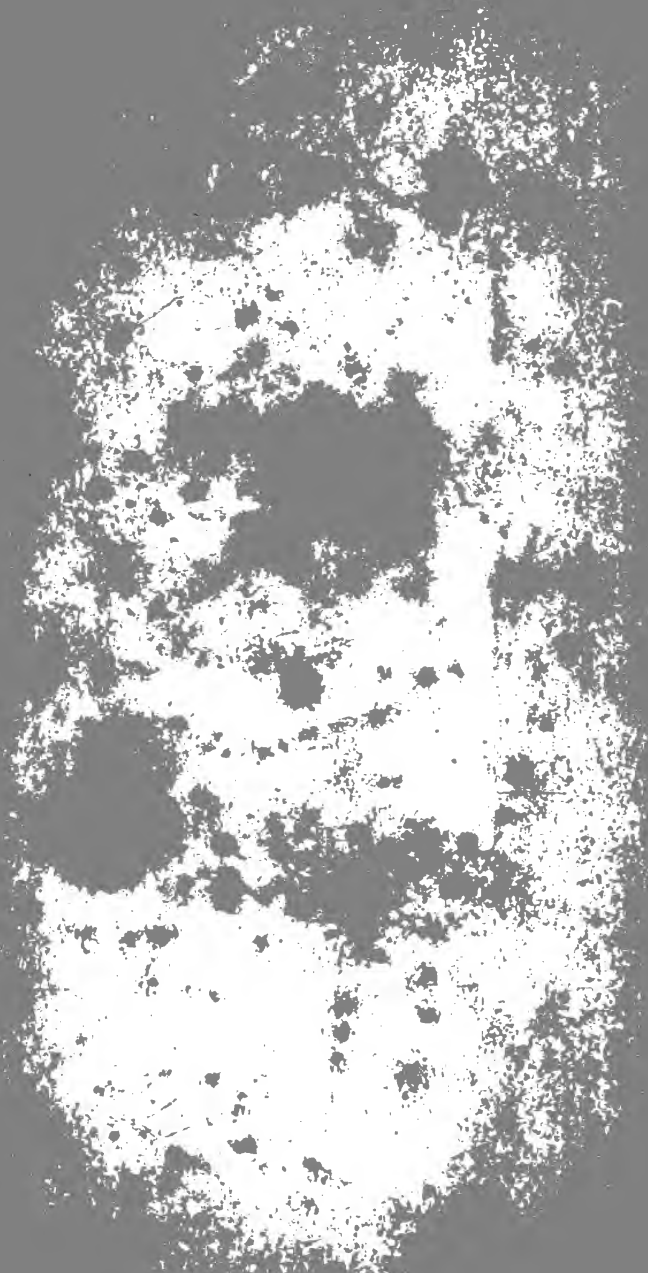






John Beardmore,

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THE
PORT ADMIRAL;

A TALE OF THE WAR.

VOL. II.

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THE
PORT ADMIRAL;

A TALE OF THE WAR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"CAVENDISH."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
COCHRANE AND M'CRONE,
11, WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

1833.

“ A CHIEF ON LAND, AN OUTLAW ON THE DEEP,
TO HER HE MIGHT BE GENTLENESS: THE STERN
HAVE DEEPER THOUGHTS THAN YOUR DULL EYES DISCERN;
AND WHEN THEY LOVE, YOUR SMILERS GUESS NOT HOW,
BEATS THE STRONG HEART THOUGH LESS THE LIPS AVOW.”

BYRON.

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THE PORT ADMIRAL,

A TALE OF THE WAR.

CHAPTER I.

“ And thus as he called them by title and name,
They entered, and breakfast was served as they came.”

THE Port Admiral now led the way into the breakfast-room, the folding windows of which opened upon the terrace. Here Croiser found the breakfast party assembled, and after glancing his eye round the old oak panneling, on which hung various family portraits by Sir Peter Lely and Sir Joshua Reynolds, he was introduced to the Admiral's guests.

“ This, Captain Croiser, is my sister, Lady Sap-

phira Affectus—Auntie Saffy we call her—but that's only for friends, seeing she doesn't like to go by that tally."

"Sir Richard, don't be such a bore.—The Port Admiral, Sir," turning to Croiser, "always seems to think it necessary to enter into family details—but we," drawing up her majestic person, "forgive him these slight solecisms in consideration of the constant society of sailor-captains in which he is condemned to mix—as well as the want of that accuracy and closeness of style which a mathematical education——"

"There, there, stopper Lady Saff, we want none of your mathematics here, your Greek and your Latin. It's enough for me to know plain sailing, a dash of trigonometry and navigation, and the nack of breaking an enemy's line—none of your hick, heck, hock, and other three-decker line o' battle words—taking an old officer six months to get one out—your hypotenuse of the triangle or whatever your rigmarole may be. We want none of that, do we Bombast, old Boy?" bestowing a hearty slap of his hand on the shoulder of a mean little figure

which quivered beneath its weight. The little oddity thus addressed, was a person under the middle height, spare and meagre in figure, but yet more shrivelled in countenance; the latter bearing that indefinable expression which we always associate with an itinerant Methodist preacher. The nose and lips prominent, the forehead receding, the eye half shut, and the mouth drawn down, presented a character contemptible to others, yet evidently one most satisfactory to itself; while a vacant wonder-stricken appearance about the eye-brows bespoke that habit of exaggeration which in reality formed so great a part of his character. To complete his personal attractions,—he wore on his round shoulders an old black coat, which, to judge by its loose and slovenly fit, might have come from the bag of an old clothes-man—duly shaken to give him the uppermost. His trowsers and waistcoat might have had the same origin, the latter being much stained and the former tight at his feet—thence bulging out into an immense bag at the hips to contain his hands and any bits of biscuit, crusts of bread—old nails—pieces of minerals—odd stones, or

singular plants, gradually filling during their existence in his service, to be emptied only when their tattered state condemned them to the bag of a Solomon of lower note.

This interesting personage called himself a great traveller, a greater author, and a captain in His Majesty's navy to boot, and certainly never did naval captain appear such a fright in plain clothes. Though I must confess, however sorry for the honour of the cloth, that the old *régime* of these officers generally resembles that of bumbailiffs, or retired Bow-street myrmidons, in apparel, more than anything else.

But to proceed, this Captain Beatal Bombast was once a midshipman under the Port Admiral, and having been invited to spend a fortnight with his old officer, he became so delighted with his quarters, that he honoured them with a much longer stay than had been at first contemplated, until he seemed to have set himself down as a domiciliated toady or hanger-on of the Admiral. In this design, however, he was violently opposed by the brother of the last officer, the chaplain of the dock-yard, who, though somewhat cracked,

had more than sufficient discernment to pierce the character of Bombast, and determined by his sturdy and relentless opposition to effect that which the good-natured indolence of the Admiral would not let him bring about—the ejection of the captain, and with it that of his friend Major Puff—a yet more ignoble animal, whom he had the impudence to ask on a visit to himself, like the Town mouse in Pope's fable.

The Major himself was, it was shrewdly suspected, only a lieutenant, but he boldly stuck out for his majority in the militia, to which redoubtable corps he belonged, and therefore it was as a matter of courtesy awarded him; but as to his head-quarters or the county to which he belonged—these were little topics which he deigned to mention but rarely.

Having acquired some knowledge of the alphabet in his youth, he now eked out the paltry pittance of his half-pay by murdering such “poor devils of authors” as he could hurt or injure by his silly remarks; and edited a sort of periodical, very famous as the organ of sundry old women in

the army and navy, as well as the actual sex in real life.

Of these last, he was the "god among the small fry"—"Wonderful Major Puff! How can he, at *his age*?—Oh dear, it's quite charming to see how he hobbles along!" said they, and for these "gratifying voices" the wonderful Major honoured them with his company to *tea* twice a week—and returned the compliment twice *a year*; when all the deaf subalterns of marines and paralytic half-pay lieutenants of the navy congregated together in the wonderful major's smoky apartment, to recount how implicitly they pinned their wonderful belief on his wonderful productions, which, truth to say, contained more wonders than the celebrated "nine wonders of the world." Then would the wonderful Major get up on his leg,—for I grieve to confess that he possessed no more,—and make them a speech to the best of his usually-much-fuddled abilities; assuring them with a triumphant air, that the "United Anchor and Blunderbuss Journal had risen no less than ten numbers within the short space of eighteen months,"—then

came his proud determination ever to support it with the same ability, and down he sat, saying:—"But, gentlemen, we may yet be deceived, 'tis hard to say how the cat will jump.—Alas! the chances of war are often most disastrous."—A sigh followed, accompanied by a gentle stroke of his hand along the wooden member which supported him, leading the deluded hearers to suppose that he had lost his leg in the capture of Quebec at least. But alas! no such thing,—a fortnight after his being presented to the militia ensigncy, he went out "for a day's spree" with one of his former acquaintances, a foot-boy, and the latter, not relishing the lately assumed superiority of his previous equal, refused to pay the tavern score for their beer, and accused the Wonderful Major of "spunging on him all day";—hereupon they fought it out with the readiest weapons, to wit, those of nature's own providing, and the military man received a fracture of the leg which rendered immediate amputation necessary. A delicacy of sentiment always prevented the wonderful major from dwelling on these minute details with any perspicuity, although he would frequently lead the by-

standers to form high ideas of his martial achievements by some well-timed and distant allusion, such as—"Those who have testified their patriotism by the loss of a—a—very serious affair, sir, I assure you,"—and again, "There are misfortunes to be met with in the service, sir, which no pensions, however honourable, can make up to a man. To think, gentlemen, what I have suffered!—But men of merit don't dwell on these things—they are left behind in those posthumous memoirs which the world always demands of distinguished characters."

During the time of his service, now long past, he had once been ordered over to Ireland, but was countermanded by the time he had reached Cork. As is often the case with exceedingly weak or silly men, this transmigration from the place of his nativity, formed an era in his life that was never forgotten, as the reader will see; and from the moment he returned to his country quarters, the wonders he had seen and experienced in his travels formed a never failing theme.

To proceed. Captain Beattall Bombast being addressed by the Admiral, felt rather at a loss between

his wish to give the accustomed assent to all that his superior said, and the dread which he entertained of Lady Sapphira, whose tongue, let me inform thee, Reader, was much more pleasant to encounter on paper than in person.

“Why, truly, Admiral,” he replied with a strong nasal accent, which still more confirmed the stranger’s prepossessions that he had at some period of his life twanged under a hedge, “though this is a most delicate point to determine, I should opine that we officers are not required to have that varied skill in accomplishments which the more polished sex can boast. As you say, Sir Richard, it is our part to guard our country, whereas the leisure enjoyed by the ladies cannot be better employed than in devoting themselves to those erudite studies which do honour to human nature. Now, sir, in the Longbow Islands this is the case——”

“*Where?* Captain Bombast,” inquired Lady Affectus, somewhat soothed by his speech.

“In the Longbow Islands, Madam,—you’ll find it in my last book of travels — I was going to say, that there, while all the men go hunting and fishing,

the ladies of the tribes stay at home and further the progress of literature and the fine arts."

"'Literature and the fine arts,' Captain Bombast. What, savages?"

"Oh dear! yes, Lady Sapphira, they've twelve colleges and three universities—though to be sure they never would let us see them."

"In—deed. Never knew—it."

"Oh yes! Ma'am," said Major Puff, the toadey's toadey, "a fact; for when I was abroad in Ireland" —

"When he was 'abroad in IRELAND.'—What a fool!" broke forth from the stout but cynical looking brother of the Port Admiral, the Rev. Nathaniel Salisbury, who was sitting in a high-backed easy chair, resting on his elbows and looking down on his feet. The latter were placed in an inverted position, that is, the toes were pointed inwards towards each other, and the heels separated vice versâ. Every other second, the ball of each foot was alternately lifted, and then suddenly struck on the carpet, the heel itself remaining fixed as a pivot, by which means the dust collected in the soling was suddenly expelled by a small hole in the stitching,

having the effect, on a pigmy scale, of a cannon discharged from a ship's side; while by moving the members in different positions, the owner was pleased to say it represented a frigate-action.

This new toy he had only found out within the last week, and he therefore pursued its enjoyment with all the fondness which man has for novelty, while the cunning twinkle of insanity in his eye agreed indifferently well with such a singular amusement. Among the many eccentric traits in his character, the foremost was a habit of uttering his thoughts aloud with such an absence of mind as to be insensible to the effects produced on his hearers. It was in one of these fits that he uttered his opinion on the Wonderful Major's incongruity, who having always been accustomed to regard his journey to Ireland as a piece of foreign service, had, by frequent repetition of the fact, got too much into the habit of thus expressing himself to get rid of it.

“ ‘Abroad in Ireland’ Sir!” repeated the chaplain, raising his head and addressing the other. “Do you know what you talk about, Sir? Ireland’s a part of Great Britain.”

“ Stuff, Brother, it isn't *that*,” interrupted Lady Sapphira—never better pleased than when contradicting.

“ But I say it is *that*, my Lady Saffron—with your stuff.”

“ Pooh! Sir, Pooh! One can never differ from you sailor people without your growing scurrilous.”

“ ‘ *Scurrilous!*’ You don't know what it means.”

“ Don't I indeed, Sir!—Then at least you ought to do so, for you have enough of it on board a ship.”

“ How can *you* tell, ma'am, any thing about ships, *you* who take deuced good care never to go nearer than half a mile to one?”

“ No, indeed. I've no wish to be poisoned with your horrid pitch, when I can learn all I want from seeing you on shore, and books.”

“ ‘ Books’—there you go again, always *books*.”

“ Books, Sir! yes.—Why to hear you talk, one would think that you were educated in Kam-schatka—that you had never read a page of the divine Tully, or a passage of the impassioned Demosthenes.”

“ Well, that's more than one would think of you.”

“ Pooh! I say again, one would think that you knew not a classic from a cat, and had never studied the hypotenuse of a right angled triangle in your life.—Why don't you prove it?—you can't prove it; you sailor people can only assert a thing, and then swear fifty oaths that it is so—you can't prove it, I say.”

“ ‘ Prove it! Yes, I can prove it.’ ”

“ Stuff! no such thing.”

“ But I say I can.”

“ You know you can't; or if you can—do it.”

“ Well, so I will—Now let me see, what was it about?”

“ What—was—it—about?” repeated Lady Saphira, trying to recollect herself in vain.—“ Well truly, that's a pretty thing, to expect that *I'm* to tell you what it was about!—I want to hear you prove it, that's what *I'm* to do.”

“ Well so I will, if you can say what it was.”

“ ‘ Say what it was,’ indeed! No, you're to *prove* it, but you see you can't, and now you pretend you don't know what it was about,—that won't do for me—it may do for you sailor people—but *I* see through it—you're beaten.”

“ ‘ Beaten! No, I'm not beaten, Lady Saffron,

you know it. I see what it is, you've forgotten the starting point as well as I, but this is always the way with you blue-stockings, you pretend to what you know nothing about—you've no more reason than Tom Collins's cat, and when it comes to the push, you get off through your cunning—bother a fellow out of his what-d'ye-call-it, and then cry out that you have won the day; but I'll get to windward of you yet, Miss Saffey, I will. Margiée dear," turning to his favourite, "what was it we set out with?"

"Why I fear, my dear uncle, that I have got somewhat entangled as well as yourself, but here—your coffee is cooling, and if you will drink this cup, I'll endeavour to recollect in the meantime."

"Bravo—my hearties—ha, ha, hah! Now that's what I call a regular set-to—go it, Nat,—go it Saffy—gun for gun and scorn all favours. But come, Captain Croiser, though they may choose to hold an argument in this manner, it's no sort of reason that we should'nt get a bit of breakfast. Chatty!—Margiée!—why holloa there, girls! here's your knight-errant wants a seat!"

"Bring him here, Bunting, and if he'll promise

to behave himself, he shall sit between me and Margiée."

"What is our guest's name?" inquired the chaplain, eyeing him very steadily.

"Croiser, brother, Captain Croiser."

"Good name;—Captain Croiser, happy to make your acquaintance. My name, Sir, is the Rev. Nathaniel Salisbury. I have the honour to be the rector of Donomore, in the see of Durham, presented to me by my particular friend the Duke of Daredevil, whose scarf I also wear as private chaplain; they call me Master of Arts at Brazen Nose College, Oxford, and chaplain to H. M. Dockyard, at Plymouth. My principles, sir, are concise; as well in politics as in religion—I fear God and honour the King"—

"'And curse the French,' say Nat.;" but the clergyman took no notice of this interruption from his brother, and went on with his exposition which he generally repeated to every stranger. "These are my nieces, sir, that is Charlotte, and this is Margarita, or the pearl of the ocean."

"From the Greek word *μαργαριτα*," interrupted Lady Sapphira.

“Come, my Lady Saffron, don't break into my conversation in that manner. I suppose this is what you call the closeness and polish of a mathematical education.”

“‘Break in’—pack of nonsense, Brother, it's no break in—I appeal to you, Captain Bombast.”

“Why truly, Lady Sapphira, as far as my knowledge goes——”

“That's a very short way!” muttered the reverend Nathaniel.

“Lady Sapphira, it is always permitted to every one to enter into the conversation. For when I was at the Longbow Islands, which every one admits to be one of the most polished of countries—Do they not, major?”

“Oh yes, captain, I heard of nothing else during the time I remained abroad at Cork.”

“Exactly.—Well, my lady, at the Longbow Islands the things as common as—as—you may say as pea-soup, my Lady.”

“‘As pea-soup’?—Indeed—never—knew—it,” drawled out her ladyship, who possessed two distinct moods, the hot and argumentative, and the imperturbable and affected; in the former she poured

forth a continued flow of high learning; in the latter a string of hard names with a lisp most imitable.

“Pea-soup, eh! Captain Bombast? Well now that’s what I call a classical simile,” returned the scholar of Brazen Nose.

“And why not, Sir?” inquired Lady Sapphira, taking the part of her ally—“Why not pea-soup, as well as the *res frumentariæ* of the immortal Julius, I should like you to tell me?” But instead of replying to this question, the chaplain turned to his brother the Admiral.

“I’ll propose to you a riddle, Richard: Why would Auntie Saffy be quite a catch to the government washerwomen?”

“’Cause she’s chock a block with hot water, I suppose.”

“No—d’ye give it up?”

“Yes.”

“Well then, because she’d do for soap in one water and blue bag in the next?”

“Now, Captain Bombast, is not this infamous? This is the way that a woman of learning is treated. As I said before, they can’t answer our ar-

guments, and so they insult us; but this comes of their mixing with such *quisquiliæ* as are to be found in the navy.—Now did you ever Captain Bombast, did you ever meet with such conduct?”

“Why, really, Lady Sapphira, I am happy to say not often, for though I stayed a considerable time at the Longbow Islands, as well as in the revolted States of America until they”—

“Tumbled you into a ditch, Captain Bombast.”

“‘Tumbled *me* into a ditch,’ Mr. Nathaniel, I really am surprised! I really wish, Sir, that you could be more circumspect in what you advance.”

“Why captain, can you pretend to deny it?”

“Can I pretend—why—truly—really I am sure,”—and the captain stretched forth his long scraggy dark neck around which his neckcloth was always as slovenly tied as if it had been a halter—

“how can you—or rather how could you?—why I am surprised you should ever have entertained such an idea.”

“‘Entertained such an idea!’ Bless me! I always took it as granted for a fact, that one day for something you had done contrary to their notions, they had bundled you into a ditch or a horse-

pond, I don't know which, and so you, to pay them off, came home and wrote a book against them."

"Well, Mr. Nathaniel, to think how men may be calumniated! But I really am surprised that *you* should believe such a shocking report!"

"Yes, captain, very shocking, particularly if it was cold weather! Was it summer or winter when it happened? No wonder you considered them so rude and ill-bred after that; but how was it, Captain, that you never put it down in your book?" But the captain was far too cunning to criminate himself, and he therefore pretended to be deeply engaged in answering Lady Sapphira, assuring her that in the Longbow Islands such cases of ill treatment of the fair sex were very rare.

"Ah, sir!" responded her Ladyship, "I apprehend in those islands in which you have been so felicitously favoured as to roam, that they have no navy in which to enclausate men until they become thoroughly stultified."

In the interim, while these disputes had been thus warmly carried on between these high belligerent parties, Croiser, whose feelings inclined

him to a widely different path, had been saying his best things, and paying his most assiduous court to his nymphs of the morning, surrounded and inspired by all the guardian sylphs of tea and toast, Guava jelly, orange marmalade, curried prawns, preserved pine, and the many other little niceties that meet on a breakfast table. The meal being over, the ladies dispersed to array themselves for the excursion on the water, when Lady Sapphira, despite her protestations against the *quisquilæ* to be found afloat, and the anger she felt for the Reverend Nathaniel, determined to be of the party, in which determination she was followed by the marvellous Captain Bombast and the wonderful Major Puff.

All things being ready, they set off through the noble avenue of trees fronting the house, and turning off to the right, arrived at a low railing which divided the sward of the park from the smooth beach of Barn Pool. Opening the gate reserved for the embarkation of the family and their friends, they descended to a boat which Croiser had ordered to be in waiting, and were immediately rowed off to the little bark which

was lying with her sails unfurled in readiness to bear them where they pleased.

The Port Admiral having seen the last of them on board, waved his hand with a "Fare ye well, my hearties," and turned back to the house, saying, to Margiée's repeated invitations to be of the party, "Duty first, and play afterwards," a rule to which he rigidly adhered, and now prepared to cross the water to his official residence; since he merely occupied his present abode as a connexion of the family during its absence.

CHAPTER II.

“ Will had promised his Sue that this voyage well ended
Should coil up his hopes, and he'd anchor on shore ;
His pockets well lined—why his life should be mended
The laws he had broken, he'd break them no more.”

WILL WATCH THE BOLD SMUGGLER.

LEAVING our friends on board to all the enjoyment which awaited them, it is now, Reader, the province of your historian to pass over the day spent on the water when the party returned at nightfall to sup with the old Flag Officer, as well as a few of the succeeding hours, until about three o'clock *ante meridiem*, at which time Captain Croiser was enjoying sound slumbers under the venerable roof of his hospitable entertainer, and the dim hazy light of a moonless morning fell on the little schooner once more quietly at anchor within Barn Pool. At this hour, so sacred to

spirits emancipated from their bondage of clay, a tall and well-proportioned figure issued silently from the thick glade encircling the western flank of the castle, and pursued its way with stealthy and noiseless steps along the rounded and open waste, at the foot of which the building is situated.

Presently a low bark was heard; the slight rustling of the grass, heavy with night dew, ceased as the figure paused—a low hissing whisper arose upon the stillness of the night, the bark was hushed, and the figure moved on once more with quickened steps. As it passed along, the drowsy deer started from their broken sleep to gambol away, and leave the vicinity of those unhallowed footsteps which broke in upon their sacred recesses. Presently the horizon revealed to view the dark square outline of a church tower, crowning the heights of Maker. Pausing as it approached the latter, the figure was seen to stretch out an arm, first towards the sacred edifice and then towards the sea, as if in the very act of summoning “spirits from the vasty deep;” then, after a brief pause, it struck off in that direction where the

waves of the latter were heard reverberating on the iron-bound coast which opposed their progress.

Having arrived by a somewhat circuitous route at the low paling that protected the deer from the dangers of the precipice, a hand was thrust into its breast, and then, as if satisfied with the result, it slowly mounted the paling and disappeared gradually in the gulf below.

After a cautious descent of some thirty feet down the rugged and sinuous footpath leading to the sea, the figure was once more seen to emerge from the shadow of the cliff, and pursue its way among the rocks at the bottom, where the waves dashed gently on the shore. After following this course for half a mile, and leaving the bounds of the estate considerably behind, it paused before a high bluff that jutted across the path, while on its base the sea had left its marks at high tide.

At a height of some fifty feet from the ground appeared a slight prominence, from whence grew a quantity of brushwood, surrounding a low ilex, whose thick cover of evergreen seemed to have braved the tempest for many a winter. As

the figure approached this spot, it stumbled over a fragment of the broken rocks, when the rolling masses, severed in their descent, were heard tumbling into the water at a little distance below.

“ Who goes there ?” suddenly demanded a hoarse voice, as the dim figure of some gigantic being started up from the ground. A dead pause ensued ; a sudden click, as of a steel spring, was heard on the side of the intruder, re-echoed on the part of the huge sentinel, whose large proportions were yet more increased by the haze of the morning.

“ Who goes there, I say? You thief o’ the night, find a tongue—or here’s into ye !”

“ A friend.”

“ Then make sail and tip us the word.”

At this invitation the first figure advanced, but holding out something in his hand, which its faint glitter proved to be a pistol. When within ten yards he halted, and addressing the sentinel who was similarly prepared for his reception, said, “ It is’nt in ‘ sunshine’ is it ?”

“ Never, Bo !”

“ Then is it ‘ moonshine?’ ”

“ That we hate worse nor an exciseman.”

“ But a dull look-out and a misty morning ?”—

“ Make our time of day.”

Having satisfied themselves by this mysterious dialogue that they knew one another's business, the weapons of death were quickly returned to their proper places of concealment about the person, and extending hands to one another, the lesser individual inquired, “ What cheer, my hearty ? ”

“ Why, my cove, pretty bobbish, thank ye! but how is it that you're not here afore? Here 'tis close upon the stroke o' seven bells in the middle watch, and I've a been hanging on here, knocking about ever since five bells. I can tell you Bo, this here cold haze is very bad for a poor fellow's vittalling office. But better late than never, so let's bring-to here, and have a drop of something short.”

As he said this, the sailor accommodated his person on a fragment of rock, motioning for his companion to take a seat beside him; then thrusting his hand into his rough coat, he pulled forth a pewter bottle of a flat oval shape, which might hold near three pints. Long usage seemed to

have imparted to it the bright glow which the sailor regarded with such reverence as he rubbed it on his sleeve.

“That seems to be an old companion.”

“An ould companion! You may say that, Bo! This is my Castle-Rag Sal! Maybe you think that’s a rum name for a canteen to go by; but the matter on’t is this. When I was a younker, I was spooney, or in love, as the land-lubbers call it, after Sally Moffat, what lived on the Barbican down yonder there, as we see in the bight o’ the harbour; and Missis Sal taking into her head one day when I was on a bit of a crusse to kick the bucket, why ye see, she left me quite incontrou-
bable for her loss as ye may say; and going to Nan Pigget, who lived by forking* the King’s stores — God bless her! — Why I bought this canteen — full of blue ruin, and called it after Sal to invalidate her memory as the tombstone said. For — shiver my timbers! — I was’nt going to be stingy, and so I had a bit of a holy stone stuck up in the churchyard: but the lubbers I see

* “Forking,” that is, stealing them, or rather perhaps buying them, knowing the same to be stolen.

t'other day, have been a shifting some o' the bulk heads of the black barracks*, and Sal's stowage has been broken up. However ye see I've a taken good care of this, seeing I fill it reg'lar five times a day—every eight bells—for her sake; till now, bother me if I don't think I like it better than Sal herself. Well here's to her health—the dear creatures! they're the salt o' life as ye may say, at any time;” and the seaman tossed off the ardent spirits contained in the metal cup, which screwing over the mouth of the canteen, answered the double office of a cup and a cover.

“That's the true stuff, my Boy!” said the last comer, as he moved his lips after the manner of a connoisseur—he having been helped the first. The other made no reply, but refilling, proffered the spirit again.

“No more, my lad, no more, thank ye,—though the air is fresh for July,”—and he pulled up his cravat, to hide his features, while he attentively scanned those of the sailor.—“A dram of that might put life into a half-starved Greenland whaler.”

* “Black barracks”—sailor's name for a church.

“ Ay, aye, trust Tim for knowing the right narrow tape of Mynheer Schnapsh.”

“ Tim’s your name, is it ?”

“ Aye, Bo !”

“ But Tim what ? What other name d’ye bear on the ship’s books ?”

“ Ship’s books !” interrupted the seaman, in a somewhat savage tone, arresting the passage of the spirit towards his lips. “ What have I to do with your man-o’-war’s ship’s books ?—Not I—it’s a fib — a lie I was going to say,” he added, in a half laughing undertone of voice, while his eye twinkled with intoxication.

“ You mistake, old Boy, I didn’t mean to call you a man-of-war’s man, if it’s that ye dislike so much ?”

“ Well, I do then !”

“ Very well, my Hearty ; but I knew you belonged to that tight little craft there ; the raking three-masted schooner.”

“ How did you know that ?”

“ Oh ! how did I know that ? I knew it well enough, so I only asked you what your other name was.”

“ Why, my service-name, as you call it, is Tim Tarpauline, only they call me ‘ Nine-fathom Tim ’ for shortness.”

“ Well, that’s a back-handed way of keeping a reckoning too ! And what have you to do with nine fathoms ?”

“ Why ye see, ever since I bought Castle-Rag Sal, here, I’ve never been sober, ’sept by some infarnal accident—that’s to say sober as a church. Once, I mind it well, and that was one of the worst days that ever I saw in my life ; seeing that I was upset in a boat ’long with five others, in nine fathom water, off Cape Maccaroni, up the Straits. Well, ye see, the other five were all drowned, but as there was’nt enough water to drown me, it only came up to my neck, and there was I left shivering and shaking like a foretaupsle in the wind. I would have walked ashore, but I knew the ground was all ups and downs, rocks and shallows, and so, if I went to move, I might have got into nine and a half, or may-be ten fathom ; and then I should have been flungusticated ; for as to my swimming, at that time—and more shame to me—’twas like a pig of ballast—

right to the bottom, though now, to be sure, it's more like a cork, for I've had one or two hard tries at it."

"Well, and how did ye get out of it?"

"Why, they come and pick me up at last, after I'd been there in the cold water for four hours, and so much of it soaked through me, that, drink what spirit I will, I can't get it swabbed up again."

"No, so I should think!"

"Ay, 'aye, but it's no laughing matter, for ever since that time I've never been able to keep any warmth in my feet—all flies to my head! To be sure, I take lots of the true stuff, both Nantz and Schnapps, and I've had the very best advice for it, but Lor'! it's no manner o' use that I sees: so here's to your jolly good health!" and down went dram the third. This finished, 'Sal' was returned to her resting place, and her owner got up, and taking a few paces, while he flapped his long arms, like an albatross does its wings, he resumed his seat once more.

"Well you seem to have an easy time of it aboard that craft; with nothing to do but lay at your killick in harbour." The sailor turned round,

and fixing his lowering and rather ill-natured glance on the questioner, seemed to be scrutinizing the motive which induced such an inquiry. Not tracing any thing to raise his suspicions, his grim features relaxed into a smile, as he turned his head away, and dangling his feet, replied,

“ Yes, yes, my Boy, we’ve a pretty easy time, thanks be to our skipper, and as I get, so I give, seeing I’m his first mate.”

“ The devil you are !”

“ You may say that, and not be so much surprised after all.”

“ And what do ye do all day ?”

“ Oh ! little odds and ends ; ye see I generally turns out some where about seven bells in the middle watch, (half past three,) and I comes up on deck, and I looks round about me and sees it’s a bit disky, and so I takes a drop of something short, and turns in till eight bells. Well, then ye see, having dozed half an hour, I turns out on deck again, and giving a squint about me, I sees still ’tis a little bit disky, so I take a drop again, and turns in till two bells. Well, two bells struck, I turn out once more, and taking another squint

about me, I see the diskiness is pretty nigh gone off, and the sun's beginning to rise thereaway in the east, or it may be east and a leetel bit sou'; so seeing as how that's the case, I takes a drop just to wish him a good morning as it may be, and then I'm up for all the day."

"Ah my Boy? This is when it's a disky morning. Now suppose it is'nt a disky morning, what d'ye do then?"

"Umph!—why—then—let me see!—why then—come dang it, that's a bit of a pauler," rubbing his head, "why then old chap I do—just the same."

"Well, come, my Hearty, that's honest! and if you have it all your own way, why what can ye wish for more?"

