

"Me hab got it ready—it is on de water, Massa Cap-tin, awaiting for you. Me saw de debil in all de crew, and me was afeard for you and Fader Toby, so me said noting, but dropped de boat down from de vessel side while all de sailors were busy wid de bad notions dat Michael and Jonas put into 'em—de rascals!"

"I shall not forget this goodwill, this forethought of yours, Merry. You say true, the evil spirit is indeed in the minds of these men at present, and I have no power to drive it thence, I fear, good fellow."

The Pirate then turned to the men who were on the point of rushing down to drag forth Clinton from the cabin, and said, not without signs of agitation, "You will stop an instant, sailors! *Generous* and *just* men—you will hear me tell you *who* he is you are going to destroy. He is—my own son! Do you credit me? I tell you he is my son! His mother, whose bones and ashes lie in Quebec, was the wife of my bosom. Now, if you will, bring him up!—insult him!—injure him!—take from him that breath he derived from me—from me—your Captain, whom you have each sworn, yes, *sworn*, to serve and obey! Why do you not go to fetch him to death? I will not stir a muscle—I will stand still and look on

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—I will be still and passive—while my son is in his expiring agonies!”

The listeners were startled, surprised, moved; they appeared irresolute, and looked one on another.

“Some of you have been fathers!” continued the Pirate more vehemently.—“What of that—bring up my son to death! Some of you, exiles though you now are from society, have lived in it in times past as I have, and have been married to the women of your hearts.—What of that—bring up the first-born of *my* wife to death! I have been true to you to the present moment—I have made no gain but what you have shared—I have been the first here to expose myself to danger, and the last to shrink from hardship—I have hourly consulted your comforts—I have daily promoted your interests. But what of that!—You have conceived a suspicion against me. Fetch up my son—my only son—and sacrifice him—I will not stir a hand to save him from your malice!” and so folding his arms, the Pirate sat down on a seat at the side of the deck.

In the meantime Jane and Clinton remained in suspense in the cabin. The latter concealed the extent of his own fears in order that he might support the spirits of his sister. They had heard all that had passed at the foot of the companion-ladder, and both now stood close to the cabin door anxiously listening to every sound that came from the deck. Presently they heard Toby Haverstraw get up and totter. Jane spoke to him, and asked if he had been hurt by his fall.

“No, my dear Miss,” he answered feebly; “my head is a little confused, that’s all, but it will soon go off.”

He was ascending the ladder with weak steps to see what was passing above, and, if he could, to render his Captain assistance, when the latter came down hastily.

"I am glad, Toby, to see you on your legs again," said he, "especially as I want to send you ashore instantly. Hark you, go up, say not a word to any of the men if you can avoid it, put yourself as quietly as possible in the boat which is on the water, and, as soon as this young stranger now in my cabin is by your side, push off, and move as quickly as you like to Toronto beach."

The old man did not stay to speak a word, but made all haste to fulfil his Captain's request.

The cabin door was unlocked; the Pirate entered, still with assumed composure. His countenance, however, was flushed and dark, and there was a slumbering vengeance in his eye, which augered ill, at some future hour, for those who had chafed, and humbled, and disturbed him.

"Nicholas," said he, with a smile, "I must cut short our conference. Much that I had intended to say to you must be left unsaid until a more favourable opportunity. Embrace your sister, and part from her at once, the boat waits for you. Her heart will be with you while you are absent from her; for to be affectionate to the relatives God has given her, is part of her religion, as it was of her mother's."

Now Jane was alternately pressed to the heart of her father and her brother. "These days of terror!" she exclaimed; "would to God they were passed!"

"They will only pass, I fear, with my life," said the Pirate, gloom suddenly overshadowing his whole aspect;

and. after a few brief sentences more, Clinton left the cabin. As he was about to spring into the boat, he was detained by one of the men who had endeavoured to excite a mutiny.

"You must not go, young gentleman," said he, "until you have signed yourself as one of us; so that if we should be trussed on a gibbet for the entertainment of the good folks in Toronto, you may keep us company."

Seeing several ruffianly individuals standing by the speaker, armed, Clinton, after an unavailing remonstrance, deemed it only prudent to comply with the unpleasant demand. After he had placed his name at the bottom of the list of pirates, he was allowed to enter the boat, and Haverstraw, who was already in it, instantly rowed off. They had not gone many yards before a shot came whistling by the head of Clinton, and dropped harmlessly in the lake. This made Toby hasten the progress of the little bark, which soon floated in safety at the edge of the fine, clean, limestone beach of grav

## CHAPTER XII.

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“ Farewell again! and yet  
Must it indeed be so—and on this shore  
Shall you and I no more  
Together see the sun of the summer set.”—*Barry Cornwall.*

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THE afternoon had been extremely hot and bright, though the winter was close at hand. The evening came on soft and mellow in its more sober colourings. The blue-winged duck flew over the tranquil waters of the lake, beneath a sky so splendid that it would outvie the gaudiest pageant of man's invention. Yellow clouds were sprinkled over the wide blue ether, becoming, toward the west, gorgeous with other brilliant colours; and there was the mighty sun himself, his enlarged disk just ready to dip beneath the water, that burned with a golden glory, streaming out far across the lucid tide toward the beach.

After Haverstraw returned to the ship, Clinton walked by the lake, endeavouring to calm the fever of his mind by the tranquillising influences of nature, which he of all men was fitted to understand and feel. But there were at least two spirits in his breast which the most potent spells of nature could not exorcise—conscience and

passion. New ties were now entwined around him, with new sorrows, new pains, new anxieties. His father he had been prepared to love, even before he met him, and he now did love him—yes, love him even for his errors' sake. But his sister, she was a character so excellent in her unobtrusiveness, in her purity, in her gentleness, in her piety, and in her devotedness to her parent, that he shrank back from himself with abhorrence when he thought of her. It had been with inward shame that he had sat in her presence—remembering all that had passed in the Pastor's settlement—knowing that she was a mourner for Lucy, whose death he justly charged himself with having caused—and feeling satisfied that *she*, at least, had suspected latterly the truth of his statements regarding the son of the backwoodsman.

There was no relief under heaven for him from the burden of his conscience. He now learned that a loaded conscience is an awful thing, and will permit no peace to its possessor, unless it be the peace which stupid indifference yields—and Clinton was not moulded for that.

Once, after a fit of deep, remorseful melancholy, he stopped abruptly in his walk, raised his eyes from the gravel, and, while a light suddenly flashed in them, and while his cheek burned, the name of "Lady Hester," broke audibly from his lips, in an accent of lively passion. All other feelings—ties—remembrances—obligations—were cast in an instant from his mind. She, and she alone, was now the object of his heated thoughts.

He recalled, with dangerous minuteness, every word which he had overheard her say to the Governor's lady—her sobs, her vehement utterance, and her expressions of hatred against her husband. He dwelt upon them



entirely absorbed, until his train of thought was interrupted by the passing by of many persons. He then found that he had unconsciously walked with very rapid steps to the most frequented part of the beach, and that his look of abstraction had already drawn upon him the notice of several individuals.

Rather confused by this discovery he stood still, and affected to be engaged in observing the motions of half a dozen men who were conveying stores into a strong steam vessel, upon which the eyes of many curious gossips, male and female, were assiduously bent. From the flying small talk which was alive among them, he learned that this was the vessel appointed to "hunt the Pirate," and that forty picked men were paid to man it.

How miraculously had a few hours altered his feelings with regard to that Pirate; he could not look upon the vessel without a sick shudder; his right hand closed on the air tightly, so that the nails pierced the palm, as if some instrument of death were in it for that Pirate's defence.

As he was anxious to escape the crowd of loiterers of the lower orders, which the closing of the hours of trade, and the calmness of the evening, had drawn forth from the streets of Toronto, he ascended the nearest cliffs, on whose white sides the amber flood of the sunlight rested with beautiful effect.

He proceeded with unwearied steps along the head of the line of cliffs, meeting few persons, and choosing the wildest tracks in order that he might meet with fewer. At length, he sat down to rest near the edge of the precipice, on a spot which was well known for the prospect it afforded—perhaps the finest of the fine ones for which

Toronto cliffs are distinguished. At first, in darkness of soul, he suffered his head to drop upon a rock, and closed his eyes; then forgetting himself, started up, and as he thought of Lady Hester—*married*—wrung his hands and groaned. Afterwards he shed tears, as he looked over the wide spread lake, and saw the distant vessel which contained his outlawed father and his homeless sister.

Imagining himself to be perfectly alone he did not restrain in the least the outward expression of his feelings, but found a relief in giving them free vent; when he grew calmer, he drew the parts of a flute from his pocket, screwed them together, with a sigh raised the instrument to his lips, and played upon it the air of a song which had been composed by Lady Hester during his first acquaintance with her, and which he had often sang to the unfortunate Lucy. The notes charmed him, and something of a fanciful delight stole over his senses.

Withdrawing the flute from his lips, at the close of a third repetition of the air, he surveyed the scene before him, and several exquisite descriptions of such objects as he beheld, in the poets of his own country, occurred to his memory.

Facing him was the western horizon with all its magnificent clouds, where the sun had a few minutes before disappeared; nearly in the same direction were shores covered to the water's edge with majestic woods, whose frequent openings revealed the white houses of flourishing settlers from Europe. Golden light, reflected by the transparent water, was slowly retreating from that cheering part of the picture, and was becoming replaced by tender and varied shadows little less beautiful.

“ There are homes of happiness !” said Clinton, as he watched, with an eye expressive of many sorrowful regrets, such as had not been accustomed to find a lodgement in his breast, the lights that cheerfully twinkled among the darker woods ; “ but I—and those dear to me—are wanderers !” Then his glance went farther out on the prospect—

“ Wandering among the lawny islands fair,  
Whose blossomy forests starred the shadowy deep.”

Those islands slept in tranquil shade on their own mirrored resemblances, for the lake was so clear that every where it gave accurate reflections of the objects on its surface.

“ Ah,” said Clinton, “ I could dream now of a bower of love on one of yonder lovely islands—no society but the ancient trees and their denizens, and the beloved object—what would be the censure of the world to *us* there ? She, whose name is set in diamonds in my soul, should then never weep again—she should never be again the slave of a foul tyrant !”

A dew broke out on his forehead—wild ideas were brooding in his mind, and he pronounced, in impassioned accents, some lines of a rhapsodist of poetry who had been bewildered like himself with ungoverned feelings of the heart and fancy.

The breeze from the lake had grown brisker as the evening advanced, and it was just at the present moment that it bore toward Clinton a scarf, which dropped nearly beside his feet. He looked along the cliffs, on the side where the article had been buoyed along, and saw two ladies at some distance who were proceeding with slow steps toward the town. He instantly took up the scarf,

and followed them with it, but when he had gone some way he stopped—the figures of the ladies were those of Mrs. Markham and Lady Hester. He directly suspected that they had witnessed his strange reverie—if so, Lady Hester was in possession of the present state of his feelings; but the distance from the place where he had been sitting corrected this idea. His heart throbbed with mingled and intense emotions as he approached her—she was just looking around for the stray article.

“Madam,” said he; she started, and that trembling intonation of voice went directly to her heart. “This scarf, I believe, is yours. The wind conveyed it to my feet, and I am happy in the opportunity of restoring it to its owner.”

“I thank you, Mr. Clinton,” said she, very softly, and without looking at him.

At that instant Mrs. Markham felt the left hand of Lady Hester press heavy on her arm; she perceived also that her young friend trembled, and on looking in her face, saw her eyelids sinking with faintness, and her lips turning white. Clinton also observed these symptoms of agitation, and again he triumphed inwardly with a bitter joy.

Presently the ladies rested on a seat, and Clinton stood by the side of Mrs. Markham conversing with her on the beauties of the view, his manner combining the most gentlemanly ease and gracefulness, with that modest distance suitable to his circumstances.

“This evening has really been most enchanting,” said he, after some previous talk; “one regrets to see it fade.” He sighed, and glancing toward Lady Hester repeated expressively—

“ Yet even then, while peace was singing  
 Her halcyon song o'er land and sea,  
 Tho' joy and hope to others bringing,  
 She only brought new tears to me.”

Such hours—such scenes as this—should not be profaned by gloom. It was for your clear and serene spirits, ladies, that such were made,” he added, with an air of gallantry.

Lady Hester arose as he said this; her self-command, great as it usually was, had nearly forsaken her; she felt unable to bear more, and asked Mrs. Markham if she was willing to proceed, as night was setting in.

“ For a moment longer let me detain you,” said Clinton, going to the side of Lady Hester, and pointing over the lake. “ Observe that remarkable high-land in the distance, how boldly and beautifully it is defined against that soft sky—and those refractions of the lake at different parts, how lovely and singular they are.”

Lady Hester replied to his remarks on the scenery in monosyllables, and carefully avoided meeting his eye.

Mrs. Markham was so much pleased with the young man that she would have asked him to walk with them into Toronto, had she not again seen too visibly impressed on Lady Hester's face, the pain of mind she was enduring.

“ We shall hardly get home before it is quite dark, my dear,” said Mrs. Markham, rising and drawing her shawl more over her shoulders. She took Lady Hester's arm; “ We have loitered much too long here, you have some fatigue you know, my dear, to bear to-morrow. Mr. Clinton, you have heard I suppose at what hour the packet will leave Toronto?”

“ Do you mean, madam, the vessel in which I am to sail ?”

“ Yes, that one which the Governor has been so busy fitting out for the capture of this Pirate whom all the folks are talking about.”

“ No, I have not received any notice to day from his Excellency, to acquaint me with the time proposed for setting out; indeed I have not been in the town since morning.”

“ Then you have not heard the news of the Pirate, with which the whole town is already ringing from one end to the other ?”

“ What news, madam ?” said Clinton, eagerly. “ No—I have heard none !”

“ It was reported to the Governor, while he was sitting at his wine after dinner, that a brig had been plundered close to the harbour last night by the Pirate’s men, and that he himself had been seen on the beach to day in disguise.”

“ Indeed !” exclaimed Clinton. “ And his Excellency is satisfied of the truth of the report ?”

“ O, perfectly ; but, more than all, it is said that the pirates are really in the harbour now, under a false appearance. The Governor intends as soon as it is dark to-night, to make a private scrutiny, and, if he discovers nothing, you will be called on to join the bold band who are engaged to search for the privateers, at ten o’clock next forenoon.”

“ I shall be quite ready,” said Clinton.

“ I wish you less difficulty and danger with your enterprise than I fear you will have—and good weather too,” said Mrs. Markham ; “ the water and the sky

promise well for you at present. I hope their flattering appearances may not prove deceitful."

"Lady Cleveland too, I have heard," said Clinton, diffidently, "intends to quit Toronto by water in a few hours—for *her* I hope the elements may be calm, I am indifferent to their changes for my own sake." These words, spoken with ill-disguised tenderness, were not lost on Lady Hester.

"Well, we may not see you again—at least not until this projected expedition is over," said Mrs. Markham. "I sincerely wish you well. Your life has been unfortunate hitherto I know; but you must not despond; you cannot tell what good things Providence may yet have in store for you."

"It can have nothing better for me, madam, in this world," said Clinton, "than the good wishes of a heart like yours."

Mrs. Markham's eyes were moistened with the tears of kindness as she gave him her hand, and pronounced a final good bye, her heart full of the melancholy tale which Lady Hester had told her of his early disappointment. Lady Hester, also, just as they were turning from him, offered her hand; he took it, pressed it, and said, fervently, "Peace and health be with you, lady!"

Thus this unexpected meeting terminated—but not so its consequences.

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## CHAPTER XIII.

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Misfortune binds us in her powerful bands ;  
Danger enchains us heart to heart ; and fear,  
And need, and sorrow, and remorse,  
Draw round our hapless selves a circle charmed.—*Mary Bennet.*

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CLINTON determined, at all hazards, to apprise his father of his danger. Having left the value of a small canoe with its owner, he paddled himself out from a retired sand-bank, at the foot of the cliffs, and made towards the spot where the Pirate's vessel lay.

It was between ten and eleven o'clock, there was no moon, and only a few scattered stars in the sky, but it was sufficiently light for him to be enabled to avoid coming in contact with any of the boats and canoes which still plied on the lake. He found the ship he sought, moved from its former position, and spreading all its sails to the wind as if about to wing its way to a safer distance from its pursuers. Lanterns were moving about the decks, and as Clinton glided under the gunwale he heard the voice of the Pirate issuing commands to the crew. His mind was instantly relieved of some of its apprehensions. "All is quiet within the ship," said he to himself—"that is a happiness!"



“ Who goes there ?” shouted a pair of brazen lungs from the edge of the forecastle.

“ It is I--your Captain’s son,” answered Clinton, in a voice only just loud enough to make itself heard. “ I bring you important intelligence.”

“ Why did you come so close without hailing us ?” said the speaker in the ship: “ you might have had a half score of bullets into your boat before you had thought of saying your prayers.”

The Pirate started when he heard that his son had returned to the ship. He was standing by the foremast, and without moving he waited Clinton’s appearance, still giving directions to the seamen in clear, sonorous tones, not allowing himself to appear conscious of any interruption.

The animated, yet orderly scene, which the vessel presented to Clinton’s eye when he stepped upon deck, was new to him, and inspired him with interest. As he walked from the half deck to the forecastle he looked on all sides, then upwards at the shining cordage of the rigging. The privateers were busy every where, and their Captain’s orders were repeated and answered by them, both below and aloft, in that wild, monotonous recitative, which is so pleasing on the water to a romantic ear.

The Pirate beckoned to Clinton to stand by him, then proceeded with his duty. When all the ship was in perfect sailing order, and the privateers were each set in their respective places ready to unfetter the ship from her moorings, and to guide it out into deeper waters, before he exchanged a word with his son, he called near two men, and said—

“There shall not one word pass between me and this young man on his present visit hither but in your presence. You have seen that I have not yet spoken with him. I demand that you will now be witnesses for me with the rest of the crew, and repeat to them every sentence you will hear pass between us. I sacrifice my private feelings to the peace and safety of the ship. I shall behave to my son as to a stranger, in order that the confidence of my men, now once again restored to me, may be preserved.”

The two mariners he addressed muttered something to the effect that they did not wish to separate father and son. Now the Pirate, though he made concessions to his men as a *body*, was too wary to do so with them *individually*, but he made every man personally feel strictly subordinate to him. As he would make no concessions but to the *whole* crew, so he would receive no remission of them but from the *whole*; therefore, as if he had not heard what the two men whom he had called near had spoken, he turned to Clinton.

“Nicholas,” said he, “what has brought you back to this ship to-night? Have you forgot the peril in which you were so recently placed by the suspicion that was here entertained against you?”

“I have come,” said Clinton, “to tell you that the Governor is making strict search for you in the harbour. Even while I speak, armed officers are just at hand prepared to surround you.”

“How has he learnt we were in the harbour?” asked one of the men, with a sinister look.

“That I know not,” said Clinton; “but,” he added pointedly, “in my opinion, the informant would hardiy

have risked his life to give you warning of flight. But this is not all—there was a brig rifled last night by you, at a spot not far from here, so the Governor has received tidings, and he has heard, also, that the captain of the men who rifled her, was to-day in disguise in Toronto.”

“ This is news indeed !” exclaimed the Pirate, again starting. “ Thanks, son ! In an hour I shall laugh at all pursuit,” he added ; “ I have got stores enough here to last under a long chase. I fear nothing, only let me get my anchor on board again. I have held our foes at bay before this. Have you any thing more of consequence to say ?”

“ No, I have told you all that I myself know of the Governor’s movements,” replied Clinton ; “ and, in doing so, I have compromised my honour to save you, for before I knew that in the Pirate I had a father, I had engaged with the Governor to join those who were to endeavour to capture him.”

“ Well now, if you join *us* instead of them, gallant young sir,” said a third privateer, who had also been listening, “ we shall be glad to shake hands with you, and you shall have my voice toward making you one in command under your father. He is a bold and a clever buccaneer, no one can deny it, and carries his brains full of learning of all sorts. We have all been proud of him as our Cap’n, until those two fellows you saw last afternoon made a hubbub here with a parcel of lies—but they have had a taste of hemp this evening, and are lying together in a watery hammock under our gunnel, just below the bottom of your canoe there ; but as I was saying, young sir, blow me, you must have had your father’s spirit to venture back here now ; and as there is

something genteel in your cut, and you have got a head full of scholarly brains like our Captain; why you shall have my voice, as I said before, toward the making you his mate."

Clinton expressed a due sense of the proposed honour, but declined it, although it was now pressed upon him by several others of the privateers, and objected to by none, all being more or less desirous of conciliating their Captain, and of inducing him to forget the bad treatment he had lately received from their hands.

"I refuse you," said Clinton, to the privateers, "because I think I can do you better service by keeping my engagement with the Governor. The vessel which is to pursue you starts at ten to-morrow. I shall go with it; and if you will decide upon some signals by which I may make known to you our approach to your hiding places, I may prevent you from being surprised."

"You know then that we do not intend to keep on the open lake?" said the Pirate; "I am positive that I did not tell you that."

"You did not, but I surmised as much," said Clinton; "and I do not ask to be informed in what caverns or rocks on the shores you intend to hide. You will most likely be kept on the move, for depend upon it they are keen and hardy men who will come after you; but this I ask, that wherever you hide you will light a small flame on some height that commands a view over the water, and, when our vessel is so near that I can see it, I shall warn you by three pistol discharges."

"And you will take a catholic oath," said a privateer, "not to tell the Governor's men that we are hiding where that light burns?"

“ I will take oath,” said Clinton, with a manner calculated to disarm all suspicion, “ to say nothing that may endanger the life of my father and of those who are faithful to him. Believe me I am one of you—ready to assist in preserving you, although not among you.”

The signal he proposed was decided upon, together with others likely to suit the different exigencies that were expected, and Clinton quickly made himself on good terms with all in the vessel. Throwing into his speeches and his deportment the fanciful gaiety which sat so well upon them, he elevated in the air a glass of brandy, which Merry, the black, had put into his hand, and wished the stout ship a clear path on the waves, no foes in her wake, and good feeling and good fellowship within her iron-bound bosom. A shout arose among the sailors—bottle after bottle of fine brandy disappeared in their hands to the same toast, with sundry hearty additions, until the Captain interfered, just as the health of himself and his son had been drunk, and forbade the circulation of a drop more. He himself had not tasted of the spirits, but looked on the sudden enthusiasm of the crew with a calculating and vigilant eye.

He recalled with authority every man to his office. The capering black became instantly still as the gun on which he sat down; old Toby threw overboard the pipe which he had just lighted, and stood with fixed attention ready to echo the Pirate's orders to any part of the ship. The important work of unmooring and floating out was done, and swift went the Fearless over the dark flood.

Just before the vessel started off, Clinton had gone

down the cabin companion-way to speak to his sister a few hurried words before quitting the vessel. He found Deborah with her in a small inner cabin, that looked very comfortable. The Irish girl was busy combing and brushing Jane's curls, and putting them in papers for the night. There being a good deal of noise about, she was chatting in a very high key, and with all her rich Hibernian brogue, while Jane rested her elbow on her knee and her head in her hand, looking

" Like patience on a monument  
Smiling at grief."

Neither of the two heard Clinton open the door or come in; and, as Deborah's face as well as Jane's was turned from the cabin entrance, they did not see him, until he playfully touched his sister's neck, and thus drew her attention to him. He had had an opportunity, therefore, to hear that the Irish girl was discoursing of past days, and past scenes, in which he had shared. The names of Mr. Lee, the Pastor, and poor Miss Lucy, made him slightly shudder, and he did not wonder when he saw a tear quietly stealing down Jane's cheek.

" My brother!" exclaimed the latter, rising and meeting his embrace, " have you ventured to come back?"

" Only for a few brief minutes, dear sister, to cheer you, and say adieu again. There must be no fear in your breast, mind, until I see you again. Every thing is in as good train as possible. Our father will evade every pursuer, I have no doubt, without a shot being fired, or a life being endangered. I have quite satisfied the crew of my friendly intentions, and now I am going to aid their plans of escape in a very effective manner."

“Do be careful of your own safety, and of your reputation too, my dear brother!”

“I will—believe me I will—for your sake, Jane! and when the peril which now threatens our father is safely got over, I feel persuaded that we shall be happy. We will then hide ourselves together in some quiet and pleasant home on land, unless you should forsake us for the society of Mr. Lee, you know, Jane.”

She answered his lively smile by a pensive shake of the head, and blushed.

“There is no Lucy for you now,” said she.

He in his turn coloured, but his was the dye of shame and compunction—hers, of innocence.

“Forgive me the allusion,” said she, looking in his face with concern, while observing the confusion visible there.

“I do,” said Clinton; “but never—O never, if you can avoid it—mention that name again in my hearing! I assure you I deeply repent the part I played in that affair.”

“Let the remembrance of it be a check on you in future, dearest Nicholas!” said Jane, softly and with timidity.

“It shall—it shall!” said Clinton: “and you, I beseech you, erase utterly from your mind the recollection of that unworthy conversation I had with you—I mean that which proved so fatal to her you named—and all which you observed that was displeasing in my behaviour to you while we were in the valley—forget it all.”

“It is all forgotten,” said Jane. “But when shall we meet again—and where?”

“I wish that I could answer you satisfactorily,” said

Clinton, "but I am sorry to say that is not in my power now. Do not let your heart sink!" he exclaimed tenderly. "You trust in a ruling Providence, that guides all events on this strange world—make it your stay now—and believe that we *shall* meet again, and with more peaceful prospects."

The ship now took her new movement forwards, which was done with an elastic bound, as if with joy at release from thralldom. She went as smoothly as possible, after her first spring, and as fleet and stately as a wild deer scouring some smooth prairie for its own delight.

Clinton stood still for an instant, then kissed his sister affectionately, shook hands with Deborah, told her to make herself and Jane as happy as she could, and hastened up on deck. The canoe in which he had come had been drawn up out of the water, it was now lowered. Clinton grasped the hand of his father apart, and said—

"Some hard struggles may await you—but I hope whatever happens your courage and skill will bear you well through it."

"I have no fear," said the Pirate again. "I am glad we are off, and since that is effected I am confident of escaping all who seek me, though they were ten thousand in number, while the crew keep in their present temper. You heard that Jonas and Michael have suffered death? I was *compelled* to make an example of them—they were rank villains!" yet, as the Pirate spoke of the stern necessity, he groaned.

In another instant Clinton was in his solitary canoe. "Remember the signals!" said he to the Pirate. The latter nodded to his son, and then waved his cap until the Fearless had left the boat so far behind that, under



the gloom of night, it was not to be distinguished. Clinton had to go back nearly two miles to get a landing but the lake was in so quiescent a state, that he would have felt perfectly secure had the distance been twenty miles. He rather lingered on the water than otherwise, enjoying the stillness that pervaded all the landscape, together with the solemn darkness of midnight that imparted to it a visionary character. He lived over again the unlooked for events of the past day, and speculated upon the probable change in his destiny of which they might be productive. Having landed, he drew the slight canoe on the beach, and walked to the hut of the civilised Indian to whom it belonged. He had received from the latter the dollars which he had left with him as a security for his return with the canoe, and was going leisurely toward Toronto, when a figure in military attire rushed by him, bareheaded, and Clinton, astonished, recognised Colonel Cleveland, whom he presently observed stalking with frantic gestures, under the precipice of the cliffs.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

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"Sair do I fear that to hope is denied me,  
Sair do I fear that despair maun abide me."—*Burns*

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COLONEL Cleveland had been spending the evening in the fort at the mouth of the harbour, with a party of officers, some of them belonging to the regiment whose head-quarters are settled here, and the rest being military gentlemen on half-pay, who had been invited to dinner from their elegant cottages at the borders of the town. He left the table about eleven o'clock, having previously sent his servant forward to the Governor's residence with a number of letters and despatches, which he had undertaken to convey to the different forts on the frontiers of Niagara, Erie, and Huron. He was so much disordered by the large quantity of wine he had taken as to feel more than usually irritable, but no unsteadiness was communicated to his walk or to his voice. He had to traverse that long and narrow strip of land which has been before described as enclosing the expansive basin of the harbour in a circular form. As he went along he occasionally stopped, and his eye, lustreless and bloodshot with long excess, looked vacantly on the various objects in sight, resting more fixedly on the

shipping and the piers, whilst he was striving to connect together some angry thoughts that were flitting in disorder about his brain.

“Where could that fool Williams have heard that Lady Cleveland wished to separate from me?” said he at last, speaking aloud and hiccupping. “Where the devil could he have heard it? Separate from me! No, by —, she shall never do that! Never! no, by —, I will pistol myself if she leaves me! I know she detests me—but she shall stay with me!—yes, by —! Perhaps I am a horrid wretch—perhaps I am; but whatever I may be, stay with me she *shall!*”

He moved on with a quicker tread until the town was just before him: all the scene was silent and dark. He stopped again, and exclaimed—

“There is a hell within me! I hate to go into Hester’s presence! Her looks are arrows—and every word she speaks to me is like a sharp sword that cuts my heart to the core! But she shall never—never—separate from me! She may abhor me as she will—she may as often as she likes reproach me with that scorn which she knows stings me so much—but by —, she shall never go from my side!”

He now went forwards into the spacious main street of Toronto, more than once grasping the hilt of his sword, and muttering to himself—

“What right had Williams to make use of her name at all? If I was going to stay another day in this place I would make him publicly ask my pardon for his — boldness. There was every one at table took up the matter. ‘On my soul,’ said Cornet Brown, ‘I shall be — sorry for you, Cleveland, if you lose that fine

woman.' 'And so shall I—and I,' said Dickens and Thompson. And I had completely to run the gauntlet there. I was made a butt for every one's wit and railery. By ——, Williams should pay dearly for it if I was going to stay here!"

In this mood the Colonel entered the Governor's house.

"His Excellency, with the Earl, and the ladies, sir, are in the small drawing-room," said the servant who admitted him. "You are requested to go to them."

"What! has not Lady Cleveland retired yet?" exclaimed the Colonel.

"No, sir," replied the servant; "Lady Cleveland is with the Earl, and Governor, and my lady; they have been waiting up for you, sir."

"Do you know whether my servants have taken all our luggage down to the packet, and whether they have seen the boxes packed away safely?"

"All is done as you directed, I am quite certain," replied the man.

"Very well; tell my valet to wait for me in my dressing room."

The Colonel entered the small elegant room in which his friends sat, while they were in the midst of an important consultation, which his appearance instantly checked.

"I have disturbed your conversation," said he, throwing himself down on a couch; "pray, if it be not of a very private nature, proceed with it."

"It concerns you most particularly," said the stately Earl, with a look of much unhappiness.

"Ah, I suspected so, for I heard my name pronounced by you as I entered."

"You did," said the Earl, with slow and painful utterance. "I was just observing, that when I bestowed on you the hand of Lady Hester, my eldest daughter, the hope and pride of my ancient family, I little thought ever to have seen the hour in which I should be called upon to demand your separation from her."

"Demand my separation from her!" repeated the Colonel, starting up from the recumbent posture he had taken. "What the —— do you mean?"

The Earl heard the coarse expression used by his son-in-law with a shrinking movement, and took the hand of his daughter into his own.

"I beg," said he to the Colonel, in a very subdued voice, "that you will allow this unpleasant, but I now perceive most necessary change in our family arrangements, to be concluded without discord, without heat, which you must be aware can be productive of no good whatever. I assure you, Colonel, my daughter is *determined* henceforth to live apart from you—and I am no less determined to carry her wishes into effect."

"And by —— I am determined too," exclaimed the Colonel, springing from the couch, and advancing to the table, on which he struck his clenched hand, "Hester shall not leave me while there is breath in my body! No, by ——! She is my wife! and never shall she live under the protection of any man but her husband while I exist—no—not even under her father's!"

"Protection!" echoed the earl, with a loud and meaning sigh. "Indeed, Colonel, my daughter has never known the protection of a husband. You have grossly neglected her—you have not protected her! This is my most serious complaint; and I tell you

honestly, I cannot trust Lady Hester under such mere *nominal* protection as you are likely to afford her, during the long voyage which it has been intended she should presently take with you. I have received certain letters by which I am informed that my presence is required very speedily in England, and it is my *determination* to take Lady Hester back with me to the peaceful home of her ancestors; there, I confidently hope, she will regain that peace which her unhappy marriage has, during the last two years, entirely banished from her bosom."

"My Lord—my Lord—you are mistaken in me—upon my soul you are!" cried the choleric Colonel. "I am not the tame fool you take me for! You will not rob me of my wife so easily as you imagine!" He suddenly raised his voice almost to a shout—"She is mine! and by —, I will have her!"

The Governor interfered to soothe the Colonel, who was distantly related to him. Mrs. Markham endeavoured to persuade Lady Hester to withdraw to her chamber, but the Earl detained her.

"A few minutes longer, madam, my daughter must remain," said he; "it is necessary for my purposes that she distinctly state her wish regarding Colonel Cleveland before him, the Governor, and yourself, which done, she may instantly retire, and make herself perfectly easy as to the result of the affair."

"Her wish—yes—let Hester state her wish before me," said the Colonel, his irritation for the moment becoming mixed with softer feelings. "Let her tell me to my face, if she can have the heart to do it, that she is determined to separate from me for ever."

Lady Hester was very pale as she slowly raised her

eyes, full of keen reproach, to the Colonel's face, and at the same time arose from her chair. That glance was aided by the proud and severe expression of her lip, and the Colonel instantly felt that he had nothing to hope from her.

"The Colonel has violated every vow he made to me at the altar," said she, in low but distinct tones. "I am quite convinced he has not the smallest worthy regard for me, and, in consequence, I am *determined* upon a separation."

When these decisive words had been spoken, the Colonel stood like one turned to stone. The Governor was alarmed by the madness of his stare, and endeavoured to draw him back to the couch, but he shook off his relative with fierceness, and, foaming at the mouth, rushed after Lady Hester, who, accompanied by Mrs. Markham, was going up stairs to her chamber. When Lady Hester heard him coming she stood still, leaning against the baluster; and Mrs. Markham thought, and afterwards said, "That she never, in painting or in poetry, had seen or imagined a figure so expressive as Hester's was at that minute, of unwavering, stern resolution." It was almost terrible to behold her; she was quite calm; her features were rigid, whitened with the intensity of her feelings to an unnatural fairness. The Colonel seized her arm.

"Hester," said he, and regardless of the probability that servants were near, he kneeled down on one of the stairs at her feet. "Hester!—*my wife!*—hear me! Will you give me up for ever? Will you not try me a little longer? Will you not permit me one chance more of winning back your lost affections? O, Hester! call

back your former words! Tell me—tell me—we shall not separate! Tell me you will not utterly throw me from you! Have mercy—have pity on me!”

“Colonel,” said Lady Hester, “rise. There have been times when your entreaties would have moved me. Now, *they cannot*. I am marble to all that you can say. Your dissipation—your licentiousness—have been without bounds. Ah! shall I repeat to you what I learned to-day, that your very paramours, Colonel, have made my unspotted name a subject for their ridicule in your hearing? After that, will you venture to call me *your wife*! No, Colonel,” said she, turning abruptly away, “my mind is made up.”

She was moving forward to a landing-place, when the Colonel, with hoarse voice and raging look, rather hissed than spoke these menacing words, shaking his extended arm toward her, and becoming convulsed from head to foot—

“Be it so—be it so—proud, unyielding woman! But mark me—by heaven and earth, the hour that separates us, shall prove the hour of death to you or I!”

“No more of this kind of language, I do beseech you, Colonel,” said the Governor, at the foot of the stairs.

“My dear madam,” cried the Earl, waving his hand impatiently to Mrs. Markham, “do urge Lady Hester forward to her room. Hester, leave all to me; rest quietly to-night. Depend on it, my love, since I have been induced at last to take the affair in hand I will conduct it to a proper conclusion. Good night—good night.”

The Colonel rushed out of the house bareheaded, and



the Earl, after lying down a few hours on the couch, sent for the two principal solicitors of the town, to whom he had previously spoken, and remained closeted with them for two hours. The Governor dispatched his servants out in every direction to search for the Colonel, but he was not to be found, until, at eight o'clock in the morning, he returned into the house as abruptly as he had left it. His appearance and actions were those of a person completely deranged; he sent for his goods from the steam packet in which he was to have sailed, and laying them out in the court-yard began to break and destroy them without mercy. Mrs. Markham was quite melted by the terrible distress of mind he was enduring, and almost turned a pleader for him with Lady Hester.

"I expected this, dear madam," said Lady Hester, "I expected that your kind nature would give way when you saw him raging with disappointment. I respect your feelings—I know how to value them—but say not another word to move me from my resolve. *I am impenetrable.* Unjust treatment has steeled me. It would be well if husbands would take warning from his example, and beware how they trifle with the hearts they possess. Gentle and tender as women are when treated well, there is a sleeping fury, Mrs. Markham, in the gentlest, which, if man rouse up, it is to his own ruin." Whether this was the only moral to be drawn from the affair remains to be seen.

Mrs. Markham could say no more, but contented herself with giving each person within her reach as much comfort as she could. She sent for a surgeon, fearing the Colonel was quite out of his senses, and then hurried down, followed by her own maid, to the yard where

the latter was. He had in his hands a costly dressing-case, and workbox belonging to Lady Hester, which he was dashing together with such violence that the beautifully furnished interiors, consisting of silver and gold-mounted glass, and tortoise-shell utensils, fell in shattered fragments to the ground.

“ My dear Colonel, what are you doing !” exclaimed Mrs. Markham, with tears in her eyes, employing the most soothing kindness of manner. “ Give me those boxes, my dear sir, and let me speak a quiet word or two with you.”

He turned upon her a furious stare, and the maid who was with Mrs. Markham, ran back affrighted. Not so did Mrs. Markham; full of the “ milk of human kindness,” the sight of misery like his, armed her with courage.

“ I have made chocolate for you, Colonel,” said she “ in your own room; if you will go there you shall be quite alone as long as you choose.”

“ What do you want with me !” he exclaimed, still eyeing her with the ferocity of a wild beast.”

“ To comfort you,” she replied.

“ Comfort! what the —— right have you to comfort me? Woman! you had better stand out of my way. A thousand fiends have got possession of me, and if they tempt me, I might do something terrible !”

“ My dear sir, I know you will not harm me. I know that you must see a friend in me. You do, I am sure. You are satisfied that I greatly feel for you. I want, dear sir, to draw you into the house, out of sight of the servants, who you perceive are all looking at you frightened and astonished. Give me those boxes, and let me

lead you to the privacy of your chamber. Come, you will be better there."

He allowed her to take the shells of the boxes from his grasp, and to place them on the ground; a loud groan burst from his chest; he looked round to see who was observing him, and then turned again to examine the countenance of the matronly lady who had interfered with him. The sincere goodwill and pity that beamed there, insensibly softened the wildness of his gaze. He recognized her—

"Mrs. Markham," he muttered, "I am a lost wretch!"

She trusted more to her manner than to her words for obtaining a power over him; smiling kindly on him, she took his hand, and so led him by degrees to the house, and to the dressing-room which he had occupied. There she persuaded him to allow the medical gentleman she had called in to examine the state of his pulse, and even to take a little blood from his arm; after which he silently drank a half-cup of chocolate, and then lay down on the bed, faint and exhausted with the agitation of the night.

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## CHAPTER XV.

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“O mischief! thou art swift  
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!—*Shakespeare.*”

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THE Colonel did not long remain in a state of quiet. Springing up from the bed, he sent a servant to inform Lady Hester that he wished to see her. The servant returned with a reply that she was too much indisposed to leave her room.

“Then I will go to her,” said the Colonel, drawing on his boots with haste. He went to her chamber door, it was fastened; he knocked; Lady Hester’s maid came out, and immediately the lock was secured behind her.

“I must see your lady,” said the Colonel, with the most determined air. The maid replied that Lady Cleveland was too unwell to be spoken with.

“I *will* see her!” said the Colonel. “No excuses will put me off!”

“My lady positively refuses to see any one,” said the attendant.

“Go in and tell her that I am here,” said the Colonel, “and that I swear I will see her!—and see her *alone*, too—mind that!”

The girl assured him that she durst not go in with

such a message, for her lady was quite ill, and both the doctor, the Earl, and Lady Cleveland herself, had given the most unequivocal orders that she should not be disturbed. In vain the Colonel commanded, and remonstrated, the girl was firm. He then mused in silence an instant, his eyes rolling in their sockets, and his forehead knit into a hard frown.

“ I will send her a note,”—said he, decisively—“ yes, that is what I will do;” and he returned to his dressing-room, and called impatiently for paper, pen, and ink. His valet hurriedly brought the first he could meet with in the house, but trembled and turned pale when his master, stamping furiously on the floor, threw both pens and ink at him, swearing they were not fit for satan to use. Others were instantly procured, and the Colonel wrote the following letter, in uneven, distorted characters, that plainly denoted the state of his mind:—

“ Lady Cleveland.—You have refused to see me. I understand very well why you have done so. Your illness is only a pretence—a pretence I say—to promote the schemes of your father, and work my ruin! Madam, let me tell you one truth before I humble myself to you again and for the last time; it is this—if I have wronged you, you have also wronged me!—You married me without loving me! Your father was the cause I know; but whatever was the cause, you stood up at the altar of God and vowed to love, and honour, and obey me—while you knew that you never could do either. I ask you, if I was not injured then? If you had really loved me, you would have sought by tender attentions, and by those gentle and winning looks and words of kindness, in which I have seen some women excel, to lure me from

my bad habits and connexions. If you had conscientiously honoured me, you would have refrained from those bitter and scornful expressions which have often driven me back to wickedness, when I was inclined to repent and amend. But now I once more ask if you will recal your determination of last night? I shall sue no more for your forgiveness if this attempt fails. I make no promises of reformation, and my reason is this—I have often made them to myself, and always broken them. But if you will throw yourself on my heart once more, apart from all *other influences*, and trust to me, you *may* save me—I believe it is almost certain that you *will*—and I shall bless you, Hester, and you *may* yet be happy with me.”

In an hour Lady Hester's *femme de chambre* brought to the Colonel a reply, which he eagerly seized from her hand.

“Colonel Cleveland.—I am exceedingly sorry that you should not have considered my word decisive, and that I should be put to the very painful necessity of again declaring to you that *it is so*.”

When the Colonel had read thus far he threw down the letter and started across the room. He had indulged a little hope since his last appeal to her, and now it was at once dashed from him, he felt over again all the horrors he had lately suffered. He grew almost black in the face, and his breath became loud and gasping. Presently throwing aside his cravat, he took the letter up and read on:—

“This distressing duty to myself and my relations done—and oh, that I could tell how to soften to you our melancholy and final parting!—I turn with the utmost

regret to other particulars of your note, that especially demand my attention.

“ It may be too true, Colonel, that when we pledged to each other our hands at the altar, I had not a heart to give you. My father committed a common, but serious error—he made my marriage one of family accommodation, rather than of love. Yet you are incorrect in saying I knew that I could not keep my vow at the time I made it. I did intend—solemnly purpose—to fulfil to you all the duty and affection of a wife; and I know so much of my own heart that I am confident I should have done it, had you been true.

“ Again, with respect to the Earl, my father, duty to him requires me to give you my warmest assurance that he has striven to turn my thoughts from the painful event which we now anticipate—that he has exhausted every argument to induce me to remain with you—and that it was not until last evening that he gave my wishes on the subject any encouragement.”

“ Lies!—lies!” burst forth the Colonel, not knowing what he said, and crumpling up the letter in his hand. “ I’ll not believe her! ’Tis the Earl, and no one else, who has hardened her heart!—My curses on him!”

He again opened the scented sheet of satin-post, and turned to the conclusion of the letter, which was written in a beautiful hand, of fashionable hair strokes, sharp-angled, regular, and delicate.

“ I forgive you all the sorrow you have occasioned me; I am perfectly at peace with you as far as my own feelings are concerned; and I entreat you, Colonel, pardon in me every thing which has given you dissatisfaction, and let us part with mutual kindness.”

Again the Colonel gathered up the letter in his hand, and stared haggardly about him to see if he was unobserved; assured that he was, he opened the lock of a carpet bag and took out a pair of pistols, the priming of which he deliberately examined, then laid them on the table.

“Now will I strike a blow on that proud woman’s heart,” said he, “which shall last her all her life! I will live one half hour from this time, but not another minute, so help me God!”

This frantic resolution he proceeded to confirm by a more formal oath, and actually searched in a book-case for an old Bible that he had observed, which he found. He laid his hand on it, and kissed the leaves where they opened, at the same time repeating to himself certain awful words.

“There—it is settled!” said he, laying the sacred volume on one side, and sitting down again to write to Lady Hester. His distraction seemed to be past, and a singular stillness came over him. He placed his gold repeater before him on the dressing-table, the minute-hand was at the figure six, the hour-hand between two and three.

“The first stroke of three,” said the Colonel, “shall free me from this cursed life, and shall plant a scorpion in Hester’s flinty heart!” He wrote a few sentences—

“Hester.—I have asked you for pity and forgiveness twice. I ask no more. My death be on you! My blood shall cry out against you when I am in the earth! Hard-hearted woman! I refuse your forgiveness, and I refuse to forgive! I have no peace in heart toward you, and you are guilty of hypocrisy when you tell me



that you have toward me! If you had one thought or feeling of kindness for me, you would not have made a suicide of me! The watch you gave me on our marriage-day is before me. I listen as I write to its soft tickings—every single tick tells of a moment gone. There are not many moments to be sounded before the hour of three strikes!—and then Hester—and then—we shall have parted indeed! My pistols are already in my hands—five minutes only remain to me. I shall now close this note and send to you. I am an atheist as you know, and as such I boldly dare all that eternity has in store for me! You—you only, and your father—have caused the act which I am now on the point of committing! and so farewell!—farewell for ever! Four minutes only remain for me!”

He opened his door and sent up the note to Lady Hester. The housemaid to whom he gave it observed the singularity of his aspect, his stony paleness, and the vacant horror of his eye; she ran up stairs to Lady Hester's room without a moment's delay, and knocked loudly at the door. The waiting woman appeared.

“Tell Lady Cleveland,” said the housemaid, breathlessly, “that I am convinced the Colonel is intending something dreadful! Oh, do beg of her to come down to him! He stared at me in the most dismal manner!—I am frighted to death!”

“What is that?” cried Lady Hester within the chamber. “Come in, Nancy.”

The servant went in; the lady was still in morning dishabille; she had been lying down on the outside of the bed, but had started up when she heard a second knocking, supposing the Colonel was again at the door.

“What is the matter, Nancy?” she exclaimed, her lips blanched with fear; at the moment she spoke, she perceived the note in the housemaid’s hand, and hastily taking it and unsealing it, while the woman described the Colonel’s gestures and countenance, cast her eye over the contents. She uttered an exclamation of terrific dread; the Colonel’s note dropped to the floor; she looked stupified, bewildered; then wildly cried to the two women who stood by—

“Go down!—alarm the house!—The Colonel intends to destroy himself! Fly!—fly!—or you will be too late to prevent the dreadful deed!”

“Who shall I send to the Colonel, my lady?” hurriedly asked the waiting-woman; “the Earl—the Governor?”

“Both—both—whoever you meet with first!” replied Lady Hester, vehemently. She then herself rushed down stairs to the Colonel’s room.

“Cleveland!—Cleveland!—admit me!” she loudly exclaimed, rapping at the door. At that very moment the report of pistols within smote upon her brain. She shrieked, and running back fell into the arms of her father, who, with the Governor, his lady, and his servants, was hurrying to the spot.

“My child!—Lady Hester!” reiterated the earl. At first she heard him not, but presently started up from his breast, just as the door was burst open by the Colonel’s valet and others. A pool of blood lay around a chair and was pouring its red streams toward the entrance of the room; still sitting upright, with the watch, and pen and ink before him, appeared the SUICIDE! his stiffening hands yet grasping the pistols with which he had shot

himself in the head, and his features frightfully distorted and convulsed.

“My husband!” cried Lady Hester, breaking from her father’s grasp, and from others who would have held her back. She was the first who reached him; her hands took the deadly instruments from his and cast them across the ensanguined floor; she then threw herself on his knees, and, embracing him, held up his falling body. “My dear Colonel!” she exclaimed. “My husband!—my dearest husband!” He rivetted on her his dying eyes—he tried to speak, but finding himself at first unable, his eyes remained gazing on her features with an intense expression of revengeful exultation, until the heavy lids fell suddenly over them and relieved her from their dreadful look. He was instantly attended by a skilful surgeon, who discovered, that whether from unsteadiness of the Colonel’s hands, or from any other cause, both the pistol balls had missed his brain and had lodged themselves quite at the back of his head, in consequence he lived for more than an hour after the act, and retained his senses nearly the whole of that time. He was laid on a bed, his shoulders raised on high pillows; his face was towards Lady Hester who kneeled by him; his hand was clasped in hers.

In the distraction of her mind she forgot the train of reasoning with which she had steeled herself against his supplications. She at once accused herself of the catastrophe, and implored the Colonel to pardon her with agonising tears. He for some time seemed not to hear her, but suddenly opening his eyes, whose sight was fast fading, he drew her hand nearer towards him; she saw that he wished to speak to her, and bent her ear to

his lips. Her feelings may not be described, when he uttered in an emphatic whisper her own words of the previous night—" *I am impenetrable!*"

After this he grew anxious to live, and sent for another surgeon, and also, to every one's surprise, for a clergyman. The reverend person not coming directly, he requested that a dissenting minister, whom he had regularly ridiculed at the mess-table of the fort, might be sent for. That gentleman was fortunately at home, and came with speed; he spoke to the dying man with gentleness, but plainly and earnestly. The Colonel frequently pointed to a table by the window, and on being asked the reason, said—"The Bible there—bring it." The volume was brought, and the minister, supposing that he wished to hear some portion of the sacred word, had opened it; but he directly made impatient signs that it should be closed. He then beckoned to the Governor to come near, and bade him take the book from the minister, which he did.

"Major-general Markham," said the Colonel, "give that Bible to our fellow-officers at the fort. Tell them I swore on it, and by it, and by the God who it is said dictated it, to shoot myself at three o'clock this afternoon. 'Twas the oath of a soldier, and I have kept it. But tell them I would now give all the treasures of ten thousand worlds to live! Tell them it is horrible to die! Warn them against self-murder. It is better to be a living worm than a dying man." He stopped, and every listener's face was pale, every heart chilled. He began again.—"Give them my word, too, that they are fools who mock at God, and scoff at a hereafter. There is a life to come, Markham—I am certain of it now;

but what it is, or where it is, I know not. They and you have time to search out the matter—I have not. must jump the gulf—the black abyss—and take all consequences.”

It was impossible not to be fearfully impressed by the mixture of passions in his speeches, and still more in his looks—remorse, despair, fear, desperation, penitence, and defiance, raged by turns. Lady Hester was scarcely able to endure the scene; and Mrs. Markham, who now supported her as she knelt by her side, was also shocked beyond expression.

“But though it be the twelfth hour,” pleaded the minister, addressing the Colonel, “you may find repentance, and salvation, and an immortal crown, yet; only believe in Him who disappoints none who trust in Him;” and in words sweetly persuasive, he sought to draw the sufferer from his impious despair;—but it was in vain.

“Sir,” cried the suicide, “I now stand between two worlds; the one I am leaving is all I have any knowledge of, is all I have any affection for. The one I am going to, is one vast accumulation of horrible gloom. ‘Where the treasure is,’—I know that text, sir—‘there the heart will be.’ Now all my treasure is on *this* side the grave—I have nothing at all on the other. Doctor!” he all at once exclaimed, turning to the medical gentleman who stood on the side of the bed opposite to the minister—“doctor! are you sure I cannot outlive this affair?—are you positive? Now if you can give me even a straw of hope to catch at, do! for by — it is horrible to sink like this!”

“You must not allow me to deceive you,” said the

doctor with grave firmness ; “ it is impossible that you can recover unless the Almighty were to work a miracle in your favour.”

“ The Almighty!—the Almighty!” reiterated the Colonel most furiously, “ what have I to do with the Almighty, I should like to know? I have denied His very existence, sir! I have made a jest of His laws—of His name—of His book—and of all who have professed to serve Him! And what makes a sensible man talk of miracles? Miracles!—trash! Hark you, doctor!” he added, “ if there *is* a God, and if he ever performed one miracle, I shall go into perdition!—’tis true, by ——!”

Mrs. Markham and Lady Hester were here taken from the room, both totally overcome by that which they had heard and witnessed. As they went out, the Colonel exclaimed—

“ There!—I have seen the last of those two! Markham,” said he, catching hold of the Governor’s arm, but fixing his eyes on the Earl, “ I have plagued my wife already for her obstinacy—she will suffer for it when I am gone;—that is a supreme satisfaction for me now!” A strange smile played on his lips, which, when the Governor observed, he shrank back, and whispered to the Earl—

“ I have seen many death-beds, but never one so shocking as this.” The Earl shuddered, and uplifted his hands in silence.

“ Let us pray that the grace of God may even yet shine upon him,” said the minister. All knelt down around the death-bed, while he supplicated heaven with unaffected eloquence and solemn fervour; every eye was moistened with tears, every heart was thrilled with awe.

The prayer over, the minister again exhorted the Colonel to confess his sins to God, and to trust to the divine word for acceptance with Him; but he was violently repulsed.

“Tel' me not of such things!” cried the Colonel. “Away with your canting folly! I hate the sound of it! All is over for me! I have no hope—none! and none will I now seek!—*there is not time!*” he added. Immediately he grew delirious, and the shocking language he had learnt in the ill company he had frequented, was so vented forth that more than once the minister pressed his hands on his ears, unable to bear it without considerable pain.

In this way the Colonel died, his last moments being more horrible than any that had preceded them. His remains were then laid out, and the room cleansed of the blood with which it was stained. Night had scarcely darkened the apartment before the so-lately gallant Colonel, the man of fashion and of pleasure, lay stretched out cold as mountain ice, silent, alone, unmoved by good or ill; while his spirit had winged its way to that invisible tribunal before which every human soul must appear.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

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“ Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,  
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid;  
Sad, silent and dark, be the tears that we shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head!”—*Maria.*

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LADY HESTER, during the night, was closely attended by the amiable wife of the Governor, who suggested every argument she could think of that was likely to calm her young friend's mind. The Earl, too, every hour came himself to her room to inquire how his daughter did. Receiving unfavourable accounts, he became agitated and restless, which Lady Hester learning, she sent for him, and Mrs. Markham withdrew, leaving them together.

“ My dear daughter, you look ill,” said the Earl, embracing her. They sat down sighing. Lady Hester put into his hands the Colonel's letters, with her reply, which had been taken from the pocket of the deceased. The Earl read them through in silence, and wept.

“ My dear—” he began, and stopped; then resumed, clearing his voice, “ Hester, my love, you blamed me justly here—you also defended me justly. I am now convinced that I erred extremely in giving your hand



to this misguided, unfortunate man. Yes, my daughter, I am forced to confess myself the destroyer of the happiness of your life. Blame me only—to you no blame can attach itself. I hope I have no necessity for entreating you to turn an indifferent ear to what the unhappy man wrote in these letters concerning your behaviour to him since marriage. His upbraidings were merely the effect of rage and disappointment. He had no genuine cause of complaint, none whatever. Your conduct has been perfectly correct, my love, I have all along regarded it with the earnest eye of a parent, and I can certainly say there has not been the least flaw in it.”

Lady Hester heard him with great deference, such as she had been taught always to pay to the Earl, but in her conscience the reflection arose that her conduct to the Colonel had been *merely* correct—that something more than a cold correctness is the duty of a wife, and that the Colonel’s upbraidings had not been entirely undeserved. Hence the painful sigh she breathed as a reply to the Earl—and hence the convulsive pang which was for a moment visible on her beautiful face.

“You are suffering much,” said the Earl, regarding her with anxiety. “I fear you are troubling yourself with the thought that it would have been better had you yielded to the Colonel’s wish, and submitted to live on as before.”

“No,” said Lady Hester, “I do not think it would have been better. I believe poor Charles deceived himself very much in thinking so. I do not regret my resolution, now I reflect upon it calmly. It was necessary, things between Cleveland and I had come to such a pass. If I regret any thing it was that I made no

efforts to win his heart from evil to good, before affairs were at the worst with us; I regret nothing else in my own conduct."

The Earl was pleased to hear her say this, and his mind was considerably relieved. Coffee was brought in, and Mrs. Markham and the Governor were invited into the boudoir to join the early repast. With her accustomed strength of mind, Lady Hester exerted herself to appear collected and composed, and only by the unusual paleness of her countenance could be known the pain she was enduring. The arrangements for the funeral, and for elegant mourning, were discussed and decided upon, and the Earl was gratified by hearing Lady Hester express with composure her wishes on these points.

On the seventh day from that of the Colonel's death, he was interred in the burying-ground of the principal protestant church of Toronto. The archdeacon at first refused to admit the body, on the plea that the Colonel having committed self-destruction had no claim to Christian burial in holy ground. The Governor used all his interest to overcome the difficulty, and succeeding, many poor persons took offence at the transaction, not hesitating to assert that the rich had undue influence, and that the archdeacon was partial.

The funeral was one of pomp, suitable to the rank and wealth of the deceased and his relatives. The body was enclosed in two coffins, the inner one of lead, the outer of handsome wood, and elaborately ornamented. The hearse was adorned with the Colonel's family escutcheon and armorial bearings, and a train of mourning carriages, in which were the Earl, the Governor, and

their male friends in Canada, mostly officers, followed. Military honours were paid to the deceased over the grave. At seven o'clock in the evening a large funeral party assembled to dinner in the Governor's house. Lady Hester did not appear, but Mrs. Markham presided at the table, the Earl and his youngest daughter sitting on her right.

The Colonel's first night in the grave was perhaps the most distressing to Lady Hester of any that she had yet endured. Unable to sleep, her imagination was wholly possessed with the astonishing change that had taken place. Where was he, whose erring conduct had filled her heart to overflowing with the very gall of bitterness, with scorn, contempt, and indignation? He was lying in the grave! Mysterious truth! Her thoughts penetrated the dark earth in which he was lying. She seemed to feel its pressure upon the coffin, and to place herself beneath the lid in her husband's stead; the stillness, the cold, the deep rayless darkness, the airless narrowness of the coffin, she felt it all with horror! Then her mind strove to break from these dismal reflections, and to view the departed Colonel's present condition by the cheering light of religion; but alas! the more she meditated, the more she found that religion shed no light on it at all, but rather a darkness, if possible deeper and more awful than that material one from which she shrank.

It was not to be expected that she should feel any very profound sorrow for the Colonel's death; the revengeful spirit which had principally prompted him to the act, and which he had so painfully manifested against her, even to his last moment, made her dwell with much

less tenderness upon his memory than she would otherwise have done. He had made a grand mistake, too, in supposing that she would *always* look upon herself as the cause of his death and be wretched in consequence; at first she did so, but her strong mind quickly released her from the distressing idea; she firmly examined the subject in all its bearings, and blamed herself only where blame was strictly her due.

Lady Hester in some respects was, as may have been already seen, a woman of no ordinary character; she was highly gifted, possessing a powerful mind, with its usual concomitants—strong passions. That trembling, enervating delicacy, which in some women is called a grace, in others a weakness, just as their situations in life may dispense or not with activity and fortitude, was not possessed by Lady Hester. She had an excellent constitution, had known little bodily pain, and no privations. These advantages partially account for the firm temper of her mind, as it is too true that corporeal weakness has a direct tendency to induce mental weakness of some sort or other. In society, Lady Hester Cleveland had been a pre-eminently brilliant woman; her words, looks, manners, her letters, even the smallest billet, her dress at all times, her sarcasms, her raillery, her music, her painting—all were brilliant: she was brilliant in every thing, and without the smallest appearance of pretension, without the least taint of affectation. By women of a softer, feebler mould, she had been feared for the poignancy of her wit and satire, her facility in which was certainly a snare to her; by those of quiet temperament and sickly nerves, she had been envied and disliked for the dazzling intellectual animation, which spread a sort

of magical fascination around her circle where ever she moved ; but all the time Lady Hester scarcely knew that she was witty or satirical, animated or fascinating ; she well knew, however, that among her female circle of acquaintances she was not loved ; her discerning eye, keen to discriminate between the false and the true, saw, with eagle glances, into the souls of the crowd of flatterers who ever gathered about her as the reigning star of fashion. But little was her heart satisfied with empty adulation ; large in its cravings, it thirsted for love, disinterested, fervid, such as her warm feelings told her she could well return ; unfortunately there was only one, of all who had sought and sued, in whom she perceived, or fancied she perceived, a realisation of her ideal picture ; and to that one (Clinton !) she could not even dream of being united.

The lovely widow remained in the house of Mrs. Markham for two months after the Colonel's demise. The last two years had seen her lose much of her brilliancy ; mortified feelings, arising from the Colonel's neglect and infidelity, had damped her wit, blunted the silver arrows of her satire, dulled the sparkling light which a glowing intellect had kindled in her eye, and sobered the captivating energy of her manners. The Colonel's awful death completely confirmed this alteration. A new world had opened before her, ETERNITY, seen through the shadowy and tremendous gates of DEATH. With her characteristic strength she surveyed the vast, the sublime region, with dauntless and scrutinising eye. She did not fly from the dread scene to society, but shunned society that she might contemplate it. The longer she dwelt upon it, the more she loved the mighty

images which it carried around her, until this present mortal life—so brief, so petty, yet so painful—lost all its charms in her heart, and she dedicated all the choicest of her thoughts and feelings to a preparation for that grand futurity on which her imagination was now solely fixed. She was familiar with different ennobling systems of philosophy, but found no one of them noble enough, or solid enough, to suit her while death and eternity were the themes of her meditations. The Christian writers only suited her—they only completely triumphed over the gloom that obscured the borders of the everlasting world—they only gave it a tangible and positive shape—they only filled it with ecstasy and holiness, with joy and ineffable purity, with crystal rivers of life, and pleasant trees for the healing of all nations—they only set the glorious throne of a perfect Deity in the midst of it, and made it to have no need of the sun and the moon, but to be lighted only by His unclouded presence—a presence which is love everlasting.

The Earl of Wilton hoped once more to see his daughter the admired of fashion's chief circles in England, and already his thoughts glanced around the peerage in search of a second distinguished individual on whom to bestow her hand. Eager to take her back to England, and to London, he lost no time in proposing their voyage, but Lady Hester declared her intention to remain in America until the following spring.

“I shall mix no more with the world of fashion,” said she; “I have entirely done with it.”

“Lady Hester! my dear!” exclaimed the surprised Earl, “surely I do not understand you! At your age! with your wealth! and beauty! and talents! and wit!”

“With all these advantages,” said Lady Hester, smiling, “I positively intend—not to shut myself up in a convent, and therefore do not look so very much alarmed, my dear sir—but to travel in America privately, and to seek for enjoyment only in the study of her sublimities, in meditation with my own heart, and in tranquil intercourse with my two or three travelling companions, one of whom I am sure will be—the Earl of Wilton, my accommodating papa.”

“No such thing, Hester!” cried the Earl. “What enjoyment should I have, do you think, going about a great wilderness? and America after all is little better; I see nothing to admire in American scenery more than in English scenery, not I—one place is as good as another for me; besides, there have been some important changes lately in the English cabinet, and I wish very much to go to London; Lord R— writes to say that he desires to consult with me on certain diplomatic movements in which I am particularly interested; and there is my steward in Huntingdonshire, too, wishes to see me, and—”

“Oh, you will easily get over all these obstacles,” said Lady Hester; “you positively must stay with me at least six months longer, papa, and by the end of that period—”

“You will be ready to accompany me back to England,” said the Earl.

Lady Hester smiled, and neither assented to or denied this conclusion of her sentence.

“Well, the next six months will include the winter season,” said the Earl, taking that into consideration. “How do you propose to plan your tour, and what places

will you first visit? If I remain it will solely be to pleasure you, and therefore I shall consider myself entitled to a leading voice on the question. I propose that you spend a month at Kingston, a month at Montreal, a month at Quebec; and then suppose you give a month to Niagara; and pass the other two months on the great lakes."

This arrangement, with some minor alterations, was immediately adopted by Lady Hester. It was about the middle of November when she took leave of Mrs. Markham and the Governor, and, with her young sister, the governess, and the Earl, left the infant capital of Upper Canada in a small vessel that had been commodiously and elegantly fitted up for their use. Lady Hester never remembered to have seen more delightful weather, and she could not avoid comparing the month of November here with the foggy November of England. The beauties of the summer season, which had declined in October under heavy rains, were now all revived; the shores were lively and luxuriant, the sky cloudless, the sun peculiarly bright, but mild in point of heat, and the air of a delicious temperature. So charming always is the revival of nature here in this month, and so remarkable, that it has obtained the name of the Indian Summer.

The voyagers were passing out of the entrance channel of the harbour, which had two and a half fathoms of smooth water, when they fixed their parting looks on Toronto. The Earl pointed out to Letitia the parliament-house and offices, a fine pile of buildings which fronted the lake, and amused himself with asking and answering her questions concerning the history and prospects of the town, expressing himself pleased with the



observations she had made there, and charging her to be equally attentive in the places to which they were going. He then sat down under the awning spread on deck, and engaged himself with the politics of a high tory newspaper of London, an occasional glance at the scenery around quite satisfying him, until he forgot it altogether, completely absorbed in a speech of his friend Lord R—— on the Irish Church question.

Lady Hester could not take a final look of the receding town without dwelling upon the thought that she had left the lifeless body of her husband there. She contrasted her arrival with her departure, and scarcely could her mind realise the change that had occurred. When she looked toward her father she almost expected to see the Colonel in health and spirits by his side. Many, and self-accusing, were the reflections which crowded on her, and she drew her black crape veil over her face to conceal her emotions from notice.

The harbour was now far behind, and the vast surface of the lake, plated in different parts as with gold, spread itself out around the neat pleasure-vessel, without a barrier to the view. No waters in the world can excel, or hardly equal, those of the Canadian lakes for transparency and beauty of colour; and when seen as now, studded over with steam-vessels, timber-rafts, and canoes, beneath a pure blue sky, they form a lovely and animated spectacle on which the eye of taste might long gaze with unwearied delight. The travellers proceeding, the lake deepened to within fifty and a hundred fathoms, and the refractions on the surface appeared uncommonly fine. Letitia cried out in an ecstasy of admiration, perceiving small verdant islands and trees inverted over the

green mirror, and the snowy surf of the distant beach on either hand elevated in the air, driving along like the white smoke of artillery, while fountains and walls of water were rising to a considerable height in the horizon, pouring down glittering streams. The shores were in some parts low, formed into meadows of rich verdure, or covered with woods of pine, fir, and cedar trees, having a chain of hills behind; in others precipitous and bold, but always rich to a wonder in vegetation of that large growth peculiar to transatlantic scenery. As evening advanced, the fishing-boats in the numerous creeks and bays, with their lights, were a picturesque sight. The Niagara shore now came in view, and villages, surrounded with gardens, and divided by meadows, streams, and woods, appeared under a soft dry haze.

The travellers entered the Niagara river, and landed at the town of the same name, which is seated within a short distance of the point of the angle made by the lake and river. They had a letter for the brother of the American representative of the town, from the Governor of Toronto, and having sent it to his house by a servant while they engaged apartments at an inn, he came immediately to them, and invited them to make their home beneath his roof as long as they chose to stay in the district. They accepted his offer, and after resting a night at the inn, were welcomed with courtesy and hospitality at his large and rich farm, which stood on the borders of the river, just outside the town. Mr. Charleston, as their host was named, was an intelligent man, possessing an abundant knowledge of *facts* on all subjects, especially political. The Earl was at no loss for interest, therefore, while Mr. Charleston was in the way to converse with

him. The latter, too, frequently walked out with him to view the news-rooms and institutions, the buildings in progress, the chief depots of trade (which flourishes here), the grist and saw-mills on the heights, and especially Fort George, in which there was a strong detachment of British troops, to whom the Earl had letters and papers from Toronto—papers that the deceased Colonel was to have delivered.

Lady Hester and the Earl, with Letitia and her governess, accompanied by Mr. Charleston and his two daughters, went to see the far celebrated Falls, on the third day after the arrival of the former in Niagara. The country through which the river flows is more populous, and in a higher state of cultivation, than any other part of North America. Its wild fruits are abundant, and of the rarest and finest sorts, and the salubrious nature of the climate is seen in the healthy countenances of the inhabitants. To prepare Letitia to understand the spectacle which they were about to view, the Earl informed her that this river was a channel by which the vast lakes of Huron, Michigan, Superior, and Erie, with their countless rivers, rush from the interior of North America to pour themselves into the ocean. The travellers left the farm by daylight in the morning, but early as it was, they found the road to the Falls crowded with eager visitors in vehicles of all descriptions. The enjoyment of the day was greatly lessened to Lady Hester by the sight of the thousands who were gathered about the place of attraction, for her weeds of widowhood, and the grave and painful feelings of her heart, were little suited to such hilarity and bustle as here presented itself. Still, the awful magnificence of the cataracts impressed

itself indelibly on her astonished imagination. The tremendous noise—

“As if the world's wide continent  
Had fallen in universal ruin wrackt,”

bewildered her senses as she stood on the Table Rock, which is on a level with the great Horse-shoe Fall on the Canada side. Here—

“The thunder of the earth-uplifting roar,  
Made the air sweep in whirlwinds from the shore.”

The river before her was divided by a small green island, called Goat Island, on each side of which it rushed headlong down a descent full of broken rocks with tremendous speed, increasing every moment, until it hurled the vast flood of the great American lakes over the mighty precipice in two twin cataracts that united below. Her eye scarce knew where to rest—she was astounded. The gigantic liquid sheet of emerald and of silver, “horribly beautiful!”—its semicircular front, nearly three quarters of a mile broad, grandly shrouded by revolving columns of mist that rose perpetually from the thundering gulf—inspired her with sublime admiration; while a lovely sunbow, radiant in the very midst of those columns, awakened sensations still more exquisite; the glowing and vivid colours of that beautiful iris, long fascinated her gaze. But now the columns became confused and broken, the arches of the bow melted from their centre that still remained unaltered, the spray, rising like an immense curtain from the foot of the cataracts, formed into prodigious shapes, and a number of shattered rainbows suddenly appeared, playing in fragments about them. Entranced, she watched this splendid

transformation, then her soul, overwrought with the height of its sensations, found a welcome relief in the soft placidity of the island on the river and the opposite American shore, which strikingly contrasted with the awfulness of the wild rapids and the matchless cataract which they overlooked.

Letitia, after the first surprise and enchantment had a little subsided in her youthful breast, was eminently pleased with the sight of thousands of water-fowl, who, coming from northern lands in search of a milder climate, swam down, or flew on whistling wings a little over, the Niagara river to the brink of the Falls, there advancing in the air about the mists fronting the stupendous sheet of water, and lingering in the neighbourhood with evident joy and wonder; ducks of many species, the teal, the widgeon, the shallard, and the swan, were among these migratory birds, and pointed out to Letitia by the governess. Frequently were some of the interesting creatures borne down by the glassy current into the gulf and drowned. Letitia particularly grieved for two noble swans, which came on boldly past Goat Island, then became entangled in the confused and dashing waves of the rapids, and were presently precipitated together over the precipice. She was in tears, but a fresh succession of novel objects rendered her regret no more than momentary.

The Earl, who had little relish for the sublimities of nature, had chiefly interested himself with calculating the altitude of the two cataracts and their curvilinear length, and, coming to the conclusion that these great falls were not so large as many others in different parts of the world, he decided that they had no particular

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claim to praise. The Misses Charlestons, piqued for the reputation of the wonder of Niagara, asked him if in all his travels he had seen, or even heard, of any so astonishingly sublime, leaving out of the question the quantity of feet they measured? The Earl pleased the young ladies by replying that Mr. Charleston had informed him that one hundred and two millions of tons of water, it was computed, were hourly precipitated down these rapids, and he must say he had never known any Falls which poured such a quantity as that; certainly, in respect of quantity, these cataracts were magnificent.

The travellers left the flat surface of the Table Rock, which juts over the terrific abyss, by open steps cut in its lofty side, and crossed the ferry a little below the Falls, in order to have a complete front view of them; there, on the water, Lady Hester was, if possible, more amazed and awe-struck with the immense scene, than before; but, turning her head, the Niagara, with the flocks of birds flying along with, or upon its current, now appeared calmly flowing on toward Lake Ontario, thirteen miles distant, without exhibiting one trace of that tremendous agitation which it had just passed through, and whilst she was delighted with this beautiful change, it suggested to her many similitudes of the changes of human life.

At Queenston, seven miles from the Falls, on the river, Lady Hester and her friends dined at six in the evening, and there they staid a night. The next morning they went four miles above the town to view another wonder of the Upper province, which would have been a secondary attraction nowhere but in the neighbourhood of the stupendous cataracts—this was the Whirlpool of the

Niagara. The country was now entirely altered, rising into bold and high ridges, known as the Queenston Heights; the river passes between perpendicular precipices; the current becomes extremely rapid and powerful; suddenly leaving the direct channel it advances with maddening velocity round the circularly excavated banks; then, having made this circuit, regains its ordinary course, which suddenly contracts, and dashes along confined between frowning rocks. Here Lady Hester renewed her former sublime sensations, and elevated her thoughts to that Being, whose infinitely varied works of beauty and of grandeur, form a continual feast for the enlarged soul. Mr. Charleston stated the mouth of the Whirlpool to be at least one hundred feet wide, and two thousand in length; the estimated depth was fearful to contemplate. The water was terrifically agitated, covered with raging froth, of dazzling whiteness, whirling round the centre of the vortex, convulsed, writhing, curling, and hissing, like a boiling cauldron. Letitia's youthful sensibility was again called into play, for here, as at the Falls, she saw some fine water-fowl perish, being caught within the dreadful circle, and swept round and round, with a quivering unequal motion, to the centre, where they were sucked in while yet their harrowing shrieks mingled with the din of the water.

The travellers returned to the town of Niagara before nightfall, and, as the present lovely weather was shortly expected to give place to the rainy season, they determined to lose no time in sailing up the more interior lakes. Lady Hester made presents to the two amiable daughters of their polite host, and parted from them for a short period only, intending to return and remain

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with them a week before visiting Lower Canada. The master of the vessel, which the travellers had hired, was a skilful sailor, advanced in years, who was assisted by three other seamen equally experienced. None of the party felt the least hesitation in trusting life and a large amount of money which they carried with them, to his care, for he had given many references, that had proved highly satisfactory, to persons of respectability in Toronto, both as to his honesty and intimate knowledge of sailing on the lakes. The trim ship was stored under his eye with provisions for a month, and the travellers passed from the Niagara, through the Chippewa River, into Lake Erie, on the day after their visit to the Whirlpool.



## CHAPTER XVII.

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" Watching their leader's beck and will,  
All silent there they stood and still.  
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass  
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,  
As if an infant's touch could urge  
Their headlong passage down the verge."—*Scott.*

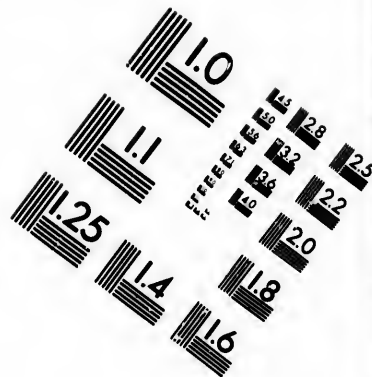
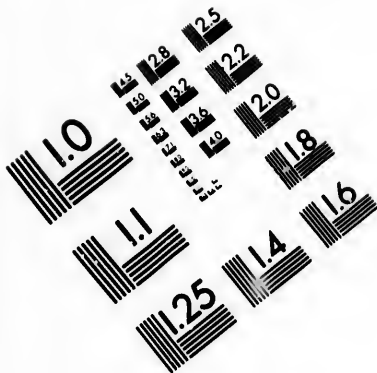
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THE strong steamer, in which were the pursuers of the Pirate, had been all this time beating about Lake Erie, it having been supposed that he was hiding about some of the promontories on the coast, which indeed was really the case. The Fearless moved only by night on the lake, and lay concealed during the day in places dangerous of approach to any but the initiated. Thus week after week passed, and the pursuers gained no advantage whatever although they kept up the chase with untiring ardour. Clinton, sleeplessly anxious for his father's safety was perpetually glancing round the shores in search of the signal light, which sometimes glimmered on a misty height in the remote distance, sometimes flamed on rocks more near. The constant passing of migratory wild-fowl frequently served him with a pretext for firing the shots which informed the Pirate of the situation of his adversary.

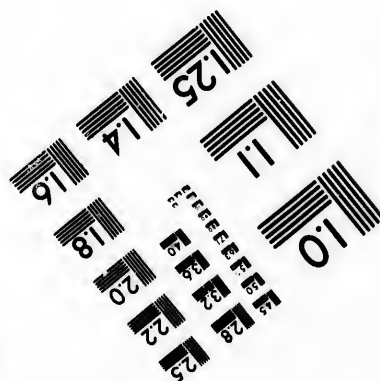
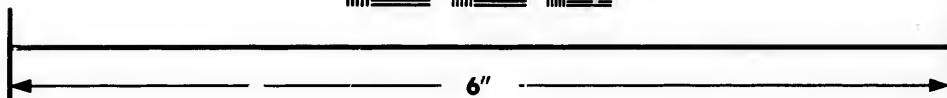
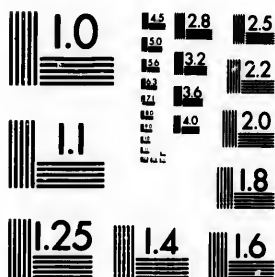
But now the hunted vessel had been driven near the mouth of the lake, where the American beach was extremely wild, presenting a dark and gloomy picture; huge black rocks, like the shattered ruins of a sterile world, lay scattered in naked majesty many successive miles along the side of the lake, whose waters rushed in between them, and lashed their barren sides with furious and unceasing roar. Behind, was spread a country no less wild and stern—an extensive tract, swampy and desolate, exhibiting a number of small conical hills of sand and clay, which had obtained for it the appellation of the Sugar-loaf country. Here, mists were now hanging in the air, and spreading around, even at mid-day, a dismal obscurity. In a cove of this district the Pirate had lain two days in a peculiarly perilous situation; he now emerged before dark, trusting to the mist as a cover, and proceeded some miles further up the lake. The mist grew thicker as he advanced, and the darkness about ten o'clock was so dense that he became every minute fearful of coming in contact with some vessel. A strong light could hardly be seen a few yards off, so that no craft was distinguishable to the eye, nor could any approaching be heard, on account of the noise of the surf dashing among the rocks. He was guiding the ship with great caution in its intricate course when that happened which he feared most. A sudden concussion took place between the Fearless and a sloop coming from an opposite direction; the blow was very violent, but the Pirate instantly became aware that he had sustained but a slight injury, while the other had suffered seriously.

“Bring up a couple of lighted torches!” shouted he, at the head of the companion-stairs; they were put into





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his hand. "Merry, lower the boat!" he cried. "Ho! Haverstraw! where are you?"