"Hah! Come belay there—that's a bold word. To be sure I've a tight berth of it, but still when it comes to wishing, I think I could wish for a better."

"Well, come now, suppose you were to have a wish, what would ye ask for?"

"Ask for? Why—Let me see, I hardly think either, when it comes to the push.—What do I want particular? Should I have Sal back again

—but no, though that's no go, cause she's dead poor creetur!—One of the deaf uns that won't answer to her muster, though the clerk of the cheque bawls as loud as a boatswain in a white squall.—No, that won't gee—so what shall I have?—I've just got a fresh supply of Snapsch in, I an't near run out o' pigtail yet—I sha'nt be hard up for soap for six months to come, and I've lots of ingans! (onions.)—What *shall* I have?”——

“——Come, Master Nine-Fathom-Tim, you're not so hardly off as you think.”

“Vast heaving! Now I think of it, I'd wish myself ould Sir Dicky Saltberry, the Port Admiral.”

“The devil you would!” exclaimed the other, somewhat quickly. “What would you wish yourself the Port Admiral for?”

“‘What for?’ Why don't ye see he can get swipy* 'pon duty without so much as being logged down in the report; much less brought to the gangway! Now, that's what *I* calls having a *snug* berth of it!”

* ‘Swipy’—*Anglice*—tipsy—three cloths in the wind.

“ And is that all ? ”

“ ‘ All ’—no ! That chap lives a roarin’ life of it, and smuggles ! Lor’ ! they tell me he smuggles like a good ’un.”

“ Pooh ! ” returned the other with a pettish tone of voice, “ you mustn’t believe all the trash you hear. The Port Admiral smuggle ? Do you think the Port Admiral would dare to smuggle ? I have heard he’s a very strict officer, and, faith, I believe it ! ”

“ Well, and who said he wasn’t a smart officer ? The old boy may be smart enough, and like to do a little business by starlight yet ! Now I dare say the old chap would have no objection to some dozen ankers of this stuff here,” taking another dram—“ All I can say is, if-so-be he would’nt, why, he’s no judge of licker ! ”

“ ‘ Liquor ! ’ Why those great Dons never drink any thing else but wine ? ”

“ ‘ Wine ! ’ Whish, don’t they ? then I pities ’em ! none o’ your Admirals for me !—But howsomever, I’ve heard Sir Dicky’s a gallows old boy ; and if-so-be that be the case, why I wish he was here for his sake ! ”

A suppressed smile was visible on the face of the other, at this remark, as he turned towards the sea, where some object engaged his attention.

“ Here they come at last ! ” he exclaimed.

“ Ay, aye, here we have them at last, sure enough. Mister Derrick’s rather behind time: it’s close upon eight bells ! ”

An ordinary spectator might have strained his eyes for some time, without discerning the object to which the attention of the sailors had been drawn, and which long experience alone enabled them to perceive. Soon, however, the measured splash of oars became faintly audible; and in a few minutes the indistinct form of a large lugger appeared in sight. Her sails having been taken down, she was now rowed ashore with muffled sweeps*.

At a little distance from the place where our friend Nine-fathom Tim had been seated, the immense masses of rock which time had gradually tumbled down from the cliff, had formed themselves into a little basin with a narrow outlet towards the sea, the inside being protected from

* ‘ Sweeps,’ large and heavy oars.

the waves, which in windy weather spent their fury in lashing the rude barrier of stone around. Into this small but secure haven the lugger was now steered; and to the uninitiated eye of the landsman, every part of her hull above water was seen to be entirely white.

“ Now, my lads—in oars, in oars, and out with your killick!” said a rough voice proceeding from aft.

Obedient to these orders, the sweeps were laid in-board, and a very large and heavy stone, secured to her bow by a rope, having been dropped over-board, the vessel brought up at her moorings, and the crew leaped on the adjacent rocks, still some two feet under water. This, however, was no inconvenience to them, since their feet and legs were protected by rough leather boots, proof to the water and reaching nearly up to their loins.

The captain, or as he styled himself “ Honest Joe Derrick,” was the last who left his bark, saying “ Here! Which o’ ye’s more like a horse than a thief? ’Cause he’d better ’way aloft there and give the signal.”

“ Ay, aye,” answered one of the subordinate seamen, making his way towards the bluff already mentioned.

Having arrived close to its base, the sailor picked up a small pebble, and succeeded in flinging it with as little force as possible into the ilex tree growing above. A shrill clear whistle as of some bird was heard in reply; and in a few minutes a rope was let down. Passing the end under his arms, the seaman knotted it securely round his body, and was then seen to ascend gradually into the shade of the ilex tree, within the hollow of the boughs of which he disappeared. Landing on this point of the cliff, he found his companion who had drawn him up by the aid of a rude windlass, and they now crept on their hands and knees through a low hole that seemingly led into the bowels of the rock. After proceeding for two or three yards, they entered a square chamber, where nature had received some slight assistance and embellishments from art it is true, but the joint efforts of both had failed to produce any thing very comfortable.

The natural chill of such a subterranean abode was but poorly diminished by the pan of glowing charcoal, whose fumes proved suffocating and sickly after the fresh air outside. This first soon opened into a second, which by the candle held in the iron head of a boat-hook stuck in the wall, was seen to be a dormitory, where six rude bed-places had been cut in the rocky sides, and filled with the aromatic leaves of the Stitsa; the terebinthous odour of which, is poison to all the insect and reptile tribes.

Between these two chambers ran a narrow passage terminating in a flight of steps; the last passed over the first chamber in a diagonal direction, and found their way to the light at some four feet immediately beneath the brink of the precipice, to gain a safe footing on the top of which required a firm heart and steady hand. This exit would have appeared from above a mere fox's hole to the eye of a stranger; and even had he known the whole truth, six men could have maintained their position within, against as many hundred from without.

Hastily pursuing their way up this rude stair-

case, the tenant of these cells and the sailor gained the summit. Very few minutes had elapsed before the silence of the morning was broken by the neighing of a horse—thrice it was heard to rise and die away among the heath-covered hills around, succeeded immediately by the crowing of a cock. After an interval of some seconds, the neigh seemed to be caught up again in the distance, and yet the interval elapsed precluded the idea of its being an echo; scarcely had this ceased when the ear recognized a similar sound still farther off—again and again, until it fairly melted into the far space beyond.

“Come, Bill, the lads are all ready, jump down below and hand us up the tackle and spar,” said the sailor to the other, betraying the secret, that this imitation of the lower orders of the creation was only a device by one portion of human beings to deceive another. Being thus reminded of what he had to do, he who supplied ‘the cock’s shrill clarion’ descended once more to his cavern, while the other waited near its mouth.

Presently a band of some fifty men came running down to the point, warned by the signal

that their presence was required. They were mostly habited in the coarse smock-frocks of the peasantry, while some wore a more nautical form of dress; but in all, the silent and methodical mode in which they proceeded to work, proved that such occupations were not new to them. In a few minutes a stout rope was handed up to them from the cavity beneath, and then a long pole was gradually launched over the steep face of the precipice. As one end of it was made fast to the rope, they proceeded to drag it up a few feet inland of the brink, where grew the trunk of a black pine, whose branches had been severed by the lightning. Around the very base of this tree was passed a double grummet, or lashing, constructed for the purpose, which received the heel of the spar and acted as a pivot, while the other end projecting over the cliff was attached to the head of the tree by strong ropes some ten feet in length. This end was also fitted with pulleys and a tackle that descended to the shore below. Long as this temporary crane takes to describe to a landsman, it required in the hands of seamen but a few minutes for its erection.

“ Now, my men,” said the sailor, “ some dozen of you stand by to run away with the fall—the rest stand off in two and two to pass along the creature.” Obedient to the word of command, the men separated on the instant that the crane had been erected; twelve of them taking the end of the tackle in their hands, and a slight jerk being given to the ropes from below as a signal that they were to hoist, they all ran quickly inland until the goods were pulled up to the farther point of the spar, now swung round by a gilguy, or slack rope, attached to it. The precious freight was then disengaged to be handed from man to man into the interior of the country with wonderful rapidity, and the tackle lowered below for more; this precious freight, consisting of French brandy with alternate ankers of Dutch Schnapps; so pure that—by his own confession—more exquisite was never sipped even by the fastidious Nine-fathom Tim.

To descend, however, once more to the scene below. Skipper Derrick, having first conversed with the lesser smuggler of our acquaintance, and set his boat’s crew to work in the task of unlading

their lugger, he approached the Patagonian, saying, "Well, Nine-fathom Tim, what have you brought this turn?"

"As prime a cargo as ever you wish to see; some of the finest Brushall toggery as ever a Duchess had on her back."

"Well done old boy! I hope you've brought us a sample of it."

"Ay, aye! here's sample enough," continued Tim in his gruff phlegmatic voice, and rising from his seat, he began slowly to strip off his pea jacket, then his waistcoat, and lastly his Guernsey frock, saying, "Here my lad, lend a hand to unfrap a fellow."

"Ay, aye!" responded Derrick, taking in his hand the end of what appeared to be a broad band of linen, wrapping the robust form of the seaman.

"Are you fast?" demanded Tim.

"All fast, away you go, Tim!" No sooner did he receive this intimation than his huge carcass was seen to spin round like a teetotum, unfolding at every turn a yard of the broad swathing, which in reality contained the finest lace, folded closely

for the purpose. When Tim had thus disburdened himself of many a fold, he appeared in a great degree to have lost that plump obesity of figure, that before distinguished him.

“Why now Master Nine-fathom, they’ll be asking you where you’ve managed to leave behind you all your calipee?”

“Gallipee, old boy. My fat, if you mean that, is a sort o’ shifting ballast that goes here or there. So lend us a fist to make a fresh stowage.”

“Holloa! why what have we got here?” inquired his brother tar, looking at the canvass belt which the other took up from beside him, and now proceeded to wind round his waist, to make up, as he said, the loss of the lace.

“Why that’s my shifting ballast, I tell ye; lend me a hand to get it on.”

This finished, his clothes were put on once more, and he resumed his usual appearance. While these matters were going on between our friends the dram-drinkers, the lesser one of whom appeared to have little to do save look on, the skipper had been busily employed with his crew; and in the course of a quarter of an hour from the

time of the lugger's arrival, every drop of spirit had been hoisted up the cliff and dispersed from thence through the country.

“No sooner had the last anker been taken out of the boat, than six of her men taking as many brooms from her stern sheets, set to work scrubbing her hull, which in a few seconds was divested of the lime that had been used to whiten it, and now appeared with its original coating of black, the other being employed from its enabling them to escape the eye at sea.

“Now my lads, stand by to jump in and shove off,” said the captain to his men, and then going up to the looker-on, he walked aside with him. Scarcely had they opened their lips, when the sound of running footsteps in the direction of Cawsand awakened the captain's attention.—“Hark!” he exclaimed.

“I hear nothing, Derrick,” replied the other, putting his hand up to the organ, whose extreme sensitiveness had been somewhat dulled by the roar of many actions. “Yes—is it—Aye, as I may keep my feet from the bilboes, here are the land-sharks!” continued Derrick, apostrophising

himself and interpreting the sounds with a quickness that frequent hazard had cultivated. Forgetting in his anxiety for his boat and crew, the safety of the person with whom he was talking, he leaped towards the sea, exclaiming in an elevated whisper, "Boys, to your boat! the blunderbuss sharks are down upon us! here come the sogering ——."

Quick as chickens fly from the appearance of a hawk, did the smugglers hasten pell-mell into their lugger, with the exception of Nine-fathom Tim and the other sailor, neither of whom fully comprehended the danger.

"On, on, my men! Now's your time for a prize!" was heard the voice of the custom-house officer, urging his people to secure the smugglers before they could effect a retreat in their bark, the sound of whose oars they now heard.

"What's the rout, you Nine-fathom there? What's the rout?" bawled his late boon-companion, bounding over the rocks that separated him from his fellow in distress.

"Matter! why, sink their hulls, here are sojers come down from the Custom-house."

“ Save us and bless us ! then we’re caught as sure as my name’s Dick ——.”

“ Caught ! Ay that ye will be, if ye lie-to there like a dogger in a calm ! Bear-a-hand for your life ! Here they come !” as he said this, the heads of their assailants became visible, in clambering over a high ridge of rocks close at hand, while just behind them, the day bursting in the east, threw its vivid glare so as to make the intervening objects doubly distinct.

Bestowing many imprecations on the souls and bodies of these interlopers, the lesser sailor skipped along for his life towards him of the Nine-fathoms, at the same time wondering how their deliverance was to be achieved, and giving himself up for lost.

“ Here, my boy ! Here ! make sail. Give us your flipper,” said Tim, seizing his comrade’s hand, and then clasping him with both arms round the waist, he grasped the end of the tackle that still hung down from above, gave it a pull to attract the attention of his friends aloft, and sang out, “ Pull up !”

“ There they are,” cried the Custom-house of-

ficer, attracted towards them by this sound. "Down with them, my lads! Secure the rascals, every head's a prize—Follow me! Stop, you villains, stop, in the name of the king!" added the incensed and disappointed officer, as he beheld our two friends quickly ascend into the air, closely conjoined as though they were one flesh. He was within three yards, when they thus eluded him; and there he stood with mouth agape, scarcely able to comprehend what he now witnessed. Not so, one of his men, for his eye having caught the end of the rude crane above, he levelled his piece and fired.

"Oht, seize it!" cried the lesser sailor, singing out as the ball struck him.

"What Bo! Have the villains pinked you?" inquired Tim, kindly, endeavouring to hold the writhing form of the other in his arms.

"Oh! bless us and save us!—the rascals! slap in the stern-post, by the ——Oh!"

"Cheer up, ould chap! Well it's no worse. I dare say you'll get over it; but hold on! The blackguards are going to have another crack at us."

“Cease firing! We don’t come here to murder men, either,” said the officer below, on recovering his senses, and beholding a second man in the act of taking a deliberate aim at the ‘vanishing quantities’ above. “Here, stand from under, I shouldn’t be surprised if one of them didn’t come down yet, for some bird was wing’d.” This augury, however, proved untrue, and Tim having held tight, they were both swung in, and safely landed.

“Now, my lads,” said the latter, “they chaps can’t be up here for half an hour, do how they will, so down with that derrick* and tackle, stow it away snug for the time, and then make off every mother’s son of ye!—How are ye, shipmate? Are ye ready to heave a-head? We must stand by for a run!”

“‘Run’! the rascals have shivered my stern-post! ‘Run! I couldn’t make a knot an hour of it—the villains! I’m regularly—No, no, this is a dry-dock business, I fear! here Bo’, lend us your shoulder.”

“As sure as I love Sal,” returned the other,

* ‘Derrick,’ a technical term for a sort of crane.

“this is a bad business! Here, old Cove, since they sharks have damaged your back, you must go snacks with mine. You take the shoulders, and I’ll keep the rest.” And according to this generous division, Tim bent his nine-fathom body to the earth on his knee, when after some little difficulty and many interjections, in which frequent mention of the stern-post was interpolated, the twain set off; appearing as if the gigantic statue of Carlo Borromeo, in the plain near Lago Maggiore had got under weigh, rather than like any thing of human flesh and blood; while their late assistants in the illicit transactions of the night, crowded together in a body, and made the best of their way onwards.

They had proceeded about a mile, and were just passing a road that lay in their route, when they met a fat little personage on a mule, jogging along in an agreeable non ‘compos mentis state, and singing as well as his hiccups would allow him, the then modern song of “We are na fu’, we’re no that fu’.”

“Hurrah!” cried some of the men, pulling the unfortunate man off his mule. “Here’s Joe Tibbet, the exciseman, the rascal! ten to one but he set

those blackguards on the scent, to come and interrupt a man in an honest job. What d'ye say? I vote we pay him for it."

"Pay him! pay the gauging rascal out for it," shouted one and all.

"I assure you, my dear fellows,—hiccup—upon the honour, my dear gentlemen, of an exciseman, I exsure you—hiccup—twas'nt I. "I am na fu', I'm no' that fu'." It was in vain, however, that the man of measures protested. Nine fathom Tim was called on to give his opinion, but lo! neither Tim Tarpaulin nor his friend were present! they had been dropped behind, and the cry arose that they had fallen into the hands of the Philistines. This only contributed to hasten the fate of the unfortunate gauger, since, after a consultation of a few minutes, they bound him hand and foot, and conveyed him up the steep hill on the opposite side of the road to that by which they had arrived.

Fright had now cured his hiccups, and in some measure restored his senses, but though he bawled lustily, he failed to make out a case to their satisfaction, and was therefore doomed to suffer. On arriving at the crown of the hill, one of the party,

a seaman, who in conjunction with many of the rest had been drinking too freely, cut a stout sapling, some four feet in length. This done, he approached the prisoner, who had been allowed to sit on the ground, and who unconscious of what awaited him, had, as the easiest position, drawn up his knees to his mouth, and put his fettered arms over them, while on the former he leaned his head and bewailed his cruel captivity. Springing on his prey in this the most desirable of all positions to his persecutors, the sailor thrust the stake under the joints of the gauger's knees, thus pinioning his arms beneath the sapling, so that the sufferer could not extricate them. A lashing having secured the stick from slipping, the victim was pronounced to be ready.

“ Here, my boys, let's take him to a crumby part,” said his inebriated tormentors, lifting the screaming exciseman, and carrying him to the highest point of the hill, where nearly the whole descent to the road forming the centre of the ravine below, was covered with furze.

“ Now, old Chap, we wish you a pleasant walk back,” and putting him on his side, they gave the body a roll to impel its career, when away it went

down the steep declivity, bound after bound, as the ashen point came in contact with the ground, and then, by its pliability, flew off with increased velocity; while at every turn the shrieks of their victim grew less distinct as they were borne away upon the morning breeze, that came sweeping up the hill all freshly from the sea, and scented with the blossoms of the furze.

“There he goes, reckyshaying like a long twenty-four shot!”

“Ay, he squeals like a dying pig at Christmas!”

“Now half-a-pint Jack, whether he fetches the bottom or brings up all standing half-way?”

“I say, bring up.”

“I say, no.”—The last voice was right, for with a final bound the body cleared the brink of the hill, and was lost to sight among the thick branches of thorn that overhung the road. The smugglers just stayed to witness this consummation, and then with an inhuman shout, they speeded off, nor heard the indistinct groans that struggling on the air, seemed to announce the fate of the unfortunate exciseman.

Let us now return to our friend Timothy Tar-

paulin, of nine-fathom notoriety, whom we left, like a second Æneas, bearing an aged friend from the battle. At first Tim strided on very rapidly, but the other sailor cried out, "Save us, ship-mate! do try and ride your seas less heavily, for my stern-post is terribly shaken, and—Oh dear, those rascals!—talking of stern-posts, puts one in mind of an old story—' *Vast heaving there! gently Bo'! gently! every jolter you make is like a ship bilging on a coral reef*—well, as I was going—*Port, Bo', port! or we shall be hard and fast on furze-bush; so—that's he*—to tell ye when I was a wee younker, a piccaninnie, some three feet nothing in height, I sailed with old Admiral Valourous—I dare say you have heard of old Bill Timorous as they used to call him, who never did right by accident?"

"Ay, aye, Bo', I've hard o' the ould Griffin."

"Well, as soon as ever the look-out hailed 'a sail in sight,' old Bill used to get his glass out and take a peep at the stranger; if it looked like an enemy he turned to the captain, 'Shorten sail, Sir! Shorten sail! We must guard the safety o' the ship, the sternpost's loose—Shorten sail, Sir!' Billy never was in action in his life, except once,

when they ran him up alongside a ship in the night-time without his knowing any thing about it; for which he swore he'd bring them all to a court martial; but as she turned out to be a prize, and struck after the first broadside, he thought 't was better to say no more about it. But holloa! the other fellows are off; and they've left us where the little boat was," exclaimed Tim, discovering that his comrades had outstripped him.

"Never mind, old Boy, we can get aboard your bark through these grounds, as she's lying off Barn-Pool. You can hail for a boat; so now up with your helm, hard a port!"

"Well! come, we can bear up for that, whether or no!" replied Tim, following his instructions.

Having arrived at the park palings and surmounted them, the less statured sailor acted as the guide of Tim, until they reached a labyrinth of paths, which terminated in an harbour; here the guide confessed he had lost his way, and desiring Tim to remain stationary, lest they should become more involved, while he hobbled off to look for the right path, our wounded friend managed to drag his limbs after him in an opposite

direction ; for he now found out that he was not so seriously hurt as he had at first apprehended.

Instead, however, of returning to his comrade in waiting, he continued on his course with all the haste he could make, until he arrived at the castle ; when taking a key from his pocket, he admitted himself as silently as possible into the building, and securing the door behind him, stole up to his apartment.

Having reached the latter and locked himself in, he hobbled cautiously up to the bed-side. A clinking sound pronounced him to be arranging the tinder-box—he struck—ignited a match—a wax candle stood at hand—he lighted the wick, then taking off his hat and handkerchief, that muffling round his neck concealed his lower features, the quickening beams would have displayed to the astonished spectator,—had one been present—no less a person than—Sir Richard Salisbury, the PORT ADMIRAL.

CHAPTER III.

“ No more—no more, I will away,
Or else this charmed heart will prove
How fatal is each fond delay
Near that fair form I madly love.
Yes love ! and O 'twere heavenly bliss,
But for its sister twin—Despair.”

ANON.

As the heavy bell of the castle tolled eight, Croiser descended from his dressing-room, and passing through the saloon laid out for breakfast, stepped forth on the eastern terrace to enjoy the fragrance of its parterre ; fanned, as it was, by the fresh breezes of the ocean.

Turn where he might, not a cloud was seen to dim the pure azure of the firmament ; the glorious orb of light held on his course in untarnished splendour, leaving beneath him on the vast circle of the horizon, that pleasing haze where the neu-

tral tints of night and the warmer hues of day are so delicately blended.

“ We shall have a hot noon,” he muttered as he observed this, and then stood mutely gazing, to drink in the glorious prospect that burst upon his eye. In addition to much of the scene that he had before contemplated from the ruined tower, he now beheld on his right hand the noble avenue of elm and oak trees, from among the branches of which there gleamed forth on either side the turretted lodges that formed the entrance to the domain. The front of the castle faced this vista, and as Croiser looked down through it from his elevated site, he beheld the waters of the harbour bounding the park, their opposite side surmounted by the town of Dock, above the spires of which, the reader will remember, rose the tors of Dartmoor—forming a blue setting to this lovely picture of nature, that made its young admirer sigh, and recall with much emotion those sunnier climes in which part of his days had been passed.

“ Oh that azure belt of distant mountains! Am I in England—or am I not still gazing from the ramparts of ——?”—he checked his half-uttered soliloquy; then added in a more subdued tone of

voice, "What a chequered destiny my few years can shew!" Slowly he turned his head like one who loves to revel in these the luxuries of our common parent, when his eye suddenly caught an object that left all inanimate competitors for his attention far behind.

It was the graceful figure of Margarita. The morning breeze had called a little more than her usual colour to her cheek, while the dew it yet contained, slightly dishevelled her hair and added a dash of freedom to her loveliness.

"Yesterday I scarcely imagined that she could have looked more enchanting under any circumstances, but—" thought Croiser, while the palpitation of his heart filled up the sentence more truly than any words.

"Allow me to wish you a good morning," said he, hastening to her side;—but she heard him not—her beautifully proportioned arm, leant on an Italian vase—in her other hand she held a freshly pulled bouquet—thoughtfulness and pleasure mingled in her countenance, where the elevated eye-brow betrayed the airy dreams of happiness in which the delighted spirit was indulging. "Surely it was from some form of native grace like this,

that Hogarth took his Line of Beauty!" thought Croiser, admiring her attitude with the devotion which mortals are fabled to have felt on unexpectedly encountering some exquisite divinity. "Dream on, bright spirit! Drink of the only nectar life has yet discovered! Too soon will such ecstasies fade far, far beyond your recal! *I* will not be the sacrilegious wretch to annul one instant of them. Alas how soon they fly!" and the gloom settling on his countenance bespoke his fears that they had already passed from *him* for ever! The last feeling was not allowed however to predominate long.

Watching the direction of her eyes, they were seen to be fixed on the delicate little spars of his own schooner, barely visible as they peered above the foliage of the forest. Did he by any happy chance at present mingle in her reveries? Delicious thought!—that seemed to elevate him above himself by merely coming in contact with one so unsullied; then, with that hopelessness of what we most desire, he deemed it too gratifying an idea to be correct. At this instant she turned—uttered a faint exclamation of surprise at seeing him, and let the flowers drop from her hand.

"Allow me to pick them up for you," said

he, busying himself in the pleasing task, while Margarita murmured some sounds intended to be an apology. As he gave them back to her, she turned her head aside with a look half frightened and half angry, scarcely returning an answer to the little compliments which he uttered. One less accustomed to her delicate sex, less versed in interpreting the trifles by which their inmost feelings are manifested, might have set this down to displeasure, and have read in the averted countenance, timid eye, and constrained manners of the lady, an unequivocal expression of dislike. Not so with Croiser; he had studied woman too deeply—too devotedly; he had pored over every precious page which her nature unfolds as a delightful exposition of the most exquisite problem of his God. Not a glance—not a breath was lost upon him; and as he interpreted those symptoms aright, a delicious glow of pleasure seemed to arise within his breast, mingled with doubt as to the manner in which he could have raised such an interest, and incredulity as to his powers of discernment—so soon may our judgement be warped where self is concerned; but in no case sooner than in matters of the heart.

With what delight did he for the first few minutes of their interview stand and gaze on that lovely countenance, marking the rise and fall of the roseate blush that bespoke her confusion and his triumph! He was as yet without the vortex, and could still therefore contemplate its whirl, and speculate on the varied action of its currents; not long however was he allowed to retain the coolness necessary for such an observation. Soft and dreamy as was the expression of her full delicate eyes, the warm bright glances of youth still slumbered in their recesses, and ill at ease as Margiée evidently was, her truant looks would not altogether be subdued, but seemed to wander, despite of her, to the countenance at her side. Then vanished all the self-possession which but the moment before had given him the power of scrutinizing his companion's feelings. The proud, determined orb that drooped scarcely less than her own, and the faltering tongue which language for the first time deserted, now warned him of the fascination thrown around him, as promptly but not so effectually as the sense of oppression which came over him, as well as the gush of pleasure which the heart seemed to send forth with every pulse of

its vital current. Both felt the propriety of speaking, without the power of utterance. Croiser was the first to recover himself, but his words were wanting in the eloquent flow with which they were usually delivered.

“Is—perhaps—that is—I scarcely think you have completed your bouquet—I fear I interrupted you—do allow me to gather some more——.”

“No! I thank you—you are very kind—I believe they are all here—yes, I picked up the whole of those that fell.”

“Are there any others which I can add, to your collection?” and Croiser moved on before, as the surest method of recovering the self-possession of both.

Margarita made some indistinct reply, to the effect that she “imagined she had gathered the best already, but if Captain Croiser could find any better for her to give to the Port Admiral, then she would thank him.”

“You are right,” softly returned Croiser, surveying the parterre; “the fairest flower of these lands is already your father’s—though I fear you are not the person who can form any adequate idea of its value.”

“Where?” demanded Margiée in surprise, examining her bouquet. Then looking at him, she discerned the latent meaning of his speech, as the change on her countenance proclaimed. “I fancy, Captain Croiser, that in France, where you confess to have been so lately, they teach something more beside those acquirements attained in our simple schools—how to veil a compliment, think you?”

“I grant it, they do,” he replied, “but only to those whose beauty is equalled by their wit, since the dull would be unable to unravel it, and those without attractions unable to inspire it.”

“Flirting with the Quakeress! by all the ‘slings and arrows of outrageous Cupid!’” said a laughing voice from behind, while Croiser felt two hands placed over his eyes, by some light being who rested on his shoulders.

“They say, fair Janitor,” replied the blinded officer, “that the eyes can sometimes outstrip the lips in language—the lips, however, are avenged, since they can perform an office to which no eyelids are equal. I wish that the latter were, for then, trust me but mine should be avenged for their present indignity.”

“The lips are scarcely less rebellious than the eyes—I love justice, so I shall punish both,” removing one hand, and preventing his further utterance, in defiance of the threat, whose execution seemed to afflict her but very little. “This is too bad of you, Margiée, to come down and flirt with my chevalier, after my having declared my intention of having him all to myself. I understand now, why you made such haste to dress this morning, and wouldn’t wait for me to come down stairs: a very pretty hour for an appointment this!”

“Charlotte! I wonder that your giddiness outruns your discretion so largely.”

“Nay, now, Margiée, don’t be angry with me! it would only have shown your taste—for to tell you the truth, I myself should have been very happy of such an opportunity; but alas!

‘Nor suitor, nor a swain have I,
The cause I’ll no divine;
If ’tis a faut, I’ll still deny—
The faut’s nae faut o’ mine.’”

Singing this old distich with much untaught melody, Chatty clasped her more sentimental sister by the waist, and in an instant were waltzing

round the time-worn sun-dial, two of the brightest ephemera that ever yet disported in Apollo's beam.

"Can such beings indeed fade? and resolve into the dust on which we tread?" demanded Croiser of himself, losing in that mournful remembrance of our nature, all the bliss of such a scene.

"Dearest Chatty, let me pause!" cried Margarita, obliged to give in.

"Yes, you shall, love," replied Charlotte, arresting her rapid whirl and impressing on the pure brow of her younger sister "that humid seal of soft affection" which bespoke them twin in hearts as in birth. "Come, my knight-errant, since it is your duty to succour all distressed damsels by strength of arms, pr'ythee lend us thy elbows, for now, it seems, Margiée's head is as giddy as mine. Where did you learn to give a lady your arm? You do it well; now tell me who taught you?"

Fortunately for Croiser, before he had time to answer these questions, the wonderful Militia Major Puff made his appearance, hopping along on his timber-toc, and making such a hole in the

gravelled walks at every two or three steps, that one would have imagined him hired to transplant cabbages (did these flourish in such a soil) by my defunct friend, General Stewart, of the Scottish Agricultural Society.

“ A fine morning to you, Ladies; a very fine morning to you. Well, I declare, you’ve actually been out before breakfast! Where may you have been?”

“ On an immense journey, I assure you, Major! We’ve just been abroad in Ireland and a most disturbed state it’s in—and are only now on our return. I desire that you’ll put our arrival at full length in the United Anchor and Blunderbuss Journal. I engage to pay all extra expenses and correct the spelling and bad grammar.”

“ Really, Miss.”

“ Nay, Major, never trouble yourself to apologize for the insufficiency of your education, we all know that follows as a matter of course with ‘*military men.*’”

“ Fine day, Miss! Very fine day, Miss!” was the nasal salutation of Captain Bombast, who next approached, “ Where may you have been, Miss, this fine morning?”

“ Oh dear ! Captain, we’re tired beyond all patience, we’ve just returned from the Long-bow Islands !”

“ What, Miss ?” said the Captain astonished.

“ I say we’ve just come from the Long-bow Islands, where we met your father and left him upon the shore sighing for White Horse Cellar and a piece of bread and butter.”*

“ Ugh ! Ugh ! eh—ehem, a very fine morning this, Major Puff !” resumed the great traveller, now turning to his friend, much chagrined.

“ A beautiful morning—I may say a very beautiful morning, Captain Bombast,” replied the wonderful Major, while Charlotte tripped along to the breakfast-parlour, leaving the antiquated bores behind her, to enjoy their never-failing anodyne in such cases — mutual condolence and mutual praise.

“ Where is the Port Admiral ?” was the universal inquiry at the breakfast-table. The servant announced that his master had got out of bed during the night and hurt his back ; in conse-

* For a solution of this and several other allusions, I must refer the Reader to the marvellous captain’s book of travels which is, or was, or will be published.

quence of which his jolly visage was not to be visible until the hour of dinner, which interval he intended to dedicate to resting himself. He however begged to assure Margiée “that his appetite was undiminished, and requested she would give him a full allowance.”

Having seen to this order, and sent the servant on before with a sufficient supply of jelly, marmalade, toast, eggs, ham, coffee, &c., as an invalid might want, she presently paid the old officer a visit in person, to assure herself that he had not diminished his ailings in the report sent down.

Breakfast being finished, Croiser repaired to the billiard-room with Charlotte, when, having lost sundry rubbers to his fair antagonist, they were joined by Margarita, who proposed a stroll through the grounds till the hour of dinner. In the course of their walk, Charlotte explained to Croiser that Sir Richard Salisbury was about to give a grand naval dinner to all his junior officers, from which “Bunting-main” had insisted on excluding all the females of the family, very much to the annoyance of Charlotte, who felt anything but pleased at losing this opportunity of making sundry conquests among the sons of Neptune.

“It is *so* horrid of Papa,” she continued, “to have all those rough creatures dining together. However, there is this consolation, it will be very stupid! So you see, Captain Croiser, if you like to dine with all these——”

“Thank you—I feel no very great desire to have my ears split by four or five hours of incessant talking on corned pork, salt junk, banyan days, pursers’ books, water stowage, ballast, guns, and prize-money, and so Ladies, if you could make room for an unworthy——”

“Knight at our table—am I right?”

“Exactly so.”

“Well, now thou art a good creature! I like you for that. And as for those sea-bears with old Captain Wheezey at their head, I do declare I will be even with them!”

Among the many marked traits so conspicuous in Charlotte’s character, none were more evident than a love of what she called “fun,” which evinced itself in numberless practical tricks and manual jokes, doubtless very amusing to herself and the spectators, but often annoying to the objects of their ridicule, and not unfrequently *mal à propos* in their results. It was one of these

that she had now determined to play off in return for her exclusion from the Admiral's dinner party.

And in the prosecution of this little scheme, Fortune favoured her by throwing in her way, on the very day when the dinner was given, the coxswain of Commodore Wheezey. This officer was her utter aversion, he was a great tyrant, and far more hideous than many shapes which Sin puts on for our temptation. He was one of the party, and his ship was lying at anchor in the Sound. The commanding officer on board having suddenly perceived a strange sail in the offing, prepared to get under weigh in chase, and as the first step sent the said coxswain to acquaint his Commodore with the fact, in order that he might come on board. Charlotte happening to meet this sailor on the lawn, put some money into his hand, and sent him back to the tavern at the landing-place to wait the coming of his superior ; desiring him at the same time to treat his men to some spirits, then, without the loss of another instant, she hurried off from the spot where this rencontre took place, to the room where the banquet was at its zenith.

The meal itself had not long been finished,

but the servants had withdrawn, and the babel of the wine-cup was attended with sufficient noise to prevent any slighter sound from being heard. Making the most of her opportunity, Charlotte with the utmost caution turned the key on the revellers, and extricating it from the lock, made off without delay to such a spot in the grounds as she deemed safe from all pursuit. The confusion of the party, on discovering the situation in which they were placed, and the consternation of the Commodore, on hearing the signal guns from the ship, can easily be imagined. The junior division of the party seemed far from chagrined, but the seniors gravely shook their heads while Sir Richard himself was in a quandary—whether to frown or smile. They were at length released by the labours of the smith; the ladies received them with due surprise, the Admiral chided and Charlotte protested, but after that night the former never gave a party without taking care that the female staff should be duly invited.

In the meanwhile, Croiser, released from the sad monotony of being at sea, gave himself up without the slightest restraint to the delights

around him, and enjoyed in the society of the gifted but placid Margarita, a happiness that had long been unknown to him, a happiness that bid fair to detach him from all beside. But the time had at length arrived when he found it imperative on him to depart. "To-morrow," said he, awaking from the reverie in which he had been pacing his chamber before retiring to rest—"to-morrow I must—I will end this delusion; once at sea, and this weakness will leave me. And yet," he added, seating himself at his toilette, and leaning his forehead on his hand, "how poorly will all my schemes of ambition repay me for the sacrifice! What dull aching at my heart is this? I am unnerved. Were I only free to choose? Were I not in *his* power, were I uncompromised in honour—I would have happiness of a different cast! In such a retreat as this, with such a form to clasp to my lonely bosom! Exquisite happiness! No schemes, however gigantic, can make up to me for its loss! Shall I abandon them?"—suddenly starting from his position and pacing the room once more. "Would to Heaven that I could!" Croiser paused; and leaning his arms on the mantel piece, he

gazed long and earnestly at the little miniature portrait of a fair young girl which seemed, by the accumulated dust on the frame, to have hung in its present position undisturbed for years.

“ Dear epitome of innocence and beauty ! ” he continued, apostrophising the senseless semblance of her whose influence he now felt so deeply, “ if my heart were as calm as yours, I might yet renounce the phantom for the reality, and if not *great*, at least be happy ! Yet how foolishly I reason ! What do I seek as the end of all this ambitious struggle ? Is it revenge ? Alas, I have seen the effects of that ! Is it aggrandizement ? Poor Fool ! that is the empty breath of fellow worms. Shall I sacrifice every substantial comfort for the shadowy adulations of those who will *then* be beneath me ! Is it then moral greatness which I endeavour to attain ? What ! Expose myself to the cutting blasts of envy and ingratitude—the deceits of falsehood—the snares of hollow and designing friends—placing a barrier between myself and all the kindlier offices of my fellow-creatures and voluntarily sharing the fate of those from whom all sympathy and sincerity are shut out ? Surely I have been deceived—this cannot be the meteor whose track I

had proposed to follow—the bubble whose pursuits now call on me to leave behind contentment and domestic bliss? Let me awake before it is too late! Is not the end of life to be happy? Without a doubt! Then can I hesitate between the imaginary felicity of successful ambition, and the possession of one as devoted as myself? Yet *is* she as devoted? How do I know it? Is not this vanity? Am I not pledged—bound in honour? Is it not weak to waver for an instant? Compromised as I am, I will go through with it, I have forsworn those failings of the heart, which can subdue natures less stern than mine. I do, I do feel the sacrifice, fair Cherub, and thus I wear it!” pressing the miniature to his lips. “And had it been yet greater than it is, I would have sustained it rather than endure a stigma on what is more sacred to me than my life or even my love—I will go, dear shadow! I will go—to-morrow! I will look on your dear original once more, and then leave for ever one who can tempt me to forget every thing except herself. Had I but never seen her! Yet regret is a useless grief, as the deed is done, this shall serve as a memento of one delightful era of my life, as

well as of the sacrifice I have made for *him*. I have forsworn the weaknesses of humanity, and I will keep my oath, be the price what it may. I'll think of her no more!"

While uttering these words, Croiser unfastened the ivory miniature from its frame, and hanging the latter in its place, once more pored long and ardently on the former; then putting it away very carefully in his note-case, with a lock of hair which once belonged to the same fair owner, and which had likewise been taken without her knowledge, he extinguished his candles and sought repose.

Alas Humanity! How often is a resolution broken, even in the same breath in which it is made; for while Croiser strained every faculty to contemplate only those visions of pride, ambition, and glory, which he had so long nourished, the delicate form of Margarita seemed to hover around him, and he started up to fold to his tortured bosom the fleeting phantom which he was not allowed to possess, yet vainly endeavoured to banish! Gradually her soft image became more and more impalpable—now he was sighing at her feet, now her hand was clasped in his, and then

his head was pillowed on her shoulder—Rapturously he gazed on her light hazel eye, until its drooping lid gradually closed over the expressive orb within, and slumber fell upon his soul, bringing in its train those foretastes of felicity which only inexperienced youth can know.

CHAPTER IV.

“ I saw thy pulse's maddening play,
Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
By passion driv'n ;
But yet the light that led astray,
Was light from Heav'n.”

BURNS.

WE will now pass to the chamber of the sisters, who never having been separated, viewed in each other, only a less intimate portion of self. The room was large and lofty ; on the polished oak pannels of the wainscotted walls were seen in high relief the various quarterings and emblazonry of the family arms, while here a mailed head of some chief renowned in fields of blood, together with the more delicate features of some fair lady for whom perhaps ensanguined streams had flowed in days bygone, were interspersed with sundry little battle-pieces, where the most prominent figures were dis-

tinctly visible from the light which fell on them, while the back-grounds remained in gloom.

The night wind which was rising, sighed heavily among the turrets of the old building, as it swept around in numerous eddies, and its sounds were echoed and multiplied in the large chimney, now no longer wanted for its original purpose, but closed at its lower aperture, where the polished brass dogs for supporting the wood fire remained alone on the spacious granite hearth. The fireplace, which alone would have admitted a man to stand upright in it, was surmounted by a high sculptured mantel, over which was the bust of a former lord carved in oak and large as life. The features were in profile, and the head was protected by a plumed casque. As the rays of the candles fell on the high cheek-bone, the prominent eye-ball, and aquiline nose, it almost seemed as if the grim chief had been restored from the grave, and contemplated with no little sternness and severity the peaceful purpose to which his ancient armoury had been turned.

How such ligneous gentry may feel, I will not pretend to determine, but had his hero's heart been made of flesh, even of such callous flesh as

we meet with in these modern times, he could not but have smiled in rapture on the fair occupants of his former magazine, and have acknowledged in their eyes, weapons far more resistless in their execution, nor less subduing than the spears, arrows, and cross-bow bolts with which it had been stored in his own day. Saving the marks which I have mentioned, the thick walls with their narrow, high, and embrasure-like windows, little was left that bespoke the former use of the apartment. A carpet from the looms of Persia covered the polished oak floor, and rendered inaudible by its thick shaggy pile the fairy footsteps that tripped over it. The rest of the furniture, while it bespoke comfort and elegance, was yet in strict keeping with the room. Between the gothic windows stood the toilette, supporting a large mirror, beside the carved and gilded frame of which burned the candles; around were ranged in the most scrupulous neatness, sundry brushes, combs, and perfumes, with many other little nicknacks, the very order so evident among which, at once proclaimed the sex of the owners; independent of the delicate being who sat opposite in one of the high backed chairs of the Elizabethan century.

Her dark hair had been loosened from every confinement, and while one hand was seen glittering through the profusion of its glossy locks, disentangling some rebel curl which was no sooner released than it sprung back into its former convolutions, the other held a little figure of porcelain, the inscription on the base of which pronounced it to be Napoleon Buonaparte, First Consul of the French republic. Being hollow, it was filled with one of those delicious perfumes for which our Parisian friends are so justly celebrated. As Margarita inhaled the delightful odour, she raised her eye to the mirror opposite. Her hair parting in the middle of her forehead, fell down on either side, and while it increased the oval shape of her features, seemed by the contrast to take away even the slight shade of colour which generally played upon her cheek, leaving it pure as the snowy veil of Chimborazo. Her countenance still more touchingly displayed its usual expression, where the romance of youth mingled with the warm yet plaintive softness so characteristic of the Beauties of Erin; she being connected with that rich land by her mother's side. Well

might one say of her in the words of the blind bard of Paradise,

“Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love !”

She appeared to start at the pallid hues thus reflected, and sighed—that long suppressed sigh which seems to steal involuntarily from the hearts of those with whom a shade of melancholy is a natural trait.

“Well! and what art thou sighing about?” inquired Chatty in a gay tone of voice, and desisting from her amusement of whirling round the room, she approached her sister, then put her arm round Margarita’s neck, leant over the chair, and affectionately kissed her forehead.

“Sighing? did I sigh, Chatty?”

“Sigh? yes: you’re as mournful as an owl in an ivytod, as Honest Jamie would say. And now I think of it, I do believe you are in love, so make room for me on your knee and let me see.”

“‘Love!’ Charlotte? I am surprised to hear you talking of such nonsense to *me*; you know I leave that to *you*,” replied the younger twin, giving

to her sister the seat she desired, while the latter laying her head back on Margiée's shoulder and embracing her yet more closely, proceeded to gain the desired information by a species of education denominated—if my remembrance of these little matters serve me correctly—coaxing. In this, however, not the slightest feeling of art or guile was mixed up. On the contrary, these caresses were the spontaneous effusions of a family love which they inherited from the amiable old Admiral, and which was as beautiful as it is rare.

“What have you here? My Napoleon—Croiser's present! Tell me, Margiée! Is it not Croiser of whom you were thinking?” Margarita was silent. An answer was however unnecessary; her confused look and the sudden suffusion of her cheek betrayed the truth.

“How silly of you, Charlotte! I wish you were less fond of bantering.”

“What then! do you not really care about him?” inquired the elder twin with a look of much animation.

“I am surprised to think you can entertain such a thought! What! a stranger whose birth

and family—whose occupation even, is unknown to us! Nay more—after being our guest for a fortnight, he still shuns all approaches to such a knowledge, and wears a mask of the greatest mystery. How giddy of you to suppose such a thing!”

“Well well! I’m glad *you* don’t love him—because *I* do. So now I shall have him all to myself.”

“Of what jest will you tell me next?”

“‘Jest!’ dear Margiée! I am in determined earnest, I assure you;—why not?”

Margiée turned her head slightly so as to meet her sister’s eye, and then replied, “Are you positively not joking, Charlotte?”

“Positively I am *not* joking.”

“Then you ought to be ashamed of acting such a coquette’s part, when you know how devotedly attached Lord Falconer is to you, and when you are aware that you have held out considerable hopes both to captain Fairfax and his cousin Sefton.”

“Oh! as to Colonel Sefton, he’s an intolerable puppy, and it’s only fair to mortify him.”

“And Captain Fairfax—what of him?”

“Why the wretch is so ugly and so bearish, that it was a great piece of presumption in him to have any hopes at all.”

“Fie Charlotte! But even granting these paltry excuses for having gratified your love of conquest, what can you urge against young Falconer, as accomplished and handsome as he is amiable?”

“Pooh! all a pack of stuff. ‘Urge?’ Why has he not quarrelled with me?”

“Nay: I should rather think it must have been *you* who quarrelled with *him*: but granting the contrary, I know that he has ample reason; for who that has any affection for you, can see you carrying on a flirtation with every one around, and not be grieved at your thus marring the many noble qualities so conspicuous in you!”

“Now! what a horrid prude are you Margiée! Will you never be kind enough to spare me these continual lectures? I think that you might do so, considering that I am your elder sister, and”——

“Ought therefore to know better.”

“Nay then, my Lady-Pearl, since you are so desirous of retrieving my errors, suppose you make it up to the poor swain yourself. I’ll turn over to you all right and interest in this handsome,

amiable, and accomplished young noble, and may you be Lady Falconer next month!"

"Many thanks, but the match will not exactly suit—for two very sufficient reasons; the first—because I do not yet feel myself reduced to the alternative of accepting the refusals even of my brilliant sister, and the next, because, unlike herself, I am not—unfortunately—one of those butterflies who flit from flower to flower."

"Very good!" retorted Charlotte, rising rather piqued. "Henceforth you shall be known as a perfect Lady Constant; your Adonis need dread no change nor shade of variation from one so true. How happy will he be! I really must take it upon myself to apprise him of it—this Captain—What's his name—Croiser? Which do you say he is—a spy or a smuggler? Truly a respectable gentleman-ruffian! Far preferable to an amiable, handsome, and accomplished lord. Surely I had not considered his lofty rank when I aspired to his love! Well Margarita, your advice was kind, very kind, seeing that you have an eye to himself. Truly you must have a great regard for him, when even his gifts to another are so dear to you as it seems that figure of Napoleon is! How

shameful to lavish his offerings on me and yet present none to the 'ladye of his love!' Nay! do not put my Napoleon down, allow me to request your acceptance of it." And as Charlotte thus concluded, she proffered the figure of Buonaparte which contained the scent to Margarita, who had just replaced it on the toilette.

The latter merely waved her hand as if to reject it, while she replied with great coolness, unlocking a drawer in her toilette-table and displaying a little French box of polished satin-wood, "Your unusually kind offer has been rendered unnecessary by the 'gentleman-ruffian' himself, who very kindly gave me this present the day after you received your own—perhaps you would like to examine it?"

Oh certainly!" replied Charlotte, very much surprised, while she endeavoured to hide her vexation under the mask of her usual levity. "Well I declare—one, two, four, five, six, different scents—*pommade l'Arcole*—*huile de l'Egypte*—*rouge rosée*—a perfect toilette in miniature! And so he thinks you want a little rouge, does he?" Charlotte pronounced the last phrase

with a tantalizing tone of pleasure, as she drew forth the gilded little book, on the back of which the name of this feminine abomination was written. —“ ‘*Rouge rosée*’—doubtless very fine! Certes, he must already contemplate your charms, heightened by a delicate *couleur de rose*,” she continued in her bantering tone; when opening the book she appeared to read something that suddenly rendered her even more pallid than her sister, and bursting into tears as she availed herself of the nearest seat, she exclaimed, “Margarita, you have shamefully deceived me! I could not have expected this at your hands!”

“Nay, dearest Love, you wrong me, indeed you do!” quickly replied Margiée, her gathering displeasure instantly dissolving before her sister’s grief. “What could make you imagine it for a moment?” taking up the fatal object, of the existence of which she had hitherto been unaware, and was therefore at first annoyed at the hint which, according to Charlotte’s interpretation, was conveyed by it. To her confusion, she beheld that the leaves of the cosmetic itself had been cut out, and in their place a piece of writing

paper had been inserted, bearing the following lines in Croiser's hand :—

“Hence! vile cosmetic, and reserve for age,
The withering splendours of your crimson page!
To that fair cheek no charms could'st thou impart,
Where nature shames the brightest hues of art.
There the pearl'd ore—the madder's vermil lake*
Must mar the loveliness they seek to make.
Thy merest touch would taint that perfect whole,
Whose pure complexion speaks a purer soul.”

“On my honour, Charlotte, I was ignorant of these lines until this moment!” said Margarita. After a slight pause, “What would you wish me to do? Shall I send them back?”

“No, oh no!” sobbed the other, “it's no use to do that. I have no right to dictate to you whether you shall repel or receive the advances of any one! And surely he has a right to please himself.”

* The cosmetic, sold under the name of Pearl powder, is, I believe, a preparation of zinc or bismuth, while the rouge itself not unfrequently is made of madder root. My Reader may wonder how I should know so much about it; but will she be pleased to recollect that I am a very old man, and one to whom these things are permitted, in the words of Pope,

“One wouldn't sure look ugly when one's dead—
And—Betty —— give this cheek a little red.”

“ But consider, Charlotte, he might have meant nothing by these silly lines—further than a casual compliment.”

“ But tell me, Love,” resumed Charlotte after a pause, “ do you not really care for him ?”

“ As a guest and a gentleman, Charlotte, I respect him, and should be sorry to hear of anything befalling him. But as to my entertaining any deeper feeling for him, the thing—is—out—of the question. Though I assure you this is the case, yet I beseech you——.”

“ Now don't reproach me, Margiée, but I thought that—that—in some little trifles I observed a greater partiality for him than you generally show to—to—the young men that Papa always has about him!”

Despite of the positive assertions that Margaritha had been making, the last remark from her sister produced an effect that one might not have expected. Twice she attempted a reply, but her self-possession failing her, she remained silent.

“ Then I may confide, Love, on what you have said?” inquired Charlotte, once more flinging her arms round Margiée's neck. “ Because you know,

dearest, if you had marked out our fiery hero for a conquest—why—I wouldn't for worlds think of interfering, but stick to my old, detestable suite, Colonel Sefton and Lord Falconer, and that great sea-bear, Fairfax."

"No Charlotte, you will not interfere with me."

"Then why, dear Margiée, do you sigh in saying so, and blush when I mention him? Why I declare even now I feel you quite trembling!"

"I have sufficient reason to sigh, Charlotte," returned the sister, passing over the other less equivocal signs of emotion, "when I reflect on the store of sorrow and misery which you are laying up for yourself; fixing your affections one moment, to withdraw them the next. Consider, very few days have elapsed since we completed our eighteenth birth-day, and yet, if I am to believe all that I hear, you have felt or fancied this same passion of love no less than four times—while to me it is perfectly unknown—except by name! Remember how fervently you protested to me that each affair was to be your last. The first survived six

months, since which, every succeeding transport has proved of yet shorter duration than the one which pre-occupied your volatile bosom. It was only two months ago that Lord Falconer was every thing. How many hours, night after night, have you not kept me awake proving that his beauty vied with or surpassed that of Apollo; that Crichton himself was not more accomplished, or Chatelar more fond or devoted! Sad Charlotte! After this, to think that in five weeks you should quarrel with this deity of your heart, and dethrone him to set up a perfect stranger, inferior to him in appearance!"

"Nay Margiée, I will not grant that!"

"Why he is neither so tall, nor are his features so perfect."

"Well, still there is something—more expression."

"Well, then as to his accomplishments—"

"Why he has not that insipid sameness which Lord Falconer always has!"

"Oh fickle Charlotte! At any rate then you must admit that the other has the advantage over him in fondness and devotion towards you."

"Yes exactly, and that's why I dislike him.

It's so spaniel-like, I might do what I choose to him and he'd never resent it. It tires me always to see him running after me, and if I merely look twice at any other man, why he's ready to faint or expire, or some stuff of that sort. Now there's a nice fierceness which gleams out occasionally from Croiser which I like, as if he were determined to maintain his own station—he has all Lord Falconer's ardour without his milk-and-water."

"Come, now, Charlotte, this is very unfair; you cannot accuse his Lordship of want of spirit, since we know Papa's opinion of the way in which he commands his fine frigate; besides, how many officers have we heard praising his bravery in the extreme! Again, Charlotte, this fierceness which you now so frowardly admire, will scarcely brook to be made the plaything of your heart, as so many others have been. Do consider where this may end! I scarcely pretend to advise you, but do, dearest Charlotte, do reflect! Mild as Lord Falconer is to you, he may not, at his return from sea, which must be shortly, feel so mildly inclined towards Captain Croiser! Reflect what misery you might bring upon us all by their collision. And even," she continued, seeing that these arguments

made some impression on her hearer, "supposing that no actual ill arose from such a proceeding, how can you lightly make up your mind to tamper with the feelings of one who deserves so highly at your hands? I know—I am sure—I have very sufficient grounds for knowing that Lord Falconer is truly attached to you; more so, perhaps, than ever Captain Croiser may be, or even supposing that he was—in such an energetic character you must be prepared to find a lord as well as a husband."

"*A lord* indeed! *I* find a lord in my husband! —Nay, I should not fear that much, be the man who he may!" retorted Charlotte, quickly, with the gaiety so prominent in her disposition, while by this unlucky suggestion Margarita lost all the ground she had previously gained.

To a spirit so determined and buoyant as that of her elder sister, one word of opposition proved a greater stimulus towards any given end, than a month spent in persuasion and encouragement.

"Now do, Margiée, do let me discard Lord Falconer and take up Croiser! I know he is much more my sort of man. I didn't comprehend Falconer's character at first: I was thinking of his

namesake, the 'Shipwreck' man, and imagined he must be quite a poetical hero. I can't tell how I was so stupid—but *Croiser*—O! *Croiser's* just the very personage! Now don't laugh, Margiée—I do feel quite convinced of it this time. Besides, I don't like Falconer's blue eyes—you know they're too soft for a man. As for changing, I declare I won't change again, on my word of honour, sister! and you know I am very scrupulous about that. Then again, as to *Croiser's* never being so fond of me—why that will pique my affection for him, and keep it alive, and then that will be a pleasing task for me, and I think I can effect that—at least you know, dear Margiée, I have never failed before!" glancing slightly at the mirror.

"Yes, yes, Chatty, this may all be very well; the risks that concern your own happiness you must be content to undergo, as the price of your fickleness. The person however whom I most pity is poor Falconer: what is to become of *him*?"

"Dear me, Margarita, what a teasing lecturer you are! You talk of my having been four times in love. I'll put the same question to yourself.

And how many times have you been in the same predicament?"

"Why, Chatty, if your descriptions of this tremendous passion be true, I may safely answer, Never."

"Yes, once I think!"

"Never, I assure you—to what do you allude?"

"Pity is a-kin they say to love; and you seem to afford a great deal of the former to Falconer. Come now, Margiée, suppose you take him in hand, just *pour passer le temps!* With your talents you could soon mould him to any thing. I should think too, his soft, pliable disposition would amalgamate admirably with yours."

"No, Charlotte, I would never entertain such a proposition for a moment. Should I ever feel my affections excited in the way you mention, I feel convinced it will be by a different character from that of Lord Falconer, amiable and attentive as I confess he is. With such views, therefore, I deem it a sacred duty in every woman, to hold no degree of encouragement to any man whose suit she is not prepared to favour to its fullest extent. Those who do otherwise—in my estimation—act

a part as unfeminine and unmaidenly as it is dishonourable and unworthy.”

“Come, now, Margiée, your code is very severe; but maybe one of these days, you’ll gain a little more practical experience in these matters. Theorists are but poor lawgivers! I yet live in hopes to see you over head and ears in love yourself. Oh! how I should delight in it! However, meanwhile, I tell you what we can do for this ‘Shipwrecked’ man. You know there was a sort of flirtation between Falconer and that lively rattle, Lucy Talpoys, whom Papa calls my second self; well, when Falconer comes home, I can ask her to come and stay with us, and then we can fling them together constantly, and so make a match of it. I know she likes his title.”

“‘His title,’ Charlotte! How can you mention so poor a bauble? You run on in such a style, I shall soon begin to think that you have no heart at all, instead of one for every person. You talk of love as if it were melon-seed, and had only to be sown in a good hot-bed and protected from the weather, to spring up at once into fruit; instead of regarding it as a passion sacred at least, if not dreadful;

since its results are often fraught with the most fatal influence on the rest of our existence!"

"Well said! Margiée, a direct plagiarism from the last romance. You are, as I said before, a most scrupulous theorist, but we shall see by and by!" As she said this the light-hearted beauty laid her head on her pillow, while Margaritha, who was conscious of having allowed more of the romantic sentiment of her character to escape than usual, remained silent, until the tacit communion of those pure hearts having ascended to the Power which claimed their homage, she lit the little lamp which was to preserve a light through the remaining hours, and joined her elder sister.

"Well Margiée," said the latter, "I think even now that I'm sorry you won't have that Falconer."

"What then you really pity him?"

"Why I don't exactly *pity* the wretch, but then I think he'd have such a dear creature of a consort, and she no bad spouse—perhaps—after all."

"Come, come, friend, get thee to sleep, since thinking so only proves thee more foolish than I had imagined."

As Charlotte's eyelids warmly seconded this motion, the gentle and regular breathings of these bright buds of promise, soon announced their enjoyment of that dreamless slumber which flies the couch of care, ambition, vice, or guile, to bestow its invaluable bliss on purity and worth.

CHAPTER V.

“ Farewell ! farewell !—the voice you hear
Has left its sad farewell with you ;
It next must join the seaward cheer,
And shout among the shouting crew !
The accents, which I scarce could form
Beneath thy frown’s controlling check,
Must give the word above the storm,
To cut the mast and clear the wreck ! ”

PIRATE.

IN vain did Croiser’s heart secretly look for a reprieve of that sentence which his judgement had resolutely pronounced. The morning’s sun arose in all its splendour, and as that nameless sickness of the heart which attends any event of interest, awoke him from the matin slumbers in which he usually took so much delight, he taxed his memory in vain to recall what awful fate awaited him ; till throwing open his casement to inhale the balmy air, the beautiful domain before him

burst on his view, and at once recalled the fair enchantress of those woods, whose image was so inseparably linked with every beauty which his eye surveyed.

Hurriedly arraying himself, he walked out to take a last farewell of those pleasant scenes, and indulge in the reflections which he might be so naturally supposed to feel. Directing his steps to the ruined tower, where he first met Margarita Salisbury, he pursued his route muttering his "wayward fancies as he roved," until his career was suddenly arrested by some huge moving bulk, and looking up he beheld himself opposed to Tim Tarpauline of the Nine Fathoms, who, like himself, was wending his way towards the tower, now within a few yards.

As Croiser surveyed the exterior of his faithful mate, he could not help thinking that he was dressed as if on the occasion of meeting some one of importance. His blue jacket, the seams and edges of which were covered with black-painted canvass, seemed sprucely brushed, his low and round poled hat was exchanged for one of the same form, but of a newer date. His long cue was 'nattily' arranged; even his old dark dudeen or short pipe,

which always retained its station under his hat ribbon, even that appeared polished up, while his canvass breeks were white as snow, and shoes displayed a pair of new gold buckles. So smart an appearance excited Croiser's inquiry: "For what port are you bound, Tim?" But Tim having assured his honour that "he only came there to have a little bit of a reconnoitre as it may be," began to inquire "if his honour had met with a fellow knocking about here, who complained o' being rather loose in the starn post?"—This having brought on sundry questions, Tim explained that "having lately gone to a bit of a landing by starlight, just merely to get a drop of true Nantz—he being run dry—he met a chap in a glazed hat and pea-coat," here he narrated the fight and his subsequent help—"who steered us into these seas and made me bring up in a snug little berth surely, then telling me to keep my anchors down till so be as he came back, in the turn of a bed-post, he slipped his cable and made sail, and I've never been able to set eyes on him since, or I'd make him pay the piper for such a scaly trick. However this I will say, whoever the chap may be, he's a jolly-hearted fellow, and spins as

good a yarn as ever I'd wish to hang up a dull hour by. Aye, your honour, he not only spins a good yarn, but what's nearly as good, he can hear one—though I do wish for his sake he'd larned better manners when he was a younker. There was I left alone with Sal at low water, to hang out till gun-fire—obliged to freshen the nip with a thimble full at a time, for fear of running short, and then in a pretty hubbub meanwhile, seeing how my old timbers might hap to get aground for want o'”—

“ Not water, Tim.”

“ Umph, no, your honour ; I've had enough of that ever since that time off Cape Maccaroni”——

“ Well well, Tim,” interrupted his commander, checking the oft-repeated tale of his wonderful escape from drowning, “ we know all that, but tell me did these things take place on the same night that they rolled the poor devil of an excise-man over the hill ?”

“ Aye, your honour, the very same. Lor ! what a rumble that fellow must have had—they made his ribs crack again, I know—and to think of the chap not being much the worse for it after all !”

“ Ah ! by the bye—so they tell me. How was it he managed to escape ?”

“Why—ye see—your honour, they put an ashen stretcher athwart over his arms, and in between his knees—lashed taut, as I understand, so that when they come to give him headway over the hill, the stick took the ground at every turn; by the matter o’ which ye see, he fought shy o’ monkey’s allowance, more kicks than coppers. Well, on he went right enough fifteen knots on a bow line, till he made the bottom o’ the hill, when just as he thought it was quite dicky with him, he brought up all standing in a thickset hedge o’ black-thorn that hung over the road. Well, your honour, there he be stuck luckily enough head uppermost, hailing and squalling to every chap that went by below; and two or three passed him as I understand, but they all took him for a hob-goblin sort o’ concern, so he had to caulk it out there till morning, ’fraid to move for fear of coming down by the run. Teach the braw Scotch gauger to keep his eye-teeth about him for the time to come, ‘for,’ says he, what with the thorns below, and the cauld air aboon, it was a situation no that canny to fill!”

“And so he has actually escaped unhurt?”

“‘Hurt!’ oh nothing to signify, your honour; though, to be sure, he’s got his figure-head scoured up a bit; but then his neighbours hold out that

he's had that for the last feefteen years, ever since he was 'noculated by the small pox; while he swears lustily 'twas all done by the fuzz bushes coming down over the hill. I've a heard o' a fellow," added Tarpauline in a half musing manner, "being rolled down over Deal beach afore he was quite dry, and the shingle sticking into his fissiogamy, but this yarn o' Dugald Mac Meiteit is a reg'lar clincker! Howsoever, the boys have christened the place 'The gauger's loup,' and 'so it will be called, I dare say, long after fat little Dugald's brought up in Deadman's Bay.—We'm all creatures of clay, your honour!" and as Tim came to this sombre conclusion, he drew forth 'Sal,' and applied that very respectable lady to his lips, though not with the views which would have actuated such a suitor as his commander, since Tarpaulin would doubtless have derided the — to him — unmeaning pleasures of osculation.