"Here, at your elbow, Captain," said the ancient sailor.

"Stop the ship!" exclaimed the Pirate; it was almost instantaneously done. He then himself sprang into the boat, and darted to the spot, where the screams of females, and the distressed shouts of male voices, announced the fate of the vessel that had been struck. He waved the blazing torches in the stifling fog, and presently perceived a sloop, with her mast thrown down, and her timbers split, in the act of sinking; the head was already under water, and several ladies, and male figures, were clinging to the rails at the hinder end of the deck. The unfortunate vessel went down within half a minute after receiving the shock, but with promptness and courage, the Pirate, assisted by the black, succeeded in picking out of the water two ladies, a gentleman, and two sailors, who were safely lodged in the boat.

One of the ladies, the last person rescued, cried out fervently as soon as she was in the boat—"Thank God!—thank God!—I live! But are you *all* here?" she asked in a thrilling tone of agonising anxiety. "Father! sister! Miss Gresham!--Let me hear your voices if you really exist!" The former and the latter, to her great satisfaction, answered—"We are here!--we are safe!--thank heaven!" but when she repeated the name of "Letitia!" no reply was returned.

"There is a young lady still struggling in the water, Merry!" cried the Pirate, hastily giving the torches to the black. "She has caught the floating spar on our lee! Keep the flame playing here as well as the fog will

let you—I must plunge to save her, for she is sinking!” He said no more, but bound a cord round his waist in an instant, and threw himself into the lake, while Merry twisted the other end of the cord round his own arm.

The vessel which had sunk so suddenly, was that in which Lady Hester and her friends left Niagara; they had been bewildered in the fog, which had spread further on the lake than had been known for many years, and had run on that dangerous course which the Pirate was traversing when he met them. Had they not come in contact with the Fearless, it is most probable that they would have met a more complete destruction on the rocks concealed under water in front of the beach.

The Earl and Lady Hester were smitten with horror when, by the feeble light of the torches which the mist deadened, they saw Letitia sink within a few yards from them, stretching out her arms, and calling on the Earl to save her. Then the thick gloom baffled their sight, but presently the torch-rays again penetrating to the surface of the water, they beheld the Pirate diving where she had gone down; a moment of breathless suspense followed, and obscurity again prevailed. Now the splashing of a strong swimmer was faintly heard close by the boat, and the Pirate called out, “Merry!—the lights!” The black lowered the torches, stooping over the boat’s side. The Pirate was treading the water, and striking out one arm to keep himself afloat, while with the other arm he supported the senseless body of the fair child. His herculean strength resisted well the force of the powerful current, and he succeeded in seizing hold of the boat. Merry passed the torches to the Earl who, with Lady Hester, stood by him trembling, and

balancing himself on the edge of the boax steadily, took Letitia from the Pirate, and raised her to the arms of her father. The Pirate sprang in, and in ten minutes more all were on the deck of the Fearless.

“Haverstraw,” said the Pirate, “go down to the hold—unstop a bottle of my best wine; you know the mark on the cork, and bring it to my cabin. Merry, go down and hand a light to the foot of the ladder for these strangers.” It was done, and the Pirate led the way down to his cabin, where a bright coal fire was burning cheerfully.

“Jenny, my dear,” called the Pirate at the door of the inner cabin. Jane came out immediately, but shrank back at the sight of the strangers.

Lady Hester felt no surprise at the elegant appearance of the furniture around her, for she knew not as yet the character of the ship in which she was, but supposed it was some superior trading vessel. This idea was confirmed by the Pirate’s introduction of Jane as his daughter, for there was something so modest and refined about her interesting figure, that even had Lady Hester suspected the truth it would have been difficult for her to persuade herself at first that such a girl was indeed living among a gang of privateers.

“Come forward, Jenny,” said the Pirate; “the ship we struck against has gone to the bottom, but I and Merry have been fortunate enough to save all her passengers, those three ladies and that gentleman, as well as two of her seamen. We ourselves have received little damage, and that little will soon be put to rights. But now do you see that the youngest lady is in a senseless condition; you must attend to her directly, and let



Deborah assist you. She has had a narrow escape from being drowned, and requires strict and immediate attention."

The sofa was in front of the fire; Lady Hester sat down there, and the Earl, who had carried the dripping form of Letitia down the ladder, now placed her on her sister's lap, and anxiously looking in her face, called her by name, but no sign of animation was discernible. Jane, having quickly set Deborah about making up a good fire in the inner cabin, proposed that Letitia should be taken in there and laid in a warm hammock. At this instant ancient Haverstraw entered with the wine, and touching his white locks respectfully, told the strangers that he had once been a surgeon in an American man-of-war, and that he had prescribed for all the ailments of the crew of the Fearless ever since it had been under the present Captain; therefore if they would allow him to advise for the young lady, he had no manner of doubt but he should bring her to again, "that is," said he, again touching with apparent unconsciousness his scanty hairs, and glancing upwards reverentially, "if the life has not parted from her. There is a time appointed for old and young, and when it is filled up they must die, no help of man can prevent it; but, if Providence will it so, I shall bring the young lady round again, by your leaves."

"Lady, believe me, you may safely trust the old man," said Jane, timidly, to Lady Hester; "he is not without skill in cases like this."

"Come near, then," said the Earl to Toby; "look at the child, and tell us, if you can, the speediest and best remedies for her revival."

Haverstraw did so, and in conformity with his directions Letitia was undressed with haste, and placed in hot blankets in Jane's hammock, with her head and shoulders raised; she was then well rubbed with the hand, and bladders of hot water applied to her extremities and laid on the pit of her stomach. This did not succeed for some time, and the Earl, who loved Letitia tenderly, began to weep in despair. Lady Hester, and the governess, too, lost all hope of seeing her revive. But old Toby, holding a hand looking-glass to her lips, exclaimed softly, "She breathes!" and begged all parties to preserve strict silence, "for," said he, "her life is just now like a lark on the point of taking wing, the least disturbance about her may startle it away."

The Earl was particularly pleased with this caution, he thought it highly judicious, and as his confidence in Haverstraw rose, he grasped the tar's hard hand, and squeezing it with energy, cried, "Restore her, my good friend, and I will give you fifty dollars, aye, a hundred!" Haverstraw answered very sedately—

"I am more than fourscore years old, and have neither wife nor child, mother nor sister; I have no house-rent to pay, and the old jacket and trousers you see me in will serve me very well till my Captain brings me another off shore. So you see I have no want of money, thank you the same. I will do my best for the young lady, but Providence will have its rule, sir."

The Earl looked a little surprised, for he had not been accustomed to have offers of money rejected. Haverstraw, however, took no notice of what the Earl had said, but in his disinterested simplicity went on giving advice for Letitia. Jane seconded him ably, and a large, low cask

having been rolled in, it was shortly filled with warm water, and the child was immersed in a bath to the neck. About ten minutes passed, and then a gasp or two gave the first welcome sign of her restoration. She breathed very feebly after this, but was evidently recovering. Toby now directed Jane to give her a little warm wine which he had made ready. Letitia swallowed a teaspoonful or two before she was taken out of the bath, and when laid in bed again drank the rest in small quantities; she then fell into a quiet sleep, and anxiety for her was lost in joy and thankfulness.

“My honest friend,” whispered the Earl to Haverstraw, with tears, “remember that I owe you a recompense; your presence of mind and careful attention to my darling, have saved her, and you must not—shall not—be unrewarded. And what shall I say to *you*?” continued the Earl, addressing the Pirate, who now re-entered the cabin to inquire what success had attended the efforts made for Letitia; “to *you*, who risked your own life for hers? My gratitude is more than I can express.”

“Do not attempt to express it,” said the Pirate, with a sort of haughty humility; “I give you my assurance that I did no more for your daughter than any other man with a spark of true spirit would have done. The black who assisted me so boldly is, however, very much entitled to your gratitude; but for him you would none of you have been alive now.”

“Call him hither,” said the Earl; “I will reward him with a hundred dollars. To tell you the truth, sir, I am a man of rank and fortune.”

Merry came into the outer cabin; and the Earl, taking

from his pocket a leathern case which had resisted the action of the water, and opening it, said—

“ You have done me a great benefit, and here are notes on the Toronto bank which will bring you a hundred dollars.”

Merry received the thin slips of stamped paper with a dubious air, and held them on the dusky palm of his hand, staring first at the Earl, then at the Pirate, then at the notes, as if he thought some trick was being played upon him.

“ They are your own, put them to a wise use, good fellow,” said the Earl; “ perhaps your Captain here may advise you how best to dispose of them for your advantage. Don’t spend them in liquors.”

“ Me hab a hunder dollars !” cried Merry, all at once leaping up from the floor in an ecstasy, and grasping the notes tightly in his high-lifted hand ; “ O, lor-a-me ! a hunder dollars !—a hunder dollars !—a hunder dollars !” his white teeth were completely exposed by his broad grin of rapturous joy, and his fine black eyes beamed and sparkled. “ No—no, Massa, me not spend dem, de angels ! in rum, and Virginia leaf, and brandy. Me gib de crew *one* treat—no more, by gor—only *one*, Massa ; and me only buy one lot ob Virginia, and rum, and brandy—no more den *one*, Massa, or I’m no blacky, and den all de rest shall buy me free from dat massa I run away from ; and I will walk out afore him, and laugh at his cowskin, and his law—he—he—he !—O, lor-a-me !—dat will be joy !”

“ What !” exclaimed the Earl, smiling, “ you ran away from your master, did you ?—Well, if you give me his name and tell me where he lives, I will make the

bargain for you, for I suspect you will not have enough money in hand."

"Him is a hash merchant, in Kingston," said Merry, his eyes literally blazing with rapture. "Him make pothash, pearlhash, and grow rice. Him cunning fox, Massa; him call me strong, tall, ail noting; ask great price for me; tell you dat if he not make me free, he will catch me some day or oder, and make me work wid de cowskin. He sly, rich, old fox;—he get—get—get—neber lose noting at all."

"If this is his character I must deal cunningly with him," said the Earl; "however, I am not afraid but I shall bring him to points—give me his name?"

"Somers," answered th black; "Massa Philip Somers. I don't care one fig for him," he added, snapping his fingers, "while I am wid de brave bucca—" he adroitly checked himself before concluding the word, as the Pirate gave him a warning look, and correcting himself quickly, said—"I mean while I am wid de Cap-tin here. Old Somers must look sharp to catch hold ob me, now—he—he;—me laugh at de old fox now. He get a taste of gunpowder, by gor, if he come a-nigh here!—he—he—he!"

"If you feel yourself so safe, why are you anxious to purchase freedom from his claims?" asked the Earl.

"'Cause me like to dance and sing in Kingston wid me 'quaintances," cried Merry, "and now me cant go dere 'cause ob de old hash-merchant, wid his yellow face, and his red eyes; I'd sooner see a tiger-cat at my heels den him, any day; he a'most whipped de strength out ob my bones afore, (and dat not so soon done, Massa, for me berry strong indeed!)"

“ Well, you shall go to Kingston or where you like in future, and be afraid of no man, if I can do it,” said the Earl. “ I will see that your purchase is made from Somers so that he can never again have any power over you. Make your mind easy ; within two months at the farthest, my good fellow, you may write yourself a free man, rely on my word.”

The black, overjoyed at the prospect of getting rid of the uneasy fears which had frequently disturbed his quiet, held out the notes to the Earl, with the intention of returning them, perfectly trusting in his promise. The latter was pleased with this reliance, which he put to the proof by taking back the money. When Merry, however, was quitting the cabin to whisper his good fortune among the crew, he said to him—

“ But you have forgot the Virginia leaf, and the rum, and brandy, and the treat to your friends of this ship: take again the hundred dollars, I will buy your freedom with other money.”

“ And now, once more, sir, what can I do for you ?” said the Earl, turning to the Pirate, and shaking his hand with an enthusiasm not very common with him. “ You have done me an unspeakable good ; my young child—my darling Letitia!—would have been lost but for you. You, individually and alone, placed your life at imminent hazard for her. She is the heiress of a maternal title and fortune, though my youngest daughter, and it would not become me, her parent and guardian, to let bare thanks be the only return made to you. No, Captain Anderson, you must, to relieve my feelings, and satisfy my mind, say in what I can serve you. I have much influence among persons of distinction on this side of the

Atlantic, as well as on the other, and it shall be used for you to any honourable extent, and in any honourable way you think proper."

They were alone; the Pirate meditated; some changes passed over his face; he began to speak, but his voice was at first lost in secret agitation.

"Sir, or my lord," he resumed, "(for I do not know by which to address you, since you tell me you are a man of rank,) were I to persevere in a compliance with my first impulse, I should refuse plainly, in few words, and for ever, the acceptance of any favours from you on the present understanding; but, sir, there are struggling in my breast, thoughts, and yearnings, and reviving principles, which oppose and overcome that impulse;—yes, they overcome it!" he exclaimed, repeating the words, and rising from the chair—"I master that impulse!—I accept your kindness!"

The Earl was surprised by his manner; he fixed his eyes on him with expectancy, and listened with a particular attention to the Pirate's fine, full tones, expressive, against his will, of powerful emotion.

"Sir, I am a man who has ever thirsted for distinction, for rule. Had my situation in the world afforded me the opportunity, I should never have rested day or night until I had reached some dazzling goal beyond the stretch of *ordinary* ambition. I have wished for command over my fellows—I always thought I wished it for their good, but that was self deception, I see it now. Dependency of any description has always been torture to me. I have always fancied myself out of my proper sphere. In my wild dreams I have sighed for empire. Oh, had I been but a Bonaparte!—a Washington!—I have been mad

enough to say to myself. When I hear of the two heroes of England and France, Wolfe and De Montcalm, who fell so gloriously on the plains of Abraham at Quebec, envy wrings me at the heart! And so it is when I hear of other heroes—no matter whether they be naval or military, whether they have lived in the present, or a remote age. You see, sir, the disease which has been my bane.”

“It is one,” said the Earl, with grave emphasis, “which has made a few great men, but many villains. From what I have seen of you I should say, had circumstances favoured you, you would have been great, that is, distinguished.”

“As it is,” quickly exclaimed the Pirate with bitterness, “I am a villain! Rightly, sir, have you said, that the passion for distinction makes many villains—I know it. Some of the finest spirits in the world, depraved by this deceitful semblance, which they embrace with eagerness, become first dispirited with ill-success, then despairing, then reckless, and so the world of outcast rogues is abundantly populated: It was thus that I became what I am.”

“You!—Why are you not a merchant?” demanded the Earl.

“No,” replied the Pirate, “I am an outlaw, flying from the face of justice, and heading a desperate and turbulent set of adventurers of all nations.”

The unpleasant astonishment of the Earl may be imagined; his first thought was for his daughters. “Good heavens! my children in a ship of this description!” he exclaimed, turning pale.

“Do not, sir, fear, either for them or for yourself,”



said the Pirate; "I tolerate no bloodshed on the Fearless, except when driven upon the stern necessity for self-preservation. You and your party are safe here, I pledge my life for it. The ladies will remain with my daughter, and it will be better for them to be kept in ignorance of the truth until they leave us, in order to spare them unnecessary alarm; as for yourself, you shall have at night the use of my own hammock and sleeping cabin, and there you will find both bolt and key inside to make you sleep secure against intrusion. The two sailors saved with you I will put with the negro and the old man you have seen, they are always ready to execute my slightest wish, and will watch their safeties well."

"Dear—dear! this is a very awkward situation to find one's self in when it is least expected," said the Earl, shifting his position uneasily in his seat. "I must say you speak very fair—very fair, indeed, Captain—but I cannot easily reconcile myself to the discovery, and that's the truth. In a ship of rovers! Bless me! it is dreadful to think of—dreadful! Not a single servant at hand—no weapon in my possession!—We might almost as well have been drowned."

The Pirate caught the word "weapon." "To ease you still further, sir," said he, "and to satisfy you if I can, of my good intentions toward you, I will provide you with weapons. Here is my own dagger, and knife, both of fine temper you see, and in the best possible condition—keep them concealed about you; and step here to my sleeping cabin, I will show you defence sufficient for a dozen men."

The Earl stepped with him to the place named, and the Pirate showed him a row of small arms placed

the wall, ready for immediate use, behind a canvass screen at the head of the hammock ; he also pointed out several horns of powder, and a bag of shot, and drew his attention to the fastenings of the door.

“ I assure you,” said the Pirate, “ you will have no need of these ; nevertheless, there they are, and I resign this cabin entirely to your use while you are in my ship, for both night and day.”

“ Thank you—thank you ; I feel reassured now,” said the Earl, shuddering at sight of the arms. “ But now tell me how it happens, that a man of superior endowments and education, such as you evidently are, can persuade yourself to remain in a post so dishonourable as this which you occupy now.”

“ That is the matter of which I wish to speak,” said the Pirate. “ This vessel is mine ; I purchased it of a slave owner ; but were I to attempt to leave the band, and claim my own property for my future support, the crew would prevent my going, and perhaps take away my life. The want of private means has, therefore, principally detained me here. I have a daughter, for her I must provide accommodations somewhere ; she cannot bear hardship as I might. Here, then, is the plain case ; if you bestow on me a gift of a few hundred dollars, (three hundred is as much as I would accept, less than that would, perhaps, answer my purpose,) I shall quit piracy for ever.”

“ Five hundred, at least, you must receive,” said the Earl. “ I give them freely, congratulating you on your resolution, and I wish you prosperity in a better avocation.”

“ I now only wish for a hearth in retirement, and

food and clothing sufficient for nature's needs," said the Pirate. "However, let it be as you have said, generous sir; five hundred dollars I will take as your free gift, for I can never hope to repay it, and with the money my child and I will fly from this way of life, and she shall remember your name (if you will let me know it,) in her daily prayers."

A few minutes after this conversation the Pirate saw his daughter pass by the door and step softly down to the hold, to fetch something which she wanted for a supper for her guests. He followed her, and called her in a low voice by name. She started and trembled, fearing it was some of the crew, but instantly recognising her father, smiled affectionately, returning his caress, and asked him many questions which hitherto the presence of the strangers had prevented.

"You nearly sunk, father, Haverstraw tells me, when you were striving to save the youngest lady, who, I am delighted to say is fast recovering."

"It is true I did," said the Pirate; "and had I lost my presence of mind for a moment, you would have seen no more of the father who has been such a trouble to you."

"Why do you speak in that way?" said Jane, tears springing to her eyes; "have I not always loved you as well as ever daughter loved a father?"

"Forgive me, Jenny; you are full of tenderness to me—tenderness, heaven knows, ill deserved! But you have often entreated me to quit these privateers I am leagued with; what would you say if I could now promise you that you should soon, very soon, have your wish?"

“ Say !” exclaimed Jane ; “ I should say heaven help you to carry out your purpose !”

“ Heaven waits that prayer, then,” said the Pirate, with lower but decided tones ; “ for I promise you, by all my hopes to see you happy and light-hearted, that if it be at all practicable, I will not see another moon rise over me in this ship ! O, Jenny ! for thy sake chiefly, and for thy brother’s, I determine upon this change ; for as for me, personally, I am lost to society, to myself, to my God, and it is little matter where or with whom I dwell. The strangers whom Merry and I have rescued, are persons of high distinction ; Merry will gain by what he did for them, not only a hundred dollars, but his legal freedom, also, from the slave-master who owns him ; and I have compelled myself to stoop to receive five hundred dollars from the gentleman, in consideration of what I did ; and with that five hundred dollars I will loosen myself from the bands which bind me to the Fearless and her crew, and maintain you in some secret place on land.”

“ Oh, this is the happiest news that ever sounded in my ears !” said Jane, clasping her hands on the Pirate’s shoulder, and smiling through her tears. He passed his arm round her waist, and said—

“ Now study to be cheerful a little longer ; within a month you will have solid ground beneath your feet, and no fears of shipwreck, fights, or mutinies, to distress you more.”

“ Understand my true feelings, father,” said Jane “ it is not to save either of us from distress that I would draw you from a Pirate’s life ; honourable, honest distress I would not shrink from sharing with you ; but

here, father, there can never be either honour or honesty."

"You speak severely, Jenny; is there no honesty in meek old Toby?—in brave Merry? is there no honour in your father's breast?"

"Yes—there is," said Jane; and she lifted his hand with a hasty movement of affection to her breast, and held it there; "but—" she stopped, casting her eyes seriously to the ground, while the Pirate's majestic features revealed the most painful feelings of humiliation.

"But what?" said he, abruptly, his large brow contracting with sudden impatience; "go on, why are you afraid to speak?"

"I was going to say," said Jane, "that it cannot be honest or right to be a friend of bad men. I see I offend you." She paused, and then in more lively terms resumed; "It is a great sin indeed, for a man who knows any thing better, to be connected with this crew. They live by the ruin of worthy men. They plunder peaceful vessels—they spread dismay around."

"What else?" said the Pirate, in a sharp tone.

"I will say no more," exclaimed Jane, passing her arm around his neck, and looking anxiously in his face.

"To have my daughter for my judge!" exclaimed the irritated Pirate, disengaging himself from her, and pacing the hold; "I tell you, Jane, I had rather bear the hangman's gripe, than have my crimes set out before me by you! What have you to do with my being a Pirate? tell me that, Jenny. To you I am a father, a father only; it is my men's province, and only theirs, to see a Pirate in me."

"Dear father," said Jane, "my love for you is al-

ways ready to cover a multitude of sins, and no crimes on your part would weaken it, that would be impossible. But I would do you good. I know your inward pains produced by the consciousness of partaking in guilt, and I would lure you from guilt. I would not help you to call dark light, and light dark; but I would win you from the dark to the light." A virtuous purpose imparted strength to her as she went on:—"I must see you as you are. I cannot persuade myself that you are not a Pirate because you have qualities and impulses above those of ordinary Pirates, when I see you at the head of a gang of them. No, father, I must dare to tell you the truth clearly; I wish to see you forsake this ship, *because* you are outraging social, moral, and religious laws, by abiding in it; talents that were given you for the support of virtue, you employ here in directing fifty depraved men how best to outrage all virtue."

"No more, Jenny! From you I will hear no more on this subject—not another word," said the Pirate, with an air of imperative decision. He sighed profoundly. "Jane," he resumed, after a minute of distressing reflections, "you have spoken well. I respect my daughter. The probing was hard to bear, but it has done me good. We will converse again in the morning, and in the meantime sleep sound and happy. I know the ruins of a fort some forty or fifty miles from here overland, there we will hide, and I will have no more to do with piracy:—would that I had never had aught to do with it! I wish to avoid leaving the ship until she is clear of her present danger. I will see her at a safer distance from the steamer which is chasing her, and then she and I part for ever."

"Steamer ahead, Captain!" bawled the night-watch

from the hatchway, at the top of his voice. Jane trembled at the sound.

"Coming," returned the deep tones of the Pirate; and, pressing his daughter's hand, he disappeared, having bade her not to delay supper for him.

"Have you heard my son's signal?" inquired he, when he stepped on deck.

"No, sir," replied the watch; "there has been no shot of any sort heard, I have been on the listen ever since you went below."

The mists had partly cleared off, and a watery moon had scattered a few rays of pale light on the turbid water through the remaining vapour which had risen higher in the air. After some time essaying to look through the glass he returned it to the watch.

"I can make no use of it," said he; then pacing up and down the fore-castle in deep deliberation he remained occupied with his own thoughts, occasionally stopping and listening intensely.

"You are *sure* you saw the smoke of a steamer darkening the mist?" he suddenly asked the watch.

"Quite sure," answered the latter; "I would swear to it. I have always been able to tell when one of those sort of sailors was anigh us. I could almost smell her smoke at any distance."

"You are pretty much to be relied upon, I know," said the Pirate; "but if it be the chaser, I wonder we hear nothing. However, let all hands be on the alert. Send Haverstraw to me; but hark you, make no alarm."

He walked up and down, and listened, and planned, and meditated, until the old mariner was at his elbow. He then, in a suppressed voice, gave him a number of

commands. "Have you perfectly understood me?" he asked.

"Clearly, clearly," answered Haverstraw.

"Then now execute it all in your best style," said the Pirate; "go, on you depends very much the fate of all in the vessel, remember that. You will obey me to the letter—you understand?"

"Yes, I do," answered Haverstraw: "I am no inexperienced boy, Captain; I have seconded you before to-day, and you have never complained of me."

"I have had no reason to do so, old friend," said the Pirate; "well have I proved your worth."

The preparations in case of an attack went on no less quietly than effectually during the succeeding hour, the Pirate continuing to pace the deck, hoping that the mist would clear off so as to permit him an unobstructed view of the lake; but so far from this being the case it lowered again, and became denser than ever.

Every man was now at his gun round the sides of the deck; gunpowder, shot, and small arms, were brought up in readiness for instant use, and Haverstraw stepped about here and there seeing that all was in the order his Captain had described.

Suddenly a crack was heard from an alarmingly near point.

"'Tis the signal!—Nicholas is true to his word!" exclaimed the Pirate in his loudest tones, with hasty enthusiasm. "Now my men, look out! you will be set at work presently. Is all as it should be, Toby?"

"All," replied the old man.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

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"But that vain victory has ruined all,  
They form no longer to their leader's call;  
In vain he doth whate'er a chief may do,  
To check the headlong fury of that crew;  
In vain their stubborn ardour he would tame,  
The hand that kindles cannot quench the flame."—Byron.

"Can it be her! and do we meet once more,  
Only to part, as we before have parted!"—M. B.

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PRESENTLY, a sound that was scarcely distinguishable from that of the dashing surges, announced to the Pirate's waiting ear the approach of a heavy steamer. That sound became more distinct, and in another quarter of a minute the engines were heard in full play, and the long keel cut through the water at a distance of not more than twenty yards from the Fearless.

All the privateers were in a breathless state of suspense; the steamer went on a trifling distance, then stopped, and hailed the vessel which they had passed, having caught sight of the light of the torch which one of the sailors had brought on deck contrary to the Captain's orders; it had been quickly extinguished—but the mischief was done.

The Pirate, seizing a trumpet, replied to the hail of the steamer that he was a trader in peltries and fish-oils,

and going toward Lake Huron, but had moored on account of the fog.

The present danger appeared to be passed now, for the steamer again set off, and was soon lost to the ear as well as to the eye. But the Pirate was too wary to release any of the crew from their defensive postures as yet, and not until midnight did he himself quit the deck. He went down, and found all in silence in the cabins as he wished; not the least alarm had been excited in the minds of the strangers, who had no idea that any thing extraordinary was going on.

He had just thrown himself into Haverstraw's hammock, the latter being now on watch above, and was settling into a sound sleep, when a soft tap sounded on the cabin door.

"Toby—it is I—I want to speak to you," said Jane, in a subdued voice outside. The Pirate arose directly, and, half undressed, opened the door.

"What is the matter, my dear? Has any thing frightened you? I have occupied Toby's cabin while he keeps watch above. What is it you want to say to him?"

Oh, father! is not some dreadful fight about to happen between this crew and some other vessel?"

"If you suspect any thing, Jenny, it is no use to attempt to hide the truth from you. Now don't look so terrified, my dear!—depend on it there is no occasion. This is all—the steamer which the Governor of Toronto sent out against us has passed very near to-night, and I thought it safest to put all the ship under guard;—but the enemy has long been out of gunshot, and there is no more danger for us—none at all.

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"I wish I could think so," said Jane, trembling.

"Don't be a coward, my dear little girl, don't," said the Pirate, trying to laugh her out of her fears. "How did your supper go off?"

"Very well," said she; "Deborah killed and dressed the fattest fowl in the hen-coop, and boiled a piece of pork out of the pickling-tub. I wish you had been down with us, you would have liked both the meat and the cooking, Deborah is so clever at those sort of things. The message you sent down accounted very well for your absence, and the ladies made themselves most agreeable. The elder lady I admire exceedingly; she is wonderfully beautiful, and very young to be a widow, poor lady!"

"Now run away to your bed, and sleep well," said the Pirate, "believe me, all is right;" and Jane did so, having affectionately wished him good night.

A second time the Pirate was settling to sleep, when a second time there came a disturbing knock, this time louder and more alarming. He sprang up—

"Who's there?" he demanded.

"Haverstraw," was the reply. He was let in. "Captain, there has been two shots—not pistol-shots in the air—but gunshots, scouring along the water and nearly hitting our sides, just now. Will, the gunner, who was on watch when he first smelt out the steamer, declares it is still on our tack somewhereabouts."

"Is it so indeed!" muttered the Captain, throwing on his rough jacket; "well, never mind, Toby, we are all ready for it—it may as well come now as at any other time. Stay, before we go up, I must ease my mind of one burden." He fixed his eyes a moment on the hammock, musing; then starting, put his hand on the old

man's shoulder—"If I should be killed in the struggle, Toby Haverstraw—you hear me?—you mark me?"

"I do, my dear Captain; but Providence, I hope, will never let my old eyes see a sight so sad!"

"Then, in such a case," continued the Pirate, not heeding his last words, "do you receive, for my daughter's use, five hundred dollars from the gentleman I and Merry saved last evening; and see her safe on shore, Toby, and do not leave her, I charge you, until she is in the house from which I drew her last—I mean the English Pastor's."

"I will do it if there should be a necessity for it," said Toby; "but don't think of such a thing, my dear Captain."

"I must think of it, Toby," said the Pirate; "and now, remember, I have had a promise from you. Stop another minute;" they were at the door, Haverstraw was drawn back, the Pirate fastened his eyes on him again with a secret meaning—"Haverstraw, you must go to the Governor at Toronto, and clear me from that black suspicion, too, if I fail—you hear? You will promise me this also? You will not let my memory be worse stained than is just?"

"I understand you—I will do what you wish, if—" said Haverstraw, dashing a tear from his eye, and clearing his voice, which became impeded, as he thought of the probable chance of his Captain's death. There was a momentary pause—

"My son," said the Pirate, speaking abstractedly, "God bless him! I have no more to say," he added, breaking into a more animated tone; "now go up, and look well that my directions are obeyed in every tittle."

Shot after shot now came nearer and nearer, until they rebounded from the tough sides of the Fearless. The mist again thinned under a lively breeze, and the adversaries saw each other. At the instant of recognition a shout arose from both vessels, and then followed a volley of fire from the Pirate's ship, which was returned by a similar salute from its pursuer.

Clinton was looking out on the deck of the steamer, and when the smoke rolled between the ships he shuddered for his father and his sister, and every pulse throbbled with anxiety for their fate. So, also, on the Fearless, the Pirate trembled for his son, and every gun that was fired off by his men seemed to pass through his own heart. It was a dreadful situation for both father and son, but each repressed every outward exhibition of his feelings, and braced himself for the occasion. The moon disappeared, the wind grew quiet, and the mist again increased, the darkness was of a pitchy intensity. The firing continued at random, still the strangers on board the privateer-vessel slept unconscious. Letitia was the first to start up:—

“ Oh, sister—sister !” she exclaimed in terror ; “ Oh, governess ! do you hear the noise ?”

Lady Hester opened her eyes—the whole ship reeled under the shot of artillery. “ What is all this !” cried she, hastily springing out of Jane's hammock, and throwing on her clothes. “ Keep yourself as quiet as you can, Letty, I will call papa. Miss Gresham, awake—awake, and dress yourself and Letitia !” She threw open the door, and called aloud on the Earl, who instantly joined her, amazed and alarmed in the extreme.

Here Jane came in, pale as marble, her faltering

speech incapable of one connected sentence :—" Oh, my brother ! oh, my father !" she wildly exclaimed, sinking into a chair, and pressing her hands on her ears to shut out the awful pealing of the guns, every one of which she knew to be charged with death.

" What is the occasion of all this ?" asked the Earl.

" Miss Anderson, you seem in great distress," said Lady Hester, going to her with kindness and sympathy ; " tell me what is the matter here. Are we attacked by pirates ? Do not hesitate to tell me the truth."

" Not pirates—but enemies," stammered Jane ; " and my brother—my only brother—is with them ! Oh, by this time he may be killed ! while here, my dear father is exposed to the same—oh, what a shot was that !" she jumped up from the chair, and clasped her hands. " Lord ! preserve them ! Oh, my dear—dear father !—oh, my brother !" Her teeth chattered, and an icy coldness spread over her frame.

Lady Hester took her hand with much emotion. " I feel for you extremely," said she ; " but is there nothing we can do to assist the sailors in their brave defence of the vessel ?" her tone was energetic, her mien resolute. Jane looked at her with momentary admiration.

" No—we can do nothing," she replied, shaking her head, " but remain quiet until the result is seen. To me, that result may be complete desolation ! I have now no other relatives in the world than my father and my brother, if they fall I am utterly alone !"

" But you shall not be unfriended," returned Lady Hester with warmth ; " Letitia owes a good deal to you and your kind Irish attendant ; if such an event as you fear *should* happen (which I hope will not), we will not

leave you unprotected or unprovided for." Jane could only look her gratitude.

"I should like to see Captain Anderson," said the Earl, who knew more than his daughters and suspected more, going to the foot of the ladder leading up to the deck. The hatches were closed above, but he could hear the tramping of the privateers, and the orders that were now and then shouted from different parts of the vessel. The shots became more and more confused and rapid, and now a hundred feet shook the planks. There was evidently a conflict going on upon board of a deadly nature. The cries of attack and defiance resounded terribly through the ship. The hatchway was now burst open, and the negro darted down and closed it again on the inside with haste and force. The Earl had caught a glimpse of men struggling together, and of closing weapons whose clash he heard.

"What has occurred? Who are they that have boarded this ship?" demanded the pallid Earl.

"Me not tell you now, massa," said the black, resting for a bare moment to take breath on the steps of the ladder, which, the next instant, he threw on one side.

"You must go back into de Captin's cabin, massa. You must make no noise about it—keep still—not stir—till de Captin come down."

His manner admitted of no dispute, and the Earl, under the influence of fear, stepped back before Merry's formidable handspike, and joined his terrified children. The appearance of the young negro was not calculated to reassure the ladies, or their father, or the anxious Ja. His blue cotton shirt was rolled up above the elbows and dyed with blood and gunpowder; his face

was expressive of all the fierce passions which the deadly fight in which he had been engaged was calculated to call forth. Letitia covered her eyes and ran back as she saw him to the embrace of her scarcely less fearful governess. The black's appearance, and the Earl's manner, all at once awakened a suspicion in Lady Hester's mind as to the real profession of the ship. She stepped close to Merry as he stood listening by the cabin door.

"Are not the men of this vessel pirates or smugglers?" she asked, in a tone which he only could hear; her question being firmly and abruptly put, Merry's eye sank before her's, and he was at first quite at a loss what to answer. She did not give him time to recover his self-possession, but continued in a louder tone—"You cannot deceive me—I read the reply in your face! Do not attempt to satisfy me with even the thousandth part of a falsehood, for I assure you I am apt at discerning the truth at all times. Are you pirates or smugglers? Tell me instantly."

Merry did not speak.

"Are you smugglers?" she asked.

He answered, "No."

"Then you are pirates!" said she very firmly. "Do not dare to say no, if I am right."

He did not dare to say no; and, after a momentary pause, Lady Hester again fixed her eyes on him:—

"Your captain is the celebrated Pirate Anderson! Do not say no, I repeat, if I am right!"

Again Merry was silent.

"I see you respect truth a little, whatever be your way of life," said she. "Now, since I know all this, I



cannot matter much if you tell me who your assailants are?"

"The Governor's people, in the steam-ship," said Merry.

"Ah!—indeed!" exclaimed Lady Hester, turning pale as she remembered that Clinton was in that steam-ship. She went back into the cabin, and stooping to Jane, who was sitting with her hands still clasped on her knee, and with a fixed look of abstraction, whispered—

"I know all; but depend upon it, if your adversaries prevail, that both I and the Earl, my father, will endeavour to do you service. I am sorry to see you suffering so much. You say you have a brother on board the steamer, that is singular; may I venture to inquire how it is that he is assisting your father's opponents? Believe me no idle motive prompts me to inquire, but a disposition of real friendliness towards you."

"He is not willingly," Jane began, but just then the hatches were opened with a noise, and a voice that was usually mellow and rich to a fault, but now strained and hoarse, called to Merry for the ladder. It was thrown up, and Clinton descended, while Lady Hester's heart throbbed in her throat, and her white eyelids sank.

"My sister!—my dearest Jane!" exclaimed he. She rushed into his arms, and was strained to his panting breast. "Look up, my dear sister! be at ease! You are safe—all is well! Father has almost gained a complete victory! The men I have been with are nearly overcome!"

Jane clapped her hands under the first impulse of her joy, then surveyed his graceful form with glances of affectionate inquiry.

"Oh, you need not eye me so anxiously, I am not hurt," said he, kissing her forehead.

"And father—is he safe?"

Clinton's face suddenly became overshadowed: she noticed its change, and abruptly exclaimed—

"He is wounded!—Perhaps he is—"

"Killed, you were going to say," said Clinton, tenderly smiling on her; "but, my dear sister, you alarm yourself unnecessarily. No, he is not killed, I am glad to be able to tell you, only a slight injury in the side from a shot, that is all."

"That is all!" echoed Jane; "he is wounded then? Oh, let me go to him!"

"By no means, Jane; he will be brought down directly, and after his side has been examined you shall see him, not before; come, yield with a good grace, and be thankful things are as well as they are." Here he started, a red tint spread over his delicately-coloured face, deeper and deeper still.

"Lady Hester!" he exclaimed, "I little expected to have the honour of meeting you *here*! I ask your pardon that I did not see you before, my sister had engrossed my attention entirely."

Lady Hester was about to put out her hand, which he was about to take, when, in uncontrolled embarrassment, she withdrew it, remembering who were present. Instantly Clinton was himself again; his colour receded, he was outwardly collected and nonchalant, almost provokingly so.

Jane wondered when her brother recognised the lady, and his expressive looks and his colour, and her embarrassment, were easily interpreted. She was convinced

at once that not only had they met before, but that they were objects of no common interest to each other. So quick are they who have loved to discern love in others.

“Sister, tell me how it happens that I have the surprise, and, I must needs say pain, of meeting Lady Hester Cleveland and her friends in this vessel, under the present circumstances?” Jane explained.

“I am sorry,” said Clinton, turning to the Earl and then to Lady Hester, with a manner at once distant and refined, “to hear you have been so alarmed. I hope that in a very few hours you will find yourselves safely on shore, beyond the reach of any more water accidents. If I can be of any service in promoting your landing, you may command me.”

“Thank you,” said the Earl. “Let me see, surely I remember your countenance. You were sent out by his Excellency of Toronto, were you not, against this Pirate?”

“I was,” replied Clinton.

“How then do I find you here, taking part with the Pirate, and calling his daughter your sister?”

“She is my sister,” said Clinton, again flushing, and speaking with a pride that was merely a cover to hide the sense of his degrading origin; “the Pirate is my father.”

“Quite a romance, I declare! Bless me, this is odd indeed! Your father, eh? Excuse me; my curiosity, I am aware, may be impertinent, but pray tell me, did you not accuse him to the Governor of mutiny and murder?—and did you not lodge a written accusation against him in the hands of some magistrate or other of the Upper province?”

Clinton did not like the reminiscence; he felt alarmed when he thought of that written statement; it might bring his father into imminent peril at some future day; his eye caught Jane's, her's reflected the fear in his.

"At that time I did not know the Pirate was my father—that discovery I have made since," said he, and turned aside to assist the men who were bringing the person of whom he spoke down the ladder.

"You positively shall not come out—I assure you he is not seriously hurt!" exclaimed Clinton to Jane, putting her back within the cabin, and fastening the door on the outside.

The Pirate hardly had patience to submit to an examination of his wound, and as soon as it had been hastily bandaged, he threw himself from the hammock on which he had been laid, and persisted, in despite of all opposition, in going again on deck.

The conflict, which had ceased for a few minutes, now raged anew, but the place of strife was changed to the steamer, which was nearly alongside the Fearless. A knot of determined men, belonging to the former, were fighting desperately for their lives with twice their number of desperadoes from the latter.

"Down! down with your weapons, men!" shouted the Pirate-chief, in vain. The privateers were animated by a ferocious spirit of vengeance and bloodthirstiness, and paid no attention to his command.

"Life for life! and no quarter!" hallooed the ruffians; another and another bleeding body fell over the steamer's side into the ensanguined flood.

"Back! back to your ship! down with your weapons!" again cried the Pirate; his tones of power rose

high above the tumult, but produced no more effect on those he addressed than on the water which flowed beneath his eye.

Threading the Pirate's glistening shrouds,  
The dun smoke soars, and veils the clouds.  
Below, the rattling shots rebound,  
And loud defiance shouts around.  
Like bloodhounds springing on their prey,  
Like raging tigers held at bay,  
So, the assailants onward spring,  
So, driven back, their wild yells ring  
From stern to aft, from aft to stern,  
While their fierce hearts with frenzy burn.  
Beneath the vessel's bellowing sides,  
A shape of darkness slowly glides,  
Unseen of the mad homicides!  
Saving, when, from the slippery tops  
Of the wide decks, some ruffian drops;  
When, while his warm gore stains the flood,  
He, cursing, shrieks the name of "GOD!"  
And better spirits hover near,  
With uplift hands and falling tear;  
Ready to bear to Mercy's throne,  
The soul of some repenting one.  
But who are they, who, side by side,  
Turn the hot battle's eddying tide?  
This, mighty, strong; that, great in skill,  
Agile of limb, and swift to kill.  
The PIRATE-CHIEF'S is that large frame,  
The younger owns a son's dear name.  
Their eyes have met, their hands they lock,  
Then head the bold, resistless shock.  
"The day is won! now cease the strife!  
Nor touch the conquered foeman's life!"  
So cries the Chief, and cry he may,  
Nor will the pirates cease to slay.  
"Lay down your arms!" they heed him not,  
All, but wild hate, is now forgot.

## CHAPTER XIX.

---

“ And blow them to the moon.”—*Shakspeare.*

Though I dislike your projects, plots, and treasons,  
And would resign my life to disappoint them,  
I'll not expose you, for it might be thought  
I bore mean malice.”—*Simon Gurty.*

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THE majority of the pirates were on the steamer, thus desperately engaged, when the engineer found, that, in the hurry and terror of the night, he had suffered the works under his charge to get into disorder; twice he communicated his fears aloud to the men on deck, but they were insensible to his words, altogether swallowed up in the fury of the conflict; a third time he endeavoured to remedy his dangerous neglect, but, finding himself overmastered in the attempt, sought to get clear of the steamer, and swam round the Pirate's vessel; he was seen, and a privateer, lowering his carabine, shot him through the head.

What followed cannot be adequately pictured; a thundering, stunning explosion, mixed with shrieks of the most harrowing description, rent the air, and the noble steamer, together with all its living and all its dying freight of human bodies, were scattered wide and

far in fragments horrible to be contemplated, that dropped into the secret-keeping tide.

It must ever remain a mystery how the Fearless escaped as she did; the steamer had not been a dozen yards from her at the moment of the explosion, yet she was far from being hurt so as to be altogether in an unseaworthy condition. Her masts were shivered, her capstan flattened, her guns battered and some driven out into the lake, her decks were strewed all over with pieces of metal and wood, and with the shattered parts of bodies, some of her flooring planks were beat in, but still no lives were lost here, except those which had been taken in the fight.

Daylight broke; the water exhibited all sorts of floating relics. The Earl came up with Clinton to view the dismal spectacle.

“I shall never forget this night though I live a thousand years!” ejaculated his lordship.

In a large cabin, two hours later, a table was spread for breakfast; the remnant of the crew, who were free from wounds, sat down with the prisoners side by side; the latter consisted of seven persons beside those who were seriously wounded. As little as possible was said, and that little referred exclusively to the last catastrophe, which had almost swallowed up the remembrance of the previous struggle. The Pirate himself, although suffering much in his side, sat at the head of the table and practised the utmost courtesy toward his captured opponents. On rising, he bade them consider themselves only as passengers to the nearest harbour, and requested them, if, in any respect, they had reason to complain of the behaviour of the crew to them, to inform him, and he

would instantly remedy the grievance. But he trusted they would have nothing to complain of.

The battered Fearless was now put forward toward a bay on the British side of the lake, where it was to be thoroughly repaired, and victualled if possible. The place was distant about a few hours sail from the Sugar-loaf country, but the Pirate resolved not to approach before nightfall, for many prudent reasons. On the way to the bay he spoke apart to Clinton, who stood on deck wrapped in peculiar meditations.

"Well, Nicholas," said he, "we fought them gallantly, did we not?"

"You were a perfect giant among heroes, my dear sir," said Clinton, with an attempt at his wonted gaiety. "But the sight was shocking, after all, even setting on one side the terrible explosion."

"I thought nothing of the shockingness of it," said the Pirate, "while I was in the heat of the thing. My blood was on fire, and I dare say I fought like a very born fiend."

"I know that I did, as far as my strength would go," said Clinton. "There is something wonderfully intoxicating in 'the grappling vigour and rough frown of war.'"

"Ah! Nicholas—Nicholas! when I saw my men fighting for mere brutality's sake, for mere vengeance and thirst for blood, just before the steamer blew up, I felt what a villain I was. The thought that I was their leader—theirs, even at a moment so dreadful—sickened me of myself! I have yet a little conscience left—I am glad that I feel it stirring! It shall have a free voice henceforward to say what rough things to me it pleases.



I have done with piracy after this day. My heart will let me remain in this cursed profession no longer. Ah, Jane! this day over and your father is no longer a Pirate. Bless her!"

"Father, explain yourself."

"I will, my son, to *you*, without reserve. To go back a few years, you remember the mutiny on board the Antelope, poor old Barry's vessel?"

"Certainly," answered Clinton, experiencing a shock at this abrupt mention of an event in which he supposed his father seriously implicated.

"I see you still think me the murderer of Captain Barry."

"I should be glad to believe you were not," said Clinton.

"Believe so then—for I certainly was not!" said the Pirate, with an air of haughty truth. The face of Clinton lighted up—then doubt shaded it again.

"But did I not see—"

"You saw nothing," said the Pirate, interrupting his son, "of the actual occurrences until the last moments of the old man's life. You then saw him dying on deck, and me standing side by side with his murderer. That is all your memory can furnish you with that bears against me."

"Not all, I think, father," said Clinton; "unfortunately, you were one of those who exposed the passengers in an open boat, and you shared the—shall I use an unvarnished expression—the plunder of the murdered Captain's ship."

"You forget that it was I who prevailed on the mutineers to spare your lives by placing you in the jolly-

boat, in which you sailed to the shore of St. Lawrence! I will tell you what part I played in that dark affair, and pray listen to me with belief, and do not think me more guilty than I say. The second mate of the ship often hinted darkly to me that something important was meditated by the crew, in which they desired me to take an active part. At first I would not attend to his ambiguous phrases, but when he flattered my pride by telling me broadly that without me their schemes could not succeed, I listened. On my soul, my son, nothing was said of an intention against Barry's life, or I should, in spite of my cursed pride, my evil genius, have renounced the affair I know. Nothing was said either of seizing Barry's ship and the passengers goods, or *that*, too, would have warned me off from the affair. The plan proposed to me was simply a very profitable smuggling concern to be carried on between British America and the United States. I was to have sole command and direction of the party, and my informant was to advance money to purchase a vessel fit for the purpose. Giving me the *command* was the bait by which I was drawn into the conspiracy, but the true nature of it I did not learn until it broke upon me in the mutiny. My tempter, the second mate, had pretended to inform Barry of the projects of the crew, and gave up all their names, mine standing at the head; he being in the Captain's confidence, therefore, had more opportunities for furthering the objects of his fellow plotters. I was, like yourself, called on deck by the cries of Barry; he expired before me, pierced with a dozen wounds. The trembling passengers stood by bound, expecting the same fate. You, as soon as you appeared from below, were tied with the

rest. I stood passive among the mutineers ; had I opposed them, you must all have perished ; my single arm could have done you little good against their numbers, they would have sent us all into the next world without scruple. No—I knew better than to incur that fearful hazard. I called the second mate, the ringleader of the uproar, on one side the gangway, and offered to take the command of the band, as he had proposed, with this proviso, that there should be no more lives taken, except in self-defence—that the passengers should be given a boat and some provisions, and be allowed a chance to make their way to the shore. He proposed this to the crew, and they agreed to give me full power as their leader, their first act of subordination being a consent to my request in favour of the passengers, by which I unknowingly saved my son.”

“ And the smuggling expedition ? ”

“ Was a mere pretence—piracy was the real object in view,” returned his father ; “ but, as I told you, I did not know that at first ; and, bad as smuggling is, piracy you must recollect is much worse.”

“ But did I not hear the expiring Captain say, ‘ And you, Anderson—could I have expected this from you ? ’ ”

“ I have explained, Nicholas ; my name was at the head of the list of mutineers which the second mate showed him with pretended fidelity ; he therefore looked on me as one of his murderers, though really I had no hand in it.—Do you not understand me ? ”

“ Perfectly now, my dear sir, perfectly,” said Clinton, reaching out his hand to his father.

“ I take it,” said the Pirate, “ but I would not do

so if I thought that you *now* judged it to have been guilty of the blood of Captain Barry."

"I do not," said Clinton, decisively; they then paced the gangway arm in arm, still in earnest talk.

"You should rest with that wound of yours, my dear sir; you will irritate it by moving about, I am afraid," said Clinton, presently stopping on the quarter-deck.

"No, no, it is nothing of any consequence," said the Pirate, with carelessness, but at the same time he slackened his steps, and leaned heavier on his son's arm. "Where are you going, Toby?" the old man was passing hastily across the deck from the head of the companion way, with a towel hanging from his arm, and a pair of forceps in his hand.

"Only to find the steward, sir," answered Haverstraw, meaning the man who now managed the affairs of the larder under Deborah, for it was a favourite habit of the old sailor's to disperse among the crew the titles usual on a regular, first-rate ship, though the privateers were not a little prejudiced against regular ship titles, and disclaimed all gradation of ranks among themselves; "I want some things for the sick-ward which he has stowed away somewhere or other. If it please you, Captain, you should not, by any manner of means, be walking here with that gunshot-wound in your side. You had better take my word as a humble caution, Captain, and go and lie down."

"So I have been telling him," said Clinton; "but he is not to be persuaded."

"Psha! go and lie down for a trifling accident like this!—not I—not I!"

"You had better, Captain," repeated Haverstraw;

"many's the wovnd, as trifling as yours, which I have seen carry off a tall, strong fellow, only because he wouldn't take advice, keep still, and leave off liquors and strong victuals."

"Well, well, I shall keep off liquors," said the Pirate, smiling, "and perhaps live on barley-water, and chicken-broth, during your pleasure, Toby; but as for keeping still, that I would not do for any bullet short of a twelve-pounder. So go along to your sick patients, and let me alone to get strong again in this fresh breeze."

Haverstraw shook his head, and Clinton saw by his look that he feared the consequences would be more serious than his father suspected.

"I heartily wish that, if only for my sake and my sister's, you would yield to this old sailor's advice," urged Clinton.

"Nonsense, my son! I scarcely feel the hurt at all," returned the Pirate, rather impatiently, sitting down by the helm, and casting his glance out over the lake toward the line of blue landscape in the distance, which marked the American shore.

"Nicholas," he resumed, with an appearance of disquietude, "I wish you to know why I have persisted in remaining with these privateers, contrary to your sister's anxious and oft-repeated wishes. I durst not tell her, for it would break her soft and tender heart; I now tell you, you are firmer minded.—I am conscious that I have justly forfeited my life, and it has been my determination all along to yield myself up to justice when I left this band. But lately I have quailed in my resolution—I cannot bear to leave you and Jenny for ever!"

“Leave us! no, I hope you will not for another moment contemplate such a thing!” exclaimed Clinton. “Why should you surrender? You have shown me the murder was not your act, and that you were deceived into joining the mutiny.”

“True—true, my dear son; I am glad to see you understand the true nature of that transaction at last. But you forget that I have been now many years a Pirate-chief, and must have share<sup>d</sup> in many robberies. My life is, I repeat, justly forfeit, and it should be given up, were it not for—but this is idle now. I have settled to live as long as I can with my children, and for them. Now the money I told you I had received to-day from this Earl on board, will enable me to take Jenny to the ruined fort I spoke of, and to provide us with a few rough pieces of household goods. You must hunt for our table, and old Toby, who is going with us, will buy us from time to time what we need from the nearest village, and fish for us.”

Clinton listened to the Pirate's scheme with all attention, and said nothing either against or for it, only with his silence he seemed to acquiesce.

“Let us go down and see if Toby needs our assistance,” said the Pirate, after a brief and thoughtful pause of silence.

A number of persons were in the large room which they entered, and a confused noise of rough voices subsided at the first glimpse caught of the Captain's noble figure, which was closely followed by the slighter, and perhaps more strikingly graceful one of his son.

“Much obliged to you, young gentleman—you kept your word to us gallantly,” said one of the Pirate's men,

who now lay groaning on a deal-table, with one of his arms terribly fractured from the wrist to the shoulder, and with a broken ankle.

Clinton looked about, and recognised in him the individual who had on a previous occasion sought to make him a mate to his father.

"This is no joke—how was it done?" he inquired, going near to the wounded man.

"With the back of a hatchet," replied the daring fellow, in a lively accent, "as I was trying to keep off the sharks who boarded us. But what does it matter!—Hurrah for the brave buccaneers!—no quarter to the law-bullies!—Hurrah—hurrah! Victory—victory!"

His shout was echoed by his suffering companions with desperate hardihood, and the wounded prisoners, who were in the same room, looked at each other with silent rage, or affected contempt.

"Silence!" exclaimed the commanding voice of the Pirate, and his influence over his men being fully restored, there was instantly a hush so complete that nothing could be heard, but the hard breathing of those in pain, for some minutes. A number of hammock-matresses spread on the floor were occupied by the sufferers, the prisoners intermixed with their captors; between these there was an unceasing bye-play of looks and gestures of hate and defiance.

"Toby, let our men be separated from the prisoners as soon as you can," said the Pirate, observing the mixture.

"Aye, sir, but there is much to do first. Harry Lockswain and I will not be able to doctor them all for many a hour to come yet. I am not so handy at the bandages

as I used to be when I was younger. The ladies are scraping lint, and cutting up old linen, to be sure, that is a great help. Here comes Miss Jenny—bless her dear heart!" He went to the door.

"Now, Toby, here is a large supply of lint, not a grain of cotton in it," said Jane, standing outside.

"You have been very quick, my dear Miss Jenny."

"So I should be," she returned, "for I have many assistants. Lady Hester, as I think my brother named that beautiful young lady, the widow, has set herself, her sister, and Miss Gresham, the governess, at the scraping, leaving me and Debcrab to execute all your other commands."

"I love to see the young quick to help them that are in pain," said the old man. "We shall get on now, Captain, as we have plenty of needful articles, thanks to the ladies. Run away, Miss Jenny, if you please, and get ready the poultices, as I told you. I must bind up Gilpin's starboard-arm, and that will be no sight for you."

"Who is going to assist you?" asked Jane.

"That is what I want to know," said Haverstraw, looking into the room, his eyes shaded with his hand.

"Harry, our skipper-doctor, is trying to set to rights a steamer-man's wounds, which are in bad condition, and all our helpers are about him. Harry," he raised his voice so as to make himself heard at the extreme end of the room, where a group were gathered kneeling and stooping around a man who lay on a mattress, "can you spare me a couple of sailors to help me out with a troublesome job here?"

"No," answered the surgeon; "my patient is in a



bad swoon, and I have enough for us all to do here; I promise you."

"Let me help you, Toby," said the Pirate.

"And I can hold the light," said Clinton.

"So be it," cried Haverstraw; "but now we want some one to go in and out from the ladies' cabin for the articles we may require."

"Cannot I bring them in before you begin?" asked Jane.

"Why I am not sure I can think of all till I find the need of them," said the cautious old man.

"Then I will wait outside the door," cried Jane; "and when you want any thing raise your voice ever so little I shall be sure to hear you."

"That is a girl worth the name," said Haverstraw, raising his glistening eye to meet that of Clinton, as Jane shut the door after her: there was no pretence in the mariner's admiration, for he really did believe the Captain's daughter without an equal any where.

"My ankle first, Toby—do that up first," said Gilpin; "let me have the worst job last. Come, don't let your old hand shake about it; touch it firmly, and make haste, for this arm gives me confounded twinges."

The broken joint was skilfully set, and firmly bound.

"Now for your arm, Gilpin," said Haverstraw. "Hold the light steadily here, Mr. Nicholas. Be as good as to put your hand under the shoulder in this fashion, Captain."

"I am sorry to say I must give up my post—I feel worse than I did," said the Pirate, rather faintly, putting his hand to his side. "I think the blood has broken through again."

"Help him to his hammock directly, sir," said Haverstraw to Clinton. "Gilpin, you will take no harm lying still a few minutes, while I go and give a look at the Captain's side."

"No—not I. Away with you, and stop as long as you will," cried the iron-nerved privateer, swallowing by main force the groans which tortured nature wrung from him.

A considerable quantity of blood had escaped from the Pirate's wound; it was speedily stopped, however, by the skilful hand of Haverstraw, and rebound with more care.

"I hope, sir, you will now be persuaded to lie awhile," said the latter earnestly.

"Why, yes, this loss of blood has a little tamed me, Toby; I shall certainly remain here a few minutes at least."

"A few hours, or a few days, would be better, sir," said the old mariner, dropping the canvass-screen of the hammock. "Mr. Clinton, you will go back with me to hold the arm?"

"Yes, certainly," said the latter, as they shut Haverstraw's cabin door outside, leaving the Pirate to a feverish and painful state of forced quiet.

The mind of Clinton was by this time highly fevered, and during the sickening operation of which he was a witness, his thoughts ran over the events in which he had been lately engaged, with confused excitement. The actual presence of Lady Hester in the pirate-vessel he could hardly realise—again and again he was astonished that he should have found her here. A destiny seemed casting them in each other's way. He had parted

from her, as he thought, for ever—then she was a wife ; now she was free—free to marry again, without any restraint upon her choice. Who could tell what might happen now in his favour ?

“ Keep your hand steady, if you please, sir,” cried Haverstraw. Clinton’s eyes were dancing ; he did contrive to steady his hand, but his head and his heart were beyond his management.

“ You may go now, sir, I see it is too much for you,” said Haverstraw ; “ I can manage very well to do the rest.”

Clinton would have been glad to have been discharged, but, when the aged sailor came to the sewing on of the bandages, he found that his sight was too defective for that part of his task, and the motions of the needle proved uncertain under the guidance of his hard fingers. Clinton attempted the office, but was so entirely unpractised in the use of the implement he held, and the heat of his feelings caused such a nervous shaking throughout his frame, that his success was hardly greater. Gilpin was impatient of their attempts, and declared that he had felt the point of the needle more than once. By this time he was growing faint. Clinton stepped outside to take some thread from Jane, and told her of the trifling dilemma. She timidly offered to do what was required.

“ The table on which Toby has placed Gilpin is in the nearest corner of the room,” said she ; “ I should only be engaged a few minutes, and hardly be seen.”

He refused ; he did not like her to enter. But after a moment’s thought, he said, “ You shall do it if you can. I admire in you the noble feeling which prompts

you now to rise superior to false delicacy. Yes, you shall do it."

The door was close by the foot of the table, and, scarcely noticed by the men who lay on the floor, Jane stepped round between the wall and Gilpin, without once glancing at any object but the half-bound arm immediately before her, in the wrappings of which Toby had just fastened a successful stitch.

"That was well done," cried the patient; "I could hardly have done it better with my right hand—and who doesn't know that Jack Gilpin is the best tailor, as well as the best sailor, on board the Fearless buccaneer-ship, always excepting the Captain and his lieutenant, who are the best sailors in the world, look for 'em where you will. Toby, you like to be called lieutenant, don't you, old fellow?"

Here Haverstraw put his hand to his white forelocks, and made a slight movement of respect, and surprise, perceiving Jane by the table. Gilpin, also surprised, was instantly silent. The Captain's daughter had usually confined herself very closely to her cabin, and surely, thought he, this room at present was little suited to attract a timid and delicate female. Still more was he surprised when Clinton told Haverstraw that his sister would take the needle from him, if he would direct her where to use it, as women's hands were more pliable for that sort of work than either of theirs.

While the delicate fingers of Jane were carefully passing the requisite stitches along the unscientific, although cleverly arranged bandages, Haverstraw, with an admiring and affectionate smile, leaned over her stooping head, and pointed out with his finger those edges of the

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linen which he wished to be secured. Clinton stood behind her, sheltering her from the gaze of the seamen who were in the other parts of the room; his heart warmed with brotherly pride when contemplating the bashful Jane thus conquering her natural retiringness to minister to the suffering man. Gilpin's smothered groans of pain called tears of pity into her mild grey eyes. He, himself, eyed her compassionate countenance with mingled curiosity, gratitude, and respect. He was just thirty years of age, a native of New York; he had been respectably brought up, but had fallen into a profligate way of life, and deserted his parents and his home. As he gazed on the gentle girl before him, her touching intrepidity in cheerfully undertaking her present task (slight as it would have been under ordinary circumstances,) and the soft kindness of her modest deportment, all at once pierced the gross film which covered the eyes of his mind, with a light that had never beamed through it since he had been a stripling; for the moment he forsook his favourite maxim, "that all women were either pretty puppets, horrid shrews, fools, or rakes;" an indefinable notion of female excellence floated about his fancy, and, from that period, a deep respect for Jane Anderson took root in his otherwise depraved mind.

"Now I must positively take you away," said Clinton to his sister, when the last bandage had been fastened on the fractured arm; "you have borne the sight wonderfully."

Gilpin followed her with his eyes to the door, and roused himself from his faintness. "Toby," said he, when she had disappeared with her brother, trying to

raise himself upon the table on his left elbow, "how confoundedly mistaken I have been about Miss Anderson all along! I had no sort of idea that she was pretty, but may I never handle a rope, or trim a sail more, if she is not a girl fit to be the daughter of old Jupiter, who my schoolmaster used to spin long yarns about when I was a boy. What dost say, grey-head, doctor, lieutenant, is she not a fine wench, eh?"

"Grey hairs are a honour to a man if he doesn't wilfully disgrace 'em," said Haverstraw, seriously; "doctor I am none, Gilpin; I picked up all I know of sargery from the practicers aboard the man-o'-war where I larned my sea craft. They *were* practicers—they were sargens, I can tell you!"

"And a good one they have made of you, many thanks to them!" exclaimed Gilpin.

"Why, I had a considerable hankering toward the surgical art once, a long time back," said Haverstraw, with a slight sigh, as his thoughts glanced one passing moment to his younger days, "and the ship-doctors seeing me a little handy in the sick wards, put me forward there in war time."

"But what is your opinion of Miss Anderson?" repeated the impatient Gilpin, after a heavy groan; "you are always particularly shy of speaking about her."

"To my mind she is as nice a little girl as ever the eyes of man seed," said Haverstraw; "I love her as much as if she was my own flesh and blood. I knew her poor mother; Miss has just her amibleness, only she is a trifle braver-hearted. Now lie you still, and I will mix you a cooling drink that will send you to sleep, and then I hope you will do well."

While Haverstraw had been speaking, he had propped Gilpin's head and shoulders with pillows on the table, and had covered him with a blanket. He now gathered up the articles he had used in the operation, and was leaving the room, when he looked back and said—

“Don't you forget, Mr. Gilpin, to thank Providence that you have weathered this hard gale as well as you have. Either of the blows you have had might have sent you into eternity.”

“None of your preaching, old gentleman!” exclaimed Gilpin; “I understand all that sort of thing; I tell you it is not a little will kill me—and so hurrah for the buccaneers!—death to the law bullies all the world over!—hurrah, hurrah!”

His shout, as before, was echoed by the other privateers present, and again the wounded prisoners looked unutterable rage. One covered his head with his blanket, permitting only his menacing eyes to appear; another half arose from his mattress, and shook his cutlass at the insulting foes; a third threw a poker, which he had seized from the fireplace by which he lay, at Gilpin, but it fell short of its aim. It was in vain Haverstraw endeavoured to restore order, until the regular surgeon, joining him with his assistants, they removed the prisoners to a separate cabin, and thus effected their object.

Gilpin fell asleep under the influence of a strong sleeping draught, and his dreams of pain were brightened by the meek face of Miss Anderson, gazing on him with the compassion of a ministering angel, while she whispered words of pity in his ear in the softest tones imaginable.

Clinton and Jane had looked into Haverstraw's cabin, where the Pirate was while his own was occupied by the strangers, and finding him in a tranquil slumber, returned together to the society of the Earl and the ladies. The Earl was looking out of the cabin windows with uneasiness at the increasing swell of the waves, and calculating how long it would be before he should be able to return to the Niagara district, complaining all the while of the folly and danger of useless travelling, and wishing over and over that he had never left Toronto, except to return to England. Lady Hester, Miss Gresham, and Letitia, were seated at a mahogany table spread with salves, fragments of linen, sewing utensils, and other things required for the wounded.

"Are you ready to take the poultice, Miss Anderson?" asked Lady Hester, who had not observed Clinton enter, and was busily stirring linseed in a coarse brown pan, her sleeves pushed up on her white arms.

Jane replied in the affirmative, and received the preparation from Lady Hester. The latter just then raised her brilliant eyes, which instantly sank before the ardent gaze of Clinton.

"Lady Hester is not too proud for deeds of charity," he ejaculated, in a low, penetrating tone; she turned from him with an indication of displeasure.

"If you please, sir, will it be long before we reach the shore?" asked Letitia, and the question relieved the awkward silence that prevailed.

"By evening, it was intended, I believe, that we should get into harbour," replied Clinton; "but if it be a little later, I hope you will not feel afraid."

"It will be midnight before we shall get in," said



the Earl, turning from the window, "if the ship moves on at its present slow pace. The wind seems to me to be growing high, young sir—is it not so?"

"I am no seaman, Lord Wilton," said Clinton, checking the Earl's air of superiority by his dignified manner, "and I have not particularly observed the weather during the last hour or two. It certainly seems to ride roughly now."

He took hold of the back of a chair as he spoke, to steady himself, for the Fearless was now beginning to rock on a surfy swell, articles were knocking about the cabins, and presently nothing could be kept in its place that was not fastened.

The Earl became more and more ill-humoured; in the multiplicity of affairs that to-day had pressed on Jane and Deborah, he and the ladies had had to put up with a mere apology for a dinner, in the shape of hastily-dressed fish and salted mutton, and the Earl being something of an epicure, this had not tended to sweeten his temper. All the drawing-room luxuries of an afternoon on terra firma, floated before his eye with tantalising minuteness, while the ship continued to toss, and he to be annoyed with the most unendurable sensations about the region of the stomach.

He had gone on deck, and Lady Hester had planted herself on the sofa, when Clinton, with seeming unconsciousness, threw himself in a chair by her side. He longed to make some allusion to the Colonel's death, but scarcely knew how to do it. At length he said, in that subdued and thrillingly tender tone, which was so well known and so *feared* by Lady Hester—

"The steamer received a communication from Toronto

while I was in it, and then I learnt of the great affliction you had sustained. I little thought, when I saw you last on Toronto-cliffs, Lady Hester, that you were fated to endure so much sorrow."

His eyes were turned upon her beaming with the feelings which found no other vent; he thought that she had never looked so surpassingly lovely as now; her widow's cap, her plain hair, and deep mourning-dress, rather, in his partial opinion, increased than diminished her beauty, adding to them the master charm of a sentiment.

"And I," said Lady Hester, replying to his speech with great coldness, "never dreamt of finding Mr. Clinton deliberately treacherous to persons who relied on his honour."

She paused in pity for the feelings of Jane, who stood near, and on whose cheek the blood mantled high, as it did also on Clinton's.

"Treacherous, Lady Hester!" echoed the latter.

"Yes, I spoke the word distinctly, and I repeat it—treacherous to those who relied on your honour."

"Madam, you are not aware that it was after I had engaged with his Excellency, the Governor, that I was recognised by my father."

"Oh yes, I am perfectly aware."

"And would it have been natural, would it have been kind, to assist my father's enemies to destroy him?"

"It would have been strictly *right*," rejoined Lady Hester, with more spirit than she was conscious of, "if you went at all with those enemies, for you had positively pledged your word to them to assist them, not to circumvent them. A person's word, sir, should be of some

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little value, I think. I forget nothing that I have heard ; you had quite time to release yourself from your engagement with the Governor, so as to prevent the disgrace which in my opinion you have incurred. Letitia, my dear, hand me your penknife, I dare say the old sailor has not quite finished."

She commenced scraping linen on her knee very industriously, while a bright spot of crimson burnt on her cheek. Clinton was at once chagrined, humbled, and flattered. He felt convinced that her displeasure would have been less evident, had her interest in him been less lively. Under this impression, he could not restrain himself within the bounds of prudence, but, bending his head nearer to her, whispered in trembling tones, modulated to the most expressive sweetness—

" Can it be, that Lady Hester has still the remotest regard for my reputation ?"

" Mr. Clinton !" exclaimed the lady, turning upon him her front face, which was animated by haughty resentment, " sir !"

These three words almost annihilated Clinton. Down fell all his towering hopes, more suddenly than they arose ! Lady Cleveland observed his consternation, the sudden change in his countenance alarmed her, and, so variable is the heart, half repented of her severity.

" Mr. Clinton—or Mr. Anderson," said she presently, in quite another key, and with quite another manner, smiling in her fascinating way, but hardly knowing what she was saying, " don't you think Letitia and I shall be thought marvellous lions when we get back to London, having passed through so many adventures in this quarter of the world ?"

Clinton's manner was as much changed as Lady Cleveland's; he assumed a distant pleasantry.

"In that case, madam," said he, "your ladyships will almost have been seeking 'the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth.' I am sorry, for my part, that your qualifications for lionising should have been so expensively purchased, and I heartily wish you no more adventures of the sort you have had lately. As to my name," he added, with a perfect nonchalance that Jane wondered to see, "I do not renounce my former ones, I only add another to them—Nicholas Clinton Anderson are the cognomens to which I now lay claim."

Little could the superficial eye have seen of the keen pain with which Clinton referred to his relationship to the Pirate, nor the noble impulse which made him disdain to seem to shrink in the least from the subject. But the eye of love is never superficial, and both Jane and Lady Hester understood his true feelings. He, also, gifted with the same magical quality of vision, saw himself appreciated, and loved both his sister and the fair widow more than ever.

"The loss of life was very considerable last night, I fear," said Lady Cleveland, falteringly.

"Very, indeed," was Clinton's shuddering response; "more than one half of the persons on board the steamer, and at least a third of the crew of this vessel, were killed in the fight and explosion, and by far the larger number of the survivors are more or less injured."

"Melancholy!" exclaimed Lady Cleveland; "this event will very much increase the public prejudice in Canada against your father, Mr. Clinton."

"I hope not," said Clinton, meeting Jane's eye.

“Well, sir,” said Lady Hester, sinking her voice a little, “if you ever need a friend for him apply to me; though I should be on the other side of the Atlantic I will not fail to answer the appeal, that is, I will undertake the Earl shall answer it.”

“If he be taken, Lady Hester, I will remember this promise,” said Clinton, with difficulty repressing the warm expressions of gratitude which crowded to his lips. Here Deborah entered, bearing two shining and tall brass candlesticks, which she placed on the table; and, while lighting the wicks of the candles, she cast sundry glances at Jane, which brought the latter to her side.

“Misthress dear, there’ll be somethin more bad intirely happen the day if ye don’t prevint. Och! bad luck to the wicked Pirlits, savin your prisince, honey dear, they’re a bad set, out and out.”

“Hush, Deborah!” whispered Jane; “don’t let the ladies be more alarmed than is necessary; go outside, I will come to you in a minute, as soon as I can do so without being noticed.”

Jane tried to attract Clinton’s eye, and, succeeding, pointed aside with her finger to the door, and went out; presently Clinton made a slight excuse and also left the cabin.

But Lady Cleveland was on the watch, and observed every thing that passed with anxiety, if not with fear, as might well be, now she was aware of the character of the ship.

She kept her ear and eye fastened on the door with fluctuating feelings, while Letitia, released from the restraint imposed by the presence of strangers, asked many questions, which her sister mechanically answered.

The child's lively eye first passed round the well-furnished cabin, the comfortable carpet, the water-colour paintings of lake scenes on the walls, varnished with the resin extracted from the balsam-tree, the glowing fire made up of larch-wood and coals, the pipe which conducted the smoke through the ceiling, the sideboards set out with curious shells, water-weeds, and other nic-nacs, the handsome tables fastened to the floor, an elegant clock, a barometer, and thermometer (which had been part of the plunder of an European vessel), a colossal pair of brass compasses hung up on the wall, and the admirable model of a line of battle-ship hung in the centre of the ceiling, these by turns excited her curiosity.

"Sister," she suddenly observed, "I don't understand what necessity in general there can be for so many guns about this ship, unless it were a man-of-war, which I am certain it is not. And do you know, I heard one sailor, speaking to another this morning, call him a 'buccaneer;' and that, my governess says, means a privateer of America, that is, a pirate, and a pirate you told me, was a robber on the seas: it would be a very odd thing if the sailors here were all robbers, would it not, sister?"

"Nonsense Letty, you must take no notice of what the sailors say to each other."

"I do not know whether your ladyship has observed any thing peculiar," remarked the governess, addressing Lady Cleveland, "but I have noticed many suspicious circumstances myself, which appear to me to strengthen Lady Letitia's idea;" and Miss Gresham, who numbered between thirty and forty years, and had about her all the

affectation of ultra-refinement, looked frightened in the extreme. "Really, the bare thought is shocking!—I feel greatly excited! To read of bandits and pirates and all those sort of persons in books, when one is safely and quietly at home, is exceedingly pleasant; but to be actually within their reach is altogether a different affair. I think, if I may judge by your ladyship's countenance, that you know there are grounds for our apprehensions. Really, I tremble all over!—I am ready to faint!"

"Pray don't, for I left my salts in the water last evening," said Lady Hester, sarcastically. The governess coloured, and Lady Hester repented.

"What description of enemies do you suppose they were who fought against the crew, last night, Miss Gresham?" asked Lady Cleveland.

"I could not imagine," answered the Governess; "your ladyship, when I remarked to you at the conclusion of the alarming encounter how singular it was that a peaceful trading vessel should be thus attacked, said, if you recollect, that you had learnt they were personal foes of the Captain. Several times I should have expressed my suspicions to you had I not perceived that your ladyship's manner indicated a wish for my silence upon the topic; the presence of Miss Anderson, too, has checked me more than once."

"If you will try to govern your apprehension a little, my dear Miss Gresham, I will tell you plainly what I have learned. The great defect in your character, permit me to say, as I have often in pure kindness told you before, is the want of command over your sensibilities. If I had let you know, as soon as I had discovered the fact, that we were at the mercy of a set of men who

defied all law but their own turbulent and misguided wills—pirates, in short—you would have been fainting or dying all this day. Fortitude, and self-command, my dear lady, should be your aim; with your learning and amiable qualities, they might be well combined.”

“Your ladyship is perfectly right, I am weak in mind, very,” said the governess; “but you will allow me to remark, that that weakness is in a great degree constitutional, and therefore never to be wholly overcome; it is a disease deeply rooted in my whole system, and perhaps you, who are naturally so firm-minded, can hardly appreciate the great difficulty with which the least portion of it is dislodged.”

“Perhaps I cannot,” said Lady Hester, ingenuously; “I acknowledge that *constitution* solves many riddles, and this among the number. Many of my own vices, (I will not say foibles, or faults, though these words please one better when speaking of self) I trace to the same source. It will be well for us both, however, if we can refrain from becoming contented with our blemishes, after we have ascribed them to human nature. When we have discovered a bodily disease in ourselves, we are not satisfied with saying “it is constitutional,” but we send for a physician, and take all the remedies with which science can furnish us; so should we act with regard to our moral diseases. There is a Physician, Miss Gresham, and there are remedies, I believe ‘safe and sure ones,’ to be had, if we choose to make use of them.”

“Speaking of this Captain Anderson,” said the governess, presently, “he is a remarkable figure—a perfect Hercules—does not your ladyship think so?”

Just then the door opened, and the individual of whom

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she spoke, entered, bowing to Lady Cleveland with the lofty dignity peculiar to him; and the latter, as she returned the courteous movement, could not refrain from scanning, with a critical eye, the remarkable proportions to which the governess had referred so admiringly.

"I hope you have not felt much inconvenience, lady, from the swell this afternoon," said he; and Lady Hester remarked to herself that his voice, though it had more volume, was almost as rich and flexible as his son's.

"Not much, Captain," said she, very agreeably smiling; "the Earl has complained a little, but we, of the weaker sex, have proved stronger than he on this occasion. But I understood that you retired to bed, Captain Anderson, ill, with the wound you received last night."

"I did, Madam, and have just risen. I should have remained in my hammock, I believe, for the next dozen hours without stirring, had I not been anxious for your landing."

"I thank you, Captain, on behalf of myself and friends, most sincerely; and you cannot wonder if, under existing circumstances," (she laid a stress on the words that convinced the Pirate she was acquainted with his profession) "we are anxious to land."

"In a quarter of an hour you will do so," said the Pirate; "it is to tell you this that I am now here. Our proposed place of anchorage is already in sight. There has been a strong wind rising lately in the right direction, and now we give our sails fair play, we shall see the beach shingles presently."

The tremors of the distinguished party were quite re-

lieved by this announcement, and with renewed spirits, under the prospect of safety, they tied on their bonnets and mantillas, in preparation for the welcome change.

The Fearless now flew like a winged thing over the rough and boisterous waves, worked by the steady skill of old Toby, who guided the helm. The decks were clear and clean, except where skins or barrels were displayed, in order to make a deceptive appearance; the guns had been removed, and the sides of the ship appeared of no more than the common height; the striped American pennant, with a small square in one corner, stamped with a merchantman's device, floated from the mast's head.

Before the Pirate had entered the cabin to acquaint Lady Hester with the welcome fact that the harbour was in sight, he had held a private conversation with Jane, Clinton, and Deborah. It appeared that the Irish girl had been in the larder putting away the remnant of the salted mutton, when she overheard several of the privateers conferring together; one said that the Captain was a fool to think of letting the Earl and his daughters go out of the ship without paying a heavy ransom; another said that he had hinted to the master what he ought to do, but the skipper was as obstinate as ever, and threatened to hang up the fellow that should dare to demand a single dollar from them—there was no end to his whims; a third observed, that he was determined not to help to run the vessel into harbour until he had part of the cash which the gentleman and ladies carried about their persons; the same villain then proceeded to propose that the party should be *compelled* to pay the crew for their release.

When the Pirate had reflected a little on this important information, he called the privateers together, and, resigning his post as their Captain, gave them, in consideration of their renouncing their plans against the strangers, all which belonged to him in the vessel, as well as the vessel itself; binding himself by a voluntary oath to betray none of them, at any time, or under any circumstances, and stating that it was for his children's sake he left.