"'Creatures of clay,' eh? and so you drink to your morality as if to confirm its decrees."

"Ah! your honour, like other clay, we all want moistening before we're fit for moulding. A fine breeze to-day, your honour; I'm thinking—may-

be—that you'll be wanting to be off soon—we've made a long lay of it here.”

“ Yes, Tim, yes, I've just been thinking so ; I sleep on board to-night, get ready to weigh, and make sail at daylight to-morrow morning,” and with this brief command he hurriedly left his faithful dependant to hasten down the steps of the tower, towards a gate in the plantation where he had just descried the advancing form of Margarita. On arriving at the spot, however, Croiser found that she had gone back, and deploring his want of luck, he hastened along the road which he supposed she had pursued, with the purpose of overtaking her, little dreaming that he was leaving her behind at every step.

Faithful to her sister, and it may be, somewhat inclined to chide her conscious heart for having entertained certain mental visions favourable to this sea-hero, who had occupied a prominent station in them, Margarita's glance had no sooner recognized his slight form standing beside the colossal bulk of Tim, than she quickly retraced her steps, and hiding in a little rustic summer-house near at hand, waited until his hasty and retiring steps warned her to slip out, and take a different track.

“How silly and unguarded I must have been, since even my careless sister has seen that I have occasionally thought of him; I hope it has escaped his own eyes! Not for worlds could I endure that he should know it. Henceforth I defy even the scrutiny of my own heart to discern a repetition of it!” Poor Margarita! Though soliloquizing thus, and generously giving up to her versatile sister the only preference which the innocent warmth of her young bosom had ever engendered, she nevertheless felt, despite of her arguments, no slight pang at the surrender. With regard to Charlotte’s quick observation, she was deceived. What eye, what penetration so quick, so searching as those of a rival? But as it happened, Charlotte had gathered her ideas on the subject rather from the attention of Croiser to Margarita, than the reverse; but this fact she was of course too much of a woman to acknowledge.

When Croiser at the breakfast-table announced his determination of sailing by sunrise on the ensuing day, great was the surprise manifested, and no little lamentation, since his spirited yet docile and attractive manners had insensibly attached every one to him. Nor was this feeling of regret

unfelt even by the most insensible animals—to wit, the cat—the dog—Captain Bombast—and Major Puff; the latter of whom mumbled to his worthy brother traveller—“ Haven’t met with a more intelligent young man since I parted with Ensign Huggins, whose society I had the bitter misfortune to lose when I was abroad at Cork.”

“ Very true! very true!” drawled the captain. “ as my father would say, a most superior young man, just what that young chief would have been had he but had the advantage of a little more civilization—I mean young Hatchee-Matchee Madderhead, you know, a prince of the Longbow Islands!”

It was to little purpose that Charlotte used all her oratory to persuade him to delay his departure. There were a thousand sights unseen and pleasures unexperienced. But alas! so they were likely to remain. I know not whether his resolution might not have been thawed before the gentle breath of Margarita, but as she forbore to put it to the trial, he was saved the pain of a refusal, and Charlotte the mortification which a contrary course would have created. Even the Port Admiral himself, while gently tapping Croiser on the shoulder,

as his noble and venerable figure leaned forward to the "ha, ha, ha!" which concluded one of his best stories, even he seemed surprised and affected, to say nothing of losing so admirable a listener,—though this office was a real pleasure,—and assured him "he should be delighted to give him snug stowage and a berth in his mess—ay, by the mast, as long as ever he'd chose to hang out—though it should be till all's blue. Well, well, if ye can't, ye can't, ye see," he added, on Croiser's polite and grateful refusal, "and that's all that's about it; but may be you'll be putting in here again some odd day or another; or may want a port in a storm suddenly, and if that should fall out, and you don't bear up for old Dick Salisbury, hang me if I don't call ye a Frenchman! There's Chatty ready any day to have a romp with you; Margiée will sing ye a song, and every man-jack of us be right glad to give you a jolly welcome! And now I must say by bye, and God bless you—so farewell, my hearty, since I have to hurry over to the other side of the water and see about some rascally court-martial of that cursed little snivelling son of a hound Commodore Wheezey: he's always up to these freaks or worse. I wish some one would

have the spirit to tailpipe the little rascal so that he might dash his thick head against the next lamp-post*. He'd try me I believe, if he could, if it was'nt for one thing—that I won't let him."

Dinner passed without Sir Richard's return, and Croiser proposed to take their usual walk in the private gardens, where, with few interruptions since his arrival, he had been accustomed to pass many happy hours with the lovely twins.

The more urgent details of this my history, kind Reader, which have prevented my noticing this mode of passing their time before, compel me to defer to another opportunity any description of these truly beautiful retreats, further than such as is absolutely necessary for thy present comprehension. You, dear Reader, are already aware that on descending from the northern or main entrance, the eye beheld on either side a double row of oak and elm trees, forming the grand avenue. Said Reader, I take it, is also aware that the avenue was terminated on either side by a turreted lodge and gate; that on the left hand being the

* This wish of Sir Richard's was nearly accomplished, since the Commodore was subsequently stabbed, but unfortunately he recovered from the wound.

carriage gate from without, that on the right hand being the entrance to the private gardens; the walls of which extended towards the house in a parallel with and at a little distance from the right hand or eastern row of the aforesaid avenue, by the termination of which a vista was opened to the eye, displaying the blue calm surface of Barn Pool.

Here, as the atrocious reader will also call to mind, was the private place of embarkation, its smooth and level strand occasionally serving to run out the bathing machine now laid up beneath the shade of an adjoining cork tree or ilex, the whilk I do not pretend at this present writing to remember with that degree of precision for which we naval officers are so pre-eminently noted. At the end of these gardens nearest the house, a high wall gave way to one of less dimensions, surrounded by a railing and circumvallated by a fosse, over which was a small bridge leading to a private *entrée* reserved especially for the family, in contradistinction to the lower one at the lodge, through which came the visitors from the neighbouring towns.

Towards this door advanced our trio, as the

rich evening sun threw his expiring gleams along the sky, gilding the extreme foliage of the summits of the high trees beneath which they passed, and leaving the space below in that hallowed gloom so sacred to the heart. The chattering chough as it passed, gladdened itself in the genial ray that tipped its plumage, and uttered a shrill note of joy that broke the holy stillness of the spot, where the whispering leaves had kissed into silence the breeze of day, and now seemed hushed in the repose of nature. The soft grass was scarcely heard to rustle beneath their light footsteps. But sound and Charlotte were ever friends, and scarcely had Croiser unlocked the little gate and entered the covered way of trellis-work matted with clematis and jasmine leading to the recesses of the garden, than her loud and joyous laugh awoke the echoes of the wood, and roused a hundred drowsy jackdaws, now circling aloft in rapid flight and imparting to each other in their peculiar but not unpleasant cry, the groundless terror of the moment.

The first garden into which they entered, was laid out in the English style. On their emerging from the covered way before mentioned, they found

themselves under a gigantic cedar tree. It had already numbered fifty years in its present site, and beneath its dark and horizontal arms was a tablet announcing it to be "Cowper's seat," and inscribed with an appropriate quotation from the poet. Opposite to this stood a small but chastely designed pavilion containing two rooms with musical instruments and books. Immediately before Cowper's seat was a fine Portuguese laurel, the overpowering perfume from the flowers of which might be discovered at a considerable distance on the water when the breeze wafted its precious fragrance along Barn Pool, and even obliged our fair friends to rise from the bench where they had at first seated themselves, and retire beyond its more immediate neighbourhood.

"Come," said the restless Charlotte starting up the first, "let us all race off to the French garden, and the one who arrives in the pavilion the first, shall receive a pair of gloves from the other two."

"Do excuse me, dear sister!"

"No, Margiée, I will not! Captain Croiser, help me to get her up, this horrible laurel will kill me. Now, then, are you ready?" and away they

bounded, Croiser following close to Charlotte, while Margarita ceased her attempt at running on the instant that the other two were out of sight. With a melancholy feeling which the hour inspired, she sauntered onwards, and plucking one of the many splendid flowers of the magnolia growing close at hand, inhaled its delicious perfume and mused on the transitory character of happiness.

“ I have no heart to mingle in these romps of my gay sister,” so ran her thoughts, “ and yet why is it? I think I have felt a change in my disposition and feelings within the last month. But a short period since, these things were not indifferent, if they did not absolutely please me—now, they are repugnant. Such are the changes which mark our approach to womanhood; and it were unreasonable to expect we should enjoy the simplicity and happiness of our girlhood for ever!”

The path suddenly terminating, she found herself on the terrace belonging to the battery that overhung the sea, forming the left side of the entrance into the harbour, while the Devil's point opposite formed the other. In her reveries she

had missed the route, which would have led her to the proposed rendezvous, and now feeling inclined to be alone, she determined to enjoy the extreme fineness of the evening, and, by returning through a more circuitous walk, give to the other two a longer space of time for their *tête-à-tête*, which in the present state of Charlotte's feeling would, she rightly conjectured, be far from displeasing to that fair damsel.

Little did she dream, when speculating on the passing days of girlhood, that those tranquil feelings had quitted her bosom for ever, and that her emotions had received an impulse as novel as it was indefinable; an impulse on the ultimate result of which, the happiness or misery of such a gentle being was entirely to depend.

As she looked upon the ocean before her, she beheld it unruffled by the slightest breath. A thin dim haze seemed to float above its polished surface, in the strong and darkening mirror of which every tree was visible. A gentle murmuring was heard as it met the surrounding shores, and here and there might be seen the circling but silent eddies, caused by the high tide that was just ceasing to flow into the harbour, whose

full waters checked the flagging motion of the mightier current.

The dying ephemera, too, that had sported their brief existence since sunrise, were seen occasionally to fall upon the waters, then instantly dimpled by the rising of the piscine race, whose prey they became. The hum of the distant city rose upon the air, and undulating over the silent tides, fell like a charm upon the spirits. Margarita lifted her eyes from this entrancing view where every form of earth appeared to have a fellow-image mirrored in the deep, and beheld the last red gleam of the sun kiss the extreme point of Staddon heights, and then soar away into the far East, lost to sight except where it gilded for a few brief moments the rugged points of some fleecy cloud floating in the distant horizon. Then as the luminary itself gradually declined in the west, those aureant hues, waned to a fiery red, assumed a purplish tint—resolved themselves into a still darker and more neutral colour, and finally dispersed over the face of the heavens. Gradually the gloom increased, and with it the dark glaze which forms the bewitching varnish of these pictures of nature. Too quickly did this fade under

the gathering dimness of night. The high land of Staddon seemed to loom stupendously vast in the distance, throwing the deep broad shadow on the waters beneath—when suddenly a yellow glare appeared behind them—it rose—it increased. Surely it is some conflagration—it is—it must be! No! it is the moon—swathed in the falling mists of day—her purple robes of majesty. She rose to assert her dominion in the firmament, and shot her trembling rays upon the ocean with all the timidity of a youthful and virgin queen. By degrees they became stronger and bolder as her disc emerged—her lower segment cleared the mountain and she poured forth her full effulgence upon the lovely scene; while her bright reflection gradually stole along the whispering tide till it seemed to lip the shore at the feet of the entranced beholder. Gradually the spell dissolved which had chained Margarita to the spot till now: sigh followed sigh, intuitively, from her innocent bosom, at the association which such a solemn scene called up in one so naturally meditative as herself, and then she turned away to join her sister and Croiser.

Passing along by the battery, and turning to the left through a walk which commanded a view of the inner harbour, she paused for a few moments

in the little temple dedicated to the Poet of the Seasons, and having admired this fresh view of the crowded haven, proceeded through the Italian garden, so named from the style in which it was laid out, where the first object that she encountered was the old gardener, Jamie Maxwell, busily engaged in tending his favourite flowers ; his lean and decrepid figure bent beneath the weight of a large watering pot, until his natural tendency to grow double appeared increased to a ludicrous extreme.

Indeed no part of his person was likely to inspire much respect, for wasted to a mere skeleton, and displaying on his shrivelled features the discontent which old age and disease had engendered, he moved the embodied semblance of querulous senility. Yet there was something about ‘Douce Jamie Maxwell,’ as he called himself, which when once you knew him, was most amusing. His shrewd Northern sagacity, his attachment to the land from which he was a wanderer, and many other little traits, made up for the specks in his character. His dress consisted of a light blue coat with steel buttons, and he wore a little brown scratch wig.

“Gude e’en to ye, my Leddy Margaret, gude

e'en t'ye! Ye'll be coming to me now for a bit posie, and it's vera welcome ye are. — Here's a bonny twig o' the limmon tree and it's covered wi' the blossom; and here's a fine ——”

“ Thank you, James, thank you! I'll take your flowers, they are beautiful, but I merely came through on my road to the French garden. My sister Charlotte and Captain Croiser are there, are they not, Jamie?”

“ I dinna exactly ken, my Leddy, but it is possible they'll be there as ye say.”

“ Thank you, Jamie.”

“ Ay, aye,” as she moved off, “ it's thank ye, thank ye, now, but de'il the word mair sin' this dark brow'd chiel's cam amang us. For my part, I'm thinking he's like to drive thae lasses clean daff with his clishmaclavers. They've no a single thought for Douce Jamie Maxwell, now,” and he peevishly returned to his former occupation; while Margarita, after pursuing her way among sundry green alleys, passed through a complete arch of evergreens and found herself in the French garden.

Its form was nearly square, the whole space being enclosed with perpendicular walls of some eighteen or twenty feet high, composed entirely of

the clipped branches of the ilex, winter laurel, and other rarer trees whose foliage, unimpaired by any severities of season, afforded a continued relief to the eye throughout the year. The flower-beds, which were surrounded and intersected by walks, formed a square plot, where, rose-trees, clematis, and jasmine were, by the aid of trellis-work, made to grow in an uninterrupted festoon of flowers from bed to bed, arching over the entrance of the four little alleys leading to the centre of the garden, where played a rustic fountain; its falling waters flowing over several superb Indian shells, and returning into the surrounding well, through the tiny billows of which glittered the purple and golden hues of sundry little fishes, doomed to a blissful captivity.

Around the edges of this well grew the *Nympha Alba*, spreading its broad leaf and snowy flower on the surface, the latter folding itself up into a beautifully shaped cup as the hour of evening drew nigh. Two very fine trees of the magnolia were seen in full bloom near the bottom of the garden, and their rich odours mingling with the hundred other scents with which the air came loaded, and cooled by the falling spray of the fountain, seemed like

the breath of Paradise. While this enchanted spot refreshed the senses, it elevated the soul above the jarring world without, and gave no faint conception of the intellectual pride and delight, with which our first parents must have trod their bowers of bliss.

At the head of this delightful little spot stood a pavilion, containing, like that in the English garden, two rooms. They were fitted up with books, and containing those instruments of music which the fair goddesses of these sacred haunts loved to wake to harmony. In the centre hall of this pavilion was a beautiful statue of Meleager, while two mirrors being placed behind, seemed to form an endless vista, and reflected back the images of every thing within the garden, as well as of those who passed by a little opening on the opposite side, which penetrated through several of the walks beyond.

“Surely,” some of my readers will exclaim, “into such a retreat as this, no heart could enter without sharing the happiness which such a scene diffused.” Alas! that fabulous deity is neither of clime, country, or degree, and the only shrine in which she is ever to be found is a contented heart!

“Is that you, Margarita?” demanded Charlotte, as she heard the light footsteps of her sister; then on seeing her figure, “What an age you have been! A perfect snail in your pace, I declare! Remember, Madam, that you owe me a pair of gloves, and since you have made your appearance at last, sit down and sing to us. Here is your harp, I have just succeeded in reducing it to something like tune.”

“Nay, then, Charlotte, you had better indulge us by singing yourself!”

“No, no. I must have my request. I feel lazy this evening, and you sing better, and I like your voice better; besides, I have been piping already—‘so sit, good cousin.’”

Here Croiser joined in the request, and seating herself by her sister’s side on the sofa, Croiser being on the other, she prepared to comply with their request. One half of the window before them was thrown up, so that they could just perceive through the clambering foliage of the passion-flower, the play of the fountain as it rose sparkling in the dim twilight, then fell swerving on one side to the occasional current of the air, and refreshingly moistening the surrounding flow-

ers. From the room in which they were sitting, also, an open door led into a large conservatory, the warm odours of whose exotics mixed with the many native scents without.

“Now none of your doleful ditties, Margiée, for I see that you’re looking very romantically inclined, but pray give us something cheerful: for instance ‘Love a Maying.’”

“Nay Charlotte, if you will have a song, it must be one of my own: you are the best minstrel for your peculiar music!” Pausing for a moment as her taper fingers swept along the harpsichord, she seemed to wait the moment of inspiration. The scene she had just witnessed on the terrace was yet floating on her imagination, as she accompanied a deep yet tender melody with her voice.

She had not proceeded with many lines before “Holloa, Margiée! Beshrew me, but that’s a regular-built psalm!” was heard in the hearty accents of the old Port Admiral, who having strolled into the garden, on his return from the town, where his official residence was situated, had listened with his usual delight to the music of his daughter’s voice, and now looked in on the party.

“Yes, dear Bunting,” replied Chatty, “I told her not to give us any of these doleful dumps; but she is such an obstinate girl, she cares nothing for the commands of her elder sister. Come in, and bring her to order.”

“No faith! not I—I’m dodging along here to get a mouthful of fresh air and pick one or two of the pretty flowers; besides old Ben Bucket and his family are just arrived at the house, and so I must go up and fetch down lovely Lady Anne.”

“Oh Bunting, you abominable flirt! I’ll tell her husband the Admiral! I declare you are almost as bad as myself.”

The Port Admiral made no reply to this sally of his daughter Chatty, save by a “Ha-ha-ha, you little vixen!” and he proceeded, as Charlotte said, to enjoy a little innocent flirtation with the young wife of his old messmate, Sir Benjamin Buckhardt, over whom he had the advantage, no less in his handsome person than in the gallant bearing of his manners and address, which only gave way to the convivial kindness of his heart within the sacred circle of his intimates.

“Margiée, I wish you would not sing such monstrous dismal airs, they make me as melancholy as”——

“Well, Charlotte, what can I do? You will not sing yourself, and cannot expect the tones of a trumpet from the slight chords of a lute—besides, have we not reason now and then to be touched with melancholy, when we give ourselves time for reflection? Mere children of the moment! Even that beautiful aloe plant,”—pointing to one placed outside the window,—“which is perhaps destined to outlive us all, might well excite those emotions which you condemn.”

There was a pause—the gloom, the hour, seemed to fall with a bewitching and softening influence over them all. Even Charlotte was silent, and resigned herself to the feeling that stole over her, as she gently leaned against the shoulder of him who had so suddenly become dear to her. With such a restless disposition even this short quietus could not endure long. Suddenly starting up, she said, “Since none of you will indulge in a livelier strain, I must; but I prefer another instrument,” taking down a guitar. “*Gaiety* is the natural emotion of these chords; however sorrow and sublimity may belong to the prouder harp.”

“Well, I rejoice at your determination to contest the palm with your sister. I will be the umpire between both parties.”

“ So you shall, as far as relates to the matter, but not to the music, since there I should be striving hopelessly. These stringed instruments require such a tedious process of tuning—now we will try,” and Charlotte dashed off into a lively canzonetta as opposed to the song of her sister both in sentiment and metre as it was possible to be.

“ Now then, Sir Umpire, decide!” said the charming siren on its conclusion.

“ Why my fair Minstrel,” said the captain, “ since both performances have been in song, my decision ought at least to be conveyed in the same delightful vehicle. Meanwhile as both your themes are equally to the point, you must allow me to defer my opinion until that time arrives.”

“ Why, I thought you never sang! At least I have asked you five hundred times, and surely you never would have refused my request so often, unless you could not comply with it!”

“ Nor have I now said any thing that should induce a contrary belief—however, I should be most happy to become your pupil, if you will undertake such a task; and to prove how ready a scholar I intend to be, let me take my first lesson at once.”

“ Come then take the instrument and place your left hand thus—Yes, that’s correct,—and your right hand here—very good. Now then strike these six strings successively. Why good Powers!—What!—is it possible!”—and to the infinite surprise of his fair instructress and hearer, Croiser’s fingers threaded those chords with all the swiftness and execution of an experienced musician.

After an interval of a few seconds, and before his listeners had recovered their astonishment sufficiently to speak, his prelude subsided into a low and tender accompaniment, to which, with a manly but clear and flexible voice, he sang the following words, in allusion to the preceding chants of his charming companions :—

Nay, speak not of the bliss of man !
The brief enjoyments given,
Bespangled o’er his tortured span,
Or known on this side Heaven !

Too true, yon plant of culture rare
Returning bloom denies,
Rear’d through an age of toil and care,
Once blown, it droops and dies !

So pines the heart o’er vanished days
Of childhood’s hopes and fears ;
One golden hour of youth repays
An age of baffled years.

When midnight lends her sacred veil
To hide the mourner's woe,
Nor slumber hears the stifled wail,
Nor marks the tears which flow.

The fated fire that inly preys
On this devoted breast,
Consumes to care its suff'rer's days,
And cankers all my rest.

For I must on to meet each grief
In store with coming time,
Nor stay these fleeting joys, too brief
To save my soul from crime !

Too like the fabled bark which bore
A self-destroying freight,
And madly urged to that dark shore,
Found ruin linked with fate !

This is no fancied phantom grief,
Oh would it were not so !
The humblest lot that brought relief,
Should take such gilded woe !

There was a pause. The feeling of surprise which both the sisters had manifested at the beginning, was swallowed up in the sad expression which Croiser's words had made. The extreme pathos with which they had been sung, and the evident earnestness of the heart which felt the sorrows thus uttered, together with the simple and plaintive air, had indeed affected them with sym-

pathy; and while they mutely pondered over the mystery attached to their interesting guest, they had entirely forgotten to thank him for his strain.

“How shameful of you never to have sung before this evening—the last of our seeing you too!”

“‘*Cygnus niger ante suam mortem canet,*’ as Lady Sapphira would say.”

“Oh spare us her odious Latin! And is this the way you decide as umpire?”

“Yes,” replied Margarita, “by surpassing both competitors.”

“Nay—” but here Croiser’s disclaimer was interrupted by the entrance of the Port Admiral with Lady Buckhardt on his arm; and the various salutations having passed, they all walked towards the terrace to enjoy the beauties of the night.

The hour of supper being passed, Croiser watching his opportunity, led Margarita aside to one of the window recesses, and took his leave. In that sad parting, which he had steadily resolved should be forever, little indeed was said. The slight compliment which he wished to pay to her, had escaped him—he faltered, stammered, and incohe-

rently uttered a few sentences, the import of which it was impossible to understand. Nor was Margarita more at ease, since the assumed coldness of her manner was evidently struggling with the more natural emotions of her heart.

To his assertion that this would be the last meeting of their lives, she could only reply "Not so I hope!" Nor when he pressed her hand to his lips could she attempt to withdraw it. On finding out Charlotte, to pay his best respects to her, she proposed to Margarita to walk down and see him embark from Barn Pool. To propose and to execute were with her the same; and as Croiser stepped into his light gig, and was swiftly rowed to his little vessel, he beheld the commanding figures of his fair young friends melt into the distance, until the wave of their handkerchiefs was no longer visible, and at length every trace of them had disappeared. Flinging himself on the taffrail, he vainly endeavoured, by the aid of his glass, to discover their retreating figures. For an hour he remained motionless, until a sudden light, visible through the trees, in that quarter of the building where their apartment was situated, announced their retirement to rest.

He had then indeed torn himself from them! and when the morrow's sun arose, he should neither behold the loveliness of her he loved, nor hang upon the magic of her voice! For a few seconds he repented of the step he had taken, and felt tempted to renounce that duty which drew him away. Then arose those doubts and fears, griefs and upbraidings, with the hundred passions that are so inexplicably interwoven in that strange portion of our mystery—the love of youth.

CHAPTER VI.

“ The storm was succeeded by a calm, but it was a question if they were bettered by the change.”

WAVERLEY ANECDOTES.

THE morning after Croiser's departure, curiosity could no longer refrain, and Captain Bombast and Major Puff began to indulge in their various conjectures, instigated by that slanderous and gossiping propensity which prompts low natures to malign the absent. Being quickly silenced by the wit of Charlotte, as well as the more dignified censure of Margarita, they appealed to the Port Admiral as to whether his knowledge of Captain Croiser would not confirm their suspicions. Much to their discomfiture however, Sir Richard protested that he held his late guest in the highest consideration, and therefore having found out that

he was unconnected with the navy, he had forbore from prying into his affairs; and furthermore, since these were his opinions, he begged that he might never hear Captain Croiser mentioned but with respect.

A week had elapsed since Croiser's departure, and Charlotte's repeated wonderings of "when he *would* come back," her hauntings of his favourite walks, and musings on the sea from the old tower, were already beginning to wax fainter, when she determined to form a party of pleasure to visit the "Mew-stone," a large ragged rock, situated on the opposite side of the Sound.

The day was appointed; it arrived; Sir Richard descried through its apparent fineness some few suspicious appearances, but with Charlotte these went for nought. The flag-ship's launch, fitted up as a tender or yacht for the Admiral, made its appearance in Barn Pool at 10 A. M.; when the lieutenant in command went up to the house to announce his being in waiting. The party descended, but Charlotte, predetermined on one of her usual freaks, contrived to have the provisions left behind, in order to enjoy the disappointment of the party on their arriving at the rock. Cap-

tain Bombast had also some manœuvres to put in practice, by which he succeeded in leaving the lieutenant of the boat behind, thereby gaining the command himself. The party consisted of Lady Sapphira and her brother the Reverend Nathaniel, together with Bombast, Puff, Charlotte, and Margarita ; the boat being manned by six men and a coxswain. They had not proceeded far, when some subject afforded an opportunity for the usual altercation between Lady Sapphira and Nathaniel ; Bombast and Puff taking part with the lady, and Charlotte diverting herself at their general expense. In the meantime Margarita indulged in that pensive meditation to which she was now more than ever given. As her soft eye dreamingly surveyed the varied expanse before her, she beheld the mist, hitherto only discernible in the horizon, gradually spread along the sky, and borne rapidly by the wind, unroll itself from the distant mountains of Dartmoor, until it completely enveloped the low town of Plymouth, now no longer visible in the little nook through which the Plym empties itself into the waters of the Sound. Soon the vapour was seen to extend towards the town of Dock and the harbour of Hamoaze, while, wherever

it rested, its impenetrable veil defied the eye to discern the objects beneath.

Turning from so comfortless a view towards the Mewstone itself, she beheld it rearing its bleak and rugged head to heaven, black with the storms of unknown centuries, distant some two miles inland of them, on their weather bow. Meanwhile the sailors who had come from the flagship, missing their own officer, and finding themselves under the command of a mean-looking man in plain clothes, felt their usual repugnance to obey the orders of a stranger, increased by the evident unfitness and inattention which he betrayed. The whole distance of the Mewstone, from the point of starting, was at the most eight miles, and had he only steered properly at the outset, he could not have failed to reach it, whereas he had kept so much away from the wind, that having already gone over a space equal to the whole distance, a sudden change of breeze now left him nearly dead to leeward of it.

The coxswain immediately took the command out of Bombast's hand, and every effort was made to gain their destination, but as the breeze was by this time blowing very freshly from the shore, it

was found to be attended with too much difficulty, and after a short consultation the attempt was given up, and the boat's head put about to return home. Fate, however, seemed to have set her face against them. The wind rose rapidly, the lowering appearance of the heavens increased with every passing moment. Scarcely had they time to take precautionary measures, when the squall expended all its fury upon them. They had no need to reef their sails, for these were shivered into strips, while this sudden gust was accompanied by a thick mist which not only hid every object from their sight, but combined with the passing drifts of spray to wet our pleasure party to the skin. The latter inconvenience was however unnoticed amid the more imminent dangers which threatened their lives.

Their boat, which was of the ordinary size of a small open pleasure-boat, was partly decked over. This however extended but a few feet from the bow of the vessel, and the little space beneath was merely intended to shelter a suit of spare sails, a coil or two of rope, a hawser, and some fishing-lines; the remainder of the boat was open. A deck below protected the feet from any water that

might find its way through a leak, while the carpet, mahogany panels, and seats, bespoke the care and attention paid by his majesty's dock-yard to the Port Admiral. A washboard ran round the gunwale to keep the deck as dry as possible, and for the still further convenience of its passengers, a second gunwale or washboard surrounded the space denominated the stern sheets, which here includes that part of the boat left uncovered by the cuddy. As this space did not extend on either side to the bulwark, room was still left between the outer and inner washboards for a seaman to walk aft to the mizen.

The value of such a protection now became fully apparent, for as the storm increased, the waves occasionally broke on the bow of their little vessel and flooded her deck, without further incommoding the party than by the spray; while the water that would otherwise have required pumping out, had time to run off through the little scuppers or apertures made for that purpose. The tempest soon became frightful; and if the wind itself did not exceed its first burst of violence, the swell had either risen considerably, or they had drifted out into the middle of the

Channel, where its fury was greater; perhaps both. To the eyes of the terrified ladies, utterly unaccustomed to behold such a scene, each vast and bubbling mass of water over which the boat now laboured, seemed to contain a thousand deaths; while to the most experienced eye it appeared a problem whether their frail vessel could ride out so terrific a storm. In such a case it may easily be supposed that there were few deliberative voices, and Garnet having represented to them the inutility of trying to beat up against such a sea, they agreed to await the issue of the gale. The boat's head was then brought to the wind by means of a small buoy or raft flung out a-head, and Garnet proposed, as night drew near, that the ladies should be placed in the bottom of the boat, where the carpet was dry, and where being covered over by a sail, they would be protected from the spray, and might be enabled to get a little sleep. To this Charlotte and her aunt readily agreed, but Margarita preferred to face the danger and indulge in her own thoughts; she therefore remained at the side of her uncle watching the rapid approach of night, and marking each variation in the storm that now raged around

her in all its dread sublimity, prepared to meet the last extremity of our suffering nature.

Meanwhile the men, finding that the night was to be passed thus, crept grumbling and jesting into the fore cuddy, to stow themselves away in the best manner that they could.

The first immediate risk being over, their earliest thoughts naturally reverted to their provision. As for Charlotte, from the first moment of their being driven off the land, she had been able to think of nothing else, but having communicated her thoughtless frolic to Margarita, the latter had strictly enjoined her not to mention the share she had in the affair, but allow it to pass off as a mistake. The disappointment,—the consternation of the party at finding themselves without food, made them dumb, and they sat looking in one another's faces in silent despair, until Puff and Bombast mentioned that they had ordered the butler to send into the boat the remains of a pasty, the excellence of which they had proved at the breakfast-table—"but it was a mere fragment, and they believed that there was a bottle of wine and one of brandy put into the basket."

Charlotte felt as if reprieved from a thousand

deaths; the horrors of the scene faded from her eyes, and they were moistened with tears of unfeigned joy. The basket was produced and a part of its contents portioned out, and, if their supper was scanty, they had never eaten with better relish.

It may easily be supposed, that to the eyes of a party so circumstanced, the approaches of sleep would be gladly welcomed; and accordingly by midnight every eye was closed. Margarita and her uncle had joined the others beneath the canopy, and she soon fell asleep in his arms, a resting-place familiar from her infancy.

Garnet was the first to awake, just as day was beginning to glimmer in the east, and after rubbing his eyes to recall the circumstances which placed him in his present situation, he looked out upon the waters, and to his astonishment beheld the unruffled polish of a mirror, where but a few hours since a tempest was sporting in all its horrific grandeur, and destruction seemed to be leaping as in joy among the mountains of foam which the troubled elements heaved up.

It is true that a considerable swell remained, but not a breath was to be seen rippling the sur-

face wherever the eye might turn. It appeared as if nature, tired out by her own violence, had fallen to sleep with those who had thus been exposed to her fury. Satisfied that there was no danger to be apprehended at present, the seaman gave directions to the look-out to awaken him if any sail hove in sight, or any breeze should happen to spring up, and then coiling himself down in the stern-sheets, he proceeded to make up for the anxiety of the preceding evening.