## CHAPTER XX.

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Again we part—again we bid farewell!  
Ah! who the anguish of our souls can tell?  
Sternly we cover every torturing throe,  
And bear, with outward smiles, our maddening woe!—*M. Bennett.*

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THE harbour was now close at hand; the appearance of the ship was not at all likely to excite suspicion; all the crew were off the decks excepting Haverstraw, who was at the helm, Merry, who, in a clean flannel jacket, was turning over a heap of undressed skins of different wild animals, and Clinton, who was walking to and fro on the gangway.

“Again! again, to lose sight of her!” muttered the latter, moving quicker. “When I parted from her in England—when I parted from her at Toronto—I did not suffer what I suffer now! Matchless! glorious woman! It is not her fortune that attracts me—no! would to heaven she were poor as I am, she should then know, and all should know, what a passion I have for her! But she is rich—titled—of an ancient and proud family—and I must be mute!”

He listened; it was her voice he heard below the hatches; she was speaking in lively accents to her young

sister. A heavier darkness suddenly fell on his spirit; if there had only been the least sadness in her voice he would have felt soothed, so he thought; but there was not; and he called himself by the hardest names for ever having fancied that she loved him.

She came up the ladder to the deck, preceded by her friends. Did she not purposely avoid his eye as she stepped past him, and while she smilingly waved her hand to the black who had assisted in saving her life, and to Haverstraw, who had restored her sister? Yes, she certainly did. She knew he was now standing within a yard of her—she saw the place of landing every moment coming nearer—she heard his painful sigh. She must be aware of what he was suffering at the prospect of this third, hopeless parting. Yet not one kind glance did she deign to give him.

His eyes were fastened closely on her, in the forlorn hope that he should detect at least one side look—one stolen glance; but now the side, now the crown, of her crape bonnet, intervened; and the ship's anchor was thrown and fastened, and the boat which was to convey the strangers to the shore was lowered upon the waters, and the last moment of Lady Hester's stay in the Fearless had arrived, and still nought of her features could he see.

In that moment Lucy was avenged. His culpable trifling with her had never made her suffer more than Lady Hester's distance of manner now made him suffer. There was an age of misery for him in the few fleeting minutes that preceded Lady Hester's departure. The necessity for concealing his feelings only served to inflame them; in spite of his efforts his eyes filled with

tears, and his face expressed a passionate melancholy; his right hand, which rested on a barrel-head, was tightly clenched. His sister, who now stood behind Lady Hester, touched it, he turned his head suddenly towards her; instead of speaking she gazed on his features with alarmed affection; he returned her kind look with one of eloquent meaning, and then sighing abruptly, again turned his head toward Lady Hester.

The Earl had shaken hands with the Pirate, the ladder had been let down to the boat, and he had descended with his youngest daughter and the governess. Lady Hester was the last to go down; her foot lingered on the deck; Clinton stood still in mute agony.

“I will speak to her!” he inwardly ejaculated. “I will be as firm as she is—I will bid her farewell calmly;” but, when he would have said the parting word, when he would have pronounced her name, his tongue clove to his mouth; and when he would have stepped forwards, as his father did, and have shaken hands with her, his feet seemed rooted to the floor, and his hand to the barrel-head. He saw her turn to his sister; *their* hands met; they drew back; they whispered together; he could see his sister weeping; she took something from Lady Hester and hid it in her breast. What could it be? Catching at the least shred of hope that offered itself, he fancied it must be some parting token of love for him; the idea electrified him; he could not hear what they said to each other, but he saw that both were much affected, and he supposed it related to him. There were no reasons for that supposition, but he clung to it pertinaciously.

The brief illusion passed in a moment. Lady Hester

stepped over the ship's edge on the ladder. Her brief "Good bye, Mr. Clinton," rung like a knell on his ear. She was now in the boat, and his heart sank as a stone in his breast.

"Fool!" he ejaculated to himself, for the first time moving from his petrified position, and gazing after the boat. "Oh, fool, fool! I have lost my last opportunity! I shall see her no more!"

With this impression he rivetted his eyes on the fine outline of her tall figure, that he might fix it in his memory to feed upon afterwards.

The scene, also, in which he supposed himself to be viewing her for the last time, was an object of no slight interest, even at that agonising moment, to his highly wrought feelings.

The shore was distant from the Fearless about a hundred yards; the last shades of twilight, before night set in, spread the water with a tranquil sombreness, that was not darkness, but had the solemn effect of darkness. To the right and to the left, the land jutted out into the water in pale white precipices of the grandest height, and the most romantic variety of forms; between them glimmered the red lights of a prosperous fishing station, sprinkling the rising ground beyond the low, flat beach; and there, in the centre of the picture, close to the beach, two blazing torches now picturesquely showed the boat in which was the object of Clinton's idolatry.

The boat returned, and the figures of Lady Hester and her friends were lost in the deep shadowing of the beach. Clinton had rested both his elbows on the railing of the deck, and his face had sunk into his hands, while his eye still turned on the spot where the strangers

had disappeared. He was first roused by Jane, whose arm he felt tenderly gliding round his neck.

“What is it Jane?—what have you to say to me?” he articulated, with something less than his usual softness.

“Nicholas—dear Nicholas!” murmured Jane, beseechingly.

“Go down to your cabin, I will come and talk to you presently—as soon as I am able;” and he sighed.

“Nicholas, I have something for you—something Lady Cleveland left with me for you,” Jane whispered, with much feeling.

“For me!” exclaimed Clinton, turning short round, and speaking with vehemence and quickness. “What is it?—where is it? Give it me—quick! Blessings on you, dear, kind girl! you have snatched me from the depths of despair!” and having grasped in his hand a small square packet, which Jane put into it, he ran off to a private place below, where he might examine it undisturbed.

His father’s sitting-room, which he entered with a bounding step, looked somewhat melancholy without the company which had so lately occupied it; but he little heeded the change, only pressed closer in his hand the precious packet; the door was locked behind him, and he lighted a candle which stood on the table by thrusting the wick into the fire.

“Now!” he ejaculated, “now for the secret on which my fate hangs! Does she—does she love me still? Love me well enough to marry me? Well enough to trample on the expectations of her friends?—on her pride of birth? Well enough to overpass the difference



which fortune has cast between us? Now I shall see!" He opened the packet; a small bit of paper dropped out on the carpet; he hastily picked it up, and instead of unfolding it at once, tried to conjecture, by feeling it, what it contained.

"It is hard—and round," said he, with beaming eyes: "it is—yes, it certainly is—a ring! a gift of love, and she will yet be mine!" here he ended his suspense by opening the small folds of the bit of paper, but with strange inconsistency, paused at each fold, as if his death-warrant was within. A glittering ring did indeed present itself, one which Lady Hester had herself worn; it was of wrought gold, set with small diamonds around a motto, which he read over a hundred times; it was her family motto; yet he could not persuade himself but that it was meant as an allusion to his passion.—"Courage and constancy conquer fate."

He repeated the words aloud, pacing the room; then put the ring on his little finger, and raised it passionately to his lips several times; now examining the envelope of the packet, he took from within it a note, which he had not before observed.

Intensity of expectation by this time produced an artificial calm in his demeanour, and he sat down deliberately to the perusal, first snuffing the candle with remarkable nicety, and stirring the fire into a blaze. His eye flew with impatience along the lines, and when he had reached the bottom of the third page, where appeared the dear-loved signature, he returned to the commencement, and read the whole more slowly, as follows:—

"While your father's vessel approaches the place

where I and my friends are to land, Mr. Clinton, I seize the opportunity to say a word or two to you on paper. To think you are not happy, affects me deeply—very deeply. I will not pretend to misunderstand one source of your unhappiness. I always despise and abjure prudery from my heart, therefore with frankness I say that I see you still regard me. Your dejected look will not fail to haunt me when I am at a distance from you. It is a pity we have met again. Our peculiar trials in former years were sufficiently heavy for both you and me.

“To come to the point with you, Mr. Clinton, I am still your true and *anxious* friend, and such I will remain. More than this I cannot say for two or three years to come at least.

“I would not let you remain one instant in suspense regarding me, if I could help it. I believe you capable of a manly honourable affection, and I fully trust that it is such an one which you entertain for me. Time, I hope, has given you more solidity of character than you once had, and misfortunes have, no doubt, had a purifying influence on you. Your former errors have proved salutary pieces of instruction and experience, and you have learned from them how to live more wisely. I give you now two years longer, if at the end of that period your heart is still unchanged, and you have lived the while as beseems a man, you may write to me, and if I am then in existence you shall hear from me in return.

“I have only a few hurried minutes for this important epistle, therefore you will know how to overlook its abruptness. I will give my hand to no man now living, I pledge you my word, until the two years have expired

and I have heard from, or of you. With this promise you must content yourself as well as you can.

“ Pray beware of troubling yourself during the period of your probation by any notions of my entertaining some suitor more apparently my equal in rank. Believe me, to be *truly loved*, I estimate of more worth than a crown, and I am not the woman to give a shadow of encouragement to any man whom I do not really value. Now I have made this foolish remark, your vanity will be ready enough to convince you that I have some value for you. Well, in two years I may prove to you that I *have*. In the meantime I enjoin on you the strictest silence, of course excepting your sister, and perhaps your father.

“ I shall return sooner to England than I had intended, in order to avoid the hazard of another painful meeting and parting between us. Remember for your comfort that I live retired henceforward.

“ Be wise, be true, and ponder the motto which is upon the ring enclosed. That ring I beg you to accept of me as a sign of my enduring friendship, even should a stern Providence decree that no nearer bond unite us. Farewell! once more, farewell! In two years, or a little more, if all is as I hope, I shall say with Moore's Finlander—

‘ I've but one path on earth,  
That path which leads to thee.’ ”

There was a slight knock at the door; Clinton, half bewildered, hurried the letter into his pocket, and then admitted Jane.

“ My dear brother, I was so anxious about you, that I could not keep away,” said she.

“O, Jane!” he exclaimed, agitated in excess of joy; “O, Jane, my dear girl, come in! I have such news for you!” He drew her in, and refastened the door: “See here, Jane—Lady Hester’s gift! see here—her letter! Read! look! In two years, my darling sister, she will be my wife! Lady Hester herself, in two years—only two! Could you have dreamt of such fortune—such happiness—for your brother? There, read her own words! Read—read!”

Jane eagerly read the letter which he thrust into her hands; then, surveying the ring, repeated some of the sentences aloud, and finally, in a transport of joyful sympathy, sprang into her brother’s warm embrace.

“This is indeed a wonderful change of prospect for you!” said she, as they sat side by side, the letter and ring lying before them on the table.

“Astonishing!” responded Clinton, his eyes sparkling, then, overlooking the two years that were to intervene, and the probability that before that term had expired, one of them might be in that far distant land “where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage,” or that Lady Hester, in spite of her promise, might a second time be induced to sacrifice her inclinations to the shrine of family pride, or that she might become acquainted with some of his errors in America, and refuse to fulfil her voluntary engagement with him; overlooking these probabilities and all others which were of an adverse nature, he talked animatedly to his sister of what he would do for her and for his father when he should be Lady Hester’s husband; of the accomplished society to which he was sure Lady Hester would delight to introduce her, of the almost certain

chance of her becoming the elected of some Admirable Crichton, some Apollo of literature and fashion; of books and periodicals; the music and the literary talk that should brighten the retirement which it would perhaps be necessary their father should maintain; and of many similar extravagancies, that in the whole formed as dazzling a castle in the air as ever Aladdin's genii of the lamp could have constructed.

Jane could not avoid feeling a little dizzy in the midst of this whirl of glittering ideas, but on the sudden she checked him by saying, rather pensively and with a downcast air, "I shall never marry—never. I shall never go into society however fascinating it may be, whatever opportunities I may have. I shall live with my father, and not stir from his side;" then followed a little sigh, and a very faint blush, and a shade of pain altered her usually serene face.

"Jane, you are thinking of Mr. Lee," said Clinton after a brief examination of her speaking features, "I had quite forgot him. Nay now, my sister, you need not sigh again, as much as to say but *I* had not. I can believe you. I remember your theory about immutable love, eh, Jane? and you are not like some philosophers who teach one system and practise another, are you? Ah! another rosy blush," said he, laughingly tapping her cheek; "another sigh too under your breath; then I must be serious. I might be able to persuade Lady Hester to reside in America, near the Pastor's lodge, and then, if Mr. Lee would acknowledge me as a brother, and forget the past, what think you, should we not be happy *then?*"

"Mr. Lee will never be your brother," said Jane;

she little knew this was a fatal prediction, destined to be fulfilled in an awful manner, that was mercifully hid even from her remotest conception. "He will never be more to me than an acquaintance," said she; but in this she was mistaken. "Why do you smile, Nicholas? It is very absurd of you to put on that knowing look."

"And it is very absurd of you," said Clinton, "to say such foolish things with so positive an air. Who knows not that love can set the strongest resolutions at defiance?"

"It will not set mine at defiance," returned Jane; "I am quite sure to live single all my days," and she repeated the word *sure*.

"As sure as I am," retorted Clinton, provokingly.

"And if not," continued Jane, "I am sure after what has passed, that the last person I should be likely to marry would be Mr. Lee."

"I hope so—and the first—for I should be sorry to see my sister enter twice into the holy estate of matrimony," said Clinton, still with a teasing smile.

"Well, well, I see you are determined to be tormenting, Nicholas, so I will say no more to you on this subject, lest I should lose my temper—"

"For the first time," interrupted Clinton. "I feel so wondrously happy, that I am very much disposed to flatter you. You possess the quintessence of a temper—don't you remember Mr. Lee used to tell you so?"

"Oh, go on," said Jane, "I shall not say another word."

Clinton wrapped up Lady Hester's letter, putting the ring inside, his heart still bounded ecstatically.

"Come, be reconciled," said he, playfully, bending

over Jane. She raised her face smilingly, and he kissed her forehead. "I have found a tender sister, and while she is the girl she is now, I shall love her fondly, whether she ever have a husband or not."

Now, softened by the prospect of such good fortune as he anticipated, Clinton, with every mark of contrition, opened his heart to his sister on the subject of his past guilt. He concealed nothing from her, and, while she suffered indescribably on hearing the dread account, the pangs of his compunction found a sympathetic echo in her own breast, and from that moment, pity for him, and anxiety for him, not unmingled with admiration of the as yet unvitiated parts of his originally fine character, heightened the merely natural feeling she had for him into a fond affection.

## CHAPTER XXI.

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“What I can do to make amends to heaven  
For past transgressions, I will do. I go  
From you and my unlawful calling.”—*Old Play.*

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“Now, Jenny, be active; come—prepare—we set off in a few hours, my little girl. You have your wish at last.”

Jane, as she heard her father say this, felt a sweet emotion of pleasure, surpassing any thing she had ever felt before. In a second she had summoned Deborah, and had given her directions to pack up.

“But you will not leave all this furniture behind?” said she, inquiringly to the Pirate, glancing round the sitting-room.

“All—even to the ornaments,” was the decisive reply; “every thing about must be left as I have used them, excepting only my clothing.”

Jane and Deborah were now on their knees, busily packing boxes large and small, the latter murmuring to herself against “the nonsensical idea of laving behind all the nate goods,” which were in the three cabins, but keeping her voice low, out of respect for Miss Anderson

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"Debby," said Jane, hesitating a little, and stopped.

"What is it, Miss?" there was a sourness in the tone.

"Debby," again began Jane, and again paused, "you have behaved very kindly to me. Who, besides yourself, would have staid with me in this ship, if they could have left it? No one. And you have not asked me for money once. I wish, Debby, that I could now give you something of more value than this," putting a bank note of a small amount into her hand, "to prove to you how much I feel your kindness; but since I cannot, you will I hope take the will for the deed. That note will just pay you as much as you would have received if you had been in the lodge all this time, and no more."

"May I be burned, Misthress Jane, if I touch a farthin's worth of the money at this time! Indeed an' I wont—no—by St. Pathrick and all the howly saints!"

"But hear me, Debby," continued Jane, speaking in broken sentences; "we shall stay a few hours in a town, my father tells me, and there, I am sorry to say, I must bid you good-bye. You will want money until you get a situation. I hope you will soon find one; I have no doubt you will."

"Did you say I must get a situation, Missthress Jane Anderson—did you say that?" exclaimed the Irish girl, her face turning fiery red as she sat back on her heels, letting some articles of female dress drop out of her hands.

"Yes—it must be so," replied Jane, almost weeping,

"And may I be bowld to ask the why, Miss?"

"There are several reasons," said Jane; "you

know my father must live in some place that is very retired—and we shall have but few conveniences, and—”

“Convaniences, Miss! I hope I can do without ’em as well as with ’em,” interrupted Deborah, “I’d be no Irish-born girl else! My mother and father lived in a mud-cabin, and the pigs laid with us childer in the strah. And if you knew what the poor Irish put up with in England when they go there in their distriss, to seek work, och, Misthress Jane! you’d nivir forgit it, I’d be bound. I had a sister, poor thing! died in London of a fever brought on by starvation. Nivir talk to me of convaniences!”

“But, Debby, you may be so comfortable in some respectable family,” argued Jane.

“No, Miss, I have fixed my mind on living with you, and no one else, and I shall take it mighty hard if I am denied, so I tell you plainly. I don’t want rigular wages at prisint, nor convaniences, I only ask to live with you. Whin I can be certain that you have money to spare, and I want some, I shall make bowld to ask for a thrifle, and what board and lodgin you may be able to conthrive for me, be it bad or good, will sarve me well enough, I’ll be bound. You won’t find me grumble.”

“Do not blame me afterwards if you stay with me; you know what you have to expect,” said Jane, who in reality was very reluctant to part with the attached and disinterested girl.

“Nivir mintion it,” cried Deborah, delighted with the concession, “all’s one to me. Rough or smooth, nothin will come amiss, while I’m sarvin you and your frinds.”

“Very well, I yield,” said Jane. “Yet remember

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that I particularly advise you now to settle in some good family where you may have an opportunity for advancing yourself in life."

"If its sitted I am to stay with you, I thank you many times, Misthress dear," said Deborah, "and you will plase me all the better if you will take back this bit of paper. It's very likely I'll lose it, and at any rate it's as safe in yer kaping as in mine. Depind on me, I sha'nt be backward in asking for it whin I have a need for the same."

"I will take charge of it for you very willingly, if that is all," said Jane; "but the note is your own, whether it remain in my hands or in yours." This matter settled, the boxes were expeditiously filled and directed in the name of M. Vaudry. Merry appeared to convey them to the deck, where Toby swung them into a batteau, which was on the water, ready for the Pirate's use.

The morning was just breaking, and the air being rather sharp, some of the privateers were walking briskly up and down. All who had been able to leave their beds had come up to see their Captain take his leave. Owing to his masterly conduct in the late fight, and to his judicious generosity in leaving them the vessel and its contents, he was just now at the highest pitch of popularity among them. Some talked of his past exploits, and feared that the best days of the stout buccaneer-ship were over; others, (those who hoped for the vacant command) praised him with some reserves, and hoped to see the buccaneer trade prosper better than ever, when they should have a leader less whimsical than him.

But every voice was blended in a shout, when he stepped from the hatches prepared to quit them. He had altered his dress to that of a French-Canadian farmer, for the purpose of disguise. The grey cloth coat, buttoned closely over his ample chest to the throat, and reaching to his knee, displayed his figure to perfection, nor was the brilliant coloured scarf wanting around his waist, nor the red *bonnet* on his head. The *bonnet* he pulled off when receiving the noisy greetings of the crew, and bowed his proud acknowledgements to them. Raising his sounding voice, with a trifling degree of agitation, he spoke a few sentences, which were received with unbroken silence and attention.

“Men,” said he, “I thank you for these expressions of your affection for me. I will hope they are sincere. I will believe that you are all satisfied with my conduct while I have been your leader.”

“All!—all!” was the vociferous response.

“I thank you,” he several times repeated. “And my motives for leaving you I am to understand are supposed good?”

“Yes!—yes!”

“You do not now think that I have bargained with your enemies for my own life by betraying you all?” There was silence for a moment, as if the suspicion were not quite extinct among them; but in another second all seemed ashamed of the doubt, and answered him by unequivocal acclamations.

“Thanks—thanks,” repeated the Pirate. Then, lifting his arm impressively, he exclaimed, “When I betray one of you knowingly, may heaven totally desert me! I will never do it!”

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The hearts of the fierce listeners were softened ; some hard eyes were seen glistening as if tears had almost found a passage there ; and on some brutalised features a noble enthusiasm was glimmering like sunbeams on a muddy pool. The grey firmament seemed bending over the outcasts, breathing peace and goodwill ; on the eastern half, two or three faint silvery stars were just disappearing amid a holy stillness ; on the western, a more lustrous whiteness was spreading, varied with small clouds bathed in rosy tints.

“ Some of you know that I was deceived into the post I have occupied,” continued the Pirate. “ Speak the truth—was it not so ? Was I not led to believe that nothing worse than smuggling was intended by you ? ”

“ Yes ! ” answered several voices from different parts of the ship.

“ Yet I have been true to you to the present moment,” (a shout). “ Well now, friends, at parting let me advise you to return to the original plan,” (a murmur, mingled with a few approving voices). “ I have no interests of my own to serve. If you choose to remain Pirates, I leave you my good vessel, and all that is in her ; if you become smugglers, I do the same. But I speak for your good as men ; there is no excuse to be made among people for a Pirate, for a smuggler there is. Men of approved honesty in society encourage smugglers, therefore they cannot really suppose smuggling to be a dishonest thing. Be smugglers—you will never want friends ; be smugglers—you will be secretly welcome everywhere, and money will flow in upon you. There is a great deal in a robber’s choice of a name, my friends, let me tell you.”

His partly serious, partly sarcastic remarks, pleased and amused the men, and the proposal was received with more attention than he expected. A rapid, noisy, and animated discussion took place; some, the least depraved of the set, at once argued in favour of the change; others, the worst of the crew, hotly opposed it; however, their Captain renewed his arguments, which had so much weight with all, that after a second consultation they unanimously determined to give up piracy, and confine themselves to the circulation of contraband goods between the Canadas and the United States, only with the proviso, that if the new trade should not be found as profitable as the old one, they should go back to the latter.

The Pirate, as we shall continue to call him, was well pleased that he had been the means of bringing the men he had commanded a little nearer the pale of honest life, and thought it some good done.

“I have to thank you for one remarkable part of your behaviour to me,” said he, speaking lower, but still so that all might hear; “my daughter has lived in this ship perfectly unmolested—her father is grateful. Rude and lawless as you appear, you have respected the feelings of an innocent girl, I shall remember it to your honour, when I am gone from you.”

This praise improved their tempers still more, and as Jane appeared they fell back with a delicacy worthy of better men. She took Clinton’s arm as if for protection from the numerous faces which gazed on her, and fastened her eyes modestly on the ground. The Pirate took her hand, and whispered to her as he led her to the spot where she was to descend to the boat. There,

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stopping as he wished, she gathered confidence, and looked around with timid kindness on the excited crew, bowing to them expressively.

She appeared to much advantage, her neat figure was attired partly in the Canadian costume, a pretty jacket, or mantelet, of fine brown cloth, fitted easily above a full skirt of rich crimson wool, and a graceful straw hat covered her dark brown hair. The smooth locks in front were combed back plain over her temples. As she smiled, and slightly waved her hand, her features were stamped with the mildest and purest expressions, such as made you in love with virtue, even more than with herself.

Clinton retained his hunter's dress, his additional wardrobe was confined within the dimensions of a very small pack, that was loosely strapped to his back, so as to come under his right arm.

He had assisted his sister into the batteau, when Deborah made her appearance, comfortably wrapped up in a voluminous stuff cloak and bonnet.

Some delay was now caused by the sailors insisting that the Captain should take the furniture and ornaments of his cabins with him. In a brief space they had cleared out a canoe which had stood on deck, filled with various articles, and had slung it down to the water beside the batteau. Enthusiastically the men combined in the task of filling it with chairs, tables, mattresses, carpets, &c., while the Pirate and his children stood by, touched to the heart.

"Now this is hacting something like," said Haverstraw, looking admiringly on the busy crew. "I didn't think there was any heart in 'em at all;" here he

knocked the dead ashes out of a short pipe, and put it in the pocket of his pea-jacket, "but I see Providence will never let men be every bit black, there is always some white spot about the blackest rogues if it could but be found out." Merry twitched his sleeve.

"Me keep you company?—Me go wid you?" said he, with much earnestness and determination. "Me miserable here ib you and Massa Captin go away. Massa Captin it was who took me aboard when me run from old Somers' cowskin; de Captin use me very well here—me lub him very well. By gor me not stay when you and de Captin gone!" and tears floated on the strong white and black of his eyes, and rolled down his sooty cheeks.

"The men wont let you go, Merry, I'm almost sure of it," said Toby, whose furrowed and weather-hardened face had expressed much complacency in the prospect of his own removal, but now softened with sympathy for the negro. "No—no; three of us at once will be too many for 'em to lose. They wont let you go, take my word for't."

"Me a free buccaneer, Toby!" cried the black, with vehement gestures. "Me no slavey now! Me not stay here ib me not like! Why dey let you go, an' not me, tell me dat, old man?"

"'Cause I am an old man, boy," quietly answered Haverstraw. "I tell you what, young blacky," he added, 'aking hold of the shirt collar of the negro, and detaining him, as he was turning away in a rage, "if you want to keep me company, you had better get back the nat'ral colour of your own skin afore you go talking so to the men."



There was reason for the caution, as the complexion of the African, under the influence of sudden passion, had changed from black to a strange brown of mingled shades ; his large lips, too, were drawn tight against his ivory teeth, which were revealed much in the same way as those of an angry dog. He tried to twitch his collar out of Haverstraw's hand, but the grasp of the old man was not shaken.

" You foolish nigger boy," said he, " do you want to make a quarrel here, and the Captain just going ?"

" Me will go too !" exclaimed Merry, with an air that defied all who would oppose his intention.

" What are you talking about, blackbird, eh ?" roughly asked the man at the wheel.

" The boy is wishful to go with me," answered Haverstraw, speaking instead of the black, and holding up his finger to him for silence, in the hope of preserving peace.

A surly oath was the response, it was echoed by others of the crew, and Merry was flatly denied.

" Now keep your temper, and listen to me," said Haverstraw, pulling Merry still nearer to him, and whispering in his ear a few sentences. The negro gave a skip, snapped his fingers over his head, and grinned one of his broad grins.

" Will it do, boy ?" asked Toby, slyly smiling.

" Iss, by gor, iss !" exclaimed Merry, with another skip ; " me get off dat way, ver well."

" Softly !" exclaimed the wary old man, looking round on the crew whose attentions were now diverted by the Pirate.

The Captain shook hands with all, both in the cabins,

and on the deck, then entered the batteau, followed by his son. Haverstraw descended to one end of the loaded canoe, which was nearly upset by the additional weight. The sailors continually cheered their Captain as the boats moved slowly off. He took his last look of the *Fearless*.

"She is admirably built!" cried he, addressing Clinton, his eye scanning the hull and rigging with something of melancholy; "I was never inside a better ship. But I have done right to quit her," (he could not restrain a sigh,) "and I must make myself as happy as I can. You would hardly think, Nicholas," he added, "how a thorough-bred sailor, such as twenty-five years of service has, I believe, made of me, loves his ship: she seems almost as much a part of him as the hand which has worked her helm, or the eyes that have directed her compass."

While the attention of the crew was fastened on the boats, a splash in the water was heard, and the negro was presently seen rising to the surface, twenty yards off, and swimming with a vigorous and rapid movement toward the canoe, which Haverstraw put back to receive him.

"Cuss the rogue! he was one of our best men," exclaimed the fellow who had heard the splash; "hand me that musket, Benjamin, he shall not get off without a taste of lead;" and Merry's mortal career would have instantly terminated had not Toby suddenly called out to him to "dive!" The black disappeared accordingly, and the shot passed the place where his head had been but an instant before.

"You just cleared it, boy, just, to half a second!"

cried Haverstraw, quietly laughing, as Merry grasped the canoe side. "Not there—not there!" exclaimed the alarmed old man, "go to t'other side, or you will sink her! the goods are heavy in the middle, and if you sit where I tell you we shall balance her evenly."

Merry therefore got in at the hinder end of the canoe, Toby being in front; the paddles were again set in motion, and the smooth waves, shining in the morning light, swept past them at no mean speed.

A seaman, whom the Pirate had recommended to the crew of the Fearless to be their successor, was in the batteau, and when it floated at the edge of the shore, he waited until the Pirate and his children had landed, then rowed it back to the ship. The canoe had been returned by the sailors to the Pirate along with its contents.

## CHAPTER XXII.

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"It is the loveliest day that we have had  
This lovely month; sparkling and full of cheer;  
The sun has a sharp eye; yet kind and glad;  
Colours are doubly bright: all things appear  
Strong outlined in the spacious atmosphere;  
And through the lofty air the white clouds go,  
As on their way to some celestial show."—*Hunt's Poems.*

"Love is sweet,  
Given or returned. Common as light is love,  
And its familiar voice wearies not ever,  
Like the wide heaven, the all-sustaining air.  
They who inspire it most are fortunate,  
As I am now; but those who feel it most,  
Are happier still, after long sufferings,  
As I shall soon become."—*Shelley.*

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WE now return to the Pastor's lodge. Two years it is to be supposed have passed away since the Pirate parted from his men. The winter has set in with rigour. In Upper Canada, particularly in that part of it where the good clergyman dwells, the seasons are always more temperate than in the Lower province, but even here, every lake and pond—every stream and rivulet—are coated hard and firm with dark, polished ice. The prairies, or savannahs, natural flats in the midst of immense forests, are iced nearly a foot deep. That

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splendid phenomena, the hoar frost, has spread itself in a few hours over the whole of the vast wilderness, the work of an Almighty Enchanter, whose beautiful creations are without end. Nature is now in her most surprising attire; the boasted summer has nothing to exceed these glories, has nothing more inimitable, more surpassing.

The enclosure in which the broken-hearted Lucy slept was covered with a winding-sheet of purest ice, that shone all over with glittering particles. The Pastor and his grandson, in fur-trimmed great coats, bear-skin caps and gloves, took a morning walk from the lodge to this melancholy spot. They pursued the sheep-walk, descended into the lower parts of the valley, went up the few steps of the enclosure, and proceeded in silence along the path which led to the isolated grave.

The Pastor had his gold-headed cane in his hand, and he leaned on it with symptoms of weakness. His upright figure had become bent under the weight of his afflictions. His benign face was now deeply furrowed, and it had lost its healthy complexion. Sorrow had pressed heavily on the good divine.

Arthur's manly countenance had become more habitually serious, his manner more uniformly grave. He had sought consolation in religion, and having had his fairest hopes blighted on earth, he had determined to seek no more the phantom of earthly happiness, but looked forwards with calm faith, and a fixed expectation to a future world of joy.

They both stood still by the two pair of cypresses which, in the summer, had overshadowed Lucy's grave with their dark fringed branches. There was just room

between their double roots for *another* grave; "Whose will it be?" thought the Pastor, looking down on the white soil, and then up at the sky, with meek resignation in his eye, while both his hands rested on the top of his stick; "Lord, if me, I am ready; I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Thee, and the dear ones I have lost. Yet I would be passive in Thy gracious hands; 'all the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.'"

Arthur leaned his elbow on a beautiful tombstone that had been made of the white marble with which the district abounded. It was of an uncommon and antique shape, and bore this inscription—

LUCY LEE,

AGED 19 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS;

BORN IN ENGLAND, IN THE RECTORY-HOUSE  
OF ILTON, SUFFOLK, MARCH, 1805.

DIED JULY, 1824.

*"She is not dead, but sleepeth."*

'The noble evergreen cypresses were still any thing but bare of foliage, which was loaded with superb frost-work. The clergyman and Arthur Lee lingered a little while in the neighbourhood of the tomb conversing. Time had taken away the first sharp agony of grief, and a tender regret, a calm, resigned sorrow, had succeeded in its place. They were of one mind and one heart in faith and hope, and the certainty of a blissful meeting with the dear departed in a happier state of being, was so continually before their mutual sight, and they so frequently made it a subject of converse between themselves, that gradually a halo of hope encircled the dark

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abyss into which their hopes had descended, and peace shone on their desolated hearts once more.

They now slowly returned to their tranquil, if not happy home. When they addressed each other it was with peculiar tenderness and respect, for each felt the value of his beloved and only companion, relative, and friend, and anticipated the hour when a second bereavement must divide even them.

It was a very unusual thing for either to advert to Clinton or Jane, but as they now proceeded on their walk they did so without intending it.

"I have never heard you say that you forgave him," said the Pastor.

An expression of settled resentment was instantly apparent on Arthur's face, and he said not a word for some minutes.

"It is hard to do so," at length he observed, as if arguing with himself, rather than replying to his grandfather; "it is almost beyond the strength of nature."

"But it is not beyond the power of grace, my dear grandson," said the Pastor reprovingly; "with God all things are possible. 'If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive you.'"

"May God forgive him—I will try to do so," said Arthur, emphatically, while in his heart the obligations of the Christian struggled with the deep-rooted indignation of the man.

"If our departed Lucy is now a happy, glorified spirit made perfect, which I thank the Lord we have no reason to doubt," said the Pastor, as they descended into the lower, and most rocky parts of the glen, "think you she can look with pleasure on your continued

anger against that misguided, but I still hope not totally lepraved, young man. If she is now with the Lord, who, when he was dying on the cross, forgave his destroyers, can she, do you think, approve your unpardoning temper toward him who really was but the indirect cause of her death?"

"No, you are right, grandfather—you are right!" exclaimed Arthur, mastering his natural feelings; "this unholy bitterness which I feel against Mr. Clinton must, and, with the help of Almighty strength, shall be appressed."

The Pastor wept. "I surely ought not to repine," said he, "since I have a child left to me so willing to obey the Divine commands."

Occasionally, as they walked along, they slackened their steps, and dwelt with quiet admiration on the well-known scene, now so altered by its frosty drapery that it hardly looked the same. The vale here was narrow, sunken between tremendous elevations. On one side stretched that monotonous and vast mountain wall which has been before described; on the other, arable soil, abounding in evergreens, and diversified with rocky crags, swelled up to every variety of height and shape. Snow might have concealed the beauty of the scene, but the glassy ice, and the lovely hoar-frost, had a contrary effect. The stern majesty of the bare rocks, and the dark tints of those parts of the evergreens which had not received the frost, admirably set off the effulgent glitter that everywhere else enchanted the eye.

Arthur, with a settler's anxious interest, scanned the corn land along the mountain foot, and inwardly speculated on the coming year's harvests.

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The surface of the track they were upon crackled under their feet; their breath froze about the fur collars which were pulled up over their chins; the radiancy of the sun, and the dryness and clearness of the atmosphere, were invigorating and delightful in spite of the intense cold.

As they proceeded, they were completely surrounded by hills clothed with evergreens; the mighty trees cracked with a sound like thunder under the pressure of the ice; their regular branchless shafts running up straight to a surprising height, and covered with the shining particles of the hoar frost, permitted a wide range of view into the depths of the woods. Arthur, who was very little given to the quoting of poetry, nevertheless, inspired by the scene, repeated these lines, smilingly, to his grandfather:—

“ All that thou seest is Nature's handiwork;—

Those rocks that upward throw their mossy brows,  
Like castled pinnacles of elder times;  
Those venerable stems, that slowly rock  
Their towering branches in the wintry gale;  
That field of frost which glitters in the sun,  
Mocking the whiteness of a marble breast.”

“ God's handiwork, my dear grandson,” interrupted the Pastor. “ The handiwork of nature's God. I could have thought I had, instead of you, Mr. Clinton at my side. The young man was certainly very pleasing society, and had a fine relish for the works of creation. Well, it is a pity his principles were corrupted—a very great pity. I wonder what has become of him.”

An abrupt turn had brought them in sight of the lodge, while the Pastor was speaking this with an

earnestness that told plainly he had not entirely freed himself from his prepossession for the individual he had named.

“What is that before the door?” asked he, stopping, taking Arthur’s arm and pointing. “A sleigh? Yes, surely it is. What visitors have we here, I wonder? Perhaps the Bathursts.”

“No, that is not the Doctor’s sleigh,” said Arthur; “nor is that Miss Bathurst.” A thickly-muffled female figure sprang out from the vehicle, and, received by the servants, entered the front doorway; a young man, in a shaggy overcoat, with a bear-skin cap on his head, then led the horses with the carriage round to an outhouse at the back of the lodge.

“I cannot imagine who they can be if not the Bathursts,” said the Pastor, pushing forward at a quicker pace, with the help of Arthur’s arm. “Next sabbath is not sacrament day, or I should think they were two of our communicants come to prepare for the ordinance with us. Who can they be? I certainly expected no one at present.”

The abundant smoke that curled straight upwards from the four huge chimneys of the lodge, gave comfortable evidence of the unstinted fires within. The cold white sides of the building were cheerfully relieved too by the thickly-draped windows in front, through each of which a ruddy light streamed out upon the frozen flower-beds.

The Pastor and Arthur opened the little gate in the palisades that surrounded the building, and crossed the garden, which had much fallen off in appearance and value since the decease of Miss Lee and the depar-

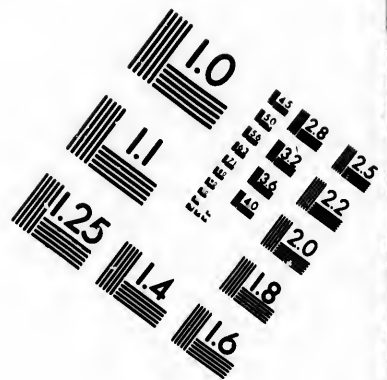
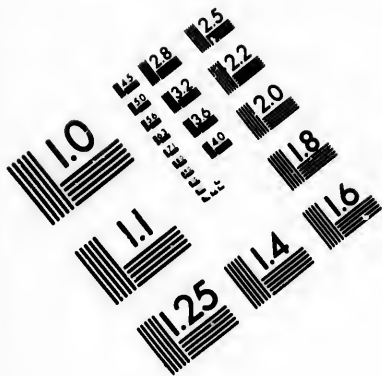
ture of Jane Anderson; but that deterioration was not perceptible now.

The orchard of mossy, brown, and aged fruit trees, the little bridge, and the mill, stood just as when we first introduced them to our readers, altered only by their sparkling livery of white, but many new settlements had sprung up in their vicinity. The Pastor had been allowed two hundred acres of ground by the Protestant Canadian church establishment; and, anxious to do all the good that lay in his power, he had given small lots out of it to many poor but industrious families. A neat church and rectory-house, also, had been begun to be erected for his use by order of the Bishop of Quebec; and as it was the Pastor's sole aim to win souls, and not to heap up gain, he employed his little surplus income in building small but convenient dwellings for converted Indians or other needy persons.

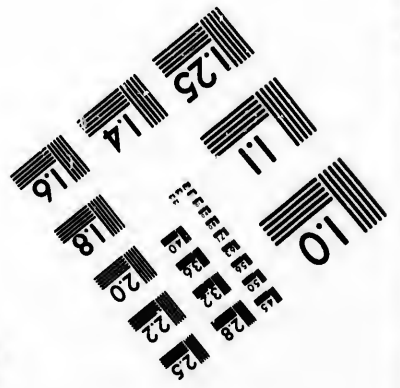
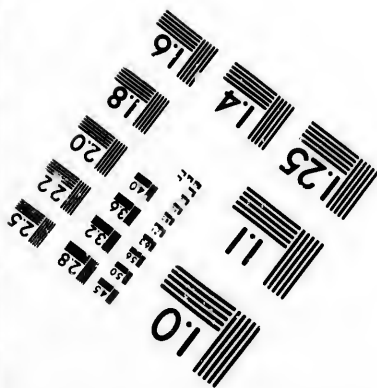
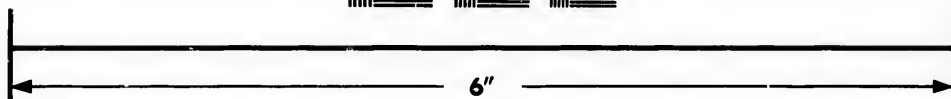
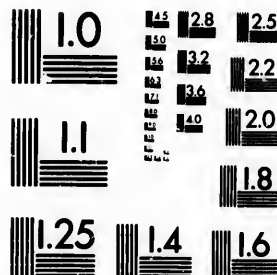
The windings of the valley in every direction near to the lodge revealed these unpretending cabins, from whose doors or windows a bright cheering light shone, and from whose chimneys the warm smoke also ascended in liberal quantities. These huts were all of one story, strongly built of squared logs laid one upon another, and consisting of four large rooms—a family room, a kitchen in the centre, and a large bed-room at either end. Some of them were rented from the Pastor at a cheap rate, according to the means of the party, and some occupied gratis.

Arthur assisted the new and ignorant settlers in many ways, but principally by instructing them in the best means of working their share of land, and managing their small affairs to advantage. A spirit of industry,





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sobriety, and religion, was remarkably diffused among them, and plenty and peace followed as an almost necessary result.

The Pastor and Arthur inquired of Jacob who had arrived. He smiled, and then affected to look unconcerned, patting the horses, which were two handsome greys, and stroking their shoulders, from which he had just taken two woollen cloths that had defended them from the cold. The sleigh was apparently new, of the most fashionable phaeton shape, raised on runners, lined at the sides with crimson cloth, and at the bottom with mats as soft and warm as down; the handle of the door of the vehicle was of silver, and on the middle panel, on a dark ground, appeared a very minute coat of arms. The harness of the horses were ornamented with silver, and the bells were of the same material.

These signs of the wealth and distinction of the strangers (for this sleigh neither the Pastor or Mr. Lee had seen before, and certainly it could not belong to any of their ordinary acquaintances) excited some surprise in the minds of both.

"They were a lady and gentleman," was all Jacob could or would say of them. "The lady was so wrapped up he could only see a pair of modest looking eyes and a smiling mouth—thought she was young—knew the gentleman was—they were in the sitting-room."

To the sitting-room accordingly Arthur and the Pastor directly proceeded, only stopping a minute in the kitchen to divest themselves of their great coats, gloves, and caps. They both instinctively paused at the sitting-room door; the lady and gentleman were speaking to each other within, and Arthur looked at his grandfather, crim-

soned, and looked stern; and the Pastor looked at his grandson, and turned a shade paler than ordinary. The latter was the first to enter. The young lady was sitting half enveloped in a rich fur mantle, and velvet pelisse, that she had loosened about her neat figure. She abruptly turned her mild and sensible countenance as she heard a footstep in the room, and, springing up, extended her hand, exclaiming eagerly and affectionately—

“ My dearest grandfather! will you give me a welcome for a day or two in the house where I once lived as Jane Anderson?”

“ Jane!—what is it Jane come back!” cried the surprised Pastor, cordially returning her warm greeting, but having hardly noticed the word “ grandfather;” “ I have not seen you, my dear, since that sad time when I lost my Lucy.” He pressed his hand on his eyes a moment. “ Ah! now I look at you, Miss Jane, she seems to rise before me—I think I see her again.” He wiped his eyes, and Jane wept with artless susceptibility. “ She loved you,” added the Pastor, sitting down beside Jane, who by his desire had resumed her seat; “ you were very happy together for some time; but uninterrupted felicity is not the lot of mortals.”

“ I come to you as a near relative, my dear sir,” said Jane; “ I claim to be received by you as a granddaughter. Read this letter which a friend of my brother’s brought out lately from England.”

The Pastor had just opened the folded sheet of paper, which she took from an elegant reticule and gave him, when Arthur slowly entered, with infinite self-possession, and met the eye of Clinton. The latter rose from the chair instantly, and said, hurriedly—



“ Mr. Lee, this visit will no doubt surprise you. To account for it, we must introduce ourselves to you as your cousins, and as bearing the same relation to Pastor Wilson which you yourself bear.”

“ Indeed, Mr. Clinton! how is that?” inquired Arthur, distantly, keeping his eye carefully turned from Jane. “ Certainly I *am* surprised. You will be so good as explain?”

“ The letter which Pastor Wilson is reading contains my explanation,” returned Clinton, who, in spite of his previous resolution not to see any coldness in Mr. Lee’s manner, was chilled by his imperturbable gravity, and by the sternness of his features. “ My mother, Mr. Lee, was the sister of your mother, and the daughter of your grandfather.”

“ Indeed!” exclaimed Arthur, losing a little of his frigidity, “ if this be true—”

“ If it be true, sir!” echoed Clinton, taking fire at the doubt.

“ How long is it since you discovered this?” asked Mr. Lee; at that moment he frowned, and seemed to shrink. Jane’s well-remembered voice was speaking softly to the Pastor further up the room, for Clinton had sat down by the door to glance at a book, which lay on a small work-table that had been Lucy’s, while his sister had gone to the fire.

“ Very lately—not until this letter came—did we know the singular circumstance,” answered Clinton; “ it reached us at Quebec, where we were staying.”

“ Indeed—very strange,” repeated Arthur, casting his eye one brief moment toward Jane, and withdrawing it instantly, while another frown succeeded to the first,

with indignant feeling. "And you and Mrs. Clinton are in good circumstances now?" said he, inquiringly, remembering the coat of arms on the sleigh door, and affecting more indifference than he felt.

"Mrs. Clinton!" echoed the other, smiling, as he saw the very natural mistake Arthur had fallen into; "I have not the honour to know any one of that name."

"You have taken another name then?"

"No."

"Why is not Jane—I mean Miss Anderson—your wife?"

"She is my sister, Mr. Lee; as yet I have no wife, neither has my sister a husband, or to my knowledge any thoughts of one."

The face of Arthur cleared remarkably; the frown instantaneously vanished: the look of pain passed off; and with a manner at once cheerful and frank, almost before he was aware, he had shaken hands with his new-found cousin, resolving in his mind to forgive from that moment his erring conduct, and to remember it no more.

"Yes, it is so—it is so!" cried the Pastor, wiping his eyes again and again, as he passed the letter to Arthur; "and you, Jane Anderson, and you, Mr. Clinton, are indeed my grandchildren—the children of that dear daughter of mine who married the American seaman! But come, off with your superfluous dresses, my dears, and when you have had a good dinner, for which I am sure the keen air must have given you an appetite, we will talk it all over. I have a hundred questions to ask—I shall hardly know where to begin. I shall want to know where you met with each other?—how you found out that you were brother and sister?—in what manner

you, Mr. Clinton, discovered your father?—what sort of life he has been leading since your dear mother's death?—and how it is I find you coming hither like rich seignors with a coat of arms and silver harness to your sleigh?"—(he rang the bell as he spoke the last sentence)—“and what has become of Deborah?” Here Deborah's substitute in the lodge entered, preventing the reply. She was the eldest daughter of a Scotch storekeeper, a red-cheeked, fat, sour-looking damsel.

“What's your wull, sir?” asked she, holding up the corner of a dirty checked apron to her mouth, and staring with vulgar curiosity at the visitors.

“Dinner—dinner, Patty! let us have it in good time, if you please.”

“It'll na be ready yet, sir,” replied the louring girl, who detested being put out of her way, which was always the case when she was required to do any thing quicker than ordinary, that was, in proper time.

“Get it ready as soon as possible, then, Patty,” said the good natured Pastor, “and let there be an extra dish or two. Has the Indian Sassa or his brother brought in any venison, or any birds, this morning?”

“Nay—I dinna ken—I seen none—nought to crack o'—a pheasant, that's a'.”

“That's plenty, Patty, for one morning's shooting, if it is a fine one. You have roasted it, have you?”

“It's doon at the fire.”

“That will do; now take away Miss Jane's extra garments. Or what say you, Jane, my dear, can you find your way up stairs yourself? The rooms stand just as they did.”

“I shall not lose myself, I dare say,” said Jane,

smiling, and gathering up into her arms her profuse travelling wrappers; "but I certainly should if the house were as much altered as the valley."

She had to pass Arthur in order to leave the room; he had not yet spoken to her; he was reading the letter, when she stepped timidly by him; instantly the paper dropped to the ground, he started forwards, with an enthusiasm the more touching from his habits of self-command, and caught her hand.

"Jane Anderson!" he emphatically exclaimed; the feelings of a deep and full heart were expressed in the two words. "Jane, my sister's dear friend, have you not a word for *me* after two years and a half of absence?"

Jane paused without answering, blushing painfully, her eyes cast down, and her heart beating. She would have withdrawn her hand with displeasure, but recollected Mr. Lee was related to her, and perhaps had a right to the trifling familiarity.

She was very confused, and felt so awkward, and so unable to say any thing, that she was quite angry with herself.

The Pastor and Clinton were busily talking at quite the other end of the long apartment, and discreetly took no notice of the pair.

"You look particularly well—I hope your heart is as little altered as your countenance," Arthur hurriedly whispered as he opened the door for her. "You must never leave this lodge again, Jane. You must stay with your new grandfather henceforward—you must indeed. The house is quite another place when you are in it. I assure you it is melancholy to live in it while you—"

She tripped away up the staircase without waiting

for the conclusion of his incoherent speech, playfully shaking her head, and venturing one look down on him from the upper balusters.

In that look there was kindness enough to revive Arthur's hopes, and he went back into the sitting-room with a heart once more awakened to bright ideas of domestic happiness, for which he was peculiarly fitted, and for which he had always ardently thirsted.

Jane had been powerfully struck with his agitation, his tone of voice, and his look of undisguised affection. She was certain that he loved her well, and as the conviction pressed upon her, she threw herself down in an easy chair in the room that had formerly been her chamber, and wept with unalloyed delight. In his character there was every thing to admire, she thought to herself; he was so open, so sincere, possessed of such admirable principles, so industrious, so dutiful to his grandfather, and so devoted to his Maker. It was true he was sometimes severe, and rather obstinate, too, in the carrying out of his principles, and a little—a very little—disposed to be hard and proud; these defects had caused their former separation; but then, what man ever lived without defects? and ought she not now to forgive his offence, considering that, after all, it was nothing very serious.

“I do certainly esteem him more than any other man I ever saw,” said she; and then she remembered that it had been Lucy's wish to see her married to Arthur. But as she was unfastening her pelisse, it occurred to her that, before she came on her present visit, she had determined, beyond doubt, never for a single moment to allow him to look upon her as more than a friend and

a cousin, and that she had spent many an hour planning how to behave to him on all imaginary occasions.

“Is it possible,” thought she, “that the impressions of a moment can have destroyed all my judicious plans—is it possible?”

It *was* possible; not that Jane was weak, but the fact was, that her anger against Arthur had been mere girlish pique, and in its very nature destined to be short-lived, while a durable affection for him had kept its ground beneath.

The result proved to be this—Arthur’s suit was taken up at the exact point where it had been broken off two years before. He confessed himself wrong in having treated the Pirate so unceremoniously, as he was *her* father, and threw himself on her mercy. That mercy was not denied him. Thus there was an end of their difference; the painful separation they had borne endeared them doubly to each other, and the Pastor and Clinton rejoiced to see their perfect agreement.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

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" Pain and sorrow shall vanish before us,  
Youth may wither, but feeling will last ;  
All the shadow that e'er shall fall o'er us,  
Love's light summer-cloud sweetly shall cast."—*Moore.*

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AFTER three hours of intimate and really happy conversation round the great stove which stood in the middle of the sitting-room, the four newly-united relatives separated for a little time, Jane to amuse herself as she pleased, Arthur to see that his cattle, hogs, and poultry were properly fed, and safely shut up for the night, the Pastor to choose his text, and arrange the subject of his next sermon, and Clinton to walk out viewing the new settlements in the valley.

To Jane's domestic, home-loving temper, every thing in this house, which had been a home to her, and which was likely to be so again, and permanently, was an object of peculiar interest. The soft, blameless feelings of her soul, were seen in her eye as it passed tearfully from object to object in the room, dwelling on some but a moment, on others with a long and lingering gaze, inspired by mournful recollections of her deceased friend.

This family apartment (which well merited the epithet

large, for it would have contained three ordinary rooms) exhibited numerous doors carefully surrounded with crimson cloth to exclude all draughts; one of these was the principal entrance of the house, extremely large, which Jane opened, stepping out under a plain portico. And there before her were the groves of hemlock, pine, and cedar, that her memory had so much dwelt upon, all now brilliantly silvered, covering romantic hills as far as her eye could see. Here and there curled the white smoke of huts that she had never seen before; nearer she espied the summer-house, wherein, when Lucy was alive, the Pastor's happy household had so often spent their evenings in the hot season. But the fine maple that had shadowed it was now only an ice-covered stump; it was withered and gone like the gentle mistress of the lodge. Jane stepped back within the room and refastened the door.

But now, again drawing over her head a thick shawl, she was about to look out at the back of the house, when she caught sight of her face reflected in a large mirror on the wall, and started. Her thoughts were so full of Lucy, that, instead of her own, she fancied she saw her friend's face. The nervous impression instantly subsided, but still the same fair image was distinctly before her mind. There was an immense sofa stretching along the wall—that was the very one on which Miss Lee had died, while Jane lay thoughtlessly sleeping beside her. She now almost trembled to look on it, yet, by a strange fascination, could not resist reclining upon its soft cushions, in nearly the same posture in which she had lain on that melancholy night. Two spacious windows were before her, hung with heavy crimson moreen; when



those windows were more lightly draped, Miss Lee had looked through them upon the moon for the last time, and had spoken her last words. Jane recalled the very sound of her voice and every word; then, overcome with the sense of her great loss in the death of so dear a friend, buried her face in the cushions and wept passionately.

Here Arthur entered, smiling, and smacking a small whip, having just come from the stables.

“Those are beautiful greys of yours, my dear Jane,” he began, but seeing her tearful face, he looked on her anxiously, then at once comprehending the cause of her tears, turned away, and walked up the room, as if to warm his feet by the stove, where he stood knocking the ice from them, while Jane dried her eyes, and resumed her usual unaffected cheerfulness. He then spoke to her with lively tenderness, and they walked together to the back of the house.

The poultry-yard was nearly filled with hardened snow that had been drifted into it; the fish-pond was a mirror of dark ice. No cattle, no hay-stacks, or produce of any kind, were to be seen out of cover. An old plough, and a broken cart made the foundation for a hill of frozen snow next the palisades. The vegetable-ground, and all else she could see, were hid under the universal frost.

The two loitered next in the kitchen a little while. Though Jane saw more servants about now than formerly, yet nothing like the order that then prevailed was at present to be seen. The want of a mistress had invested the principal female managers with much power, which, as might have been expected, they had abused.

The huge dresser was covered with a profusion of meats—fish, flesh, and fowl, roasted and boiled—which were indiscriminately picked by two lazy-looking, slatternly girls, who stood lolling their elbows on the edge of a partly opened drawer in front. Patty, the cook, was regaling herself at a separate table with the remains of a turkey, and sundry other delicacies, together with a hissing jug of flip, and a tumbler of “whisky-toddy, to deegest the veetals, awfter they were eaten.”

“This is Christmas time,” whispered Arthur to Jane, as they stood beside the crackling, and blazing hearth, which sent out a heat sufficient to roast an ox; “that is some excuse for the wasteful profusion you see. Our domestics, I believe, would not think it Christmas if they could not do as they like with provisions. They will not act according to the spirit of honesty, but only to the letter—they think themselves just so long as they do not break the law of the country. To confess the truth, things have gone wrong in the house ever since—” he checked himself with a sigh, and led Jane back into the luxurious sitting-room.

The lustres over the sideboards (where mingled glass, and china, and plate, glittered, without even any attempt at arrangement) were not yet lighted; Lucy’s small organ stood open, inviting the touch, with gilt candlesticks fitted to the sides of the key-board; the window-shutters were closed for the evening, and the only light in the apartment was that dreamy and picturesque one of firelight, cast from the glowing stove. An exquisite sense of warmth and comfort was experienced by Jane as the shadows on the roof, and walls, and floor, diverted her pleased eye.

While Arthur and Jane remained thus alone, they had a long and interesting conversation on topics concerning only themselves, the results of which will hereafter appear; in the meantime we shall inform the reader of all that has occurred during the last two years relating to the Pirate and his children.

The place in which they had found a retreat was a ruined fort that had been injured in the American war. Here they had dwelt concealed for a year, during all which time the Pirate suffered constantly from the wound in his side. His illness, however, had been greatly alleviated by the kindness of his son and daughter. The change from an active, hazardous, exciting life, to one necessarily monotonous and retired, proved, under the circumstances, less irksome than he had expected. His weakness obliged him to seek refuge in rest, and here he could freely indulge in it without interruption. His restless energies had yielded to continual pain; he would lie reflecting for hours on his mattress; and when he arose, it was only, generally speaking, to sit by the fire, and talk with his children or Haverstraw.

Two rooms of the fort remained nearly entire on the ground story, these Merry and Toby had made "wind and weather tight," as the latter said. One of the rooms, furnished with goods brought from the Fearless, made a tolerably convenient sitting-room by day, and a chamber for Jane and Deborah by night; in the other the Pirate and Clinton slept, as well as Toby and the black, who confined themselves to its bounds at all times, excepting only when they were invited to enter the Captain's other apartment, or when they left the ruin in search of game.

As the Pirate had planned their mode of living, previously, so they lived, with little difference. Deborah and Jane occasionally ventured to the nearest township, and purchased such necessaries as the wild forests and hills could not supply. Clinton hunted daily; Toby and Merry either hunted or fished; and occasionally the Pirate himself sat in the fishing-boat to witness, if he could not share in the sport.

Nothing occurred to disturb their comfort and tranquillity until thirteen months had rolled by. At the end of that period it happened that a gentleman, verging on ninety, was riding with his servant and a dog, a few miles from the ruin, when a snow-drift coming on they were both in imminent danger of perishing. The gentleman being infirm, through his great age, was unable to proceed at a quick pace; and after losing his road, and becoming benumbed with cold so that he could scarcely support himself in his saddle, his servant galloped off, with the professed intention of bringing him assistance, which, however, never came. The horse wandered on of its own accord, and took a wild and dangerous path, leading up hill to the fort.

Cautiously the animal waded along through the ocean-like snow, which effaced every human track, over holes, branches, and fallen trees. On a sudden it stopped, its feet were put out a step, then drawn back with signs of fear—the sagacious creature was on the edge of a gap filled up with soft snow, in which both horse and rider would have been engulfed in a moment. At the same time the dog raised a long and melancholy howl.

The unfortunate gentleman was insensible to his perilous condition; his slowly-circulating blood con-

gealed in his aged limbs; the upper part of his body had fallen down on the shoulders of his good mare, and he only held on by a feeble grasp of the mane.

The howling wind swept on terrifically over the awful scene. Clouds of *la poudre*, as the Canadians term it, (very light, fine, hard-frozen snow, a sort of powder,) were drifted up into the air, and carried along for miles, covering every thing, and concealing the whole face of the country. The hurricane also frequently sent whole trees whistling through the atmosphere. The roar of the elements—the bewildering drifts of snow—and the excessive cold—soon bound the senses of the doomed traveller in oblivion. He was first languid, and then seized with an ungovernable propensity to sleep; in this state he slipped down from the saddle, the horse quietly and gradually sinking beside him, and the dog nestling between them.

An hour passed—another—and still another—and all three were buried in graves of snow!

The howling of the dog had been heard by the inmates of the ruin, and Clinton, with Merry and Haverstraw, all three bearing torches, came out, and looked on all sides, but failed in descrying the dying traveller. Twice they returned into their place of shelter, and twice, entreated by Jane, renewed their search. At length the horse's head above the snow caught the eye of Clinton; and calling on Toby and the black to follow him, he, with great danger to himself, made his way to the spot. The three with much difficulty succeeded, after an hour of exertion, in dragging out the unfortunate gentleman, and conveyed him to the fort.

As soon as the Pirate looked on him he became much

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excited, and muttered to himself in French. The stranger was le sieur Marquis de Rougemont, who had adopted him when he was a child, educated him, and made him the inheritor of his estates, until a too proud and un-  
bending spirit led him to desert his munificent friend.

“ Ah, mon ami! mon ami!” exclaimed the Pirate, gazing over the lifeless body, “ would to God I had never left you! Try every thing you can think of, Toby, to restore him. This was my benefactor!--my more than father! This was the man who took me, a wretched, starving orphan, and would have made me rich, and noble, and happy, had I not flung his benefits away !”

Every available means of restoring circulation in the Marquis' body was tried for twenty-four successive hours in vain. Life was totally extinct. The body was washed and laid out in a dilapidated apartment of the fort adjoining the two habitable rooms, and then the Pirate consulted with his friends on the best means of conveying it to his residence.

But the Marquis might not have dwelt in the mansion in which the Pirate had been brought up; he might, perhaps, have parted with it, and removed to another estate. This conjecture was strengthened by the fact of his having been travelling in this district, at his advanced age, with a single servant only, on horseback, (for the baronial mansion of his ancestors was situated more than two hundred miles from here, in Lower Canada) and he was so little partial to distant journeys, that the Pirate had never known him go off his own grounds.

Jane proposed that the pockets of the deceased nobleman's dress should be examined, as there might be

something in them which would remove the difficulty, and serve to direct them how to proceed. This was done, but nothing was found in them except a leathern purse, nearly filled with gold and silver dollars, of which the Pirate took careful charge.

A constant look out was now kept for any persons who might be in search for the Marquis; and on the third day after the sad event, four horsemen were seen crossing the plain which stretched below the hill on which the fort stood. They sometimes stopped and alighted, walking on in different directions, with eyes turned to the snow-covered ground for a considerable distance. Then mounted again, and ascended the heights which bordered the plain, always keeping separate, yet continually communicating with each other by shouts, which seemed those of anxious inquiry and reply, rather than of huntsmen, or of persons riding for pleasure.

As they galloped up the wild, hilly tract on which the ruin stood, they were called upon to stop, and Clinton, approaching the first rider, who halted, inquired if they were searching for a gentleman who had been lost in the snow-drift. They replied in the affirmative, and he simply stated the circumstance of his finding the body, and led them to the place where the horse and dog still lay dead. The animals were recognised by the horsemen immediately. The horse was the one on which the Marquis had left the house of his lawyer, intending to ride to the villa of a friend with whom he had been staying. The servant who had parted from him on the plain during the snow-storm, here, with peculiar anxiety, looked to see if the saddle-bags had been removed from the horse; finding they had not, he expressed great sa-

tsatisfaction, saying they might contain papers of value; and accordingly he took possession of them. Clinton then conducted the four to that part of the ruin where the body lay; and a light waggon, or public carriage, having been hired from the nearest village, the venerable corpse was covered with a blanket belonging to the driver and slowly removed in it to the villa the servants (for such they were) had spoken of—they riding behind it, and Clinton following at a little distance on a hired pony.

On the road to the villa, the man who had charge of the saddle-bags, skilfully opened one of them with a skeleton key, under his overcoat; and, unobserved, drawing from the inside a thick, folded paper, rent it across the middle, and then riding on one side the precipitous road threw the two parts over the rocks.

Clinton had been by no means satisfied with this man's eagerness to get the saddle-bags, and more than once he had caught his eye fixed on him, or on the other three riders, with suspicion, as if he feared their observation. When Clinton, therefore, caught sight of the pieces of paper flying out of his apparently careless hand down the precipice, an involuntary impulse determined him to return to that place before an hour should pass, and by some means or other to pick up the pieces and examine them. Without intending it, he had closely watched this person ever since he had seen him; and he felt convinced, that whatever that paper contained, it had been taken out of the saddle-bags. He had not seen them opened certainly, but he had seen the man *fumoling* with both hands under the large skirts of *the* coat which covered them.



Once or twice Clinton would have chided his suspicions as fanciful, and without rational grounds, but presently a peculiar look of the suspected individual, made up of villainy, fear, and shame, confirmed him in his opinions. The waggon had not gone many miles further, therefore, before Clinton made an excuse to ride back, promising to overtake the horsemen presently.

But a bend in the road passed, and Clinton galloped off, nor stopped until he reached the very place where the torn paper had disappeared. Bringing the pony as close to the edge as he durst, he stooped, and sent his glance down among the rocks and trees to the ravine below. One of the fragments he perceived lying behind a great block of limestone, fifty feet down; and the other, still lower, flying hither and thither over the snow-heaped channel of a rivulet, at the sport of the winds.

With some trouble he discovered a part where the precipice was less upright, and consisted of a series of rocks, each lower than the other. Not hesitating a moment, he threw himself from the pony and made the bridle fast to the branch of a tree, then commenced a descent, and, with that daring and skill which he had often employed in such enterprises for his mere amusement, succeeded in reaching the bottom. He was not long in securing one of the fragments, which he eagerly opened, when the following words in French met his transported eye:—

“ IN the name of the Holy Trinity, the Blessed Virgin, and all the Company of Saints—Amen.

“ 1, LOUIS JEAN LAWRENCE, Le Sieur Marquis de Rougemont, holding my Estates free of all

seignorial rights and duties, *franc aleu noble, &c.*, do give and bequeath unto NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, the son of MARIE VERCHE, deceased, formerly a nun of the Convent of St. Clare, in Quebec, and condemned by her superior to perpetual penance and imprisonment for having broken her vow of celibacy. Which NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON was first the reputed son of PAUL LEVI, and JOAN, his wife, who died, leaving him destitute of any provision in his infancy; whereupon he was taken into the cottage of a poor woman on my estate, named BAPTISTA CERCY, from whom I took him, and adopted him, making him my lawful heir, and the inheritor of my title and effects. The same NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON left me of his own will and accord when in his twenty-fifth year; and, as I have been certainly informed, has twice served as a common sailor, and afterwards as a second and first mate, in an emigrant vessel between the Canadas and the British Islands. To that same NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, or, in case of his death, to his eldest son, if such he have, I hereby give and bequeath the whole of my Estates and other property, including money in banker's hands, and rents due to me—all I am possessed of whatsoever or where—”

We may imagine Clinton was not slow in finding the second fragment, which read on thus:—

“soever, excepting only the following annuities.”

Here appeared the names of every servant in the Marquis' household, with liberal sums allotted to each; the names of his executors and the money they were to

receive. Then the important document concluded thus:—

“ And to HENRIQUE DETROIT, formerly the tutor of NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, in my house at Rougemont, I give and bequeath all the books which are in my principal library, but not in my private library, together with one thousand dollars, and one of the farms on my estate, whichever he chooses to select, subject only to the lawful fines and dues which he shall pay to NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, as my successor in the seigniori, or to, &c. And I do require that NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, or his eldest son, if such he have, take possession of my estates in the names and titles only of LOUIS JEAN LAWRENCE, Le Sieur MARQUIS de ROUGEMONT. And if in seven years from the period of my demise, NICHOLAS JEAN ANDERSON, or his eldest son, are not to be found, then all my estates shall go to that male person who can prove himself nearest of kin to me, on condition that he adopt my names and titles as aforesaid.”

The will was not witnessed, and Clinton suspected that it was merely the rough draught of an instrument intended to be made more complete, and that to put that instrument in hand had been the Marquis' errand to the lawyer on the day when he lost his life.

The document Clinton held in his hand appeared to be in the Marquis' own handwriting, and on the back was a very accurate description of the Pirate's face and figure, which it was likely the deceased nobleman had intended should be incorporated in the will.

It was with a kind of delirium that Clinton climbed the rocks and regained the road above, where he rode off to find, if he could, that lawyer whose name he luckily remembered hearing the horsemen mention.

He found him near, and opened to him his business in a state of intense excitement. The professor of litigation was a man very superior to his brethren in general. He entered into the subject with much interest, discarding every useless formality of manner. He regretted the Marquis' death much, and undertook to swear, whenever he should be called upon to do so, that the torn paper Clinton had had the good fortune to pick up, was in the Marquis' own handwriting, and was the latest document of the kind existing. The Marquis had shown him (the lawyer) that paper three days ago, and his clerk had copied it, the copy being now in his desk. He was to have visited the Marquis at the villa of his friend on that day week on which he had seen him, in order to witness a proper legal instrument, and to see it signed and sealed. The friend of the Marquis, and Henrique Detroit, the former tutor of the appointed inheritor, were also to have been witnesses to the will.

Having received this information, Clinton asked the legal gentleman if he would undertake the cause of Nicholas Jean Anderson, his father. The lawyer replied he would willingly do so, and had no doubt at all of a speedily successful issue, provided he was furnished with sufficient proofs that the alleged Nicholas Anderson really was the individual described by the Marquis.

Thus furnished, Clinton returned to the ruined fort, and amazed his father and sister with the surprising intelligence. Not a moment was lost; the Pirate ven-

tured, at the earnest request of his children, to visit the lawyer, who, after closely cross-questioning him for an hour, taking notes of all his answers, assured him that he himself was perfectly satisfied he was the individual named by the Marquis, and that he should particularly exert himself to make good his rightful claim. He was secretly persuaded that Henrique Detroit was in some way concerned in the attempt to destroy the Marquis' will. But it would be best to remain perfectly quiet on the transaction until after the funeral.

The lawyer's advice was implicitly followed, and the conduct of the whole affair left to him. He did not disappoint his anxious clients. The body of the Marquis was removed in a shell to his own estate at Rougemont, Lower Canada, from which he had come, for the first time in fifty years, solely to take his last leave of the proprietor of a villa (who was also aged, and a wealthy widower, without family), and to prepare his will.

The lawyer followed to the disputed seignorie, and lodged the Pirate near at hand, in a private place, whence he might be able to produce him at a fitting time.

After the funeral, as he had anticipated, Henrique Detroit brought forward a will, dated ten years back, in which he was appointed the possessor of the Marquis' wealth. There was at first but one dissentient voice—it was that of the proprietor of the villa, who stated that his friend had showed him, on his late visit, a will written with his own hands, appointing one Nicholas Jean Anderson his heir; and that will he was ready to swear, he was to have signed and witnessed, with the

lawyer and Henrique Detroit, only ten days previous to their present meeting. He appealed to the honour and honesty of Detroit if this was not true.

The advocate of Detroit made the reply. "The question was not what the Marquis might have *intended* to do, or what he *began* to do, but what he had *done*. Here was an undoubted will—could any proved document be brought to supersede it?"

The lawyer now arose, and silently laid upon the table the paper which the servant had torn, together with a copy of the same, dated the day of the Marquis' death. At the first sight of these Detroit turned excessively pale, and a motion was heard in the back of the room, as if some one were hastily passing out.

"Detain him! let him not pass!" exclaimed the lawyer; "I command that he be detained!"

The guilty servant was brought back, trembling and shrinking, with the most intense fear painted on every quivering feature.

"I was forced to do it—I was forced to do it," he stammered.

The lawyer explained the scene to all present, while the alarmed tool of a villain stood by, quaking in the grasp of two of his fellow domestics.

"Who forced you to do it? Speak the truth, and you may escape a severe punishment," said the lawyer. The fellow pointed to Detroit, who, springing up in a violent rage, exclaimed—

"He is a consummate liar!" and would have gone away, but was prevented.

"Detroit promised me money if I would get hold of the paper and burn it," stammered the servant; "and

threatened me if I betrayed him. I could not burn the will—I had no opportunity,—but I threw it over the precipice.”

“You will repent this,” muttered Detroit, his face livid and convulsed—“you will repent this.”

“Take care that neither of them escape, and remove them out of hearing,” said the lawyer.

When this had been done he sent privately for the Pirate.

“Now, gentlemen,” said he, “I will produce the true inheritor of these estates—Nicholas Jean Anderson, himself. You see on this paper of the Marquis’ writing a description of the man’s person. Judge for yourselves, whether his appearance does not answer to it, making due allowance for the alterations that twenty-five years (the period which has elapsed since the Marquis saw him) must have produced.”

The Pirate’s arrival was privately announced, and the Marquis’ description having, as the lawyer took care to observe, been read by every gentleman in the room, gave directions that Anderson should enter among several of the servants, without introduction.

Taller than any of the curious domestics who pressed near to survey him by nearly a head, of the most accurate and massive proportions, the Pirate was at once received by the assembly as an individual to whom the Marquis’ description would remarkably apply. A number of questions were asked him concerning his former life in this mansion, which he answered satisfactorily. The number of rooms in the mansion, the situation of those he had occupied, the names of the servants of the establishment at the time he was in it, the name

of the Marquis' priest, (since dead) who formerly officiated at the private chapel and confessional, with many other minute particulars, that no one, but a resident of the house, could have possibly known, he stated with a clearness and precision that convinced all present.

He was then requested to retire to a separate room, which he did.

“One test that may complete the presumptive evidence in favour of his identity,” said the lawyer, “remains. Let the servants stand collected together in this room, and place Henrique Detroit in the midst of them; then let the supposed Nicholas Anderson be brought in. If he is the person we suppose, he will recognise his old tutor, and Detroit will know him. But I must caution you, that it is probable Detroit may cunningly affect ignorance of him, in order to obtain his ends, therefore let his countenance, at the first moment of their seeing each other, be closely observed.”

To this test the advocate had no objection, and much curiosity was manifested as to its success.

At the Pirate's second entrance into the room, his eye glanced along the line of servants without emotion—he had not perceived Detroit. But the latter, who had not the self-possession of a skilful hypocrite, nor the wariness of a practised rogue, lost himself—large beads of sweat stood on his forehead, and he sank down on a chair, incoherently muttering—“Why is he come here?—who brought him here?—there is nothing for him!—the estates are mine!—mine!—mine!” and as the last word was repeated in a loud, gasping manner, he rolled on the floor in a strong fit.

As soon as the Pirate heard the voice he turned short



round, and fixed his haughty glance on the conscience-stricken scholar.

“There is the man who can prove to you who I am,” said he, steadily pointing, and speaking to the gentlemen.

“Who do you mean?” inquired the advocate.

“I mean Henrique Detroit—who was the cause of my quitting my honoured benefactor twenty-five years ago,” replied the Pirate. “He cannot face me, I see! I now suspect that he always designed to rob me of the favours of the marquis, and I tell him so to his face!”

The struggles of Detroit on the floor were such that four men-servants could scarcely hold him. The room was in confusion. As soon as he had a little recovered, he called out for “Father Donoghue!—Father Donoghue!” The present priest of the household immediately left the table, and, stooping beside him, held the cross to his lips, charging him, in the most solemn language, to confess the truth, and be content with the bequest that was lawfully his.

“I give it all up—I give it all up!” gasped the frightened Detroit. “I am dying!—Lord help me! Give me absolution, Father Donoghue, and I give it all up!”

“Do you acknowledge this man,” (pointing to the Pirate) “to be Nicholas Jean Anderson?”

“Yes—yes;—I do—I do;—he is Anderson, I know. Yes—yes. Give me absolution—I am dying—I give it all up!”

“And do you acknowledge him to be the Marquis’ lawful heir, as stated in the paper which the wicked servant, whom you bribed, endeavoured to destroy?”

“ Yes—yes—yes. The Marquis always loved him. But I hoped—oh, give me absolution!—I am dying! I repent—I repent—I give it all up!”

“ We are perfectly satisfied,” said the gentlemen present, “ all, and we sincerely congratulate the new Marquis, and hope the tenants of Rougemont will find their new seignor as liberal as their former one.”

The Pirate bowed his thanks, and the lawyer proceeded to see his fortunate client invested with his property in full by the proper legal processes.

Before three months had passed, the ruined fort had been once more left to solitude and desolation, and the fugitive inmates dwelt in the stately baronial mansion of the seignior of Rougemont.

Detroit recovered, received the former Marquis' bequest, and, apparently ashamed of the part he had acted, retired into seclusion. He, as well as the man he had employed so basely, by the Pirate's intervention on their behalf, were permitted to escape the punishment they justly deserved.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

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“ There never was a story of more woe,  
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo !”

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SHORTLY after the Pirate's elevation to his present brilliant fortune, he found a manuscript in the former Marquis' handwriting, directed “ To the son of my beloved Marie Verche, Nicholas Jean Anderson.” These words surprised the Pirate, and he carefully examined the papers. The writing was uneven, as if the hand had been agitated that penned it, and here and there were marks as if tears had fallen on it. The Pirate had been going to rest when he began to read, but so deeply interested was he in the contents of the manuscript, that morning dawned into his chamber before he laid it down.

At six o'clock he went into his son's room and awoke him. “ Here is something that has affected me greatly, Nicholas,” said he; “ read it;” and, laying the manuscript on the bed, went away as quickly as he had entered.

Clinton raised himself on his elbow, and, with hasty curiosity, turned over the yellowed leaves; then his at-

attention being rivetted perused the following narrative with no less care than rapidity:—

“ My son, for such you are, not by adoption merely, but also by birth, read the unvarnished story of your parents’ sorrows—sorrows of no ordinary character.

“ I was the last descendant on my father’s side from an ancient French family, in which the government of Canada was once vested.

“ You have often heard me speak of the times of my youth when Canada belonged to France. British settlers were located along the edge of the shores of the St. Lawrence, and in this exposed situation subject to peculiar dangers, which roused their mother country on their behalf. Thus originated the war which led to the ruin of the French dominion here. Among the causes which conspired to bring about that change may be mentioned these:—

“ France and England had been at war in Europe, and the two nations were remarkably jealous of each other. The British-Canadian settlers were heretics, too, and we French-Canadian catholics forgot that *charity* is the best part of religion. In European-France the protestants had been rather cruelly dealt with, and of course the protestants of Canada, in common with their brethren everywhere, felt aggrieved. This was not all; the boundaries of the respective dominions of France and England in Canada, were disputed by both parties; and the settlers living on the disputed frontiers (who were principally, if not wholly, British) suffered extremely from the sanguinary conflicts which attended the quarrel. There was a third party of great consequence, the natives of the soil—the red men or Indians

—who, as they felt disposed, took part with one or other of the combatants, and their assistance was valued at a high rate by both.

“ I was in my tenth year when the last French governor in Canada, aided by the co-operation of my brave father, who was at the head of a distinguished regiment, upheld the pretensions of his country in these provinces with so much success. You will remember my telling you, Nicholas, that it was my father who caused the English army, under the incautious but intrepid General Braddock, to be entrapped in a narrow defile of the Alleghany mountains, where they perished by thousands as well as their leader, under a deadly fire poured from French ambuscades. You know that the (afterwards) great George Washington was then second in command over the British army, and that he rescued the remnant of Braddock’s troops.

“ Often have I had occasion to dwell on the events that followed. Washington was joined with six thousand other troops, and my father, with only half that number, attacked them—fought with them hand to hand for four hours, and only surrendered when he was mortally wounded.

“ His renowned death made a wonderful impression on me. I forsook all my juvenile sports and employments, and burned, with the indiscriminating ardour of a boy, to revenge his fall on the English. My mother was a high-minded woman, full of noble and strong affections. Her only enjoyment was to converse with me of him whom she had lost.

“ As I approached my twentieth year, I panted to emulate my father’s glory in the martial field. England

and France had sent out each her best General, Wolfe and de Montcalm, with choosen troops—the one to invade the province and obtain forcible possession of it, the other to defend in order to retain it. My mother with her own hands buckled my father's sword upon my side, and said to me—'None but women and children may be neutral now. Go, Louis, to the defence of our great citadel of Quebec! Your noble father earned an honourable fame in war, do you imitate his courage!—but take care that you do not sully his sword by the blood of the helpless. Copy his magnanimity as well as his bravery, and shun every dishonourable advantage more than you would your death.' I kissed the dear hand that had bestowed the coveted prize; and, grasping the invaluable sword, hoped that heaven might favour me according as I observed her words. 'My Louis,' said she, 'in sending you to win a soldier's laurels. I know that I am sending you to encounter a soldier's perils also. Alas! I may never behold you again—your father's fate may be yours.' As she said this the tears streamed down her face, and she drew me with a strong embrace to her maternal bosom. We parted with mutual agony. I hastened to Quebec to the head-quarters of the Major-general de Montcalm, who was preparing to defend the citadel with all the skill and force he could command. The French banners were then proudly floating from the extensive battlements of that majestic rock Cape Diamond, on which the distinguished fortress stands—in a few days they were trampled in dust to give place to the colours of the victorious British.

“ ‘I have heard much of your father since I came here, young Marquis’ said de Montcalm to me, when

I was presented to him by a veteran friend, 'and I can easily believe, from your appearance, what I have been told, that you inherit his gallant spirit, and are desirous of distinguishing yourself. I will give you every opportunity for doing so. Your friend here shall convey my directions to you before night.' I bowed and retired, and the same evening I found myself entrusted with a post of equal honour and danger on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Nearly thirteen thousand troops were ranged along the shore to prevent the landing of Wolfe and his army.

"Numbers of the weaker part of the population of the city had removed from the theatre of action to places more secure, but among those who remained were the nuns of the convent of St. Clare. Terrible was the action that took place between the besiegers and the besieged; the destructive fire from the English ships of war soon laid the lower town in ruins, and greatly injured the batteries above, while our party cannonaded the vessels on the water with such irresistible effect that Wolfe was driven back with great loss.

"In that hour of wild confusion and dismay, the convent of St. Clare was seen to be on fire, and I, with others, hastened to assist in rescuing the sisters, and to remove them to the top of Cape Diamond, where the citadel stood still secure, protecting the buildings within its circuit. All the ladies, as was thought, had been assisted from the burning walls by the religious fathers who had come to the spot at imminent personal risk, when the roof fell in with a crash, and at the same moment a loud shriek pierced my ears. I flew round to the garden of the convent, and, forcing an entrance, ap-

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proached the smoking building, one wing of which was still unscathed, although surrounded by flames. There, at the grated window of a cell, not far from the ground, I saw two bare white arms stretched out imploringly, and again and again the harrowing shriek arose. I called out loud enough for the perilled person to hear—  
'Have a moment's patience, madam, and you will be safe!'

"'Ah! how can it be, chevalier,' responded the most melodious voice that ever sounded on my ears, in despairing accents—'how can it be? The cell is insufferably hot, and filling with smoke, and the staircase is on fire!'

"'Support yourself, madam,' I hurriedly repeated, 'I will save you at any hazard!'

"'There is a ladder at the bottom of the garden, chevalier!' cried the lady; 'be so good as fetch it!'

"I was not slow in obeying her; and, having planted it firmly against the cell-window, I mounted, and wrenched out the middle bar so as to permit the egress of a fine, although very slender, figure, the beauty of which not even her coarse and unsightly habit could conceal. In her haste and trepidation while coming down the ladder she missed one of the steps, and sprained her foot so that she fell to the ground.

"I assisted her to rise, but after taking a few steps forward she found that even with the assistance of my arm she could get no further than a school-house in the garden, where she sat down in pain. The brassy glare of light from the burning convent, there enabled us to view each other, which I believe we did with equal curiosity. The youthful nun (for she appeared no



more than sixteen or seventeen years of age), seemed to me beautiful as a vision! ethereally fair and pale, and delicately moulded! At one glance her image was stamped on my soul for ever. Sweet Marie Verche! never saw I aught of human birth thy equal! Never shalt thou be forgotten! Old age shall not rob me of the memory of thy loveliness! The last moment of my decaying years shall find thy name on my lips! and I know that when I step from the troubled sea of time upon the green and peaceful shores of eternity, thou wilt be the first to bid me welcome!

“I brought a priest, who was still in front of the convent, round to the garden, and delivered up to him the young lady. Artillery was then pealing around—the air was charged with combustibles.

“‘I am old, and slow of foot,’ said the bewildered father to me, ‘I am not able to help our pious sister to the Upper town, especially as she is lame. Here we must not stay; every moment threatens us with death. Chevalier, be pleased to support the maid to the monastery, where the sisters of St. Clare are already safely lodged.—We must, alas! yield to urgent necessity.’

“A volley of fire from the river, more awful than any that had preceded it, because more immediately near to us, drove away every thought and feeling from the young nun’s mind, excepting those only of extreme terror. I approached her as if she were a shrined saint, and, taking her up in my arms, bore her as fast as I was able up the very steep street which winds to the summit of Cape Diamond.

“Within the walls of the Upper town she was comparatively safe, but I did not leave her until I saw her

restored to her companions, who had only just discovered that she was missing. As I was bearing her into the monastery where the sisters were, she threw over my neck her rosary and cross, and whispered with the sweetest emphasis—'Chevalier, you have saved my life Marie Verche will not forget it. Tell me your name, that I may remember it in my orisons.'

" 'My name is Lawrence, madam,' I replied, 'but I am better known as the Marquis of Rougemont.'

" She echoed the name, and repeated it twice, as if to fix it in her memory. As I was leaving her in the parlour, she whispered—

" 'Adieu, Marquis of Rougemont—I shall never forget you! I hope you will be preserved through this siege! I will pray for it!'

" 'I thank you,' said I; 'and believe me I shall never forget Marie Verche.'

" 'Yes,' said she, smiling with the innocent pleasantry of a seraph, 'that is my name; you have quick ears, Marquis of Rougemont. Marie Verche I am named, and I hope you will think of me, whom you have preserved, sometimes.'

" 'Always!' I ejaculated, and hastened back to my commander and friend, de Bougainville, who had sent me to assist the nuns.

" I was quitting the jesuits' monastery, when I encountered a messenger of the Major-general, and every thought of Marie Verche was banished from my mind by a summons to the presence of de Montcalm.

" 'Young Marquis,' said he, stepping from a circle of officers to speak to me, 'I am proud to distinguish you as one of the best soldiers of this successful day.'

You will find yourself now appointed to a post even more important than that you lately held.'

"I bowed low, and left the presence with a heart nerved to the utmost by the flattering encomium I had received. 'My dear mother!' I ejaculated, as I paced my room in the garrison, 'this will be joy indeed to you! I *shall* imitate my father's bravery and humanity as you told me—yes, mother, I shall return to you, I hope and trust, with laurels of my own winning, to add to those which I have inherited.'

"You, Nichoas, must not accuse me of a paltry vanity in thus dwelling on the praise I received from the great de Montcalm, many circumstances in which self-love has no part, make me love to dwell upon it.

"My duty, I found, was now to watch the retreating enemy. I had to ride along the shore of the St. Lawrence with my men throughout the night. It was September; the night was more brilliant than any I had ever seen; no daylight was ever brighter; the smallest leaf and pebble on the ground were as distinguishable as at mid-noon. Mine was then the poetry of existence. I was buoyant with youth, and health, and hope. The beauties of creation were then first unfolding themselves before my mind, and the witcheries of sentiment and feeling before my heart. The varied moonlit landscape through which I rode that night, seemed infinitely more charming than ever it has seemed since. A magical sweetness was resting on every object, but much of that sweetness was cast from my own young aspiring bosom. Glory!—the nun!—my mother!—my ancient and beloved home!—my father's sword! these were the principal topics which employed my exulting and wandering

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thoughts. Early in the morning my small party were surrounded by a band of Indians in the British pay, whose yells, and war-whoops, burst horribly on our ears when we least expected them. Numbers overpowered us, and with sickness of heart I saw all my bright dreams of renown about to be suddenly terminated. Furiously I fought, until a blow from a tomahawk deprived me of sense.

“I recovered my consciousness slowly, and heard what I supposed to be angelic music, instead of the Indian war-cries and the clash of arms. Presently I distinguished, rather to my disappointment, the music of morning mass, and the voices of female choristers, singing as melodiously as a hundred nightingales. I opened my eyes and they met the deep blue orbs of Marie Verche.

“‘Ah!’ she exclaimed, suddenly clasping her hands together, and bursting into tears, ‘the Marquis lives again!’

“‘Maiden,’ said a stern, harsh voice, which retained little of the feminine quality, although belonging, as I perceived, to the lady who had been at the head of the St. Clare convent, ‘leave the room! I will speak to the Marquis myself; this display of feeling does not become you.’

“Such a rebuke I saw overcame the delicate girl; she hung her head, and looked ready to sink into the floor. The next instant she was gone; and, raising myself with difficulty on a mattress, that was covered with my military cloak, I expected, with impatience, the explanation of the superior.

“‘I understand that you are le sieur Marquis of

Rougemont,' said she, addressing me with a repulsive formality, which at that moment was particularly odious. I assented. 'Give thanks to the saints for their mediation on your behalf,' continued she in the same cold, hard tone. 'You were brought hither by two soldiers, ignorant of your name and rank, who found you four miles from the citadel on a heap of slain. Perceiving you to be an officer, and finding that you still breathed, they requested permission to lodge you for the present in the church of this monastery. That permission was granted by the revered fathers here, who had vouchsafed to me and the nuns of St. Clare a temporary refuge.'

" 'Then I am in the monastery whither I brought the young lady who has just left the room?' said I. The reply was in the affirmative, and I learnt that I had been here an hour, that a monk had bound up the wounds in my head, and that Marie Verche had requested to see me, on hearing that it was supposed doubtful whether I should ever revive.

" While I was speaking with the superior, a terrible uproar resounded through the streets without. The affrighted nuns, disregarding my presence, rushed into the room—the music ceased abruptly. Through an open door I saw the brethren of the house running along the aisles, uplifting their hands and voices in terrified confusion. I sprang up, and, grasping the remnant of my father's sword, which hung broken by my side, rallied my mental and bodily powers, shaking off the dizziness which embarrassed them, waved my hand to the pale and trembling assembly, and hastened into the open air. But as I was crossing a narrow passage that intervened, Marie Verche threw herself before me; the

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coarse veil of her order had fallen quite off from her head, and her flaxen hair, and her pure white neck and forehead, were before me uncovered.

“ ‘ O, Marquis,’ she panted, and in her agitation she grasped one of my hands with both hers, ‘ do not—do not go forth! You are seriously wounded I assure you! Father Ambrose, who bound up your head, told me so.’

“ ‘ Have you heard, Mademoiselle, what is the matter?’ I breathlessly asked. As I spoke there was a shout without, and I distinctly heard the cry—‘ The English!—the English! They have scaled Cape Diamond!—they have reached the citadel!—they have taken possession of the ramparts!’

“ ‘ Mademoiselle, you must not detain me—for my life I would not linger here another moment!’ I cried.

“ She sunk at my feet. ‘ Farewell then, thou preserver of my life!’ she exclaimed. ‘ Marie will see you no more in this world!—you will perish, but I will pray that we may meet in heaven!’

“ It was not a moment for hesitation. I kissed her hand, and hurried into the street. I met my friend and commander, de Bougainville, hurrying along. ‘ Louis,’ said he, with tears in his eyes, ‘ all is over with the French here, mark my words.’

“ ‘ What do you mean?’ inquired I.

“ ‘ I mean what I say,’ he answered, ‘ all is over for us. That English lion, Wolfe, has actually led his army up the face of the rock—*how*, heaven only knows, I do not. Three hundred and fifty feet they have climbed while we were sleeping!’

“ ‘ Is it possible!’ I articulated.

“ ‘ If you look down upon the plains of Abraham you may convince yourself,’ drily remarked my friend ; and, taking my elbow, he impelled me forwards at a quick pace, until stopping, he expressively pointed with his finger down into the vale. There, indeed, I beheld the British troops spreading themselves out nearly to the river in battle array. Their bright sabres and banners glittered in the sun ; the Scotch highlanders in their strange national costume, with their heavy claymores, forming no inconsiderable part of the martial show, on which I gazed with a soldier’s admiration as well as with astonishment.

“ ‘ Bougainville, this is incredible to me!’ I exclaimed. “ What says the Major-general, could he not have prevented them at least from obtaining this favourable position ?”

“ ‘ No ; but he intends to give them a pitched battle. I am now on my way to prepare my men for the fight,’ said my friend, coolly.

“ I could hardly believe it. I remarked that the fortress would defy a hundred armies, but that for us to leave it in our weakened condition was giving the English a great advantage.

“ ‘ You speak my thoughts exactly ; but I cannot stay now to discuss the point,’ said my friend—‘ we shall soon see. You, Louis, I have heard, and now perceive, are in no condition for the battle. Shake hands—we part—perhaps for a long time! I fought with your gallant father, and for his sake I value you ; I wish you a reputation as high as his—higher you could hardly hope for.’”

“ But I insisted on going with de Bougainville to the

field. The results of that battle all the civilised world know. The French and English generals both fell mortally wounded, while advancing on the last deadly charge at the head of their respective troops. An obelisk is now erected on the spot to their united memories. Wolfe died exulting that he heard the French were flying, and Montcalm rejoicing that he should not live to see the surrender of Quebec. My friend, also, fell—and the English were masters of the Canadas!

“No sooner did I see that we had entirely lost the day, than I hurried to the citadel, and, finding all the doors of the jesuits monastery open, and the interior in disorder, entered, and anxiously sought to assure myself of the safety of the nuns. The domestics of the house, a few superannuated brethren, and a number of the lay people of the neighbourhood, were talking loudly and confusedly in the church—they dispersed into the streets, one and all, when they heard that the city was taken. I pushed open the door of a room that led from the church—Marie was there alone, kneeling before a crucifix. The sound of my spurs on the marble pavement, caused her to look up. Her very pale face faintly flushed—sudden joy irradiated it—she sprang up, and cried—

“‘You live—you are safe! I see you again, when I had given up hope.’ I inquired after the sisters, she replied they were just leaving the monastery by the back gate, under the protection of some of the brethren who had returned from the field of battle, whither they had gone to urge the French soldiers on against the heretic English. Marie had lingered here to supplicate the Virgin, she said, for her preserver, but every moment she expected a message. I told her that a single moment



delayed here might be the means of exposing her to the insults of the English soldiers, who already were in the streets, flushed with victory, as with wine.

“ ‘ I will go immediately, ’ said she, moving to the door in alarm. ‘ Then go with me ! ’ said I, eagerly ; ‘ I have a horse at hand—I will place you in safety wherever you please—only let me protect you from this place ! On my honour—on my soul—I will take you wherever you choose. ’ ‘ I am sure I do not doubt you, ’ said she, with charming simplicity, produced by perfect ignorance of the world ; ‘ but— ’ I took advantage of her look of hesitation, and bore her away.

“ I solemnly assure you I had then no intention of persuading her to break her sacred vows. She had indeed made a deep impression on me, but the sin of sacrilege was too awful in my sight to permit me to give way to one serious thought of her.

“ I stopped with Marie at a tavern a few miles from Quebec, and engaged a private room. I had previously enveloped her figure in my cloak, so that her nun’s habit could not be seen. We had found a crowd at the door of the house expecting news of the battle, and when I had told them of the overthrow of the French, they became too much occupied in discussing the prospects of the province under a new government to trouble us much with their notice, especially as three other flying French soldiers rode up to them immediately after me, and fastened all their attentions by a very extravagant description of the great event in question.

“ The good people were so deeply engaged, that nearly an hour passed before the refreshments I had ordered for Marie were brought in to us. I employed the time

in endeavouring to calm her mind, and in drawing from her some account of her connexions and of her entrance into the convent of St. Clare. I learnt that she was the orphan daughter of a Portuguese gentleman, in good circumstances, who, in his last sickness, sent her, then a child, to this convent, with a considerable sum of money, which, if Marie took the veil, was to be at the disposal of the superior, but which, if Marie chose to marry, was to belong to her husband. Marie had had little inducement to quit the convent, knowing no one without the walls, and though the rigours of the rules of her order were peculiarly trying to her delicate frame, yet the friendships she had formed with the sisters had lightened her feeling of them, and made a garden in the desert of her life.

“The superior, Marie turned pale as she named. She was, Marie said, a woman very strict in enforcing the rules of her house, and very severe against an offending sister. She was feared much more than loved; indeed Marie had not known one sister who loved her; yet, as if my lovely nun thought she had done wrong in so speaking of her, she took care to impress upon me, that this person, in spite of her hard, cold, nay, cruel temper, was very pious, very talented, and surprisingly energetic and resolute. I said nothing that might alarm the scrupulous conscience of Marie, but formed my own conclusions.

“After she had taken part of a glass of wine, and a little spiced Indian cake, which was all I could urge upon her, I returned her confidence, by entering into particulars concerning myself and my family. Her eyes glistened with a sensibility that was most gratifying to

me, as I dwelt on my father's death, and on the exalted friendship that had always existed between my mother and me. Perhaps nothing bound me to her more than the quickness with which I saw she appreciated my mother's character.

“ ‘ How I should love such a woman!—how I wish that I had such a mother!’ she touchingly ejaculated.

“ My embryo passion instantly sprang to life.

“ ‘ Marie—dearest Marie!’ cried I, presumptuously kissing her hand, ‘ you shall have such a mother!—she shall be a mother to both of us! Listen to me, sweetest Marie!—the convent you have belonged to must now be entirely broken up; the English will never countenance nunneries; believe me, you will not commit any crime in taking advantage of this. My mother's dwelling stands in our own seigniory, you may live there unseen but by ourselves. And even if the nuns of St. Clare are permitted to return to Quebec, and to settle there, they will never think of searching for you, but conclude that you were carried away, and perhaps destroyed by the English soldiers. Come then, Marie, to my mother's home—to her heart! Come—and be her beloved—and mine. If I were now to lose you I should never be happy more! Life would be unendurable to me!—existence would be a burden!’

“ She answered with tears and sighs that if she had not taken the veil, if she had not vowed before heaven to devote herself to a monastic life, she would, yes, she would have listened to me. She confessed to me that after she should return to her convent, she should know no happiness beyond what a prospect of another life might afford her. She never could forget me, no, not

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for an hour; night and day she should bless my name, and ceaselessly she should pray that I might be happy with some happier being than herself. A more vehement flow of tears accompanied these words, and then I, forgetting the sacred obligations of our catholic church, together with its terrors, losing sight of all and every thing but my new-born passion, embraced her, and, with importunities that would take no denial, entreated her to set forward with me to Rougemont.

“ I obtained my suit, although Marie declared herself unconvinced by my arguments.

“ ‘ I will not say no again, to you,’ she cried; ‘ take me, Marquis, whither you will; but remember that it is my love for you—Marie’s boundless love—and not her reason, which complies. I will shut my eyes on all that may follow the breaking of my vows. My heart is yours entirely—you may direct it as you will. You saved me from death, and I belong to you henceforth.’

“ I was struck by the distress which pervaded her whole manner as she pronounced these passionate words, and hesitated whether I should or not proceed in my rash plan. There was a sudden maturity in Marie’s air which also surprised me. An hour ago she was the fair, seraphic, pure child, now she was the devoted, impassioned, decided woman. While I looked on her distractingly, divided between my inclination and my duty, I had sunk on my knee, grasping her hands, which were cold and damp. She suddenly bent forward and kissed my forehead. I gazed on her blue and dewy eyes, they were not withdrawn from my view. A world of everlasting truth and love reposed in their lucid and clear depths. Sanctity shone on every colourless and deli-

cate feature, mixed with a wonderful tenderness. I was conquered then; I sprang up to my feet; I drew the cloak about her—she was passive.

“ ‘ Marie,’ said I, endeavouring to speak with calmness, ‘ you shall go to the nearest religious community I can find; I will not leave you in any less secure place—but there I will tear myself from you. Fervently I hope you will regain your peace of mind—would that I had never disturbed it!’

“ We accordingly rode on about ten miles further, to a small monastery, which the tavern-keeper had described as standing in a village. But we found it deserted, and then we had to deliberate again. I had been anticipating, during our last ride, the moment of parting with Marie, and the turbulence and distress of my feelings surprised even myself. On finding that I could not leave her here, I experienced a singular relief, and determined at least to prolong the fatal pleasure I had in her society. I said to her—‘ Marie, you must now go to Rougemont; I shall ask no more from you there than your friendship—you shall be my hallowed sister—my mother shall be your mother—until that abhorred moment when you may be recalled to your prison—for a prison I shall always consider that convent to be in which you are.’

“ And to Rougemont we went. My mother was in her dressing-room; thither I went to her. Her joy at seeing me in apparent safety was such as only a mother could know. Her countenance fell when I ran over the fortunes of the siege, and its mortifying issue. When I described the remarkable deaths of the two heroes of the national armies, she cried, with all the enthusiasm of a

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brave soldier's widow—' So would my husband have died had he been in their places!'

" ' And now, my dear mother,' said I, with something of trepidation, ' I have to put your kindness of heart to the test.' I then told her of my having saved the nun, of my being wounded subsequently, and recovering in the jesuits monastery, of my second acquaintance with Marie Verche there, and of her guileless interest in my safety, of the flight of the nuns with the remnant of the holy fathers from the captured city, and of my having myself taken Marie away.

" ' But,' said my mother, ' why not have suffered her to go with her companions, Louis? She would have been safer with them, and surely her holy vows would have suited better with such a step. A young officer *might* have been no worthy protector of the good sister, though I know my Louis' honour, and his respect for religion so well, that I could have trusted *him* with such a mission.'

" ' I saw the difficulty, and at once avowed it. ' I know not, mother,' said I, ' what could have induced me to take Marie alone from the monastery. I only know that after the battle was over I thought of nothing but of preserving her, and that when I saw her separate from the other sisters before the altar I never stopped a moment to deliberate, but urged her away with me. One thing I know, that *she* was not to blame; terror had confused her—and—and—altogether she has acted like an angel.'

" ' No doubt; but if she had acted like a prudent and pious mortal I should have been better satisfied,' said my mother. ' But what followed her leaving the

jesuits monastery with you? Where did you take her then?"

"I described our ride to the tavern, and our stoppage there to rest and take refreshments, then paused. It was impossible for me to repeat what had passed between us there without revealing what I feared to reveal even to my maternal friend. She looked at me searchingly, and I felt that I could not deceive her.

"'Louis,' said she, very gravely, 'you know how I value perfect openness in those whom I love, and you know least of all can I endure reserves in my child?'

"'Then you shall hear all, mother, and I trust to your tenderness for me to make excuses on my behalf.' And so I recounted every word as nearly as I could recollect, that Marie and I had spoken to each other, concluding by saying 'She is now in the cottage of Paul Levi, on our grounds, waiting the result of this conversation. Will you receive her? will you be her guardian and her parent until her superior claims her? I shall quit Rougemont as soon as I have seen her safely lodged in the protection of some one on whom I can rely. I must return to Quebec, I wish to learn the fate of some of my fellow officers, and to see what is the condition of the city, and how the conquerors use their power.'

"My mother reflected; I saw that it was with much pain she heard of my again quitting her, but still she did not oppose my intention, but by her looks approved it. While I stood waiting in extreme anxiety to hear her decision regarding Marie, she arose, and rang for her maid. Then, affectionately kissing me, said, 'Ever be thus open with me, Louis, and you shall not

build in vain on my friendship. Go down stairs, within ten minutes I will come to you.'

"I saw every thing that was encouraging in her looks, and, returning her embrace, went down as she had bade me, and walked under the verandah in front of the house until she joined me. She had changed her dressing-robe for a black satin mantelet, with hood and gloves; and as she walked up to me with that majestic mien which was so incomparably her own, and put her hand in my arm, the small carriage, in which she was accustomed to take her solitary airings, turned a corner of the house, and drew up close to us. She dismissed the servant who held the reins, and, having taken them into her own hands, turned to me, and said, with one of her kindest smiles—

" ' Now Louis—get in. We will fetch this fair nun hither; I must have some talk with her—and then it is most probable I shall do what you wish, that is, take care of her until those who have a sacred right in her claim her from me.'

" Marie Verche thus became an inmate of Rouge-mont. I left her with my mother—the two dearest beings on earth to me—and had not intended to return for two or three months; but the injuries I had received in my head from the Indian's tomahawk, began to produce very ill effects, and in a single week, before I had been able to reach Quebec, I was compelled to shape my course back to my home.

" My illness increased, and my mother was seriously alarmed. I had not seen Marie since I returned; I had purposely avoided even speaking of her; but now I could refrain no longer. The grave, of which I had



hitherto thought so little, was yawning to receive me, and I called for Marie Verche to brighten the gloomy prospect by the assurance that she would always cherish my memory. She came, and my mother left us alone together. At the first sight of my fevered and emaciated countenance, Marie burst into a fit of agonising grief, which I did not attempt to check. It was a luxury to my aching and shadow-oppressed spirit to see her weep so. I felt confident that I should be remembered by her when I was no more; but I wished to hear her assure me that it would be so; when she wept more quietly, I called her to my side, and, looking fixedly in her eyes, said—

“ ‘ Marie, tell me truly, do you think your heart can *always* remain constant to my memory ? ”

“ This provoked a fresh passion of grief, with the indistinct exclamation of ‘ O, Louis ! why do you speak so ? ’ ”

“ It was the first time she had named me by my Christian name, and her unconscious use of it greatly affected me. She sat down by me, and her dear head drooped on my shoulder, while I spoke to her something in this strain :— ”

“ ‘ Why should I desire life ? In a short time you will have returned to the convent, and I should see you no more. What I should endure then would be even more than the horrors of death. I should die continually, totally deprived of your society. What I have suffered on your account already has greatly aggravated my disorder. No, Marie, let me—let me—perish now, while you are with me ! ’ and then, in a melancholy frenzy, I repeated some verses I had strung together during my

solitary hours of sickness, some of which I believe, as well as I can recollect, ran thus:—

' Now wood, and mount, and leafy grove,  
Are sweetly slumbering ;  
All—save thy weary, dying love—  
And fountains murmuring.

Now, gliding through the midnight lone,  
Along the peaceful dell,  
Comes, with a wild and mournful tone,  
The tinkling convent bell :

It sounds for prayers, the while I go  
To join archangels' praise :  
Blest thought ! that mitigates the woe,  
My lingering soul delays.

Celestial hope ! divinely fair !  
On my dark mind shall beam,  
As falls the soft, rich moonlight, where  
Flows yonder purple stream.

Yet ah ! *one* image floats between  
The opening skies and me ;  
When I would soar from this low scene,  
*Thou* winn'st me back, Marie !

But while I take my silent flight,  
Joy, too, I draw from thee ;  
As perfume on the winds of night,  
Starlight on waves, Marie !'

“ After this, my mother not anticipating my recovery, and hoping to calm my fevered mind, allowed Marie to remain with me the most of her time. She sat up with my mother by me, nearly every successive night for a fortnight, and in the daytime administered my medicines, or sat by me patiently and unweariedly with one of her hands locked in mine.

“ At length, contrary to expectation, I was out of danger, and still my mother had not the courage to deny me the presence of her who had become necessary to my existence. Months rolled by, and still we were inseparable. No mandate from the superior had yet arrived, although we had learnt that the nuns had returned to their convent in Quebec, which had been repaired for them, and although my mother had addressed a letter to the superior. Marie now told me that she dreaded to return to the convent worse than death. Social life now charmed her, and the sweet ties which bind society together had assumed a new value in her eyes. I remember with what intensity of look and expression she wished that the siege of Quebec had taken place six months before it did:—‘ Then, oh, then,’ she exclaimed, ‘ I should have been only a novice, and I might have acted as I chose! It was only six little months before we met, Louis, that I took the veil.’

“ But at length the terrible summons arrived. A letter came from the superior in reply to that which my mother had sent, and on the third day after a priest was to be at Rougemont to take charge of Marie.

“ I sought her instantly, and in despairing silence we gazed on each other. We spent the whole of that day together in all the luxury of woe. Toward evening my mother came, full of sympathy for us.

“ ‘ My children,’ said she, trying to soothe us, ‘ this sorrow must not be indulged. You should each try how well you could support the other, under this inevitable separation. There is a heroism to be manifested in the afflictions of private life as well as on the field of battle, Louis, think of that. You admired the conqueror of

Canada, who, in dying, showed a spirit triumphant over nature. Be greater than him, conquer yourself now, master your feelings, and bravely exert yourself to comfort Marie.'

"Hardly had she spoken when we observed her gasp, and put her hand suddenly to her head. I asked if she felt ill; she did not answer until she had walked to the door, there, to our great consternation, throwing herself down on the floor, she exclaimed 'Yes!' and immediately after 'O God!' which were her last words. Thus I lost the best mother, and the wisest friend, that ever man possessed. May she rest in peace until the day of everlasting rejoicing!

"How the next week passed I scarcely know. The priest who came from the convent of St. Clare was persuaded to stay until the funeral of the Marchioness, on the promise of a gift to the convent for masses for her soul. Marie and I took our last view of the beloved corpse together. How majestically serene was the air of that fine countenance! even in death it was expressive of every lofty virtue. The broad forehead was stamped with the grandeur of an intellect of the first order: the middle feature strikingly displayed fortitude and resolution; and magnanimity and inflexible purity revealed themselves on the lips. It was a sight that inspired me with almost idolatrous adoration, but over the agonies that succeeded I must draw a veil.

"After having seen my mother entombed I returned to Marie, whom I found prepared for her journey with the priest. While she had been here her nun's habit had been laid aside, but now she had put it on again. I looked distractedly on the fatal habiliments, exclaim-

ing—' Rather, Marie, would I see you in your shroud, than in that dress! Think you I can live on in solitude and wretchedness here, knowing that you exist, and yet that I cannot see you?—that others live with you and delight themselves in your affection, and yet that I am for ever shut out from such happiness? Oh, can it be right, that beings like you, born to illumine this dark wilderness—to make home only inferior to ancient paradise—to be a help meet for man—a ministering angel to his sufferings—a sharer of his cares—a soother and a rewarder of his labours—a softener of his rugged path;—can it be right, that such beings should be allowed to exile themselves from that social life which God has framed, and live immured in——' she interrupted me.

" ' Stay, dearest Louis—what dangerous language is this! I am vowed to a conventual life, and must abide by my fate.'

" ' Tell me not of vows!' I cried, almost beside myself. ' Such vows cannot—Marie, I will say it—be pleasing to heaven. I begin to think the protestants right, and that there can be no divine authority for nunneries; I begin to think they are the inventions of our priests, and I tell you that you shall not be sacrificed to them.'

" ' O, Louis, you do not know what you are saying!' cried the shrinking girl; ' sorrow has bewildered your mind—it is no wonder,' she added, pressing her hands on her temples, ' it has bewildered mine.'

" ' Dearest! you must not desert me!' I determinedly exclaimed, throwing myself at her feet, and holding her habit firmly, as if I feared she would break from

me; but she was as reluctant to quit me as I to let her go.

“ ‘What would you have me do?’ she asked; ‘tell me, and I will do it, be it what it will, so be my witness, blessed saints.’

“ ‘You must fly with me to another country,’ I said, in a low, intense whisper. She started, then bending to me, said firmly, ‘I will go any where with you. But would it not be better if we were to die, Louis?’

“ ‘What means my sweet girl?’ said I, folding her in my arms.

“ She repeated what she had just said, adding, ‘How quietly we shall rest together beside your dear mother Ah! how I envied her repose as we looked on her the last time. There will be no separation for us in the tomb; all is unity and companionship there. Our bodies shall decay and moulder together, our dust shall mingle. Let us die, my love, and we shall neither feel sorrow nor incur blame!’

“ And in the desperation of the period we should certainly have destroyed ourselves had we not chosen the better alternative of flight.

“ Attired in a dress of my mother’s, altered to suit her slighter figure, Marie departed with me for Italy, whither we arrived safely after a speedy voyage. I had left every directions for the household with my steward, a man on whom I could perfectly rely. I had taken the precaution to have it supposed in Rougemont that I had gone to head some French troops in a distant part of Canada. A letter also, written by my steward, at my dictation, had been sent to the superior of St. Clare, informing her that in consequence of the ill health of

Marie Verche, and Italy having been recommended to her by the medical attendant of the Marchioness (which had been the case), she sought the indulgence of her superior to be allowed to enter an Italian convent of her order, instead of returning to Quebec. For the dissimulation of these proceedings Marie and I afterwards suffered a heavy punishment. I had left directions for my letters to be sent to a distant post-office on the Canadian frontier, whence they were to be forwarded to a second office still farther removed, and from thence to Rome. Thus I hoped to elude the emissaries of the convent, and yet learn what was going forward in Rougemont.

“As soon as Marie and I had landed on the Italian shores, we were married by the curé of a village, and set forward to Rome by easy journies. Sometimes we loitered a day or two, or even a week, in some solitary place, that had pleased Marie’s fancy; sometimes we proceeded by water on the lakes and rivers under a warm and delicious atmosphere, and sometimes on horseback or in a carriage, over hills and valleys little less romantic and sublime than those of the majestic country we had left.

“Marie’s pale cheek began to assume the tenderest tints of the rose, and we were both in excellent health, and as happy in each other as poetry could imagine, when we arrived at Rome. A letter from the superior of St. Clare was there for me, enclosed in one from my steward. I concealed their contents from my bride, and though she observed me to be particularly meditative and cast down for a day or two, she attributed the change to a revival of my grief for my mother, not to

any untoward intelligence. But the letters had shaken me not a little. That from the superior was couched in a very peremptory style, commanding Marie Verche to return to the convent at Quebec within six days, on pain of severe censure and penance, according to the canons of St. Clare. That from my steward informed me that two ecclesiastics had come to Rougemont demanding the young lady who had been under the protection of the Marchioness, and threatening the heavy displeasure of the superior at Quebec if she were allowed to remain longer under my roof. My steward had told them that she had gone to Europe, but to what part of it he knew not, and the ecclesiastics had replied that they must make the strictest search after her, and that if she were found her punishment would be most exemplary. However, I quieted my mind by reflecting that she was far removed at present from the sphere of her superior's power, and I determined to keep her so.

"I fixed upon making my way into France, and with this view left Rome with my bride after a very short stay there, in company with three French ladies and two Italian gentlemen, of fortune, who were going into Languedoc.

"I never could describe to you Marie's happiness during this too brief summer. Exercise, freedom of thought and feeling, a wider range of books than she had been used to, and the utmost contentment and satisfaction of mind, spread constant smiles on her lip, and continual peace in her sweet blue eye. The ladies with whom we travelled were protestants, and Marie soon showed an inclination to their opinions. Her conscience, she frequently assured me, was perfectly at



ease regarding the breaking of her vows. She was sure that her only sin had been in *making* them. A Bible was presented to her by one of her protestant acquaintances, and she commenced reading it for the first time in her life with the liveliest interest. For my part, I resolved not to interfere with the progress of her mind in any way, my own prejudices still preponderated on the side of the venerable faith of my ancestors, but the late events regarding Marie had loosened many of the ties that bound it to my heart.

“Up to the period of her quitting Quebec with me, her observation of nature had been, from her childhood, confined to the garden of the convent; at Rougemont, one of her greatest delights was in viewing the sublime scenery that extended itself to her view from every part of my estates; and now, when rich vales, shaded with the palm and plane trees—groves redolent with spicy odours—blue, lucid lakes, where the magic sounds of song and music, remote or near, were constantly heard—and ever-varying hills, green and verdant—when these succeeded to each other before her fascinated gaze, how did she look at me with sensations too sweet and full for utterance, while the eloquent tear of sensibility trembled and sparkled, like a pure diamond, on her eyelashes.

“She would then exclaim, holding my hand to her heart—‘What a lovely world is this! How amazing—how divine! In the convent I *heard* of the Creator, now I see Him—now I adore Him! What an infinity of His glorious productions do I now behold daily! my soul is filled with the rapture they inspire.

“One afternoon, a little before the sun went down, our party stopped at the foot of a mountain, in a scene

so attractive, that we resolved to devote a day to it. A house of entertainment there accommodated us all.

“ When our carriages had been put up, and the mules fed, we sallied out, with three high-born ladies, known to the Italians with us, who lived in a villa near; and, being all in high spirits, chose a turf rise convenient for our purpose, where we sat down on the dry grass, and partook, with great relish, and much lightness of heart, of a cold collation which our host provided.

“ Afterwards, a lute was handed round, and rondeaus, and other French and Italian airs, having been sung by each of the company in turn, excepting Marie, they performed canzonettes together.

“ The scene was a green vista, winding away before us to the edge of a lake, whose waters were dyed a splendid crimson by the sun, which was then approaching the end of its career for that day. Long lines of sunlight chequered the vista, and beautifully relieved that tender twilight which the shade of the trees, and the hour, had shed there. Groves of lemon, mulberry, orange, and chesnut trees, all in full bloom, and filling the air with their fragrance, clothed the high slopes on each side the path, and overhung it.

“ Our gaiety increased as the sun declined, and when the moon arose, we were still in the same enchanting spot. Marie had not sang, but now being much pressed to do so, and unwilling to incur an imputation of affectation, took the instrument, and, touching it with ‘ a religious softness,’ sang to it a Canadian vesper-song, in a voice charmingly clear and flute-like. The praises that succeeded confused her, but I thought them well deserved. A repetition of the song was called for; she

would have excused herself; 'Nay, Marie,' said I, presenting the lute to her again, 'indeed you must comply.' She looked at me, as if to say, 'I cannot refuse you,' and, taking the lute, played, instead of her former air, one that was exceedingly melancholy, to which her voice gave suitable expression, in these verses, which I had given her at Rougemont, to the memory of the daughter of an Indian chief who lay buried there:—

'Hark! do you hear through the depth of the even,  
A wail from the forest, a moan from the wave?  
That is the wail of a mourner to heaven,  
That is a moan over Neumaha's grave!

Oh! soft was the light of her eye in its beaming,  
And bright were the smiles on her innocent lip,  
And pure was her heart in youth's earliest dreaming,  
As the wild-rose the honey-bee loveth to sip.

The lake that so tranquilly spreads itself near,  
Reflecting the sky in its bosom of blue,  
Was not more unsullied than she who lies here,  
And her bosom reflected heaven's loveliness too.

She bloomed like the first tender flower of the spring,  
And withered too soon beneath sorrows chill gale;  
Now on Neumaha's grave-sod the moon loves to fling  
Her brightest of beams when she lights up the vale.

No axe ever sounded where Neumaha lies;  
The wild-pine bends o'er her—her pillow is green;  
The dove to its nest on her turfy-couch flies,  
And the red-deer and beaver beside it are seen.

Here doth she sleep through the long, silent hours,  
Where the bitter and whip-poor-will raise their sad notes,  
Where the lone dryad calls from his thick forest bowers  
To water-nymphs gliding in pearly-shell boats.

Fall softly, ye dews! on the young maidens grave;  
Softly murmur, ye winds! o'er her grass-pillowed head  
Disturb not her rest, nor the Indian brave  
Who, stern in his sorrow, keeps watch by the dead.'

“ One of the ladies then sang a sprightly French sonnet, with all that elegant and fascinating liveliness which distinguishes her countrywomen. It was now my turn to contribute to the amusement of the party, and, having rejected both the lute and mandolin which were proffered me, I took, for the sake of variety, a French bugle, an instrument on which I flattered myself I excelled, and played some of the favourite martial airs of my country, that were new to my listeners. On a sudden Marie interrupted my performance by an exclamation of alarm; she was more remarkably pale than ever I had seen her; by a look she imposed silence on me; it was supposed that she was ill through fatigue.

“ Apologising to the company, she expressed a wish to return to the inn, that she might go to rest.

“ We all proceeded together to the inn, where I and Marie left our companions in a room that opened on a balcony hung with jessamine, and the curling tendrils of the vine, intermingled with blushing clusters of grapes. They continued enjoying the luxurious moonlight, and the balmy and odorous air, until long past midnight; their combined voices in the canzonettes swelled exquisitely on our ears when we had retired to our chamber.

“ I saw, as soon as we were free from observation of the company, that Marie's manner portended some misfortune. Hardly had I the courage to question her—nor did she give me time. With quick hands she locked the door on the inside, and to my surprise held the candle to it, searching for bolts to make it more secure; then extinguishing the light drew me to the window. ‘ Say not a word to me,’ she articulated under her breath, ‘ but observe.’ I looked out, and at first could distinguish

nothing but the rich Italian landscape, and the glorious vault of heaven

‘Studded with stars unutterably bright;’

but, after watching a few minutes, the tall shadow of a jesuit’s figure became visible in front of the balcony, in the garden. I looked at Marie—she was like sculptured alabaster—so white, so fixed, were her features. Her lips were as pale as her cheek—her cheek as her brow; and in the partial and uncertain light by which I viewed her, I could have thought that she had newly risen from the grave. As the lurid shadow of a thunder-cloud, so fell upon my heart a presentiment of what was about to happen.

“ ‘There—there!’ whispered Marie, shrinking closer to me, and pointing cautiously to the jesuit’s figure; ‘you see him, love, do you not?’ ‘Who is he?’ I asked, and wound my arms about her with fond anxiety; ‘why are you so terrified?’ She was trembling as she replied—‘He is a man I have always strangely dreaded, since I first saw him in the convent. He travels from monastery to monastery in different countries, and visits Rome once a year regularly. He is always loaded with the secret errands of the religious superiors, and is the medium of a confidential communication between them. It was whispered among the nuns that he had procured the pope’s sanction for some superiors for very harsh proceedings. His appearance here, my beloved, bodes evil for us! I saw him in the vista, standing by an olive tree, while you were playing the bugle; he was looking at me, as I fancied, with a very sinister air, which struck such a sudden fear on my heart, that I cried out, as you heard me.’

"She broke off, for the figure came into full relief opposite to us, and stood gazing on our window attentively, then drew back again into the shade. We remained immovable by the casement watching, but he appeared no more. The gay notes of a tabor and hautboy sounded from below; I closed the window; nothing is more unendurable than mirth to the oppressed heart.

"Before we retired to rest, Marie's aspirations arose, not to the Virgin, but to Him, who, in her opinion, was the only hearer of prayer, that He would guard our sacred union, and interpose for us that we might never be torn asunder—but He had otherwise decreed.

"Would you believe, Nicholas, that she was dragged from me that same night? I never could learn the particulars of her seizure, further than this—she had arisen, in the disquiet of her mind, in that hour which intervened between the setting of the moon and the rising of the sun, had dressed herself, and had gone into a gallery adjoining, intending to awaken her maid by knocking at the door of the room in which she was. It appears she was there met by two monks, who ordinarily travelled with the jesuit; these, acting under his authority, by some means unknown to me, compelled her to enter a chaise, and, accompanied by the jesuit, drove away with her.

"My amazement—my rage—my anguish—when I discovered my loss in the morning, unfortunately prevented me from acting with that presence of mind the case demanded. I threatened every one in the house—I raved—I rode furiously on horseback in every direction, continually returning back in madness and despair.

“ The host had seen Marie taken away without interfering ; he excused himself by telling me that he was a good catholic, and could not in his conscience attempt to hinder a nun from being carried back to her convent. The jesuit had shown him orders of the highest authority—one from the Cardinal Ximena himself, of Rome—for taking possession of the ‘ so called,’ Marchioness of Rougemont, on behalf of the superior of St. Clare. To every question that I afterwards put to him, he only replied by mentioning the name of the Cardinal Ximena, which he had seen affixed to the papers the jesuit had shown him, and which it seemed to me had deadened every feeling of humanity in his breast.

“ I hurried back to Rome ; occasionally I nearly came up with the chaise in which my treasure was, but could not entirely reach it. I knew that I was in Rome at the same time with the jesuit, but yet I was unfortunate enough to let him leave it before me. Still I was on his track, and got to the sea-side—in time to see a Canadian vessel, in which he was, go out of sight in the horizon. I would have given a million worlds to have been able to reach her—but it was impossible. However, I followed in the first ship that sailed to Quebec ; contrary winds detained us on the passage, and when I reached the citadel I heard the news that was abroad among the Canadian citizens, that a runaway nun of St. Clare had been fetched back from Italy, and was to be imprisoned in her convent for life.

“ I had an interview with the superior, she spoke to me with the same cold formality I had before detested in her. I implored her, as a woman, to feel for me and Marie. I described the rise of our affection for each

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other. showed her how circumstances had promoted it, how averse we both had been to the breaking of Marie's vows, and how much we both had endured before we took the rash step. I alluded to Marie's youth and inexperience, and brought forward other excuses, but they all fell pointless on that flinty heart.

"She answered with austere brevity, that my boldness in defending, to her face, the enormous crime of Marie Verche and myself, did not surprise her, since we had been found capable of committing it. It was not for her, she said, to punish my guilt, but as Marie was one of those, for whose observance of the holy rules of a monastic life she was accountable, she should deal with her as she merited; her marriage with me had been nothing short of adultery, as Marie had previously been wedded for everlasting to the church.

"I could not restrain myself within the bounds of temperance, my indignation would break out. I hardly know what I said in the heat of the moment, but the scene ended in my unceremonious expulsion from the room and the convent, after I had been positively denied even the interchange of a word or look with my wife.

"I visited the primate of Quebec, he was equally cold and stern with the superior. I sought the subtle jesuit who had robbed me of my beloved—he was not to be found. Against this man I harboured the fiercest revenge, and could I have met with him, I believe he would have received nothing less than death at my hands.

"At this time the King of France robbed me of two thousand livres. Bygot, his financier, as you have heard, had absolute power over the civil and military establish-



ments of Canada, at the time the English conquered the province. For thirty years Bygot had been in the habit of issuing what was termed 'card money,' instead of sterling coin, and had paid the creditors of the government in bills of exchange, the King of France allowing it to be perfectly understood that he was responsible for both the card-money and the bills; and for the term of years I have named, my parents, and all others who had received the paper-currency, had had it faithfully redeemed when they so required. But now the King took it into his head to dishonour the bills—commerce was involved in difficulty—the unfortunate Canadians, already injured by the war, saw nothing but ruin and misery before them; four per cent only was given to them for the current paper they held, and thus their loss was immense.

“Everywhere around me I heard the execrations of the duped holders of the bills—but I held my peace. What was money to me then? Let the idolators of mammon experience such grief as I experienced, and their god would lose his power. But in the selfishness of my distress I could still feel for the poorer sufferers; I thought of their wives and families—my heart bled for *them*. The English, I must allow, did wonders in reviving the prospects of the Canadians, and by a liberal policy fairly won their respect and gratitude. I sometimes wondered at the changes of the world when I saw the people, against whom my father and myself had so determinedly fought, living in amity with the Canadians, ruling them so wisely, that those they had conquered were now ready with blood to maintain their sway.

“But none of these events interested me beyond the

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passing moment. Some of my former military friends in the garrison came to me, and would have introduced me to certain of the English officers with whom they had formed an acquaintance. I told them I wished for no society, I had renounced war, and wanted neither to have any part in its movements, to hear anything of its fortunes, or to continue any intimacy with its professors. They stared at me, and one laughed in my face, when I made this blunt declaration. I left them, and they spread a report that I was mad.

“ Night by night I paced the environs of the convent, still hoping that my wife would find some means of conveying to me a word or a line—but no, I received neither. Gradually I became convinced that I had nothing to hope, unless from some desperate act. I thought of the Indians on my estate. I went to one of their villages in Rougemont, and succeeded in buying the services of six of their stoutest men. We hastened to Quebec, and I presented myself at the door of the St. Clare convent, followed by them. An aged sister inquired our pleasure; she was silenced by threats; and the Red-men burst into the interior of the building, raising their horrible war-whoop. My heart was full of one name—one image.

“ ‘ Marie!—Marie!’ I cried; my voice rang through the cloisters, and I heard her shrill responsive cry. That fired me—I felt as if I could have driven back a world of giants if they had attempted to hinder me from reaching her.

“ ‘ Marie!—Marie!’ I again called louder than before; again I heard her thrilling cry. That sound was repeated nearer—and still nearer—and then she was

locked in my arms. Gracious Father of spirits! what were my pangs to see her a mere skeleton!—wasted to skin and bone!—her delicate frame, ill-protected from the bitter cold of the period by sackcloth merely!—her head shaven!—her eyes red, dilated, and swelled!—her cheeks hollow and stained with the traces of many tears!—her hands—but I cannot bear to dwell on the frightful alteration I saw in her! Yet I would have you know the truth, only an instant was she in my arms—but in that instant she had shown me the marks of the terrible penances to which she was condemned, and had conveyed to me in a few frantic words the whole of her unexampléd sufferings.

“ I live, my Louis,” said she, “ on coarse cakes and water; in a stone cell, which is my prison, I lie with scarce any thing to cover me on the damp ground. And oh, how horrible are my nights! I am kept barefoot; and when I cry out for you, and implore for mercy, I am answered with penance. But it would soon have ended if you had not come to take me away. I have suffered *one* deed of barbarity which it was not possible I could long have outlived. I will not tell you now what it is—oh, my precious love! I dare not!—if I did, you would rave so loud, that heaven would send its lightnings down to avenge us!”

“ The noise of conflict succeeded. ‘ Is there any one in the convent who can fight?’ I abruptly asked of Marie. She replied, ‘ I heard the nuns talking outside my cell of soldiers who had volunteered to guard it.’ She stood listening with her hand to her ear, then clinging to me wildly, cried, in a loud voice—‘ Take me away, Louis!—oh, take me from this den of cruelty!’ I

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caught her up and reached the outer door, but started back on finding a bayonet presented to my breast.

“ ‘ Yield her, or you are a dead man!’ cried the soldier who opposed my progress. Marie griped my shoulders, and in distraction implored me not to forsake her.

“ ‘ Be calm, my precious wife!’ I exclaimed: ‘ we will never part more!—mine you are, and, by eternal truth, I will never again quit you but in death!’ When I would have gone forwards the soldier repeated his demand. I tried expostulation with him—entreaty—but he was deaf.

“ ‘ She is a nun—yield her or die!’ he repeated. I put Marie from me, and sprang on him with such violence as to throw him down. While we struggled on the ground together I called on my wife to fly. Had she done so we might have been happy to this day; but believing that my contest with the armed soldier would terminate fatally for one of us, she remained standing by, insensible to my entreaties, immersed in the mortal anxiety of love. The shouts of the soldier brought three of his comrades to the spot, and I was soon covered with blood from the wounds I gave and received. The Indians, raising their savage whoops, mingled in the affray, carrying me off by main force from the ensanguined spot, mortally wounded as they supposed, while the death-scream of Marie, whom the English soldiers surrounded, penetrated my swooning senses. She had received a sword stroke that had been meant for me, and the life-blood of my murdered wife sprinkled my face.

“ There have been times when I have fancied that the injuries I received in that conflict, and the agony o

my mind, impaired my reason. Certainly I could never think, feel, or act, afterwards, as I had done before. The whole world was as one sepulchre to me, in which my ill-fated love lay entombed, and in which I was a solitary and unpitied mourner. A report was current, that the runaway nun of St. Clare had been privately buried in the neighbourhood of the convent church; once only I dragged my enfeebled limbs there, and my wretched heart poured itself out on her grave. She lay in unconsecrated ground, but I rather rejoiced at this than otherwise. I was glad that those who tyrannised over her had not the care of her loved ashes. She had been put into the earth by night, without the performance of any burial service, and no stone marked her place of rest. I had the body exhumed, and, bearing it to Rougemont, interred it under that large tree which fronts my chamber window, beneath which, you, my son, have so often seen me sit, when I have been meditating over my wrongs. Yes, there she lies—and for her sake I have remained, and will still remain, in a state of widowhood. No other mistress of Rougemont shall ever, while I live, be heard or seen in this abode of mine. The memory of Marie shall remain here with undivided dominion.

“ And strange have been the concatenation of events which have taken place with regard to yourself. Little did I think, when, moved with your infant sufferings, I took you from Baptista Cery, that it was the child of Marie—my own child—whom I befriended; and as you grew up to maturity, and I set my heart upon you, and made you my heir, little did I imagine that in my exclusive affection, and in my wealth, you were only re-

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ceiving your proper birthright. You had left me after our unfortunate disagreement, and some little time had passed, wearily enough for me, who felt a second time bereaved, when I received a message from an aged vicaire, that he wished to see me on a matter of extreme importance. As the cottage in which he lay ill was situate beyond my estates, I refused to go, for I had taken a vow, when Marie died, never to quit these limits unless by the most urgent necessity. The vicaire contrived to come to me, and informed me that while Marie was in the convent, only a brief period before her death, she had given birth to a male infant, which had been taken from her by the orders of the superior. When my poor wife found her oppressor inexorable to her prayer that she might retain the child, she entreated that it might be entrusted to no other than Paul and Joan Levi, a young and kind-hearted labourer and his wife living on my estate, at whose cottage, I told you in this sad story, Marie had stopped when first I introduced her into Rougemont. No doubt her hope was that they would make its existence known to me, and that I should receive it beneath my own roof. But her petition was only granted on the cruel condition that the Levi's should never make known to any living person its identity, but should adopt it as their own, to which they were induced to take oath, kneeling before the high altar of St. Clare, and holding each a crucifix. They received from the convent a small sum of money for the maintenance of the infant for one year, and that sum was to be repeated yearly. But in a few months they died suddenly of fever, and the vicaire knew not how it happened that the poor relative of Paul Levi who

then took you, knew nothing of the provision to be received for you from the convent. The vicaire had been into the convent of St. Clare and had heard there part of the information with which he astonished me, from a nun who had cherished a friendship for Marie, and who unceasingly lamented her fate, the rest he had gathered in the vicinity of Rougemont. He had kept the secret for twenty-five years, but now drawing nigh the grave, and the superior of St. Clare having departed to that place where 'the wicked cease from troubling,' he felt constrained to disclose it to me.

"And still my portion was anguish! The son whom as a stranger I had nurtured, and educated, and loved, where was he? I had suffered him to quit my roof perhaps for ever! Whither should I go in search of him? I knew his stubborn pride (forgive me the expression) so well that I could not hope for his voluntary return to me even though he should be reduced to the utmost state of necessity. He had refused the money I offered to him too—he had thrown himself on the world without friends—without a profession—without any likely means of subsistence. What might not his rashness cause him to have to endure!

"The vicaire died in my house. Years have since rolled on and I have heard nothing of you. My heart yearns to see you!—offspring of my unforgotten love!

"Another, and still another year, and no tidings of you, my son! You have been bred up in luxury—how will you be able to endure the hardships of an unequal struggle for the bare elements which sustain life? But what say I?—you may have already sunk under that struggle, and be now laid in the dust! Something

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whispers to me that it is so, and that I shall never again see you! My eyes must be closed by strangers! I must descend to the tomb unmourned!

“I resume with a renewed hope, that one day this record of my sorrows, and of your mother’s fate, will meet your view. A lingering illness has wasted me to mere skin and bone. Detroit, once your tutor, has cheered me through the dark season by reading to and conversing with me, he has even spent nights at my side. Hopeless of ever beholding you again, I made him my heir. But to-day, one of the servants who has been to Quebec, brings me tidings that one Leonard Anderson has twice served as a common sailor, and since then as a second and first mate, in an emigrant vessel, under a Captain Barry, between the Canadas and the British Islands. He gives me to understand that he knows this Leonard Anderson to be yourself, and that you are now a first mate in that vessel. God be thanked for this news! You are alive, and have made your way to an honourable, if not distinguished, place in society. I shall not have to grieve for your fall into a vicious way of life.

“Two more weary years have gone by—my hair is turning white with age—my home is still a desolate place. I can hear no more of you. Detroit has changed his manners to me since I made him my heir. He knows not that I have heard any thing of you. I suspect him of assuming a friendship for me he never felt, that he might gain my estates. He has deceived me grossly—there is no trust to be put in man. I am fated to suffer to the last hour of my life. Notwithstanding, he shall not be deceived by me—I shall revoke my will in



your favour, but I shall bequeath to him a maintenance."

Here the narrative seemed to have ceased for a long period. It was concluded in a few lines evidently penned with the altered and tremulous hand of extreme age, of which the ink appeared quite fresh and black.

"My last hope of seeing thee, my son, has withered entirely. Hitherto I have delayed altering my will, deterred partly by the arguments of Detroit, who would persuade me that you are dead. But I feel certain indications that this house of clay, this body of mine, is about to crumble into its native dust, and I dare no longer defer that only act of fatherly love which I can show you. Next month I shall have seen ninety summers. I have drawn up a will with what knowledge of law I possess, appointing you your natural inheritance; and to-morrow, for the first time during half a century, I quit Rougemont to pay a farewell visit to an old fellow soldier of mine, who lives two hundred miles off, in what the English call the Upper Province. There I shall be freed from the influence of Detroit, which, I am ashamed to say, has been too strong in its rule over me latterly, and there I shall see this last will of mine properly completed by some good lawyer.

"I may never return to Rougemont again—if I do not, let me here bid you a tender, a long farewell. You will see your mother's grave—I have put no monument over it—the grass has grown upon it without check—but never was there one which has been watered with more tears. If ever you come to this place, or your children, let them receive, with my blessing, this my solemn request—that they lay her bones with mine!"

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Clinton dressed, and went with quickness into his father's chamber, which was the same the Marquis had formerly occupied. The Pirate stood beside the window, looking out in a thoughtful attitude. He expressively grasped the hand of his son, and pointed to a venerable elm tree, at a little distance from the house, beneath which the mossy sod exhibited a slight prominence—there was Marie's grave. The two gazed on it in silence, then conversed awhile on the contents of the manuscript; after which, hearing Jane's voice, they proceeded to the breakfast room, both eager to communicate to her the melancholy story of the Marquis and the nun of St. Clare, and to visit with her the unpretending resting place of Marie Verche.

## CHAPTER XXV.

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“ And yet she loved  
 With that intense affection, that deep faith,  
 Which knows no change, and sets but o'er the tomb !”—*Swain.*

“ On—on the vessel ran !”—*Swain.*

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LADY Hester, with her friends, reached in safety the country seat of the earl her father in England. The arrival of the lovely and distinguished peeress, and her widowhood, were at once made known to the highest circles through the medium of the fashionable journals of the day. Immediately she was inundated by cards, and notes, and letters, of condolence and of compliment. A host of titled and coroneted visitors besieged her retirement, employing all the artillery of polite blandishment to win her to reappear in the sparkling scenes of aristocratic dissipation. But Lady Hester was invulnerable. She carried within her bosom a talisman which rendered impotent all their assaults. Former suitors were among their number, whose hopes the Colonel's death had revived, and found their plans for procuring the honour of her smiles fruitless. At first their calls were answered by the mortifying intelligence that Lady Hester could not see company at present, and then,

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she was gone into the south of England. But there was once class of persons whom she had not failed to visit on her father's domain—they were the poor, who long had cause to remember her liberality.

The Earl of Wilton was extremely mortified by the determined seclusion of his eldest daughter, but finding his remonstrances of no effect, ceased to make them, and fixed his hopes on the budding graces and accomplishments of Letitia, who entered her fourteenth year, as the first twelvemonth of their return to England expired.

Lady Hester was gone on a private visit to those distant relations of Pastor Wilson who had taken Clinton from his destitute mother and brought him up to manhood. There, her heart, which was now entirely devoted to him, indulged itself by reviewing the enchanting period of their first acquaintance in the same delightful scenes in which it took place. Only to one member of the family, a younger son, who, from his childhood, had entertained a brother's regard for Clinton, did she speak of that which was nearest to her heart. Cautiously, when at another part of the drawing-room in which they were assembled, the younger scions of the house, and their parents, were busy with a parcel of books and prints that had newly arrived from Paris, she made an allusion to the favourite companion and confidant of his younger years. He caught at the theme with eagerness, and dilated with warmth on the recollections which the name of Clinton rekindled in his mind. Neither he nor his relatives had heard, Lady Hester soon discovered to the enhancement of her happiness, of the real cause of Clinton's having quitted England. The merchants from

whom the latter had embezzled money having, as our readers are aware, received so soon after their loss three-thirds of the amount from Clinton, and the rest from Lady Hester, and supposing that the whole had been returned by himself through her hands, willingly hushed up the transaction, which, accordingly, had not transpired beyond their firm. Lady Hester imparted to this friend and relative of Clinton her having seen him, and his sister and father, in Canada, describing the remarkable circumstances of their meeting, only keeping back the piratical character of Anderson's vessel. Her deeply interested listener in turn informed her that he had heard, from one of the vicars under the Bishop of Quebec, that Pastor Wilson, the grandfather of Clinton, was living in Upper Canada, and as soon as he could find leisure he should write to the good Pastor, on the part of his parents, and enclose a letter for Clinton, whom he hoped by this means it would reach.

Lady Hester had inherited a small estate in her own right in Cornwall; thither she repaired next, and during the second year of her return from abroad, dwelt there in a solitude so entire as to give rise to various surmises among the disappointed circles of *haut ton*. It was even said that, in spite of the tales which had been circulated of the Colonel's infidelities, she had really loved her husband, and had vowed herself to perpetual grief for his loss. But an idea so romantic was hardly likely to keep its ground among the exclusives of the superior orders, who were little accustomed to devotedness to marriage ties, and they speedily banished a notion so repugnant to their frigid calculations.

Lady Hester, a thorough disciple of the same anti-

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enthusiastic school as far as her nature would suffer her to be, rigidly hid her real feelings from every eye. The end of the present year approached, and with it the period when her future path in life was to be decided. She grew restless and anxious; sleep forsook her pillow by night, and tranquillity her spirit by day; she sat at the piano-forte, but the charms of music had for the present fled; she took in hand her pencils for sketching, drew a few irregular outlines, but could not concentrate her mind upon the task; she prepared her colours, placed the exquisite productions of Flora and Pomona before her, flowers, and fruits, and shells; shaped cards for screens, and baskets, and similar bagatelle, which she meant to ornament with painting for her amusement; but in the midst of this graceful trifling, dropped her brush, sank back in her chair, and yielded herself up to the listlessness of a troubled mind.

One day, while in this painful frame, wandering from one apartment to another, and trying one employment after another, but all to no purpose, the arrival of the morning's letters and papers were announced by a servant. She did not go immediately to the room in which they were ordinarily placed, for the vague hopes she had of late entertained were not in much vigour this morning, and nothing else but what referred to Clinton had at present power to interest her. With languid indifference she proceeded to turn them over just before going to dress for dinner; there were a variety of crested seals, black, and vermillion, and parti-coloured; she glanced at the superscriptions and cast them on one side without opening them; then came forth from the bag a letter from her sister, who was then in town with

the Earl; she opened that, saying—"Dear Letty! I must see what you have to say to me." There was nothing of moment in it. The unspoiled warmth and vivacity of temper which made Letitia so pleasing, spoke out as usual on the odorous page in sentiments equally refined and affectionate.

"Ah, Letty! you will not long remain, I fear, the unsophisticated being you now are. A few years will make you like us all—but long may it be before the fiery serpent, LOVE, breathes his pestilential vapours on you! May it be long before you feel the pangs your sister has suffered!"

She supposed that she had emptied the letter-bag, but as she was pushing it from her across the table, to make room for a large print she was unrolling, another letter dropped from its mouth with the direction uppermost. She read—"To the Right Hon. Lady Hester Cleveland, Wilton-hall, County of Essex, England." It is from Clinton!" she ejaculated, and looked round the apartment to see that the disturbance of her demeanour was not observed. "It is assuredly his handwriting! The two years have not yet quite expired—he has encroached on my permission."

Notwithstanding these remarks, and the resentful tone in which they were uttered, it is not to be supposed but that Lady Hester was less displeased at his having written a little before the time, than she would have been had he delayed until after. As Nelson is said to have averred that he owed his successes to having been a quarter of an hour beforehand with his engagements, so, it is probable, Clinton owed his ultimate success with Lady Hester to a similar cause.

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The letter was in her hand as a carriage wheeled up the lawn in front of the house. Lady Hester was instantly to the outward eye unruffled, though her heart, like Vesuvius covered with snow, was on fire with a thousand emotions underneath. A lady in the neighbourhood entered to make a morning call. Lady Hester, with perfect ease, yielded herself to all the light topics of the day; invincibly patient, discussed the respective merits of lace from Valenciennes and Berlin—of china from Dresden and India—of fans from Paris and Madrid—of shawls, and parrots, and vases, and servants, and embroidered handkerchiefs. All which concluded, the lady returned to her carriage, and Lady Hester to Clinton's letter, with which the latter retreated to her dressing-room; from whence she stirred not for the rest of the day, taking her dinner, tea, and supper there, and spending the whole of the ensuing night in penning an answer for Clinton. Neither his communication or her reply shall we presume to lay before the reader—their contents are easily to be imagined by those who have loved truly, and devotedly—who have had their hopes long deferred, and who at last see themselves on the eve of obtaining the hallowed object of their heart's choice.

And now Lady Hester sold off all the property she possessed in her own right in England, lodged her money in the hands of a Metropolitan banker who was in correspondence with the Canadian bankers of Montreal and Toronto, and apprised the Earl of Wilton of her determination to return to North America, and settle there. He immediately left town with Letitia and came to her.



“ It is impossible that you can be serious, Lady Cleveland!” said he to her, shortly after his arrival. “ I am at a loss to conceive what can have occasioned the alteration which I have long perceived with so much pain in that daughter, who, a short time ago, was the star of my ancient house. What is there here wanting to your happiness? If you are bent upon the eccentric plan of exiling yourself from London, why still there is all England before you, and Ireland, and Scotland, and Wales! Wherever you are pleased to go in these kingdoms, our nobility will feel flattered by your residence among them. Reflect, my love! North America!—what a place for Lady Hester Cleveland to choose as her place of residence! If you had said Paris, or any other of the continental capitals, I might have been less surprised. But North America!—really, my love, you must excuse me if I treat such an idea with ridicule.”

“ What say you to New York, sir?”

“ Ah, that city is not entirely beyond the pale of civilisation—there are *some* endurable persons there I believe;—but still, Lady Cleveland knows better how to discriminate between the degrees of good society, than to dream of preferring to shine among an American aristocracy of citizens rather than among an English aristocracy, in whose veins flows no base blood, and who are confessedly the most refined people in the world!”

“ My dear sir, I am in search of no society. I do not mean to shine at all. As I told you formerly in Toronto, I have severed myself from fashionable life for the remainder of my days. I think you have seen me act consistently with that resolve since I came back to England.”

“ Well, Lady Cleveland, if you are wilful, I will give up the point.”

“ Not wilful, my dear sir, but only—”

“ Determined to go—so then it shall be. I certainly regret your determination—exceedingly regret it—especially as Lord R——, my friend, has more than hinted to me his wish to make proposals for your hand, if he could hope they would be accepted. He would be an excellent match, my love—he is about to become a member of the cabinet—I have no doubt that he will be yet prime minister.”

“ Pardon me—I shall never accept his lordship.”

The earl knew well the decidedness of her character, and perceived by her manner that Lord R—— had not the shadow of a hope. With a sigh of vexation he ceased to debate the matter with her.

“ And is it true, Hester, that you will leave me and papa?” cried Letitia, springing into her sister’s arms the same afternoon as the latter was dressing in her own room. Lady Hester sent away her maid, and embraced Letitia with fondness.

“ Do not weep, dearest Letty—nonsense now—what! I declare you are all in tears. Kiss me, my beloved sister—and believe me it is no want of love for either of you that disposes me to leave England.”

“ You forget that I have no other sister beside yourself—you forget that mamma, as you have often told me, wished you to watch over me when I was brought out, as I shall be now very shortly—I never thought you could go from me Hester!” and the panting girl burst into a more passionate fit of tears.

“ My sweet Letty! Miss Gresham is an able and

conscientious governess, she will watch over you better than I can. Why do you distress me by such grief, dearest? I did not think you loved me so much. Harken, my dear, and I will tell you the true source of my determination;" and so locking the door, she sat down on a chair, her sister throwing herself on a stool at her feet, and laying her arm across Lady Hester's lap, while she looked up in her face like an Hebe in tears. Letitia was now turned fifteen, tall for her age, slight and graceful, with long hair of a sunny yellow, such as the ancient Saxon ladies were wont to be represented as possessing; her complexion was exquisitely fair, and her large, soft blue eyes, beamed with vivacity and sensibility.

"Have you forgotten, Letty, the Captain who saved you from being drowned in Lake Erie?" began Lady Hester.

Letitia's face was doubly animated with the recollection:—"Oh, no! indeed I can never forget him! Often have I wished I could reward him! How could you think your Letty could be so ungrateful as to forget the man who risked his own life to save hers? Giddy as she is, she has a heart, Hester! When I am a little older I will certainly find some means of repaying him—though indeed that is not to be done either—for supposing I gave him all I was worth, the preservation of my life would still leave me in debt to him."

"You are right, Letty, to cherish a deep gratitude toward Captain Anderson; he nearly perished while exerting himself to rescue you. But do you remember one Mr. Clinton and Miss Anderson, who were in the same vessel?"

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THE CANADIAN GIRL

"O yes, very well—Mr. Clinton seemed to know you?"

"He did know me, Letty," said Lady Hester, dropping her voice, and colouring. "We were acquainted when I was little older than yourself. We were attached to each other, my Letty, but he was in dependent circumstances, and as soon as the Earl received a hint of the matter, he removed me beyond his reach."

"I never heard any thing of this before, dearest Hester. I never imagined that you had been unhappy before you were married. But how was it papa did not know Mr. Clinton when he saw him in Toronto?"

"He had not seen him in England, Letty, nor, I believe, had he heard his name. It was a mere hint of the matter that he received, but that hint was sufficient for him. I trust, my dear, you may never be sacrificed to family suitability as I have been."

"I will never marry one whom I do not love."

"Do not be too sure, Letty; there are so many influences to rob one of courage in such circumstances. You cannot at present understand how much you may have to encounter in support of such a decision. But may you be spared the painful trial! Now, Letty, once as you know I *have* been sacrificed, and have known the intolerable misery of being the wife of one whom I could neither love nor respect, you cannot wonder, therefore, that I am bent upon bestowing myself on the man who won my first and lasting love—on Mr. Clinton. You look surprised, Letty; now you see the motives for my seclusion from society since I came back to England—do you not? He is not possessed of one recommendation according to polite usage; he is neither

high-born, nor titled; he holds no place in the court or the camp; he is not distinguished in the republic of letters, or in the empire of politics; he is, as you know, the son of a plain Captain Anderson, of a private cruiser on an American lake; his sister is a plain Miss, who is neither a wit, a blue-stocking, an heiress, or a member of ton;—yet I mean to be his wife, and this is my errand abroad.”

At fifteen, young ladies are not generally disposed to view enthusiasm in love as a folly. Letitia entered into her sister's feelings with such readiness, and with so much fondness, that she was trebly endeared to Lady Hester afterwards. Within her own mind Letitia set her heart upon going with her sister, though of this she said nothing at present. Lady Hester's arrangements for departure were speedily concluded, and a second letter arrived from Clinton. He had not disclosed the change in his fortunes, but wrote as the wandering, penniless Clinton, of former days. Letitia's constitution had lately manifested many tokens of extreme delicacy, and her medical attendant frequently suggested that a change of air, and especially a sea voyage, would be of essential service. She tried many little manœuvres with them to get them to pronounce that a second visit to America might answer, and having in a measure succeeded, flew joyfully to apprise her father of the oracular decision. The Earl was not so unwilling as she expected to find him, and even consented, as parliament was prorogued, to take another voyage with his daughters across the Atlantic, especially as he had received the offer of a diplomatic mission in that quarter of the world.

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Agreeably to the Earl's permission Letitia prepared for her own voyage, but privately, as she wished to give her sister a pleasant surprise. The Earl had been prevailed upon by her to conceal their intentions until he had made choice of a vessel, for which purpose he went to Liverpool, and on his return found the sisters seated together in the conservatory, the glass doors of which were thrown back to admit the coy zephyrs of an August noon.

"Here is papa!" exclaimed Letitia, springing up as he entered from the shrubbery. "Now we shall know when we are to quit this pleasant England again."

"*We!*" echoed Lady Hester.

"Yes, we," returned Letitia, smiling; "papa and I are going with you for a year."

"It is so, my love," responded the Earl; "this romantic little girl would have me make a secret of it, that she might astonish you, to be sure; however, you must both be on the alert, for in a fortnight we must be in Liverpool."

"This is very kind of you both," said Lady Hester, imprinting a tender kiss on Letitia's delicate cheek, and pressing her father's hand, "very kind, and truly do I thank you."

At the same time she was a little disturbed inwardly—the presence of her father in America might cause her embarrassment and pain. When alone with her sister she made an observation to this effect, but the sanguine Letitia would not think so.

"I will undertake your cause, my dearest Hester—I will give him no rest until he yields to your wishes, and volunteers to give you away to Mr. Clinton as some

little return for his having been the means of making you unhappy before."

Lady Hester gently shook her head, but did not otherwise damp the generous hopes of her glad sister, who was as buoyant and light hearted as a bird during the succeeding fortnight which preceded their setting sail for Montreal.

Miss Gresham accompanied her pupil as heretofore. Lady Hester and Letitia took each her own maid with her, and the Earl his valet, who was a Parisian, one of the most accomplished of his class.

During the voyage, Lady Hester reflected with uneasiness on the best way of communicating to the Earl her intended marriage. She frequently consulted with her sister, but Letitia was too young and inexperienced to be of much service as a giver of advice, though her heart abounded in zeal for her.

"What important topic is it that you are daily debating upon, I pray, young ladies?" inquired the Earl, as they sat talking together in an important whisper, on deck, at the end of the third week of their voyage, whilst darkness was stealing over the purple waters.

"You shall know to-morrow, papa," said Letitia, with all her natural vivacity, disregarding Lady Hester's admonitory look—"and a very important topic it is. A motion is about to be brought into the house which I hope you will not oppose; it must be carried, as I have often heard you say, with an overwhelming majority!"

"But Lady Letitia Wilton, if I am to vote upon the measure it is necessary that I hear it debated—come, what is it? If you state it to me, with the substance of the numerous orations of yourself and your sister, I

shall at once end your suspense as to whether I shall be upon the ministerial or opposition side of the question."

"The bill shall be laid upon the table—of your cabin—to-morrow morning, and then, dear papa, we must not hear of your being on the opposition benches—I assure you we must have the measure passed."

And, lo! the next morning the Earl did indeed find on his cabin table—not a bill—but a letter written by Lady Hester, unfolding her intentions in returning to America, and eloquently setting before him the unhappiness she had heretofore endured from having done violence to her inclinations. Never was man more astounded than the Earl. He could scarcely credit what he read. Was such infatuation possible? Why to Lady Hester Cleveland, the noblest and proudest peers of England would have sued!—and could she intend to bestow herself on a man whom he would blush to see her servant—the son of a Pirate, forsooth! The thought was incredible!

To Lady Hester he proceeded, and calmly questioned her as to the reality of what she had stated in her communication. She as calmly replied. The Earl then expressed himself thus:—

"I beg you to understand, Lady Cleveland, that as you have chosen to lay aside those considerations which your rank and noble birth imperatively require you should maintain, both for your own personal dignity and the dignity of my family, which has never stooped to ally itself with commoners through a period of eight centuries—as you have chosen so to disgrace yourself, I beg you to believe that I shall separate myself from you



entirely, after the first day of my landing on the American shores. I shall also remove Letitia from your influence, as I do not think proper to suffer her to imbibe the contamination of your example."

Saying this, he retired again from her presence. Letitia no sooner heard what had passed, which had filled her sister's soul with dejection, than she hastened to throw herself on her father's neck, and to plead Lady Hester's cause. But the Earl was not to be moved except by his daughter's renunciation of her chosen husband, and she was so firm on that point, that flames and tortures would not have compelled her to give him up.

Highly uncomfortable did the rest of the journey prove to all the party. The servants were never tired of wondering what could have happened to make the ladies look so downcast, and to cause the Earl to be so distant with Lady Hester.

Clinton, meanwhile, knew by what vessel to expect the arbitress of his future destinies, and, with his sister, awaited her arrival in Montreal. The first day upon which it was expected saw them arm in arm pacing the river's bank nearly from sunrise to sunset. Clinton was not to be withdrawn from his post, but having left Jane at their lodgings for the night, returned and remained by the river until the stars began to disappear in the morning sky, then retired to his pillow for about three hours, and again resumed his anxious watch.

This day passed as the preceding one. On the following forenoon, a pilot-boat going out to look for the vessel, Clinton went with it. There had been a severe gale in the night, and he had worked himself up to a

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### THE CANADIAN GIRL.

pitch of alarm for Lady Hester's safety of the most distressing intensity. As the boat moved down the St Lawrence, all the shipping and river-craft appeared grievously damaged, which, if possible, heightened Clinton's fears. These fears, however, happily proved groundless; the vessel had found shelter in the harbour of Bic Island, one hundred and fifty-three miles below Quebec.

The pilot ran his boat close under her side, and spoke with the captain, who gladly received him on board, the navigation of the St. Lawrence being of a difficult character. Clinton went upon deck with the pilot, and thus came abruptly into the sight of the Earl of Wilton, who heard him ask the captain if Lady Cleveland was not one of his passengers. The captain having answered in the affirmative, Clinton sent his card down to her cabin. The Earl was pale with anger; he moved as though he would have stepped forward, intending to ask him his business with Lady Hester, but his swelling disdain of the presumptuous individual withheld him. Clinton bowed to the Earl as soon as he perceived him, but the latter, instead of returning the movement, assumed a most chilling and stately aspect, and eyed him with feigned surprise.

Clinton very well understood that his supposed meanness of condition caused him to be thus treated. Mentally smiling in contempt, he turned away with an air of perfect indifference. He was chagrined, however, that the Earl had accompanied Lady Hester, and felt anxious to know whether he was acquainted with the object of her voyage. If so, his looks indicated that the detestation he might be expected to feel for so humbling

an alliance his daughter had not by any means succeeded in abating. This being the state of the Earl's feelings, Clinton saw much immediate discomfort, to say the least of it, before himself and his betrothed. Notwithstanding, he did her the justice to believe, that, under no circumstances, however adverse, would she be induced to revoke her voluntary consent to be his.

A note was brought to him by Lady Hester's maid, which inspired him with a confidence and a joy that was plainly apparent in his looks; the damsel, who had received from him a dollar for her errand, hastened to whisper confidentially to Letitia's maid, and then to the Earl's valet, that an English gentleman, who was desperately in love with her lady, had come into the ship, and that her ladyship had sent up a billet to him on deck, and that the Earl was in a pretty passion about it, as any one might see.

The Earl was indeed brooding over the matter with rising wrath, and he kept a most jealous watch over the movements of Clinton all the time that the vessel was making her way to Montreal.

Lady Hester, out of a filial respect for his antipathies, refrained from seeing Clinton until the end of her voyage, when, to put the steadiness of her intentions beyond doubt, she went up to the latter on the fore-castle of the ship, where he stood, only a few yards apart from her father, and presented him her hand, saying, at the same time—

“ Mr. Clinton, it was kind of you to come so far out to meet me.”