At ten o'clock they began to awake one by one, each congratulating himself on the favourable change of weather, and rejoicing in the disappearance of the gale, that had so lately menaced them. Brilliantly did the present scene contrast with that of last night. The fervid rays of the sun shot down upon the liquid blue over which they floated, and seemed to pierce to those far regions below, where Fancy delights to picture the court of the "Silver-footed Goddess."

It is a sad but a serious truth, with all our imaginings and "longings after immortality," we always require to be fed—that is, to be in comfort, and these first emotions having passed from our friends in the boat, a strange and strongly peccant

feeling within, hinted that they had rested almost supperless on the evening before, and that they now required a double share for breakfast. The last, however,

————— “ Their lot forbade.”

Having brought to view the remains of their scanty provisions, it was divided into two portions, the largest was reserved for the evening, and the other distributed for an immediate meal.

Never was anything edible discussed more eagerly, and the ceremony having been prolonged to its utmost possible extent, there was no one present that could not have disposed of four times the quantity. However, the day was fine, and sunshine alone can bid the heart to feel light; besides, they were in momentary expectation of a breeze springing up to carry them in, and the apprehensions of the preceding day had therefore entirely vanished. An hour passed, and no signs of a breeze appeared, when to divert the increasing tedium, Lady Sapphira proposed that they should each tell a story. The proposal was excellent, but when they came to the point, no one had a “regular good story” to tell. Several began one, but very speedily breaking down again, discontinued them. In this

dilemma, having much lamented the absence of the Port Admiral and his never-failing stock, they all sat musing and preparing to inflict on each other the result of their cogitation.

“What a pity it is,” said Bombast, “that I haven’t my last book of travels with me, it would prove such a delightful treat to us all—it is so admirably — a-hem — written! — with so much care! for when I went out in my dear, dear old ship, which I can never recall without tears springing into my eyes, I took two tuns of ink in puncheon, and stowed my booms with quills to write my journal, which my friend Major Puff has reprinted four or five times—that is, with a few interlinear different readings—in his invaluable periodical, ‘The United Blunderbuss Journal.’—There I assure you, my Lady Sapphira, they form the very staple commodity—the very best articles in the work—eh Puff?”

“Oh very possibly so, Captain—universally admired! I know when I was abroad at Cork—Indeed I think I’ve one of the numbers with me, I very seldom go abroad without one in my pocket; there is so much wit and pathos contained in them! Yes, how fortunate! here is one,” handing it to

Nathaniel, who opened it at the end and found a table of the deaths in the Channel fleet.

“ Yes,” said Nathaniel, “ a great deal of pathos! This, for instance—‘ Returns for the year 17——, —killed by the Admiral’s bullock—one.’ Then for the next year, under the same head, ‘ Killed by the Admiral’s bullock—*none*.’ “ Not so bad, Major. And is the journal always as good as this number?” returning it to its wonderful editor, who replied,

“ Oh yes, sir, generally speaking—very seldom much inferior, though perchance a little now and then.”

“ In—deed! never knew it!” slowly ejaculated Lady Sapphira. Dear me! it must have cost you a great deal of labour and money to get it up.”

“ Oh a great deal, my Lady—a vast deal, I assure you. Captain Bombast and myself are indefatigable at it. However, the most copious imaginations will become exhausted; and as we never reprint Captain Bombast’s travels and voyages oftener than once throughout every six numbers; it does occasionally become necessary to employ an extra hand. A very clever man, Mr. Smug, he’s our sub-editor, and pressman and compositor, and

helps to black the types—a very good knack too of making the ink has Smug—oh he’s a useful man!—our complete factotum—thoroughly versed in naval matters too!—seeing he once went through the fleet.”

“Truly, sir,” said Nathaniel, “your’s is a very superior journal, and possesses unusual claims upon public patronage.”

“Oh very, sir! quite so, sir! I tell you, sir, ’twas the admiration of every one when I was abroad in Ireland. Besides, bless ye, all the in-pensioners at Chelsea Hospital bestowed the very highest encomiums upon it, more especially those that were blind and deaf! Ah, Mr. Nathaniel, there’s nothing like it, depend upon it! But what we chiefly shine in, sir, is our reviews! Bless your heart, sir, we’ll review the publications of a whole month, perhaps two or three, in half a page!”

“Oh indeed! and you never give any critique longer than that?”

“Oh yes, sir, possibly so, sometimes. For instance, Captain Bombast and myself always *protect* the High Tory party. Indeed, sir, we’re bound to do it on account of our connexions. Why bless you, sir, both of us are very intimately acquainted with the prime minister’s under-

butler, and besides that, his head groom is a very especial crony of mine. This being the case, as I said before, we're bound to *protect* the High Tory party; so when any particular work comes out on the democratic, or as those villains call it, on the liberal side, why then you see, we all think it incumbent upon us to make a dead set, that is, if the book as we say, has made any sensation: if not, you see it's wrong to draw down attention upon it. Well you see, if the book has made any noise, we sit down and write a long article slap upon it. Then we get hold of another review of it, to get an extract to quote, or perhaps borrow one of the volumes out of a library, which saves us the trouble of reading it"——

"Or the expense of buying it?"

"Oh no! it's not that, for if we read it, we misquote some passages, and pretend to misunderstand others, until we have brought them to suit our own words, as we always write the best part of the review before we see the work, to prevent its biassing our impartiality. Then next we launch out into any other subject unconnected with the book before us, to swell it out to a proper length of ten pages, and conclude by desig-

nating the author as a man bad enough for any thing, or worse, for what we know. If he's a low-born man, we simply state the facts; if however we think he's a gentleman, we do pretty much the same, because it helps out the criticism; only in the latter case we take the precaution of saying 'we believe—we should think—we suspect'—and so on."

"Indeed, Major Puff! and so these criticisms are received with a great deal of éclat?"

"Oh very much so, sir! because, you see, our readers are generally among that class of people who can never give an opinion on any thing themselves, and just take what we find it right to offer them. It's astonishing the few ideas found—"

"Among your readers?"

"Ah possibly so! But even if that should be the case, and they should dare to think differently and the work should sell after that, I immediately write a letter to the editor—that's myself,—and pretend that I know who the author is, and say that he's all that the editor said he was, or something more, if we can make it out. This done, instead of signing it, 'Major Puff,' I sign it 'A Naval Officer;' and then our readers say 'Bless me, look

here's an impartial person, a third party come forward to corroborate!' Oh sir, I assure you there's no periodical going to be compared to the 'Blunderbuss Journal.' We're up to all the manœuvres of literary folks, high and low;— and, would you believe it? the whole affair is got up by myself, Captain Bombast, and Mr. Smug—not another writer! WE write all the letters, all the reviews, reports—WE write every thing, sir! The higher flights of fancy we take out of the captain's log-book, mixing together a day out of one year, and a day out of another, to make a little variety; and then his signature's so good always! One month '*An Officer of Rank!*' then another, '*A Companion of the Bath!*' a third, '*An Admiral of the White!*'— a most incomparable writer—a'nt you Captain?"

“ Nay now, Puff, you really ought to make me blush! though if the truth must be told, my father always said that I had a wonderful knack at getting up a good story out of wonderfully small materials; and this praise was confirmed even by the natives of the Longbow islands. In fact,—though to be sure I feel some bashfulness in relating it— one of the chiefs compared the flights of my ima-

gination to the flight of an arrow from which the vile barb has been taken away."

"As much as to say," interrupted Nathaniel, "that your productions were without point, and laid their claim to praise by possessing the stiffness of a stick, with the garnish of a goose's feather. As to your criticism, the only truth that can be gathered from your account is, that not one word of what you put forth is to be believed."

"Oh sir! I beg your pardon. You mistake, sir. Now I'll let you into a secret by which you may tell the true character of any book from any review. Whenever you see a work excessively extolled by a particular reviewer, for instance such jargon as 'out of sight the best book that has appeared for years,' &c. suspect that the critic has some interest at heart which dictates his praises. On the contrary, when you see a work excessively abused, without any extracts being brought forward sufficient to sustain the abuse, or any commendation being given to qualify it—more especially when you see the words, ass, blockhead, fool, blackguard, terms much in use with us critics nowadays, introduced—then you may always conclude that there is some sterling stuff in the work reviewed,

and ten to one but the reviewer himself, and perhaps some of his friends are touched up in it. The test of an impartial and true criticism is, that however high the praise, the faults—and the best productions must have some—are not studiously hid, and *vice versâ*, that however great the blame, the redeeming qualities are not artfully kept back or disallowed. The dullest trash must somewhere possess these, and the only exception is the vicious book, and no good critic ever blamed the former with anger; or the last, except with the stern but cool reprobation of virtuous disgust. Therefore the cunning critic who is up to snuff, and wants to damn a book beyond all redemption, calls it vicious, though perhaps at the same time he knows that there's no more vice in it than there is in his father's pocket-book, and perhaps not half so much."

We are told that even the devil himself can at times grace his conversation with texts from Scripture, so even Puff in the present instance had spoken what was true and just; and other conversation succeeding, the hour arrived for their last meal.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive that the slight morsel thus afforded to people

almost famishing from hunger, and but so lately in the possession of the strong appetites of health, was but a poor substitute for their usual food. The dinner, if such it might be called, passed quickly, and evening gradually closed in around them. Not the slightest zephyr afforded its cool breath to fan the burning wave on which all the red glories of a dying sun were now gorgeously emblazoned. The swell had gradually subsided, their boat rolled gently along the crimsoned waters without any perceptible progress. The vault of heaven was cloudless, except in the west, where the thin filmy fleeces that waited on the departing luminary decomposed his rays, and formed the 'dying dolphin'* of the sky.

In hours such as these, when nature and her God so clearly assert their majesty, let our ills be what they may, they fade away and lessen before the contemplation of grandeur, over which man has control neither to diminish nor increase. The First Great Cause seems to use the scenes of beauty around us as a magnet by which our souls are abstracted from things of less attraction around, and drawn toward Himself, to partake in a slight

* "Dies like a dolphin."—CHILDE HAROLD.

degree of that immortality which is one of His greatest attributes.

Situated as our unfortunate friends were, with hope expiring in their bosoms as each quick moment winged its noiseless flight, it is scarcely to be wondered at, that they should view the scene with the most peculiar feelings. The ordinary means of life were cut off from them—a horrible and lingering death perhaps awaited them, and that close at hand. Besides these reflections there were others producing scarcely less pain in the breast of Charlotte, and more especially in that of Margarita. What would be the torturing suspense of the Port Admiral, knowing that their purpose was to have returned before sunset of the preceding day? Perhaps he already mourned them as dead, and consigned as victims to the gale of yesterday, those dear relations over whom a far worse fate was impending.

Little was said, until the purple disk of the sun had dipped its burning circle in the western wave. Rapidly it sank, leaving a long train of light and glory in the skies, whose vividness and beauty waned as swiftly as the brightest or dearest of human visions.

To increase their distresses, the seamen, emboldened by the absence of their proper officer, as well as by the incapacity already displayed by Bombast, began to murmur openly and shew signs of a mutinous disposition. On this the Marvellous Captain attempted to reduce them to obedience, but was openly laughed at, and Nathaniel seconding him, got into such a passion as made matters worse. In this emergency, Margarita interposed, and by her conciliating firmness and mild expostulation, pointed out to them the madness of such a proceeding.

Her arguments had considerable effect upon the thoughtless men, who had murmured as much from a want of consideration as any thing else, and then greatly influenced by persuasions coming from such a quarter, they gradually followed her advice; some tried to amuse themselves, and others went to sleep. In such a case as this, where the legal authority had been unluckily lost, or I ought rather to say surreptitiously usurped, it was only this sort of moral influence that could weigh with them. When death approaches, the sway of man over fellow man is lost; the magic and cherished influence of woman doubled: over

the minds of sailors her reign is more complete than over the minds of any class of men existing. Of this Margarita was aware; she acted upon it and gained her point, and fortunate it was that she was present, for to such an end, Charlotte was unequal, and Lady Sapphira unfit. After contemplating the extreme beauty of the night for some time, the sail was once more spread as an awning, and they prepared to go to sleep as on the preceding evening.

Every one was aware that in all probability their existence depended on a breeze springing up on the morrow, and for this blessing few slumbered that evening without breathing a fervent prayer. Often through that feverish night, did individuals of the little party wake up, inquiring, "Is there any breeze yet?" "Still dead calm!" was the sorrowful answer, when the expectant inquirer having satisfied his own eyes, laid down his exhausted body, and tried to lull with sleep, a frame which vehemently craved for food. "Perhaps the breeze would spring up at midnight?" The last hour arrived, but the ocean slept far more tranquilly than could those who watched over it! Then came those quick breathings of

apprehension succeeded by an effort of Reason to regain her reins over the agitated mind, and recall Hope to her empire over their hearts. "Perhaps between twelve and four the desired change in the atmosphere might take place?" Four came—and all was motionless as a calm could be. Light was dawning in the east—once more the lingering trembler caught at the faint probability that with the rise of the sun, the dull air might quicken into life.

Slowly did that luminary beam upon the sunken eye, and commence its career of splendour, as if no one of its many million rays could light upon a single scene of wretchedness! Not a ripple broke the lucid reflection of his resplendent image.

"Well then," said the watcher, "perhaps when he has gained a little height in his course? I recollect often to have seen a calm give way about eight o'clock."

Eight—nine—ten—eleven—were the hours successively pointed out by the minute-hands on their watches; yet their parched lips and fainting frames were still as unrefreshed by the slightest wave of the air as on the preceding day, while the fervent heat of the sun beating on their heads,

augmented their distress to a dreadful degree. It was now evident to all human appearance that the calm would continue throughout that day at least.

“How are we to reach its close?” was the question asked of self by every sufferer.

The night of apprehension and anxiety which they had past, the slight quantity of food that had afforded them its sustenance, all contributed to bring on a state of lassitude and faintness that was truly wretched to witness, while the contemplation of the results to which it might lead, were still more horrible. Want and misery were pictured in the glances of all as they sat opposite to one another, each commiserating the hollow cheek, the frayed lip, and the fevered glow of eye in the countenances around. . On what could they exist? There was nothing left saving a little brandy and one breaker of water, holding about nine gallons, as precious as any liquid could be, and to which the title of *aqua vitæ* would then have been no misnomer. Yet what was this for fourteen persons? Again, supposing that the breeze did spring up, could they fast that day and night and the succeeding hours necessary

for their getting into Plymouth, and yet expect to survive? The idea seemed hopeless, as was every other view of their situation: death was staring them in the face, and the most resigned prepared to meet it, while the others broke out into deep and bitter execrations, and showed all the agony of creatures struggling in the waters of a cataract that was fast sweeping them to its falls.

What in this tremendous hour were the feelings of poor Charlotte? Her sufferings were tenfold! She viewed herself as the thoughtless being through whose means this hideous fate had been brought on so many of her fellow creatures! She imagined that every countenance around her, wrung with pain and privation, and but too distinctly revealing the ravages of suffering within, was turned reproachfully on her, and in each glaring orb that glistened through want of aliment, she could only behold the scowl of vindictiveness and revenge. Then she thought of what would have been the result, had not her sister prevented her from disclosing the inconsiderate trick! Picturing to herself in a thousand horrid shapes the vengeance which she thought they would have

inflicted upon her, she reclined her head upon Margarita's bosom, and wept in agony.

This emotion being attributed by those around, to extreme privation, tended not a little to augment their distress at beholding misery which they were unable to alleviate, and which it might so shortly be their own lot to encounter, such commiseration being increased to intensity by her beauty, the knowledge of her extreme warmth and kindness of heart, as well as their being usually accustomed to behold her all gaiety and liveliness. Margarita, though almost sinking herself, knew what it was that weighed so heavy on her sister's spirits, and did every thing in her power to console her. As, however, Charlotte's mental powers of sustentation had given way as much through sympathy with her physical deprivations as from any other cause, argument could go but a very short way in relieving her. It was now noon, and the sea was still as ever. Their sufferings were increasing with every minute that brought them nearer to the dreadful alternative in view. Human nature seemed gradually to be losing her affinities, and man looked on man with an eye of hideous

meaning, as if their bodily wants had subdued each natural reluctance of the mind and the forbearance with which we in general behold our fellow-creatures. Saving an occasional whisper or remark, scarcely a word was spoken.

The individual who seemed to bear this starvation best, was Nathaniel. Absorbed in his own thoughts, his only effort at speaking was when he addressed a few words of consolation to his nieces, which he frequently did, after his own style; and the chief part of his pain seemed to arise from the contemplation of Margarita's placid countenance, where the flesh was already sinking and displaying through its alabaster transparency the maze of little blood-vessels that ramified beneath.

From his affectionate scrutiny, the calmness of her deportment, and assumed tranquillity, failed to mask the insidious vampire preying on her life-blood. He held her already attenuated hand in his, muttering from time to time, "Dearest Margiée! thou art surely suffering."

Let the extremity, however, be what it may, it is seldom that man's wit is utterly unable to alleviate his distress. In the present instance, after suffering for some time the pangs that attacked

them both from within and without, the seamen thought of fishing, and managed to rig out two lines and catch a hake, a common fish in that part of the Channel. They now found out that they had no means of lighting a fire; the only resource was to consume it without cooking, and as their booty was of some size, their joy was excessive.

Margarita and Charlotte alone were unable to partake of the blessing which afforded its relief to the others; to the entreaties of Puff, Bombast, and the sophisms of Lady Sapphira they were equally deaf, and begged that it might not again be mentioned to them—they preferred starvation. As their objections seemed insuperable, the rest of the party proceeded to divide the fish into lots, though their happiness was much damped by the knowledge that the two most to be pitied could not share it with them.

No sooner did the chaplain perceive that all the party were served, than he turned towards his nieces, whose faces were averted from the shocking scene, and said, with a feigned air of recollection, “ Now I think of it, dear Girls, there is my share of yesterday’s pasty still untouched—you shall dine on that. It grieves me to see you starv-

ing when every one else is comforting himself!" and taking the key of the after locker from his pocket, he produced the dish containing his share of the venison pasty, which the generous but rough and eccentric chaplain had forborne to eat himself on the day before, in order that he might reserve it for the coming necessity of her he loved so warmly.

Up to this moment Margarita had controlled her emotions. She had struggled manfully with the pangs that had assailed her, nor had she struggled in vain, and the proof of feminine weakness which personal privation had been unable to wring from her, this touching mark of tenderness at once drew forth. Grasping his hand, she said, "My dearest uncle, what must you not have suffered, without food since the morsel of yesterday morning?"

"Take it, dear Child; the joy of having it to give to you more than takes away my sufferings. Besides, you know that in ordinary life I never indulge in spirit, so the brandy and water has been a cordial to me." Charlotte could say nothing, but her gratitude was not the less apparent to her warm-hearted relative. As for the sailors, they were so much affected at this instance of self-

sacrifice and devotion, that they at once insisted on his accepting the two shares that had been put aside for his nieces. Here Puff and Bombast looked up with the fond hope that he would give to them a portion of such a superabundance ; but they were disappointed, since the old gentleman allowed the desirable *morceaux* to remain beside him, while with a half reluctant physiognomy he consumed his own share.

It was now five o'clock, and two teaspoonsful of brandy having been served out to each individual with a due proportion of water, they prepared to take their rest once more. The timely succour which had been afforded to them, had raised their spirits in an unexpected degree, and they prepared to fast until the morning, with a resignation unknown to them before.

Slight as the morsel was which Nathaniel had so generously saved, yet to such delicate appetites as those of the two sisters, it proved almost as much as they might have dared to eat in their present state. It was therefore with far more tranquil feelings that they beheld the sun once more sinking into the amber waves, which his occidental splendour illumined.

CHAPTER VII.

“ Cease every joy to glimmer on my mind,
But leave, O ! leave the light of Hope behind.”

CAMPBELL.

As Margarita placidly contemplated the still scene around, and watched the young moon rising in the east, she recalled that evening, when on the terrace of her happy home she had witnessed a similar scene ; more beautiful certainly, but far less grand than now, when the first quarter of the pale planet was glowing tremblingly in the firmament, and reflected with the utmost brilliancy from the glittering and boundless expanse surrounding them. Yet it was not nature or her charms which encircled that recollection with so much tenderness and pleasure. No—she was unconsciously imaging to herself the dark features of him whose voice she had that night heard for the first time in song ! A thousand singular conjectures and ideas came mingled with the remembrance of him ;

but none of them served to elucidate the mystery with which he appeared to be enshrouded, and while she mutely wondered whether he really loved her sister, she was in reality examining if he loved herself.

When love *first* comes upon the heart, we are partly unaware of its approach, and partly determined not to be sensible of it; and thus Margarita warmly nursed the early germs of a passion which, had she known herself, she would instantly have discountenanced from principle. So strict was she in the habit of the last virtue, that no sacrifice was in her view too great to be offered to it. After the conversation held with Charlotte, she would readily have given up her own affections to this feeling.

The morning dawned once more, but it was like the one which preceded, brilliant but calm. With renewed hope they had recourse to their lines, but no success attended their labours. Evening came round, and all that they possessed to sustain their famishing frames were the two extra portions which the crew had given to Nathaniel, and which he now restored to them. This dreadfully scanty pittance having been eked out with

a few drops of brandy and water, the crew sought repose. As for Margarita and her sister, this, to them nauseous potation, was all that they were able to take.

Scarcely had they swallowed their teaspoonful of brandy and half a pint of water, when the heavy clouds that had been gradually gathering overhead during the afternoon, began to discharge their contents on the heads of the ill-fated party below, as if death, before he pounced upon his prey, must needs enjoy the utmost possible extent of their misery. Having secured the sail which served for an awning, in such a manner as to catch the rain that fell on it, the men quietly awaited the issue of the day.

The hopes of the morning, where had they fled? There was the sea, air, sky, the same Providence ruled over the last, the same elements of the breeze remained in the second, nor were the tenants of the first less numerous or more shy; yet the hearts that but a few hours since had viewed this same situation with the light feelings of men confident in a speedy deliverance, now looked forth upon the scene with the phrenzy of despair or the savage recklessness of men doomed

to perdition. Yet of all amid the groupe, none could have excited such feelings of compassion as the fair twins.

In the face of Charlotte famine and mental agony were both visible, as she sat leaning her arm on her sister's shoulder, while the tears slowly coursed one another over cheeks whose beauty was almost scared away. In Margarita's countenance, however, the expression seemed almost as tranquil and gentle as in her hours of ease, but it was the sharp prominent lines around the blue orbits of her sunken eyes, the thin nostril, the wasted cheek and lips, and the fair chin whose usual roundness had vanished, that informed the beholder of the anguish disguised under so much seeming equanimity. As for Lady Sapphira, she appeared most to resemble a leathern bottle, the which, as it is not much increased by any soaking, neither is it to be diminished by any process of evaporation. To the heart of Nathaniel, the deplorable and fast sinking state of his nieces, gave the utmost anguish. Yet what was it in his power to effect?

The fourth morning at last arrived, and the unbroken smoothness of the wave was now viewed

with a sullen rage and despair. Both party and crew had the appearance of spectres, but the poor sisters looked wretched indeed! It was scarcely possible to imagine that one night could have effected so lamentable a change. Charlotte was speechless, her dull eye, secluded within its lid, seemed oppressed with a deathlike torpor, and the first approaches of inanition were plainly visible. Margarita still bore up against the cruel destiny to which she was exposed, and her voice though excessively languid, yet retained its native plaintiveness and melody.

To the reiterated entreaties of her uncle that she would partake of the miserable food they had to offer, she replied, by firmly begging him not to mention what pained her more than all the pangs of starvation. But a few teaspoonsful of brandy remained, and they were cheerfully given up by the crew to the dreadful extremities of those whose sufferings naturally excited their pity in a pre-eminent degree. Having administered to their wants as far as the dreadful occasion permitted, the rest of the party felt themselves doomed to the still worse lot of witnessing the last expiring agonies of those they loved—of two young beings

whose appearance at once excited that interest which their virtues maintained. After receiving the spirit, they appeared to rally; then as its excitement subsided, a cold shivering crept over them, and a twitching of the limbs became apparent, accompanied by a violent ague.

“ Wrap me from the cold!” comprised the only faint words which Margarita was now able to utter, while Charlotte, whose voice was entirely gone, could shew by the movement of the features alone, the agonies which she was enduring. Despite Nathaniel’s stoicism, the tears ran down his withered cheek, as he frantically folded Margiée to his heart and pressed her bloodless lips to his, ejaculating, “ Dearest child! that thou shouldst ever have come to this!” and again administering to them two teaspoonsful of brandy, he proposed wrapping their feet in a boat-cloak and laying them down in the bottom of the boat.

“ Here, your Honour, take my jacket,” unani-
mously murmured each of the sailors, in voices thick from emotion; and in an instant the whole of their eight coats were thrown into the steerage, to form a bed for the poor dying girls, and not a heart among that rude crew but felt agonies, if possible,

surpassing theirs. On the moment, Nathaniel stripped off his own, and insisted on the same from Bombast and Puff, who thought fit to comply with the request, after having mutually asked each other in an indistinct grumble, whether "they might not catch cold?"

"' *Mors janua vitæ.*' We ought to be very thankful that we have held out so long!" soliloquized Lady Sapphira in an under tone.

The remains of the tattered mainsail being folded under their heads as a pillow, with some of the jackets, the remainder were kept to spread over their boat-cloak. The poor sisters were then gently laid together between, with the faint hope of preserving for a little space to come, that vital spark that was so near its melancholy extinction.

Hope appeared to have taken her final departure. Garnet mechanically drew up the lines one after another, but so little did he expect to find any fish taken, that the failure excited little disappointment. The men lay down on the deck to die, motionless from exhaustion, or momentarily starting as some pang more keen than the rest shot through their agonized frames. The party sat watching with dimmed eyes and bursting

hearts, those two dear forms at their feet, while their scorched lips mutely moved in prayer, which they had not the faith to think would be granted. The tardy hour of noon had at length dragged itself on, and the only sustenance now left to the famishing party was a draught of water, while the remaining brandy, amounting in all but to three teaspoonsful, was divided and poured down the almost inanimate throats of the expiring twins.

CHAPTER VIII.

“ ——— The soft warm hand of youth
Recalled their answering spirits back from death,
————— and soothed
Each pulse to animation.”

BYRON.

SENSE already appeared to have taken its final flight, though the vital powers were not quite extinct. They took no notice of the brandy being given to them, nor betrayed signs of life, further than by a slight gurgling sound that announced the extreme difficulty of deglutition.

Nathaniel, on seeing this, knelt down by their side in an agony of woe. Bending his face near theirs to catch the slightest indication of the quickened spirit, he remained motionless for several minutes. Not the faintest breath was distinguishable. Not the slightest degree of warmth seemed to issue from those lovely lips, once ex-

pressing the tenderest emotions of joyousness or sympathy, compassion, sorrow, or regret, now alas! thinned by famine and all but rigid, under the stern obstructing hand of death.

Wringing his hands in despair, he gazed upon their still symmetrical figures, and while his tears dropped burning on their chilly and pallid brows, he supplicated Heaven that such a fate might not be consummated. The paroxysm passed; and as he once more looked down upon them, the harsh lines of his countenance relaxing, evinced more resignation to the heart-rending doom. Taking up one of the small feathers lying near him, he held it to their lips, but it was unmoved. Those who watched his face at this moment, might have seen the evidences of the anguish that wrung his heart. Passing his hand across his brow, as if debating what could be done, he remained standing for a few seconds, while his vacant eye wandered involuntarily along the horizon. "Surely that is a gull?" he remarked to Garnet, suddenly pointing out a white speck at some distance. "Oh if it would please the Lord that we might catch it!"

"A gull, your Honour?" said the seaman, scruti-

nizing. "That—that—that is—Good God"——

"Are you ill, Garnet?" quickly inquired the Chaplain with much alarm, putting forth his arm to support the agitated seaman, who could only reply, as he sank upon the deck, "The Lord has sent us a sail at last!"

"*A sail!*" repeated Nathaniel, staring wildly, and scarcely less moved than the other.

"*A sail!*" reechoed ten voices in tones discordant with joy, when the nimblest remaining among them climbed up the mast, and not only confirmed their conjectures, but reported that she was bringing a fine breeze down to them, since he could see it rippling the surface for a mile on either side of her.

Who can conceive all the joy of the sufferers at this moment? Alas! only those who have experienced a similar reprieve, from a death equally horrid. Perhaps these also can imagine the bitter grief of Nathaniel as he recurred to his nieces, and the overwhelming idea that possessed him, that their spirits might have fled beyond recall. It was indeed a maddening reflection, that they, by whom the pangs of privation had been most deeply felt, should be the only individuals

for whom deliverance was not reserved; that they whom beauty, youth, and virtue, most fitted to enjoy and to delight the world, should be the selected victims to whose bright eyes its fading glories were never more to be unfolded!

“Had I only but another teaspoonful of brandy?” muttered the kind Chaplain, clasping his hands, then adding in a less nervous tone, “But it is not for me to complain. He who sends life into the mighty elements, can surely prolong, or even revive it in His helpless children.” Once more kneeling down by their side, he pulled out his hunting-watch — then but lately invented, and only used among the rich — and having opened and wiped the inside of the bright gold lid, he held it over the parched lips of Margarita. The anxiety with which he tremblingly kept it in its position, gave way to a look of extreme happiness, as he beheld the vapour which dulled the polish of the gold. On the instant he repeated the same experiment with Charlotte, and though with less success, there was still sufficient to warrant the hope that all was not yet over. The tears which had formerly flowed from excess of misery, were now succeeded by those of extravagant delight,

mingled with the most sacred drops of gratitude, and few were the moistless eyes which that boat contained.

On their first discerning the approaching sail, they had hoisted a small union-jack made fast to a boat-hook, which the man at the mast-head was to wave. In addition to this, they luckily possessed an ensign which they now displayed upside-down, the signal of distress. Half an hour had elapsed, since the stranger was first descried; owing to their being so low on the water, she was then only seven miles distant, and by this time the space separating the vessels was no more than two miles.

The lighter airs preceding the greater body of the breeze, began at length to unfold their ensign, on perceiving which, the stranger instantly crowded all his studding sails and came gallantly on, under a press of canvass below and aloft. The men now standing on the deck could behold several little specks in the rigging of the stranger, who were in their turn reconnoitring our friends with glasses. She approached them now with vast rapidity, and as the waves curled in foam under her fore-foot, she appeared more like a native of the element

over which she shot along, and coeval in her origin with the monsters of the deep, than a mere thing of art, and the creation of the pigmy who rules a world, beside the paltriest feature of which he is utterly insignificant. But no, I will not record such a sentence—man has mind and to that incomprehensible essence it is in vain that nature would endeavour with her mightiest barriers to set one limit or effectual bound!

“What is he think you, Jack?” asked one of the sailors of Garnet.

“Faith, boy! I can’t tell,—she hoists no ensign; but this I know, she’s a ship, and if she were the Dutchman, I’d go aboard of her!”

“Well but how is it that she doesn’t shorten sail? She comes tearing along right for us, and for anything we know, she may be a Johnny Crappo going to run us down.”

Indeed there was some slight ground for such an apprehension, since the stranger was within the distance of a quarter of a mile, steering directly for our little bark, at the rate of some ten miles an hour. In an instant, and with the celerity of magic, the whole mass of sail was reduced, shewing a small but beautifully formed vessel, with

three masts, at some two hundred yards distance. Though her velocity was thus diminished, it was far from destroyed, and while the cry of horror at being run down was yet upon the lips of our friends, the stranger had sheared their boat sufficiently close to allow the leap of a young man, from the stranger's taffrail, upon their cuddy, while the stranger rounded to under their stern, and shot up a-head to windward on the other bow. On recovering from their apprehension, our friends looked up, and beheld in their deliverer the person of Captain Croiser !