“ I was fearful lest you had suffered from the storm. Lady,” said he. “ How have you borne the voyage ?”

"Admirably," she replied. "I hope your father and sister are quite well?"

"Quite well. I left Jane in Montreal, very desirous of meeting you. And see, there she is on the shore—she waves her hand to us."

"Jane!" said the Earl sneeringly aside, "and who the devil is Jane?—some villainous maid of all work at one of the taverns I suppose. O, Hester—Hester! such a disgraceful part as you are now going to act is enough to bring the countess, thy mother, from her tomb to censure thee!"

Lady Hester returned Jane's salute familiarly, leaning upon Clinton's arm, then accepted his assistance for quitting the vessel.

"Miss Anderson, we meet again on American ground," said Lady Hester, as Clinton presented her to his sister.

"I am indeed glad to see your ladyship here in safety," responded Jane.

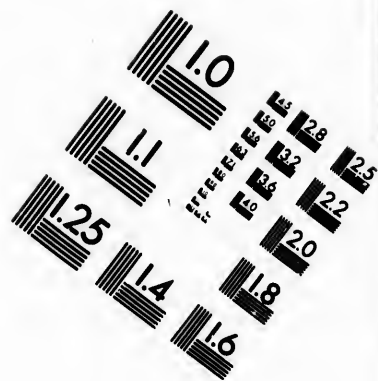
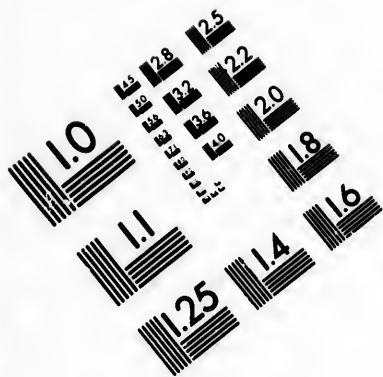
The Earl and Letitia had likewise left the vessel, but the latter had been sternly commanded by her parent not to speak either to Clinton or Jane except they addressed her, and then to reply only with a manner so distant as should "effectually check their impertinent advances, by reminding them of the great distance between their station and hers."

"Well, papa," quickly spoke Letitia, "and have you made up your mind which side of the question you shall vote for? You see which side sister takes."

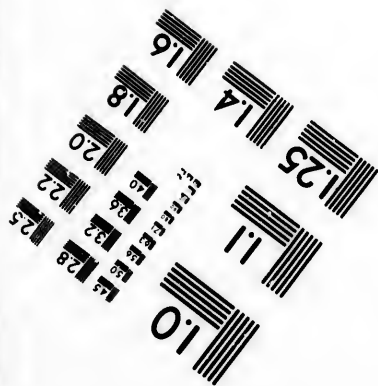
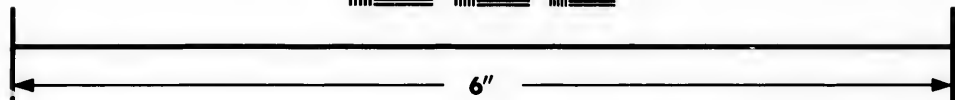
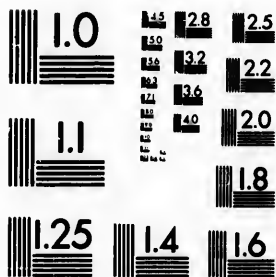
"Letitia, my child, it is very wrong in you to make a jest of that which so disturbs your father."

"Poor dear papa! what wicked children he has got





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—I hope he will forgive us—I know our conduct is quite unparliamentary.”

The Earl did smile at the pretended seriousness of his child, and would have laughed outright had not his eye happened to fall again on Lady Hester and Clinton, who seemed too happy for him, and his face darkened directly.

Poor Letitia in reality little cared for the distinctions of rank and fortune; she longed to tell Jane how glad she was to meet her again, and how right willing she felt for her sister's marriage with Clinton. But all such uncalculating impulses were nipped as they sprung by the Earl, whom she durst not disobey.

Lady Hester now withdrawing her hand from Clinton's arm, stepped up to the Earl and Letitia, and inquired—

“ Will you lead the way, dear sir, to that hotel in which we are expected ?”

“ It is in the street of the Hotel Dieu, Lady Cleveland; there is but one house of the kind in that street—you and your *friends* cannot miss it.”

“ My dear sir, you are going with us I hope ?”

“ Not I. I would uphold the dignity of my family with my best blood if necessary. I will not give my countenance to your degrading of it. Here we separate—unless you at once renounce your plans!—plans, which I again say, involve a want of consideration, and a want of delicacy, which I am surprised to find in *my* daughter !”

“ Papa !” cried Letitia, in an expressive tone of remonstrance and supplication, “ dear papa !”

“ If it must be so, sir, I am deeply sorry,” said Lady Hester, with a nobleness of air which sufficiently



reouted his ill-deserved imputation of her being capable of want of delicacy, while her splendid countenance was suffused with glowing vermillion.

“ But my sister—shall she not be with me ?”

“ No—I forbid her from maintaining any intercourse with you,” answered the Earl, with cool severity. “ I do not wish her to be infected with your present ignoble sentiments ; I must look to her to rescue, in some degree, the ancient family to which you belong from the blot you are about to bring upon it.”

The tears swam in Letitia’s soft eyes, and trickled down her transparent cheek.

“ Well then, beloved Letty ! here, but for only a little while I trust, we part,” said Lady Hester. “ I know your heart, dearest—you love me well ! God bless you ! Do not be dejected on my account—I shall make myself as much at ease as I can. Perhaps you, dear sir, will know me better some day.”

“ Talon !” called the Earl in a sharp accent to his valet, who was overlooking the luggage of the party at the brink of the river, “ let the coachman help you to put Lady Letitia’s and my trunks upon the carriage, and make haste.”

“ And not Lady Cleveland’s, my lord ?”

“ No—Lady Cleveland does not go with us.”

Clinton and Jane heard every word that passed, and sensibly felt Lady Hester’s painful position, which served to make her dearer to them both. Miss Gresham was in tears, as well as Letitia, for she was much attached to Lady Hester.

“ Your ladyship has my best wishes for your happiness,” said she, as she was turning to join her pupil.

"I believe it, and I thank you," returned Lady Hester, emphatically, her lip quivering with emotion, yet forcing a smile. "Now, Mr. Clinton," she turned to him as the governess moved away, "you have proved me capable of sacrificing the whole world to you—for family pride, and family affection, and public reputation, have been the world to me."

"My whole future life shall be devoted to one only aim—your recompense!" he ejaculated.

"And I," said Jane, modestly, yet with fervour, "will never be found wanting in gratitude; in sacrificing to my brother, you have sacrificed to me—for I am a sharer in all that concerns his happiness. My father, too, will be glad to minister to your ladyship's felicity in every way that is in his power."

"Pray, my dear Miss Anderson, let me have no more of the 'ladyship,'" cried Lady Hester, compelling every appearance of a pained mind to vanish from her face; "henceforth we are to be on terms of perfect equality you know."

"So let it be!" exclaimed the happy Clinton, moving forward from the quay between them, "and after this moment we are plain Hester, Jane, and Clinton, with each other."

Lady Hester fancied that both the sister and brother had suffered her to place herself on a level with them with more ease than she had altogether anticipated. She observed that both were well, and even handsomely, dressed; and as they were going to the street of the Hotel Dieu, Clinton drew a superb gold watch from his waistcoat pocket to see the time, whereby she plainly perceived that their circumstances were altered for the

better, though she little dreamed of the extent of the alteration."

"Is your father in the same vessel as formerly?" she inquired, anxious for an explanation.

"No, he has left the lakes entirely," answered Clinton; "in a few days you shall see him; he lives now in the seigniory of Rougemont, and has no connexion whatever with his former associates; nor, I am sure, will he ever again have."

"I rejoice to hear you say so; and how, may I ask, is he at present provided for?"

Clinton glanced meaningly at Jane, and replied—"You shall know all about it when you see him. Of this be assured, that he is living *honestly*, and, I believe, is happier than ever he was in his life before. Jane and I reside with him—and soon, I hope," he added, speaking in a softer cadence, and with irresistible tenderness, "you will join us there, and so complete our felicity."

In all this there was something inexplicable to Lady Hester, and she was to be pardoned, perhaps, if, notwithstanding what Clinton had said, she felt a few misgivings as to the nature and source of the prosperity of the Pirate and his children. Jane was Lady Hester's companion in the hotel, and every hour they grew more intimately social with each other. As soon as the latter had a little recovered from the fatigue of the voyage, Clinton pressed her to go to Rougemont. She consented, and the first frost of the season having set in, a carriage was hired, as she supposed, for the journey, but on stepping from the hotel entrance to take her seat in it, she was surprised to see the equipage of a person of distinction awaiting her. Dubiously she cast her

eyes around looking for one of humbler pretensions, but none such appeared at hand ; at that instant Clinton came out to lead her to the carriole steps, beside which a footman stood in lace and gold. To heighten her perplexity, the servant touched his hat to Clinton, and replied to some direction the latter gave him as he took the reins into his hand, " very well, my lord."

Jane now came from the hotel door.

" Think you there is time for us to reach Rougemont before nightfall?" she asked the footman.

" O yes, your ladyship, plenty of time," he answered, as he folded up the steps after she had seated herself beside Lady Hester.

" I am bewildered with what I hear and see!" exclaimed the latter, when Clinton had sprung in ; " pray one of you unravel the mystery to me!"

" Not yet," said the delighted Clinton.

The sun was declining from its meridian when the carriole entered the seigniory of Rougemont. They shortly after perceived a horseman approaching.

" It is my father!" cried Clinton, causing the speed of the vehicle to be slackened.

Wonder upon wonder for Lady Hester. The Pirate of the Vulture was now in dress and in bearing a gentleman ; the horse he rode was a beautiful bay ; and as he lifted his diamonded *bonnet* from his head, and bowed to her with an air of profound respect, the majesty of his person was very striking, and indicated a conscious superiority.

Clinton stopped the carriole, and the Pirate rode up to it.

" I should have set out for Montreal to-morrow

morning in search of you if you had not come," cried he, addressing his son and daughter. "Lady Cleveland, you are truly welcome to Rougemont—it shall be the study of our lives to make you happy here."

She articulated her thanks with excited feelings. The carriage then proceeded slowly along a noble avenue of oaks and elms, the Pirate riding by it, conversing with his children and occasionally with Lady Hester, who wondered how all this would end.

The equipage in a little time came in front of a mansion of the first class, and stopped at an imposing entrance supported by white marble pillars. The footman thundered at the door, then lowered the steps of the carriage as the Pirate dismounted and stood uncovered, while Lady Hester was handed into the house by Clinton. At the door of the room into which she was ushered, there stood another of her former acquaintances of the pirate ship—this was no other than Deborah, who had been rewarded for her disinterested attachment to Jane by being made housekeeper here. She was arrayed in the thorough British style of her order—a large cap, furnished with at least half a dozen yards of gay ribbon, adorned her head, under the shadow of which her broad red face appeared shining in gladness and content; her stout figure had enlarged itself under the influence of the good cheer with which she took care that her larders were supplied, and was comfortably clad in red poplin, set off by a white apron and an enormous frill.

"What are you here too, Deborah?" said Lady Hester, as the Irish girl threw open the door and dropped a low curtsy.

"O yis indeed, my lady, it's mysilf' at any rate—my

lord, the Marquis, has befriended me gratefully, and I owe it all to Mistress Jane—I mane to my Lady Jane, begging her pardon a thousand times. May yer ladyship see many joyful days here, and that's the sincere wish of my sowl."

" ' My lord the Marquis !—' Lady Jane !—what can all this mean ?" thought the agitated Lady Hester.

The room was richly decorated—the walls and ceiling were painted with historical scenes—the furniture was of the most handsome and costly description—the windows looked out upon grounds laid out with elaborate care and skill.

" Now, idolised Hester !—now, my own—my beloved !" exclaimed Clinton, as she stood bewildered and panting with powerful emotions, after he had shut the door, while his father and sister were speaking with Deborah in the hall, " you shall know whom you have consented to marry. I am the son of one who owns a rank still higher than that of your father. I am the heir of all that you see around—nor only of this, but of the whole seigniory in which we are. You have not banished yourself from the circles for which you were born by consenting to bestow yourself on me. I am the Earl of Wilton's equal, and I will wed you, Lady Hester, before the eyes of that world which you have so nobly disregarded for my sake. My father, now the Marquis of Rougemont, shall go to the Earl and *purchase* his consent to our union by such marriage-settlements as will far exceed any thing that he could make for a child of his."

He then related to her all the circumstances that had attended their coming into possession of the estate and

title. Lady Hester then said—"Do not think, Clinton, that you have made my head altogether giddy with delight by this change of prospect. I felt extremely proud of the sacrifice I was making for you, and hoped, by its means, to secure you to myself with such ties as could never be broken. Now, I am afraid, in making your marriage with me a matter of formal family arrangements, you will become a mere fashionable husband, and I, by consequence, an indifferent wife; and so all my romantic notions of our superlative felicity in the kingdom of Hymen will vanish away like other air-built fabrics."

"Never!" cried Clinton, with sincerity and passion in his transported glance, as he pressed his lip to her passive hand, "never! From my boyhood I have loved but you! and to the last hour of my life you shall be my soul's treasure and joy!"

## CHAPTER XXVI.

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“ Who are these evil guests, that thus  
Break uninvited in upon our privacy ? ”

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THAT early friend of Clinton who was lately spoken of, had delayed to write to Pastor Wilson until Lady Hester took her second and permanent leave of England. By her he sent two separate letters for the Pastor and Clinton, in the former of which he detailed the information Lady Hester had imparted concerning the existence of the grandchildren and the son-in-law of the Pastor in America, and hoped he would soon meet with them if he had not hitherto. In the other epistle to Clinton, he dwelt upon the relationship of Pastor Wilson to his friend, and upon what he had learned of the settlement of the good Pastor in Upper Canada.

Clinton was delighted to hear from his old schoolfellow and playmate, and after scanning the letter in a cursory way, read it aloud to his father, his sister, and Lady Hester, while seated with them at dessert.

“ It is very odd,” said Jane, who was bending over a peach that she was unconsciously dissecting on her



plate, "that Nicholas and I should both have lived so long in the lodge without discovering our relationship, or that the Pastor was our grandfather."

"Or that Arthur Lee was our cousin," added Clinton, archly. Jane's knife slipped along the plate, and her blushing face drooped still lower over the peach.

"Do not mind him, Jenny," said the Pirate, "we had the laugh against him a little while ago. But what say you, must we not go and see this grandfather and cousin?"

"With all my heart!" cried Clinton, who was exceedingly desirous of beholding his sister in possession of prospects as blissful as those which were before his own view.

Who was to go was the next question. Clinton was not disposed to take Lady Hester thither at present, lest she should hear of *Lucy*, neither was he willing that his father should go, as he wanted him to proceed immediately to Montreal, to make terms with the Earl for Lady Hester's hand. The idea would have been put off, therefore, at his suggestion, had he not perceived in Jane's eye a delight at the proposed journey indicative of a feeling of which he had had too deep an experience not to sympathise with it. While the matter was under discussion, Lady Hester, who had been informed by Clinton of Mr. Lee's attachment for Jane, and who participated in his wishes for her happiness, disposed of the difficulty by declaring her intention of going with the Pirate to endeavour to change the Earl's mind in respect to her intended marriage.

"While the Marquis and I are gone on this mission,"

said she, "you, Clinton and Jane, must transport yourselves to Pastor Wilson's lodge, and, on a day which we will appoint, meet us here again."

Clinton was very reluctant to leave his beautiful affianced, but his objections were overruled by her and by the Pirate.

"You may be sure of this if we do go," said he, gaily, "there will be two marriage parties in Rougemont instead of one, shortly."

"There will be no such thing, Nicholas—how can you talk so!" remonstrated Jane.

"He must not be too sure that there will be *one*," cried Lady Hester, sharing in Jane's confusion; "let me tell him that ladies do not like too much confidence on the part of their admirers—humility should be the lover's creed."

"At all events, I hope you will bring the Pastor with you," remarked the Pirate, "I should much like to see the old gentleman here."

"We will do our best to bring both him and Mr. Lee, will we not, Jane?" returned Clinton.

"You are very provoking," cried the palpitating girl, as she rose from table and retreated from the dining-room to indulge in solitude those feelings which the prospect of meeting Arthur again had revived in her breast.

To come back once more to the Pastor's lodge, it seemed very probable that Clinton's prediction concerning the double marriage would be verified, for when he and his sister prepared to return to Rougemont, Mr. Lee was with them as the husband-elect of Jane. The Pastor could not leave his flock, but he

exacted a promise from Arthur and Clinton that their marriage ceremonies should be solemnised by no other than himself, and in no other place than the lodge. Both the young men argued in favour of Rougemont, for both had the ill-fated Lucy in their mind; but the Pastor persisted in his wish, to which they reluctantly yielded. Clinton had another motive, and it was his principle one, for being averse to the celebration of his marriage in the lodge—the settler Joshua's tale might come to Lady Hester's hearing and disturb her peace. Conscience made him painfully uneasy in respect to the affair with Dan; though years had passed since it took place, the load which it had fastened on his mind was no more lightened than if it had happened yesterday.

Upon the day which had been appointed for the return of Jane and Clinton from the lodge, and of the Pirate and Lady Hester from Montreal, the former, with Mr. Lee, drove up in the sleigh to the front portico of the mansion. Clinton knocked loud and long, and made the hall entrance reverberate with the ringing of the bell, but to his wonder and alarm no servant answered the summons.

"This is most unaccountable!" he exclaimed; and while he stood a moment listening to hear if he could distinguish any one approaching within, he fancied that he detected the sound of laughter and of coarse singing.

"The servants must have abused the confidence that has been put in them, Jane," said he, "there is vulgar revelling going on in the house."

"I can hardly think Deborah would be unfaithful to us," observed Jane, astonished, "and she had the command of the—hark! indeed you are right, Nicholas,

there is revelling going on." The mingled clamour of laughing, shouting, and singing, became for an instant plainly distinguishable, and to complete the dismay of Jane, seemed to come from the best room of the house, the window-shutters of which were closed, though it was now the middle of the day. Jane alighted from the sleigh with as much celerity as possible, and with Clinton hastened round to the back entrance, while by their desire Mr. Lee awaited the issue of their observations.

"I am the more astonished," remarked Clinton, because this is the day upon which Deborah was to expect us—of course my father and Lady Hester cannot yet have arrived."

A door in the right wing of the house stood ajar. They entered, Clinton going first, and Jane following with indefinite alarm.

A tumult of rough male voices, rising to the highest pitch of which they were capable in drunken mirth, just then re-echoed through and through those parts of the dwelling which were set apart for the reception of company. Jane recoiled, and exclaimed—

"O, Nicholas! those are not the servants—I dare not go forward!"

Clinton paused and listened in amazement, which was quickly superseded by indignant wrath. A peal of laughter, more boisterous than before, and long continued, came upon his ears, and then there followed a noise such as might be produced by the sudden smashing of glasses and bottles, together with the upsetting of a heavy table and several chairs.

"Jane, go back to Mr. Lee, and tell him to ride off with you to the nearest magistrate," cried Clinton,

hurriedly. "I will soon deal with these ruffians in a manner they wont like probably."

"Don't you think they are robbers?" inquired Jane, pale and trembling.

"Robbers!—yes, but such as unfortunately my father has had too much to do with in former times."

"Do you suppose they are the Pirates?"

"I am sure of it;—but go instantly to Mr. Lee, and request him to send officers here without a moment's delay!"

"But, Nicholas," hesitated Jane, "if that be done you do not know what may be the consequence—they may impeach my father."

"True, true; that is a consideration of instant moment. What is best to be done! To endure this intrusion, even with moderate patience, is impossible! Where can the servants be? However, I cannot let you remain here. Go as I said, Jane. Yet stay—Mr. Lee had better drive to a little distance. You know it is most likely that Lady Hester and my father are near, and the Earl of Wilton may be with them, it would be dreadful to think of her and the proud peer coming into the hearing of a horrid uproar like this—you must watch for them, and contrive to prevent them from approaching."

"All hands ahoy!" roared a tarred and ruffianly-looking mariner, who had been lying, unperceived by Clinton or Jane, in a half intoxicated state on the inside of the doorway. Jane started toward Clinton with affright, and the fellow rose staggering to his feet, clapping the door into its fastenings with the whole force of his wny arm.

"What do you want here?" sternly demanded Clinton.

"What do I want here?" repeated the mariner; "I want liquor to be sure! and you have got plenty of the primest sort, that I will say—I never tasted better in all my life, never."

"Why have you and your companions come here in this disgraceful way?" again asked Clinton with increasing choler.

"That isn't a question" (hiccuping) "to be answered all in a breath; for why, there was many reasons for our steering this way to" (hiccupping again) "see our old Cap'n—we hard of his coming to a Marquis and a fort'n, that was one reason; we found the smuggling trade no go, and wanted a little help in the cash way—d'ye see—and that wur another reason—there's two on 'em for'ee, if you wants honny more you must go and ax my mates."

Clinton whispered with Jane a moment while the sailor found his equilibrium by planting his back against the door.

"Let this lady pass out," said Clinton.

"Call me an ass if I do," returned the fellow, plucking a quid of tobacco from his jacket pocket, and thrusting it into his left cheek.

"What do you mean by that?" cried Clinton, whom prudential considerations for the Pirate's safety could hardly restrain from knocking the man down.

"Ax my mates, they'll tell'ee," said the mariner, in reply, and with a silver tooth-pick that Jane had left in her dressing-room he commenced picking his teeth.

"Do not contend with him, my brother," whispered

the terrified Jane; "rather endeavour to argue the matter with the more sober of the party—if, indeed, they have not all lost their senses," she added, as a second clatter of breaking glasses and falling chairs was overpowered by vociferated shouts of jovial merriment.

"I cannot longer endure this!" exclaimed Clinton, advancing to the mariner; "Stand away from the door!"

The fellow discharged from his mouth the tobacco-impregnated saliva, then responded, without moving an inch—"You be——!"

In the twinkling of an eye Clinton had sprung on him and hurled him along the passage.

But this act did not effect the object intended, for as Jane was retreating with all the hurry of fear, she was caught back by another Pirate, a Pole, near seven feet in height, exhibiting enormously long and bushy whiskers and mustachios, of an uncertain colour bordering upon red: he had come from the great hall staircase, and, like the discomfited mariner, was in an intoxicated condition.

"Ah, what, a lady here!" cried he in bad French, "I must have a look at you!"

"Let go my hand, sir!" she cried in excessive alarm.

"Nay, my dear, you must not go—I must have a sight of your face," and he leered with disgusting familiarity, that was deservedly checked by a stunning blow from the irritated Clinton, who would immediately have passed her through the contested doorway, out of reach of the drunken reprobates, had not a third individual, who had followed close on the heels of the Pole, presented himself in the way. It was Gilpin, whose

reckless courage had made him famous among his outlawed brethren.

“Ha! ha! ha! Mr. Scrynecki! how did you relish that?” he cried. “’Twas as neat a lick as ever I saw out of New York State.”

“Master Gilpin,” cried the Pole, now adopting the English tongue, which he spoke even worse than French, while he rubbed his forehead with one hand, and smoothed his long mustachios with the other, “thish ish te firsh time in my life tat I hath be struck, and, par Dieu! it shall be te lasht! I shall kill him dead tat inshult me, par Got!”

“Who says Scrynecki is a coward and will bear any thing from any man?” laughed Gilpin. “Hark to the hero’s big words! Hurrah for the Polander! But stop young lady a moment, I must have a peep at your pretty face as well as Scrynecki. Why! is it Miss Anderson? I ask your pardon! Jack Gilpin will never be the man to affront *you!* He hasn’t forgotten your sewing up the bandages of his shattered arm after the fight with the d—— law bullies on board ship.”

The Pole, notwithstanding his big words, had made no attempt to return the blow he had received; he was indeed the coward of his band.

The mariner, more dangerously vindictive, had quickly managed to rise from the floor on which Clinton had thrown him, and with that mad malignity which too much ardent drink is apt to excite in some men, had planted himself again in front of the door, having a large pocket knife unclasped in his hand, at the sight of which Jane trembled and covered her eyes.

Clinton threw his arm around her waist, and, entreat-



ing her not to be afraid, stood an instant collecting himself, and restraining his passion, that he might judge what was best to be done. He was unarmed, and prudence told him that in a struggle with a numerous and armed band of ruffians, he could have small chance of success; but the fire of his impetuous blood would not have suffered him to listen to this argument, had not his sister been there—for her sake he restrained himself. While he paused indeterminately, Gilpin confronted the mariner.

“Come, stand on one side,” said he.

“Call me a fool if I do then,” was the reply.

“Now, I tell you what, Billy,” said Gilpin, “I don’t want to have any quarrel with you, only stand quietly on one side; but if you won’t, mind you, why, as sure as I first saw daylight in New York State, I’ll make you! You know Jack Gilpin is no Polander—what he says is as much gospel as if the president said it—you know that Billy, don’t you?”

“Hah! Master Gilpin! par Got!” were the fierce exclamations of the Pole, his formidable whiskers and mustachios bristling up so as to become still more formidable. “What you mean tat you no Polander, ha? Let me say you tat te Polanders as you name tem, be te bravest men in all te world!”

“Then take my word for it you are not one of them,” said Gilpin, scoffingly; “all the bravery you have you might sell for five farthings, and the buyer would be taken in.”

“Master—master Gilpin, saire,” articulated the exasperated Mr. Scrynecki with difficulty, being overpowered with passion, “I wash at te battaile of Warsaw—te

great battaile, saire!—I was tere when it conquer te Russ!”

“So was many a calf, I dare say, and made as great a noise as you,” sneered Gilpin. “But come, Billy, move off, and let Miss Anderson pass out. You wont, wont you? What d’ye say to that then?” and he suddenly pulled a pistol from his belt, and held it to the mariner’s temples. “Give me the knife—that’s it. Now move nearer this way—nearer—Miss Anderson the door is free to you.”

The mariner muttered a fierce oath of genuine British origin, and, excited to so imprudent an action by the fumes of the liquor he had drank, raised his arm and attempted to dash back the pistol from its alarming contiguity to his head; in doing which it went off, and all its deadly contents lodged themselves in his brain. He leaped half a yard from the ground, and fell on his face on the floor. One dismal cry broke from his lips—he rolled over on his back—partly rose as he grappled with the king of terrors—sank again—stretched himself convulsively, and ceased to breathe.

Horror was depicted on the countenances of the startled persons standing by. Jane, pallid and faint, rushed into the open air. Clinton stood paralysed. The Pole stooped over the body, and with the poor wretch’s jacket corner tried to stanch the blood which issued from the wound; while Gilpin, with the pistol still in his hand, seemed like Clinton transfixed with dismay and surprise.

The noise of the pistol shot had penetrated into the scene of conviviality in the chief *salon* of the mansion, where all the band of unwelcome intruders were assem-

bled, excepting only three, who had been prowling through the other parts of the house in search of portable articles of value which they might purloin; these three were the Pole, the mariner, and Gilpin.

The scene in the *salon* was strange indeed, and in no small degree ludicrous. Upwards of forty Pirates were seated on delicate Grecian couches, fauteuils, and damasked chairs, at rosewood tables furnished with food of the most heterogenous description.

One was regaling himself on luscious hothouse fruits; one on delicate confectionary, of which whole dishes were vanishing with incredible rapidity; another on bread and cheese, with which he was drinking fine Spanish wine; a fourth on a cold turkey; and a fifth was luxuriating among a set of jars filled with delicious preserves, jellies, and creams.

"These sort of seats are d——n fine inventions, arn't they?" cried one to his companions, as he threw up his dirty feet on the downy cushions of a silken couch.

"Very—and so is the vittels," was the dry response of a sturdy square-built dwarf, who reposed his half-clad limbs on a similar piece of furniture, while he emptied by a succession of draughts a bottle of claret he held in his hand.

All the party seemed to enjoy the novelty of the situation with the relish of overgrown children. The servants of the house had been compelled to bring hither for them the choicest contents of the larders and the wine-cellars. Nay, they must have the best table utensils, too, that the mansion would afford; cupboards of plate and china had been broken open, and articles, curious and rich, brought out to view that had not seen

the light for very many years before. How would it have shocked the mother of the late Marquis of Rougemont, with all her nice and lofty prejudices, could she have witnessed this desecration of the most precious mementos of her ancestry! But, happily for her, she slept on with profound peace in her tomb in the chapel attached to the mansion, nor knew aught of what was going on in the scenes around. She would have shrunk aghast from the bare idea of a dinner in this her grand *salon*! an ordinary meal indeed had *never* appeared within its distinguished bounds; how much less the abominations that now polluted it, and mingled in strange contrast with the dainties the servants had been compelled to bring! The princely apartment even smelt strongly of *onions*—the quintessence of barbarism—and with that vile effluvia began to blend a scent of kindred merits—that of *tobacco*, whose reeking fumes ascended to the gilded flutings of the ceiling from at least a dozen common short pipes!

“Who’d ha’ had any hidea of our old cap’n coming to be master of a place as fine as this!” soliloquised a sleepy privateer, who had gorged as much of all description of eatables as his stomach, one of the most capacious dimensions, could possibly contain, while his eye surveyed the three ancient, but gorgeous, chandeliers, that were pendant at proper intervals from the roof, and which it had been the wild pleasure of the crew to have completely lighted up, shedding on the motley picture below a flood of intense brilliance, such as had not illuminated the *salon* for nearly a century.

“Yet, somehow,” continued the speaker, as his head at short intervals began to nod on his breast, “I fan-

He was born to a fortune—he was so scholarly, and held his head so high—and—and so—” sleep prevented the conclusion, and he shortly slipped down upon the thick and costly carpet, snoring loudly, with his face downwards, and his arms extended. Sea songs were then sung by single voices and in chorus, to which the loftiness and expansion of the apartment gave full effect; the richly-wrought tables were thundered upon with the fist as manifestations of applause—mock combats were enacted in sport—bottles were thrown at each other, and furniture broken in pieces—and still the fellow snored on as soundly as if he had drank opium.

The report of Gilpin's pistol disturbed the men at their carousals. The leaders among them were the first to lay their hands on their weapons, and to start from their seats, with looks prepared for a bloody contest in case there was any opposition about to be offered to their will. A sudden stillness spread itself through the *salon*, rendered remarkable by the tremendous uproar of the preceding minute. During that stillness a heavy footstep, well known to most of the privateers, was heard approaching the door on which all eyes were bent. The door was opened, and the colossal figure of the proprietor of the mansion, the former chief of the Pirates, presented itself before the crew. He paused a moment, surveying the scene with wonder.

“Upon my word, sirs,” said he, “this is an honour I had not anticipated. Pray how did you gain an entrance into the house?”

“We boarded her with pistols cocked, to be sure,” replied the present captain of the Pirates; “how else should jolly buccaneers gain an entrance into houses or

ships, think you?" and he laughed loudly, and nodded his head to his applauding band.

"And my servants, especially Merry and Haverstraw, did they not endeavour to prevent you?"

"To be sure they did—but we soon tripped up their heels, and stowed them away in the beer-cellar—and no bad place either, if your beer be as good as your wine, Marquis—and so here's wishing you no worse company than a jolly set like ourselves," draining a goblet of the wine which he praised.

Here Clinton came to the door also, and appeared surprised to see his father there.

"How did you get in?" said he; "and where is Lady Hester?"

"I left her in Montreal," was the reply to the last interrogatory. "I found the kitchen door open, and came through the servants hall."

"Did you see Jane and Mr. Lee?"

"I saw Mr. Lee—he gave me some idea of what was going forwards here, but any thing so bad as this I little expected to find."

"For heaven's sake, sir, be cautious how you act! both I and Jane have already run no small risk from them—they are all intoxicated; one of them now lies dead in the passage, shot by Gilpin, who interfered for Jane's protection."

"Is she in the house?"

"No—she must have been hastening from it as you entered it.

"Leave me, and look after her, Nicholas," said the Pirate, speaking decisively. "Do not fear for me. I know how to manage these fellows, believe me."

“ Only be cautious, sir! for they are like devils let loose.”

“ I will, I will—go.”

This dialogue had not occupied half a minute, and had been spoken, scarcely above a whisper, in French, which only a few of the large number of the privateers understood. Clinton turned with hasty steps to look for the frightened Jane, and the Pirate advanced alone into the midst of the *salon* without the least hesitation.

“ Well, gentlemen, now be so good as let me know the meaning and object of this visit. You cannot suppose that I shall endure such insolent intrusions whenever it may please you to make them.”

The tongues of the whole band of ruffians were straightway unloosed, and all speaking together, demanded money from him.

“ Give us fifty Louis-d'ors a piece!” cried some.

“ Give us four thousand dollars among us all!” cried others.

“ Your demands, gentlemen, are extremely moderate, I must allow,” said the Pirate, with irony, “ extremely moderate. And how often do you intend to visit me for a repetition of the amount?”

“ As you have come into a fort'n,” said the present captain, “ we have a right to a share in it.”

“ So we have, Skipper!” was the clamorous response.

“ What are you better than us?” resumed their captain. “ We have stood alongside of you in all weathers and never cried quarter to any man! Come, then—give us a good round heap of coin a piece, and we'll

not trouble you again for three years. 'That's reasonable, isn't it, my jolly buccaneers ?'

"To be sure it is reasonable!" was the deafening echo.

"And what's reasonable I hope will be agreeable," continued the orator. "We want nothing whatever that's unfair! We have stood by you when the weather was squally, and now we won't let you break up partnership with us when it's shiny. You've helped yourself out of our meal-tub, and we'll help ourselves out of your meal-tub."

"Indeed!" cried the Pirate: "let me ask you if the vessel which I suppose you have now was not mine, and all that was in it too? And when I parted from you, did I not leave myself actually destitute of every thing excepting only the little money that had been given me by the persons whose lives I saved? I know you afterwards gave me my cabin furniture - but what was that compared with what I left behind? What did I gain among you? Depraved as I knew you to be, I never thought you capable of despicable ingratitude like this! Away with you! false, worthless, scoundrels! You shall never force a dollar from me! It is no use attempting to frighten me with your savage looks! Contemptible rascals! I am ashamed that ever I had connexions with you!"

"Let us have the value of twenty Louis-d'ors each," shouted the band simultaneously, "and we will be satisfied!"

"I will not!" fiercely returned the Pirate, with invincible determination. "I tell you I will not be *compelled* to give a single piece of money to any of you!



What have you known of me that could lead you to believe I would pay you for breaking open my doors, ransacking my house, and ill-using my servants? Perhaps you thought to force me to do your will by those weapons which I see you have in your hands—but depend upon it, it is as difficult to intimidate the Marquis of Rougemont as it was Captain Anderson of the Vulture! I have faced death before to-day, gentlemen. I acknowledge that at this instant I am quite in your power, and I know you are base and dastardly enough even to attack a defenceless man. But you will not see me flinch! Fire all of you! I will give you *nothing* by compulsion!—*nothing* I say! You all near me—by heaven you shall extort *nothing* from me! Here is my breast—fire!—worthless and ungrateful villains! fire on the man who beggared himself, and forfeited name and peace, to serve you!”

His dauntless and commanding bearing staggered the crew, who looked at one another as if dubious of their own resolves.

“We don’t want to do you the least injury at all,” said the present captain, in a conciliatory way; “only it’s no use your turning rusty about it; here we are, and it isn’t to be expected that we should go away without some satisfaction. Come, we’ll meet you half way—there are something about fifty of us—give us ten Louis-d’ors each and we’ll go back to the ship directly.”

“Not so much as a dollar!” repeated the Pirate very positively. “Not a coin in gold or silver, by heaven! Had you come to me in a proper way I would have made you a present of not a mean value with the ut-

most willingness of heart—but I will not be threatened into any thing!”

“Then all hands shall stay here till you alter your mind, Marquis, that’s all,” said the other, sitting down with a dogged air. “So you may do as you like. And here’s another thing it behoves me to speak of since you are so wonderful obstinate. At the time our vessel was lying-to off Toronto harbour two or three years back, when your son first came on board, we made him clap his name down in our books as a sworn buccaneer; well now, if you don’t let us have the money we want, and its no great deal to make a fuss about, one of us shall ’peach, and then good bye both to your Marquisship and him. So do as you like—do as you like. Here’s your health—this is prime liquor—Teneriffe, I think it was ticketed in the cellar.”

The coolness of the speaker was proportionate to the importance of his declaration. The Pirate was indeed taken at an advantage; he gazed at the other with a changing countenance. To be obliged to succumb now was insupportable. His pride, which constituted so large a portion of his character, revolted from the necessity. But at all hazards, he felt that he must preserve his son from public disgrace and ruin.

“Brien,” he began in an altered voice, then stopped, and drew a deep breath, “Brien, let these men go from the house—I will settle the point with you alone, when I have consulted my son.”

“No! no! no! That wont do for us!” returned the captain. “Now or never! If you will tell down on this table ten Louis-d’ors of sound gold to every iolly buccaneer here, myself excepted, who of course shall

"expect double allowance, we will all clear off in a brace of minutes. Throw open that right-hand window. Antony!" to a sailor who was standing by it, and who forthwith removed the shutters; "up with the sash too! Now, Marquis, bring out your cash, and every man, as you give him his present, shall take a short cut through that window."

"But what security shall I have that you will not again impose on me in this way?"

"You shall have every sailor's oath on a Testament," was the reply, "not to come a-nigh here on a business like this again for three years at the least."

"And after three years?"

"Some of us may be gibbeted, or lying at the bottom of one of the lakes; but howsoever, after that you'll most likely be called upon for another little bounty if we should be hard up for money."

"Thank you—I thought as much."

"But for three years out and out, after next midsummer, you shall not be troubled."

"Well, gentlemen, I think, as you are numerous, and I am to expect another demand from you at the end of three years, I think, I say, that ten dollars each instead of ten Louis-d'ors, ought to satisfy you. At all hazards I will give no more."

"Say twenty dollars," said Brien; "we want to be reasonable."

"Aye, twenty! twenty!" echoed the rest.

"Once for all—I will give no more than ten," said the Pirate.

Brien went down the room talking with some of the principals of the party, while the Pirate stood waiting

their answer. The future annoyance, and trouble, and danger, to which he and Clinton would, after this concession of his, be doubly exposed, rose vividly before him. He half repented that he had not stood firm in his denial, and braved the worst they could do. After this successful attempt to force money from him, doubtless their extortions would grow bolder. Both he and his son would be constantly subject to their importunities and their threats. He had no faith in their oaths, he did not believe that even for three years they would allow him a respite. Again he breathed heavily, and clenched his large hand on the table, while his eye roamed from one coarse set of features to another.

“As we want to be friends with you, Marquis,” said the present Pirate-leader, returning up the apartment, “and as we have made a little too free with your house and the good things in it, we will be content with fifteen dollars apiece—that wont hurt you.”

“I have said *ten*,” said the Pirate, steadily, “I will give no more!”

Again there was a conference among the principal privateers, which grew more noisy than the last. However, they presently agreed to accept ten dollars each for the subordinates, and as much more for the others as they could get. The Pirate then went from the room a few minutes to furnish himself with the money. While he was absent, the body of the mariner was brought in, a ghastly spectacle, and Gilpin and the Pole gave to the excited party contradictory statements of the manner of his death. The leader interfered to stop the Babe-like confusion which was momentarily swelling higher and higher.

"All this we can settle on board," said he; "let's get the Marquis' money now while he is in the mind."

"Yes, yes, to be sure!—the money! the money!" exclaimed most of the men.

The corpse was then put through the window upon the grass, which was almost on a level with the *salon*.

The Pirate returned.

"Brien," said he, "I hope you will remember what you have said."

"You shall see, Marquis," he cried. "Now, my jolly buccaneers! stand in a row like children saying their catechism, and as you get the silver in your hand vanish through the window."

"Aye to be sure!" cried the drunk and the sober, all, except the gluttonous sleeper on the carpet, who slept as soundly as Abou Hassan of the "Arabian Nights," and was almost as much astonished at awaking as that caliph of a day, to find ten dollars courting his needy grasp.

"Get up!" cried the stout dwarf, giving him a kick. He sat up, and saw the magnificent apartment nearly emptied of its robber-visitants. The powerful light of the chandeliers, intense as it was, appeared but dull in comparison with the rich rays which the sun cast through the now unobscured windows. He rose to his feet with lumpish heaviness, yawning, and only kindled into any ing like animation by the sight of the ten dollars which his leader was holding out to him.

"You are to swear that you will not come here again asking for money from the Marquis for three years after next midsummer," said the latter.

"I swear it," said the fellow, pouncing upon the

money, for which he would have taken any oath, for any kind of purpose, without the smallest imaginable scruple.

“Scud away then after the other buccaneers,” said Brien. “Through the window with you, Nick!”

After him the dwarf was dispatched; only the leader and six others, including Gilpin, were then left with the Pirate.

“Marquis, these six must have ten Louis-d’ors each instead of ten dollars,” said Brien. “What you have given to the others has been a mere trifle to what we might have forced from you, that you’ll own?”

“And if each of these have ten Louis-d’ors, how many pray do you expect?”

“Only twenty, Marquis, only twenty.”

“Very reasonable!” cried the Pirate, ironically; but he drew out his purse, in which gold pieces were contained, and emptied it on the table. “There, help yourselves to the sums you say, and leave my house. Remember if you break your word, and trouble me within the time that has been named, I will not advance you one dollar, though it be even to save my son’s life and fame!—remember that—I mean what I say. And after that time I shall be equally obstinate if you visit me in the manner you have visited me now. Therefore do not go back to your vessel with wrong ideas of your ability to draw money from me whenever it may please you, and in whatever way you may choose.”

The Pirate shut down the sash after the last of his unlooked-for visitors had gone, then turning, stood moveless an instant, surveying the confusion their reckless audacity had created.

“ Had it been any other room than this, I would not have cared so much!” he suddenly exclaimed; “ but to think they should have dared to come *here!* And yet, why do I talk? I am justly punished! It is right that I should be now plundered and harassed to the utmost by those whom I have assisted to plunder and harass others.”

And so, with this consideration, his wrath became converted into self-accusation, and that of so bitter a kind, when mingled with reflections upon the insecurity of himself and his children, as to draw tears from him, it he was indeed “ unused to the melting mood.”

## CHAPTER XXVII.

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“ In the dread night ! mid awful forest shades !  
Can these bad spirits join in revelry ? ”—*Old Play.*

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“ AND what shall we do with *this* ? ” asked Gilpin, as the Pirate-horde were gathered around the body of the dead mariner, to which the speaker pointed, in front of the *salon* windows.

“ Leave it there as it is,” said the laziest of the company, as perfect a Hottentot, not only in his ungovernable propensity for eating and sleeping, but also in the general apathy of his feelings, as any that dwelt beyond the Cape—the same man who lately reposed so soundly on the carpet of the noble room in which the band had entertained themselves.

“ That shan’t be, if I carry it myself,” said the strong and half-clad dwarf, looking down on the corpse with something very like regret. “ Tim and I have had many a friendly glass together, and I’ll see him decently buried, if no one else will.”

The Pole was standing next to him, and stooped his giant height to whisper—

“ Can we not take one horse from the stable, tink you, to bear it ? ”

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The dwarf caught at the suggestion, and instantly after the Pole was seen going with cautious movements round the left wing of the house, while the dwarf moved round the right.

They met where the horses and carriages of the establishment were lodged. No one appeared within sight—perfect quiet reigned around.

“I will stand here and watch,” said the dwarf; “you go in and choose the best hanimal you can see.”

The Pole did so, and was coming out leading the Pirate’s own bay, an exquisitely-shaped creature, by the bridle, when he stopped, and, turning his head, listened.

“What are you stopping for?” asked the dwarf.

“Tere ish some one here,” said the Pole, softly; “take your cutlassh into your hand and look wid me.”

They searched the stable through, but no person could they see. The harness-room adjoined, they went in there.

“Hah!” cried the Pole, stopping short, with malice in his eye, “here is te latty tat master Gilpin kill Timothy for! and tat I wash shtruck for! and tat I wash call coward for! Par Got! she shall ride wid us to te tevil!”

Jane had found the sleigh and Arthur gone from the front of the house, into which she feared to return on account of the Pirates, and had sought a temporary refuge here, where she was sitting on a chest, shivering with trepidation.

She screamed at the sudden appearance of the Pole and his companion, and glancing at the weapons they held, exclaimed—

“O Lord preserve me! O my God defend me!”

“It ish no use,” said the Pole, “for you to cry out

You musht get upon te horse at te door and ride wid us. You see we can kill you in one minute if you make a noise."

"There is a prime lady's saddle hanging on the wall," said the dwarf, "reach it down, Scrynecki."

When this had been put upon the horse, Jane was ordered to mount. She offered them a valuable ring which she wore, and which her father had presented to her on taking possession of his estate, hoping to induce them to leave her; they seized the gem, but not the less insisted upon her accompanying them.

Her tears, her supplications, her resistance, were alike fruitless; she was compelled to seat herself on the bay. The dwarf then brought out another horse little inferior to the first, on which he placed himself; his companion immediately got up behind Jane, and, whipping both steeds into a gallop, they crossed at full speed the open grass land which surrounded the mansion, and the groves immediately beyond, and struck into the road which led to the nearest forest.

There they made a stop. The Pole dismounting, stood as Jane's guard, while the dwarf rode back to the mansion by another way from that by which he had left it.

The whole party of Pirates were soon seen approaching at a run, the dwarf still on horseback, being in the midst of them, carrying the mariner's body before him bent across the saddle.

The sight of this crowd of desperadoes, and the thought of what horrors she might be called upon to endure while she was in their power, inspired Jane with intolerable dread, insomuch that she fainted and fell to the ground. Fortunately a soft bank of turf, covered with snow, re-

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ceived her, and she sustained no injury. The Pirates were not all equally pleased with the exploit of the Pole and the dwarf. Their leader and Gilpin, together with the others who had received the *Louis-d'ors* from the lord of Rougemont, thought it unwise to provoke him by such an act as the carrying off of his daughter; but the rest of the crew, who had only had *dollars* from him, rejoiced in the opportunity thus afforded of wringing from him sums more worth the having than those he had given them. The last mentioned were the majority, and they decided the question. The insensible girl was lifted again upon the horse, and upheld by Brien, the leader, who had mounted in the place of the dwarf to support her.

The narrow and unequal road along which the band continued their running pace, was extremely solitary; for three miles they met no person, and saw in the thin snow which veiled the icy ground no human track, excepting only such as they knew had been made by themselves when they came to Rougemont in the morning of that day. As they entered the forest the way grew more dreary and even savage in its character; it became steeper and rougher; whole trees not unfrequently lay across its contracted breadth. The extreme height of the gloomy hills on each side, with their hosts of black pines, shut out the daylight. Deep and awful was the silence that prevailed, and it could scarcely be said to be disturbed by the occasional cry of some melancholy-voiced and lonely bird, who, hardier than most of its summer companions, had remained braving the penetrating cold of the winter season in these primeval shades. This was a spot in which a deed of

crime might have remained hidden until the day of doom. It seemed as if heaven itself could hardly glance upon what might be done here. Even the Pirates felt a chill on their hearts as they proceeded more slowly in consequence of the hilly character of the ground; and many of them took their cutlasses in their hands, at the same time pressing nearer to each other, and sending many an uneasy glance into the overhanging thickets.

In such a place Jane revived—revived to feel herself in a situation of unparalleled horror. In attempting to raise herself from her reclining position on the horse, she found that the arms of Brien were wound around her. In vain she struggled desperately to free herself from their abhorred circle, he held her with too firm a grasp. One thrilling shriek then succeeded to another from her heaving breast, until Brien, with a curse, pressed his hand on her mouth, and swore to kill her if she was not quiet.

Here a man suddenly darted from a turning in front of the party and faced the horseman and his stolen charge. He was in attire which belonged to no country in particular, and his features were those of a gipsy; he carried in his hand a gun, which he lifted in a menacing manner, while another individual of corresponding appearance followed him—and then another.

The three placed themselves side by side in the middle of the road, and opposed the advance of the Pirates, while they uttered some exclamations in an unintelligible language, the purport of which was easily understood as expressing a determination to know the meaning of the screams they had heard. Jane stretched out her arms toward them, and frantically implored their assis-

They comprehended the movement, though not her words; the language of nature spoke clearly enough to them too in her piercing accents, and in her distracted and beseeching countenance.

One of them immediately gave a shrill whistle, and at least half a dozen powerful men, all in the same style of garb, and all of exceedingly dark and impressive countenances, issued from the same turning as the others.

The Pirates began to display their weapons, and Brien, singling out one of the nearest of the gipsies, discharged a pistol at him, which missed, owing to the sudden rearing of the horse. Another whistle brought to the assistance of the gipsies an additional number of their companions, and one and all immediately fired on the crew of the privateers with murderous effect. The Pirates returned the deadly salute with their pistols, and then rushed upon their assailants, who met them with ferocity and strength equal to their own. The wild shouts of the two mingling bands of lawless wanderers sounded strangely in that still place. The grey fox, startled by the unusual din from his leafy hiding place, flew with the speed of the wind under the shelter of the trees down the forest pass to some covert more remote from man. The little animal which had never yet attained to a name in the annals of zoology, and which had been quietly sleeping between the ever-green branches of a pine, comfortably sheltered from the keen air by broad leaves, and by its fine coat of glossy fur now, frightened by the smoke which wreathed about its bed, pricked up its ears, listened tremblingly to the reports of the fire-arms, and with terror in its beautiful

eyes ran up to the topmost branch above its head, there listened again, then leaped to the next tree, flew down the stem, and darted away, like the fox, to seek another place of rest, where the disturber, and the destroyer—*man*—could never come.

Brien had thrown himself from the horse, and was fighting in front of his men.

Jane clung to her saddle until the animal received a shot in its breast, which brought it on its knees; she then cowered down on the ground behind it, expecting death every moment from the bullets that whizzed about her head. In this dire extremity she endeavoured to put up a prayer to God to receive her soul; but her mind was all confusion and horror, and the words departed from her before they had been articulated.

Now she learned how dear to her Mr. Lee was. The thought of what the agony of her father and brother would be when they should discover her death, wrung her heart indeed, but infinitely keener were her pangs when the distress of Arthur rose before her. Passionate tears burst from her eyes, and she was conscious of an utter want of resignation to that dread event which seemed inevitable.

The voices of females now rose strangely above the tumult, and in a second after the fight ceased. The wind caught up the smoke, and Jane, who was eager to catch at the faintest probability of prolonging her life, gazed with wild hope on a number of gipsy women, who had daringly thrown themselves between the ferocious combatants.

“What is all this about?” cried a majestic creature who seemed to possess an authority over the rest, and

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whose voice, though hardly feminine enough to please a fastidious critic in such matters, yet wanted not, even in its fullest tones, a certain richness and melody as delightful as it was uncommon. A warm and showy shawl with red and yellow stripes was tied over her head, and her cloak, which was of an eastern material and shape, was worn in such a manner as to enhance the stateliness of her remarkable mien. She had seized the arm of the king of the gipsies, a little, slender man, about sixty years of age, whose wife she was, as it was in the act of raising a dagger in order to strike the weapon into the breast of a prostrate Pirate; and while he glared on her with bloodthirsty looks, like a wolf hindered from its prey, she returned his glance with one equally fierce and determined.

“Stop your slaughtering hand!” she sternly exclaimed in English.

“Nina,” said her husband, “if you interfere I will stab you!”

“Frighten your children—you cannot me!” she returned, with a mixture of boldness and contempt, still tightly holding his wrist.

“Curses on you!” cried the mendicant monarch, trying in vain to throw her from him, while he knelt on the privateer’s body.

“I am as strong as yourself,” calmly retorted his consort, maintaining her powerful grasp. “Let fall the dagger!”

“There then!” cried the king, dropping the weapon; instantly she let go his arm and bent to pick it up, but her husband was too quick for her; he seized it again, and in the madness of the moment plunged it into her

own side. The blood sprang forth across the face of the Poie, for it was he whom the gipsy monarch had overthrown, and that with no great difficulty either.

The vagrant *queen*, with instant self-possession, tightly compressed the place where she had been stabbed with her right hand, while she uplifted her left arm in an impressive attitude, and uttered a loud and stirring string of exclamations in the same unintelligible language which had been used by the male gipsies who had first appeared. The whole band over which she and her husband had presided, immediately answered by a shout, accompanied with gestures expressive of vengeance against her murderer. He rose from his kneeling position on the Pole, and answered with gloomy looks of firmness their threatening movements. Nina let her head drop upon her breast; the blood was trickling through her fingers, and flowing down her clothes to the ground.

The Pirates stood as spectators. Again she raised her face, which was ghastly pale—her eyes were lighted up with a brief, but dazzling and vindictive fire—she threw up both her arms, and again made the highest rocks re-echo to her exclamations. There were many responses made by individuals of her band in the same tone; and then she suddenly turned and disappeared at that opening from which all the gipsies had issued. She was gone no more than a few seconds, and when she rushed back, a boy of three years old was in her arms. She sank down with it on the ground, and laying it before the crew, repeated, first in the language they all understood, and then in English—

“ He shall be your king!—he shall be your king!”

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The reply was general—"He *shall*, when he is old enough—or may we rot away body and soul, and leave no children behind us!"

She seemed satisfied, and kissed, with all her departing strength, the eyes, the lips, the forehead, and the neck of her child; then falling back, stretched herself out, and rendered up her soul!

Jane beheld all this without moving; but now the gipsies, crowding about Nina, prevented her from seeing what next took place, and she arose, and appealed pathetically to the Pirates, begging that they would take her back to the mansion. They answered that she must go with them to the ship, and that the Marquis must give money for her liberty. She begged them to say how much they would accept for her, and promised, if the amount was at all within her ability, to obtain it for them as soon as ever they should have restored her to her home.

The answer was—"We will consider of what you say—in the meantime you must go forward with us."

This was too indefinite to make her easier in mind, and wringing her hands in the extremity of her distress, she poured out the most moving entreaties. All heard her with indifference, with the exception of Gilpin, who lifted his single and unsupported voice on her behalf.

"I say no!" was the reply of Brien, the leader. "It was a foolish trick the bringing her off—but by this time the Marquis and all the house know of it, and as the mischief is done, we will not throw away the profits there are to be had from it—we will have the money before we give her up."

“Mashter Gilpin,” said the Pole, who had arisen from his dangerous recumbency at the feet of the gipsy king, “let me say you tat you tinks one vasht deal too mosh of te laty!—you hath name me coward for her!—you hath kill Timoty for her! Par Dieu, mashter Gilpin! you be in love wid her! and by and bye you shall do nobody knows how mosh to serve her! Par Got, mashter Gilpin! we be not safe in your company, and I do very mosh soshpect you to be one traitor to us!”

Gilpin reddened a little as he laughed sneeringly, and retorted—

“Is it Scrynecki calls me traitor to the crew? Ha! ha! Scrynecki! valiant Scrynecki! The gipsy threw you down with a pat of his hand as he might the little boy which is now by his knees. Well may Scrynecki fear he is not safe where I am. I have only to give him a fillip with my finger, thus—and he would drop as if he had swallowed a few ounces of hot lead. You can’t put me in a passion, Mister Polander, so I tell you. I went quarrel with a man who can’t fight.”

“Saire! saire!” cried the choking Pole, “thish ish te hondredth time tat you have inshult me! I will ask te men about us if you shall do tish any more! It ish too bad, sailors, and I shall not stay wid you, par Got! if you do parmit it. I will go thish instante if you do let me be inshult like thish!”

Now all the crew liked nothing better than that the Pole should be punished for his cowardice, and instead of taking his part they joined Gilpin in taunting and laughing at him.

The Pole “*looked daggers, but used none;*” and there he stood, stung to frenzy by the ridicule which

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assailed him, yet wanting even the courage to turn about and quit their society.

"I hath brought te laty here," he articulated, "and I shall not go until I hath money for her—elshe I would not shtop wid you one minute after te preshent time!" and he sneaked into the rear without saying more.

Jane hoped in vain however that Gilpin's interference might effect what she wished. At the same instant that she noticed, with a new thrill of dismay, the increasing gloom of the wild pass, betokening the approach of night, she noticed also that Brien was shaking hands with one of the gipsies, whom he had met before under circumstances that, to judge by their mutual looks, must have been highly pleasing. This recognition, too soon for her, led to a better understanding between the outlawed parties. The gipsy was one of the few in his band who spoke English tolerably, and having received from Brien a lively explanation of the intentions of the Pirates with respect to their captive, he laughed merrily, and communicated the same to his friends in their common language with mirthful gestures. Weapons were immediately thrown down, and the Pirates were invited to rest through the night in the gipsies' encampment. Jane's anxious eye then sought Gilpin again, but he had apparently forgot her; he was talking with Brien, and Brien's former acquaintance, in a light and jovial strain.

"What will become of me!" she ejaculated, as the road darkened still more.

The gipsy women, turning from the corpse of their queen, fastened their bold black eyes on her with scrutinising curiosity, especially regarding the expensive furs

and silks which composed her dress. She shrank from them, nor felt the least relieved by their presence: for although they were of her own sex, there was little that was feminine to be seen in the expression of their faces. Many of them were handsome, some were young, but on no countenance among them shone one ray of the female heart.

A deeper shade of darkness descended upon the road. Jane observed it, and looked about her with a terror that was not the less deep because outwardly she was more calm. The crags, which seemed to have been piled up to prop the clouds by some giant hand, appeared more awful to her now than they had done before, by reason of the blacker hues in which they were steeped; the little patch of sky that she could discern was already beginning to show the faint semblance of a star. Never before had a star been unwelcome to her eye—but now she would rather have seen a spectre than that little, faint, twinkling speck in the blue ether!

Brien's acquaintance led the way to the encampment, turning off from the road along a downward path, such as Jane could have easily imagined conducted to nothing else but a lair of wild beasts; the leader of the Pirates and Gilpin followed next to him; then came the gipsy king, with his hands tied behind his back, moving in sullen silence between his subjects, who carried naked daggers and knives, prepared to execute summary vengeance upon him for Nina's death if he should attempt to escape; to these succeeded the women, one bearing the child who was to be their future sovereign, and two others carrying between them its murdered mother; after these Jane was compelled to walk in front of the

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whole gang of the Pirates, one of her captors being immediately before her, and the other immediately behind her, and the rear was brought up by the wounded and the dead.

They were obliged to move singly, and almost at every step the tangled branches had to be divided with the hand to allow them to proceed. The awful obscurity of the road they had left would have been pleasant to Jane in comparison with the entire darkness here. But from this woody labyrinth they soon emerged upon a rocky slope, relieved by evergreen herbage and coarse, long grass, on which a number of strong horses, a yoke of oxen, and a cow, were quietly feeding; there stood a couple of empty wagons also, the covers taken off, and the front poles lowered to the ground; a lad of sixteen, graceful and handsome, stood leaning in an indolent position against one of the wagon wheels, while a girl of his own age to whom he was chatting, sat on a stool by him, passing her fingers in the manner of a comb through her long and thick tresses, with a calm smile of complacent vanity. All around were sheltering heights, loaded with pines and firs of immense size and most ancient growth; on one side the rocks opened under their towering burden and a lofty cavern presented itself, in the centre of which the gipsies had lighted a great fire. The strong red light threw a glowing reflection upon the rugged walls, and sending out its rays over the slope imparted a highly picturesque, and if Jane could have felt herself safe, a highly cheerful aspect to the whole picture; scarcely an ounce weight of snow had been able to lodge here; the eastern wind, which had been so cutting on the open country, could only in this

sheltered spot make its presence known by its monotonous wailing in the trees; the moss lay as green and as fresh in the crevices of the rocks, and about the fibrous roots which grew out of them, as though it were summer; a white vapour, imbued with the scent of burning wood, and communicating to the sense that distinguished it a sensation of warmth and comfort, after rising from the fire and ascending to the vaulted cavern roof, wound its stealthy way thence to the open atmosphere in which it diffused itself, and in the pale and tender twilight dissolved from view.

As Jane was conducted more near to the cavern, an exceedingly savoury smell issued therefrom, and she perceived three enormous soup-kettles hanging over the fire, suspended from crossed stakes, in the legitimate gipsy fashion; nor were these all the preparations which met her eye for a large and excellent supper; most substantial looking cakes, and even huge pies, were baking on stone slabs, slanted by means of wooden props, before the red embers which made the foundation for those blazing crackling boughs that kept the savoury compound in the kettles at a more rapid boil than was quite consistent with good cookery.

It was no easy matter for the hospitable gipsies to accommodate the large party of the Freebooters of the lakes in addition to their own numbers, but by some means it was managed. Three deal tables and twenty or thirty seats, consisting of stools, wooden chairs, and blocks of wood, were set apart for the principals of both bands, part of the women and all the children (of which latter there were many) waiting upon them at supper.

During the first bustle of the arrangements Jane stood

unheeded by the fire. The dead Nina's little boy sat by her, occasionally uttering a plaintive cry for his "mammy," then becoming hushed as his eye turned on the good things that were dressing before him, but crying again as each began to disappear in order to be served up on the table, and again becoming quiet as he heard the rattle of knives and trenchers.

Jane could not resist stooping to pat its rough curly head, and to speak a kind word to it, after one of these fits of grief.

"Why do you cry, my pretty dear?" she asked, in the gentlest tones of her always gentle voice.

the gentlest tones of her always gentle voice.

It said something in the harsh language used by the gipsies in general, then turning up its almost mulatto face, pouted in English—"Mammy sieep, maam—mammy not get up, maam—mammy no supper, and Billy no supper, maam!"

"Yes, you will have supper presently, poor child," said Jane, trying to comfort it, "and your mammy will wake soon I dare say."

"No—no!" cried the child, shaking its head, while two big tears dropped from its large jet eyes, "Siddy and Barny will put her down a hole they say, and then she can't get up, you know, maam;" and he went on talking piteously in mingled English and a barbarous Egyptian dialect, (for that in fact was the tongue used in general by the people of whom he was a *royal* scion), while he every minute cried more lustily.

Gilpin now approached Jane, and respectfully invited her to the head of that table at which sat the most distinguished of the banditti and the gipsies, but she coldly declined.

“ I am sure, Miss Anderson,” said he, “ that you must need something. The supper is not so good, maybe, as you have been used to latterly, and the plates and dishes, and so forth, are mostly of wood ; but every thing is very clean, and there are some dainty game pies smoking on the board. I give you my word, Miss Anderson, that no one at table shall say any thing to affront you.”

“ Thank you, Gilpin, but I had rather not.”

“ Do come, Miss Anderson—upon my life you shall not repent it.”

“ Gilpin, you have professed some respect for my father,” said Jane, suddenly turning to him with an earnest and appealing look, “ befriend me !”

He was taken by surprise, he reddened a little, glanced about, and then said hastily in detached sentences and a lowered voice—

“ I will—early to-morrow morning—but say no more—make yourself easy.”

Jane’s heart leaped to her throat ; she hardly could believe that she had heard him aright, but again he repeated more emphatically, “ early to-morrow morning !” and she yielded herself up to the joyful prospect of deliverance.

“ Do let me persuade you !” said he, speaking louder, and pointing to the table at which he wished her to sit. She repeated her denial, and he returned to his companions, who were engaged in discussing the character of the road they were to travel on the ensuing day. The Pole alone had observed him speaking with Jane ; and although in consequence of the noise he could hear nothing they said to each other, he suspected what was

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pretty nearly the truth of the result of their conference, and assailed Gilpin with—

“ Let me say you, saire, tat I soshpect you hath be telling te laty you shall help her to eshcape back to te Marquish. Par Dieu, saire! I did bring tat laty from her housh, and she shall not go back, par Got, saire! until I hath money for her!”

“ I asked her to come to supper with us, Mr. Scrynecki,” said Gilpin, speaking with mock humility, “ as those who were nearest to us could tell you, I dare say. I did not tell her that I would help her to *eshcape*—so don’t eat me thou mighty hero!”

His manner was so ludicrous that the crew burst into a loud laugh at the Pole’s expense, and thus, as it often happens in arguments of more serious moment, jesting instead of reason carried the point; and because Scrynecki was a coward, his suspicions of Gilpin, however just they might be, were only treated, like his natural timidity, with indiscriminating ridicule.

Within the spacious cavern, and only at a safe distance from the fire, which three stout urchins were constantly feeding with fresh fuel, two low sleeping tents had been raised, hung round with thick red blankets, and carpeted inside with matting; the woolly curtains had been partially looped up toward the generous blaze, and there were seen lying within those men who had been wounded in the late brief but destructive contest, and those who had lost their lives in it, while the women not employed about the supper were attending to the former, and laying out the latter, with an indifference revolting to humanity. Jane sedulously kept her eye in another direction, but she could not avoid hearing the painful

is no more than this high," holding her hand at about three feet above the floor.

"He was one of the two who took me away from my home!"

"Aye, to be sure he was—that's the man I heard it from."

"Heard what?" asked Jane, with a varying complexion.

The old woman put the child down, and while it crawled straight to its mother's cold body, she brought her mouth near to Jane's ear and whispered—

"One of them now at supper means to kill you this blessed night."

"Oh, surely not!" exclaimed the petrified girl, catching hold of one of the stakes of the tent to support herself.

"It's true," repeated the old woman, nodding her head to give force to her words.

"Which of the Pirates?—tell me which?"

"The tallest one—a Pole, I think he be."

"What motive can he have?" faintly ejaculated Jane.

"He has been struck, and called a coward, by one of his comrades for you—and did you ne'er hear that revenge is sweet?"

"But if—if he kills me," observed Jane, taking her breath in short gasps, "he will get no money from my father, and that I understood was what he wanted."

"Howsoe'er that be, he has fixed his mind on what I say. The short man in the next tent was to have helped him, but sin' they agreed he has altered his intention, and trusted to me to let you know about it."

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compliance; she stooped under the curtain, and the next moment saw her within the tent, which was immediately closed behind her. The blood of the fearful girl ran cold as she beheld three ghastly corpses before her, one of which was that of Nina, and another that of the mariner. Two women were employed in dressing the body of their dead queen in the best finery the whole camp could furnish, while a third was stooping to hold a candle for them. Jane caught a look of the half-open, film-covered eyes—the clenched teeth—the stony substance of the cheeks, bearing that peculiar pallor which has no prototype in the world of the living—and she stepped back close to the tent side, faltering to the aged nurse of the motherless child—

“Why did you wish me to come here? I cannot endure such sights as these!”

“It’s what we all must come to. howsoe’er,” said the old woman. “Aye, the bonniest and the best will just look as unsightly in a few years. Nina, there, has been proud enough in her lifetime—it does me good to see what all her pride has turned to at last. The worms will feed on her just as if it was an old ugly body like one’s self. Comely or uncomely—learned or unlearned—rich or poor—all come to the same place at last. Dust and ashes—dust and ashes—that’s the end of us all!”

“But what have you to say to me?”

“Something that I win’t say you will call the best news on eerth—I had it from a little big man who was shot sadly in the scrimmage—he is in the next tent.”

“The dwarf—”

“Aye, dwarf—I dare say he is for aught I know to the conticery—dwarf, or cut-throat, or what ye like, he

groans of the sufferers and the loud talking of the women, mingling strangely with the heedless and unfeeling laughter of their partisans round the tables.

To exclude the cold more completely, blankets were hung up at the cavern mouth, by those men belonging to the camp who as yet were not engaged in eating; Jane was looking with a slight tincture of curiosity to see the mode of the operation, when she caught the fixed gaze of an old crone, who carried in her arms the murdered Nina's second child, a boy younger than its brother only by a year. Her attention was instantly riveted, and presently she perceived the old woman's fleshless forefinger crossing her lips, and then significantly pointing toward one tent, of which only a corner of the curtain was raised, and to which she herself soon after moved, evidently intending that Jane should follow her. The latter stood irresolute. Something in the crone's countenance had denoted good intentions, and she felt inclined to go forward, but a nameless dread deterred her.

A second and more decided sign for her to approach the tent Jane did not dare to disobey, but with hesitating footsteps she gradually drew near to it, while the wrinkled face and flat bony finger of the old woman, were protruded from under the hanging.

"Dout be afeard, but come yer ways in, if ye be wise," was the impatient and loud whisper that proceeded from the bloodless and sunken lips, while the finger made a more imperative motion. "Come yer ways in, I say! I have something to tell you that concerns *yer life!*"

Jane had again hesitated, but this startled her into

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"If I am preserved through the night I will reward you for this!" exclaimed Jane, with lively gratitude.

"I want no rewards, not I," said the old dame; "you see I never conceited them kind of doings. I'm much obleeged to you, howsoe'er. But that I can do a fellow creetur a good turn, I hope, without being greedy after rewards. Not but I'm a poor old body," she whined, pretending to shiver, "and cold about the shoulders sometimes in hard weather like this—one of them nice warm furs you have on, if your charity could spare it for my necessity, would do me a vast of service."

Immediately Jane's delicately-shadowed and costly marten fur pelisse was transferred from her own neatly-rounded figure to the withered and bent form of the hypocritical crone, who eyed it and stroked it with repulsive rapture.

Jane left the tent like one bewildered by a hideous dream from which she strove in vain to awaken. Her eyes were filled with a vacant horror, and her face was devoid of every vestige of colour. She sat down on a stool by the fire, and remained almost in a state of stupefaction until the supper was over, when she heard it said that the dead were about to be buried, as the gipsies were going forward with the privateers on the morrow.

A litter of branches was formed, and the body of Nina laid thereon; it was then brought from the tent to the slope outside the cavern, whither the vagrant king, having his hands and arms still firmly bound behind his back, was led between two of his men. He was made to stand beside the corpse, on which he looked with apparent unconcern. A large circle was formed around the mur-

dered and the doomed, the inner line composed of gipsies standing in regular order, with weapons of different descriptions in their hands. Their king raised his eye composedly from the litter and surveyed them, examining every dark and stern countenance with an air of investigation. He was perfectly sensible of what was intended, yet he seemed not to quail in the least.

One stepped forward a pace or two from the rest, and in a harangue, plentifully garnished with cant terms, which occupied about ten minutes, set forth to him the nature of the gipsy laws, of which he had been chief administrator, and concluded by telling him that, as in their community there was equal justice done to the prince and the subject, and what was esteemed crime in one was esteemed crime in the other, he must lie down in the grave at the same time with his wife whom he had stabbed. Whatever mode of death he preferred should be granted to him, and this was the sole favour they could render to his dignity. He replied that he would climb a precipitous rock to which he pointed, and throw himself down. That rock had a smooth perpendicular face of a hundred feet from the bottom to the top; on it rested a broken pile of crags with trees growing to their summits. The party consented, and placed themselves in two lines to guard him to the fatal spot.

He seemed now to lose his sullen hardihood, and gazed on the remains of his wife with a softer glance; a groan presently burst forth from his lips; the sound recalled him to himself; he drew himself up, then suddenly took off his cap, and kneeled under the starry heaven with his eyes turned upwards until they were almost

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lost in their sockets. His lips moved not, but still he appeared in deep prayer.

However depraved or ignorant the being, the sense of a God will, except in very rare cases, find an entrance into his mind at those awful hours when the prospect of dissolution opens before him. The gipsy king had never before bent to his Creator, had never before sought pardon and peace from Him; that he possessed a soul which must exist through ages feeble Time could not measure, had never been the subject of his contemplation. Yet now, when he looked on her who had been his bosom companion and the mother of his children—on her, who a few short hours ago had been one of the living, redolent with the prime of womanhood, of beauty, and of power, he felt a new comprehension of immortality unfolded within him; and when he looked upwards, and saw those silent preachers, the golden stars, and imbibed the deep and solemn calm amid which they shone, the things which he had heard of a Deity, and of a heavenly existence in his youth, returned to his memory in a flood, and he fell on his knees!

The lawless men around were smit with surprise, but they preserved a decent gravity and silence until his agonising but wordless prayer had been briefly concluded.

“Let me see my children before I die!” said he, still on his knees.

They were brought to him—he had never been a kind father, and the eldest boy struggled to break from his embrace with evident fear and dislike.

“Stay a moment with me, my Billy!” he cried, a tear dropping from his hard eye, “stay a moment with your

daddy—you will never see me again—I am going away from you and Joey, and I shall never come back again.”

The child looked in his face with delight—“ And wont you *never* come back to flog me and Joey again, and call us bad names ?” he asked, in tones of glad anticipation.

The wretched parent put both the children from him and covered his face with his hands—this was too much for him ! It was a lesson for many that were present, and some laid it to heart. For a considerable time afterwards there were fewer parental tyrants in the camp than there had ever been before.

“ I have lived as a man should not live,” said he, rising and speaking in a husky voice. “ God forgive me ! But to you I have done no wrong,” addressing the gipsies. “ I am willing to die for Nina, but when I am gone, be kind to our little ones !”

“ They shall be taken care of,” replied the gipsies ; “ and, as we promised Nina, Billy shall be our king ; or, if he die before he is of a proper age, we will have Joey in his stead.”

“ I had rather they could grow up honest, creditable men in the country their mother and I was born in,” muttered the miserable father. “ But I suppose that is out of all likelihood,” he added. “ Now, I am ready !”

He measured with his eye the gaunt face of the rock, which was to be the means of his death, and on each side of the foot of which the torches of some of the men were blazing, as they lifted them above their heads, searching for a place where he might effect an ascent.

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said, in an unnatural guttural voice to those next him, "hang me directly! Do not let me linger in torment. Now your hands—yours, Andreas—yours, Zingare—fare-ye-well!—fare-ye-well!" he raised his cap in the air, and repeated his last words, which were echoed by many, then, waving his hand, walked firmly toward the rock, and reached the top by a circuitous and perilous way, still guarded by two powerful gipsies bearing carbines, who had been appointed to watch him to the last moment.

Unfortunately it happened in this case as in many others, that convictions of unworthiness, and aspirations after better things, which terror had awakened, perished with the occasion that gave rise to them. The doomed man saw a chance of escape, and from that moment away fled his penitence and his faith in another life, and he was precisely the same hardened and vicious being that he had been before. It was a desperate course that he had to take to preserve himself. His two guards were to be disposed of, and there were a number of crags he must climb, exposed to the rifle shots of his party, in doing which, one false step, one slip, would have been destruction as inevitable as that from which he sought to flee. He met both difficulties with prompt daring. One of the guards he hurled back headlong, who fell a shapeless mass at the feet of his companions below; the other struggled gallantly with him, but was finally thrown over the face of the precipice, and his harrowing cry had not ceased ere the gipsy king had mounted, with amazing quickness, the first crag—now he was on the second—the slimy surface of the upper edges prevented his planting one firm step there, and he

had to trust the whole weight of his body to a young and tender fir tree, around which his arm was thrown. While in this insecure position, more than one bullet came close past him, and before he had managed—(it is not within our ability to describe *how*, but most of the spectators remain, doubtless, to testify that he *did* it)—to ascend the crag next above and to disappear behind it, his hair was singed in such a manner as to render his after existence perfectly miraculous. Shouts of rage resounded among the hills from the astonished beholders of this unexpected feat of the condemned, and a determined pursuit immediately commenced, which lasted through the night, but terminated without having had a shadow of success.

The dead were deposited in one grave in the forest by the women and the boys before morning arrived. None of the gipsies slept this night, and their two warm tents in the cavern had been resigned to the use of the wounded.

There was a singular unfitness between Jane Anderson and the wild scenes in which it had been her lot to be cast both now and in former times. She was as little of a *heroine* as her meek and suffering mother had been. Some are organised for the turbulencies of life—some for its honours—some for its sublimities—some for its wretchedness—but Jane for its *quiet*. Quiet duties, quiet pleasures, for these she was framed. She would have lived contented as a poor village cottager, nor ever have desired to go beyond the sound of her own church bells. In its natural state, her soul would have been as serene, still, and pastoral, as one of Claude Lorraine's lovely landscapes. But here she was at dead

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midnight, in the midst of a North American forest—a Marquis' daughter—surrounded with two bands of fierce people who lived by plunder—and exposed every moment to the assassin's knife!

The wind had shifted to the north-west, and had increased in fury. As she cowered on her knee by the dull fire which was now nearly smothered beneath a weight of white embers, the gusts swept in at the openings between the blankets hung at the cavern entrance, and chilled her to the heart. Now and then she started as the gipsies hallooed to each other without, or as some noble tree yielded to the force of the blast and fell with a mighty crash. The voice of the wind was dismal; from a low, plaintive, monotonous singing, it had changed to loud, swelling lamentations, such as might have proceeded from the dwellers in penal fires. She shuddered as she listened, and her face grew more deadly white. There was a rustling behind her, she turned her head sharply round—the wind was waving one of the tent curtains to and fro. She knew the sound was caused by that, but still kept her eye on the tent for some time, and stirred not the smallest muscle of her body.

When she withdrew her gaze again back to the fire, she endeavoured to strengthen herself by reflecting that the night was now half over, and that Gilpin had promised her deliverance early in the morning. But just as she had gained a little confidence the Pole entered the cavern, and she rose up and turned on him a glance of delirious terror. He was apparently struck by the peculiarity of her look, and stopped short, asking—

“Laty, be you not wel’?” she made no reply, and whistling carelessly he came on as if to warm himself at

the fire. She stepped backwards in dread, and he stopped again.

“What doth ail you, laty?” said he, feigning surprise, and once more moving toward the fire. She retreated until something glistened before her on the floor—it was a large dinner knife—she stooped with the quickness of thought and clutched it in her hand, breathing an involuntary cry of joy.

The Pole pretended to show greater astonishment, but bit his lip with chagrin.

“Laty, do I mean to do you any harm, do you tink?” cried he, turning up the sole of his foot to the fire, and kicking the ashes from a clump of wood with the pointed toe of his military hessian boot.

“God knows!” answered Jane, still holding the knife very conspicuously in her hand, and sitting down on the edge of a sack which seemed to be filled with corn, and on which the little heir to the gipsy regal honours was stretched as fast asleep as health, innocence, and ignorance could make him. “God knows! but you will not find it easy to kill me now.”

“My goot laty, who put such a ting in your head? Why for should I kill you?”

“Bad men act without any respect to just reasons,” replied Jane, summoning at this juncture more intrepidity than she could well account for, “but I know that you would make me the scapegoat to suffer for others’ offences—because Gilpin has called you a coward, you would wreak your vengeance upon *me*, and thus prove that you *are* a coward! Why should you seek to destroy a defenceless woman because one of your companions has injured you? Go and attack him!—*he* is your

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equal in strength—I am weak and helpless;—and yet not helpless now,”—she added, raising the knife—“not helpless now—my hand and my heart now are both capable of protecting me against your cowardly and shameful attempts!”

“Par Got! I do wish tat I know who tell you dis lie of me!” exclaimed the Pole, who was alarmed with the prospect of his design becoming known to the crew. “Par Got! I would pull tere falsh tongues out of tere heads!”

“Is it a falsehood?” asked Jane, steadily.

“Ash big a von ash wash ever made by man or tevil!” exclaimed the Pole, accompanying the words with three oaths, the purport of which was to consign him to perpetual torments if he had ever one thought of injuring her.

“And you did not now enter this cavern intending to take my life?”

The rejoinder consisted of two other oaths similar in effect to the last, which were still hovering on his unscrupulous tongue when the voices of Gilpin and Brien were heard outside the cavern amid the sullen roaring of the wind. The Pole immediately became uneasy, and begged Jane to say nothing to them, or to any other of the Pirates, of what she had suspected. She neither said she would or she would not, but still kept the knife firmly grasped in her hand, while he made not the smallest movement that she did not closely watch.

“Hallo, Mr. Scrynecki!” cried Gilpin, entering the cavern, “you were the first to be tired of helping the gipsies in the chase after their murderous king. You like a tolerable deal of ease, Mister Polander! You

will never kill yourself with hard usage—will you, Scrynecki?"

Here Jane's white and rigid countenance, and her dilated eye, which had not been a moment diverted from her intended assassin, arrested Gilpin's attention; he looked from her to the Pole, and from the Pole to her, in some surprise, then exclaimed—

"Miss Anderson, be so good as tell me what has alarmed you, that you look like this?"

A sense of safety shot through the heart of Jane as his protecting tones reached her ear, and the previous excitement to which she had been wrought gave way in a violent fit of trembling and of tears, while the knife dropped from her hold, and she suffered her face to sink into her hands on her lap.

"D—n you, Scrynecki!" exclaimed Gilpin, seizing him by the neck, and shaking him, "what have you been doing?"

"Mashter Gilpin! Saire! Take your hand off my troat or I must choke!"

"What have you been doing to frighten Miss Anderson in this way?" demanded Gilpin, again shaking him powerfully. The Pole made the cavern echo even to its farthest unexplored recesses by his loud cries for help; but no one came to his assistance excepting the old crone who had put Jane on her guard.

"Well to be sure!" she whined, coming into the cavern with uplifted hands; "there's to be more deeth among us it seems—and yet it's a long time sin' I put so many corses into the eerth as I have this blessed night."

"Old dame," asked Gilpin, "do you know what

“this cowardly devil has been doing to frighten yonder lady?”

“For sure I know very weel,” answered the crone, coming up to the quaking Pole; “he has been trying to part the body and soul of her. It was I who told he he would do it this blessed night if he wasn’t prevented.”

“And how did you know?” inquired Gilpin.

“The little man who lies asleep in that right hand tent ’queented me with his intentions.”

“You born fiend you!” exclaimed Gilpin between his teeth, again shaking the Pole with great violence, and then throwing him down. “You black-hearted, treacherous, contemptible, cursed rogue, you!”

“Mershy!—mershy!” roared the prostrate fellow, even after his punisher had withdrawn his hand from him, and had walked to Jane. “I shall be murder if no one doth help! Mer—shy!”

“Get up! and think yourself well off that I have not shaken the wicked, worthless breath out of your vile body—you despicable knave, you!” exclaimed Gilpin; “and take care how you conduct yourself after this!”

A heap of empty sacks and blankets which had been lying on one side were now brought to the fire by Gilpin, and laid smooth one on another.

“There, Miss Anderson,” said he, “rest you on that, and try to compose yourself to sleep for an hour or so—I will take care no Polander, or any one else, comes near you again.”

Thanking him, she sat down on this rude, but really comfortable couch, and he stirred up the fire into a blaze, putting on a heap of branches which the women

brought in, but being damp with dew and frost they would scarcely burn at all, and the cold became more and more searching; draughts of wind blew into the cavern from its inner recesses as well as from the slope outside, and Jane was glad to wrap herself in a rug which Gilpin procured for her from a gipsy woman who looked compassionately on the shivering girl, while she herself heeded not the rigour of the night, continual hardship having rendered her almost invulnerable to the changes of the weather.

Sleep shortly overcame Jane, for she was greatly fatigued and much needed rest; but her slumbers were neither sweet nor refreshing, being rendered uneasy by a painful feeling of cold, by troubled starts, and distressing dreams. Now she imagined the Pole was chasing her through a dark and desolate country along which she fled for her life, the ghastliness of her sensations increasing as she found herself climbing some steep and slippery height, whose top it was impossible for her to reach, though if she could do so she would be safe; then her feet refused to move—the Pole came nigher with the intended instrument of destruction in his hand—still she was rooted to the ground as if she had grown out of it like a tree—now he was upon her—the cold steel entered her quivering heart—and—she awoke, with a struggle, in the imaginary throes of death. Then she slept again, and supposed herself walking with Arthur as his wife, happy and secure, in the valley of the Pastor's lodge. All was tranquil about them, and she was talking of Clinton and of Lucy as though the former had never been otherwise than candid and sincere, and Lucy never otherwise than blest in his love. On a sud-

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den she saw the burial enclosure before her, and between the four large cypresses in the middle stood her brother and Lucy, hand in hand, looking as happy as themselves. She walked up to them leaning on Arthur's arm; Lucy appeared exceedingly beautiful, insomuch that Jane whispered to her husband—"Do look at your sister—she looks like an angel!" But while she was saying so, Lucy changed to a shrouded skeleton, and glided from Clinton with an angry glance. Then there was the Pole again, and Gilpin, and all the Pirates, and the gipsies, thronging the enclosure. She lost sight of Arthur, and in a moment saw herself in the deepest mourning beside Lady Hester. A grave was open before them, and looking down she saw her brother stretched on Lucy's coffin. Then a host of changing faces and changing scenes, all of funereal aspect, bewildered her, and again she awoke.

Gilpin was pacing the cavern with hushed footsteps, manifestly careful that he might not disturb her. The Pole was not to be seen. The gipsy women and the elder children were packing up the goods belonging to the camp, with little noise, and conveying them to the wagons outside. The younger children lay sleeping about the fire, which looked as if it had been recently trimmed for an early breakfast, as a prodigious iron teakettle was hanging over it, and singing with a cheerful noise. A faint blueish light entering between the blankets hung at the cavern entrance denoted the slow breaking of the dawn. The male gipsies were just beginning to drop in one by one from the useless pursuit of their condemned ruler, and threw themselves down to sleep beside the little ones about the fire.

Jane welcomed that faint blueish light with transport, and instantly roused herself for returning to her home, which she had no doubt Gilpin intended she should do. He observed that she was awake and looking anxiously toward him, and by a slight motion of his head gave her to understand that she was to go out of the cavern. She did so, without being interrupted by any one, and at once Gilpin joined her. He hastily showed her that way to the main forest road by which the gipsies had led their wagons hither, and assisting her to mount one of the horses stolen from her father (its companion having died of the shot in its breast) led it a little way without being perceived in the obscurity of the hour. He had been so thoughtful for her as to fasten behind the saddle one of the warmest blankets the camp could furnish, in case she should find the cold too intense for her, as since her marten fur pelisse had been given to the old woman her clothing was but light for such bitter weather.

And thus Jane set off on her return to her father, her brother, and her lover, alone, the perils of the way she had to traverse seeming as nothing to her. But before she turned her horse into the forest road, she met with an interruption from the crone who was wrapped in her fur pelisse. The old woman stepped before the horse and seized the bridle. Jane tremblingly recognised her voice, and feared that she was about to be detained. But the old crone cared not whither the maiden went *after* she had taken from her all that was valuable of her dress. Having made her sentiments and wishes in this respect known to Jane, the latter ventured to remonstrate with her, but seeing that remonstrances were utterly thrown away, and dreading that each mo-

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ment she lingered here might prove fatal to her escape, dismounted, and taking off her second fur over-dress gave it to the covetous hag, who exchanged for it a shaggy, red, woollen wrapper, in which Jane was compelled, by the severity of the cold, to wrap herself as well as she could.

The horse after this went forwards at the quickest pace the bad road would allow; the wind subsided; the sky became flushed with the beams of the rising sun; the atmosphere grew somewhat warmer, and Jane's spirits mounted every moment.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

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“ Oh, that the slave had forty thousand lives!  
One is too poor, too weak, for my revenge!”—*Shakspeare.*

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A FEW days prior to that on which Jane had been kidnapped from her father's house, there had been a fearfully tempestuous night—a more tempestuous one had never been known—the wind had been so terribly strong that scarcely any thing could stand before it;—forests were levelled to the ground—cottages and farms unroofed and beaten in—even solid hills had suffered from its fury, and had been dismantled of their leafy coverings;—hail, snow, and rain, with thunder and lightning, alternated through the pitchy, awful hours. Many were the unhappy human beings who fell beneath the stroke of the destroying angel this night! Some were burned to cinders by the lightning—others died with the excessive cold; whose effects partially resembled those of fire, and left the victims blistered and disfigured as by contact with heated substances—some were caught up by the mad blast and hurled into deep ravines, or rivers—and others again were crushed by the falling timbers and chimneys of their ruined habitations.

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It was in the Upper Province that this frightful tempest raged most violently, and among those overtaken by its fury was the Settler's son, Dan. He was crawling along with a feeble, and tottering, and unequal tread, at a few miles distance from his father's roof, toward which his painful way was directed. His ungainly figure was wasted to a very shadow; his awkward limbs were half naked; the field frock that he had on, which had been once white, of his mother's spinning, was worn full of holes, and through many of them the wind blew directly in upon his exposed body, which was fast losing the poor measure of vitality that famine had spared: the remnant of a round straw hat rested upon his head without any pretensions to covering it. Sharpest misery had imparted to his eyes, that ordinarily were none of the brightest, a glassy, vivid glare, absolutely startling; his nose was sharp and pinched like that of a dying person; where his cheeks should have been, there were hollow indentations under the sharp high bones, and round patches of scarlet like paint; his mouth, which had been brought into undue prominence by the meagreness of his jaws, was quite open as he moved along, evidently in order to facilitate his impeded respiration; his lips were scarlet; his breath fiery-hot and thick; his beard an inch and a half long; the hair of his head greasy and thin, and matted with dirt, hung about the angles of his stooping shoulders; and in this deplorable condition, with one hand on his left side and the other on a thick stick by which he assisted himself forward, Dan was returning after sun-down to his parents' home, whence farmer Joshua had banished him immediately after Clinton rebuffed on him the charge of

dishonesty—he was returning to declare his innocence to those among whom he had once been happy, and then to die!

“ I reckon this will be a bad night—a very bad one,” said the poor fellow, pausing ruefully to look round the threatening heavens, and shivering until the teeth chattered in his head. “ It will take me an hour at shortest to get there, I reckon! Oh, how cutting the wind is!”

Uttering the last exclamation in a low groaning key, he again went on, until the waters of the trout-pool were revealed to him by the livid lightnings with which the heavens and earth were now momentarily illuminated. Dan stopped at the edge of that well known stream, and, throwing himself down on the clayey bank, lay without strength under the “ pelting of that pitiless storm ” for more than a quarter of an hour. There were moments during that period when he sobbed as if his heart were ready to burst; and once he threw up his arms into the air with a jerk, and wrung his hands, while a bitter cry rose from his lips.

He advanced again toward the Settler’s farm, but more slowly than before, and with exceeding difficulty. He had not a dry thread on him—the hail beat upon him like showers of lead—sometimes he was driven to the right or the left by the tremendous blast, and was only able to save himself from immediate destruction by clinging to a tree or a bush—sometimes he was forced backwards, sometimes forwards, at a flying pace; and weak as he was, and quite unable to contend though ever so little with his viewless assailant, it was past midnight before he collected his last energies in a final struggle to reach the familiar door in sight, and to throw

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himself down on the threshold, where a death-like swoon came over him.

Within, the Settler's family were seated around the fire in that room which had formerly been the scene of Dan's disgrace. There was Farmer Joshua himself in the large chair, his rifle upright between his knees, on the barrel of which he rested his head in moody abstraction; and there was his notable wife, stout and clean, clad in garments entirely of her own manufacture plucking the feathers from a wild bird that lay on her lap, because she could not be idle, while sitting up to see the worst of the storm over; and there were her four daughters and three of her five sons, the youngest girl sitting on a stool in front of the hearth, listening to the wild and dismal noise of the wind in the chimney with looks of uneasy awe; the eldest son was in his own farm; the other of the two that were wanting was the banished Dan. The Settler was thinking of him as he sat brooding over the circumstance of his disgrace, blaming himself vehemently for having yielded to Pastor Wilson's judgment against him, and nourishing the deepest and fiercest hatred against the author of his misfortune.

"And you—you, his mother and his sisters—you who gave birth to the boy, and you who were bred up with him!" cried he, suddenly giving a voice to the secret workings of his long-hidden feelings, and looking on his wife and daughters with glances of passionate reproach, "aye, you—took part with the gentleman-rogue! the liar! the treacherous, deceitful liar! and turned against the boy! Shame on shame on every one of you! 'Twas you that drove him from his father's 'arth,

and roof, to—who can guess what? Pastor Wilson was mistaken—the boy was honest!”

“Dear me, Farmer Joshua!” exclaimed the Settler’s wife, surprised and irritated, “it’s extremely odd of you to say that I and the girls drove Dan (for I suppose ’tis him you mean) out of the house, when you well know that we tried hard to persuade you to let him stay, and you were so obstinate—”

“Obstinate!” repeated the Settler, throwing his rifle from him to the ground, and starting up—“Was I to let a son of mine stay here to *steal* before my face? Didn’t you all tell me that he was a thief, and that Clinton was the person ill-used in that affair? What could I do then but send him away for the rest of his days? I tell you ’tis **YOU** who have driven him on the wide world without a friend, and whatever he comes to, he will have, and I shall have, only you to thank for it!”

With these violent words, accompanied by corresponding gestures, Farmer Joshua strode up and down the long apartment, his looks gloomy and angry.

“Oh, what a dreadful flash!” exclaimed the eldest daughter, burying her eyes in her apron.

“And hark how the wind drives against the house! —it will certainly be blown down on us!” responded one of her sisters, running to the door in alarm as if she thought the open air the safest place.

A sudden blow against the window made all start and look affrighted, except the Settler; a tree had been torn up from the earth and dashed against the closed shutters; then large hail clattered against them, and then the wind fiercely shook their fastenings as if it would rend them off; and after that the thunder bellowed over the

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farm like the mingling reports of a hundred cannon. It was a dreadful night!

"Aye—aye—you tremble to hear all this," resumed the Settler, still speaking to the women. "Although you have tough and strong log walls about you, and a warm 'arth to keep off the cold, you tremble to hear the hail and wind—but you tremble only for *yourselves!*—there isn't one of you cares the worth of one of that bird's feathers whether Dan be out in it or not!—not you!—no! the boy is a thief you say! and if I thought he was a thief, or ever inclined to be a thief, I would be as careless about him as you are! But I do not believe it! I never did believe it! and I wish I had withered away root and branch before I had given any ear to they who prated against him!"

There was an uncomfortable silence after this, and the Settler's wife left off plucking her bird to meditate upon her lost son, for though he had never been a favourite with her—and she was a woman who *had* her favourites among her children—yet she could not entirely cast away a mother's yearnings for him to whom she had given life.

"Dan may be well off enough for what we know," observed the eldest daughter—"only think how long it is since he went away."

"And he may be ill off enough!" returned Farmer Joshua, darting upon her a wrathful look. "He *may* be President of the States!—but it's not very likely, I suppose! That's what you all comfort and harden yourselves with—'he *may* be well off enough!'—but I tell you that it's to be feared he's ill off! and my mind sore misgives me that he's *very* ill off! As to the time

since he went away, haven't I had news of him once since then, and was not that news bad news? Hadn't he been seen in a starving condition rambling about the country like one out of his wits? And he has had enough to send him out of his wits—that he has!"

"If you feel so sure that Clinton lied against him, you and brothers had better try to bring him back," interposed the second daughter.

"No!" cried Farmer Joshua, with a decisive accent, "not a child of mine shall stay in my house with a tainted character. There was a time when law was in my own hands for the regulation of my family; then I would have dealt with my children without regarding what any one else thought! But now the law is in the hands of magistrates, and one of them has judged Dan to be a thief—and he shall come no more here until that same magistrate has judged him to be honest! and until that gentleman-liar! that Clinton! has had his dues before the public eye! What is the matter now, Dinah?"

This was the young woman who stood against the door, and who was in the act of stooping to listen at the latch.

"Hush!" she whispered, holding up her finger, "there is some living creature, man or beast, lying on the door step."

The storm grew hushed for a second or two, and in that brief pause a loud moan was distinctly heard through all the room. The Settler sprang to the door, and was taking away the heavy bar of wood which fastened it, when his wife came and caught his arm.

"Are you mad, Farmer Joshua?" she cried, with

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looks of terror. "'Tis the moan of some animal that has been driven from the hills by the tempest—put back the bar, unless you would have us all torn in pieces!"

"Mistress, stand away!" exclaimed the Settler, in a sunken but excited tone, "that was no animal's moan! there is a man outside! Hark there again!—is that an animal?"

The exclamation "father!" was just distinguishable to the Settler and his wife; it was pronounced in a feeble voice, straining to make itself heard. On came the roar of the storm again, but the Settler heeded it not; he tore open the door, and calling aloud for the assistance of his sons, raised from the wet stone outside an emaciated and miserable creature dripping with rain, who had scarcely life enough to throw his weak arms about the Settler's neck, and to sob forth the words—

"Father, I am come to tell you with my dying breath that Clinton spoke falsely of me!"

The Settler bore him in his arms as though he had been an infant to the fire, and placed him in the large chair; there Dan gave him one look—a look which told a tale of suffering and anguish not to be computed, and then, dropping his head—died!

The family crowded about him, incredulous of his identity, he was so grievously altered; but the Settler put them all back with a motion of his arms, and, fastening a long and mournful gaze on Dan's worn features, said, more to himself than any one else—

"It is Dan indeed! and he is no sooner found than lost! But for his wrongs there is one shall pay dearly. Blasts upon that Clinton's head for the misery he has brought here! I will neither eat nor drink in my own

house again, I swear, until I have had vengeance upon him for this!"

"Dan only faints," said one of the young women; "mother will soon bring him round with some hot drinks."

"Yes—yes," said the Settler's wife, who now hung weeping over the altered figure, while she hastily gave directions to her daughters for heating flannel for his chest, water for fomenting him, a blanket for wrapping him in, and ginger-wine for him to drink. "Only be quick, girls, and let us get these dripping rags off his poor thin body, and lay him on that bed nearest the fire. Mark, you can warm the wine, can't you? And you Jedediah and Reuben, lend a hand to help your poor brother!"

"They cannot help him," said the Settler, speaking with unnatural calmness—"he is gone!"

"Gone!" wildly echoed the mistress of the farm, gazing wistfully in the face of her senseless son, "gone! You don't mean, Farmer Joshua, to tell me that he is dead?"

"I say he is quite dead," returned the Settler, still collectedly; "he died just after I put him in the chair. But you all heard his last words—'Clinton spoke falsely of me,'—you all heard him say that, didn't you?"

"I heard him say it—and I believe it now if I never did before!" cried Dan's mother.

"So do I!" responded the daughters.

"And I!" "and I!" repeated Reuben, and Mark, and Jedediah, more sternly.

"Dan has been murdered then by that Clinton as much as if he had been shot or stabbed by him!" said

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the Settler, slowly and emphatically, "and I have sworn to neither eat nor drink under this roof of mine again until the gentleman-murderer has met with his proper deserts! As soon as day breaks I shall go from you, and you will not see me again while Clinton lives!"

Nobody ventured to interrupt the Settler, and he proceeded firm! —

"Bury the boy" (thus he designated each of his sons, though the youngest was a full grown man) "privately—let no one know of his death, or of his return here. Mark, load my rifle, and fill my powder horn."

His commands were silently obeyed.

"What leads are there in the skin?" meaning a skin pouch.

"Only three," was the reply.

"Add more then."

This was done also at once.

"Mistress," resumed the Settler, "carry the boy up stairs—no words, but do it. Some one may be dropping in to-morrow morning early."

This removal had been effected, and then the Settler, taking a candle into his hand, went up and remained alone with the body until day-break; at that time he came down, put on his hat, fastened the pouch and the horn at his waist, took the loaded rifle in his hand, and abruptly bidding farewell to his family, who feared to interpose a word in his present determined mood, rushed from the house.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

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“ This visit bodes, I fear, no good  
To some who should be happy.”

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PRECISELY at six o'clock the same day a social dinner party entered Mrs. Markham's best dining parlour, in Toronto, all in due order, and took their seats at her tastefully-arranged and luxurious table, where all that could charm the eye, the fancy, and the palate of the *gourmand*, was displayed to view under the full radiance cast from clusters of gilded lights.

The excellent hostess was of course the last to enter, and when she had taken her seat at the head of the table, the Earl of Wilton sat at her right hand, and the presiding officer of the barracks on her left; Major-general Markham occupied the centre of the table foot, and at his right was the youthful Lady Letitia, and on his left the person next in rank to her among the ladies of the company.

The conversation was neither more nor less interesting than dinner conversation usually is, although the recent death of King George the Fourth, and his life and character, formed the chief topics.

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The Earl of Wilton was particularly taciturn it was remarked, and appeared to be engrossed with some reflections in which the company were not allowed to share. The cloth had been drawn, and still he spoke only in monosyllables, and that at no other time but when he was addressed by some one; he was very absent too, an unaccountable circumstance with so high-bred a man during a dinner hour. Letitia sent many an uneasy glance toward him across the table from time to time, which were not unobserved by Mrs. Markham, who made frequent observations upon her pale and pensive looks.

"I have a headache," was Letitia's excuse; and indeed this was true, and she had the heart-ache besides; for she knew that the Earl's present visit to his excellency the Governor would prove the occasion of a death-blow to her sister's happiness.

It happened to be the Earl who opened the door of the room for the ladies to retire, and as she was passing out, the last of the fair group excepting the hostess, Mrs. Markham observed her catch his hand and fasten on his face a pleading look; the momentary appeal was answered by a glance of hard, and Mrs. Markham felt, though she knew not the nature of it, cruel determination, and then Letitia moved to the drawing room with a languid and depressed mien.

The good hostess felt troubled and anxious on account of Lady Hester, not doubting that what she had observed had an immediate reference to her, and perhaps to her unfortunate attachment for Mr. Clinton. With this idea she drew Letitia to the window apart from the other ladies, and in her accustomed plain way said—

"My dear girl, I see there is something the matter

with you—tell me what it is. Is your sister Hester happy?"

"Happy!" echoed Letitia, and turning away her head she wept.

Mrs. Markham drew a small lounge within the shadow of the window drapery, and seating herself and Letitia on it, took the hand of the distressed girl, and embraced her with nothing short of maternal kindness.

"Then I am not wrong in my conjecture," said Mrs. Markham—"Hester is in trouble."

"She is likely to be so indeed!" exclaimed Letitia. "Oh, little thinks she of what is before her!"

"Tell me all, my dear girl," said Mrs. Markham, with the deepest interest, "I may be able to serve her. I know something of her secrets, so you need not be afraid of betraying confidence by speaking unreservedly to me. Has that which you apprehend any thing to do with Mr. Clinton?"

"Yes—oh, yes!—Mrs. Markham!" exclaimed Letitia, and hesitated, scarcely knowing whether she ought to proceed farther or not, and yet longing to unburden her full heart to this kind friend of her sister. "And now I think of it, it is possible you might be of service to her hereafter, when—" again she stopped.

"Do not think idle curiosity prompts me to draw the secret from you," said Mrs. Markham, "I have better motives."

"I am sure you have, kindest madam," cried Letitia, warmly pressing the hand which held her own, "and I will—yes—I will tell you every thing—I am sure Hester would not blame me. But we must be alone."

"I will contrive it," said Mrs. Markham; "steal

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away out of the room directly—I will make an excuse for you to the ladies on the ground of indisposition, and come to you as soon as I have seen them all in a fair way for amusing themselves.”

“And now, Mrs. Markham,” began Letitia, when her warm-hearted hostess had joined her according to promise in a dressing room up stairs, “sister told you in one of her letters of our adventure on Lake Erie before we left the Canadas last?”

“Yes, she did. You were rescued from drowning by the captain of a cruiser.”

“By the celebrated Pirate, Mrs. Markham, whom Mr. Clinton was engaged by his excellency to assist in making prisoner.”

“You astonish me! And how were you treated by him?”

“So well that I blush for papa’s ingratitude in coming here to betray him to the Governor!”

Is that really his errand?”

“It is indeed! I have besought him in vain—he is bent upon bringing the preserver of his child’s life to a disgraceful scaffold!”

“But how can this affect Lady Hester?”

“Oh, my dear Mrs. Markham! Mr. Clinton is the son of that Pirate! he was in the vessel at the same time with us.”

“Then this accounts for his having turned against those whom he was engaged to assist, and fighting with and for the Pirates,” observed Mrs. Markham, “a piece of conduct which has as much surprised as enraged the Governor.”

“But when my sister charged him with acting wrongly

in this respect," said Letitia, "he declared that he was sincere when he accepted the trust, but that he afterwards made the discovery of his relationship to the Pirate."

"I would rather think this to be the case than that he could deserve the Governor's present ill opinion of him," returned Mrs. Markham. "But as I am extremely impatient, my dear, you will excuse me I know if I put to you an abrupt question—has he corresponded with your sister since her return to England?"

"Mrs. Markham," said Letitia, her manner calculated to give effect to the important communication, "they have not only corresponded but are about to be married. Sister came out with papa and I from our own country a few weeks ago, and papa separated from her at Montreal, and forbade me to have any further intimacy with her on account of her connexion with Mr. Clinton, who came into our ship on the St. Lawrence river, and introduced her to his sister when we landed."

Mrs. Markham turned very grave, meditated, shook her head, and observed "It was a sad story; she wished that she could see her young friend. The Governor had a sister in Montreal whom she had not visited for some years, she had a good mind to surprise her the next week, and then endeavour to find Lady Hester."

"And perhaps you could prevail on papa to let me go with you," eagerly remarked Letitia, throwing back her load of yellow curls over her shoulder with a return of her natural vivacity, and regardless whether or not her self invitation might prove acceptable to his excellency's sister. "Oh, do, if you can, Mrs. Markham!"

"No—no, my love," said the hostess, tapping her polished neck, "no, no, I must not have you with me, or the Earl might suspect me of teaching you to oppose his will by bringing you into your sister's society. You must not think of your own deprivation now, my dear, but only of what will be the likeliest means to benefit her for whom we are both anxious. Come, let us return to the ladies for the present, by this time coffee has been brought into them—we will talk again when you retire to bed, then we shall have learned whether the Governor has received tidings of the Pirate from your papa; if he has, I shall soon be in Montreal, and there endeavour to prove to your dear sister that in me she has a real friend."

It will have been understood from this conversation between Mrs. Markham and Letitia, that Lady Hester and the Pirate had not met the Earl at Montreal; he had, indeed, left it for Toronto some days before their arrival, taking his youngest daughter with him. Lady Hester, though at first unable to learn whither he had gone, hoped soon to be able to do so, by means she had put in operation, and in this hope remained at Montreal, while the Pirate returned to his seigniory with instructions to bring Clinton and Jane to her, as she now thought it best for the former to have an interview with the Earl as soon as he should be found, and as she wished for the gentle companionship of the "Canadian Girl" under the peculiarly delicate circumstances in which she was placed.

At present, then, Lady Hester remains at Montreal, the second principal town of Lower Canada, vainly anticipating a speedy reconciliation with the proud peer.

her father; while he, ignorant of the elevation to which a turn of fortune has raised the scorned individual who seeks an alliance in his family, is engaged in the capital of the Upper Province in accomplishing Clinton's everlasting disgrace, by bringing his father to an ignominious death, thinking by that means to turn Lady Hester from her purposes, and to prevent the intended union. On his first arrival at the house of the Lieutenant-governor in Toronto, he carefully avoided making any allusions to the humbling circumstances of his eldest daughter's connexion with Clinton, charging Letitia to use the same caution, and even to take care that she gave no one reason to suspect her sister to be at present in America. He spoke only of his diplomatic mission, as if that had been the sole occasion of his quitting, a second time, his native shores for the transatlantic world.

But the fire of his wounded pride was not long in finding vent; when the pleasures of wine and coffee had been for the present exhausted, and the gentlemen of the dinner party had rejoined the ladies in the drawing room, he remained behind for a half hour, holding a private conference with his excellency the host, who was then informed by him of the near relationship of Clinton and the Pirate, of their co-operation with and regard for each other, and of his having seen the former in Montreal when he lately landed in that town, where, he considered it most probable, they both ere at this present period.

"I am extremely glad to receive this information--I am particularly pleased--I am gratified beyond measure!" exclaimed his excellency, putting on his military

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nat unconsciously, and pressing it down over his brows. "Now I shall have that fellow at last! I have long been baffled in my search after him, but now I shall see him hung up to a certainty! Let me consider—I can serve this Mr. Clinton as he deserves for his false dealing with me—I have a paper which he gave to Pastor Wilson, the magistrate of the Ottawa district, containing such an account of the mutiny in which Captain Barry perished as will convict his father of a capital offence even though I possessed no other evidence. I hope your lordship will find leisure to go with me to Montreal to see this Pirate brought to justice upon that written statement—it is a curious case, and one in which you will be greatly interested."

"Of that I am convinced," said the Earl, with bitter emphasis. "But I shall be compelled to remain in Toronto at least a month longer by my official duties, therefore I must decline accompanying you. You will set out soon?"

"To-morrow morning, my friend—I shall delay no longer," replied his excellency, rising from his chair engrossed with the excitement of the journey in prospect. "I must not let the fellow escape me again—he shall hang within a fortnight from this day, my lord, or I will forfeit my post in this country as one not worthy to retain it."

"You have my sincere wishes for the success of your plans," said the Earl; "and I should be heartily glad," he added internally, "if, with the father, you would hang the son. But could Lady Hester be disposed to marry the son of an executed malefactor I should give her up indeed. But that I think she could not, *Jare*

not do! Then my only fear must be lest she be married to her pauper lover before the infamy lights on him. Yet surely of that there can be little danger if the Governor be as speedy as he promises to be. Thus far then I have promoted the salvation of my ancient family from the threatening dishonour which was about to eclipse its hitherto unsullied brightness, to preserve which I should estimate no exertion too great—no sacrifice too costly!”

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CHAPTER XXX.

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“ O my soul's joy!—  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!  
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high; and duck again as low  
As hell's from heaven!”—*Shakspeare.*

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As Jane's meek and quiet spirit began to recover its tone a little, she unconsciously fell into a train of sedate reflection upon the extraordinary occurrences of the last twenty-four hours. She was especially surprised and shocked at the failing of her piety in the hour of need.

“ I am not a hypocrite,” thus she reasoned with herself; “ my love of God, and my hope in Him, has always been sincere—how then has it come to pass that when I most required their aid my principles deserted me? This must be inquired into with care; for if my religion will not befriend me in the sight of death it is worthless. Yet it cannot be religion which is to blame! It has sustained thousands of martyrs in the flames—millions of saints on the bed of suffering, and in the hours of agony—who all have left behind them a glorious testimony of its omnipotent power. It must have been I alone who was the cause of my defeat when

terror assailed me, and not religion. I have not lived in that state of habitual preparation for the last enemy which is commanded me. Religion has not promised instant attention to the calls of the soul in necessity, when that soul in prosperity has always persevered in neglecting her advices and her warnings. Whenever my heart has been at rest from trouble, my mind free from anxiety, then I have ceased to be vigilant in my most holy, most solemn, duties; and what could follow but this that has now happened?—distresses taking me unawares—the fear of death seizing me when I am least prepared for it—the promises of God's Holy Word, those sweetest lights of heaven, withdrawn from me when I look for them with agony, and my soul left benighted, comfortless, and afraid. But this must be so no more," said she, speaking aloud, and looking upward with melting eyes. "On the longed for land where my ever regretted Lucy dwells, I will from this moment fix my constant thoughts. Earthly happiness, however great, shall not divert me from continual watching for my final summons." A calm and deep satisfaction shone on her gentle features as silently she locked her hands before her on the saddle, when she repeated this resolution, one which it would be well if more of us were inclined to make.

Glad was she when she began to find herself quitting the horrid shades of the gloomy forest and coming upon the open country. Before her was the road she had yesterday traversed in an insensible condition, supported by Brien amid the horde of Pirates; she knew it not; but her eye rested on the distant sails of the seignior's mill, and by their situation she knew that she

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was in the direct way to her father's house; glad and thankful she was for this; and having stopped her horse on the last forest descent that led down into the road, in order to listen if she was pursued, and being satisfied no one was at all near her, she was about to put forward at a more rapid pace, when the sound of voices struck dismay into her heart. They were heard only for an instant, and sounded neither from the forest behind nor the level road in front, but as it seemed from a near place on her left though the speakers were unseen. Holding her breath with fear, and keeping the horse perfectly still, she waited the issue for a minute or more. The voices were not heard again, but presently two gun shots close at hand made her start in alarm, and immediately after a large black bear broke through the trees within three yards of her horse's head, sprang from a low declivity into the road, bounded across, and plunged into a tangled ravine on the other side. The horse at once took fright, and dashed along the road, while the scream of Jane rose shrilly upon the hearing of two Indian hunters, who had been chasing the bear from his winter dormitory, but who now promptly pressed after the perilled maiden; the startled horse continued flying along the road for some distance, until the sight of a party of horsemen approaching caused it to turn off suddenly through the furze hedge, and it then proceeded at a headlong speed over an icy savannah, or plain, direct to that ravine in which the bear had sought refuge. Jane's terror was redoubled when she saw the fearful gap before her, in which, if she escaped being dashed to pieces, she would be at the mercy of an infuriated wild beast; and with an instantaneous and powerful

effort of the mind, at once gave herself up for lost, at the same time yielding to her doom with the prompt resignation of a prepared mind.

But it was the will of God that she should be preserved also in this alarming crisis; for when the horse reached the edge of the ravine it took a slanting course downwards and reached the bottom in safety. There Jane was thrown from the saddle into a clump of bushes, and received no injury greater than a slight bruise or two and a few scratches from the brambles, if her fright be excepted.

To all the alarms she had lately experienced, however, another still remained to be added. She had hardly disengaged herself from the prickly bushes as the bear presented himself before her, by thrusting his immense head and shoulders out from between some close-growing juniper shrubs on a projection within arms length; nevertheless, she was not long in escaping from the unwelcome presence of bruin, for just as she was about to fly a shot from the Indian hunters drove the huge animal back into the cover, and in another second she was hailed by the encouraging shouts of her father, her brother, and Mr. Lee, who with their servants had been riding in search of her when they became the innocent means of increasing her jeopardy, they having been the horsemen whom the steed had seen when it broke from the road.

The Pirate hastened to lead the way down into the ravine, and his daughter sank into his arms utterly overcome by the series of shocks her nerves had sustained.

She was then removed with every mark of tenderness that could be lavished on a beloved female back to her

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home, where repose of body and of mind soon restored her shattered spirits. The horse she had been thrown from was never heard of afterwards; it was supposed it must have become a prey to its own reckless fury and was afterwards devoured by the wild beasts of the forest.

The house was now made secure against intruders such as it had lately held, by a band of tenants of the seigniori being lodged within it, plentifully provided with arms, and the proprietor and his children, with Mr. Lee, journied to Montreal, where they spent several weeks with Lady Hester in the enjoyment of the best society, amid the lively amusements peculiar to the season.

The romantic circumstances which had attended the rise of the present Marquis of Rougemont, though but imperfectly known, made him an object of great interest to the Canadian nobility, especially to those who had been acquainted with his father's melancholy history. As soon as they became aware that he was in Montreal, invitations poured in upon him, and calls at his rooms were far more numerous than was desirable, privacy being necessary to his safety.

Nevertheless it was not prudent to shun altogether the advances of those who courted his acquaintance; the Pirate therefore adopted a middle course as the wisest, putting forward his children and their affianced ones as often as he could in his stead, and only appearing when politeness strictly required.

Walking, riding, carrioling on the ice-bound river, balls, pic-nics, and evening parties, succeeded to each other with breathless rapidity.

Lady Hester forgot her resolution to forsake society,

and was again the admiration and delight of all who were privileged to approach her.

Clinton was ten times as poetical and fascinating as ever; and with his fine sentiments, visionary theories, graceful person, easy manners, and ornamental knowledge, formed, in the estimation of all who saw them together, a fitting companion in every respect for his charming intended.

Arthur did but lend himself to these passing gaieties, in which his heart was not at home; he better loved the more homely pleasures of retired life, and longed exceedingly for the hour when he could remove Jane from hence to them.

She, in the deep and placid happiness of her soul, saw only around her those in whom her affections were centred; received no tinge of joy but what was reflected from their smiles; wished nothing but what they wished; and absolutely merged for the present her personal existence in theirs.

The Pirate looked on the blissful couples with a father's pride and pleasure; but his happiness was dashed by vague fears of coming evil, he knew not what or why. When his eye caught the smiling bashfulness of his dearly-loved Jane while Arthur was whispering to her his future domestic plans, or when his ear distinguished the honied accents of his son poured out in lavish blandishment to the fair and elegant being his arm encircled, then would the heart of the parent beat thick with gloomy forebodings that these pictures of paradise would not be before him long, and he would seem to hear the hiss of the serpent among the flowers.

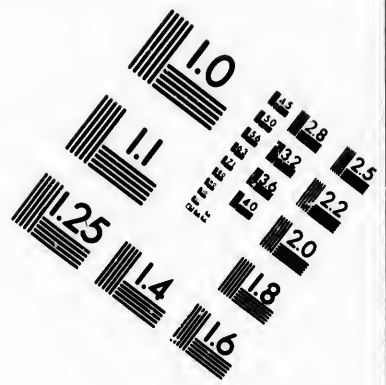
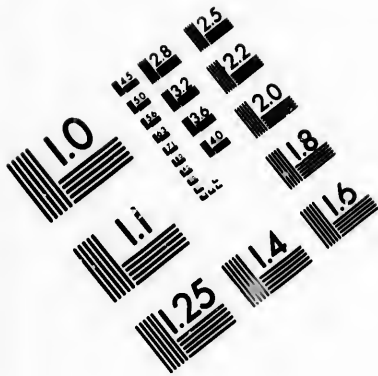
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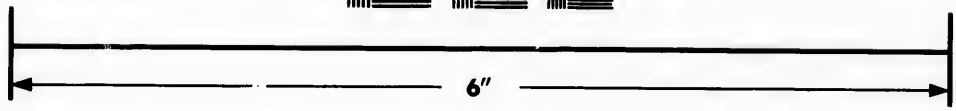
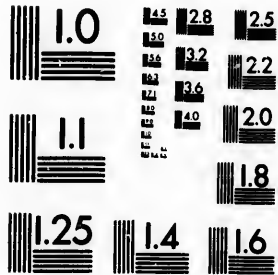
cannot continue. Man is born to trouble; the decree is the birthright of all the posterity of Adam. In sober truth the world is to the most fortunate a vale of tears. The seeds of sorrow, like the seeds of death, are within us; our deepest joys are nearly allied to pain; tears are alike the expression of our acutest grief and bliss. All this the Pirate well knew, for he had outlived the period when fancy throws her illusive vapours over this terrestrial scene, and he beheld it in its true and sternest features. Well therefore might the sight of his children's felicity awaken sadder and profounder reflections in his breast than they at present could understand.

But he did not only anticipate for them the ordinary sorrows of life—his own position was precarious in the extreme, and theirs was linked with his. As yet no public whisper of his having been connected with pirates had reached his ear from any quarter. But how long could he depend upon the preservation of the important secret? An hour might blast his character and ruin the prospects of those precious ones of whom he thought so anxiously. Visions of a prison and of a scaffold rose before him while their happy voices rang on his ear; their smiles became transformed by his boding imagination into looks of agony, and their buoyant exclamations into cries of everlasting farewell. He could not endure the images he had conjured up—he shook them off—but they returned again and again, and on each and all there was the living stamp of reality, so that he could not avoid the conviction that such things must yet happen, and that he was a fated man





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## CHAPTER XXXI.

---

“ Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same  
‘Thro’ joy and thro’ torments, thro’ glory and shame?’—*Mercy.*”

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THE sitting room of the attached party in the Hotel Dieu commanded from the windows a prospect of softer beauty than any they had seen elsewhere in Canada: winding streams, effulgent with waves of snow, added brightness to the lucid atmosphere and sparkled in the sun; between them and around them stretched woods perpetually green, with meadows and pleasure-grounds, the verdure of which could hardly be more lovely than their frosty coverings; and everywhere, the presence of churches, farms, cottages, and villas, gave animation to nature, and cheered the eye and heart as signs of a prosperous and refined population.

Clinton and his betrothed were surveying this view and making remarks to each other upon its beauty, when they saw an elegant carriage stop in front of the hotel, and a lady put her head out of the window to give a card and some directions to her servant, who forthwith entered the house.

“ That is Mrs. Markham!” cried Lady Hester, in a

lively tone of pleasure, rising from her seat and moving toward the door to meet her.

“ I thought I knew the face—though at first I could not exactly say to whom it belonged,” said Clinton, following her to the door to receive the card of the lady of the Lieutenant-governor which was brought up to them.

Lady Hester went down to the foot of the stairs belonging to her rooms to receive Mrs. Markham, and they met with the most cordial affection.

“ Mr. Clinton,” said the good lady, stretching out her hand to him frankly as soon as she was inside the sitting room, “ I am glad to see you looking so much better in health and spirits than when I saw you last on Toronto cliffs. Did I not tell you then that it was foolish to despair, for you could not tell what good things were in store for you ?”

“ My dear madam, I am delighted to see you here !” exclaimed Clinton, meeting her with a look and action expressive of the warmest respect. “ His Excellency is well I hope ?”

“ Oh, yes ; only a little out of humour with the feuds between the English and the French in this discordant country—I believe he apprehends that it will come to an armed struggle yet. If it should, I hope I and Lady Hester will be far out of reach of the sound of their rifle-shots and cannonading,” and she shuddered.

“ I hope so too, my dear Mrs. Markham !” said Lady Hester ; “ and yet I know that I shall not be out of America, for in it I have pitched my tent for all the rest of my days ;” so saying, a little tinge of deeper crimson made itself apparent on her cheek.

"Well, give me a seat," said Mrs. Markham, losing her lively air so suddenly that Clinton fancied it had been assumed to hide some uneasiness that was lurking beneath. "Now sit down both of you by me, and tell me as quickly as you can all that has befallen you both since I saw you last; and in return I will give you a little history of some occurrences that have taken place since you parted with the Earl and Letitia."

"Ah, then, you have seen them!" exclaimed Lady Hester. "They have been in Toronto?"

"They are there now, and—"

"They have told you *all* concerning us."

"Letitia has, my dear; and I regret to be the bearer of bad news to you."

"The Earl refuses to listen to her and your kind intercession for me, and will cast me off—that is what you would say."

"Partly, my dear young friend, but not *all*. My time just now is limited—I have an appointment elsewhere at three o'clock, and it scarcely wants a quarter." She looked at her watch.

"Mrs. Markham, this is hardly kind," observed Lady Hester, reproachfully—"a quarter of an hour only for a first visit to an old friend!"

"I cannot help it indeed, my dear—I will make reparation for this fault another time. To-morrow I will come and take luncheon with you, and you shall not be rid of me for four or five hours. There now, say no more about it—I have something very important to communicate to you both in this quarter of an hour: and as a prelude I must ask a very necessary but impertinent question—when do you intend to be married?"

She looked to Clinton for the reply, whom a sudden thrill of ecstasy almost deprived of breath. He answered with a little graceful embarrassment—

“As soon as the Earl’s consent shall have been obtained—we wait, I believe, for that alone.”

“And do you dream of obtaining it?” asked the good lady, surprise slightly marking her tone.

“Why yes we do,” answered Clinton, employing an accent in which pride and indignation were evidently mingled. “His Lordship still thinks high descent the grand requisite for Lady Hester’s happiness in a husband: he has not learned wisdom from her past wrongs. He would be as willing now as ever he was to sacrifice her to a Colonel Cleveland.

“If this be so, your chances are but slight I should be led to fear.”

“Not so, Madam; I derive from these views of his Lordship the most confident hopes.”

“How so, pray?” inquired Mrs. Markham with increased surprise.

“I can boast, Madam, of a descent equal to that of his Lordship himself—if not superior.”

“You!”

“Mrs. Markham, is it possible that you, living in Canada, have not heard of the new Marquis of Rougemont?” asked Lady Hester.

“Rougemont—Rougemont,” repeated the Lieutenant-governor’s lady, considering, with her finger raised to her eyebrow, “that is one of the largest seigniories on the shores of the St. Lawrence—and an ancient marquisate too.”

“It is,” said Clinton; “and as I am the heir appa-

rent to that marquisate, the Earl of Wilton, I should imagine, will not interpose any further objections to my suit."

"What wonder next!" exclaimed Mrs. Markham, lifting up her hands—"this is the strangest world! How has it all come about? Tell me as briefly as you can."

"My father was born in a convent, and afterwards educated by the Marquis of Rougemont, who, subsequently to his adopted heir having left him for a sea life, made the discovery that he was his son. The aged Marquis died in a snow drift a short time ago, and left a will appointing Nicholas Anderson sole heir to the title and estates. My father took possession of his right, and I have the happiness to invite you to his seat as our wedding guest after we shall have seen the Earl, and performed our errand in this town relating to the marriage settlements."

Mrs. Markham congratulated him sincerely on his change of fortunes, and then said—

"But another question no less impertinent than my former one remains behind.—Mr. Clinton, has your father renounced his former disgraceful associates?—you will forgive the bluntness of my expressions."

"He has—positively, entirely, and for ever," answered Clinton, laying a stress on each word.

"I am glad to hear it," said Mrs. Markham, rising to go, and inwardly determining to keep back the evil tidings she came to impart until she had had a private conversation with the Earl.

"But you said, my dear Madam, that you had some bad news for us," remarked Lady Hester, as Mrs.

Markham drew from her muff a note and handed to her.

"True, I did; but what I have now heard may alter the complexion of affairs; and at any rate I shall not say any thing about it until to-morrow."

"And you will leave us all in suspense?" remonstrated Lady Hester.

"In suspense. Hark, the cathedral bell is striking. I cannot stay another moment. Trust me, my young friends," she added, taking a hand of each, "I am most anxious for your good, and should you find that to be seriously threatened, depend on my influence being exerted for you."

"You alarm me, dear Mrs. Markham!" exclaimed Lady Hester, after regarding her attentively and in silence for a few seconds: "I beseech you tell me what we have to fear."

"No, no, my love, do not press me. I would not pain you prematurely for the world. Perhaps I may be able, in some measure, to avert the misfortune."

"What misfortune, Madam? Positively you must not go until I know!"

"Are you firm enough to bear it?"

Lady Hester turned pale, and Clinton observed her tremble slightly, but she answered in a steady voice—

"You have known me endure great trials with firmness, Mrs. Markham; I am not given to indulge in weakness."

"Then this is all—the Earl has given the Governor some peculiar information whereby he has been stirred up again to seek the capture of your father, Mr. Clinton, and the Governor is at present in Quebec with the

intention of taking the deposition of Captain BARRY's widow; the prosecution is to be grounded on some paper of Mr. Clinton's own writing."

Clinton's soul sank within him at the mention of that paper which he had given to Arthur soon after Lucy's death.

"My father," said he, "risked his life to preserve the Earl and his daughters from drowning on Lake Erie—I should hardly have expected such a return from his Lordship."

"Letitia grieves sadly about it," said Mrs. Markham; "but I do feel assured that the Earl would have acted better had he not been misled by blind anger. We must make some excuses for him."

"You may make excuses for him, Mrs. Markham," said Lady Hester, in a tone of calm and cutting indignation, which the good lady wished the Earl could have seen, "but *I* make none. Once he wrecked my peace, betrayed my trust in his paternal guidance, and married me to a man I could not love! And now, because I would give my hand to one whom I have always held dear—the only one who can make me happy (I am not ashamed to say it)—he is so enraged that he descends to the worst ingratitude, the most despicable cruelty, to prevent my wishes! Is this like a father? Will he have me always wretched that he may maintain the pride of his family?"

"But, my dear, I mean to let him know directly the present rank of the Pirate and Mr. Clinton, and then he may change in his temper toward you, and the Governor may be persuaded by him to relinquish the pursuit."

“ I charge you, as you value me, my dearest Madam, let him not know it!” said Lady Hester. “ I will marry Mr. Clinton and *then* he shall be informed of it from my own lips. He shall see his own littleness of mind set nakedly before him. and taste the bitterness of its fruits. Clinton, you hear me tell you before my friend that I am yours as soon as you will. We will not wait until you have seen the Earl. His purpose in this shameful transaction must be foiled at once!”

Clinton was buried in thought—he saw completely through the Earl’s motives.

“ And can you, Hester,” said he, with passion in his gestures, “ unite yourself with the son of a public criminal? Think—consider! Will you not afterwards repent? Reflect that you will no longer be able to enter into society of any kind upon your present footing—all my inheritance may be confiscated to the state—I may become what I have been, a poor, degraded man! Do not deceive yourself or me, Hester, with erroneous ideas of your capabilities for devoting yourself to me—you may now draw back without incurring one reproach from me. I will give up to you all your promises—I will free you from every tie by which you have voluntarily linked yourself to me—I will pledge my sacred word to see you no more—you may put yourself under the protection of Mrs. Markham from this moment, and marry some man whom the world and your father can approve.”

“ Clinton,” returned Lady Hester, with unwonted enthusiasm, “ though you should be brought by this act of my father to beggary and to perpetual infamy—though your name incur scorn and detestation everywhere



—that beggary and that shame I will partake in, and that name shall be mine!”

So saying, disregarding the presence of Mrs. Markham, she sank on his neck, and he strained her fondly to his heart. The good lady wiped her eyes, and the Pirate entered the apartment.

He stopped short when he had shut the door, and bowed profoundly to the visitor, who surveyed him with much curiosity, knowing well by his remarkable appearance, which had frequently been described in her hearing, who he was.

“Father,” said Clinton, “this is the lady of the Lieutenant-governor, Mrs. Markham, Lady Hester’s esteemed friend. Mrs. Markham, you see the Marquis of Rougemont, formerly,” he added, in an excited manner — “the Pirate of the Lakes.”

Mrs. Markham and the Pirate were almost equally confused and startled by this abrupt and unexpected introduction. The latter quickly recovered himself, and bending a look of keen inquiry on his son received from him in return a meaning glance which told him of his danger.

“Marquis,” said Mrs. Markham, “do not be afraid of me, I wish to serve you and your son for the sake of Lady Cleveland, whom I regard as if she were my own daughter. I have now come to tell them of that which threatens you, and I hope there is quite time for you to get out of the way of those whom you have reason to dread, while I endeavour to reconcile the Earl and Lady Cleveland, and to divert the Governor from his present schemes for your capture.”

“Lady,” said the Pirate, in a calm tone of proud

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sorrow, "I fear nothing for *myself*. I know that my liberty, my property, and my life, are justly forfeit to the laws I have violated—laws which I should now think myself too happy in spending my blood to maintain. This I feel hourly, momentarily. But it is for *these*, and for my daughter, I fear and suffer. You see me unmanned, Mrs. Markham, while I think of them. My soul loses every jot of its strength, and I am weak as a new born child."

He paused evidently agitated, and labouring under much depression.

"I have not enjoyed one hour of ease of mind since I obtained my inheritance," he resumed. "This hour has been constantly anticipated; night and day, waking or sleeping, alone or in company, the shadow of a coming retribution for my past vices has lain thick upon me. My children, lady, my children?" he cried with a wildness that pierced the hearts of his grieved listeners; "when the hangman has done his work upon me what will become of them? They will curse my memory!—they must do so!—I shall have withered their happiness! This noble lady here will cast off my son—that will be her duty! The intended husband of my daughter will not fulfil his engagements with her—I cannot expect it! And both will be degraded, miserable, desolate beings!"

"Father!—father! what are you saying?" exclaimed Jane, coming hastily from a door that communicated with another part of the hotel, and raising his hand fondly to her lips.

Mr. Lee had followed her closely, and with her had heard the Pirate's gloomy words. As soon as he and Jane had been introduced to Mrs. Markham, and had

received a definite account from her of the cause of the excitement apparent on the countenances of each present, he turned to the Pirate and said—

“ My dear sir, I was quite aware of the hazards which surrounded the father of Jane when I chose her for my wife, and you do me great wrong if you doubt my fidelity to her under every possible circumstance.”

“ And I,” said Lady Hester, kindling into a noble ardour as she proceeded, “ why should I be suspected of want of steadfastness in my attachment to your son, Marquis? I am not made like some women to yield as wax to every impression. If I once form a friendship, I form it for ever! Clinton has told me to consider what I may have to sacrifice for him—but I tell him and you to consider what I have already sacrificed for him. I lately left my native land, where the highest circles courted my society—I came here uncheered by one approving voice, trusting entirely to the honour of the man I loved—I endured the reproaches of a father—I allowed a dear sister to be alienated from me! And I did all this (and who can tell the secret torture it cost me!) while I supposed Clinton the penniless son—not of the Marquis of Rougemont—but of the Pirate! Remember that Marquis!—remember that, Clinton!”

“ I do,” said Clinton; “ and it would be a bad return for your high-mindedness were we seriously to doubt that, even should the worst happen, you would continue your favour towards me.”

“ To put this beyond doubt,” said Lady Hester, addressing Arthur, “ I have dared to overstep the limits prescribed to my sex, and have proposed—an immediate marriage.” She slightly paused with a lovely modesty

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before pronouncing the three concluding words, but then spoke them distinctly.

"And I give my voice for it," said Arthur, with animation. "There has already been too much delay. We had better set out to-morrow for the lodge, and the double ceremony can be performed on the following afternoon."

"Well, while you are settling these weighty matters I must go and see what I can do for you," said Mrs. Markham, now moving to the door in earnest, her watch having informed her that she had stayed half an hour beyond her allotted time. "But do not forget, good folks, that I shall be here to luncheon at twelve to-morrow, that I do not intend to go away for four or five hours and that I want no stranger present. Mr. Lee looks rather blank, as if he thought I should prevent your meditated journey—but he must know that I put my negative upon that as soon as he proposed it—there must be no journeys planned, much less begun, before I bring you all more news."

"But, Madam," asked the Pirate, "will it not be advisable for me to quit this town at once?"

"I do not know," said Mrs. Markham, reflecting. "It may be, and it may not be, advisable. No—you had better not. Only keep within your hotel, and see no company. Trust to me for watching the movements of those who seek you, and for advising you how to act. Adieu, my dear Hester!—adieu, young lady—adieu, gentlemen—at twelve to-morrow expect me again."

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"The affairs cry—haste!

And speed must answer; you must hence to-night"—*Shakespeare.*

THE note Mrs. Markham had given to Lady Hester was from Letitia; it was as full of affectionate sentence as note could possibly be; written small and close on four sides; crossed regularly once, and down two whole pages twice; concluding with a regret that there was not time to say a thousand things more which remained to be said. The love of her youthful sister was very precious to Lady Hester. So, while she smiled at the ardour and profusion of Letitia's sentiments, she treasured them up in her heart.

The evening of this anxious day came; the blinds and curtains were drawn; the friends gathered about the fire, conversing only occasionally, and then with few words, and in low, agitated voices.

"It will never do for us to suffer our spirits to sink in this manner," said Clinton, all at once rallying himself out of his depression, and trying to speak in a cheerful manner, in order to enliven the rest.

"No, indeed," responded Lady Hester, breakin,

from a reverie, and seconding his intent by an instantaneous effort to smile and look hopeful; "the evils of to-morrow will be sufficient for the day; it is folly to anticipate them as we are doing. I depend very much upon my friend's interest for you, Marquis," she added. "I cannot but think Mrs. Markham will contrive to deter his Excellency from following up the pursuit."

The Pirate looked as though he had no very great confidence in the success of the good lady's intervention; he shook his head, and as he raised his eye from a paper of memoranda that lay on a table by him, and which he had been penning at intervals, there appeared in it a deep and settled foreboding harrowing to his children's hearts.

"I tell you the truth," said he, "my only hope is in flight. I could wished to have been present on your marriage day, but must submit to the counter necessity. I make it my request that you will not delay the ceremonies one hour on my account."

"Suppose we obtain licenses this evening, and let the affair be concluded to-morrow morning before you quit us," suggested Mr. Lee.

"If the ladies will permit I shall be glad of that arrangement," returned the Pirate. "Jane, my dear, you will make no objection, will you, under the circumstances?"

"I don't know—this is so very sudden—I hardly think I can make up my mind to it," faltered Jane, timid and abashed. "But, my dear father, for your sake, I would do any thing," she added, smiling through the bright tears which trembled on her eyelashes.

"And what says Lady Hester?" inquired the Pirate.

The lovely peeress was inclined to hesitate like Jane, but shaking off the weakness, she replied—

“She says, my dear sir, that whatever you think best in the present exigency will meet with her entire concurrence.”

Mr. Lee and Mr. Clinton did not fail to thank the young ladies for their generous concession with ardent tenderness, and immediately after the Pirate, rising and ringing for his servant, proposed that he himself should procure the licenses, an offer that met with no opposition whatever either from his son or his intended son-in-law, who, when the servant had brought his master's fur cloak, cap, and gloves, and had quitted the hotel in attendance upon him, were left alone with their beloved brides.

“What shall we say to the Pastor?” asked Jane, blushing. “You know we promised that no other clergyman should read the service.”

“He will be easily pacified when he knows what has occurred?” rejoined Arthur. “I shall write to him immediately after we are united.”

“The Marquis stays long,” observed Lady Hester, as eleven o'clock struck. The table had been spread for supper some time—the two candles wanted snuffing—the fire lacked a new supply of coals. But the four were so engrossed with high-wrought feelings of pleasure and pain, hope and fear, kindled by their own blissful prospects on the one hand, and the Pirate's critical position on the other, that they could not give a thought to any thing else.

“He has been gone nearly four hours,” responded Clinton, in a tone of uneasiness, “and the clergyman's

house is not distant from here more than ten minutes walk."

Each shrank from giving explicit utterance to the apprehension that he had fallen into the hands of the Governor's emissaries, though each was conscious of entertaining it.

Clinton held his watch in his hand, listening to its slow tickings, while another quarter of an hour fled by.

"I can bear this no longer," said he, starting up; "I must go and look for him. If he had sent Roberts back I should not have been so surprised."

Lady Hester assisted Clinton to put on his great coat, and then stood at the door listening to his retiring footsteps; she now turned to one of the windows, and, drawing back the shades, looked out after him as he passed down a dimly-lighted street opposite to the hotel.

The great cathedral bell chimed half-past eleven while she kept on her watch; only an occasional passer by without had met her anxious glance; but now at length the figure of her beloved one returned again into view—*alone*. Her troubled exclamation brought Jane and Arthur to her side in a moment, as Clinton, crossing from the opposite pavement to the hotel, looked up, and, seeing them, shook his head hastily—a token of misfortune.

In another minute he threw open the door of the room, and shutting it close behind him walked straight to the fire without speaking.

"Where is the Marquis?" was the simultaneous inquiry of Jane, Arthur, and Lady Hester.



"I do not know," answered Clinton, leaning his elbow on the mantel-shelf and shading his face.

"You have been to the clergyman's house?"

"Yes; and the licenses had been purchased of him three hours ago, and he saw my father and Roberts turn hitherward when they left his door."

"He has met with some acquaintance who has detained him," suggested Mr. Lee.

"It is hardly likely he would allow himself to be detained while upon such an errand," argued Clinton.

"It is a very strange circumstance," remarked Lady Hester, and the others acquiesced. The candles had burnt low in their sockets and were replaced by whole ones; the fire was replenished; the supper was sent away; and another tedious hour sped its course—still the Pirate was absent.

A quarter to one chimed the church clocks of Montreal. The busy house of public accommodation was at rest; the multifarious business of the day had been all discharged; and servants and employers, guests, hosts, and attendants, were each and all retired to seek in sweet oblivious slumber that refreshment for nature's wearied powers which is one of the choicest boons granted to mankind. All was still—profoundly still—only in this room were there any signs of the tumultuous existence of humanity. Here sat the two young couples, on the eve, as they thought, of their union for life; sometimes, as a footstep sounded on the pavement outside, starting up to look into the street through the window-panes, which the frost of midnight was fast spreading with a thick white crust impenetrable to vision, and decorating with drooping icicles; then returning disappointed to

their seats to catch from each other again the swift contagion of hope or alarm for the Pirate's safety, alternately yielding to each, while exchanging conjectures, some wild and improbable enough, as to the cause of his unaccountable stay.

But now it became too certain that he had fallen into some evil, for the night was already expired, yet he was absent, and his servant too.

"My beloved Hester—my dear sister—you had better retire to bed, if only for a short period," urged Clinton. "Mr. Lee and I will then go out and endeavour to procure some intelligence of him."

"I cannot sleep until I know where my father is!" ejaculated Jane.

"Clinton counsels well," said Lady Hester, pitying the agony of suspense with which his sister was racked. "Come, Jane, I will take you to my room, and if you cannot sleep, at least lie down, and try to quiet your perturbed spirit."

"I would rather remain here until I know what has happened," murmured Jane, as the hour of four sounded dismally on her ear. "O heaven! where—where is he!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together.

"We must be patient, my dearest Jane," reasoned Arthur, supporting her tenderly. "The Lord will not lay upon us more affliction than he sees to be necessary."

Clinton quoted from one of the old English dramatists for her encouragement, a passage laudatory of fortitude in times of great trial, and forcing smiles, which his heart was far from prompting, kindly compelled her to retire with Lady Hester.

Mr. Lee and himself then resolved to wait in the hotel until the morning should be a little more advanced, which they did, and then proceeded together to visit every place in the town where the Pirate was at all known, to make inquiries after him.

At nine o'clock they returned without having met with the remotest intelligence of the object of their search, and the dreadful thought glanced across the mind of Clinton that he had destroyed himself. Upon communicating this idea to Mr. Lee the latter strengthened it by the declaration that for several hours he had entertained a like suspicion. However, these suspicions were happily groundless; as they entered the sitting room, Jane started forward to meet them with a small piece of paper in her hand, which she gave to her brother with a look of breathless excitement, and he read these hurried words in the Pirate's handwriting:—

“I was met last night by Toby and Merry, who had come on foot from Rougemont to tell me officers had searched my mansion by warrant, and were there waiting to take me prisoner. The honest fellows advised me not to lose a moment's time, but to leave the town at once, as the hotel would be watched immediately. I have taken their advice, and to be the more safe, have determined to keep Roberts with me. I do not dare to tell you here whither I am gone, lest this paper should chance to fall into adverse hands. Do not let Jane be too fearful about me. Keep up one another's hearts, and hope that all will end as we wish it. Enclosed you have the licenses. Let the marriages be performed as we settled, and accept a father's heartiest wishes for your happiness.”

"Then the mystery is at an end," ejaculated Clinton, much relieved.

"And he has got out of the way of his enemies," joyfully remarked Jane.

"For the *present*," hinted Lady Hester, with less evident pleasure than they evinced. "I think it would have been better if the Marquis had been guided entirely by Mrs. Markham. Had there been any immediate danger here she would certainly have apprised him of it yesterday."

The others thought differently, and believed it was almost certain that the Pirate would now, having received such timely information of the movements of the Governor and his people, hide himself effectually until the fury of the dreaded storm should have subsided.

"But now to make use of *these*," said Clinton, archly, holding up the licenses.

"Oh, no! we shall have nothing to say to them now," cried both the ladies at one time.

"Indeed but you must," pleaded the gentlemen.

"Indeed, but we will not," persisted the ladies.

"We cannot think of allowing you to revoke your consent," pressed Arthur.

"Faint heart never won fair lady," laughed Clinton.

"Faint heart or strong," retorted Lady Hester, "you will not win us without—"

"No conditions—no conditions," repeated the determined suitors.

"The Pastor must be our clergyman, and the Marquis must enact the proper part of a father for us at the altar, as was first intended," said Lady Hester.

Do not think we are to be persuaded out of this."

The pleasant controversy had not terminated when, just an hour before her appointed time, Mrs. Markham presented herself. Her kindly countenance looked troubled, and she anxiously asked—

“Where is the Marquis?”

A few words sufficed to relate his disappearance and to produce his note.

“Did I not bid him stay within the hotel?” demanded Mrs. Markham, with vexation and uneasiness in her gestures. “What had he to do with fetching your licenses? I am angry with you all. You have not acted by my instructions, and my schemes for serving you are defeated.”

“I hope not! Oh, I hope not!” exclaimed Jane.

“I was afraid of it!” sighed Lady Hester.

“I told the Marquis distinctly not to quit Montreal.” resumed Mrs. Markham. “If he had abided by my instructions he might have been preserved. Now it is doubtful—very doubtful. The Governor has been more prompt than I expected, and it will be very difficult for the object of his keen pursuit to escape him. But come, you must find some safer lodging than this hotel, for in a few hours it will be searched, and you will all be put under arrest as having been intimate with the Pirate. I will show you a place where you will be free from notice, and where the Marquis—foolish, foolish man that he is in having deviated from my directions—might have lived safely during the heat of the chase.

Lady Hester promptly sent her maid to the proprietor of the hotel for her bill, and discharged it forthwith. Clinton did the same on the part of his father, his sister, himself, and Mr. Lee, and the party left the hotel with

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Mrs. Markham, their luggage fastened on her carriage, and Jane and Lady Hester riding with her inside; Arthur and Clinton followed in a small public carriage, and Lady Hester's waiting woman occupied a seat behind the former vehicle.

They soon quitted the public thoroughfares for the less frequented and meaner parts of the town. Turning down a confined street near the water's edge, principally inhabited by fishermen, sailors, and storekeepers (as dealers in all descriptions of saleable articles are designated in America), Mrs. Markham's driver pulled up his horses in front of a dingy but substantial looking house of the latter class. A young married woman stood at the door to receive the visitors, whom she was prepared to expect, habited in her best French head-dress, jacket, and petticoat, and displaying as many gay-coloured ribbons as would have sufficed to set out a haberdasher's window, besides having in her ears large round rings, made conspicuous by gaudy-coloured stones.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

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" In vain—in vain—he speeds his flight!  
Through the dark shades of deepest night;  
In vain he skims the icy wave!  
From shame and death himself to save!"

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WITH the habitual vivacity and politeness of a French-woman she curtsied to each of her guests, and usnered them with smiles through her husband's crowded warehouse to a dark but well furnished parlour, warmed by stoves, and ornamented for their reception with flowers reared in the house during the wintry season.

" Madame Germain," said Mrs. Markham, " these are my friends of whom I spoke to you last evening. You will accommodate them as well as your means will allow, and keep their residence here a profound secret."

" To be sure I will, lady," acquiesced the obliging dame. " Not even my own priest, who has the little church at the bottom of this street, shall know any thing of their staying here. The good lady, your sister, who was so kind as to recommend me to you, knows that I am worthy to be trusted; and as to accommodations, the ladies and gentlemen may have at their service three or four chambers, and another sitting-room besides this. Will it please you to see the rooms, ladies?"

"No thank you," answered Lady Hester, "I dare say they will do very well."

"And I have sent for a cousin of mine, a good girl—she was seventeen last December—to wait upon you, ladies. And my mother is a very clever cook," observed Madame Germain, "and will be happy to dress you any thing for your table. She learned the art of cookery, gentlemen, from M. Heraud. You have heard of him I dare say. He furnishes the best public table in Montreal; all the gentlemen of the nobility are entertained at it. Quite a wonder among cooks is M. Heraud, I assure you, ladies and gentlemen—and he was born in Paris itself!"

This was the climax of M. Heraud's superiority in the opinion of Madame Germain, and she did not doubt that she had fully impressed her guests with her mother's proficiency in the important science alluded to, when she informed them that M. Heraud had been her mother's instructor, and that M. Heraud had been born in Paris!

"Well, let your mother furnish a luncheon for us immediately," said Mrs. Markham, "and prepare dinner by five in the afternoon."

"Will you have—"

"Whatever your mother chooses to select we will have," interrupted Mrs. Markham; and Madame Germain, instructed by her manner, without saying more, curtsied and withdrew to convey to her mother in the kitchen the important commission wherewith she was charged.

"Now I trust," urged Mrs. Markham, turning to the two couples, "that I shall find you four strictly



obedient to my instructions—if you are not I cannot imagine what the consequences will be.”

“Indeed you shall,” responded each.

“Then mark my first command,” continued the good lady, peremptorily: “you must keep within this house until I give you leave to go out of it. Mr. Lee—Mr. Clinton—have I your promises to do this? Until I have I will not take one step farther to save the Marquis from his impending fate.”

“I pledge you my honour to be guided entirely by you,” ejaculated Clinton.

“And I,” responded Mr. Lee.

“*Entirely?*” repeated Mrs. Markham, firmly.

“Yes—to this we pledge ourselves.”

“I take your joint words. The young ladies I can trust upon the faith of their willing looks,” said Mrs. Markham, smiling amid her seriousness. “I shall bestow myself upon you until the evening,” she added, “and I insist that you do not entertain me with these doleful faces all day.”

Meanwhile the Pirate, with his personal attendant, Roberts, and his trusty though humble friends, Havestraw and Merry, had sailed in a fishing vessel for an island distant from Montreal about fifty miles. But hardly had the morning dawned upon them in their progress, before it became too apparent that they were pursued. Terror seized the titled fugitive upon making this painful discovery. His eyes moved wildly in their sockets as he surveyed the nimble cruiser which was bearing down upon them at a flying pace, assisted by a favourable wind which swelled their crowded sails.

“Toby!—to the helm! to the helm!” gasped he;

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and the old mariner instantly undertook the steering of the vessel, while the fishermen, assisted by the ready black, made every preparation for a vigorous flight.

"We had better keep the open stream, hadn't we, Captain?" asked Haverstraw.

"By all means," answered the Pirate.

"It will be impossible for us to reach the island by daylight," observed the old man.

"Quite," was the Pirate's pithy response.

"Oh, Massa Captin!—ice a-comin'! Look out!—look out!—ice a-comin'!" shouted Merry, stretching out both his arms to point up the river, distending his eyes in affright, and stamping on the deck planks first with one foot then with the other.

The Pirate saw indeed an enemy driving down toward him in front no less to be feared than that behind—*ice*, in great masses, nearly filling up the breadth of the channel, forced along rapidly by the powerful action of the narrow current, presented a truly alarming spectacle.

"Tack about, Toby," commanded the Pirate, "to the right! Be wary, or we are lost," he muttered.

The cruiser in chase now drew in some of her sails, and presently made a dead stop, perceiving no way by which the threatening ice might be avoided.

For a fortnight navigation had been almost wholly suspended on the St. Lawrence; in the upper parts of the river on account of its being completely frozen over, and in the lower parts on account of its frequent liability to interruptions such as the present. Only a few scattered canoes, therefore, were now seen floating on the cold blue tide. These made no attempts to es-

cape from the approaching ice piles, but, on the contrary, simultaneously made toward them with, as a stranger would have erroneously judged, nothing short of fool-hardiness and presumption. A remarkable scene now took place. The occupants of the canoes standing upright with ropes and boat-hooks in their hands, managed, with infinite dexterity, to leap upon the blocks of ice as they came close to them, and then to draw up their frail barks on the same level. Thus the moving mass rushed down the river with its living freight, who, exchanging animated cries, stood prepared to launch again at the first fitting moment.

The cruiser, like the fishing vessel, was retreating fast toward a wider part of the channel, where the pilot on board hoped to be able to clear the ship from the path of the ice. Confusion and terror prevailed on the crowded deck. None but the pilot retained the self-possession required for the emergency. He, like the Pirate in the other conveyance, was the presiding genius to whom all the terrified men embarked with him looked for deliverance. Under the guidance of these two the vessels performed some complicated and masterly manoeuvres, and several of the largest ice blocks, castles in magnitude, soon floated beyond them, while they had not a timber shaken. Uproarious shouts of rejoicing from the sailors proclaimed the passing of each formidable block. The whole was soon felt as an exciting sport, rendered more keen by its extreme hazard. The fugitive vessel and its pursuer came nearer to each other, as a host of smaller pieces of ice, no less dangerous than their forerunners, besprinkled the river in every direction, appearing like a thousand barren islets covered

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with snow. Among these the larger ship wound its devious course, while renewing the chase that had been for some time suspended. The fishing vessel kept at an equal distance from her, but would not quit the neighbourhood of the ice, where her opponent, being more than double her size, was more impeded than herself in its movements. The pilot on the cruiser soon began to understand this policy on the part of the object of its pursuit, and prepared to counteract it.

"Toby, we have a thorough sailor to deal with," said the Pirate, suddenly addressing the old sailor, who was steering according to his directions.

"Aye, aye, Captain, he's none of your fresh-water chaps," assented Toby. "I'd bet twenty guineas, good old English coin, that the man who's working your vessel was bred in a British man-o'-war."

"We have little chance of getting off, I fear, with so much odds against us," ejaculated the Pirate, with a melancholy air. "These fishermen know nothing of good sailing, that makes against us too."

"She scuds between the ice as if she had wings, Captain," wondered Toby, nodding in the direction of the cruiser, "and there are eight or nine good hours of daylight before us yet."

"Bad hours they will prove for us, Toby, I believe," sighed the Pirate. "We shall never be able to hold out so long."

"But we shall give them some trouble to come at us with all their advantages," remarked Toby with a look of encouraging sagacity. "Aha! they are foiled at that tack!" laughed he, obstreperously as the cruiser again retreated, being pressed by the ice. "Waru

ship!—my fine fellows!—ware ship!” the ancient mariner vociferated, putting his hand to his mouth to guide the taunting shout.

A bullet from a well-directed carabine, by way of return, saluted him on the forehead, but still he elevated his jeering laugh, the faint echo of which reached the adverse ship, conveying with it the conviction that the shot had fallen short of its aim. But the pilot who had fired it, seizing a telescope, declared with remarkable satisfaction that he saw a man lying wounded on deck, and that a figure, which even at that distance he could swear to belong to the Pirate, was bending over him.

Not long after, this same pilot sprang into a canoe, and rowed with swiftness toward the fishing vessel, while the cruiser was compelled to steer back still further before the onward-drifting ice. The Pirate beheld him approaching, and with astonishment recognised Brien. Slackening his vessel's speed, he called out to him sternly—

“What is your errand this way? Take care how you approach too near!” at the same time he levelled a gun at him.

“I come from yon cruiser!” shouted Brien in reply. “My errand is friendly! Let me come on board that I may speak to you!”

The Pirate hesitated, then bade him approach.

“Did not a shot from the snip out beyond hit some of you?”

“Yes, old Toby Haverstraw, poor fellow!” rejoined the Pirate, in tones of deep regret for the loss of that faithful servant. “But what are you doing in the company of my enemies?”

"I chanced to hear that they wanted a pilot in a hurry to hunt you on the St. Lawrence; and, thinking some chance of serving you might turn up, hired myself for the occasion. But I must come on deck—I have something for your private ear."

The Pirate could not apprehend danger from a single individual, he therefore received him into the vessel. Brien was not a man for whom he had the least liking, though he had been a sharer in all his fortunes as a privateer, and had learned the art of navigation from himself. There had always been a rooted dislike between the two, nourished on one side by envy, and on the other by suspicion. Toby, too, had been a marked object for Brien's secret hatred—the old mariner was a zealous friend of the Pirate, and had often hinted that Brien longed for the command of the Vulture, which was the case. This afforded cause enough for animosity. But Brien was a cunning man as well as a vindictive one. Had he slain Haverstraw with what justice could have termed "malice aforethought," unpleasant consequences might have resulted; he waited for a fitting opportunity—that opportunity had arrived—he had seized it—and the unconscious object of his hatred was dead!

But against the Pirate Brien had long meditated a more subtle revenge. It had been he who incited his band to break into the mansion of Rougemont for the purpose of extorting money from the Marquis by threatening to expose his past life to the authorities of the land. And at the time Jane was in the hands of his party, had she known the dark thoughts which swept across his brain as he calculated how by ill treating the

daughter he might wring the father's heart, she would have had cause to tremble even more than she did. From what horrors she was spared by Gilpin's unexpected kindness, who could tell? And on such slight contingencies fate weaves her strange web, that nothing short of his desire to thwart the Pole's hastily-conceived design of murdering her in the gipsies' cavern could have wrought him to effect her liberation. Had Scrynecki not meditated killing her, because he had been called a coward for her sake, as he said, Jane would have been utterly lost. Brien had eagerly joined the pursuers of the Pirate, and no efforts of his skill had been wanting to enable them to reach him; but when he saw that it would be next to impossible for them to accomplish their ends while so beset by the ice, he determined upon a bolder scheme, which, when he had communicated to the officers on the cruiser, and engaged them to pay him a certain reward in case of his success, he hastened to put in execution in the most artful manner.

Speaking to the Pirate apart, he said—

“You see there has been some little misunderstanding between us in times past, and to do away with all remembrance of it I have wished to serve you. Well, when I found myself on board your cruiser I thought I should be able to give you some sort of advantage or other, and so it has turned out. The officers there proposed to me to come to you as a friend, and give you a false notion of their intentions. I was to tell you that they meant to throw up the hunt to-day and come upon you in the night after the ice should have cleared away down the river. Whereas, they mean only—but I will not explain now what they intend. If

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you will accept my services, here I am—and in four and twenty hours I will make you as clear of them as ever you were in your life.”

“I *may* trust you?” said the Pirate, inquiringly, fixing a penetrating glance on the unabashed face of the plotting villain.

“As you please—as you please,” rejoined Brien with affected unconcern. “If you refuse to be kept out of a halter I don’t see why I should fret myself about it. You cannot get off without me, that I know.”

“Glad should I be of your assistance, Brien, if I could feel certain you meant as fair as you say,” observed the Pirate, again perusing the other’s face with doubt. “But I do not see *why* I should be dubious of you,” pondered he. “If you had been disposed to be treacherous to me, you could have been so without telling me that my enemies sent you here for that purpose, which has put me on my guard. No—you have come in an open, honest manner, and I will trust you.”

And so he shook Brien by the hand with nervous emotion, and discarding every latent suspicion gave him charge of the helm instead of Haverstraw, whose dead body lay bleeding by covered with a canvass bag.

During the three succeeding hours Brien strengthened the Pirate’s confidence in him by the openness with which he made known all the counsels of the officers in pursuit, and by his able advice as to the best means of counteracting their operations.

The Pirate now began to feel extremely weary, not having slept for many nights, his mind and his body having been long on the full stretch of exertion without any interval of relaxation. The cruiser rested apparently



stationary at the edge of the horizon; she had shown no disposition to approach nearer since Brien had been here, who laughed gleefully as he remarked this to the Pirate.

"Ha! ha! Marquis!" he roguishly ejaculated, winking his eye, "they will have to wait some time longer than they expect for my going back! I have done them ha! ha! as neat as a glove! Got out of them all I could, and then come to you to report it all and help you to get off! But leave this vessel to me, Marquis, while you go and refresh yourself with a nap. You look preciously fagged."