He neither saw nor addressed any of his former acquaintance, now pouring forth their thanks around him—he only beheld the sad spectacle which the bottom of the boat displayed to his view. The silent agony which he endured, I leave to the imagination of those who have intensely loved. He stood as if suddenly arrested in his leap, and while excessive agitation gave him no words for utterance, he pointed towards the sadly altered form of Margarita, and shaking his hand with impatience, mutely demanded an explanation of what he saw.

Those around him seemed scarcely less as-

tounded than himself, and they remained as silent, when putting forth an arm at random to catch the support of the nearest person, and tottering one step forward, he said in a quick broken voice—"They have been starved!"

"Why," replied the Chaplain, who still remained kneeling at their side and chafing their temples, "you may judge for yourself, but at least they very soon will be—seeing they have eaten no rational food for the last three days—if instant relief be not afforded to them."

"I thought so—I saw your ensign reversed—I recognized your face and Lady Sapphira, and I asked myself what could you be doing here"—then without waiting a reply, he instantly turned towards his vessel, and hailed "Tarpaulin ahoy! Lay your vessel gunwale-to—alongside here, and whip a cot out from your main-yard-arm! Quick, for your life!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" was the answer heard in the gruff voice of Nine-Fathom-Tim, whose bulky form, like a modern Ajax or a living Martello Tower, now upreared itself on the schooner's taffrail.

The fore and maintopsails being quickly sheeted

home, she was in a few seconds laid in the desired position, and her commander's cot suspended by a tackle from the main-yard, was lowered into the launch. Croiser lifting up Margarita in his arms, placed her carefully within the canvass couch, while Nathaniel and Puff being less strong, performed the same office for Charlotte. Having been gently hoisted in-board, Croiser followed with his hand still upon the cot, and giving it to six men to bear it aft upon their shoulders, the sky-lights were taken off from the cabin, and the exhausted sufferers warily lowered below.

“What's all this? what's all this, Croiser?” was quickly demanded in French, by an individual whom I have not time to describe at this moment, any further than by saying, that in person he was short and somewhat slight, that his very high and noble forehead was a natural patent of his soul's nobility; that his features were at once marked, decisive, full, and fair, and that an eagle might well have quailed before his piercing dark grey eye. His whole appearance and carriage were noble and commanding, and he trod as one unaccustomed to an equal, in intellect or rank.

“These are the daughters of the Port Admiral at Plymouth, Sir Richard Salisbury,” returned Croiser immediately, with the most marked deference: “it seems they set out on a party of pleasure, have been detained by a calm, and are nearly dead from famine.”

“Ah how shocking!” returned the Frenchman, involuntarily uttering an exclamation of pain as he clenched his little hands and contracted his brow at the bare imagination of the misery which they must have undergone. “Follow me, Croiser, let us see to them,” he added, rapidly making his way to the cabin below, while Croiser, having given a quick order to Tarpaulin to see every assistance rendered to the rest of the party, quickly descended to Margarita’s side. Feeling the delicacy of their situation, Croiser’s first care was to seek out Lady Sapphira as the only female on board, and beg her assistance.

“Dear me, Captain Croiser, I am dying myself! But it is very true—my nieces certainly —— but could you order me—I am so famished—to be sure, I say, I’ll see to them, but could you order me a lamb chop?—or maybe you’ve a nice cook—I

heard some people speaking French, so let it be a delicate *fricandeau de veau*. Where is poor Margiée? And by the bye, I should not dislike a glass of *eau de vie*, I know yours is the true Cognac."

"Yes, yes, my Lady, any thing—every thing; only for mercy's sake this way! Steward! brandy, and the best that you have to eat. This way Lady Sapphira, think while we delay, life may be lost!"

"Indeed—ne—ver—knew it! So here they are! Why bless me how ill they look still! Why what had better be done? Margarita! Charlotte! Why dear me they don't answer yet!"

"Tut—tut—tut," interrupted the Frenchman, whom we shall for the present call Monsieur Rannolini.—"Bah, Croiser! Ninny that thou art, to bring me this old fool! Send her away to her spinning-wheel—these things are only in the way in an emergency like this!"

"I brought her on account of her sex—as females ——"

"Truly! And which is the best; the delicacy that lets them die, or the attention that restores

them? You have studied a little of surgery—you are here as a surgeon—I as an old married man—Enough of that—let us be prompt; we want to recover the vital heat, do we not? Then where is my *eau de Dantzic*? and get the stove lit instantly, and order my cot here with half a dozen additional blankets; and above all, I say, beat that old woman's retreat!”

“I will, Monsieur. Steward! Quick—the *eau de Dantzic*! Light the fire, bring the other cot, take six or seven blankets out of store, and pass the word forward to heat a dozen shot, and as much water as possible. Now, Lady Sapphira, I dare say they have something ready for you, and perhaps——”

“Yes yes, exactly, perhaps I had better support myself with a little something at first, and then I shall be better enabled to assist you afterwards. Hah! there are Captain Bombast and his friend the Major! I'll join them, and then I shall be sure to be among the best that's going on.”

Croiser, having disposed of my Lady, quickly returned to the after-cabin, on the deck of which

the cot had been lowered. The Frenchman was on one knee, his expressive features lighted up with all the animation that bespoke the extreme energy of his character, only seen to its full extent in a moment of danger. He had succeeded in pouring a table-spoonful of the golden liqueur through their parched lips, and was now very busily employed in chafing the outside of Charlotte's throat with hartshorn, while on the other side of the cot was Nathaniel performing the same kind office for Margarita. Having instantly joined the latter, Croiser rendered every assistance in his power, with all that alacrity which love adds to compassion, and all the effectiveness which talent combined with ardour can produce.

Having brought forth all the stimuli which his small medicine-chest afforded, he set to work chafing their benumbed and delicate little feet, until returning warmth began to be exhibited. By this time the cannon shot were sufficiently heated, and each ball having been tied up in a piece of blanket, they were disposed at the various extremities where it was necessary to excite the circu-

lation. A very large kettle was then brought in and placed on the fire by Croiser's direction, and while M. Rannolini was inquiring for what use it was intended, his friend opened a case containing a very large and splendid Turkish hookhah-pipe. Tearing off the flexible tube from the cut glass bowl, Croiser affixed it to the spout of the cauldron whence the steam was issuing in volumes, and removing the amber mouth-piece introduced it into the foot of the cot, which was speedily filled by the boiling vapour thus communicated.

“Hah! that is admirable—that is clever!” quickly remarked M. Rannolini, his eyes sparkling at the ready invention of a temporary steam-bath, displaying the ingenuity so conspicuous in seamen. The good effects of these measures soon began to be made apparent; the pulsations of their young hearts, though low, could soon be plainly distinguished, a throbbing of the limbs succeeded to their former inanimate listlessness. Two table-spoonsful of the liqueur were now administered to each. The pulse at the wrist became perceptible once more, vital warmth could again be felt in their feet, and very shortly, to the

inexpressible joy of those who so tenderly watched over them, their features were agitated as if by the throes of returning sensibility.

Their exertions were, if possible, redoubled—no expedient was left untried, and the cot having been now filled with steam for some time, Croiser had recourse to Lady Sapphira again. Her ladyship was by this time, as she termed it, “much comforted,” and the necessity of the case being forcibly impressed upon her, she was begged to exert herself to the utmost, in disrobing her nieces of their damp garments, and transferring them to the heated woollens of the other cot prepared for the purpose.

Being left to herself, my Lady managed to effect this, much to the surprise and satisfaction of Croiser and Rannolini, and that in a shorter time than they had allotted. When admitted once more, they persevered in their former course, and by the application of fresh shot and repeated doses of the cordial, they had at length the supreme satisfaction of seeing these “sisters of the sea,” as Rannolini styled them, open their eyes.

With what rapture and transport did Croiser first gaze upon those light hazel orbs, which,

though sunk and dimmed, yet contained for him expression beyond all utterance—that expression which he could have wished to study and peruse for ever. They opened, and then their long silken lashes closed once more, as if to shut out the beams whose first radiance was as yet too strong for them. Again they were unclosed, and as Croiser whispered gently in her ear, “Margarita!” and bending near, seemed to drink with delight her first returning breath of life, her faithful memory recognized her deliverer, while her gentle and half conscious smile more than repaid him.

As returning consciousness grew more evident, a perception of where she was, and who surrounded her, drew the banished blood back to her cheek, still her voice was too faint to admit of any distinct articulation. Croiser, seeing her confusion, instantly withdrew to the other side to see how Charlotte fared. As the latter had been less able to support it throughout, her recovery was somewhat slower. The moment was however patiently waited for, and every advantage taken of it. On her recognizing Croiser, her surprise seemed greater, and her acknowledgments as warm as Margiée’s,

though not so grateful to his heart. By nine o'clock that night all danger was considered as past, and Croiser therefore lost no time in putting four of his men into the launch, and sending her back to Plymouth, to announce to Sir Richard Salisbury, the recovery of his daughters, and their immediate arrival within a day or two.

The wind was at that time fair, but the Pearl, (for to this name Croiser had, since his acquaintance with Margarita, changed the appellation of his vessel,) being brought-to to prevent her rolling before the wind and affecting his fair patients, was stationary for the night. Scarcely, however, was the launch fairly on her way, than he felt almost tempted to call her back, under the idea that he should reach the port before her. "But let her take her chance, it's just as well," thought he, "she must have had the hands* in her to take her back, and I have no occasion for her keeping company."

One half of the cabin, including the fire-place, being screened off for the patients, Croiser and Nathaniel kept watch alternately outside, and were unremitting in their attention. A long and placid

* The men are often termed "hands."

slumber succeeded their restoration to life. Soothingly did each long drawn breath fall on the ear of the young watcher, and if he stole to take a glance of her who slept, more frequently than her existence absolutely demanded, we must remember that the soft spell of her loveliness was thrown around his heart, and drew him towards her with a delightful and natural attraction.

When morning came, they were at length able to speak, and express those feelings of joy and gratitude which had before found no interpreter but the eye. Even already they began to lose that spectral appearance which they had so lately worn. With Charlotte's senses, returned her flow of spirits, and having inquired whether Lady Sapphira had gone off with the marvellous Captain to the Longbow Islands, she requested leave to get up. This request it was thought proper to deny for the present. On inquiring what was the state of the weather, and learning that it was a calm, they showed even here, when surrounded by every comfort and security, some slight return of that dread with which it had so lately and so awfully inspired them.

Sir Richard Salisbury, having at an early period

of his life spent two years in a French prison, had become thoroughly acquainted with the language, and his subsequent career proved it to be of so much use that it was one of the first accomplishments in which his daughters were instructed; despite of his thorough-British hatred of every thing and person that might, however remotely, be styled Gallic.

Monsieur Rannolini no sooner beheld the full dark laughing eye of Charlotte, than he acknowledged its power. Her knowledge of his language, at that time not so general among us as at present, greatly added to this effect, and on the second day, when she was enabled to rise and converse with him, her sprightliness and good temper completed the conquest which her beauty had begun; and for M. Rannolini, he was most attentive.

His busy life having hitherto passed almost solely among men, and his genius and feelings having led him to take the van in the perilous strife of his fellow-creatures, he had enjoyed but little opportunity for cultivating any particular predilection for the gentler sex. To Charlotte the novelty of his acquaintance, the vast fund of informa-

tion which he possessed, the various countries he had seen, his commanding look and manner, all had their charm; and if at first she thought of Croiser, she beheld him so taken up with Margarita that her scruples vanished, and she determined to enjoy the delights of a new flirtation. Nathaniel, delighted at the restoration of his nieces, relapsed into his usual state of reverie, and walked the deck or read a book, while Lady Sapphira entered into much edifying converse with the marvellous Captain and the wonderful Major.

“The Pearl of the Ocean” seemed indeed no unapt name for Croiser’s vessel, since she was fitted up with every care for her men, and every luxury for her commander. Her original destiny appeared to have been different from the end which she now answered, since besides the two state cabins, the length of which extended from side to side, her steerage was fitted with four additional berths of much less proportions. At this juncture they proved most useful. M. Ranolini occupied one, and Croiser, Nathaniel, and Bombast, the others, while Puff was but too happy to get a hammock. One of these small cabins belonged to the mate, Nine-Fathom-Tim,

“but,” said he, “I scorns to be stowed away in a coffin, afore ould death’s knocked the breath out of my body.”

The present state of the weather, which still continued calm, was the only thing which detracted from their happiness. The person who appeared to bear this delay with the least resignation was Rannolini. To him not even the sprightly converse of Charlotte could reconcile such a procrastination. Often, when walking the deck with her, he would suddenly pause, and looking forth upon the imperturbed waters, he would stamp his foot with impatience, exclaiming, “Bah! Is not this annoying? Fortune, thou hast not used me kindly! Croiser, can we do nothing? Nothing to get on, till this provoking wind comes?”

“Nothing Gen” ——, Crosier would reply very respectfully—then correcting himself—“Nothing at all, M. Rannolini!”

“Is it not annoying?” the other would continue, turning to Charlotte.

“No,” replied the latter, unaccustomed to see such slight store set on her society. “I think you ought to consider yourself very well off. If it were not that the daring in your countenance

proves you to belong to the nation of Buonaparte, I should say, from your want of gallantry, that you were no Frenchman!"

"Ah, that Buonaparte!" interrupted Rannolini, his eyes sparkling at the mention of the name. "*Apropos* of him. What a pretty fellow he is! What a charlatan!"

"'A charlatan,' you ungrateful creature? You a Frenchman, and speak in that way of a man who has made your nation every thing? Whose genius has not only saved you from foreign dominion, but raised France to her former state as one of the first nations in the world! *You* to call him a charlatan? Why if it had not been for him, you would have been cutting one another's throats in Paris till this very hour! 'A charlatan!' I declare I won't walk an instant longer with you—I idolize him!" As she said this, the spirited girl withdrew her arm from Rannolini, and ran away to another part of the deck.

"Forgive me then, my fair censor!" said he, following her, "I did not expect to meet with such admiration of the French Consul in an English-woman!"

"What then, do you suppose the English

cannot admire what is great, if it happens to bestow its splendour the other side of Dover Straits? Do you think that twenty-one miles ought to make such a difference? No indeed! I shall have nothing to say to you, unless you confess that my idol is a perfect hero, and the greatest man living!”

“Nay then, if that really be the case, I must confess that I was joking, since I have the honour of knowing General Buonaparte.”

“Have you? Then do tell me all about him. I should so like to see him! Where is he now?”

“I cannot name the exact spot. When I left Paris, he had just departed on a visit to the coast, and various rumours were afloat. Some affirmed his visit to be a preparatory step to his landing in England.”

“Do you think that he’ll come? Oh how I should like to see such a hero! Now you’re a dear man—I’ll give you my arm again! Tell me—describe him to me—tell me every thing that you know about him.” And Charlotte as eagerly seized his arm now, as she had before been hasty in relinquishing it.

Rannolini, on his part, seemed to take particular

pleasure in fulfilling her request, and while he gave her his support, he related the scene which had so lately taken place at a grand levée of the First Consul, when the last individual openly rebuked Lord Whitworth for the suspicions which the King's Speech contained. He then proceeded to describe very minutely, the private habits of Napoleon, the manner and person of Josephine, of whom he spoke most favourably. He also gave a description of the state of Paris and Parisian society at that moment; the feelings of the people relative to the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens; the general enthusiasm of the army; the rumours as to what were the steps most likely to be pursued by the modern Cæsar, and many other little pieces of information which perfectly delighted the volatile Charlotte.

Dazzled—as indeed who might not be?—by the halo which his genius had cast around him, to the highly susceptible mind of Charlotte, the character of Napoleon appeared truly heroic; despite of the atrocious calumnies which at that time unjustly blotted his name. Her enthusiasm leading her to believe that all these reports were exaggerated, the actual shade which they flung upon his

fame, only served to heighten her admiration of the daring chief of the French republic.

The reader, after this, may readily conceive her delight at meeting with one who could give her so many of those details which she longed to hear ; and in the height of the feeling which these excited, she asked whether it was not possible to put back to France—from which the Pearl had only started the day before their providential rencontre—and by going to Paris, get a sight of her favourite. Rannolini starting at this proposition, smiled at her wild romance, and assured her that it was impossible, just as she had recollected herself sufficiently to call to mind the distress in which the good old Port Admiral must be, until their safe arrival.

They had now been on board four days. Their health had become rapidly re-established, and every one was longing for a termination of the calm. During its continuance, they breakfasted at eleven, amused themselves throughout the day by conversation, chess, and backgammon, until dinner at four.

Rannolini always rose quickly from this meal, without sitting over the dessert, saying, “ Come,

Croiser, let us take a walk;" they then paced the deck for an hour. In these walks he was very fond of leaning on the young captain's shoulder—presently he would pause, crossing his arms on his breast, and if out of hearing, would give way with great volubility and slight occasional action to the developement of those gigantic plans on the execution of which they were both bent. Croiser listened with the most profound interest and respect, mingled with affectionate regard. Suddenly, Rannolini would end his disquisition with the rapid question, "You see that—eh?" and without waiting for an answer, would cross his hands behind him and walk on at Croiser's side, as if in intense thought. After a pause of some minutes, he would as suddenly look up with a smile of the utmost affability, and putting forth his hand gently pinch his young companion by the ear, and after addressing to him one or two playful remarks, turn round quickly, saying, "Come, Croiser, let us join the ladies at their *vingt et un*. They would descend to the cabin, where the rest of the party were sitting down to their coffee, and having partaken of this beverage, cards were

produced, at the especial desire of M. Rannolini, who seemed to take an unusual interest in this game.

He always persisted in sitting next to Charlotte, who was no way displeased at the court paid to her, and in return agreed to enter into partnership with him. This being arranged, their whole plan throughout the game was trying which could cheat to the greatest extent, with the least detection. This was exactly suited to Charlotte, and she accordingly took great delight in it. When the game was concluded, M. Rannolini restored and divided his winnings among the party, and the twins sang one or two songs, accompanying themselves on Croiser's guitar. Supper succeeded this part of the evening's entertainment, and the guests then retired for the night.

Among the many methods to which Rannolini had recourse for amusement, was that of talking to the seamen — Tarpaulin in particular, by means of Croiser's interpretation. In every thing relating to the sea or seamen, he seemed to take the greatest interest. He listened to their stories, entered into their jokes, and made them sing to him, with as much avidity as if he had understood their language. It so happened on one forenoon, that

he and Croiser were walking the quarter-deck, when they observed two of the sailors come up from below and go aft to Nine-fathom Tim, who was busily employed in superintending some work on the taffrail. Being within earshot, the officers listened and distinctly overheard this dialogue :

“ If you please, Mr. Tarpaulin,” said one of the seamen, touching his hat, “ here’s Dick and I come up to you, to sittle a little bit o’ a dispute a’tween us.”

“ Dispute, is it Bo? Then what the deuce d’ye bring it to me for? I’ll have nothing to do with it. Can’t ye clear away for a bend on the lower-deck, and fight it out in a quiet way as a Jack-Tar should, without coming up blethering and disputing like a couple of sea-lawyers?”

“ Oh, Mister Tarpaulin, you’ve got the bull by the wrong horn, and begging your pardon, it’s only that Dick and I have been having a little mess o’ chat about the Bible.”

“ The Bible?”

“ Ay, Sir, and I happening to say something concerning St. Paul, Dick would have it that he wasn’t an apostle.”

“ No more he wasn’t! Was he, Mr. Tarpaulin?”

“ ’Vast heaving, Dick, let me have my say out.

Well, Mr. Tarpaulin, I says, says I, 'Saint Paul was an apostle, and as you and I, Dick, can't come to any head on the matter, why we'd best step up and ask Mr. Tarpaulin,' says I, 'for he's sure to know all about them 'ere sort o' things.' So up we come, Mister Tarpaulin, and now I asks of you, Mr. Tarpaulin, whether I an't right—that St. Paul *was* an apostle?"

"Paul an apostle—Paul an apostle!" repeated Tim, two or three times, shaking his head in the greatest perplexity, "Um—Let me see—Dang it! You say he was an apostle, don't ye Bill?"

"Yes, Sir, I say he was an apostle."

"And you Dick, you say he *wasn't* an apostle?"

"Ay! just so, Mister Tarpaulin, and blow me if he was, either!"

"Well, and that's what I think, too, my lads," returned the sage umpire, puzzled beyond decision. "St. Paul—St. Paul! Why hang me if I recollect any thing about the lubber."

"Not recollect him, Mr. Tarpaulin?" inquired Bill, in astonishment and dismay. "Why don't ye call to mind there in the Acts, there's a chapter of regular log, and all concernin' him?"

"*Acts!*" Ugh! Now ye have it," gaily ex-

claimed Tim, "he might a' been an *acting* Apostle, but dash my wig if he was ever *rated*."

Had it not been for the remembrance of the Port Admiral's sufferings during this period of suspense, the sisters could scarcely have desired a more pleasant excursion. The cabins of the Pearl were fitted up with every luxury that the ingenuity of man had at that time invented for ships—no expense was spared. It was evident that the owner, under whose eye it had been furnished, was acquainted with oriental manners, by the profusion of silk and velvet ottomans which in every direction wooed the form to repose, as well as the Turkish pipes with their handsome amber mouth-pieces and gay-coloured cherry sticks, sabres, yataghans, a marble bath, and many other little things that bespoke the same delightful region to be their original clime.

Upon one of the tables stood a scent case, the cut-glass bottles of which bore the letter N upon them; it was also engraved on the golden top which protected the stopper. Going up to this case one evening after supper, when all beside himself and Croiser had retired, M. Rannolini took out one of the bottles, and after enjoying its exquisite per-

fume for a few moments, he handed it to Croiser, saying, "What think you of that, Croiser? Is it not delicious? How well I remember when I first had that scent! I got it at Milan after the preliminaries of Leoben were signed. We were then going to treat at Montebello. Beautiful spot, Montebello! It was ultimately signed at Passeriano. I took some of it with me to Egypt, and brought a little back with me, which I gave to a perfumer in Paris to analyse and make me a large quantity of the same. This is part of it. How should it be, Croiser? I scarcely can account for it; for me, memory scarcely has any stronger link than that which is instantly called up by any well-known perfume? Supposing I enter a room where there is any particular scent—if at any former period of my life I have ever met with it before, the very scene—the hour—the events passing—the people about me, all come back. They seem as vivid as though it spread a magic painting before the mind. For instance, when I first entered this cabin, I was thinking of nothing but our voyage, and the time it would occupy. There had been one of your Turkish pastiles burning, and there was

some otto on the table. Instantly I thought of Cairo!—There used very frequently to be a similar odour in one of the rooms at the palace of Elfy Bey. That Berthier too, the droll ninny! used to scent his chamber in that way. I mean the one devoted to his Madame Visconti. In an instant every scene in Egypt was before me! I fancied too I heard the chef d'état murdering his vowels as he came to tell me in his horrid guttural, previous to the march of the army against Djezzar, that he had relinquished his idea of running back to France. But he was a faithful creature!” and here Rannolini took a pinch of snuff and a stride across the cabin, as if there was much pleasure in the remembrance, as he continued, “and Junot too: Junot is faithful—he wants prudence. Lannes also is devoted and brave as a lion. So is Murat, and Ney, and Marmont—all good and true!” taking a pinch of snuff between each name. “But, poor Desaix! Even Marengo was dearly gained by his loss. However, to return; I never smell that scent without thinking of Milan, and Leoben, and Laybach, Campo Formio, and Passeriano. Ah! those were happy days! I was then in the first blush of success—but stay, the pear is

not yet ripe, Croiser! I've been thinking that there are no successes so dear as our first. We grow greater, our schemes are more noble—more vast. But then we lose that spring—that elasticity. In short, success has become second nature—we are hackneyed in it. Give it me again, Croiser—sweet perfume! Ah Milan! It was at Milan too that I saw Madame Grassini—but that was after Marengo. Poor Desaix! Was it not odd that Kleber was assassinated in Egypt on the same day that Desaix fell at Marengo? Strange! Had Kleber lived, France had retained Egypt; means should have been found to reinforce him, and if Desaix had lived, he would have had the army of Italy. Perhaps then we might, after the overthrow of Austria, have passed into Turkey, erected another empire, have crossed the Bosphorus through Asia, and established a line of communications from Paris to Cairo—think of that!!”

As Rannolini said this, he paused, and withdrawing his hands from behind him, took another pinch of snuff; and while his dark grey eyes sparkled at the stupendous conceptions in which he delighted to indulge, he stepped aside to an-

other table where lay materials for writing. Taking a sheet of paper and a pen, he said, "See here, Croiser. Here we are at Milan," drawing a map of the campaign from his own head as readily as if a chart, instead of a blank sheet of paper, had been before him. "Very good! we have Milan; then for our line of march we take Laybach, Austria being prostrate. Then we proceed on to Banjaluka, just within the boundary of Turkey—thence to Nissa, or perhaps Janova—from that to Adrianople—and in less than another week Turkey is ours, with the tricolour waving over the Seven Towers. Very good! Turkey is revolutionized—cross the Strait of Constantinople, and proceed to Iskniamid—say thence on to Angora, and from Angora to Aleppo. At Aleppo we should have time to pause. For see—by that time Kleber's reinforced army would have recrossed the desert once more from El Arish, by the old route through Gaza and Jaffa, carried Acre by storm—it would have been accomplished the first time, had not success made us overlook or rather despise our enemy,—and then Acre being stormed, and Djezzar's treasure seized, the Druses raised and armed, we should have

shaken hands at Aleppo! The choice and flower of the army would have been picked to remain at Aleppo; Kleber would have gone back to resume the command of whatever division of troops had been left to occupy Egypt against the English. Meanwhile they should all have set to work to recut the old canal at the Isthmus of Suez, and render the Red Sea navigable. A fleet from France might have manœuvred to gain it, as we did the Bay of Aboukir, without being surprised by the British. It should have been fortified impreguably, and by the time that fleet had navigated the Red Sea, passed the Straits of Babelmandel, and sailed in the direction of Bombay, the Grand Indian army would have left Aleppo, passed through Persia by permission from and treaty with the Shah, and penetrated Hindostan by Hyderabad, on the banks of the Indus, just as the French fleet had arrived off Cape Monze, to flank the march of the army by the coast, and aid it materially in the taking of Bombay. See you! that once accomplished, the Indian empire would belong to France. Her armies would then possess," counting on his fingers, "Austria, Italy, Turkey, Asia, Egypt, the greater part of Africa,

and the whole of Hindostan, with the exception of Persia, in one uninterrupted line of communication. Moreover, the Dardanelles being rendered impregnable with a line of forts, like those of Malta and Gibraltar, we should have defied the English there. Then Constantinople should have been an important arsenal and dock-yard; the ships built there would easily have beaten the Russian navy, and commanded the Black Sea. As well as being at hand to protect our Ionian Islands, we should have commanded the mouth of the Danube; that too might have been useful."

"But who would have had command of this colossal expedition? Who would have had the army of India?"

"Ah! that indeed is a consideration! That is a reflection that pains me! The First Consul could not have trusted himself so far from France as India. No, that would most likely have fallen on Desaix. Desaix had finer notions of true glory—would have sacrificed more for it than almost any general in France. Yes, I think he might have been successful. Our communications once established, with Aleppo for our pivot of operation between Damascus and Constantinople, the most

difficult part would have been accomplished. He might have fallen back on Aleppo; I should have seen them, at any rate, fairly across the Dardanelles, and then have returned by the same route to Paris; where by that time the conscriptions would have had an entire new army of the interior. If all was quiet and nothing menaced the European line of communication, and good news had been received of Desaix's progress, I might have posted back, so as to catch him entering Hindostan, in time to conduct the Indian campaign. The English once fairly driven into the sea, I should return to see what was wanting in Europe."

"What a gigantic campaign that would be!" said Croiser with a sigh, as he took up the plan, which the other had laid down.

"Gigantic?" Ah!" resumed Rannolini, as he took another pinch of snuff, and continued his walk with his hands behind him. "One—one such campaign as that, and even Alexander's would shrink into the distance. A man might be content to die, as the price of achieving it! The general who executed such a campaign—say if Desaix had signed at Bombay capitulations for the evacuation of India by the British,—he would have deserved of France to be viceroy of Hin-

dostan, and Kleber viceroy of Egypt: or stay, emperor would be a better title—say, tributary emperors of India and Egypt. These things look visionary now. Egypt is almost irretrievably gone; Kleber too is gone, and poor Desaix is gone!—But stay, Croiser, stay! The pear is not yet ripe. We know one campaign worth it all. With Britain unsubdued, that is to say, its present form of government remaining, France may be content with the sovereignty of Europe, and the plain of Germany for her cricket-ground; but with England, Croiser, I say with England, allied to her in interest and feeling—they must have the sovereignty of the world. Her fleets would stretch from the gulf of Finland to Bombay, so would the armies of France. See,” sitting himself on the side-table, while his legs dangled towards the ground, “the head-quarters of the Grand Russian Army of France, would be in St. Petersburg, and those of the Grand Indian Army at Madras. We might found two cities; one of Britannia at Babel-mandel, and another of Napolia at the Isthmus of Suez. A canal being cut at the latter, as I said before, the whole wealth of India would flow through, while the unexplored regions of

Persia and Africa would be opened to our commerce and research. With England's fleets properly managed—for now they don't make half what they might of them, like huge mines of saltpetre and sulphur in the hands of savages, with genius unequal to the invention of powder or a gun—I say then, with England's fleets, nothing would be too great for us!”

“ But in that case you would be left, like your favourite Alexander, sighing that nothing more remained to be conquered. What could you do?”

“ That would never occupy a moment's thought. Though the world were subdued to-morrow, it would yet remain to be civilized. Besides, there would be China. We might give a better government to the Chinese. To conquer a nation is a very fine thing; to beautify, to embellish, to civilize it, is, if any thing, finer. Supposing that England and France had the dominion of the world, commerce would be so entirely in their own hands, that it would more than repay their expenses. What cities they might build! What improvements they might make! But come, this is idle. We shall see—we shall see—Time is the best planner after all. These waking dreams ex-

cite me—make me feverish. Let us on deck, and then to bed!—Croiser,” he continued, as leaning on the other’s arm he ascended to the deck, “I have a presentiment that something is going to befall us!”

“Oh surely your imagination runs away with you! The topic on which we have been talking has over-excited you.”

“No, no, my presentiments never deceive me—something is about to happen to us. Moreover, to-morrow is one of my unlucky days. But we shall see.”

CHAPTER IX.

“ Submit thy fate to Heaven’s indulgent care,
Though all seem lost, ’tis impious to despair ;
The tracks of Providence like rivers wind,
And though immersed in earth from human eyes,
Again break forth and more conspicuous rise.”

UNKNOWN.

HAVING inhaled the cool air for a quarter of an hour, Rannolini wished Croiser good night, and gently pinching the ear of the latter, with a good-natured smile, he descended to his cabin. The night was lovely, the ethereal space above, crowded with the jewellery of Heaven, shed a soft clear light upon the gleaming bosom of the tranquil waters. The ship gently rose over the immense masses of the ocean, whose swell is ever restless, let the calm be as dead as it will. Her sails occasionally flapped upon the masts, as any roll was heavier than the rest, and her taunt masts with their light rigging rose in grace

and symmetry from her decks. As Croiser stood on the gangway, viewing the scene around, the head of the foretop-gallant-mast became interposed between his view and the bright orb of a well-known star. He beheld it shedding its mild glories upon him, and a gush of emotion rose from his heart like the springing waters of a new found well. How often had he gazed upon it when the delicate arm of Margarita was trembling within his own, and her soft eyes were beaming with a lustre as bright, yet subdued and heavenly, as that orb of Venus! That star! Was it not that star which he beheld, when taking a last look of their beautiful park, on deciding that he would see her no more? Was it not that star which he had beheld when lying on the taffrail of his vessel after leaving the sisters on the shore of Barn Pool—leaving them, as he thought, for ever? Was it not that star on which he had almost nightly gazed since his departure, recalling the suppressed sigh which so often broke from the bosom of her he loved, as they contemplated its beauty together? It was all this, and it was dear indeed!

“How strange is life! Still more strange is

destiny!" thought he. "On how many events of my life may you yet shine! In how many situations to come may I not behold you? I may look up in tears—tears of bliss when the throbbing breast is too full even to breathe its happiness!—or it may be in tears of agony and woe, when the heart is too obdurate to yield relief by bursting! To thee may arise the last glance of these eyes, when their dull orbs are glazing in the throes of death! Your beams may glisten in the many-tinted dew-drops moistening the weeds upon my grave, or subtly penetrating through the liquid crystals of the element beneath me, their green light may play around this form of clay, or shew the monsters of the deep where to prey on my remains, or perhaps, worse than all, they may yet find me in the possession of successful ambition, covered with the baubles for which I am striving, tinsel and glitter to the eye, eaten and cankered at the core, like——like—— But I will go to sleep, there at least these pangs cannot assail me! Quarter-master?"

"Sir!"

"If any thing should appear in sight, or if a breeze should spring up, call me immediately; if

neither of these things should happen, call me at six. The hour proclaimed it to be midnight, as Croiser laid his head on his pillow.

At two in the morning a dense fog gradually closed round them, and this state of things remained until six, when Croiser was called. Having been on deck about half an hour talking to Nine-Fathom-Tim, whom he found taking his third dram and whistling for the wind, the latter remarked, "Well, your honour, I think this here diskiness is going to clear off. There seems to be a capful of air springing up here away in the norwest, and making a lane of it there."

"Yes, Tim, the fog seems inclined to clear up, as you say, and good luck to it! the sooner the better." Croiser looked in the direction pointed out, where the large volumes of the mist rolling away before the breeze, formed, as it frequently does, a vista for the eye to penetrate.

"Why—holloa! What is that, Tim? It almost looks like a sail."

"A sail! Let me look, your honour; ay! to be sure it is, not three miles off neither!"

"Pooh! Tim, it can't be!"

“ Well, your honour, if your honour’s aunt had been a gentleman, she’d a been your uncle, and no mistake about that, and if that there,” looking at the object of dispute through the hollow of his hand, “ isn’t a sail, why my mother’s a Dutchman; and that’s not very likely, seeing she never went out o’ her birth-place, Portsmouth, ’septing once, when she got drowned in the harbour, then, as your honour knows, she went to Davy Jones, poor old ’oman.”

“ Well, well, Tim! I believe there’s no fear of your implicating your mother’s birth after all, for it is a sail, as you say—the fog’s clearing off more rapidly. By Jove she shows a double tier of teeth! Come, come, look about; crowd all canvass and put her before the wind, or stay—make no sail till I come up again, put her before it, and trim accordingly.” Quickly descending to the cabin of M. Rannolini, and putting his hand gently on his shoulder, Croiser shook him, saying, “ Now, then, monsieur, will you get up?”

“ Eh! what!—is it you? Ah! Croiser, let me lie a little longer!”

“ Not this morning, Monsieur. The breeze has

sprung up and the fog clearing off, shows us an English line of battle ship almost on board."

"Bah!—no—is it so? What did I say to you last night? Go on deck, get ready for making all sail. I will be with you." In an instant M. Rannolini, whom this intelligence had immediately roused, proceeded to array himself with all the despatch in his power.

In a few seconds, he was by the side of Croiser on the quarter-deck. Taking the glass, he looked long and earnestly at the large vessel which lay almost becalmed astern of them. "We must be off, and that instantly! Make all the sail you can, Croiser! Perhaps with the light breeze which is springing up, our little vessel may be able to distance that floating citadel. Fortune, thou might'st have granted me somewhat more of thy favour than this!" he continued, as if addressing that imaginary deity, while he still gazed on the man-of-war with a look of considerable apprehension. "Come, come, Croiser, why do you hesitate? We have not a moment to lose!"

"If I might presume to differ from you, I should recommend to your consideration a different course."

“ Speak then quickly! what is it?”

“ Simply this: it appears to me, and I know it from experience, that if we, by making sail, manifest a desire to get off, it will excite their suspicions, whereas, if we coolly wait till they get near enough to hail us, or perhaps for me to go on board, my assurance that we are a privateer, or my displaying that document which I showed to you, would prevent the slightest molestation.”

“ No, no, I can't hear of such a thing! Don't advise me to do so, Croiser. Never put yourself in the power of an enemy! I have a presentiment about English ships which I cannot get over. No, let us escape, which I am sure we can.”

“ Well, it shall be exactly as you wish, but I entreat you not to take such an alternative! I know what suspicions it will excite, and if by any chance we should be captured,—if, for instance, a strong breeze should spring up immediately, and we be chased into Plymouth Sound,—even my commission, powerful as it is, may not altogether protect us from detection. In the other case, I know so well what are the questions which will be asked—I have been intercepted

in this way so often, that I am confident, if you will give the matter up to me, all will be well."

"No, Croiser, I cannot; the thing is impossible! I never can voluntarily trust myself within the range of an English man-of-war's guns! How can you expect it of me, when you know that they have boded me nothing but misfortune, and that I never came in contact with them but it was always attended with some disaster? I cannot, I cannot, it is enough; would that every one of them were at the bottom of the sea!" stamping his foot with impatience.

"Well, General, as I said before, I am ready to obey your orders, but I am sure we only increase our danger by flight; whereas, by hoisting an English flag and lying still, I should merely be questioned, have to show my papers, and be allowed to proceed. Do, I beseech you, consider what is at stake, and free your mind from the thralldom of any presentiments that may now be deceiving you!"

"There is truth, Croiser, in what you say, to be sure," and Rannolini took one or two turns on the 'quarter-deck, while a convulsive twitching

was seen on his agitated countenance. It was a contraction of the mouth, that gradually passed from left to right, accompanied by a momentary elevation of the shoulder, on the latter side of his body. "In any other case I might perhaps act as you advise," passing his finger along his high and ample brow, "but an *English* vessel—Stay! Ah! Croiser! this is it," and his countenance instantly lighted up with all the fire of intellect, as he took Croiser by the ear, "they have shown no colours, neither will we—we are not forced to know an English vessel at sight. Let us therefore make all sail: if they overtake us—we imagined them to be French."

"Excellent! M. Rannolini, that will succeed. I'll crowd all canvass instantly," and Croiser stepped forward to give his orders. In the course of a few minutes the schooner had every stitch of sail set which the present direction of the wind rendered available.

The air came gently aft on the starboard quarter, from the S.B.E., while the line of battle ship was two miles and a half astern and somewhat to windward.

"At what rate do we go, Croiser?"

“ Nearly six miles an hour, sir.”

“ And how fast do you think those John Bulls are coming after us ?”

“ I can hardly say, from this distance. You see, only their lofty sails are drawing at this moment. The feet of their topsails are hanging almost dead. Ah! ah! he sees our increase of sail; see! he is clapping on his top and topgallant studding sails; he begins to suspect.”

“ Yes, I fear me that he does. I begin to think all is not right—and yet it is a pretty sight, is it not?—or rather it would be, if we were not so situated. Oh Fortune! Fortune!” and the foreigner’s countenance again assumed that expression of intense interest, while he bent his brows with anger, as his eagle-eye surveyed the efforts of his foe to catch him, though utterly unconscious of the individual contained by the little vessel which they were now chasing.

“ Shall we escape, Croiser? I begin to fear, I say, that all is not right. Surely I was not prudent to set all upon one die. This was adventurous. Well, no matter,—to dare is often to win. Better to lose in daring, than to lose for want of it. Tell me, Croiser, shall we escape?”

“ I have my fears, I must confess. You see that line darkening the horizon astern of the seventy-four?”

“ I see it.”

“ Watch it, you will observe it approaching, that is the breeze freshening up, and look! already her topmast studding-sails begin to draw, and so do the heads of her courses.”

“ Hah! here we have it!” suddenly exclaimed Rannolini, tapping Croiser on the shoulder, as a vivid flash shot forth from her armed side, followed by a long volume of eddying smoke, that swiftly unrolled itself on the fog of the morning. The shot thus propelled was seen booming over the glistening surface with vast velocity, in a direct line with their stern.

“ Croiser, take care of yourself, that will strike,” said Rannolini, folding his arms on his breast. In an instant his face resumed its accustomed air of thought and composure, as if danger was but his natural element. Having bounded along the water, splashing up the foam at several intervals, its last leap finally pitched it beneath their lee-quarter, sending a cloud of spray in the faces of those who stood at hand.

“Twenty-four pounds of good old iron wasted!” said a gruff voice close at hand. Rannolini turned round, and beheld Tarpaulin employing his rough hand to wipe off the moisture from his weather-beaten countenance, which nevertheless wore its usual grin.

“Look at that droll! he reminds me of a bear washing his face with his paw!” remarked Rannolini, smiling at the rude tar; then addressing him, “I suppose you’re used to these gentry?”

“Used to ’em?” replied Tim, after Croiser had interpreted the words, “Aye, tell his honour, as a hen is to eggs; though to be sure I’d a’ rather see the dumb creeturs’ shot sarved out before breakfast.”

“That shot,” remarking on one that had just struck their taffrail, “was well aimed, Croiser. Two or three of those in your hull and we should soon”——

“Go to the bottom!” added Croiser calmly, whistling for the wind.

“Bah!” returned the other, beginning to walk the deck again, while his former air of perplexity returned.

“There go up the seventy-four’s colours, M.

Rannolini! We must hoist ours. Let me implore you to consider this matter again! As a sailor, I assure you escape is out of the question. We shall only incur tenfold suspicions by attempting it; besides, I strongly suspect that our enemy is the ——, one of the fastest sailing ships in the British navy. She was taken from the French at the battle of ——.”

“Taken at the battle of ——,” slowly repeated Rannolini, while a more than wonted paleness overspread his countenance—“No, no,” after a pause, “hoist no colours, and trust no enemy! Let us proceed while we can.”

“Stand from under your honour!” roared out Tarpaulin, springing to the side of Rannolini, and averting from his head the fall of a heavy block as it came to the deck, followed by the main-topmast, with a most tremendous crash.

Startled at the sudden ruin spread around him, Rannolini jumped back. Scarcely could he credit his senses, when he saw that spreading pile of sail and cordage which so lately reared itself aloft, and drew the vessel on her course, now strewed before him; part towing overboard, and the rest cumbering the deck, which presented one scene of con-

fusion. Casting his eyes upward in bewilderment, to discover the cause, he beheld the fore-topmast gently oscillate once or twice, and toppling over to leeward, fall under the larboard bow.

Striking his hand on his thigh, as if doubting whether he was awake, his ear was saluted by the loud and approaching peal, which at once proclaimed the cause of the wreck before him. A shot fired from the upper-deck of the seventy-four, had descended upon the Pearl, and after passing through and carrying away the maintop-mast, had so wounded the fore spar, that, unable to bear its canvass without the usual stays, it had fallen likewise.

Rannolini turned to Croiser; his features were unruffled, but in his eye there was an agonized look of disappointment that can neither be imagined nor described.

The English ship still continued to fire, and a shot striking on the taffrail, a splinter wounded Rannolini in the hand.

“ I beseech you let me hoist our colours!” said Croiser, and alarmed at the sight of his friend’s blood, he ran over to him holding in his hands the halliards to which he had bent the ensign.

“Heaven grant that you are not hurt! Consider, if your life should be lost!”

“That at least is better, Croiser, than being taken. *Tout est perdu, fors la gloire!*”

“Nay! do for this once listen to me. I assure you our chance of detection is only doubled by this delay, but—” a splinter from a second shot now struck Croiser on the forehead, and he reeled.

Rannolini affectionately springing up to his side, supported him in his arms, while Tim seized the ensign-halliards, and looked to the foreigner for instructions. “My poor Croiser!” said the latter, stanching with his hand the ensanguined wound. “Fate is imperious—I have no alternative—up with the ensign!” and Tarpaulin comprehending Rannolini’s gesture, gave the white ensign of Saint George to the wind. No sooner was its distinct character observed, than the firing from the seventy four ceased.

Croiser’s wound was but superficial, and recovering from the stunning sensation, he allowed Rannolini to bind it up, and proceeded with his duty, though the ruddy stream soon penetrated the fine cambric that served but poorly as a bandage. By this time, the whole party from below

had arrived on deck. The first object that met Margarita's eye, was Croiser without his cap, and his face and forehead in the state I have described. A scene of much confusion ensued, and having at length persuaded Lady Sapphira and her nieces to return below, under the assurance that the danger was past, Tarpaulin was left to clear away the wreck, while Croiser descended to prepare for going on board the seventy-four, which he rightly conjectured he should have to do.

Rannolini remained on deck, seemingly absorbed in his own mournful reflections, and scarcely as yet recovered from the effects of his surprise at the quick destruction which the enemy's fire had occasioned. Though accustomed to the sea, he had never before had an opportunity of witnessing a sea-fight. He had stood on many a bloody field and seen human beings mowed down by thousands, but there the havoc is more gradual. This morning, but a few minutes had elapsed since he beheld his vessel in all the pride of fight—and in the like space of time she was a captive to the enemy not yet at hand; like the fluttering bird which the reptile fascinates before he can reach! It is true these things were in part owing to accident, and

the superior skill of their present enemy in gunnery, at that time rather unusual in the sea-service; but these reflections were lost in the remembrance of what he had always heard of the British navy, and the corroboration now afforded by this his first personal experience of it. Fixing his eyes on the fast advancing ship with a look of rage that was too deep for expression, he regarded her as we do those hideous monsters of the night, whose approach almost paralyzes our faculties, and excludes every hope of escape.

Rapidly she came up with the chase, and her gleaming side was brightly reflected in the tiny waves, as she shot up on their weather quarter. She was now so close that the order could be heard to "square away the main yard," when her progress gradually lessened as she became nearly stationary on their bow. By this time Croiser had swathed his temples with a more fitting fillet, and having procured his papers, appeared dressed in the same costume as when he first appeared to my readers.

"Hah! you have that still!" said Rannolini, turning and pointing with much pleasure to the splendid sabre at his friend's side.

“ Can you behold me alive, and yet doubt that I should still possess what I esteem the dearest gift that I ever received?”

“ Come! thou hast taken great care of it. Those were more pleasant hours when I first had it. I never contemplated seeing it in such a rencontre as this.”

“ Here’s a boat, your honour, from that old grampus,” said Tarpaulin, addressing Croiser, who hastened to the gangway to receive it. In a few minutes the seventy-four’s barge was alongside, containing a lieutenant. Croiser now rejoined Rannolini, who stood with his arms folded on his breast, before the after hatchway. His friend having whispered one or two words in his ear, he said, “ True!” and changed his attitude, clasping his hands behind him.

“ Where’s the captain of this craft? where’s the captain?” roared the lieutenant in a coarse voice, as he hurried up the side, and jumping on deck, looked round for the individual he sought. No answer was returned. “ I say where’s the captain, you longlubberly swab?” repeated the naval officer, in an imperious tone to Tarpaulin, against whom he raised his foot with the kind intention of bestowing a kick.

“Come—paws off,” said the tar quickly, in a tone of anger, raising his enormous fist; “if I get a hold on the scruff o’ your neck, I warrant you go down in thirty fathom!”

“Silence, Tarpaulin!” said Croiser.

The lieutenant turned at the sound, and paused. He was about to address Rannolini, but there was something in the stern searching glance of his eye, that at once put his noisy effrontery to flight. Croiser was younger, and though the contempt so visible in his countenance was not very inviting, he addressed him.

“I am sent to the captain of this craft. Where is he?”

“I command this vessel, Sir. What have you to say?”

This cold politeness seemed very much to discomfit the lieutenant, who in boarding strangers had been accustomed to treat their commanders as one degree below their own men. However, making a strong effort to recover his assurance, he said, “My orders are to take on board H. M. S. ——— every male who does not form part of the crew.”

“Have you a written order?”

“No!” and the lieutenant seemed much surprised at the question.

“Then you are aware I might refuse to go. I however respect the flag of my country, and shall not therefore offer any frivolous opposition; although I cannot say that my masts deserved such treatment from English shot!” pointing to the wreck of his topmasts.

Croiser having mustered all the males of his party, went down to assure the ladies of his speedy return. Then taking Rannolini aside, he begged him to leave every thing to his care, and that their detention would be very short. Despite of this assurance, there was an expression of anxiety on his face, that bespoke the foreigner to be ill at ease, as he descended over the side and took his seat in the seventy-four's boat.

But a short time sufficed to bring them alongside. As they approached her gigantic hull, Rannolini's eye ran over her bristling sides with the most marked attention. The order and neatness so evident in every part, seemed at once to excite his admiration and his anger. This close examination was redoubled on his reaching

her gangway, proceeding up the side, where two bare-headed little negroes, held out the ropes for his support. At length he stood upon the quarter-deck, where he found a whole bevy of young officers composing the morning-watch.

“Who are these? Surely not officers?” he demanded of Croiser.

“Yes. These are the officers of the watch, and this one advancing is the first lieutenant.”

“Bah! and is this the uniform of the British navy?—of England, whose gold sways two-thirds of Europe?”

“No! These are merely their undresses; they are not particular at sea; besides, at their gayest moments they do not understand dress.”

“Nay, thou need'st not so gravely tell me that! Croiser, it would be worth something to us, to get half a dozen of these creatures to exhibit at a review on the banks of the Seine. Why it would afford gossip to the Parisians for a week at least! They take more care of their ships at any rate than their persons,” observed Rannolini, admiring the high order in which every thing appeared.

“This is the captain, Monsieur.”

“Where?”

“Here, walking out from the after-cabin in a short and rough blue coat.”

By this time the whole of our party had been ranged in a line along the quarter-deck, Croiser and M. Rannolini being the last, that is to say, the nearest to the bow. No sooner did the captain appear, than the whole attention of Rannolini was fixed upon him, as if to read in his countenance the fate that awaited him. The seamen, attracted by the sight of the strangers, came aft to the break of the quarter-deck to have a peep at them; when one of the sailors remarked to his comrades, “I say, Jack! Look at that fellow there with his arms crossed a-kimbo with a long brown coat on, and a tail-on-end hat.”

“Well, what of he?”

“Why, he’d do for Bonaparty.”

In an instant Rannolini turned round with evident alarm in his looks, at that name so bruited in men’s minds; Croiser did the same, saying in an under tone, “Change your position!”

This advice was instantly followed, and their attention was at the moment attracted by the captain, who addressing the first of their file as

himself and first lieutenant walked along, questioned them as though they had been his crew drawn up at divisions.

“Who are you?”

“I, sir, am Captain Bombast of the Royal Navy,” replied the marvellous traveller, who stood first, and was not particularly pleased at the unceremonious address.

“Oh! Captain Bombast! I don’t exactly recollect the name. You’ve not served very lately I apprehend, sir?”

“I beg your pardon, Sir, I had the honour of commanding the Bouncer, ten-gun brig, in the year 17—, and that’s only twenty years ago the day after to-morrow. I flatter myself—surely—that—it cannot be altogether unknown to you. My travels—I had the honour of publishing my travels. Surely you must be acquainted with my travels!”

“Can’t say I am.”

“What! not know Captain Bombast’s travels and voyages in the Longbow Islands and elsewhere?” interrupted Puff.

“Most astonishing,” resumed Bombast, “when

they were so ably reviewed in the United Anchor and Blunderbuss Journal."

"Yes," again commenced Puff, "a very splendid review, I do assure you, sir; for the captain was kind enough to write it all himself."

"Hush, hush, Puff," quickly whispered Bombast in an under tone. "So you actually don't know my name, sir? Well, that's very astounding, as my dear Lady Sapphira would say. Yes, sir, I'm the author of the Travels to the Longbow Islands."

"Oh, ehem! 'Longbow Islands.' I take it they must be in the Irish Channel or the North Sea."

"What, not know the longitude and latitude of the Longbow? I am astounded. Why, Sir, they're in ———."

"Well well, another time. Who may you be?" passing on to the next.

"Why, sir, like my most intimate and talented friend, Captain Bombast, I do feel somewhat surprised that such a question should have been necessary. I, sir, am Major Puff, of the United Anchor and Blunderbuss Journal."

“Yes, sir, yes, allow me to introduce you to my most particular friend, Major Puff,” interrupted Bombast, “in the luxuriance of whose pages you must have so frequently revelled, or would have, if you had met with them, since his productions *only* required to be read and admired, to insure him a vast renown!”

“Nay, captain, nay, sir, I really must blush, though to be sure it is highly gratifying to hear these kind things from one so eminently fitted by his impartial judgment and varied attainments.”

“Ay, ay! Who the deuce have we here?—that’ll do,” muttered the captain passing on. “Bad enough to meet these fellows on paper, much less in person.”

“And who are you, sir?”

“My title, sir, is the Reverend Nathaniel Salisbury. I am rector of Donomore, in the see of Durham, presented to me by his Grace the Duke of Daredevil, whose scarf I also wear as private chaplain. They call me Master of Arts at Brasenose, and I draw my pay every quarter as chaplain of the dock-yard at Plymouth Dock. I came out on a party of pleasure, was becalmed and starved,

then kindly picked up and restored, and consequently not at all inclined to be imprisoned."

"Imprison you! What the deuce should I do with such a set of long-tongued fellows? Well, and who are you?" addressing Tarpaulin, who had been brought on board as Croiser's mate.

He replied, gruffly, "My name's Timothy Tarpaulin, called Nine-fathom Tim for shortness. I'll tell your honour the first and last of it."

"Vast heaving, you may keep the first to yourself, and let me have the last as soon as possible. Do you belong to that craft?"

"I'm her first mate."

"Oh, and who are you, sir?" addressing Rannolini.

"Enough, sir! enough of this," interrupted Croiser, stepping forward. "These gentlemen are my passengers. I have the honour of commanding the Pearl schooner, and demand the instantaneous release of myself and companions in this name"—

"Then I'll be —— if you shall have it. Who are you, I should like to know?"

"Read this, it will inform you, and make no rash assertion which you may not dare to keep!"

Rage and wonder struggled in the captain's mind at these words; he hesitated whether he should deign to look at the slip of paper which Croiser had taken from his note-case, but the bold tone assumed by the latter, his evident rank as a gentleman, and the bearing so unusual in a mere privateer's captain induced him to peruse it.

The contents appeared brief indeed, for no sooner had his eye run over its few lines, than his manner instantaneously changing, betrayed the dilemma in which he felt himself placed, as he stammered forth: "This mistake, sir, is—not—my fault, you should have shown me this before."

"Well, well, sir, we will waive the discussion of that point, at present. You will put us on board again immediately, and send your carpenter's crew with spars to help us in repairing the damage you have occasioned."

"Ehem! Why, sir, as to that—our carpenter's crew is but a small one at present, we have a good deal to do on board—I hardly know that—"

"I presume you have read the whole of the paper now in your hand."

“ But can't you do without our men ?”

“ Not without hindrance to the service on which I am engaged.”

“ Well, then, if that's the case, you must have them. Mr. Squeegee !” turning to the astonished first lieutenant, “ send these gentlemen on board their schooner again immediately ; and put the carpenters of the watch into the first cutter and let them see what spars are wanting on board that craft !” Then bowing stiffly to Croiser, he handed back the magic slip of paper, and turned towards his cabin.

A look of extreme joy had lighted up the features of Rannolini, at this sudden deliverance. Using all the haste which he could, without betraying his apprehension, he descended once more into the boat alongside, where the others having resumed their seats, they were immediately rowed back to their own vessel.

“ Croiser,” said he, on receiving a translation of all that had passed, “ what made you ask for those confounded fellows to come on board again ? Why, in the name of Fortune, did you not let them go their own way and rid us of their company at once ?

Suppose they should take it into their heads to suspect, they may yet detain us; whereas had you allowed them to sail away——”

“ And what should we have done with our wounded masts? Remember how much additional time we should have lost—you already complain on that score. Again, had they subsequently suspected us, how easy it would have been to come back and catch us in our present disabled state! Besides, my demanding their aid inspires confidence, they know that document is not forged, and they dare not dispute it. What should make them suspect? No, depend on it, sir, that the best plan has been adopted, that of braving detection for a space, until they have enabled us to refit, which will be accomplished by this evening, and then we can soon leave these gentry behind, when we have not to contend with their shot.”

“ Well—well, we shall see! Apparently we have escaped! I think not finally. I have a presentiment on my mind.”

“ What! the old story?”

“ Nay, Croiser, they never deceive me!” A pause ensued, Rannolini appeared somewhat de-

jected. "Tell me, Croiser, can you rely on this Sir Richard—Sal—Salos?"

"Salisbury? yes, you need fear no detection from him."

"Well, so much the better. It is odd that we should have been instrumental in saving his daughters—clever girls they are too! That was a good stroke of fortune. It was your knowledge and report of him, that determined me to come to this port; otherwise it is too far from London. He cannot suspect those who restore to him his children. But we shall see! I like not this foreboding. However, to dare well is often to do well. My detection would compromise more than ourselves, it might by some possibility compromise even——! You say he made it an indispensable requisition, that no one should share our secret."

"He insisted on that beyond all things. I was to receive your solemn vow and promise in writing, that you should not mention or communicate it to a soul, either now or at any future period of your life, or bring over any one but myself."

"Well, he was right—that at least was indispensable—it shall be strictly observed. It is a

point of honour! I shall retire to my cabin and lie down, while these English are on board. I leave the disposal of them to you."

"You may depend upon me; I will call you when they are gone."

Croiser, having allotted to each man his separate duty, superintended the whole himself, and by unremitting exertions, succeeded in repairing his damages by four o'clock in the afternoon, when he sent back the man-of-war's carpenters, with his compliments. The seventy-four had no sooner received them, than she made all sail down Channel; seemingly very glad at getting rid of the Pearl, who now held her course straight for Plymouth, with a fair wind. Rannolini being informed of this, immediately arose and came on the quarter-deck. Never had he felt more exquisite pleasure than now, when his eyes feasted on the retreating sails of that tall ship, which, with every speed, was flying away from such a prize! His hour was not yet come.

CHAPTER X.

“ In dark relief, along th’ horizon’s verge,
The coming tempest lifts the whelming surge ;
The lone sea-gull foreboding, wheels on high,
And mourns the mariner about to die.”

ANON.

THE wind rapidly increased, and in an hour the seventy-four was out of sight.

“ Now, Croiser,” said Rannolini, “ I am happy ; it seems my presentiment has indeed deceived me—and yet it was hardly one of confirmed ill, it was, if I may say so, more one of threatened danger. Let us repair to the dinner-table.”

In accordance with this wish, they descended to the cabin. Dinner was served, and they were all busily employed in discussing the past and present, when Tarpaulin entered, “ Your honour, it’s

come on to blow stiffish or so. It makes our young spars aloft there, crack again! Shall we shorten sail?"

"How many knots by the log-line, Tim?"

"Eleven, or nigh on twelve, your Honour."

"That's good! Then you may take in the top-gallant-sails, and if the wind increases before I come on deck, you may have a reef in the top-sails."

Half an hour elapsed. Dessert was putting on the table, when they heard the pipe, "all hands reef topsails." They could also distinguish the sounds that indicated increase of wind.

"Come, Croiser," said Rannolini as usual, "let us take a walk and see what that Atlas of yours is about."

"Very well, Monsieur, I am ready," returned the young captain. Having arrived on deck, they found the weather more boisterous than they could have anticipated. The wind, as the reader already knows, was from the S.B.E. Along that quarter of the heavens were piled large masses of dun grey clouds, which the rising wind whirled with great rapidity overhead, and fast as they subsided in the north, fresh volumes seemed to rise

from their exhaustless source. A dull fiery glow was visible in the west, and indicated where the sun was declining with his hidden glories. A faint reflection of this light lingered on the broken crests of the waves around, now beginning to feel the influence of their sister element, whose hoarse whistling through the shrouds added to the sombre effects which the scene produced on the mind.

“Come, Croiser, we have a fine breeze of it. Do let us make the most we can of Fortune’s gifts—don’t let that Goliath of yours take in too much sail! With this good wind, we shall be in Plymouth to-morrow. Eh! what think you of it?” But Croiser was silent, a mode generally adopted by M. Rannolini’s friends of conveying their dissent.

Having taken the direction of the wind exactly by the compass, Croiser mounted one of the brass guns with which the Pearl was armed. Carefully, and at some length, he scrutinized every appearance of the weather, nor could he have drawn the same deductions as his friend, since his looks expressed doubt, and some little apprehension as to the approaching night. Then turning his attention to the seamen on the yards who were reefing

the topsails, "Haul your earings well out, Boys, and see they're properly secured," then in an under voice, "I've a fancy they'll be tried to night!"

Once more he resumed his examination of the horizon to windward. As he looked on a prospect he had so often contemplated before, a thousand associations of the past seemed to spring up within his mind. One scene in particular presented itself to him, as he muttered, "How well I remember it! 'Twas just such a night as this! An awful night it was, but a prelude to one worse!"

"Ay, your honour, ay!" rejoined the gruff voice of Tim, who standing close at hand had heard his master's words. "I was just a thinking o' the same thing, and that's comical enough like. 'Twas an awful night, as you say. I'd rather not see such another, much more the one that followed."

"Hah!—*you* there, you old vagabond? Well, hold your tongue. Fore and main top there! Take in another reef—and stand by to send topgallant yards down. See that you're all ready to strike topgallant-masts."

Croiser, having seen every thing made pretty "snug," joined Rannolini, who appeared to take a

great delight in beholding his young friend carry on the duty, which he did with skill; omitting all useless noise, but evincing the natural firmness and resolution of his character.

“Come, my young Lord Admiral, if thou hast finished with thy ship, let us go down to the ladies, and enjoy a little *vingt-et-un* to-night, since we played an unwilling game of hazard this morning. Methinks, Croiser, thou art rather fond of Made-moiselle Margarita—she does not seem to frown on the suit of my young captain, either. Take care, my friend, of the passion! Glory first, and love after; the last is but by-play.”

“Come, come, I shall desire you to look at home. What think you the adorable Josephine would say, if she saw you cheating us all round with your roguish black-eyed partner night after night?”

“Ah—good Josephine!—she knows the world—she never distresses herself at these trifles! Besides, thou canst not carry out the comparison. I have plucked *my* bays, so now I may lay some pretensions to the myrtle wreath—but thou hast”——

“Nay, never pursue *such* a comparison, as one between *us* in pity to *me*—so let us descend.”

At eight o'clock Tarpaulin made his appearance to announce the rate at which the schooner was going—"twelve miles an hour."

"How's the weather now, Tarpaulin?"

"Umph! your honour, it's but husky stuff of it. Wind rises, and the glass falls. I reckon we shall have enough of it before we pipe to breakfast again!"

"Does it look like rain coming on?"

"Ay, your Honour, for all the world."

"And more wind?"

"Just so, your Honour!"

"Then close-reef the topsails and get a double reef in your fore and main-sails. Are we getting much of a sea on?"

"Yes, your Honour, it's coming down pretty strong from the sou'-east."

"Then strike the top-gallant masts; see the storm stay-sails all ready, and do whatever else you may see is wanting."

"Ay, ay, your Honour, I was just a thinking there's *one* thing"——

"What? I suppose the look-outs!—but haven't they been placed already?"

"Placed?—ay, they're as firm as a church! No, I was just a-going to say, your Honour, as it looks

as if we were a-going to have a little bit of squallification, and may come to turn the hands up in the night, 'twould be as well if we splice the main-brace!"*

"At your old tricks, Master Tarpaulin. Well, be off with you, and see that you don't let them get too much."

"'Too much,' your honour? Umph! your honour's talking high Dutch," replied Tim, most disdainfully, as if such a thing was one of the impossibilities of nature.

"Wait an instant, Tarpaulin. Is there any fog?"

"Is it that you ask, sir? Fog, your honour? You might chop it with a knife!"