"I am very tired," rejoined the Pirate, "and so I will trust to you for an hour. But do not let me sleep longer. Be sure you send down Merry to wake me if I should be inclined to lengthen out my slumber beyond an hour."

"Very well," acquiesced Brien. "Harkye, blacky," elevating his tone, "mind you are to go down and wake the Marquis in an hour from this time!"

"Iss, me hear you," assented Merry from the rigging. "Me berry sure to mind. One hour, you say, Massa Brien?"

"One hour—sixty minutes if you like them better!" repeated Brien.

"Berry well—me mind!"

The Pirate was sound asleep in the fishermen's little cabin below, when Brien called Merry to him.

"Hold the helm for a few minutes," commanded he.

Merry obeyed, and Brien rushed with noiseless step through the opening in the deck, took away the Pirate's weapons, secured them on his own person, and

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locked the door outside. Returning on deck he deliberately approached the four simple fishermen and asked them if they had any arms. They replied in the negative.

"Yes, comrades, we have a pistol," said one, suddenly recollecting himself.

"And you have knives that you use about your business," said Brien—"let me have them."

They complied with the strange request without the least hesitation, perfectly unsuspecting.

Brien now advanced to Merry.

"Blacky, have you got any weapons about you?" he demanded in an overbearing tone. Merry was not wanting in shrewdness; he did not like the question put in such a manner.

"Why for you want to know, Massa Brine?" he retorted warily.

Brien's answer was unequivocal. Holding a pistol cocked in the black's face, he savagely muttered—

"Because I must have them! Make no palaver about the business; or I will lay you alongside your old rogue of a companion who lies under that bag. I always longed to be the death of him for his d—d interference between me and the men on the Vulture—and I have done it at last."

Merry's fine black eyes glistened with tears as he glanced toward the body of old Haverstraw, and, faltered passionately—

"Was it you den, Massa Brine, who fired at and killed poor old white-headed Toby? Ah! you will never be let go into ebben after dat mind! When you go to de door dey will tell you to go down to nen,

Massa Brine—to hell! because poor old Toby was murdered by you! Dis be worse den ebery ting else you eber did! Oh, lor-a-me! poor white-headed old fader Toby!” And the tears actually streamed in large drops down his sable cheeks.

“There is one left alive whom I have a deeper grudge against—I mean this new-made Marquis,” growled Brien between his teeth. “To work his ruin, to bring him down from his proud heights—to see him sink low—low under my feet—to trample on him—that is my aim here!”

“Den you hab lied to Massa Captin, and you be a big blackguard knave!” gasped Merry, his voice rising to a shrill treble, his neck stretched forward, his complexion changing to a mottled brown, his eyes fierce and hold, his ivory teeth becoming bared in his rage, his body crouching, and his limbs gathering themselves up as if for a deadly spring upon the treacherous villain.

Brien seemed a little staggered by this sudden burst of rage, and recoiled before the black a pace or two. The pause was momentary only; the next instant saw him glaring at Merry with the ferocity of an untamed beast. In a deep whisper he imprecated a dreadful curse on his head, and, while the muzzle of the pistol presented itself close to the eyes of the writhing black, completely disarmed him, and threw the implements of destruction which he had taken from him over the vessel side.

“Massa Captin!—Massa Captin!—Wake!—wake!—Murder!” roared Merry, stamping as loudly as possible on the planks over the cabin in which the Pirate lay.

“Death and devils!” swore Brien, making a lunge

at the black with his cutlass. "Will you be quiet, you d—d fool?"

But Merry had leaped on one side with such agility as to avoid the deadly stroke; and uplifting a yell loud enough to awaken the dead, precipitated himself down through the deck to the cabin door, and beat at it with feet and hands so powerfully that the Pirate, suddenly roused from his deep sleep, started up, and, in tones of alarm, demanded the cause of the noise.

"Massa Brine is a liar and rogue!" vociferated Merry, his utterance impeded by wrath so that what he said was hardly intelligible. "By gor, Massa Captin, Brine is a black rogue! Come out! Open the door! Brine it was who fired de shot dat kill old fader Toby! Oh, de big tarnation liar and rogue is Brine! He com here to do do you good, has he? No!—no! He com here to hinder you getting off! Com out, Massa Captin! Open de door!" and again with vehement impatience he plying the door with his feet and fists so violently and forcibly that the panels began to yield.

"It has been locked outside while I slept!" exclaimed the Pirate, in tones of astonishment and dismay, as he also shook the door. "And my weapons are gone!"

"That is Brine's doings—de liar! de rogue! de black-hearted—"

"Come—come—young blacky," ejaculated that worthy, coolly, flinging himself down the ladder, and grasping him by the collar with both hands, "you have made uproar enough, now lie there for the present;" upon which he hurled him into a coal recess opposite the cabin, clapped to the door, secured it with a rusty padlock that was hanging from an iron staple, and put

the key in his pocket. "Marquis," he cried, jeeringly, "don't put yourself at all out of the way. I'll manage the vessel for you. I wouldn't advise you to stint yourself of sleep now, for the felon's prison which you are going to isn't a place remarkably favourable for repose."

"Villain!" exclaimed the Pirate, "have you deceived me?"

"O, by no means," rejoined Brien, ironically. "A person of your talents couldn't be deceived by *me*. On board the Vulture you were a king, you know, and I was nobody. Who so clever as Captain Anderson, then! You could affront me as easily as drink grog. I durst hardly say my name was my own. Mighty Captain Anderson has been a great man in his time! And now your Marquis-ship has made you above me with a vengeance! Yet if I were not able to help you now to a short cut to the gallows, I think, fool as I am, I should contrive to make your soft-cushioned seats and your downy beds at Rougemont, not quite so easy for you."

"So," muttered the Pirate, breathing hard, "fate has reached me at last!"

"It will be as well for me to satisfy your mind entirely as to your situation," pursued Brien, coolly. "The fishermen have seen the Lieutenant-governor's warrant for your arrest, which I bear about me, and, like sensible men, refuse to assist you any longer. I have therefore put the helm about for Quebec, where the proper authorities will receive you."

The Pirate staggered to a seat and sat for some time stupefied. An icy dew gathered on his large forehead,

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a vacant horror was in his eye. "Ah! my children!" he mentally exclaimed, in a broken voice, "it is for your sakes chiefly that I shrink from the bitter cup! My God! what anguish is before them! He started up—crossed the cabin—stopped, and groaned deeply—walked to the opposite wall and there sank down again on his seat, resting his forehead on his arm upon the back of the chair.

The vessel crowded all sail toward Quebec, in company with the cruiser. When within sight of Cape Diamond a boat put off from the latter filled with armed officers, who demanded the person of the Marquis of Rougemont, which Brien was not slow to deliver up to them.

The prisoner came forth from the fishermen's cabin with an erect mien and an unfaltering step. As the villain who had entrapped him stood side by side with the chief officer on the deck he stepped back with involuntary loathing. One of the circle of armed men around instantly drew the trigger of a weapon which was levelled at him, but it fortunately flashed in the pan. The Pirate's face flushed, and he indignantly exclaimed—

"Gentlemen, whether my life be forfeit to the laws or not, it is not forfeit to *you!* Your warrant merely extends to the taking and guarding of my person. I beg you to remember that, and do not take more power into your hands than duly belongs to you, or you will have to answer for it in higher quarters."

"He will be a seignior to the last," jeered Brien.

"I was not going to attempt an escape," continued the Pirate, in severe accents, turning to the individual

who had fired at him. "Another time let your vigilance, good sir, be not so over-zealous."

"No, no, he did wrong," decided the chief officer. "Marquis of Rougemont, you are the prisoner of British justice, which glories in the maxim that every person in your unhappy circumstances is to be thought innocent until he has been proved to be guilty. You shall find honourable treatment, sir, while you are under my care. I shall not suffer you to bear any thing unpleasant which is not exactly necessary for your secure custody. Mr. Smith," addressing with marked displeasure the too forward individual, "you will be so good as deliver up your arms—you have grossly offended, and the guard will not require your services at present."

"Sir," faltered the Pirate, overcome by this liberal treatment, "my heart thanks you. If you will take the oath of a man like myself, hear me swear by this bright sky above, which is the throne of a merciful and truth-loving Deity, I will not make henceforward one single effort to escape! If I mean not this truly, and if I do not observe it religiously, may heaven reject me in my last need!"

"Of course it will be my care not to give you an opportunity for escaping," returned the officer, with a civil smile.

"Assuredly," ejaculated the Pirate, in a little embarrassment. Brien laughed insolently.

"Oh, let the men draw off directly if the Marquis promises this," said he, with a grin of derision. "Who'd be so uncivil as to watch him after he has given his word not to escape. Let him alone, officers, let him

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alone, he'll go to prison like a whipped child to school, without your looking after him. Bless you, gentlemen, he'll put his own neck into the halter and throw himself off the drop without the assistance of an executioner."

The Pirate made a fierce movement forwards, but catching the chief officer's eye instantly calmed himself, and drew up his colossal figure with a look at Brien of withering scorn.

"Marquis," said the officer, in a soothing and considerate manner, holding up his hand to enforce attention not only from the Pirate but from the others also, "this person who has delivered you into our hands is not under my authority; I am not answerable for any unworthy insults he may choose to inflict upon you. If I were," he turned a severe and reproving look on Brien, "I would prevent your being tormented by them. Nevertheless, I may observe that Mr. Brien certainly shows very bad taste, and worse feeling. Have you any friends on board, Marquis? They cannot be concealed, you know—only to spare myself trouble I inquire of you."

"This was one of my best friends," said the Pirate, movingly, drawing off the canvass from the remains of Haverstraw which lay by his feet, and stooping on one knee to peruse the gory features. The officer shuddered, and drew nearer to the hoary corpse, as did his men also.

"This old man has been with me upwards of twenty years," mournfully pursued the Pirate. "All my past life was known to him. He has more than once risked his own life for me and those who belong to me. He had a heart less tainted by the evil example of his com-



panions than any man of his station I ever knew. He was not learned, but he was singularly clever in the practice of many useful arts. He was not a professor of religion, but piety and charity were enwoven with all his thoughts and feelings. He was straightforward in his motives—upright in his actions—and pre-eminently single-hearted and disinterested at all times and under all circumstances. Such an unoffending, kindly, useful, old man, he must have been a devil who could murder, merely to vent an old spite.”

Speaking with stinging emphasis he looked full at Brien, who evasively exclaimed—

“Toby was the man my gunshot hit when I fired from the cruiser.”

“Aye, you *meant* him to be the man,” returned the Pirate pointedly and bitterly. “What ought to be your punishment for such a deed, think you?” and his countenance was charged with stern reproach.

“I fired in defence of the law,” cried Brien, disconcerted, “this gentleman knows that.”

“I know the law can take no cognizance of this act, sir,” observed the chief officer; “but I am equally certain that some private motives of your own, Mr. Brien, induced you to wing the fatal shot against this wrinkled victim. I was standing by you observing you closely, sir, and your looks and exclamations of triumphant glee when you noted the effect of your fire inspired me with disgust. But this does not immediately concern me. Men, go down and search the cabins, and bring up whoever you may find there.”

The Pirate asked leave to commit the body of Toby with his own hands to the deep. Permission was granted

him; and with the help of one of the fishermen, the old sailor was speedily sewn in a hammock and brought to the edge of the vessel.

"Stop, Marquis," said the chief officer, "I am not in such haste as to see a fellow mortal consigned to his grave, whether that be of earth or water, like a soulless beast. I am an attached Protestant, sir, and with your leave, part of the service for the dead used in my church shall be read before these relics are put out of sight."

"I am an attached Catholic, sir," returned the Pirate; "but as I have no priest at hand to perform the service according to the ritual of *my* church, I shall be very happy to hear yours."

The officer, who was a worthy, middle-aged gentleman of the naval profession, immediately drew from his pocket a prayer book.

"I always carry this about me," he gravely observed, noticing the facetious smiles which sat on the faces of the irreligious party around. "Let me tell you, sirs, there is no book in the world to be compared with the Church of England Common Prayer, except the Bible itself." He cleared his voice, looked about to see that all were uncovered and in an attitude of attention, then deliberately proceeded through the *whole* of the service, while the calm and wide-spread water—the majestic sky, vast and clear—and the deep hush which pervaded the twilight atmosphere—imparted to the touching rite additional solemnity.

The Pirate listened with closed eyes. Never had words fallen before on his ear with such deep and awful emphasis. The fervent tones of the good officer, coming as they did direct from the heart, gave full effect to

every sentence though unaccompanied with any tutored harmony of accent, any studied inflection of the voice.

‘Such words I may shortly hear said for myself on the scaffold,’ thought the Pirate. “And where shall I be when they are concluded? Where!—O God!—where!”

There was now a heavy plunge heard in the water; then were seen upon its surface a spreading circle and a few ripples, and ancient Toby was gone for ever out of the sight of the battling world.

“Now we must depart,” said the chief officer. “Come my men, bustle—bustle! Marquis, you must submit to be handcuffed, and enter the boat with the black and your valet. The fishermen must go with us too.”

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## CHAPTER XXXIV.

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“ By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night  
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,  
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,  
Armed in proof, led on by shallow Richmond!”—*Shakspeare.*

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THE widowed mourner, Madame Barry, was brought from her convent to the prison in which the Pirate lay. She was conducted to the sheriff's room, where Lieutenant-governor Markham, and certain subordinate magistrates, sat round a table. The Pirate was brought into the room unfettered; and the excellent lady, immediately fixing her eyes on him, became excessively agitated and almost fainted. Her wounds bled afresh. The presence of the man whom she believed to be the author of her sorrows, was intolerable to be borne.”

“ Let me go hence, your worships!” she panted, keeping her head turned from the Pirate as from a monster too hideous to be beheld—“ I cannot—cannot stay in the same room with the murderer of my husband!”

The Pirate was at once taken back to his cell, which he continued to pace with feverish and hurried steps until the turnkey went his midnight rounds through the passages of the dreary building.

“To bear the reproach and hatred of the good is dreadful!” murmured the Pirate. “It is this which was Cain’s punishment, and it is mine. Truly can I say with him ‘It is more than I can bear!’ These fearful walls which hem me in from light, air, and happiness—the dreadful ordeal which awaits me in the shape of my trial—the deep, dark abyss which is before me as the final conclusion of my

‘Strange, eventful history’—

whence arises their chief power of torturing me?—why from their scandalous notoriety! Could I suffer privately, unknown, and without involving others in my fall, I think that I should be more of a stoic. That abhorrent look Madame Barry gave me, planted a thousand daggers in my breast. Rather than bear its repetition I would rush of my own accord to the gallows! Let me think.—Did I not murder her husband? I have said No, but now I feel in doubt. A strange mist hangs over the past, and I can hardly distinguish my own actions from those of my companions. Was not my hand stained with his blood like theirs? Did I not help to strike him down? Is not his cry ‘Could I have expected this from *you*, Anderson,’ always in my ear like a terrible voice from a watery sepulchre crying to heaven for vengeance against me? In what a ghastly confusion my mind is involved! If I am thus at my trial I shall commit myself. Let me reflect.—I was on the mutinous ship—I afterwards commande. the old Captain’s murderers—hab! that was the poisoned bait!—command—COMMAND! Impatience of subordination has been my ruin!”

He lay down to sleep. His excited thoughts forming

themselves into an awful phantasmagoria of harrowing scenes. There was the bloody spectre of Barry maddening him with his upbraidings because he had leagued himself with his murderers. There was the dreadful platform prepared for his execution in the midst of a shouting, hooting, barbarous multitude, whose name was "legion." Great drops of clammy sweat oozed from the tormented sleeper's face. He ground his teeth frightfully, and moaned so loud that the turnkey knocked at the door to know what was the matter.

"Come in for the love of heaven!" stammered the Pirate, springing up from his recumbent position dreadfully pale. "Turnkey, I beg you will come in!"

"Why what ails you, Marquis?" wondered the official, entering, and lifting up his lantern to survey the prisoner's face. "You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

"So I have," faltered the Pirate, sinking his voice to a fearful whisper—"so I have. I had been dreaming that I was in the executioner's hands when I was wakened by your knocking, and, as I am alive, turnkey, my eyes opened on a figure revealed to me by a pale light that quivered about it."

"Nonsense—it was only in your dream you saw it—I have fancied such things myself."

"My eyes were open—I saw it as plain as I see you—it stood exactly where you now stand."

The turnkey instantly jumped on one side, and cast a terrified look around the dim cell. He was not invulnerable to superstitious fears; on the contrary, his memory was charged with a hundred stories of signs

and tokens, and mysterious voices and noises, which he could vouch that the prisoners under his care had seen and heard during the forty years he had been in the prison. He had never yet gone so far as to venture to assert that an apparition had been actually palpable to vision within the building's dismal precincts. Perhaps a due consideration for his own nerves at the periods when he took his midnight rounds, held him back from this "pleasing, dreadful thought."

"I—I have a cell vacant next this," he stammered in alarm; "if you like you shall go into it—it is more comfortable than this."

In this second cell the turnkey lingered a few minutes as if to cheer his prisoner by his company, but in reality to talk of horrors which the dumb walls of the prison had witnessed.

"A man strangled himself in that place you have been lodged in," observed he, mysteriously. "I have often heard strange noises there about this time of night. Sometimes I have seen a pale light, such as you say, shining under the door, but when I looked in no light was to be seen."

"It was the figure of my own son," meditated the Pirate, speaking scarcely above his breath, for at that weird and silent hour even his own voice sounded charnel-like to him.

"Was your son ill?" insinuated the turnkey. "I have heard of dying persons being seen by their friends a long distance from the place in which they lay."

"Ill!—no. God forbid!" fervently exclaimed the Pirate.

"Yet he may have died to-night, nevertheless,"

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suggested the turnkey. "Death will not always wait for doctors," and he tried to laugh. "If I had seen what you say, I should reckon upon his being gone out of this world as surely as he ever came into it." Taking his lantern the speaker turned to go. But yet lingering, he entertained the oppressed captive, who wanted nothing to increase his gloom, with several of the darkest traditions with which his mind was furnished. When he was really departing, the Pirate begged a light and writing implements, which the turnkey promised to bring him after he should have gone through the wards to see that all was secure.

Wrapped in a rug on his prison-bed the Pirate now lay once more surrounded by unbroken silence and darkness. He could not close his eyes again, slumber had departed from him for the rest of the night. He was too courageous in his temperament and by habit to yield easily to fear; but as he mused on the shape which for one terrible moment had flitted before his eye, he trembled, and longed for the turnkey's return with the light.

He had not long to wait—the light came, and a pen and ink, with a quire of paper, accompanied it. Until the dawn he wrote and read, the turnkey having on the previous day obliged him with several books of divinity and criminal records.

With the first feeble gleam of daylight he became another man. The shadows which had harassed his spirit dispersed like mists before the sun. Until the return of evening again he was employed in preparing his defence, and then he read several hours, and afterwards slept. He awakened suddenly, disturbed by the



pattering feet of a number of rats who were sporting about the dungeon enjoying a high holiday. If the Pirate had a deep-seated antipathy for any breathing thing, that one was the rat. No other venomous, unclean creature, whose instinct it happily is to hide from the face of man, was in his idea so loathsome as this. Slowly he raised himself to a sitting posture. One of the rats was dragging a boot of his to its hole; another was gnawing a mouldy crust with horrid fierceness of appetite; a third was consuming an end of candle; and the rest frisked about, looking greedy and strong enough to devour himself. Bold as he was, his flesh tingled and crept with very unpleasant sensations. He instinctively felt about for some weapon, but remembering that he had none, griped hard the handle of an earthen pitcher, and would have levelled it without a moment's reflection at the boot-plunderer, had he not just then felt something stirring and scratching close at his back; he sprang up to his feet, and an enormous rat bounded from the mattress into the midst of its merry companions, who cleared off in a second as the pitcher fell in shivers from the hand which had hurled it at their ill-fated comrades.

By the feeble light of a meagre oil wick, the Pirate surveyed his bleeding victim, whose expressive squeakings took a plaintive tone, and almost moved him to repent what he had done.

"Poor rat!" he philosophised, "why shouldst thou be abhorred? *Thou* hast not sinned against superior knowledge—*thou* hast not basely yielded to lust of power—*thou* hast not knowingly invaded the rights of thy fellows—*thou* hast not planted corroding sorrow in

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hearts that loved thee—*thou* wilt not leave in thy community after thou hast drawn thy last painful breath a branded name. No—poor rat! betwixt me and thee thou art the worthiest animal of us twain. Yes!" he exclaimed, with gloomy bitterness, "rather would I be this expiring rat that I have killed than what I am!"

His cell looked on a court in the midst of the prison. The dull, unceasing plash of rain on the stones, came with dismal monotony on his ear, which listened thirstingly for some sound of life. The wind kept up a low, continuous moaning. A raven belonging to the turnkey ever and anon startled the silent hour with its evil boding croak; and an owl, which had found its way at some secret hour to a time-worn part of the prison, deserted for the present, and had built its nest there, in a murderer's vacant and ruinous cell, echoed the notes of the raven with her own harsh shriek.

The Pirate drew a bench under the window, and, mounting on it, looked through the iron bars into the court, whose tall confined bounds were rendered imperfectly visible by two lamps burning drearily one at each end of the paved space. The guard was not there. Suddenly something flitted past the window. The Pirate was startled. His imagination had been fairly roused during the two preceding nights. He scarcely breathed, scarcely moved a finger; but there was no more fear in his breast than served to impart keenness to the thrilling expectation with which he maintained his watch.

Again there flitted something past, swift as an arrow from a bow—to the eye like a beam of unearthly light. A third time it came, and more palpably; white garments rustled against the window-bars, but in the

twinkling of an eye the vision was gone again. The Pirate had rallied his firm nature to its utmost strength: he kept his watch still. The guard appeared, paced the court awhile, and passed out of sight. The rain, the wind, the cry of the owl and raven, were all the sounds that could be distinguished until the prison-bell rung two o'clock. Then the Pirate returned again to his slumbers.

The next day brought his children to his presence. Clinton wrung his hand in expressive silence, and retained it long, while Jane threw herself dissolved in tears on his neck, exclaiming in an agony of affliction—

“O, father, has it come to this!”

The Pirate looked on both with a forehead contracted in intense gloom, and with compressed lips that showed the workings of a heart wrung by a thousand pangs.

“Yes,” my Jenny,” he hoarsely articulated, “it *has* come to this! I have disgraced you for ever!”

“Do not think of that, father!” implored Jane—  
“all will yet be well if you should be acquitted at your trial.”

“If I should be acquitted at my trial, my love, I know all will be well. But I am fully convinced that my trial will have but one result.” He spoke in such a manner that in his voice his tender daughter heard the knell of all her hopes on his behalf.

“And that result?” inquired Clinton.

“Will be my death,” firmly rejoined the Pirate.

Jane instantly fainted.

“What have I done!” exclaimed her father. “I spoke too abruptly. Gentle soul! how will she bear the event itself if she thus quails at the bare hearing

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of it! Bring that water, Nicholas! Carry her out into the air! Turnkey, open the door!"

She was carried out, and with the kind aid of the turnkey's wife recovered soon. A violent gust of tears relieved her overcharged spirit, and she returned to her father.

"My Jenny, you are but a coward, though you live with me so long among a set of men who thought no more of life and death than of eating and sleeping," said the Pirate, seating her by his side, with a forced smile, on a chair which the turnkey had brought from his own room. "You are not much of a heroine, Jenny."

"My dear sir, Mrs. Markham is warmly exerting herself on your behalf," said Clinton. "We saw her yesterday morning in Montreal, when she told us that she had seen two of the passengers who escaped from the wreck of Barry's vessel at the same time with myself, and their testimony in your favour will be very important. She had also seen the Pirate Gilpin, who is also to appear on your behalf at the trial. On the other hand, Brien has furnished the Governor with a great many details of robberies and murders committed by the band you have governed, for whose actions you were responsible, and has daily introduced some of his companions to his Excellency, who is furnishing the advocate for the crown with a growing mass of depositions bearing against you. Still, I think the worst that is likely to happen, is your conviction as a Pirate, and consequent transportation to Bermuda, or some other colony, in which case I and Lady Hester intend to go with you, and shall do all in our power to lighten

your exile. Your present station, and the mitigating circumstances which have attended your errors, will, I confidently hope, dispose the authorities to allow you to dwell with us in the place of your banishment; and so, after all, we may live to smile back upon the troubles of these days."

"I hope it may be so!" responded the Pirate, not willing to damp his children's sanguine hopes, though he could not share in them. "When did you hear that I was taken?" he asked.

"Not till yesterday morning," answered Clinton, "when all Montreal was ringing with the news. We set out directly for Quebec, where Mrs. Markham told us you were imprisoned, and reached here last midnight."

Jane now put to her father a thousand affectionate inquiries concerning his accommodations, all which he answered with as much cheerfulness as he could command, and more than emanated from his heart, where, alas! nothing but gloom reigned. The gentle querist watched his looks with solicitude, and their smiles did not entirely deceive her. He sighed involuntarily as she kept her eyes upon him, and, raising his hand to her lips, she ejaculated—

"You are depressed in spirits, father!"

"A little, Jenny, and that may easily be pardoned in a felon almost on the eve of the trial which is to decide his fate." He smiled painfully as he spoke.

In the melancholy silence that ensued, Clinton's eyes settled on the floor, and all his countenance assumed an air of as much depression as his father's.

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my despondency, Nicholas," said the Pirate, more buoyantly. "Come, I will hope the best with you. Here is my defence, which I have drawn up—look it over, and tell me if you think it clear and forcible enough."

Clinton read it to Jane, while the Pirate paced the cell, listening critically to judge of the effect it was likely to produce in the court.

"It appears to me unanswerable—it *must* carry conviction with it to the hearts of every one!" said Clinton, energetically. "I will take down the heads for Mrs. Markham, they will assist her to a clearer understanding of your case. Lady Hester promised to write to her as soon as I had seen you."

"Where is Lady Hester now?—and Mr. Lee?"

"In private lodgings beside the prison."

"Let them come with you to-morrow; I shall have a priest here who will unite your hands then. You must not oppose my wish—I must see your marriages over before my trial, which comes on the day after. Then whatever the result may be I shall have the satisfaction of thinking that I do not leave you comfortless."

"It is nearly time for your friends to leave, Marquis," cried the turnkey outside, knocking at the door.

"Presently," returned the Pirate. "By the bye, that man's brain," said he, "is a whole library of prison legends and traditions; he would curdle your blood by the hour, and make your hair to stand on end. He has inoculated me with the disease of superstition to such a degree, as would surprise you. Do you know I have fancied that I have seen some supernatural appearances here? At two o'clock this morning something passed

my window, to my thought, three times, like a person in a white night-dress, but whether male or female I could not discern. And the night before I had such dreams as made me feel myself like an inhabitant of another world—there was you too, Nicholas, scaring me out of my five senses.”

“ No—”

“ You, or your angel. As I opened my eyes on awaking out of sleep there stood your figure beside me—not in the dress you at present wear, but in your former hunting array, at the time when you ranged the woods. A pale light was quivering about you. My cell had been in darkness, and as I lifted my eyelids, I was surprised to see this light, which was the first thing that attracted my notice. Your face looked chalky, and thin, and melancholy, but the appearance was before me no longer than an instant, it passed completely as the turnkey opened the door and came into me. What it betokens perhaps Jane can tell us.”

“ O, it must have been an illusion,” ejaculated Jane. “ A beam of moonlight, some of your own clothes hung up, and an excited imagination, made up your vision, depend on it.”

“ I do not know,” said Clinton, gravely, turning a shade paler. “ I am not altogether a sceptic in such things. Milton says—

‘ Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,  
Unseen both when we wake and when we sleep ;’

Shakspeare says—

‘ There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,  
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy ;’

and the Bible, I believe, gives us to understand that we

are surrounded by spirits of a different nature from ourselves, both good and bad. These are high authorities—I cannot venture to differ from them.”

“The turnkey would have it that you had died somewhere about the time when I saw your figure, Nicholas,” said the Pirate, giving the conversation a playful turn. “Are you sure that you did not? Are you certain that your veritable flesh and blood is before me?”

“I am not conscious of having made a journey to the shades,” returned Clinton in the same tone. “And my spirit lodges so comfortably in its present habitation, that I am inclined to think it is the one it has always been used to. There comes our summons, Jane.”

“Time for visitors to go, Marquis,” cried the turnkey, throwing open the door.

“I shall take these papers of yours with me, father, and return them to-morrow,” said Clinton, putting the Pirate’s defence in his pocket.

“And remember the priest will be here,” said the Pirate pointedly and firmly, kissing his daughter’s cold cheek as she embraced him at parting.



## CHAPTER XXXV.

" There we sate, in the communion  
 Of interchanged vows, which, with a rite  
 Of faith most sweet and sacred, stamped our union.—  
 Few were the living hearts which could unite  
 Like ours, —————  
 With such close sympathies; for they had sprung  
 From linked youth, and from the gentle might  
 Of earliest love, delayed and cherished long,  
 Which common hopes and fears made, like a tempest, strong."

*Shelley.*

AFTER a calmer night than he had yet spent in the prison, the Pirate arose from his bed to receive a priest who had been invited by his earnest desire to hear his confession, and to impart to him religious instruction. Unfortunately the man was not suitable to his office, inheriting a fierce spirit of bigotry for every popish form, without any of the milder and holier traits of the gospel, which are found shining in all their intrinsic loveliness in some professors of his pompous faith. Hence the Pirate, whose imagination more than his judgment clung to catholicism, found little real benefit from the spiritual exercise in which he was engaged. However, he made a clean breast as far as his crimes against the laws were concerned, and acknowledged

himself to have broken all the Ten Commandments, he joined too in the prayers of the priest, and answered Amen to his formal exordium and peroration; but the root of the matter had not been planted in him, and he was still left at the mercy of his wild and wandering thoughts. These soon presented to him an awful idea replete with fascination: he recoiled from it, but it came again and again with increasing force until he grew familiar with it, and entertained the dangerous guest within the innermost sanctuary of his soul.

"*Self-destruction!* rather than incur the odium of the scaffold! *Self-destruction!* rather than that it should be ever said to my children 'Your father was hung!' *Self-destruction!* rather than that my last moments should be embittered by a vile rabble gathered together to glut a brutish curiosity!" Thus muttered the Pirate, compressing his lips firmly, and folding his arms on his breast in an attitude of calm resolution. "Brien, you shall not consummate my disgrace by bringing me under the hands of the executioner!—you shall not feast yourself by beholding me in that extremity of degradation! I will cheat your prime hope, fellow!—I will foil thee there!"

Having thus said, he became silent, but his eye and his countenance showed the fierce workings of his spirit. Presently they too grew hushed, as it were, in their tone, and then might you see in him

" Gestures proud and cold,

And looks of firm defiance, and calm hate,  
And such despair as mocks itself with smiles,  
Written as on a scroll."

All this he threw off upon the entrance of his children with their intended partners for life.

"My dear Lady Hester!—Mr. Lee!—you are come I hope intending to gratify my nearest wish!" These were his first words to those whom he addressed as they greeted him with the warmth of true friendship.

"We are," replied Arthur, unequivocally. "The ceremony can be afterwards performed by my grandfather when we all return to the lodge together."

"Ah! that will be a happy day indeed!" ejaculated Jane.

"May we live to see it!" exclaimed Clinton. The Pirate responded an emphatic Amen, and then spoke with the turnkey at the door, who brought the priest back to the cell (for he had gone to take dinner), and the young lovers were soon united in the indissoluble bonds of hymen in that ill-omened place.

As the priest was in the act of pronouncing the closing words of the ritual, a sudden gloom darkened the cell, and a peal of thunder reverberated awfully through the prison. Jane trembled. The Pirate was startled. The priest crossed himself. To make the adverse influences of the hour more impressive, the turnkey's raven lighted on the stone in which the outer window bars were fixed, and saluted the nerves of the bridal company with several loud croaks from her "hollow beak." Lightning flashed vividly into the cell every minute; the thunder boomed, and burst, and rumbled, and rattled, with incessant violence; then came down the rain as it might have done in the beginning of the great deluge—not in a pattering fall, but rushing, sweeping, smoking, headlong from the heights of heaven to the pavement, and rebounding upwards from it with the violence of the contact.

"The elements are more congenial with my fortunes at present than with yours," moodily observed the Pirate to the brides and bridegrooms. "Joy is a brief prison guest. Nevertheless, may heaven bless your marriages with long years of peace and bliss!"

A bright beam of sunlight shot into the cell, and suddenly exhilarated the spirits of the newly wedded. The rain ceased almost instantaneously. The raven flew off. The turnkey's wife hung outside her parlour in the court a woodlark in a cage, which sung so rich and joyous a strain as nothing could excel. It was inexpressibly touching. Jane wept quietly as she listened. The Pirate looked toward the window with a softened eye and lip, wishing that the black idea now coiled up in his soul had never been admitted there, and longing for some wise teacher to lead him to the arms of his forsaken Maker. The Pastor occurred to him. Jane had often described his benignity, his excellence, and his skill in healing the wounds of the sorrow-stricken and the guilty. He would have him sent for. He would have his instructions though he was a Protestant. Perhaps they might bring him peace. He asked Mr. Lee to write and say that it was his earnest desire to see him. Mr. Lee replied that he had written to desire his grandfather to come, and that he had no doubt he was on the road.

Clinton harkened to the bird's touching melody with all his "rapt soul sitting in his eyes."

"This is our hymeneal anthem, Hester," said he. "Is it not an incomparable one? Where is my pencil? I must fix the feelings it creates in an impromptu verse or two."

With gay rapidity he scratched down a few lines, and, carried away with the thrilling impulse of the moment, sang them to a low, old air, as the woodlark ceased her measure:—

Sing on! sing on! sweet bird,  
In thy captivity;  
Some who thy song have heard  
Are prisoners like thee.  
They weep to hear thy strain,  
 wooing them back again  
To woodlands fresh and free,  
Where thou, sweet bird! should be.

Renew—renew thy lay!  
O, bird of soaring wing!  
Though thou immured must stay,  
Yet do not cease to sing!  
Thy voice is sunshine heard!  
Flowers turned to sound! Sweet bird  
Sing! Full thoughts cannot meet  
Outlet, save thy warblings sweet.

“That is all I could manufacture,” said the vocalist, breaking off his mellow tones. “The lead of my pencil broke as I was using it, and I am not clever enough to compose as I sing. Ah! the woodlark begins again.”

The turnkey interrupted their enjoyment of its song.

“I have news for you, Marquis,” said he.—“Your trial is put off for a week.”

“This will enable our lawyer to prepare better for it,” said Clinton, with gladness.

The lawyer was the same who had assisted the Pirate to obtain his inheritance; he was talented, as well as honest-minded, and was throwing the whole of his mental powers into the case. He had now gone to

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Montreal on purpose to have a secret interview with Mrs. Markham, and had taken with him an outline of the Pirate's defence.

"He thought it likely that he might return this afternoon, in which case he was to come to my lodgings immediately," observed Clinton. "We have much to do together before you appear in court."

"Nicholas, leave him to his task," whispered the Pirate, earnestly. "You have a wife now who demands your most delicate and watchful tenderness. Her position with regard to her father is painful; the cloud which lowers over your fortunes must naturally tend to depress her; and the novelty of her change, together with the unexhilarating circumstances that have attended it, will require all your skill as a lover to deprive of their uncomfortable influences. Leave me now. For her sake, dissemble your own anxieties. Take your Hester to a more cheerful lodging than you say you have at present; and for a day or two at least trust my concerns wholly to him we have spoken of."

Clinton did as his father advised. He took rooms in a villa situated in a beautiful spot a little without Quebec, and thither conducted his fair bride. Close by, the romantic recesses of a wood invited their steps, relieved by a profusion of lucid streams and sparkling waterfalls, leaping and dancing from rock to rock among green and yellow moss and banks which retained their verdure all the year. To this lovely and retired spot they often went, happy—supremely happy—in each others confidence, esteem, and passionate love. Clinton took such pains to buoy up his wife's hopes for his father's destiny, that he not only succeeded in raising



them to a pitch hardly warranted by the stubborn facts of the case as viewed by calm reason, but his own also. Both persuaded themselves that he would meet with a punishment more moderate than transportation. They entertained little doubt, too, that what imprisonment might be decreed him would be for a limited term, and that his estates would be allowed to remain in the possession of his family.

Jane was less deceived by imagination than her brother and sister-in-law. She was almost constantly with her father during the hours allowed for the visits of friends by the prison regulations; when from his manner, and from words he occasionally let fall, she could not but perceive that he was anticipating the worst. She did so likewise. Instructed and supported, however, by the sensible counsels of her husband, she rose superior to the indulgence of her own feelings, and by the elevated tone of her conversation, strove to inspire her parent with such holy thoughts as might illumine his soul in the darkest hours that could befall. With such a purpose it was no wonder that she grew eloquent, that her words fell with a subtle fire from her earnest lips, and that the extreme mildness which was wont to characterise her gestures yielded to a chastened enthusiasm such as the meekest angel need not have blushed to own. Arthur listened to her with the approval of the Christian, and the fond admiration of the lover, occasionally seconding her by his own judicious and unanswerable arguments.

The third day after their bridal, they were with the Pirate when the priest entered the cell, and, rather in a surly way, warned the Pirate from holding too many

conferences with his heretical friends. He took no further notice of the two present than by a very uncourteous scowl, tempered with the slightest possible movement of the head. After questioning his penitent something abruptly concerning his performance of the acts of penance he had prescribed to him, which having been somewhat lengthy and rigorous had been but remissly performed, and telling him he should come to confess him again when he was alone, went out, scowling on the young Protestants as at his entrance.

"I should be very glad if my grandfather had arrived," said Jane; "I must think, father, you would better like his counsels than those of this priest."

"Not now," said the Pirate, evasively. "I have lived a Catholic, I believe I must die a Catholic."

"Believe me, Marquis, I know the great power which long cherished opinions acquire over us," said Mr. Lee; "but permit me to say that it is the proper work of reason, relying upon that divine assistance which is liberally promised for her aid, to dispute their sway, when convinced that it is to the prejudice of the soul they retain it."

"Of course," rejoined the Pirate, obstinately clinging to his prejudices in opposition to dawning convictions in favour of a simpler and less sensuous faith, and speaking testily, "and were the ties which bind me to my faith those of reason only, I might be inclined to rend them away; but it is not so. You must speak to me no more on this subject."

This interdict sealed the lips of both. Their disappointment was great, but they strove to hide it; conversed about ancient Toby with the Pirate, dilated on several

remarkable passages of the deceased mariner's life, and afterwards withdrew.

As they were passing across the court they again saw the priest. He was conversing with a Catholic prisoner who had been allowed to take the air here daily on account of weak health. The father threw a frowning glance toward the pair, and said with virulence to the man beside him, loud enough for them to hear—

“Heresy stalks abroad in our once Catholic Canada with a bold face. By Jesu's mother, friend, it was different in the worthy days of our good forefathers! Would we had such days now!”

“And if we had,” said Arthur to his bride, who shuddered at the priest's persecuting tone, “this man would be the readiest to light the funeral pyres of Protestant martyrs. What a fearful scourge is ill-directed zeal!”

Entering their lodgings beside the prison, the same they had occupied before their marriage, Deborah threw herself into Jane's arms and kissed her without ceremony.

“O my darlin Miss Jane!” she sobbed, “I wish you joy with all my heart! and that's as throe a word as ever I said in my life. God bless you for ever, and your husband too! Little I thought to see the day when you two would be man and wife. Yet I'll be bound there were never two better matched in the world. You'll forgive my freedom?—it's the fault of my heart. I am so glad to see you married, I could cry a day and a night!”

When Arthur had shaken her warmly by the hand, he poured out a brimming glass of wine and handed it

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to her, cordially smiling as he exclaimed—" Drain it, Debby !"

" That I will, Mr. Lee, and lave not a drop. Here's to your health, happiness, and long life, and my Lord Marquis' freedom !"

" In return I wish you may yet meet with O'Reilly, and find him anxious and able to atone for his past inconstancy."

" Small hope of that," ejaculated Deborah, her good humoured face turning red all over. " But I won't tell a lie about it—I shouldn't be mighty sorry, Mr. Lee, if things were to come about in that way. And it's not altogether unlikely."

" Oh, you have seen him then !"

" That I havn't. I have heard of him though."

" Let us hear the how and where, Debby," cried Jane, with interest.

" You must know, darlin Miss Jane—"

" Or Mrs. Jane," interrupted Arthur, archly.

" I beg a thousand pardons. Oeh ! but I'm always blundering ; I wouldn't be Irish else. Well my darlin Mrs. Lee, as I was saying, a little before the Marquis was taken, I spies one of my own country at work in the little temple where the last Marquis and Marchinis was to be buried. Up goes I to him as he was polishin a block of marble, and asks him the news from darlin ould Ireland in his mother tongue. Down drops his tool. He wrings my hand almost off—and kisses me into the bargin without asking lave. ' And is it you yer own sif, my Debby !' says he. ' And is that you, O'Reilly !' says I. And so I bursts out a cryin."

" You said you had not seen him."

"Sure, Mrs. Lee, he was so altered, I might well say that same. He was like another man intirely!"

"Deborah is the same as ever," remarked Arthur, amused. "She still retains her own peculiar notions of truth and falsehood. But pray, Debby, what said your inconstant of his wife?"

"He nivir was married at all," answered the Irish girl with a beaming look of pleasure. "'Twas all a mistake. I will tell you about it another time, maybe."

"But is it a match between you?" asked Arthur.

"Maybe it is," was the off-hand reply. "But where's my young lord, and his new lady?—I long to see them!"

Informed where they lodged, she went to pay them her warm-hearted congratulations, and returned the same evening.

"If I am not almost light-headed with the wine Mr. Lee and my young lord have given me this day; I wish I may nivir see you again, my lady! But what do you think?—Roberts, my Lord-Marquis' valet, was there at the villa; and says he, 'Debby, there has been the Earl of Wilton here to-day, and my lady and he has had high words—he has gone off in such a tiff! As I opened the door for him,' says Roberts, 'the Earl muttered to himself—I shall nivir be mysilf again!—my eldest daughter married to the son of a public fillen!' St. Patrick defend me! who would have thought it! 'O indeed, Mr. Roberts,' says I, 'did the Earl talk like that? Why he owed his life, and his youngest daughter's life into the bargain, to that same fillen, so it's not very purty in him, at-all-at-all, to talk so big. Fillen, indeed! Bad luck to him that said the ugly

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word! The Marquis is no more of a fiend than he himself, barring his having been Captain of a Pirate-ship, which nobody can deny."

"Did you hear whether my brother saw the Earl?" asked Jane.

"Yis indeed he did, my lady. But the Earl would not spake to my young lord, and in course my young lord wouldn't spake to the Earl. Sure enough nobody can blame him for that."

"I am to suppose this scene took place before you reached the villa?"

"It was no scene at all, for they didn't spake, my lady. Lady Hester's eyes were red as if she had been cryin. My young lord was saying all that he iver could to cheer her. Roberts tould me that the Earl had arrived only yisterday from Toronto to be a witness against my Lord-Marquis at the trial. Bad luck to his good-for-nothin' arrant, Mr. Roberts!" says I. "It would have been a good job for the Marquis if he had let the Earl drown on Lake Erie instead of picking him out of it when he did." Says Roberts, says he, "I must say it's a very ungrateful return on the Earl's part." "Troth, and I think so, Mr. Roberts, says—"

Deborah was getting too loquacious; Jane interrupted her—

"You heard nothing of Lady Letitia?"

"That I did. She is in this town with her governess. Roberts says, says he, 'Debby, this is what cut my lady to the heart more than any thing else, her sister is not to see her or write to her.' 'Cruel indeed, Roberts,' says I. 'But how do you know that?' 'Why,' says he, 'I was called up into the drawing-room when the

Earl was going. My lady came to the head of the stairs with him—Do let my dear Letty come and see me *once!* said she, looking at him quite piteously. The Earl gave her a most terrible angry frown. No, says he; if Letitia comes to see you, writes to you, or holds any intercourse with you whatsoever, she shall no longer have a father in me!—these were his very words—she shall no longer have a father in me! Then my young lord comes out, and says he, proudly, Hester, ask him no more; there may come a time when he will regret his present animosity. So he leads her back into the room, and the Earl goes away without giving or taking so much as one good-bye.’ ”

It was too late in the day for Deborah to visit the Pirate, but on the morrow she was in the prison at an early hour, and gave her master a very particular account of all that had passed at Rougemont since he left it. The estate was in the hands of civil officers, and the servants had been under arrest until the preceding morning, when they were removed to Quebec in preparation for the trial, and allowed their freedom upon proper responsibilities. Deborah had been thought by the lawyer likely to prove an useful witness on the side of the defence.

The Pastor had not arrived up to the last day previous to that appointed for the trial. A second letter had been dispatched to him, and his arrival was hourly and anxiously looked for by the Pirate and his children, who all concurred in the fear that he had been detained by illness.

Clinton had received a compulsory notice from the parties for the prosecution that he would be subjected

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to a close examination by the counsel for the crown, his own written accusation forming the basis of the several indictments against the prisoner.

Mrs. Markham and the Governor were arrived at one of the hotels in the city, and were in constant communication with the Earl and Letitia. The good lady paid one private visit to Lady Hester and Clinton to congratulate them on their union, and to assure them of her heartfelt participation in their anxieties for the Marquis.

They parted with the expressive query—"When we meet again will it be in sorrow or in joy?"



CHAPTER XXXVI.

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion all the interim is  
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:  
 The genius and the mortal instruments  
 Are then in council; and the state of man,  
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
 The nature of an insurrection."—*Shakspeare.*

THE Pirate on this day was engrossed with the most oppressive reflections. His eyes were observed to be bloodshot and rolling—their lids swollen—his large forehead deeply furrowed—his nostrils enlarged—his lips white.

While alone he walked unceasingly to and fro his cell, frequently starting, and breathing forth such exclamations as these, vehemently—

"Just come to a noble name and inheritance, and now to die so infamously! Oh, dreadful! Only a few days and the hangman's fiendish gripe will be on my neck! the people will hoot and exult about me! my eyes will be blinded! the drop will be drawn from under my feet! my death-struggle will be hailed with huzzas! Oh! the whole scene is pictured before me! I see, I feel, all its horror! And shall I endure it? No!

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I never will! The execution of my sentence shall be anticipated. But how—but how? No means have yet presented themselves to my mind. The turnkey!—shall I try him? will it be safe? Let me think. My old acquaintance, that rascal at the Buffalo Inn. Yes, yes, I see the way.”

The turnkey brought in his tea, and, as he usually did, lingered a little to talk of the weather, and news connected with the prison affairs.

“Are you rich?” asked the Pirate in a careless way.

“Rich, Marquis? No. Whatever could have made you think I was rich? I have a large family, four sons and three daughters, they keep a man poor, I can tell you. My salary here isn’t so good as you might think. I sometimes fancy I ought to have more, considering I am so old a servant. My dame often says so. ‘But what can’t be cured must be endured.’ The governor wont give me any more.”

“I suppose you would have no objection to earn fifty dollars in an honest way?”

“In an honest way I should not. No, certainly. I only wish I had the opportunity. Fifty dollars would put my youngest boy to a good trade and furnish him with clothes. I have got his brothers apprenticed, but I have had no means for putting him out.”

“You are an Englishman, I know; but perhaps you understand French?”

“No, Marquis, I don’t. I never liked the French people; though I am here in the thick of them, as one may say, I never would learn their language. A little of it I may have picked up by chance, but only a little.”

"Perhaps you can read this?" The Pirate produced a folded note and held the superscription before the turnkey, who put on his spectacles, and commenced spelling it word by word with a good deal of patience.

"M. Andre, Buffalo Inn, St. Catherine Square. That is the English of it, Marquis," said he, at last.

"Right. You are to understand that M. Andre is an old friend of mine, and this note I have written for him. The contents are French—you can make them out I hope."

"I will try, Marquis." He commenced his task, and went through it perseveringly, aided by the prisoner, who helped him to a tolerable comprehension of the lines.

"You wish this old friend of yours, Marquis, to receive with this note a watch and seals, on condition that he sends for my use a dozen of the innkeeper's best wine in return for my kindness to you."

"That is exactly right."

"I am bound to thank you, Marquis; and when I drink your health out of them I shall wish you a clear acquittance before judge and jury."

"The rest of the note."

"I am coming to it. And you request M. Andre to send by my hand a bottle full of a tonic wine, composed according to a receipt of your own. It is—what are these words, Marquis?"

"An excellent restorative."

"An excellent restorative. You wish to take it while your trial is going on. Very well, Marquis, I have read the note. I suppose you want me to get it taken for you to M. Andre. I have no great objection, though

if it were known I might lose my place. I can send my youngest girl with it this evening."

"Do so, and give her a new Sunday frock for her pains. This is but a trifling favour, turnkey, as it may seem, and I am willing to pay high for it—but the truth is, you have been obliging to me since I have been under your care, and I wish to reward you. By the way, friend, though this is but a trivial affair, yet, for your own sake, you will confine the knowledge of it to ourselves. Perhaps you had better say nothing of it to your wife even until you have the wine in, then you may bribe her with some of it to be cautious."

"Women never keep a secret, Marquis," said the gratified turnkey, with a shrewd smile. "No, no, I shall tell her nothing about it. There will be the wine and the fifty dollars, and I shall say you have made me a present of them, that's all. My little girl is playing in the court now, finish the note, sir, I will give it to her at once."

The Pirate wrote a few additional words and again presented it to the turnkey, eyeing him with a covert glance of penetration as the latter brought his spectacles to bear upon the conclusion of the page.

"I can't make out this," said the man. "Sal—salara—salira—what is it?"

The Pirate boldly read the names of several poisonous ingredients for his *tonic* wine.

"Well, I suppose it's all right—fasten the note up. I never heard of those things you have written down, but I suppose they are all very good."

"Admirable medicines for my purpose, friend," returned the Pirate with marvellous steadiness. "Here

is the watch. Remember you are not to give it until the bottles have been delivered to you. He will bring them to your room."

"And the dollars?" said the turnkey, going.

"Depend upon having them when I receive the tonic wine."

Away goes the turnkey, supposing that he was going to do himself a benefit at no one's expense. The note had been shown to him with such openness that any misgivings he might have been likely to entertain regarding the errand he was upon were completely disarmed. The Marquis looked ill, and what was more likely than that this medicine he had written to his friend for had done him good formerly and would be likely to do him good again?

The little girl was dispatched with the note, and returned with an answer in French for the Marquis, which the turnkey, after he had made out all that he could of it to assure himself that all was right, took to the ceil himself.

The Pirate smiled with stern satisfaction as he scanned the lines—

"M. Andre will bring the medicine for his friend after dark to the turnkey's rooms, and receive the watch and seals. The dozen of wine will be brought at the same time; but as they are first-rate importations, and M. Andre is at present short of money, he feels himself under the very uncomfortable necessity of requesting that five louis-d'ors be paid for them on delivery."

"Your friend writes rather coolly, Marquis," observed the turnkey, a little surprised.

"O it is his way—he is an odd fellow," returned the

Pirate; "blunt, but kind hearted. Here are the louis-d'ors for him. I hope the wine will please you."

"You are very generous."

"Bring the medicine to me as soon as ever you get 't, turnkey."

"Directly, Marquis."

"And then there will be the fifty dollars for you to clothe and apprentice your son with."

"True—many thanks to you!"

The man disappeared once more. In his presence the Pirate had maintained the most absolute self-mastery. He had been calm and cheerful to a wonder. Now he changed. His mind was on the rack until the re-appearance of the turnkey. He did not flinch from his dread intentions; every moment saw his resolutions more knit to them; he only feared their being frustrated by a discovery.

M. Andre had been formerly a privateer in his service, but for some time past had been living as a practised gamester in Quebec. The Pirate had seen him only a short time before his arrest, and M. Andre had laughingly promised that if the Marquis should get "cribbed," he had only to send to him for a dose of poison and it should be at his service with all the pleasure in the world.

M. Andre was sagacious enough. He knew well the pride of the Pirate, and, in making this offer, he had the fullest conviction that it would be accepted some day or other, and produce him a golden advantage.

When the turnkey's little girl brought the note to him, he at once saw through the contrivance, and remembered his own promise. It happened, as fate

would have it, that he had been very unlucky in his profession lately, having been expelled two celebrated gaming resorts for using loaded dice and marked cards, hence he was particularly needy at present; all his superfluous clothes had been converted into meat, and drink, and lodging, by the process of pledging; his gilt chain was still exhibited, but, alas! no watch remained thereunto appended; his dress coat still gloried in the most fashionable cut, but it was his oldest one and very threadbare; his shirts were reduced to ruffles, wristbands, and collars; his showy evening waistcoats to one that was double-breasted, of shabby check; while his hat was completely destitute of wool.

Under these pressing circumstances he proceeded, without pity or remorse, to obtain the fatal compound the Pirate desired, and when darkness closed over the prison, presented himself at the turnkey's door with it under his cloak. The little girl who had brought the Pirate's note to him opened the door, and, seeing who it was, nodded her head very knowingly, for she was proud of being trusted with any thing like a secret by her father, and whispered—

“If you please, sir, give me the bottle, and I will carry it to my father.”

“No, no, my pretty little girl,” said the wary gentleman, “go you first to your father and tell him to bring the watch and seals—he will understand what I mean.”

“Very well, sir; only please to come in and sit down in this little kitchen here till I come back—I shan't be a minute.”

She was no longer. The turnkey came with her.

"Sir, you have brought the medicine for your old friend the poor Marquis?"

"Here it is," said M. Andre, setting on a table a wine bottle, "and much good may it do him. It is prime stuff. Whoever drinks of it once will ail nothing after."

"Is it so good? Really! I should like to taste it," said the turnkey, holding the bottle to the light with some curiosity.

"I wouldn't advise it," observed the gentleman, drily. "It might not agree with you."

"I thought you said it would cure every person's complaints?"

"So it will—hem!—one way or other—hem! Observe now, if it agree with a person it proves his cure by making him live long, (always supposing he does not come to be hanged); if it do *not* agree with a person, it proves his cure too, for it rids him of all diseases by—killing him."

"A very singular tonic wine, sir. Has your friend often taken it before do you know?"

"I should imagine that he has not," answered the gentleman, smiling jocosely. "It is rather too powerful in its consequences to be often indulged in. It is not like the wine I shall have the honour of introducing to your notice, Mr. Turnkey, that a man may enjoy again and again with unabated delight. Allow me to do myself the pleasure of drinking the healths of yourself and family in it this evening. I love good company such as yours, sir, exceedingly."

"I shall be much flattered I am sure, sir, if you will come and take supper with me at nine. Then we will



empty a bottle together. The Marquis told me he had ordered a dozen of the best for me."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, Mr. Turnkey. Permit me to inform you that I despise the pretensions of empty pride. I am at any man's service, sir. I would dine, or sup, or breakfast, or tea, or drink ale or wine, or any other liquor, with the poorest man of my acquaintance who was merry. Sir, I love good company exceedingly! and I can see that you are such—I can see it in your eye, sir—and I will come to supper with you at your own time, and you shall sing me a song, and tell me some of your best jokes."

"Peggy," said the turnkey to his little daughter, "go and tell your mother to dish up a prime supper for me and this gentleman as soon as she can. Monseer, you will fetch the wine, and while you are gone Peggy shall light a fire in my parlour and spread the table cloth."

"Bravo, my fine fellow! You are just the hearty old soul I like!" exclaimed the gratified Andre, charmed at the prospect of an evening's gratuitous entertainment. "But where are the watch and seals?"

They were handed over to him, together with the louis-d'ors for the dozen of wine, with which our adventurer departed. On the outside of the door policy began to whisper that no farther profit was to be reaped from the affair. He had the watch and gold, but if he bought the wine he should have to part with a considerable portion of the gold—a thought not to be cherished for a moment. M. Andre pulled his hat over his brows in a decisive manner, drew his cloak close up to his chin, turned off into a bye street, entered a place

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infested with sharpers, and emerged no more into the open air until the sun had again risen and had ascended far up the eastern sky.

The turnkey brought the poison to the Pirate, who then put into his hand a note for fifty dollars, together with a breast-pin containing a stone of value, "Which," said he, "if I should be condemned at my approaching trial, you must look upon as a dying man's token of acknowledgment for the kindness with which you have softened the rugged hours of a dreary confinement."

The turnkey was affected by these words.

"Ah, poor gentleman!" sighed he, as he walked back through the wards on his way to the supper, "he is not long for this world, I can see. He has had death-tokens more than once. God help him at the worst! He is a generous nobleman. Perhaps he would have done more good if he had lived than ever he did harm. A Pirate they say he has been. Well I don't think for my part he ever could have been a very cruel one. I hope to my heart he may get off!"

Arrived in his own snug parlour, where his little girl was puffing with a pair of bellows at a stove half full of burning chips and coals, he hastily inquired if the gentleman had come back with the wine, and if mother had all ready.

The answer was satisfactory with regard to the supper, but no gentleman had made his appearance yet with the dozen of wine.

"He will be here presently," said the turnkey, settling in for a jovial evening. "Light up two mould candles, my little girl, and let me have a pipe to pass away the

time till he comes. Poor Marquis! how I do seem to feel for him!"

Supper time came, and the supper with it, the candles burnt brightly, so did the fire—but no wine—no gentleman.

"I will step to the inn," said the turnkey, "it is not five minutes walk. Keep the soup hot."

He came back without the gentleman. M. Andre had not returned to the inn—had not purchased any wine of the landlord.

"And they tell me," said the turnkey to his wife, with a very red face, "that he is a scoundrel who lives by gaming, and no gentleman at all! It is very strange. I will go and speak to the Marquis directly, and know what that stuff was in the bottle I carried to him.

"Why what do you think it was?" asked his wife.

"Poison!" was the brief answer.

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## CHAPTER XXXVII.

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" The multitude was gazing silently ;  
And, as the culprit passed with dauntless mien,  
Tempered disdain in his unaltering eye,  
Mixed with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth."—*Shelley.*

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EVERY approach to the prison was crowded with a dense mass of people from the first dawn of light on the day of the trial. The case excited an interest unparalleled in Canada. The noble and ancient family from which the prisoner was descended, and the munificent hand with which he had scattered blessings on the poor and needy since his adoption of his inheritance, moved the multitude strongly in his favour, especially the French-Canadians, who were more zealous for the honour of their old nobility than for the strict administration of British justice, to the worth of which, indeed, they were little alive, clinging rather to the old forms of society as they existed under the feudal system.

All the tenants of Rougemont and most of their class, the *habitans*, or small farmers, resident round about, had left their respective employments and hastened to Quebec, anxious to learn, as soon as it should be given, the decision of the English judge, which was to decide

the fate of the seignior whom they greatly honoured for the sake of his brave French ancestors, and whom they had begun truly to love for his own nobleness of disposition. These persons, with quick and ardent temperaments legibly written on their saddened countenances, were gathered together close to the place wherein the trial was going on, and as varying news reached their eager ears from persons passing in and out relative to the progress of the case, the liveliest feelings of hope and apprehension, joy and gloom, became apparent in the workings of their dark features, and in their vivacious gestures.

The British-Canadians were far indeed from sharing in the high-wrought and romantic sentiments of their neighbours. In all the pride of superior enlightenment they looked down with disdain on them as enslaved to ignorant prejudices, and took a mean pleasure in the humbling of one of their most venerated families on the present occasion, anticipating the public hanging of the seignior Marquis with manifest delight.

The wags among the latter party could not let so excellent an opportunity for annoying the French pass, they soon began to taunt them in a manner most galling. The high-spirited *habitans* returned looks of keenest wrath, but for some time unanimously restrained themselves from giving any other utterance to their feelings. The English, instead of allowing themselves to be taught by this noble forbearance, only grew the more insolent. It was not in nature to endure more. A stout farmer, in grey *capot* and *bonnet bleu*, began the retort by an argument *baculinum*, as logicians say, which silenced his wordy assailant by knocking him down. This

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was the commencement of a serious affray, which did not end until many lives had been sacrificed to national and religious animosities. The military for some time only made bad worse, by their injudicious violence. The French fought desperately with their stout sticks, and with wood knives that some of them carried in the sashes around their waists.

"*Vivat* the Marquis of Rougemont! *Vivat* the noble Marquis! Death to the Protestants!" shouted the excited French.

The English retorted with cries of equal animosity.

"Force the prison! Let us free the Marquis!" at last rose stunningly on the hearing of the alarmed authorities of the British, who strove in vain to prevent this proposition from being carried into effect. The wall was scaled at once by hundreds of the French, the doors burst open, and the Marquis brought out from the very court of justice.

"Ride, Marquis!—ride for your life!" shouted the hundreds of *habitans* who surrounded him after they had almost compelled him to mount a horse. "On to Rougemont! We will defend you there against the Protestants! Let them who dare try to take you from your mansion! We will sell our lives dearly before you shall be in their power again!"

"Hear me! hear me, Catholics!" exclaimed the Pirate, waving his hand to win attention, and elevating his mighty voice as formerly he had done on the sea, when the tumults of his band, and the roaring of the elements, combined to fill the air around him with deafening sounds. "Though the gallows were at this moment erected before me, and though the price of my

return to the hands of those who were just now searching into my past crimes were instant death by the infamous halter on that gallows, yet would I not fly from here! Friends of the Pope! you see this blessed symbol I elevate, this crucifix, you see me kiss it, while I swear in the presence of these open skies, which now for the last time I behold, that I will not fly except by compulsion!"

The Canadians looked amazed. Every one made a stop and spoke rapidly to his fellow. The next impulse that swept across their excited spirits urged them to carry him off by force, which they accordingly did, followed by the military, who, firing upon them as they fled, marked their track with blood.

The French body were re-enforced as they went by great numbers of volunteers belonging to the militia, well-trained, well-armed men, who encountered the soldiers boldly, while the *habitans* were placing the Marquis in a carriage with four horses.

It was not until the French had advanced several miles beyond Quebec that they were overcome, and the prisoner retaken. Thirty or forty men were left dead in the road, pierced with musket-balls and bayonet wounds.

The whole time occupied with the disastrous riot was about four hours only. It ended with the Marquis being taken back to the court, and the town being guarded with soldiers from end to end, as if anticipating an invasion. Governor-General Markham rode through all the streets with his staff-officers, and his sword drawn; the shops were shut up with haste, and the British trembled at the storm they had rashly and wantonly drawn upon themselves.

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The trial began anew. The indictments were read a second time. The first charged the Marquis of Rougemont with having been an aider and abetter in the mutiny of the sailors under the command of Captain Barry, with having shared in the plunder of his ship, and been accessory to his murder, having been present during the perpetration of the act. This indictment was founded on the fatal writing Clinton had formerly given to Mr. Lee.

The second indictment charged him with having headed a party of Pirates, who, for many years, had been in the practice of robbing small vessels on the great lakes of the Upper Province. In connexion with this charge a number of acts of plunder and violence that had been from time to time committed by this gang of wretches were laid against the prisoner.

The principal witness for the prosecution was Brien, who had been admitted king's evidence. His statement ran thus, when divested of its sea phrases and its cumbersome detail:—

“ I was second mate on the Antelope at the time Anderson was first mate. I first made him acquainted with the intended mutiny, and he agreed to take the command of the men as a smuggler and pirate on the lakes. I had a small sum of money at the time, and proposed to buy a vessel suitable for our purpose, the money to be repaid to me afterwards by Anderson. After Barry's death I found on his cabin table this paper,” handing to the bench the list of mutineers he himself had given the old captain, under which the latter had written some affecting remonstrances to Anderson, whose name was first on the list, and in whom he confided.



“Anderson was present while Barry was murdered.” continued Brien, “and made no effort at all to save him, but, on the contrary, offered to me while he was dying, before him, to take the command of the band as I had proposed.”

A shudder here ran through the veins of the listeners in the strangers gallery, and there was an audible murmur of horror. One universal gaze was turned on the dock, where the prisoner stood drawn up to his full height, his eye fastened on the witness, and his lip curled in supreme disdain.

“Barry’s ship was sunk after it had been emptied of all its property, which Anderson took charge of for the band; the passengers lives were spared, but Anderson took possession of all their goods.”

He went on to give a circumstantial account of the several cases of robbery afterwards committed by the Pirates on the lakes, under the direction of Anderson, and then bore a sharp cross-examination very cleverly, considering that he had sworn to so many falsities, concealed so many facts of importance that would have told favourably for the prisoner, and had in his details so embellished and added to the real circumstances of the case.

A long succession of witnesses substantiated the important testimonies of Brien, and the strangers present looked upon the Marquis as lost.

But now the prisoner produced his evidences, and defended himself in a most able manner, so that the tide of feeling turned in his favour, and the heartiest wishes were breathed, and the liveliest hopes entertained for his acquittal.

The jury withdrew to consult upon their verdict. After the judge had given such a charge to them as too plainly showed his opinions were unfavourable to the Marquis.

In this solemn pause the court was intensely hushed, and all eyes were fastened on the man who was awaiting the fiat of life or death. Close by him stood the graceful, slender person of his son, whose agitation excited the pity of all. The Marquis himself appeared remarkably collected and firm except when he looked on his son, or toward one seat at the lower end of the court, where sat his daughter with her husband and her sister-in-law, then, his powerful frame visibly trembled, his eye was clouded, and his forehead grew wrinkled as if with some spasmodic agony.

The jury returned. The foreman spoke low, but his whisper reached the farthest listener, and the dread word was—GUILTY!

A harrowing female shriek rung awfully through the assembly from that seat to which the Pirate had so often looked.

"It is his daughter," was whispered about, and some tender-hearted women wept for her as she was carried out.

The forehead of the prisoner contracted itself still more painfully until the door was closed after his wretched child, then he once more braced himself to the occasion, and stood listening with deep attention to the solemn and affecting distress of the judge, and to his final *condemnation*, which was so worded as to extinguish every ray of hope.

At the conclusion he grasped the hand of Clinton.

who looked as one that in old days had seen a comet, bewildered, horror-struck.

“Bear up, Nicholas,” said he; “do not flinch from this great trial. Stand firm under the shock, and help me to endure it bravely!”

“God of heaven! Bear it!” muttered Clinton, wildly; and that was all he could say, for he was well nigh choaked with the agony of his disappointment.

“Bring Jane to me immediately,” said the Pirate, and, pressing his son’s hand once again, he turned with renewed calmness to follow the turnkey to his cell.

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## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

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“Ay! I had planned full many a sanguine scheme  
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes—  
And fraught with loveliness; and it is hard  
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,  
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,  
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades.”—*Kirke White.*

“O night and shades;  
How are ye joined with hell in triple knot;”—*Milton.*

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THE execution was to take place on the sixth day from the trial, and yet the much looked for Pastor had not arrived, neither had he answered either of the letters that had been sent to him.

“I could have wisned to see your motner's father.” said the Pirate to his children, as they sat with him absorbed in excessive grief. “It would have comforted me to hear him say he forgave me for the sorrows I brought upon his daughter.”

“I will go to the valley if you wish it,” Clinton proposed, in a scarcely audible voice.

“By what time do you think you could return?”

“I should travel all night,” was the reply, “and therefore you might expect to see me here the next morning but one, at the latest, with or without the Pastor.”

The Pirate reflected, and then decided—

“You shall go, my son. I will send a letter by you. I need not say do not linger there—your society now is precious to me, and my time is short.”

Clinton's sensibilities were wrought to their highest pitch by this allusion ; he leaned on the top of his chair for support, while his countenance changed, and a groan escaped him.

The sight of a man overcome by the pangs of feeling is heart-rending indeed ! The turnkey, who stood by the door, wiped his eyes twice, and the condemned was powerfully moved, though he retained his firm bearing. Jane's tears and moans of agony broke out afresh, until the scene became too overpowering to be endured. Mr. Lee then bore his fainting wife in his arms from the cell to the open air, whither Lady Hester and the turnkey assisted Clinton, who was convulsed and nearly insensible. Medical advice was immediately resorted to, but who knows not that medicine can be of little service to a “mind diseased?”

However, Clinton was soon preparing for his journey to the valley. It was arranged that Lady Hester should stay with Jane until his return. He refused to take his servant with him, but set out alone on horseback, near nightfall, intending, as he told his anxious wife, to hire a guide at the first village he reached.

For five hours he rode without stopping at the swiftest pace his horse was capable of. The road then became so dark and rough that he was compelled to make a pause. In the sky, clouds intercepted the weak beams of a new moon ; on one hand stretched a dismal swamp of immense extent, where only a few scattered spruce

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trees, melancholy and spectre-like, broke the monotonous level: on the other, appeared a low range of stony heights, destitute of trees or verdure. The wind howled over the cheerless scene, and screaming carrion birds lent to it a fitting voice. In Clinton's present frame of mind he rather liked the dreariness that surrounded him than otherwise, and might have said—

“It suits the gloomy habit of my soul.”

But he was impatient to proceed; and, seeing a glimmering light at the foot of one of the stony heights, turned the animal he was upon in that direction.

“Hollo! Who is within?” he cried, striking the narrow door of a dilapidated cabin with his riding whip.

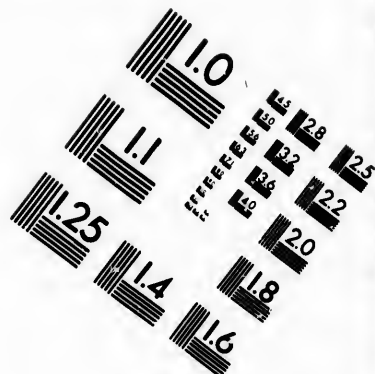
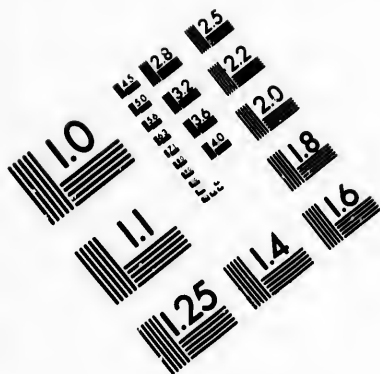
The light instantly disappeared from the window, and the footstep he had just heard became silent.

“They must have heard me, and do not choose to open the door,” said he to himself, after he had waited on his horse full five minutes, and had knocked repeatedly.

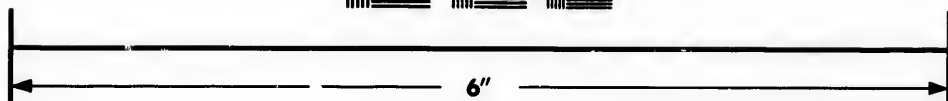
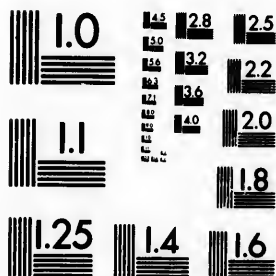
He threw himself from the saddle herewith, and lifted the rude wooden latch. The door immediately swung back on its hinges, and that with such suddenness as to cause him to start back in some surprise. A few sickly gleams of light from the moon then fell directly upon a tall, slouching, weather-beaten figure, brown as an Indian in the face, and having such an expression of savage hatred in the hard lines connecting the features, that Clinton instinctively felt for his arms.

“Is it you, Mr. Clinton?” said this personage, with a strange satisfaction playing in his ill-meaning glance. “It was not in nature that I should expect to see you here, so you must not be affronted at my keeping you





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outside the door awhile. 'This is an ugly, desolate spot. I was on my way back from a lumber-yard overland to the west, where I have been changing some maple boards into dollars, when I came in the way of this tumble-down cabin. I was tired and hungry, and did not over-much mind crossing the swamp after sundown, so I pitched camp here, shot a turkey, lit a fire, made a supper, and was just settling in for a sleep in my blanket on the ground when you disturbed me. But come in, Mr. Clinton, come in, and let me know where you come from, and where you are going.'

"I should as little have expected to meet you here, Farmer Joshua, as you expected to meet me!" exclaimed Clinton, in accents of an unpleasant surprise, wiping off some of the flakes of foam from the panting sides of his horse, then stroking and patting it as it turned its head affectionately toward its master, responding to his kindly caresses.

"Cover the creature from the night air, it is sweating all over," said the Settler. "You have ridden hard and far to bring it in that condition."

"I have come from Quebec since six o'clock," was the rejoinder.

The Settler stepped backward in surprise. "That beats all that ever I did!" he ejaculated. "I'd wager my right arm now there's a sweetheart in the case!"

His attempt to be jocular did not sit very easily upon him—there was something forced in it—or perhaps it was Clinton's distressed state of mind which made it to jar upon his ear.

The straw roof of the cabin projected considerably out over one of the side walls, and under its shelter

reposed the tired limbs of a rough black pony, looking as wild and uncivilised as the Settler to whom it belonged. It was tied to the sole remaining branch of a decayed tree, whose lower parts composed a mound of roots, earth, and moss, which had been intermingling there beside that desolate cabin, under the influence of sun and shower, for a century, and which now helped to shield the pony from the bleak wind. Here Clinton also tied his horse, then entered the miserable abode with the Settler, and drew near to a dull fire of sticks, which the latter speedily rekindled.

It did not seem that Farmer Joshua knew any thing of the blight that had fallen on the family to which Clinton belonged, though he was well acquainted with his present rank. There might or might not be sarcasm in the remark he made after he had invited him to eat the residue of his wild turkey—

“ My dame always said you were born to lead a gentleman’s life, Mr. Clinton.”

The latter was then standing abstractedly gazing upon the restless flames that played about the green wood on the squalid hearth. For a passing instant, as the Settler spoke, his thoughts glanced back to the days when he had been an hospitably treated inmate of the back-woodsman’s farm, and he abhorred himself as his conscience presented to him the base return he had made to his liberal though illiterate friends. A slight colour tinted his pale brow and cheeks, and his lips visibly whitened with inward agitation. The Settler took up his favourite position on a worm-eaten chair, one of three found in the cabin, with his long rifle upright between his knees, and his chin resting on his hands on

the barrel end. Clinton looked toward him, and was staggered by the wild and fierce glitter of the eye which met his. There was concentrated hatred, and deadly revenge in it.

Clinton rose to his feet alarmed, and plucked from a breast-pocket a small sheathed dirk.

"You travel armed, I see, Mr. Clinton," sneered the Settler. "Your book larning wont protect you against robbers and Indians, you think."

"I *do* travel armed, Farmer Joshua," returned Clinton, meaningly.

"That's well. No one can have any objections to it, I suppose? For my part I have only my tough old rifle to guard me,"—he knocked the end of the shaft on the ground. "But why do you stand flourishing your dirk before me as if *I* was a robber? If you have money about you I can tell you I want none of it. I have money myself see,"—he emptied on the ground a purse containing sixty dollars, which he directly proceeded to pick up slowly and deliberately, and replace in the receptacle from which he had cast them.

Both he and Clinton had their backs to the door, therefore neither saw the swarthy visage of a gipsy thrust within it at this critical instant and withdrawn again.

A little ashamed of his hasty impression of alarm, Clinton sat down again. He knew well that the heart of the Settler was embittered against him, and he did not wonder at it; but he could not entertain the belief that any personal injury was meditated against him by the latter.

They now talked with a tolerable appearance of cordiality of Farmer Joshua's crops and his other do-

mestic affairs. Every one of his family Clinton inquired after by name, excepting only the wronged *Dan*.

At last Clinton could refrain no longer from asking after him.

"He is dead!" was the steady answer, though the voice was hoarse that pronounced it.

"Never till this moment was I truly humbled!" suddenly ejaculated Clinton, breaking from a painful reverie, and speaking in broken accents. "Humbled before man and God! Until lately I have lived a life of continual error! Pleasure has been my sole pursuit! And what have I gained?—A conscience that is a perpetual vampire, drinking my life blood! a devil staining every peaceful moment that arises for me with accursed images of past wickedness, and future retribution! a scourge of scorpions in the hand of a pitiless fury! O, damned hours in which I yielded to temptation!"

As with passionate energy he thus spoke he pushed the chair back and paced the cabin, while the Settler's whole nature was gathered up in one terrible purpose of vengeance upon the destroyer of his son.

"Have you ever done any thing to trouble your conscience, Mr. Clinton?" he asked in affected wonder.

"Yes, Farmer Joshua, I have!" firmly rejoined Clinton. "I falsely accused your son!—*his* tale was the true one—mine was false!"

"Hell's curses on you, I know it!" thundered the Settler, breaking all at once from his assumed quietude. "You gentleman-rogue you, I know it! The poor boy was broken hearted through your soft sounding lies! I turned him out of doors as a thief! and after he had wandered I don't know where like a vagabond for two

years or more, without a living soul to say a good word for him, he came back with hardly a rag on him! ill! dying! famished! in the midst of a storm that I wouldn't have turned a cat out in! and died as soon as he was inside my door!"

"It is a dreadful story!" muttered Clinton, "and I have more right to the gallows than my father! Farmer Joshua, it is too late now to make a recompense to *him* whose peace and life it seems I have been the means of destroying, but if I could make *you* any kind of compensation, I should be but too happy. Trust me, I shall never though I live a thousand years, be happy again! My punishment will be within! there, though outwardly I may appear perfectly at ease, will ever burn a flame of remorse, dreadful, unintermitting!"

"Will that restore Dan to the mother who bore him? to the brothers and sisters who have been bred up with him? to the home where he first saw light, and where he was happy for twenty years, until *you*—you poisonous snake! you thievish fox! came? Will your remorse that you talk about bring him out of his grave? Tell me that! If it wont, talk to me no more!"

"Your animosity against me is, I perceive, too deeply seated to be at all shaken with any thing I can say," quietly returned Clinton, so softened by late occurrences as not to be easily roused into pride or ire. "I am sorry for it, but I cannot blame you. The injury I have done you is, I am quite ready to acknowledge, irreparable. Nevertheless, should you, or any of your family in time to come, be disposed to gratify me by accepting, individually or unitedly, a sum of money of any amount within the scope of a moderate fortune, you may have

it by application to me at the bankers of either Montreal or Toronto. More than this is not in my power; if it were, you should prove, beyond a doubt, that my sorrow for what is past is sincere and deep."

"Will your sorrow bring Dan out of his grave?" was the stern and forcible interrogation.

"Would that it could!" exclaimed Clinton, with pathos.

"So say I!" echoed the Settler, speaking quick and short. "But it wont—it wont! And dare you talk to me or mine of *money*? Whose money? Your money? Our hand should rot to the bones and marrow before they should touch one cent piece of yours! Compensation to me too! Ha! ha! *compensation!* Harkye, Mr. Gentleman, talking of compensation, ('tis a long word and not often used in the settlements, but I understand it as it happens,) there was a time when law was not heard of among the people I consorted with—you have heard me speak of that time afore now—well, if you and I were now living in that time I should make myself a compensation in my own way, by choosing the stoutest hickory branch I could find and hanging you up on it! That's the only compensation will suit me!"

"I pass over your violent language, Farmer Joshua," returned Clinton, about to quit the cabin, "in consideration of the provocation you have received. If we ever meet again, I hope it will be when I can render you some service. I had intended to stay here until light dawned, but now I shall press forward on my journey at once, for I cannot think of allowing you to bear, one moment longer, the society of an individual so abhorrent to you as myself."

The instant Clinton disappeared, the Settler looked to the flint and priming of his rifle, and went out. The object of his hatred was already mounted and on his way back to the road.

“There goes a vultur’ screaming and wheeling round and round over his head,” muttered the Settler. “That’s a ’cute bird. It smells death in him already. Aye, there’s something more than instinct in that cretur’.” Clinton looked up at it. “Look again, my larned gentleman, the cretur’ knows more than you do of what’s coming on you afore to-morrow.”

Here he kneeled down on one knee, raised his rifle to his shoulder, and deliberately pointed it toward Clinton. The moon’s crescent was in the middle of the heavens, sailing behind a rack of watery clouds, which ever and anon hid it from the view of earth. The Settler waited until one of these obscuring masses had been passed by the silver queen of night, who then shone out with the tender and chaste loveliness becoming her youth. Alas! that she should look down on such black deeds as the sons of men perpetrate! Alas! that she should look down on the most horrid and unnatural of all crimes—*murder!* which generally chooses the period of her holy reign to stalk abroad. Perhaps she saw many hellish murders done this night; but it is certain she saw none more determined, more fearful, than that the Settler committed.



## CHAPTER XXXIX.

“ O, insupportable! O, heavy hour!  
 Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
 Of sun and moon; and the affrighted globe  
 Should yawn at alteration.”—*Shakespeare.*

“ And I have only one poor boon to beg:  
 That you convey me to his breathless trunk,  
 With my torn robes to wrap his dearest head;  
 With my torn hair to bind his hands and feet;  
 Then with a shower of tears  
 To wash his clay-smear'd cheeks, and die beside him.”—*ibid.*

AT the close of the last chapter the reader was left to imagine the fearful death of Clinton by the hand of an assassin. Prematurely he passed from this mortal life to

“ The undiscovered country  
 From whose bourn no traveller returns.”

As the mother of Sisera looked out of the lattice wondering why tarried her son's chariot wheels, so the bride of Clinton, a second time widowed in an appalling manner, but ignorant of the dire event, watched away the weary hours at her window, looking eagerly and fondly for him who would never return more.

“ I had an impression of evil upon my mind when he went away,” said she to Jane, who had endeavoured to persuade her that he must now be close at hand.

"Last night was the time he appointed for his return, now it is nearly eleven of the forenoon, and still he is not come. Where! oh, where is he!"

She clasped her hands in an agony of apprehension on her knees, her face still turned to the window.

"He will be here soon," said Jane, encouragingly, passing her arm in an affectionate manner around the swan-like neck of the peeress.

"O, Jane, feel how my temples throb! and how my heart beats!" She took the hand of her sister-in-law as she spoke, raised it to her hot forehead, and lowered it to her left side.

"They do indeed!" exclaimed Jane in the softest tones of sympathy. "But, my dearest Lady Hester! suffer me to entreat you to be calm. Heaven can witness how I love my brother!"—tears gushed into her eyes. "If I could entertain one serious fear that any harm had happened to him, do you think I could look thus? and speak thus? But we must dismiss the shocking idea altogether. My poor father demands all my thoughts." Her voice was choaked by emotion.

"You are gifted with an extraordinary degree of patience, or I should have received a much stronger reproof," said Lady Hester, turning to embrace her. "Here am I inflicting upon you my foolish fears, founded upon nothing probable, while you are weighed down with real distress. There, I have shut the blinds again. I will not sit here longer conjuring up all sorts of frightful ideas to torment myself and you. Nay now, my dear Mrs. Lee! where is *your* fortitude?" for Jane was sobbing with her face buried in her hands.

"In the Word of God, not in myself," replied Jane,

devoutly, wiping her streaming eyes. "My nature is too weak to bear the sorrows which are before me without strength imparted from above."

"Happy should I be," exclaimed Lady Hester, forcibly, "if I could receive some of that heavenly strength! I feel that I may yet need it much! But there again, I am indulging in weak fears as before."

"Cast them, with my sorrows, on Him who careth for us!" ejaculated Jane.

It was just then that four Indians, bearing a litter of branches with a body stretched thereon, stopped at a door under the window at which Lady Hester had been keeping watch. Before the melancholy and dark-visaged group the curious passers by beheld a venerable English clergyman, with woe-stricken features, mounted on a small horse, and by him the gaunt, slouching figure of a backwoodsman, with a grim and wild countenance spotted with blood, his hands tied behind his back, his arms secured by ropes passed many times around his body, and his feet made fast to the saddle girths of the ragged pony he was upon. The rear was brought up by a male gipsy on foot, and two servants of the clergyman, farming men as they seemed.

A crowd rapidly collected, and a dreadful whisper was speedily circulated—"found murdered in St. Antony's forest!"

"Who is he?" was then heard from a hundred subdued but excited voices—"Who is he?"

"The only son of the condemned Marquis of Rougemont," was the answer to this query, while the inmates of the house before which the small procession halted were coming out to inquire what had happened.

“Holy Mother be the consolation of his poor young widow then!” cried a female in the crowd. “He was only married a fortnight ago!”

“Poor thing! poor thing!” ejaculated another woman, mournfully, shaking her head. “This will be a dismal sight for her. Jesu Maria! what a shocking thing! The Marquis to be hung next Monday, and his son murdered to-day!”

“Hush Frances!” said a baker’s wife beside her, “there’s the window opening, perhaps that beautiful lady is his wife.

Intensely curious is human nature at all times to know what passes in its kind under circumstances of strong interest, hence principally are places of execution thronged, and hence, on the present occasion, there was a hasty pressure of the eager crowd toward the front of the house as soon as the sash began to be raised.

A piercing cry from the lady thrilled through every heart, as she glanced down upon the leafy bier beneath. A coarse Indian blanket was thrown over it, concealing the person of the murdered, but her heart told her too plainly that no other lay beneath its folds than her own husband. A moment her white hands were elevated in horror, and her eyes flashed in distraction, before the pitying multitude. Then down stairs she rushed, screaming to Jane to follow her. The hostess at the door in vain strove to hold her back. She sprang out over the threshold, animated with unquenchable love.

“Set down the bier!” she commanded, confronting the Indians with a manner that admitted of no denial.

The Pastor threw himself from his horse in a moment, and took hold of her arm.

“ You were the wife of my grandson I believe,” he stammered. “ Pastor Wilson is my name.”

“ *Were* the wife, sir !” she frantically repeated, “ I am his wife !—Clinton’s wife ! He left me three days ago to fetch you hither.”

“ The providences of God are sometimes mysterious,” observed the Pastor in a voice full of solemn pathos. “ His ways are past finding out. But, my dear lady, let the men enter the house before you look at him who has been taken from you so awfully and suddenly.”

“ Then it *is* my love whom these men are bearing ?” gasped Lady Hester—“ it *is* him ?” The latter were lowering the bier to carry it into the house, she sprang close to it, raised the blanket, and, with a harrowing shriek, fell insensible on the pavement.

A carriage was proceeding along the street at a slow pace on account of the throng, at the moment when Lady Hester shrieked so piercingly in the first distraction of her discovery. An aristocratic English gentleman put his head out of the window, and inquired of the bystanders what had happened. A youthful female face, expressive of concern, also appeared as a reply was made in French.

“ Good God !” exclaimed the Earl of Wilton, for he was the English aristocrat. “ Good God ! the son of the Marquis of Rougemont found murdered !” and he sank back on his seat, looking at his daughter with horror and amazement in his eye.

The blood curdled in Letitia’s veins ! For a moment she was dumb ; then violently pulling the cneck string, she seized the handle of the carriage door, and threw it open.

“Stay a moment, Letitia!” exclaimed her father, “let us consider what we had best do. Good God! what a dreadful event!”

But Letitia was not to be kept back from her sister now even by a father’s command. She broke from his trembling grasp and sprang out, followed by him.

Lady Hester recovered with great difficulty; hysteric gaspings for breath were attended by convulsions, and followed by heavy sighs. At length she arose to her feet, and, fastening her eyes, that were wildly dilated, on the Earl, raved of her husband in a state of perfect frenzy.

“Why do you return in this sad plight, Clinton?” she cried, with livid lips and cheek. “Why is there *blood* upon your head and breast? Tell me who has done it? I am your wife! You are precious to me as my own soul! Speak to me then! and tell me why you come back so changed! Ah! how he melts away—away—and I cannot follow him! He is gone! He has left me alone for ever! He has been MURDERED! Ring the horrid sound through this world of devils! Make it heard from pole to pole! He has been murdered! cruelly—basely—horribly murdered! Let heaven know of the damned deed! Sound it abroad! Why stand you all gazing upon me, as though the blow had stricken my brain and made me mad! I had a husband once who shot *himself*! I did not go mad then—shall I go mad now? Would to God I could, or die with him I loved! How often have we sworn not to outlive each other! Ah! ours was love indeed!”

“Hester! beloved sister! do you not know me?” cried Letitia, bathing her face with streaming tears.

"Go—go," muttered Lady Hester, pushing her away—"my father will make your life miserable if he knows you are with me."

"Not so—I am come to be reconciled with you, Lady Hester," said the Earl, by force restraining the emotion he felt. "My dear daughter, forget what is past, and let me take you to my own residence immediately, my carriage is here."

"If you are the Earl of Wilton I have nothing to say to you," said Lady Hester, instantly becoming more rational, and her face changing from lividness to a flush of vehement anger. "It was you who caused the arrest of the Marquis, and embittered my husband's bridal hours with grief for his father. I owe my present anguish to you! for his fatal journey would not have been undertaken had not the Marquis been condemned. Do you call me your daughter?—I abjure the title! You will never more, sir, have a daughter in me—I shall never more acknowledge you for my father. Do not stay here I beseech you, for your presence adds fury to my grief! Go away, and leave me with the dear remains of him whom, when living, you disdained. I ask not *your* sympathy for my loss."

"But *me*, Hester," pleaded the weeping Letitia, "you will not send *me* from you? I have not grieved you knowingly."

Lady Hester's reply was an agonising embrace, which was accompanied with groans and sighs. The Earl of Wilton was pierced to the soul with the repulse he had received; he felt acute pangs at having lost the love of his eldest daughter, but could not stoop to argue with her as his feelings prompted.

Distraction again swept over the mind of the peeress. She would not be hindered from going to the disfigured body which now lay in an adjoining chamber. There she sees the forehead, the neck, and the heart of her beloved pierced with gun-shot wounds, about which the congealed blood lay thick. The teeth are set as in the last fierce pang of dissolution; the hands are clenched; the eye, half open, still glares a desperate defiance from its overspreading film.

A mortal sickness shoots through the heart of the bereaved bride, and again she falls into a swoon. Out of this she revives as before to a state of frenzy, which no medical skill is able to overcome, or even to subdue.

Meanwhile, Jane is little less wretched, but she throws herself on that heavenly Comforter who alone is able to sustain the mourner in an hour like this. Her watchful and tender husband also is nigh to soften the violence of her anguish by his heartfelt participation in it.

"Leave me alone awhile, Arthur," was her request after the first shock was a little subsided, "let me give free scope to my misery, and pour out my soul before my God, then I shall be calmer."

He left her accordingly, and she joined him in an hour self-possessed, and able to listen to her grandfather's account of his finding of the body, and the taking of the murderer, as well as to discuss with both the best means of breaking the dreadful tidings to her father.

Illness had prevented the Pastor from setting out from the lodge as soon as he could have wished, and he had not answered the letters because he anticipated that every morrow would see him sufficiently restored for



the journey. When at length he did set out, two farming men, and four Indians, belonging to the village, that had sprung up in his valley, accompanied him, having errands of their own to Quebec. They travelled partly in the night as well as through the day, the Pastor being extremely anxious to reach the city some days before the execution. The forest of St. Antony divided that gloomy swamp in the midst, along which Clinton had been journeying the fatal night of his death. The Pastor and his humble friends had to cross this forest. It was early in the morning and still dark. Their torches alone illumined the tangled path whose track they were pursuing. To beguile the dreariness of the hour and the way they conversed upon sacred subjects, and the peace and confidence these topics instilled into their minds rendered them proof against all fears.

When nearly through the forest they were startled by a gipsy, who earnestly requested that the Pastor would follow him to a great tree which stood a little off the path, telling him a shocking deed had been done, and as a magistrate, which he knew Pastor Wilson was, he called upon him to investigate it.

The Pastor turned off from the path accordingly, followed close by his friends, and, to his utter dismay, saw in the hollow of the vast tree a dead body, which he presently discovered to be that of his grandson, Clinton.

The gipsy then pointed out the Settler, who stood in the grey darkness leaning against the stem of a cedar close by.

“That is the murderer,” said he, “secure him!” which was done, but not without great difficulty.

While the Pastor and his grandchildren are conversing, the Settler is carried forwards to prison amid the groans, hootings, and threats of the people, whom the gipsy informed of the particulars of his guilt.

“ I saw him drag the gentleman from his horse after he had fired at him once ; when he had him down he shot him twice, as deliberately as if he had been putting a mere animal of the woods out of its dying torments.”

The uproar was very great in the streets. The prisoner was unbound from his ragged pony at the prison door, where he returned the eager gaze of curiosity that was bent on him with a savage glare that made the beholders shrink, and then, assuming an aspect of dogged indifference, entered the gloomy barriers which had been a living tomb to thousands.

It was upon this same day that the fisherman Jacques, who had rescued Jane from the deep in the early part of this story, and whose wife first prompted her to seek shelter in the settlements over which Pastor Wilson presided as magistrate, hearing of the doom of the Pirate, his old captain, came to see him in the prison. Afterwards he sought out Madame Barry, and gave her such an account of the manner in which Anderson had been trepanned into joining the mutineers of her husband's ship, and of his total guiltlessness of a participation in the plunder and murder of Barry, that she became convinced she had wronged him in her mind, and immediately visited him, assuring him of her entire forgiveness ; not content with this, she immediately set about endeavouring to obtain a commutation of his punishment.

The next morning the Settler is conducted to another part of the city to be examined; on the way he makes a desperate effort to escape. He is a fleet runner and strong lunged, he cannot be easily put out of breath. This way and that he flies, doubling, turning, circling across the open country according as he is pressed by his pursuers. At length he is surrounded, and climbs a tree with the agility of a squirrel, hiding among the thickest branches.

The first man who follows him falls throttled to the ground; the second shares the same fate. Both drop dead at their companions feet. Shots are then levelled at the tree, but the Settler loudly laughs them to scorn as if he were some supernatural being whom bullets cannot touch.

“Cut the tree down,” suggests one. A dozen hatchets are instantly at work, and the Settler sees himself bereft of his last resource. The tree groans and quakes; its branches quiver with every deadly stroke; now it majestically bends ready to fall; it sinks slowly at first—the Settler leaps to the ground—and the crash of the oak of two centuries shakes the neighbourhood like an earthquake.

A halter was now knotted round the neck of the murderer, one end being fastened to a strong and lofty branch, and he was placed on an untamed colt, with his arms tied firmly behind his back. In this condition they left him, and in a moment the colt had darted off, leaving him pendant from the creaking branch, which bore his weight stoutly. A ghastly struggle then took place between the fighting soul and the tortured body. Red globes of fire appeared before the wretch's eyes; they

paled, and paled, and presently grew black—the Settler had then expiated his crime—he was dead! The body swung round and round in the midnight breeze; there was no more motion in its members; passion raged no more in the brooding spirit, which had dwelt too much on its wrongs, and had avenged them with fiend-like malice, but which, nevertheless, had not been without its noble sparks of feeling.

Few murderers have ever had so plausible an excuse for their hellish deeds as he. He had suffered a grievous injustice from Clinton, and, according to his rude notions of natural rights, thought himself justified in taking vengeance for it with his own hands.

“Life for life” was his motto, and on this he acted, regarding no other tribunal than his own mind. However, he hath followed his victim to eternity—

“And how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven?”

It was rather a curious circumstance that the gipsy who brought him to his end should be the vagrant king who had fled from the vengeance of his band for the murder of his wife. This guilty man now wandered restlessly about the spot where the Settler hung, haunted with such visions of his slaughtered Nina, such apprehensions of a meeting with the gipsies, and such longing desire for the society of his children, mingled with more fierce and reckless passions, that he was tempted to wish himself in the Settler's place.

At last, worn out with long fatigue and disquietude, he threw himself down on the ground and fell into a deep sleep. On awaking, his hair bristled up with terror—the well known camps of his tribe were pitched within twenty yards of him. He rose cautiously, and

crept behind the tree trunk. The night was far advanced. By certain sounds he heard, and by the closing of the hangings of the tents, he judged that the gipsies were preparing for rest. Shortly no noise was distinguishable, saving only the buzzing of the musquito, and the shrill, discordant shriek of the owl in the distant groves. The moon had left the sky, and the stars were growing pale. A thick dew was falling like a shower; the grasshopper chirped on the ground; the fire-fly blazed its parting gleams; the mocking-bird tuned its wondrous imitative strains far over hill and dale.

The wandering monarch approached the tents, walked round them stealthily, and listened at every second step he took. The voice of his children all at once thrilled through his heart. He retired behind a hedge, and returned again to the camp with a lighted stick. This he applied to the edges of the curtains in twenty different places, and presently the whole was in a blaze. At the first alarm the gipsies rushed out upon the plain, each mother with her own infant children, and, in the confusion that took place, the incendiary king easily contrived to seize and carry off his own boy and girl.

The next morning he engaged a passage in a vessel bound to England, his native country, paying for it with money given him by Pastor Wilson; and from this time he resumed the habits and the occupation of his early days, as a member of civilised society, bringing up his children to the same. But his son hated him, and never ceased to reproach him with the fact of having killed his mother. In the end the young man deserted his father to dwell in the camps wherein he was born. The gipsies received him joyfully, and he presided over

them as their king, according to the oath they had made to Nina.

It was long before the notable wife and the family of the Settler knew of his fate. When they did it was too late to recover his body, which, after hanging until it was frightfully disfigured by carrion birds, had been humanely hidden beneath the earth by the Indians who had assisted in capturing him.

The rough children of the wilds mourned not their rather or their brother with outward signs of grief. The farm affairs went on as before, no difference was to be perceived. It was only when the family were gathered, remote from strangers, on the hearth in the winter evenings, or at the door in the summer evenings; when the daughters and their mother sat by their sugar troughs under the maple trees in the early spring morning, or the sons in their fishing boats at midnight; it was only at such times that they spoke together of those they had lost, and let fall a tear, or breathed a sigh to their memory, cursing the hour which had first brought Clinton to their house.

## CHAPTER XL

“ One thing more, my child,  
For thine own sake be constant to the love  
Thou bearest me. —————

————— And though  
Ill tongues shall wound me, and our common name  
Be as a mark stamped on thine innocent brow  
For men to point at as they pass, do thou  
Forbear, and never think a thought unkind  
Of those who, perhaps, love thee in their graves.  
Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!”—*Shelley.*

THE ivory miniature of Lady Hester which Clinton had always worn was found shattered on his heart. At the back of it was a piece of worn paper, on which appeared the affecting farewell verses of Lucy Lee, in her own hand writing. Under them Clinton had penned, apparently recently, these words:—

“ Sweet, ill-used girl! living I could not be thine, but in death thy grave shall receive me. My bones shall moulder on the coffin, Lucy, in which thou liest, who loved me but too well! I was the cause of thy early death, for which I feel there is yet reserved for me some unforeseen punishment. But for me, thou mightest have lived to bless some faithful heart with thy young beauty, thy unsullied innocence, and thy exquisite tenderness. But for me, the fair blossom o

thy girlhood might have ripened into the full flower of womanly perfection, whose fragrance should now have been shed around some blissful bower which angels might have looked upon with delight. Yes, I fear it cannot be that I, who wilfully broke the heart of her who loved me, should be allowed to live happy long with her whom I love."

This foreboding of a restless conscience we have seen but too fearfully realised.

And now the terrible event made known to the Pirate, he felt half the bitterness of death past. So strong a tie to earth cut, he held with a looser grasp. All the day after he sat meditating, not willingly allowing himself to be disturbed even to speak to the Pastor.

At the sight of him the good clergymen broke into tears. Memory flew back on wings as swift as light through the long vista of years to the hour when he saw this man in the early prime of manhood, bearing away his daughter whom he was never to meet more.

"My Fanny!—I think I see her by your side," faltered the old man. "Ah had she lived to see this day of misery! God was merciful to her, and removed her out of the way of the heavy sorrows that her less fortunate father is called upon to bear in his old age. Yes, God be thanked!—He does all things well."

"I wish you could persuade me of that," said the Pirate, abruptly. "Is this murder well?"

"Let us upon our knees, my son," was the Pastor's indirect but solemn rejoinder, "and pray that heaven will give us faith to trust in Eternal love even while all is darkness around. Come, let us throw ourselves be-



fore the throne of grace, for nothing but Almighty grace can preserve us from impious distrust and despair under our present painful trials."

With eyeballs dry and burning, with parched tongue and flaming brain, the Pirate reluctantly knelt down by the side of his aged father-in-law, who poured forth a broken but fervent supplication for his condemned son and his afflicted grandchildren. At the conclusion the Pirate gradually bowed his head on the bench before which he knelt, and there burst from him a storm of tears that seemed to open up all the long-sealed flood-gates of his heart, and to shake strong nature to her oase. The Pastor broke off, and supported the sufferer in his arms. Long did that storm of grief continue, and when it passed away the Pirate's soul was softened and relieved. Then he listened to the persuasive arguments of the Pastor for repentance, faith in the Son of God, a resurrection, and everlasting felicity.

"Would that I *could* hope!" exclaimed the Pirate, despairingly. Here his countenance grew black and distorted, he ground his teeth in some acute bodily agony, and rolled over and over on the ground.

The Pastor summoned the turnkey in affright. The man looked conscience-stricken, and his knees knocked together.

"Good sir," said he to the clergyman, "pray do not betray me! The Marquis managed to get some poison in here, and when I found it out he begged so hard for me to let him keep it that I—I—could not deny him."

"*Poison!*" interrupted the Pastor, "has he taken *poison?*"

"I have," groaned the Pirate, speaking between the fierce paroxysms of his pain. "Nothing can save me. Alarm no one. Turnkey—father—do not stir. I am beyond the reach of medicine—let me die, therefore, in quiet."

"What horror is to light next upon my hoary head!" cried the Pastor, staggering to a seat. "O for a grave-my God! that I may see no more of this wretched world. Now I am quite overcome! I have hitherto struggled well against the pressure of calamity, but this is the end of my patience, if more grief comes my worn heart will crack under it."

"My daughter!—my Jenny!—fetch her hither, I must speak with her. Hasten! or it will be too late," gasped the Pirate.

She was already in the prison and approaching the cell. The turnkey met her in the passage, and acquainted her with what had happened. She immediately rushed to her writhing father, and fell into his arms, as he reclined on his elbow on the floor.

"A few words are all I can say to thee, my darling Jenny!" he pathetically but with difficulty articulated. "You have been the balm of my life! The comfort you have given me, may it be returned into your own bosom! Mr. Lee, on that bench is my will, which I have written since I heard of my son's death. Jane inherits all my estates, excepting only the mansion itself and its furniture, which is Lady Hester's in right of her husband. I can say no more. These horrible tortures prevent—"

The turnkey re-entered to say, that a messenger had just come from Madame Barry to inform the Marquis

that she had positive hopes, by her intercession, and with the assistance of the Earl of Wilton and the Governor's lady, who were warmly interesting themselves on his behalf, of obtaining a commutation of his sentence. She had already had one interview with the Governor, who seemed now favourably disposed, and the Governor's lady gave her secretly the most encouraging expectations.

"It comes too late," muttered the dying Pirate. "My foot is on the very threshold of death. Had I heard this a few hours ago—but what can recall that which is done?"

"O father, father! how could you have acted so rashly?" expostulated Jane, almost upbraidingly, in the bitterness of her anguish.

"Do you reproach me?" exclaimed the Pirate in piercing accents, rising with a hasty effort to his feet. "It was for your sake I did it!"

"For my sake?" echoed Jane, faintly.

"Yes, for yours!" returned her father with majesty. "I have destroyed myself that you might live without disgrace. The world may say I have been a Pirate—that I was condemned;—but that is all it can say. And while it stops short there you may live in quiet. But if I came upon the public scaffold—if I died by the halter—the stigma on you would be deep and irremediable. Go into what retirement you would, the finger of scorn would point at you. Your parentage would be as notorious and as infamous as if the daughter of an executed felon were branded on your face. I thought to have spared you *some* misery by my self-destruction. This was my motive! If, therefore, events have con-

spired to make me partly regret what I have done, still *you* should rather speak peace to me than reproach."

"I meant not to reproach you, father," said Jane in deep distress. "But oh! to lose you now when hope is—"

"Think not of Madame Barry's message," said he, earnestly. "The hope she holds out I feel persuaded is delusive. That fatal paper of your poor brother's could not by any means be set aside. It was that which condemned me, and nothing could save me while it remained in existence."

"That is my own opinion," said the Pastor, tremulously.

"And mine," said Arthur, decisively.

"You hear your grandfather,"—urged the Pirate—"you hear your husband—credit them if not me. Do not add to the suffering of this hour by imagining that if I had not anticipated my sentence I might have been spared to you. I myself was inclined to think so, but my judgment now persuades me otherwise."

"But suicide is a great crime, my son," interposed the Pastor.

"I fear it is," gravely returned the Pirate. "Heaven pardon it! But still, to my mind, the circumstances of my case partially excuse the deed. I have never shed blood except in self-defence. I have not deserved a public death. Perpetual imprisonment, exile, any punishment short of *death* I had deserved—but not death. I did not feel bound, therefore, to render up myself to the gallows. No law of God required me to do so. Such being my view of the case, I felt at liberty to dispose of myself in the way I have. The honourable

name I have inherited is hereby saved from *some* degradation, and yet I have suffered the full penalty of my misdeeds."

He had rallied so much that Jane hoped he might yet recover from the effects of the deadly potion he had taken. She expressed this hope in lively terms to a doctor who had been summoned contrary to the Pirate's wish. When the professional personage, however, heard from the prisoner what it was he had taken, a slight shake of the head warned her to expect no success from his endeavours.

Again the Pirate sank upon the ground in bodily torture, and his cries echoed through the numerous vaultings of the prison with dismal effect. The Pastor clasped his hands upward in vehement internal prayer, his silvery locks fluttering about his venerable head, and tears trickling down the furrows of his anguished face. Jane threw herself on her knees by her dying father, gazing on him with distracted looks, sharing in his pangs though unable to alleviate them, and almost wishing for the moment that would put a period to his agony. Arthur supported the Pirate, aided by the doctor, who in vain strove to pass an antidote through his close-shut teeth. Terrible retchings, shooting pains as if from red-hot arrows, spasms, and suffocation, these were some of the dreadful symptoms of the operation of the baleful drug. The sufferer shortly became stupified, and lay for several hours upon the confines of this world and the next, without properly belonging to either. At last he was seen to move his lips, and his daughter, bending nearer nead down, distinguished a few scarcely audible but haughty words:—

“No executioner shall touch me!—No, no! I am the descendant of a brave and illustrious race—I will not die upon a scaffold! The poison, turnkey! Nay, I *will* have it! If you take it from me I will kill myself by other means! Now I have done it! All is over! I have drank it! The work is accomplished! Ha!—ha! I have saved the name I bear from the consummating disgrace!”

He continued to mutter, but now inaudibly. After a while, he threw himself from his bed, drawing up his colossal proportions to their full height, elevating his arms, and shouting in deafening tones—

“Heave-to! Down with the maintop sail! Throw out another anchor! Haverstraw, load my gun! That’s it—fire away! Board her!—board her! Gallantly done, brave fellows! Hurrah!—hurrah!”

“My dear son!” entreated the Pastor.

“Who speaks?” ejaculated the Pirate, sinking down in a sitting posture, and looking around with indescribable eagerness. “Fanny! Is it you, Fanny? is it you? Have you risen out of your grave to reproach me? Was it I who murdered your son, that you look at me so? What! and Nicholas too with you!” His voice took a softer cadence, most affecting—“My son! my accomplished son! my heir! my gallant son! Hah.—how changed! Can twenty-four hours of death make such havoc in a fine person! Pale—pale—and sad! Poor fellow! He little thought he would die before me.”

He sat silent some minutes, then broke out again more wildly—

“The Earl of Wilton in the water?—There let him

rown! Great men forget benefits. If he was a peniless cottager I would save him. As it is I will not! Let him drown I say! Hang up that Michael and Jonas to the yard-arm! They are bad fellows, and will ruin us. Light a fire on yon heights to let my son know whereabouts we are. Hark to that pistol shot again! That was my son's signal! Our foes are near! Board her!—board her! Fire, Toby! Hallo, Gilpin, fight away there! They cry quarter! They strike to the Pirate flag! Hurrah! hurrah! Victory! Victory! Victory!"

Shouting thus, he waved his arm triumphantly over his head, staggered, and fell. In his last moments the delirium passed away, and he faintly said—

"Bury Clinton in the grave of Miss Lee, as he wished. Lay me with Marie Verche my mother, and the late Marquis, in the mausoleum I built at Rougemont. Your hand, Jane—yours, father—Mr. Lee. Forgive the disgrace I have caused you—the griefs I have brought upon you. My career has been a troubled one, and it ends in darkness and shame. I had hoped for better things. I have felt within me aspirations which led me to hope that I should be useful to my generation, and perhaps leave behind me a memory not all unworthy. Fleeting visions! Deceitful creations of fancy! Fatal—fatal delusions! I have followed meteors, and thought them beacons. Now I go down to the dust dishonoured. Posterity will hear nothing of me. I shall be as though I had never lived. When my story is ever called to mind I shall be spoken of as a plunderer of my race, instead of as a benefactor and an ornament. Well, regret is useless now. Time is past with me. Another exis-

tence opens to my view, and I must quit for ever the scene of my ambitious desires to enter upon it. Farewell! Think of me sometimes, Jenny, when you are happy. Weep not; Two bereavements at once will prove almost too much for her, Mr. Lee, cherish her tenderly during her sorrow. I leave her in your care, and may you prosper in proportion as you are kind to her. Father, your grey hairs should have seen more peaceful days, but your last hours may yet be serene. I hope they will be so. I can say no more. Death comes. Farewell ambition! Farewell rank, and wealth, and power! Farewell the gnawing pains of conscience! I shall rest in peace!"

These were the last words of the "Pirate of the Lakes."

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## CHAPTER XLI.

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together."  
*Shakspeare.*

"Sweet are the uses of adversity!  
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.  
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."—*Ibid.*

AT the commencement of the third summer after the death of the Pirate and Clinton, the valley of the Pastor's lodge presented a beautiful and thriving aspect. The lodge itself—with its white walls, now decorated with the curling rings and the broad leaves of the wild vine—its windows, filled with elegant plants in full flower—its circling garden, now once again so trimly kept by feminine care—was still the central object upon which a stranger's eye would rest. Here dwelt still the aged Pastor, Arthur Lee, and his wife "the Canadian Girl," who, after all the sorrows, after all the varieties of fortune, she had experienced, at length fasted here of a settled peace near akin to happiness.

The severe frosts in May had been followed immediately by the splendours of summer. The whole country suddenly became verdant. Trees were all at once

peopled with birds "warbling their native wood-notes wild;" streams broke from their icy prison, and danced merrily along over pebbles and weeds. The orchard was arrayed in gay blossoms, its early fruits were fast ripening; and the wheat fields, now so extensive, dallied with the sweet June zephyrs.

On the banks of the stream which, below the lodge, flowed through the middle of the valley, appeared a lively, bustling village, which boasted of its markets twice a week, its stores and dairies, its tailor's shop, its milliner's shop, tavern, and similar conveniences for a rising population. There was even talk of a news-room.

A little farther on was a substantial saw mill; near it a large flour mill; the one with which we have been formerly acquainted still doing duty for the Pastor's household beside the lodge.

The whole of the vale was the property of Mr. Lee, who, by his skill and liberality, promised to become a blessing to hundreds of his fellow beings.

Two buildings we must especially notice—a rustic church, upon the most simple and pleasing English model, and a small rectory-house adjoining.

The latter was no more than a pretty cottage of three rooms, finished with a nicety, and furnished with a tasteful simplicity, rarely to be found in a newly settled country. This was at present the residence of Lady Hester, to whom the Pastor had resigned it, preferring to spend his few remaining days in the lodge.

Ever since the death of Clinton Lady Hester's intellects had been clouded with the night of insanity, and Jane desired to have her in the valley that she

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W. Wilson, Lelt. et sculp.

THE PASTORS UTTER DISMAY HE SAW IN THE  
BOWLOW OF THE VAST TREE A DEAD BODY &c

might pay her those necessary attentions her case required.

Letitia was left in America with her unfortunate sister by the Earl, who returned to his parliamentary engagements in England, in which only he felt able to drown the painful reflections wherewith he was visited.

Letitia was now nineteen, just the age of Lucy when she died, and, to Jane's partial fancy, not altogether unlike her in person and character. It was a favourite employment of her leisure to trace out imaginary resemblances between them, and by this means her heart grew attached to Letitia as it had to no female friend since Lucy's decease.

Letitia was mistress of the rectory cottage during the three years of Lady Hester's mental disorder; and here Jane often sat with her sewing, or performing some other domestic employment of a feminine character, conversing on bygone trials, while her prattling infant girl rolled on the carpet with its fatherless playfellow, a son to whom Lady Hester had given birth during her derangement.

On these occasions Lady Hester would sit at her piano, from which she never stirred willingly, playing over all the melancholy airs her memory could furnish, and especially those to which Clinton had written words.

Hitherto she had been unconscious that she was a mother, the infantile loveliness of her child—Clinton's child—moved her not. Often she looked vacantly upon those sunny features, which already, in their pale and delicate contour, resembled those of him she had lost, but they recalled no idea in her bewildered mind. The Pastor had baptised the infant by the name of Clinton,

in addition to those names derived from the title he inherited; but neither did the repetition of this once dear and familiar sound awaken in its mother the torpid feelings of nature.

From these circumstances her case was judged to be hopeless. Every one despaired of her restoration. She was perfectly harmless, however, and Dr. Bathurst, who had the charge of her professionally, placed her under no restraint whatever. She played on her instrument from morning to night, month by month, season by season, excepting only when affectionately remonstrated with by the doctor, and this was but on rare occasions; then she strolled out in passive submission to his will, always, it was observed, taking the path to the burial enclosure, and sitting down on her husband's tomb.

Yet there she seemed unconscious of who it was that slept below. She would talk of "her beloved husband!—her own Clinton!" as if he were alive; and, in the midst of these pathetic exclamations, while her listeners were dissolved in tears, turn to some frivolous matter, or begin to sing some fragments of his verses.

"O, what a noble mind was here o'erthrown:  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form!  
The observed of all observers! quite, quite down!  
That noble and most sovereign reason,  
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatched form and feature of blon youth,  
Blasted with ecstasy."

It was observed that she was ever loth to leave the sad spot. Some secret spell of feeling it was evident operated like a magnet amid the wreck of memory and thought; and as Letitia and Jane commented together

upon it, an occasional gleam of hope would break in upon their view, distinct, though distant.

Doctor Bathurst was fully acquainted with his fair patient's history, and took a deep and zealous interest in the progress of her disorder. He never expressed either hope or despair of her recovery, for he was afraid of exciting expectations perhaps not to be realised on the one hand, and of causing unnecessary pain on the other.

"Here Nature may be Lady Hester's physician," said he, "and a skilful one, and a generally successful one, we all know her to be. Here, in other words, our unfortunate friend has air salubrious as any in the world, fresh, pure, and mild; here, she has perfect tranquillity, and society such as is calculated to stimulate her feelings and ideas gently, without exciting them; here, therefore, she must ere long recover, or be indeed past hope."

It was no slight consolation to Letitia to have the assurance of a skilful medical man like Dr. Bathurst to this effect. In her next letter to the Earl she repeated the Doctor's words, and warmly thanked him for having yielded to the wishes of herself and Mrs. Lee in leaving her sister in the valley. The Earl replied in a strain of despondency that he now rejoiced that he had done so, as well for his own sake as his daughter's. The political party to which he had all his life attached himself had lately been restored to power, and he had certainly expected some important office in the cabinet; but having been disappointed, he had conceived a disgust of public life, and was determined to retire from it altogether. He had almost made up his mind to come to the valley himself, invest his fortune in building and in cultivating land, like Mr. Lee, and adopt a country life.

Letitia smiled at the idea of her stately and aristocratic parent turning farmer, but dutifully wrote to say that he would be indeed welcome here.

He came, and many plans occurred to him for getting up an estate in this neighbourhood commensurate with his riches. But an Abraham and a Lot cannot dwell together. Mr. Lee was too substantial a settler for him to dwell beside. The flourishing estate would draw attention from the newly springing one. No, this would not do. Rougemont was then thought of.

The Pirate's will had provided for that event which had really happened, namely, the birth of an heir to the marquise after Clinton's death. In case of such an event the whole property was to be Jane's until the boy reached the age of twenty-one, when, with the title, it was to revert to him, on the consideration that he paid Mrs. Lee and his mother certain life annuities. The Earl, as a guardian of the boy, at length made up his mind to reside in the mansion of Rougemont, and thither intended to convey his daughters, when Lady Hester began to decline in health so rapidly, that Dr. Bathurst interdicted the removal, and announced his fears of her speedy dissolution.

In the month of August she had reached the very borders of the tomb, and every day was expected to be her last.

She did not keep her bed, but still sat, supported by her sister and Jane alternately, at her instrument, from which she could not bear to be removed. Dr. Bathurst directed that no contradiction of any kind or description should be offered to her wishes, and his orders were strictly followed.



One morning she seemed more silent than usual, as if sunk in meditation. She did not ask to be carried to her piano, but lay on her bed, dressed, without a word or a motion.

"What are you thinking of, my dearest Hester?" asked Letitia, who sat by her, holding her hand.

"Of dreams," was the melancholy response.

"What dreams, dearest sister?"

"Wretched ones. I will tell you all about them by and bye—don't disturb me now."

Accordingly no one spoke to her for some time, but Letitia whispered to Jane, with a fluttering heart—

"Did you ever hear her speak so rationally before—I mean since her mental disorder began?"

"She only said a few words, my dear," replied Jane, cautiously.

"But were not those few very rationally uttered, both in manner and matter?" ejaculated Letitia, her colour coming and going as her heart fluttered with hope.

"I was a little struck with her style of speaking, I must confess," acknowledged Jane.

Letitia burst into tears.

"Who weeps?" exclaimed Lady Hester, turning her head sharply toward that part of the room where her sister and Mrs. Lee were whispering. "Letty, is that you?"

"O Hester, Hester!" screamed Letitia in a transport, rushing to the bed with her arms uplifted, "do you know me once again?"

"Know you, my sister!" echoed Lady Hester in amazement, raising herself on her elbow, and putting

her hand to her forehead, bewildered—"I hardly do, you are so altered. And I—where am I? What room is this?"

"You are in the valley where Pastor Wilson lives, dearest! This is his rectory house. You have been here three years, and I have resided with you all that time. Mrs. Lee has helped to nurse you."

"Amazing!" faintly ejaculated Lady Hester, sinking back on the bed, while her eyes turned upwards until almost lost in their sockets.

Jane came, and kissed her tenderly, but felt unable to speak. The Earl also approached, and tremulously spoke her name.

"My father too!" murmured Lady Hester, taking his hand with a feeble movement to her pale lips.

The Earl was overcome by this act of reconciliation, he bent over her, and kissed her, his tears dropping on her cheek.

Jane had sent off for Dr. Bathurst in haste, and now watched every moment's flight with extreme impatience until he should arrive. He was fortunately in the valley, and came with a speed rather suited to nimble youth than to the sixth stage of life.

"Sir," faltered the Earl, grasping his hand convulsively as soon as he appeared within the chamber, "'tis to you I owe this blessed change in my daughter! I admire the mode of treatment you have adopted, and these are its results. Command my purse, my gratitude for ever, sir! Once I was ungrateful to a man who saved a child of mine from death, I will not be so a second time."

"Stay, my lord, be not too hasty in your rejoicing,"

said the doctor, gravely, "a return of reason sometimes precedes—"

"I will not hear you," interrupted the Earl, with a shudder. "She *must* recover!"

"I trust she may, my lord," responded the doctor. "But has she mentioned her son yet?"

"She seems perfectly ignorant of his existence."

"Then keep him out of sight," said the doctor, earnestly. "I can perceive at a glance that she has had as much excitement as she can well bear at one time. This is a critical period, sir. Lady Hester's disorder approaches a close."

The child had contrived to follow the doctor into the chamber, and at this instant it wound its arms about his legs, and, looking smilingly up in his face, articulated, with tolerable distinctness, as if sensible of the doctor's authority—

"Clinton see mammy?"

Lady Hester sprung up directly, those imperfect sounds had touched a secret chord in her heart.

"What child is that?" she demanded, looking at the deeply interested group around, and then upon the beautiful little creature.

There was a short silence, during which the boy ran of his own accord to her, and twisting his hands playfully in her dishevelled hair, as she bent her head to him, reiterated—

"Clinton must come see mammy—Clinton must come see mammy."

"What is your name, my sweet child?" she tremulously asked.

"Clinton Louis Lawrence" replied the boy, as if

to pronounce the words had been a practised task. Lady Hester pressed her hand on her heart, and gasped.

“And who is your mammy, my dear?” she inquired.

“You my mammy—me may come see you, mayn’t me?”

“Tell me the truth, Letty—father—is this boy mine?”

“He is,” replied the Earl, disregarding the doctor’s precautionary look.

Lady Hester caught him to her bosom wildly, then held him from her, and perused his face with a look of unutterable anguish; again caught him to her, again held him off, and surveyed his features; then kissing him frantically, burst forth into a flood of tears. Each present wept, and no one interfered to check the tide of mingled feelings of sorrow and joy which agitated the widowed mother.

## CHAPTER XLII.

" Herein fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom."

" He's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter;  
He makes a July's day short as December;  
And, with his varying childness, cures in me  
Thoughts that would thicken my blood."

" Patience and sorrow strove  
Who should express her goodliest."

LADY Hester speedily began to recover.

The angel of death relented from his purpose and took wing. Cheerfulness then became once more an inmate of the valley, and the summer closed amid thankfulness and peace.

The child of Lady Hester was her consolation at all times. Her fondness for him could never be told—it was a passion, it was an ecstasy! All the intense love she had borne its father was now centred in him. From the first moment of her becoming acquainted with his existence, she could never bear him out of her sight. He must be always close to her waking or sleeping, and many an hour of the night did she spend watching his slumbering features, that every day grew more like those of her departed love. It were vain to attempt a description of her feelings on some particular occasions, when,

struck by this increasing resemblance, she would press a thousand sorrowful kisses on his eyes and lips, or fold him to her bosom in rapturous melancholy. He was her light in darkness—her life in death—her fresh springing fountain in a desert waste.

One beautiful evening after sunset she sat with him on her lap in the summer house attached to the lodge. The Earl and Letitia were near her. Jane and Arthur sat side by side at the foot of the maple tree, and their little laughing girl was playing on the green sward at their feet, throwing wild-flowers at little Clinton, about whom they hung as on a smiling cupid. The Pastor and his favourite companion Dr. Bathurst, walked leisurely up and down in front of the summer-house conversing.

“That is a noble maple which overshadows this little building so pleasantly,” observed the Earl.

“I thought it had gone to decay,” rejoined Arthur. “Four years it drooped, and scarcely bore any foliage, but it is completely restored to us this summer.”

“It is a good omen,” remarked the doctor, pausing in his walk. “When it was last in a flourishing condition, the Pastor’s family was so too; it drooped while that was afflicted; but now that we have reason to believe misfortune has departed the tree revives.”

Here Jane and Arthur simultaneously breathed a quiet sigh to the memory of Lucy and Clinton, who once, at this season of the year, at this time of the day, when the Pastor’s household partook of their liberal evening meal here, shed gaiety and brightness over the scene.

“The worthy doctor seems to be your grandfather’s right hand on all occasions,” observed the Earl, again

addressing Arthur, as the Pastor and his companion stood on a knoll at a little distance, pointing out to each other certain objects in the fertile landscape.

Arthur smilingly rejoined—

“Not only my grandfather’s but mine also. Not a moral improvement can be projected or planned by the Pastor without Dr. Bathurst’s advice. And with regard to myself, if any part of my estate is to be made more ornamental, convenient, or productive, or if any social regulation is to be made, I too must consult the doctor. I confess I could not proceed without him. Half of the success which has crowned my exertion is owing to the doctor’s taste and talents. He is a man indispensable here. All the settlers round, from the highest to the lowest, consult with him alike on social, moral, and agricultural, as well as medical topics. Not a regulation, however trivial, can be carried into effect among them—not a corn-field, potatoe-field, or garden planned—not a bridge, mill, or cot put together—without Doctor Bathurst.”

“But what has become of your attached Irish girl, Mrs. Lee?” asked Lady Hester.

“Deborah has a pretty cabin in this valley,” replied Jane. “She is very happy I believe. Many years she grieved over the supposed faithlessness of a countryman of hers, O’Reilly, to whom she has been some time married. They have paid a visit to “ould Ireland;” the journey was a pilgrimage of love, one of unsophisticated feeling, as ever we may hope to see in this formal world. She stood by the broken walls of her parents’ cabin in Kilfenora, and prayed for the repose of their “souls” on the cold hearth; she said her confessions

to her old parish priest, who wept when she made herself known to him; she kissed with pious reverence the mouldering wooden cross at the head of her parents' grave, and had the mound covered with fresh turf and grass; she sought out her brothers and sisters and all old acquaintances; and, to conclude, returned hither with a shoal of them, who were induced to leave their native land of misery and want by her pictures of the prosperity they might attain in America. The village yonder is mainly peopled by these Irish emigrants, in whose welfare she takes an interest that is quite affecting from its pure disinterestedness."

"Disinterestedness always appeared to me to be Deborah's chief virtue," observed Lady Hester.

"It is so," rejoined Jane. "No traits of a mercenary spirit have I ever discovered in her. If she serves you it is with a hearty goodwill quite refreshing; if she takes the money that is her due it is as a necessity imposed by her wants, from which she would willingly be relieved. She has no craving after gain for its own sake; and, I believe, she would rather remain in poverty all her days than serve a person whom she did not love, or take from one whom she did love money that she knew they needed. Let those who will speak slightly of the Irish, I have found them fervent in affection; zealous in rendering services; full of admirable fidelity; kind and industrious. Whoever makes a true Irish heart its friend, has a friend indeed!"

"You speak warmly on behalf of those whom all civilised nations have conspired to despise," said the Earl. "But you must allow from what you have heard and read of them, that, as a nation, they are a set of barbarians."



“They are wretched as a nation, I know too well.” returned Jane, with deep feeling. “But let them be wisely governed, so that they may break from the bands of their poverty, the source of all their crimes—let them have *freedom* in its highest, truest sense—and they will soon emerge from their barbarism. As a people they possess uncommon genius; are witty and sagacious; abound in patience, though full of warm feelings; and are, in short, as well furnished with every necessary element for attaining a high place in the scale of civilization as any other people in the world.”

The Earl was silent. He had all his life been accustomed to think and speak of beautiful Hibernia as a land given up by its Creator to hopeless barbarity. It must be clouded with perpetual darkness, ignorance must always rest upon it, and famine and crime must always devour it. It was too late now for the ex-statesman to change his opinions. Still he did not debate the matter with Mrs. Lee, but contented himself with smiling incredulously, and shaking his head in a manner that seemed to say—

“No, no, my dear lady, rely on it Ireland is a doomed country. She never can be in a better condition than at present.”

The Pastor was called into the lodge by the Indian twin brothers, Sassa and Taota, who had conducted hither several of their tribes to be baptised.

“These brothers are perfectly reclaimed from their wild and wandering life,” observed Doctor Bathurst.

“Yes,” returned Arthur, “and many a Christian-born man might look to them for examples of unadulterated goodness. They truly practise a heavenly mo-

rality, and evidence by it a holy and spiritual faith. The last day alone may reveal the extent of their usefulness. They travel thousands of miles in the winter season carrying relief to their famishing brethren who have then no means of subsistence, and dispensing at the same time the precious Bread of Life. This earth would soon be happier, holier, if such men were more frequently to arise. But labourers like these in the vineyard are indeed few."

Merry the black was here heard alternately whistling and singing a negro song, and presently he made his appearance with a small basket covered with vine leaves.

At the first view of his dusky visage, illumined by a smile which displayed his ivory teeth to great advantage, the two urchins made vigorous exertions to run towards him, but one only was allowed to succeed, the little Clinton being held back against his will by Lady Hester.

"Iss, ittle missy—me got cherries, plums, grapes, honey, and all!" shouted the black, snapping his fingers gleefully, and throwing himself on the ground in a sitting posture with his back against a bush.

"Grapes for me?" cried the little girl with ecstasy, climbing on his knees, while Merry drew forth his tempting stores.

"Iss, missy, iss—here one big bunch!" he ejaculated with a joyous grin, holding up at arm's length a luscious cluster fully ripe.

The child pulled his arm down again, seized the fruit, and was about to eat eagerly of it, when she paused, looking toward the whimpering Clinton. In an instant

more she was upon her feet, had restored the grapes to the basket, and carried the whole with a prodigious effort of strength to her little companion.

An admiring laugh, and many ejaculations of delight at this trait of childish unselfishness, rang around. Mr. Lee, in the gladness of his heart, gave her a toss in the air, and then applied to her several endearing epithets. Mrs. Lee then kissed her with fond approval. But the child was too impatient of her treat to care about caresses at present. She struggled vehemently for her release, and, obtaining it, hastened to rifle the basket of all its treasures.

"Stop, let me select what will agree with you and Clinton," said her careful mother. "Sit down side by side, children, and spread these broad leaves over your laps. There, this is for you, Clinton, and this for you, Lucy. Merry shall carry the rest into the house."

It was a pleasant sight to see the two children, like twins, lovingly partaking of the wild luxuries the woods provided; sometimes picking out a larger grape or cherry than ordinary, and thrusting it into the mouth of the other, Merry all the while making them laugh with his antics and gambols performed on the grass for their amusement.

"Have you ever seen your old master in Kingston, Merry, since I bought your freedom?" asked the Earl.

"No, no, massa," replied the black, with a broad grin, "me not seen de old ash merchant sin den. Me nebber want see him. Me nebber want go to Kingston now. Me got 'quaintances hereabouts. Me berry happy here. No cowskin here. No oberseer. No chain, no log at my feet."

"Would you rather be here in Mr. Lee's service, or in the ship where we first saw you?" asked Letitia.

"Me rather be here, missy," was the ready answer. "Dey had fellows in dat ship, berry bad. Old fader Toby best—poor old man, he gone! Ah dear!" sighed the black, rubbing his hand over his eyes. "Gilpin next best. He many times say good word for me. He gone too! Brine swear Gilpin's life away—he hung two year ago."

"Was it so?" said Lady Hester inquiringly to Mr. Lee. She was answered in the affirmative.

"De Pole," continued the black, speaking contemptuously, "he deserve what him got—he bad man, and coward too. He try murder Gilpin abed in de night—Gilpin kill him."

"And do you know what became of the other Pirates?" asked Lady Hester.

"Dey all wrecked," replied Merry. "Two, tree, big boards wash on shore, dere people read 'FEARLESS,' in great letters—dat was de name of de Pirate ship. All drowned in de great Lake Erie."

"What has Lucy got there?" cried Mr. Lee, looking at his child.

"My mother's picture!" exclaimed Jane, putting her hand to her neck where hung a broken chain. "I hope it is not injured! It has dropped without my perceiving it."

"Let me have it, my little woman," said Mr. Lee, disengaging the reluctant little hands which held it.

Jane found it uninjured, but the incident produced a graver tone of feeling for the moment in her mind. Thought connected the portrait with the deceased

Pirate, from whose lifeless corpse she had taken it.

Merry now withdrew the children to a little distance, and there sported with them in high glee. Lady Hester conversed with Jane and Letitia awhile, and then the three, taking Clinton with them, and leaving the little girl with her father, walked to the burial-ground. As they went Jane related for the first time to Lady Hester the simple story of the broken-hearted Lucy.

"It seemed to be my brother's wish that he should be buried here," said Jane; "and my father in his last moments desired that it should be so arranged. You, my dear Lady Hester, were not in a condition to be consulted, and we therefore brought his beloved remains hither."

"You did right," returned Lady Hester, collectedly, sitting down on her husband's tomb, which was placed side by side with that of Miss Lee, between the two twin pair of overhanging cypresses. "It seems to me as if heaven had destined him to lie here. There was just space enough under these fine trees for the two graves, and no more. I am not sensible of any petty jealousy, my dear Mrs. Lee. I pity this too susceptible girl deeply; and so I should, for I have known the power of the fascinations by which she was so fatally attracted. I am sure I had his undivided heart, and so peace be upon both."

Calm tears flowed unchecked from her eyes, while her child stood awed he knew not why.

"Clinton, my boy, here lies your dear father," said Lady Hester, "come upon the stone and I will show you his name."

She guided his tiny finger along the letters of the words "Nicholas Clinton," telling him each one, and spelling the syllables over to him. "That was your father's name, and now it is yours, my child."

"Take away this stone, mamma, and let father come out and kiss me," entreated the child, earnestly.

"Alas! my dear," he will never come out more until the resurrection," said Lady Hester.

"I'll call to him—Father! father! come and see me and mamma!"

"He cannot hear you, my dear," said Mrs. Lee, greatly affected, taking him from the tomb into her own arms.

"Mamma says he is inside that little stone house," remonstrated the boy with passion.

"So he is, but he is dead, love, he cannot hear or see you."

"Why cannot he?" asked the child, passionately.

"Because he is dead, I told you, my dear."

"What does dead mean?"

"You shall know another day—you must come home now."

"Me kiss father's name first?" pleaded the boy, stretching out his arms toward the tomb.

"Yes, yes, let him," said Lady Hester, placing him again on his knees upon the stone.

He pressed his rosy lips on the unconscious letters, his infant soul touched by some dawning feeling of a maturer age. Lady Hester did the same, and the sisters and the child then turned from the melancholy spot in pensive silence.

## CHAPTER XLIII.

At life's long lingering close; all griefs gone by,  
 How sweet in calm and sunshine here to rest  
 Serene at last! While thoughts of dear ones lost  
 Blend softly with a placid joy that steals  
 Upon the soul like balm; while they who link  
 Us yet to earth around are seen, with youth  
 And love upon their smiling brows; while woods  
 Murmur their softest music in the breeze,  
 And all the glade is drest in eve's soft tints.  
 How sweet! The heart recounts its pilgrimage  
 From youth to weary age, looks up, and longs to die.—*M. BERNARD*

“TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,” says Shakspeare “creeps in this petty space from day to day.” All the poets, as well as moralists and divines, have given us solemn reflections upon life—its changing scenes, its unsubstantial shows, its rapid flight. But what does it all avail? In spite of poets, moralists, and divines, we live but in the present, the past yields us no wisdom, the future gives us no concern. “Let us eat and drink for to-morrow we die,” this is our maxim, and thus the immortal spark within us, buried under worldliness and sensuality, languishes, sickens, and expires.

Those who once figured so prominently in this story are now passed away. They exist only in memory.

The graceful and fascinating Clinton, the majestic Pirate, the sweet Lucy, are blended with their native earth. Here is a change indeed!

The child of yesterday is a man to-day. In the place of the Pirate's son we have that son's son, now in the full bloom of manly beauty, gifted with fortune, health, "troops of friends," honour, learning, hope, and joy. He has reached the eve of his twenty-first year. Tomorrow he takes possession of his inheritance, and tomorrow he is to be married to his cousin, another sweet Lucy Lee, who, when our tale opened, was not in existence. Here is another change!

On this day a large party are gathered in that superb saloon at Rougemont, where the band of Pirates, who now like their captain are numbered with the things that were, once practised their lawless vagaries.

Here, if the reader cast his eye around, he may discern some old acquaintances. This staid single lady verging upon forty, with a calm but saddened countenance, is Lady Letitia, mourning, even amid festivity, for the Earl, who was lately gathered to his fathers. Here is another of life's changes!

This more antiquated spinster at Lady Letitia's side is Miss Gresham, formerly her governess, now her constant companion. The two live alone on the estate of Rougemont. Miss Gresham is the almoner of Lady Letitia's bounty, her assistant in visiting the poor, and in regulating the schools and the charitable societies she has founded for the instruction and pecuniary relief of Indians and settlers. Her heart is entirely given up to deeds of private charity and public utility. Wherever she goes the blessings of those who were ready to perish



follow her. Yet her right hand hardly knows what her left hand does. Her eye is single—her heart is pure from motives of vanity or vain-glory—she seeks no reward but the secret whisperings of an approving conscience—she is never heard to complain of the ingratitude of those she benefits, for she asks no gratitude; what she does, she does from a sense of duty, and as the steward only of her earthly riches.

A rather overdressed, portly lady, between the middle and closing ages of life, will be easily known as Mrs. Markham. She is still the favourite friend of Lady Hester, and an ever welcome guest both at Rougemont and in the Pastor's valley. Her heart is as warm as ever—her disposition as kindly—her manners as free from fashionable formality. The children of Mrs. Lee (for she is now the mother of a large family) enjoy a visit of hers to the Pastor's lodge as a high holiday—even the servants are glad when they see her good-humoured face. Both there and here she is quite at home. Every one understands that she is a privileged person. She inquires into every arrangement with a pleasing sort of authority, and will even venture to dispute a point with the autocrat of all the servants, the housekeeper, who yields to her, and to her alone, with a good grace.

“Whose carriage is that?” she inquired of a footman behind her chair, pointing to one which had just driven up to the portico of the mansion, and was now slowly turning down an avenue opposite the saloon windows.

“Mr. Lee's, madam, from the Ottawa country,” replied the man.

“Ah! I must go to meet them,” exclaimed the good

lady, her countenance irradiated with delight, as she rose and moved hastily to the door.

In the entrance hall she encountered the bluff and manly figure of Mr. Lee, now in middle age.

"Welcome! welcome hither!" she warmly exclaimed. "But who is this leaning on your arm? Gracious heaven! who could have expected to see your venerable grandfather so far from his home? Pastor Wilson, you are surely growing backwards, or you never could have reached here in your ninety-eighth year!"

"This is my last journey, Mrs. Markham," said the aged clergyman, taking his right hand from his grandson's arm to meet hers, while his left leaned upon a crutch.

"And high time," returned the good lady, laughing. "Oh, here comes my good friend Mrs. Lee,"—and she crossed the hall with a lively step toward the smiling matron of forty, who met her with a responsive cordiality. "How many of your family have you brought with you, pray?"

"My two sons, and the two bridesmaids, my daughters," was the smiling reply.

"Where are they? I must have a word with them out of school. Feelings are not to be shown in drawing-rooms you know,"—and Mrs. Markham pressed Mrs. Lee's hand.

"They are with Lucy and Clinton in the plantation."

"Is Lady Hester with them?"

"Yes—but see, here they come."

"Then I'll tell you what, my dear Mrs. Lee, let us shut ourselves up in a room apart from general company

for a half hour. We have each much sentiment stirring in our bosoms on this joyful occasion. We have a thousand kind things we must wish to say to one another. We have memories of a tender nature, which for once perhaps we would mutually recal; and feelings of joy which we desire to indulge without witnesses.

"The breakfast room that looks upon the mausoleum," suggested Mrs. Lee.

"The very place," assented Mrs. Markham. "Gather our friends together while I go and order refreshments to be carried thither for you."

"Seldom can so large a circle of true friends meet on earth as this which I see here around me," said the aged Pastor, as he sat in an antique arm chair in the centre of his family, in the breakfast room, the patriarch of the scene. His eyes, glistening with tears of joy, glanced from one to another, resting with a more lingering gaze on the handsome pair who sat at his right hand.

"My bonny Lucy," said he, pressing his hand on her fair curls, "thou hast been my chief favourite among all my granddaughter's children! and dost thou know why?"

"Because I am like my aunt Lucy whose name you gave me?—so you have often said, dear grandfather."

"That is the reason. Yes, thou art like her, or I fancy that thou art."

"Talking of resemblances," said the young Marquis, "how is it, that, excepting Mrs. Markham, none of you tell me I am like my father?"

"Thou art exactly like him," said Lady Hester, looking on her son with fond pride mixed with melan-

choly. "When I see you I could fancy he stood before me."

"And I," said Mrs. Markham.

"I think my brother Clinton was hardly so handsome as my nephew Clinton," said Mrs. Lee.

"But your brother was more fascinating perhaps," suggested Lady Letitia.

Lucy thought that could not be, but she did not speak her thought.

"I must differ from both of you," said Lady Hester to her sister. "In my opinion my husband was quite as handsome as my son, and my son is quite as fascinating as his father."

"This is a weighty matter," said the young Marquis, smiling and ingenuously blushing. "What think *you*, grandfather?"

"I leave the question of personal beauty to be settled by the ladies," rejoined the Pastor, "but I shall take it upon me to speak of your father's character in the hope that you and my other young listeners will remember what I shall say with profit. He was a delightful companion. I was an old man when first I saw him, yet by his eloquent tongue and his pleasing manners, he won me to love him. My ear and my fancy he alike enchanted. No wonder then that your poor aunt Lucy lost her heart in listening to him. Now as regards this power of winning hearts, the son seems to me to be equally potent with the father—is he not, young maiden?" tapping the neck of the intended bride.

Lucy blushed celestial rosy red, and so did the young Marquis.

"To go on," continued the Pastor, "Clinton was

possessed of extensive general knowledge, which made him still more seductive as a companion. He composed poetry—knew how to make you in love with the poetical parts of every science—was versed in all manly accomplishments without making them his study—and had a taste so noble, so delicate, and so enlarged, that I never found an equal to it.”

“Here’s an eulogium!” exclaimed Mrs. Markham.

Lady Hester’s memory brought before her the idolised image of the departed, and she wept.

“But all the fine sentiments with which his mind was stored,” resumed the Pastor, “proved ineffectual in preserving him from the power of temptation. His imagination had at will a host of beautiful visions of goodness, heroism, and purity; but his power to perform that which was good was weak as any man’s. To know and to do require different studies my children. To *know*, you must inform your head—to *do*, you must purify your heart. Speculation is not practice. Dreaming and talking of virtue is very well in its place, but take heed that you do not fall into vice the while. You have heard Clinton’s story—you know what led to his dreadful end—you have heard from Lady Hester the errors he committed before he came to America—you know it was through his faulty conduct I lost my grandchild Lucy. Lay all this to heart, and while you think upon him with affection, beware of his frailties. Be not content with indulging in fine sentiment. Remember Shakspeare’s words—‘It is a good divine that follows his own instructions. I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.’ But I see Lucy thinks me tedious—

"No indeed, dear grandfather, I was thinking deeply of what you said.

"An old man, my dear good girl, may be allowed to moralise a little even on the eve of a wedding—may he not? I have nearly completed a century—I see my third generation grown up—these are circumstances that move me to graver thought than you can enter into."

"Speak whatever you wish, grandfather," said Mrs. Lee, looking with reverential affection on the thin flakes of white hair which the breeze from the window softly waved. "My children, in which I include our young noblemen, cannot have you with them much longer, your words therefore should be to them as choice silver."

"I love to see them enjoying the innocent mirth suitable to their years, and to an occasion like this," returned the Pastor. "I will not intrude unseasonable gravity upon them. Only as this young bridegroom, that is to be, was speaking of his father, I could not refrain from drawing a lesson for him from the theme. Your neat marble temple reminds me that there is another of whom I could say a few words. The Pirate-Marquis, my son-in-law, Mrs. Lee's father, to whom she indeed paid a daughter's duty, he was a very different character from that I have recently described, but in some respects they deserve to be compared. The crowning grace of Clinton was sentiment, that of his father dignity. The leading defect of the one was principle enervated by a redundance of fancy, in the other principle overpowered by a passion for rule. Clinton inspired love, the Pirate admiration. Clinton might have bewitched

the world, the Pirate might have commanded it. As it was, both being at sea without rudder or compass were fatally shipwrecked, and both furnish us with the trite moral, that genius and ability will neither benefit mankind or their possessors if they *govern* principle, instead of being governed *by* principle."

"And have you any thing to teach *me* from the history of the aunt whose name I bear?" asked Lucy.

"This is what I would teach you, my dear," said the Pastor, "be devoted and sincere in your affections and attentions to your husband. Depend on it, it is only by being so that you can render *yourself*, as well as him, happy. Were wedded persons more bent to fulfil their marriage vows there would be more peace and joy in that glorious union than there is. If one party swerve from their duty the other too often makes that a plea for abandoning theirs. But do thou, my Lucy, keep thy promises to him made before God always in thy view, and thou canst not err. Thy husband, I firmly believe, is worthy of thee; but whatever conduct he pursues, be *thou* sincere, for that will prove a balm to thy conscience, and a passport to the world to come. To your sisters I say let your aunt Lucy's example warn them to be exceedingly careful when first they perceive their affections becoming entangled that the object is worthy of their choice."

"You remember the priest who longed for the days of the inquisition?" said Mr. Lee to his wife.

"In the prison of Quebec?—he who attended my father?"

"The same. He died from the effects of an accident as he was travelling near our valley. The Pastor and

I were fortunately able to be of service to him during his painful illness, and he left the world in great charity with us and all Protestants."

"When was this?"

"At the time when I was making my last timber sales."

"Deeds that bespeak a spirit of goodwill are never thrown away," observed the Pastor. "They appeal irresistibly to the hearts even of those who hate us. Talking of Catholic acquaintances, there was Madame Barry died ten years ago with the best feeling toward us."

"Yes, she sent for me to her convent," said Jane, "that I might be with her in her last moments. She professed to have a mother's love for me, and so I believe she had. For this, and because she was my first instructress, I truly honour her memory. It was her desire that my third daughter, then an infant, should be called by her name. Of course I complied. To this namesake she made a singular bequest, namely, her crosses, reliques, and Romish missals, together with a sum of money. She also left a letter, in which she hopes that this child when of age would adopt the Catholic faith, and enter the convent in which she died. But of this I have at present little apprehensions."

"It was chiefly through her intercession that the estates of Rougemont are now in the possession of its lineal heir, instead of being confiscated to the state," remarked Lady Letitia, "therefore there exist more than personal reasons why we should respect her memory."

"And it was she who was mainly instrumental in



obtaining the Governor's leave for the interment of the Marquis' body on his own estate," said Lady Hester, "when by law it was doomed to lie with common felons."

"Pray don't slight the living to magnify the dead, good people," gaily interposed Mrs. Markham. "I believe Madam Barry would not have accomplished what you speak of without my aid. I must not have my good deeds forgot. I like to hear of them as you all know."

This provoked a laugh from the junior members of the party, whose merriment it wanted little to excite. They were too happy to be grave long. Their hearts were brimful of delight, and the turning of a straw was sufficient to call a thousand "wreathing smiles" upon their blooming faces.

"What have I said, pray, to set you all giggling?" cried Mrs. Markham, in assumed displeasure.

There was nothing in these words to account for the jocund peal of laughter that succeeded; but then her manner was very comical, at least so people like these, who wanted to give a vent to their overflowing spirits, might be pleased to think. There was nothing for it but to laugh too, which she did as heartily as the youngest present. They all laughed, even to the hoary Pastor. After that there occurred a jocund conversation, not important enough to deserve repeating, and while it was going on the party stepped out through the glass doors upon a terrace adorned with flowers, where they walked in the gayest humour imaginable until they reached the French windows of the saloon, through which they stepped, and joined the general company.

The next day was hailed with general rejoicing for miles around. During the minority of the heir to the estates the tenants had lost many benefits and privileges which the residence of a lord of Rougemont among them had usually conferred. Every habitant and cottager assembled in holiday attire to give a heartfelt welcome to the young Marquis, who met them in the front of his house immediately after his marriage, his fair bride hanging on his arm. There he addressed them in a short but animated speech, and they replied with an enthusiastic shout—

“*Vivat, Marquis! Vivat, Marchioness!*”

He then led Lucy back to the front of the saloon windows, where his mother, now out of mourning for the first time during twenty-one years, stood richly dressed to receive her. The bridegroom's men, Lucy's brothers, and the bridesmaids, her sisters, were on the right of Lady Hester, and Mrs. and Mr. Lee on her left. Beside them stood Lady Letitia, Mrs. Markham, and other near and dear friends; and on an antique easy chair, in the midst of the group, sat the venerable Pastor.

Lucy bent her knee to the ground before him as he held out his arms to embrace her.

“Bless me, grandfather!” she tremulously exclaimed.

“I do—I do—my good girl!” returned the Pastor, with emotion, stooping to kiss her forehead. “Thou art the worthy daughter of a worthy mother, and thou shalt live honoured and happy as she has lived!”

A dinner upon a grand and lavish scale had been provided in front of the house, of which rich and poor were equally invited to partake. Pavilions, festooned with

roses, had been erected for the occasion. Two cross tables at the upper end were set out with the gorgeous family plate belonging to the mansion, and here visitors of rank and the relatives of the Marquis took their places. He himself occupied the central seat, his wife being on his right, his mother on his left. A long row of tables stretched downwards from before him, pleasantly overshadowed by green boughs, and adorned with vases of plants breathing a rich perfume. Several hundred persons, men, women, and children, sat there; the men and boys in gay-coloured sashes, their summer hats of light straw lying on the grass beside them; the women and girls in jackets of many-coloured cloth, French head-dresses of the brightest hues, and their best moccasins on their feet.

The only drawback to the general satisfaction was this, that their young lord held the Protestant faith. But they were scarcely inclined to dwell upon this unpleasant reflection while his hospitable cheer invited their senses. Their attention was powerfully drawn to this good cheer, and his heresy was for the present overlooked by common consent.

The Pastor said grace while all stood. When seats had been resumed, the young Marquis arose, and pledged his tenants in a glass of sparkling ale. Each drained the pledge, and a loud "*Vivat, Marquis!*" again arose. Dinner then proceeded. As soon as it was over wine was freely distributed, and each board groaned beneath a weight of foreign and native fruits, mingled with confectionary.

After the entertainment the tables were removed, the trees hung with festooned lights—green, purple, crimson,

and other colours; the cascades, fountains, and rivulets, illuminated with a surprising profusion of Russian lights, giving them, as by magic, the appearance of liquid fire; and every part of the grounds resounded with gay music.

The tenants were under no restraint whatever. They wandered about in this gorgeous fairy land as they pleased: here, in some retired alcove, partaking of foreign delicacies with whose very names they were unacquainted, there, dancing on the smooth sod. Never had there been such a day in Rougemont.

On the lawn next the house the dancing was kept up uninterruptedly. The Marquis and his bride led off the first figure, and a bridesmaid and a young habitant the second.

Within the mansion the scene was dazzling. A long suite of rooms, consisting of the great saloon, the drawing and dining rooms, the ball-room, the conservatory and greenhouse, were thrown into one line. Delicate pilasters, wreathed with roses, and covered with gilding, shot up at regular intervals on each side along the whole length of the suite; the roof above was decorated with crowns and wreaths of roses and lilies; and both walls and roof were interspersed with a million of lights equally soft and brilliant.

The furniture was of that magnificent and antique character, which insensibly carried the imagination back to the days of old romance. There were pedestals and sideboards of the rich time of Louis XIV.; carved chairs, of an earlier date, white and gold, covered with tapestry; enormous mirrors in fantastically-wrought frames; tables of red-veined alabaster backed with Ve-

netian glass; floor covers of fringed damask; divans, lounging-chairs, and couches, of patterns quite out of date, and all disposed with inimitable art.

After commencing the dances on the lawn, the noble bridegroom and his bride left the festive scene for a retired walk conducting to the brink of a lovely inland lake. A green bank, that might have formed a couch worthy of "Titania's" choice, afforded them a seat. Here their eyes, even more than their lips, discoursed eloquent music. Pure and intense happiness, altogether without alloy, overflowed their guiltless hearts. The morning of their life glowed with joys whose rich and vivid colouring was unshadowed by a cloud. Yet in deep feeling some pensiveness is ever mingled. The gaiety they had left had not harmonised with the tone of their spirits like the hallowed stillness of this secluded spot. Here every object and sound favoured the interchange of the profound emotions with which the late blissful change in their circumstances had inspired them. The soft moonlight quivering on the deep purple surface of the lake; the clouds above of celestial whiteness; the dark masses of rock which gave grandeur to the picture; and the indescribable richness of the wild vegetation which was its chief grace; all seemed in exquisite unison with the feelings of the lovers.

While sitting here, the distant strains of jocund music came sweetly tempered on the ear. Now and then too the soft laugh of a peasant girl rambling with her companions near sounded not unpleasingly; and presently a liquid feminine voice, from a woody steep close at hand, trilled a little song so delightfully that it seemed to be challenging the nightingales in the trees to a com-

petition. The Marquis and his bride were delighted with it. The words were these:—

Now 'tis pleasure's magic hour,

Every bosom owns her power;

Youths and maidens are as gay,

As life were all one bridal day.

Silence to her haunts has won us;

See! the moon shines soft upon us;

And the lulling breezes play

Farewell to the bridal day.

Sweetly tune the dulcet measure,

'Tis the magic hour of pleasure:

Wile with song and dance away,

The evening of the bridal day.

Blest may bride and bridegroom dwell,

Linked in love's entrancing spell;

Nor the vows neglect to pay,

Plighted on their bridal day.

Now 'tis pleasure's magic hour,

Every bosom owns her power;

Youths and maidens are as gay,

As life were all one bridal day.

Before the unpretending lay was concluded the young Marquis perceived some friends approaching—they proved to be his mother, his bride's parents, and the Pastor. These also seated themselves on the verdant bank, enjoying the delicious coolness and tranquillity of the hour, and conversing in blissful concord. The airy gladness of the rustic minstrel's expression pleased them, as well as the good wishes breathed in her song for the newly wedded pair. The bridegroom, who, if he did not inherit all his father's genius, yet certainly inherited his taste for poetry, quoted from Collins' "Ode on the Passions," with enthusiasm—

“They would have thought who heard the strain,  
 They saw in Tempe’s vale her native maids  
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,  
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,  
 While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,  
 Love framed with mirth a gay fantastic round.”

The spirits of each were rather deep and full than elevated. Lady Hester’s eye frequently rested on her son with a melancholy rapture, and as frequently turned away filled with tears. Her memory was busy with its stores of sorrow, and fancy borrowed from them to image forth its ideal pictures. She had but recently been able to bring distinctly before her mental eye her long lost husband; and now his face, his figure, his graceful mien, his smile, nay, the very cadence of his voice, were palpably realised. Her son perceived the tears trickling down her cheeks, and clasped her hand in tender anxiety.

“It is nothing, my son,” said she, attempting a smile, “heed me not.”

“You would not weep for *nothing*, beloved mother,” returned he, still more anxiously.

“I was thinking of your father,” said Lady Hester, in a low, tremulous voice.

Her son was silent. He loved her almost to adoration, and nothing tended more to increase that love than her devotion to his father’s memory. Her constant grief for one who had been so long laid in the grave expressed, as he thought, an unworldly elevation of sentiment, which charmed equally his imagination and his feelings.

Mrs. Lee had also noticed Lady Hester weeping, and

when she knew the cause, her own eyes were bedewed likewise. In *her* heart there lay the images of *two* dear lost ones. Her father and her brother she still regretted with many secret pangs of a bitterness none but heaven could appreciate.

The Pastor caught the pensive infection, and one after another the children he had laid in the dust, and the friends who had departed, were remembered. He talked of them, narrated many passages of his life in which they had been concerned fifty or sixty years ago, with a minute accuracy that would have surprised his listeners had they not been well accustomed to it. Then, as night deepened, and the moon began to enter her meridian, he recurred again to the idols of his memory—Lucy and Clinton. This was a theme that never tired, and although Mr. Lee hinted that it was high time to return to the house, no movement was made. While the Pastor was fondly engrossed with his favourite subject, he suddenly broke off, and then declared that he had seen his grandson Clinton exactly as when alive, moving along by the margin of the water with a gliding motion. The friends arose in some consternation, and Lucy shrank into the arms of her husband with a pale countenance.

“There!—there!” exclaimed the Pastor energetically, pointing with his finger.

“Where, Pastor Wilson?” cried Lady Hester, wildly, breaking from Mrs. Lee and her son, and rushing forward in the direction indicated.

“Mr. Lee, for God’s sake follow her!” cried the Marquis, who was detained by his shrinking bride.

Mr. Lee did so with haste.



The Pastor fell on his knees in the moonlight, and clasped his hands, apparently lost to what was passing around.

" Pure fell the beam, and meekly bright,  
On his grey holy hair."

" But ah! that patriarch's aspect shone,  
With something holier far—  
A radiance all the spirits own,  
Caught not from sun or star.

" And silent stood his children by,  
Hushing their very breath,  
Before the solemn sanctity  
Of thoughts o'erweeping death."

" Grandfather!—dearest grandfather!" said Jane in trembling tones, placing her hand on his shoulder.

" I am called away," softly ejaculated the Pastor, looking upwards. " Hark!—again! I come—I come! Lord receive my spirit!" and so saying he fell on his face.

He was immediately raised and carried to the mansion, where festivity and mirth still reigned with unbroken sway, but were now to be suddenly banished by the awful tidings of *sudden death*. But the habitual state of preparation for eternity in which the Pastor had lived, together with his great age, precluded any feelings of extraordinary surprise or horror at the event.

The mansion witnessed no more bridal merriment, but a solemnity, rather than any more oppressive feeling, pervaded it. The friends kept the singular circumstances of his death secret among themselves. The shock was soon subdued to a placid hallowed regret, saving only in the bosom of Lady Hester, who never smiled afterwards. She lived to an advanced age, always firmly

believing that the spirit of her husband had appeared to summon the Pastor into eternity, and longing for the same summons to be made, in the same manner for herself.

Mrs. Lee, the amiable and long-trying "Canadian Girl," died earlier, in the bosom of her family, peaceful and resigned. Of her married life, the words applied to an oriental pattern of conjugal excellence in Holy Writ, might with unvarnished truth, be said—"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." No flattering epitaph, however, marks her resting place in the valley. The secret tears of those who loved her, are her only eulogies.

THE END.

#### DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER.

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|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| "Jane was about to fly," &c., to form the <i>Frontispiece</i> , and face the <i>Vignette Title</i> .       | PAGE |
| "Exhausted, Jane lay down by a settlement and slept."                                                      | 15   |
| "She took the instrument, and touching it with a 'religious softness,' sang to it a Canadian vesper song," | 425  |
| "To this lovely and retired spot they often went, happy in each others confidence and esteem,"             | 615  |
| "To the Pastor's utter dismay, he saw in the hollow of the vast tree a dead body."                         | 661  |

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