"I don't at all doubt it," interrupted Bombast, neglecting his game. "Indeed, to say the truth, I brought home a piece in a white glass bottle from the Longbow Islands—you remember it, Puff?"

"Most minutely, my dear Sir! You showed it to me, you know, on your return, when we met abroad at—Cork—and I, as you know, Captain, I insisted that a description of it should be immediately inserted in the Blunderbuss Journal."

* A mysterious expression, known only in the *free-masonry* of the ocean, signifying an extra allowance of grog.

“ But bless my ideality ! Was it *actual fog*, Captain ? ”

“ *Actual fog*, my Lady Sapphira.”

“ In—deed ! ne—ver knew it ! ”

“ No, so I should think ! How should you ? ” interrupted Nathaniel.

“ Stuff, brother, it isn't *that* ! I don't in the least doubt that it was some condensed vapour—strangely calossified ; but what said the learned world to it, captain ?—that's my test ! ”

“ Oh, my Lady, 'twas very much sought after—'twas very popular—Yes, that it was ! We never had an article that was better read—for think, my Lady ! that alone sold six numbers !!—No joke, you know, of our journal ! ”

“ Hear that varment ! ” muttered Tarpaulin. “ Shake me, if it doesn't put my pipe out : a plain fibber like me stands no chance alongside him ! My nine-fathom story's nothing at all alongside o' his bottled fog !—Well, your honour, have ye any more orders ? ”

“ No, Tarpaulin, only keep a sharp look out, and see that your men go to bed sober.”

“ Ay, ay, sir,” and Tim turned quickly away, adding to himself, “ that's one of the worst orders

I ever heard given. What's a fellow fit for who's dead sober?"

Another half hour elapsed—the bustle of shortening sail was beginning to subside on deck, and Tarpaulin, in the height of his glory, was busily employed in distributing to each man his proportion of the rum and water just mixed—when suddenly a crash of spars was heard above, accompanied by a cry from the helmsman on deck, and instantaneously followed by a shock that prostrated every individual on the deck. In the state-cabin all was confusion—every chair round the card-table was overthrown and their occupants were struggling on the ground—the counters—the cards—the money—appeared beat up towards the ceiling—the candles were rolling on the deck extinguished. Fortunately the lamp was suspended from above, and that, though violently jerked, yet afforded them its light. Rannolini and Croiser were the first to spring upon their feet.

“We have stranded!” exclaimed the former. “We’ve struck!” said the latter at the same moment. Not an instant was to be lost. Croiser’s first act was to spring to the bulk-head, where hung his sabre and his pistols; to sling the first

round his waist, and gird on the belt of the latter, was the work of a few seconds. Then flying to a cabinet immediately at hand, he snatched from a secret drawer a square little leathern case, to which was attached a strap. Having flung this securely over his shoulders, and placed his cap on his head, he then paused one second. The confusion on the deck above was stunning, and the cry "We've struck!" was echoed and re-echoed with a thousand different accompaniments of oaths and howlings, while the trembling motion of the planks beneath, gave him a hint not to be misunderstood. Turning to Rannolini, who was also snatching his arms from the side, he cried, "Not a moment's to be lost—the ladies are our first care!" and gently seizing Margarita in his arms, he dashed on deck, followed by the foreigner with Charlotte. Every thing around appeared a wreck; the sails were shivered into ribands, flapping and streaming in the gale, with the utmost noise and fury; the helm was deserted; the sea was dashing over the schooner's weather quarter; part of the crew were scrambling on the deck with such haste, that those below were only impeding one

another in their progress; oaths and execrations were breaking from the eager and terrified men beneath, while such as had gained the deck were all hustled together on the bow, in an equal state of confusion.

A speaking trumpet was always kept under the drum-head of the capstan. Croiser snatching up this in one hand, while he drew his sword with the other, begged Margarita on no account to relinquish her hold on his sword-belt, then rushing in among his men as near as he could without endangering her, he endeavoured to restore that order which had been so unfortunately lost.

“Every man of you to his duty! Pipe to quarters. Back—back here, every one of you to your guns. Where’s Tarpaulin?—Tarpaulin!”

“Sir, here I am,” Tim shouted back from the forecastle, where his huge bulk towered above the rest. “Make a line here, you lubbers, and fall in at quarters. Come, move—don’t ye hear the order?”

“Stand to your guns—once more, I say. The first man that hesitates, I cut him down. Captains

of guns fore and aft—muster your crews! Don't you hear the orders, you lazy hound? Why don't you move?" seizing hold of the first man at hand.

"Oh sir, I'm the carpenter!"

"Then aft to the well this instant: sound and see how much water there is — tell nobody. Bring the rod with you, and report to me on the forecastle. Fly!"

By this time Tarpaulin had seconded Croiser's efforts, and something like order was restored; the greater part of the crew being at their guns in the same stations as those in which they go into action: a few were gathered round Croiser and Tarpaulin, who stood on the forecastle, where also were the party from below.

"Where's the shore?" demanded Rannolini.

"What is it we have struck, Tarpaulin?" inquired his commander with the first collected moment.

"Hang me, your honour, if I know. I was below tending the tub at the time—some say it's a tarnation thief of a merchantman."

"Yes, your honour," added another seaman at hand, "it's a lumping trader, sure enough—I saw her go down to leeward here."

“ ‘Go down’? that’s not very likely, if she’s so much larger than ourselves!”

“ ‘Go down’?” said a third, “ no, your honour, no, she didn’t go down—she merely drifted off to leeward there somewhere;—you’ll be seeing her presently.”

“ *There!*” they all exclaimed, as a flash of lightning darting from the shrouded heavens appeared to play round the wreck of some large vessel to leeward.

“ I’ve a sounded the well, Captain Croiser, sir—and there’s nearly five feet in her!—the waters a’ flooded the lower deck already, we’re sinking like a pig o’lead!” said the dismayed carpenter, who had run to bring this disastrous intelligence.

“ Hush, sir!—not a word—stand by me—don’t attempt to move a peg, or yield up the sounding-rod—lest I blow your brains out!—Tarpaulin, my lad, quick, jump aft, clap the crews of the four after guns to the pumps, and see that they work body and soul at them. Then take the tiller in your hand and steer as I give the conn—First, up with it hard a weather!”

“ Ay, ay, your Honour!” growled Tim, springing aft to execute his orders like a tiger on his prey.

“Get ready, my boys, to fling a hawser on board as we bear down on that vessel to leeward,” said Croiser to those around, his voice as calm as though no danger were at hand, while the increased sternness of its tone permitted none to hesitate in obedience. “Keep a sharp look-out for the next flash, to see where she is.”

“You’re not a going to board her, sir?” demanded one of the seamen in a tone of considerable apprehension.

“Yes, to be sure I am!”

“Why, sir, she’s a clean wreck!”

“Pooh! she’s merely lost her topmasts.”

“Well, sir, if I may make so bold, I don’t think she’s a fit”——

“Silence, sir—if you can obey my orders, it’s as much as you can do. So—there she is! Now we begin to pay off. Steady,—so—Tarpaulin, hard a weather yet. Now where is she?”

“Here, sir, very nigh, close aboard of us, on the lee bow.”

“Ay, ay! Right your helm aft there. So—starboard, steady as you go. Ship—ahoy!” shouted Croiser through his trumpet, at the full

pitch of his powerful voice, while the clear distinct tones were hurled along by the tempest.

“Heighten your key,” said Rannolini, “it mingles too much with the wind.”

“Ship—ahoy!” repeated Croiser in a shriller voice. All was silent on board her. A vivid flash of lightning broke from above, and revealed distinctly to their view a large black hull. She was low in the water, her mizen was gone, her maintopmast carried away in the centre, with the same spar at the fore entirely gone, the yards that still hung to the masts seemed on the point of falling, while her jib-boom, also carried away, was towing by its cordage alongside; streamers composed of her tattered ringing, and the strips of canvass yet adhering to the yards, were seen in every direction waving wildly in the gale. Not the slightest appearance of a human form was to be seen—with every fleeting moment she appeared to be gradually drawing closer to them.

Again Croiser hailed, exerting his utmost energies to be heard—“Ship—ahoy! In the name of the king—answer;—or we’ll *fire* into you?” then to his own men, “Cast loose this bow-gun. Here, carpen-

ter, fly to the lower deck—see if the water gains on us; don't be flurried, but mark it accurately, and come straight to me—begone! Have any of you heard her answer?" addressing the men around.

"No, sir, there's little fear of that!" gravely replied the captain of the gun, shaking his head, while the sight of the approaching wreck had bleached his features more effectually than all the preceding dangers.

"Quick, now, none of your galley nonsense! Are you ready? Fire into her then, or rather let it be over her, or in her upper works."

"Bad luck to the hour, sir," returned the seaman, touching his hat with much diffidence, "it's no use firing into the like of her; ye might as well fight an action without shot."

"Why—why? you old fool! what d'ye think she's made of? *Fire*—I say, on this instant, or I'll do it myself."

"Well, sir, I'm perfectly agreeable!" returned the seaman, pretending to misunderstand, and resigning the port-fire into his commander's hand.

Croiser took it without a word; quickly bending down, he ran his eye along the sight—"Elevate a little—and train to the right—so—out of the way

—now!” The flash which burst forth with its accompanying smoke, was swiftly rolled aside. The sailors beheld the shot dash up a jet of foam immediately before her.

“That’s into her, sure enough! if she’s to be touched with them things,” remarked the seaman as he watched in vain for the slightest effect.

“Hold your tongue, you dastardly coward! and get out of my way, lest I cut you into ribands!”

“‘Coward’ sir! I’m sorry to hear that—I fear no flesh and blood, or any thing that’s made by hands:—but I’ll fire no gun ’gainst any thing of the other world, for that’s sure to bring down bad luck; but if your honour sees fit to cut me down, I’m very agreeable, that’s in the way of duty, and after all ’twould but be helping a poor fellow, belike, from a worse death!”

“Well, then, you’re an old fool! so get away. Ah! here’s the carpenter. Well, how’s the water on the lower deck? Speak low!”

“Risen a foot, sir!—we’ll be down in ten minutes.”

“Not a word more—move at your peril! M. Rannolini,” continued Croiser, turning to the fo-

reigner, "we're sinking; we have no alternative but to board this vessel, the crew of which I suspect have got tipsy. Will you take charge of Charlotte?"

"I have already done so," replied Rannolini.

"Very good. Gentlemen, you must be prepared to save yourselves by getting on board in the best way you can. Who has charge of Lady Sapphira?"

"I have," answered Nathaniel, who supported her in his arms, she being senseless from hysterics that only added to the confusion.

They were now within a few yards of the vessel. Determined to fulfil his duty to the last, Croiser paused to consider how he should act. It was his place to see every one safe out of the Pearl. But Margarita—the feelings connected with her in this dreadful hour were bitter, yet inexpressibly dear—he would first see her in safety, and then execute his difficult task.

"Here, my men, one of you take a rope round your waist and jump on board that craft!" He had no sooner given the order than every man around him slunk away. "The cowardly rascals!" he muttered, stamping his foot as some indistinct

expressions of "determination never to board the Flying Dutchman" revealed to him too truly what was the source of their defection. "Here, Carpenter, if you're not as craven-hearted as the rest—quick, slip this running knot round your body and leap on board."

"I, sir; Lor! I'm a cripple!" replied the man, shivering as if with an ague.

The peril was imminent. "Oh, you *fools*, to fly from shadows into actual danger—I must do it myself!"

Within the space of a few seconds he had secured the fall of the jib-halliards to his body and sheathing his sword, had given the speaking-trumpet to Margarita to hold. She was standing by his side. As he turned towards her, and beheld her there unshrinking in the midst of all this danger, her luxuriant hair streaming in the wind, while her pale face was visible in the horrid gloom of the night, he half forgot his duty in the admiration of her patient courage. It was momentary—the strange vessel was on the point of touching—all Margiée's attention seemed fixed on him; he took her hand—it trembled not—he pressed it quickly and ardently to his lips, and

holding her light form securely in his left arm, prepared to take the leap.

“Stay!” said Rannolini, placing his hand on Croiser’s shoulder. “With the vessel tossing in this manner there is great danger; surely you had better leave Margarita here, until you ascertain if there’s a safe footing?”

An expression of anguish passed rapidly over Croiser’s features at this question. With her he could have leaped contentedly, had it been into the very jaws of death. There appeared but little chance of being saved—why then lose the bliss of dying in each other’s arms? But there was a chance; it was therefore his duty to give her the benefit of it: it would be selfish to do otherwise! But she had heard Rannolini’s remark, and yet she neither disengaged herself from his embrace, nor relinquished the firm grasp which her right hand had taken of his sword-belt. Her head was still reclining on his shoulder—he looked in her face, saying, with much emotion, “Which do you prefer?”

Death was before her—she had but little hope of escape—she was supported by one of whose devotion she had touching proof; and in her

heart there was a voice that pleaded no less tenderly for him. No wonder then, at that moment, the true impulse of her soul overcame the barrier of female reserve—her reply was scarcely distinct, as she murmured in his ear, “With you!” Volumes could not have expressed more, or imparted greater delight. Drawing her still closer towards him, until her cold forehead touched his burning lip, he sprang away from the bulwark of his fore-castle, just as the Pearl rose on the crest of a wave.

Urged by every thing that can stimulate man’s energies, his whole soul had been put forth with that exertion, so that he came with considerable violence against the main-shrouds of the strange wreck, the greater part of which yet remained standing. His first inquiry was if Margarita had been hurt. Fortunately this was not the case, as his form had been interposed in the contact. Quickly descending to the deck, which appeared totally deserted, he loosened the rope from his body, and made it fast to the vessel. For a few seconds he appeared to be contemplating a return to the Pearl. Margarita discerned his thoughts, and clinging once more to his arm, said, “For

Heaven's sake do not leave me, or if you must go, take me with you!"

"No, I will never leave you!" he returned, as he reflected, "their cowardice obliged me to come first, I am therefore free to remain." Five minutes had by this time elapsed since he received the carpenter's report, according to which the Pearl had only a second duration of that period to float. Every second was a matter of life and death. He had instructed Rannolini, that on the instant when he beheld him safe on the strange vessel, he was to knot the end of the jib-halliards—which he was to cut from the running part—to the hawser, placed close at hand. This being done, Croiser pulled it towards him, making it fast in-board. Springing up on the bulwarks, he applied the speaking-trumpet to his mouth—"Tarpaulin, ahoy!"—A few seconds elapsed.

"Ay, ay, Sir?"

"Jump forward on the forecastle, and help over into this vessel all the passengers—lash your helm a-lee so as to bring her alongside, fling out a grapnel from your quarter as a warp, and come on board here every one of you—the Pearl is sinking!"

Owing to the tumult which now raged, and Croiser being to leeward, only the first part of his message was heard, which Tarpaulin at once jumped forward to execute. Having hauled on the hawser so as to bring the Pearl's bow close to the gangway of the strange wreck, Rannolini and his fair young friend, Charlotte, were soon got on board by the aid of Nine-fathom Tim. The Rev. Nathaniel and Lady Sapphira were also transported, though with a little more difficulty; but the marvellous Captain and the wonderful Major were not to be found.

Croiser having assisted in getting over Rannolini, appeared to view in his safety a release from half his dangers. "Where's the Captain, Tarpaulin? and where's the Major?" inquired he.

"They're not within hail, sir—the skipper, he's absent without leave; and as for ould Pegs, he's stuck hard and fast, I don't doubt it, 'twixt some of the seams, for they begin to open."

"Come, come, Tarpaulin, why don't you send over the ship's company?"

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Tim, not knowing that the order had been given before. He had just turned round to repeat it to the men, when he

saw them coming forward in a body to the fore-castle, roaring out, "Cast her off—cut her adrift!"

"Come, my lads!" cried Tarpaulin, "the Captain's a waiting for you on board, there, jump on board as quick as you can—first come, first served."

"“Jump on-board?”" returned two or three. "D'ye think we're so green as not to be up to Ould Nick? That's no ship that you see there—that's the Flying Dutchman, if ever Flying Dutchman was seen. Cast her off! cut the tow—she's only sinking us by laying alongside—it's a trap of the Ould One to catch us aboard, and then go down!"

Tarpaulin was astounded at their superstitious madness, and endeavoured to reason with them; but it was in vain. The report had been spread by those who first saw her; terror, danger, and the terrific scene had unhinged their minds sufficiently to give it credence.

The water was now gaining on them with great rapidity, the waves dashed over her with unceasing fury—her heavy hull laboured more and more over the billows, the motion of which occasionally buried her bow in water. Several of the crew,

intent on getting away from the fancied Dutchman, had seized the tomahawks from over the guns to sever the hawser that still connected the vessels. One man had his arm raised to give the fatal stroke, when Tarpaulin seized him by the collar, lifted the offender clear off the deck, and flung him sprawling among the rest of his infatuated shipmates, saying at the same time, "'Vast heaving, you griffin—you and I's fish and fowl. I'd rather have a Dutch ship than none at all! Well my old shipmates, if ye won't come aboard, my advice is—hoist your boats out, and look sharp, for if ye *do* go to sleep over it, ye'll be slinging your cots to-night in Davy Jones's locker; and as to going there, why that's a journey I would'nt recommend to a young greyhound." Then turning about, he took one step back, to put his vast bulk in motion, and in the next moment sprang through the air to fasten on the stranger's shrouds, like a cat—by all fours.

CHAPTER XI.

“ A gallant bark hath left the bay,
O'er trackless seas to roam;
And bounds along her watery way,
Yet ne'er shall reach her home.”

FORSYTH.

TARPAULIN had no sooner gained a place of refuge in safety, than he faced about, as if to take a final view of his tight little craft before she went down. While thus mournfully engaged, he heard the cry of some one on-board the sinking schooner. “ Help me—oh help me! Captain Croiser!”

The men had cut the hawser adrift, and by the still continued flashes of lightning Tarpaulin beheld Bombast struggling through the crew on the forecastle, in order to get on board the stranger, from which the Pearl was just separating. Already she was two yards asunder. On

seeing this, Bombast paused, uttering piercing cries for help, which it was impossible to afford him.

Tarpaulin seeing his situation, hailed him—
“ Look sharp and run out along the bowsprit—
your jib-boom’s still foul of our fore rigging!”

Taking this timely advice, he crept out as quickly as his almost forgotten seamanship permitted, and succeeded in reaching his destination, just as Puff, that *Achates fidelis*, made his appearance on the forecastle, in still greater distress. The distance between the vessels was now of course increased—he was afraid to follow his friend Bombast; first, because his wooden member would be so unruly, and next, because, not having been brought up at sea, he was unpossessed even of Bombast’s small share of nautical dexterity. In this dilemma he stood with much lamentation—looking first at the bowsprit, then at the strange vessel—then feeling his pockets behind, at the same time losing each precious second that flitted irrecoverably past, while the vessels continued to widen.

This separation was still going on, and seemed likely to continue till it was too late to save him ;

Tarpaulin therefore, extending his arms, bawled out, "Go it, old Pegs! now! Go it and jump over; I'll catch you," at this moment the Pearl was lifted up on a wave—the opportunity was most favourable, in another instant she might fall off too far for the attempt. Mustering a momentary courage, he sprang, but his usual timidity overtaking him at the fatal crisis, it checked his career, and Tim with outstretched arms beheld him plunge into the trembling waves beneath! "Augh! you'm a natural fool," growled the wrathful Tarpaulin, shaking his fist at the unfortunate imbecile struggling below. Turning quickly round, he seized a coil of the stoutest rope which was hanging on the belaying pins of the mainrigging; and taking a close hitch round his wrist, he dropped himself into the sea at the peril of his life, since to a swimmer less expert and Herculean than himself such a course would have been instant death. This was not, however, the first time that Tim had been obliged to swim for his life in a gale of wind, and having perfect possession of himself, he managed to lay hold of Puff's collar just as he was setting off on that journey, which according to Tim's account, was not to be recommended even to 'a young

greyhound.' He now hauled himself to the gangway, and watching his time when she rolled over to leeward, he thrust his powerful hand into one of the clefts of the gangway steps, where his vast strength enabled him to maintain his position while she rolled to windward.

Supporting his feet on the steps below, he now gave his burden a shake, saying, "Come ye ould Griffin! look about ye! Bear a hand up the side, and take care ye don't go tumbling overboard again, for hang me if I pick you up." Much to his surprise, however, Puff neither moved nor spoke, so taking him in-board, he laid him on the booms. In doing this there appeared to be something very heavy in the Wonderful Major's coat pocket. "Holloa! what have we here?" said Tim as his eyes sparkled. "A prize by Jove!" pulling forth a long-necked bottle of Cognac brandy. "Come, this fellow's worth more than I thought after all"—stowing it away about his capacious person. "Let's try the other tack. Holloa, missed stays! No no holds her own all right!" and pulling a second from the other pocket, which as he stowed away, he muttered, "Now that's what I call salvage! It'll dry a fellow's wet jacket. What

the deuce is this?" taking out a brown paper parcel which he unwrapped, "bread and beef—in pickle," he added, seeing how completely it was soaked in the salt water. "Well, the old fellow seems to a know'd that he was going on a sea-voyage, he's vittalled for a blue water cruise—very good stuff I dare say, but tisn't in my way—so I'll shove it into his after hatch again—I scorn to be dishonest. Let me see! Shall I rouse the old boy? Ehem! that would look 'spicious-like—so I'll just turn him bung down, to let the salt water run out, and he can come to at his leisure—or stay though! fair exchange is no robbery, as I've repaid myself in his brandy, I may as well give him a drop of schnapps to comfort his kidneys. Here, where are ye, old Sal?" In answer to this self inquiry, he drew forth that respectable lady of metal, and filling a brimming cup, found no difficulty in pouring it down Puff's throat. When convinced that it was swallowed, he turned the militia-man face downwards, saying, "I wonder if the Griffin 'll be raw enough to let that slip out 'long with the brine! If-so-be he does, it 'll sarve un right, for he must be a fool not to have any 'scrimination 'twixt Dutch gin and salt water!" and with this

logical conclusion he walked off to the forecandle, where he saw Croiser and the rest of the passengers.

As Tarpaulin went forward, he patted his hand over the bottle of brandy, mumbling after his manner, "Now that's what I calls a catch on a windy morning like this, with my poor ould grog-case, under sailing orders for Davy Jones. Ay, and as good a two hunner pounds worth of lace and toggery as ever a fellow stowed under his jacket—and all my spare rhino gone too—that's agen my grain, tho'f to be sure I'll make it up on the other tack some day. But as to my ould grog-case, that's a devil of a go surely,—that's a reg'lar pauler—I wouldn't have missed that for all the lace in Brushalls—I wonder if the old craft's gone down yet?" Quickening his steps as this occurred to him, he sprang up on the weather bulwark behind Croiser and the rest.

Nearly ten minutes had now elapsed since the two vessels had been cut adrift, and Croiser was beginning to fear that the carpenter's fright might have deceived him respecting the state of the Pearl, and that he might have been precipitate in bringing Margarita and the others from a beautiful little

sea-boat into what was almost a wreck. There was at this time a distance of at least twenty yards between the two vessels; the flashes of lightning still continued to reveal the Pearl's position, and to all appearance she was in much the same state as when they left her; the sound of many voices commanding, was borne distinctly to leeward. Presently it increased—it rose—became louder—more wild—more shrill, until it seemed to swell and gather into an agonized shriek, and then was hushed.

“There she goes!” said Croiser, who, with his hands clasped so as to afford a focus for his eyes, saw, or fancied he saw her tall and graceful masts fall gradually over to leeward into the deadly embrace of the wild element beneath. Once more the electric flash poured its dazzling light upon the bosom of the waters, and then they found themselves alone! Around them tumbled the surging billows in angry strife with the gale sweeping over them, their foamy crests reflecting back the fearful fires of Heaven that in this dance of death skipped from wave to wave. But in all this scene, the graceful form of the Pearl of the Ocean, which had so lately swam there in all her pride

and beauty, was no longer to be seen. Her last voyage had been taken! "full fifty fathom down" she lay, and scattered round her, the bodies of her gallant, but superstitious crew.

Thrice the survivors waited for the return of the lightning to confirm their suspicions before they spoke. "*This* is the realization of my presentiment!" said Rannolini, mournfully, laying his hand on Croiser's shoulder.

"Too true!" returned the latter with considerable emotion, in French; then adding in his native tongue, "Poor fellows, they're all gone!—and—amongst them, one I have valued for years, honest old heart!" while a tear glistened in his eye. "I would not have lost him for the brightest jewel in England's crown. Poor Tim—poor Tarpaulin—he's gone too!"

"Urh!" blubbered some gruff voice from behind, "but, axing your honour's pardon, he's not so green as to leave a good skipper for Davy Jones on such a windy morning!"

At those well-known accents, Croiser instantly turned his head, and to his inexpressible joy all his fears were dispelled. It was indeed Nine-fathom Tim! Past and present dangers were for-

gotten. Thrusting forth his hand, he seized that of his old shipmate, saying, "What then, you old vagabond, you're really here—and how have you managed to escape?"

"Pretty well, your honour! pretty well, thank ye!" returned Tim, affected with the kindness of his captain, "all things considered; 'septin ye see, your honour, I've lost my ould grog-case!"

"What—Sal?"

"No, no, your honour! Not so bad as that neither! No, my ould case what your honour remembers was made out of the Pomony* by my ould messmate Bill Shakings. He was cast away, poor chap, off the coast of Africky!"

"Well, well, Tim, if that's all, we can give you a better one when we get ashore."

"Ay, ay, your honour, belike you'll give me a better one, or a gold 'un for the matter o' that; but it won't have been made by Bill Shakings, nor have been with me calm and squall, high or low, nor have kept my old mother's tea; for ye see, the good 'oman used it as a tea-chest for many's the long day, when I left it, like the Dutchman's an-

* Pomona.

chor, at home, till, as your honour knows, she set off to Davy Jones from Portsmouth harbour one cold morning—let alone beside all this, having held more rale good licker than ever I shall drink agen—more's the sorrow! Will your honour have a drop o' something short this could morning?" proffering a dram of spirit in the top of his "Sal Moffat."

"Not now, thank ye, Tim."

"Urh— that's bad fillossify in your honour!" tossing it off himself; then pausing gravely, while he knit his brows, "but after all, I'm a thinking 'tis som'hat hard-hearted to be piping about an ould grog-case, when there's so many a brave chap gone down in our tight little barkey to windward.—I hope old Davy's given her a snug berth below,—who measured five foot ten, if not some inches more,—especially seeing I've got my dudeen here all safe, to blow a cloud with," taking off his hat and viewing with great satisfaction the blackened little stump of pipe that never quitted its station.

"Come, come, Tarpaulin, it's no use looking out for the poor Pearl—she's gone!"

"Ay, your honour! that's as clear as mud in a wine glass, and bad luck to the saying of it!"

“ Well then, let’s look about us, I dare say we shall find the crew of this craft all below as tipsy as thieves.”

“ Why as to that, your honour, I think they’ve deserted the poor vessel; for any how it seems they’ve hoisted out the boats!”

Croiser started at this observation, and turned to Margarita to inquire how she felt. The latter did not speak nor raise her head from his shoulder, where, covered with her hands, she had hid her face, so as not to see the sinking of the Pearl. Croiser began to be alarmed, though he could feel the pulsations of her heart as it throbbed near his own. “ Margarita—dearest Margarita!” She looked up, and Croiser inquired, “ How are you, Margarita? Are you cold or wet?”

“ Nothing to signify, I thank you; though I should be very glad to go below, if it be possible!”

“ You shall do so immediately. I will get down and assist you to do the same.”

Having placed Margarita in safety on the deck, he turned to Rannolini. “ I fear we must make the most of what the Fates send. Suppose we go below and examine the cabins? The ladies once disposed of, we must see what can be done to-

wards making some sail on this hulk, for we have a fair wind."

"Thou art right, Croiser; it is on action that we must rely. We will descend. Now, Mademoiselle Charlotte, suppose we go below?"

"Ah Captain Croiser! there is always a great deal of sense in your remarks," chimed in Bombast; "it can be no manner of use our staying up here, in such a gale: never saw such a gale since my passage home from the Longbow Islands! A most disastrous affair this! most disastrous! To think of poor Puff being lost too—and all through his own timidity. But Puff, it must be confessed—though in other respects a very good fellow—always had weak nerves. And the United Blunderbuss Journal too—well I suppose that I must take the editorship of that my—"

"——No, that I be whipped if you shall, Captain Bombast!" sputtered forth the Wonderful Major, at this ill-timed moment, starting up from the booms opposite to which the captain now stood. He had recovered his senses, and was marvelling how he came to be in his present predicament, when he heard his name and fame assailed by his dear friend, and sprang up at once to defend them. "You most

ungrateful slanderer—thus to—to—attack me when I'm dead—or rather that's to say when you thought I was dead! I to whom you owe so much! I who've said so much more in your favour than you ever deserved. I who have paid you shilling after shilling for your twice-laid articles that were nothing more than a day's log at the first. I,—I say who have allowed you to write puff after puff, and criticism after criticism on your own exaggerated works—to call me, sir, a man of weak nerves! It's a falsehood, sir, you know it! I'm not of weak nerves!”

“Of weak nerves? No, Major! he should have said of weak understanding,” interrupted Charlotte, as Puff in his hurry to approach Bombast, put his wooden member through one of the holes in the waist grating, and slid down like a man on one knee, while the marvellous captain startled at this sudden resurrection of his “dear friend,” took to his heels round the fore-castle, firmly believing that it could be nothing less than Puff's ghost. This incident having temporarily diverted the gloom of the party, they raised the militia-man from his state of abasement, and endeavoured to assuage his wrath by showing him the folly of

expecting in this world to meet with "a friend" who would not take every opportunity of calumniating him when his back was turned, whether in death or otherwise.

Having in some sort reconciled this worthy pair, or at least neutralized the effects of their anger, they proceeded on a voyage of discovery below; Tarpaulin went down the after hatchway first. He had not reached more than half way to the bottom, when he started back, exclaiming, "Hol-loa! why what's here? Stand back, Captain Croiser, till I see what's the matter!" Tarpaulin then descended to the deck below, merely put his head under the hatches, and then instantly returned to his commander. His face, had there been sufficient light, would have foretold some new disaster; as it was, the solemn change in his voice startled his young commander, who even then was not prepared to hear Tim's sad intelligence. Speaking in a whisper, lest it might frighten Margarita, he said "Save us, your honour! we've jumped out of one mess into another; this rip of a vessel is water-logged—she's got three feet of salt brine on her deck below. I don't expect she's a clear half-hour to live!"

Croiser remained silent—he was petrified with the sudden blow which this gave to all his hopes. Better to have perished in his own vessel, surrounded by his gallant crew, than have come here to meet a worse, because a more lingering fate with the additional horror of having seen all his comrades go down within hail—of having heard their last death agonies!

“What does he say?” inquired Rannolini, who had seen Tarpaulin communicate something to his commander, and had witnessed its effect. Croiser briefly repeated it.

“Bah! this is unfortunate—I had thought the worst was past! ‘Three feet of water,’ say you? Then she must soon go down. To think of being drowned in such a tub of a vessel as this! Is it not annoying? Well come, there’s no time to be lost. It is our duty to do all that is possible. What say you?—you have had a naval education—what step ought we to take?”

“Alas! I scarcely know—her boats are all gone.”

“Well then, it is clear we have nothing to which we can trust, except a raft. Let us set to work this instant; and do thou, Croiser, spur

up those imbeciles, and make them useful for once."

"What is the matter, Captain Croiser?" inquired Margarita, alarmed at the secret conversation between him, Tarpaulin, and Rannolini. "For Heaven's sake tell me all! I can bear any thing better than suspense. Are we in the hands of pirates? Are any poor people killed below?"

"Defend us!" exclaimed Puff and Bombast starting back from the hatchway—"killed'?—what! people murdered below?"

"No, gentlemen, you have nothing of that sort to fear."

Croiser then informed the ladies of the melancholy fact with as much delicacy as the case permitted, and offered them all the consolation which it was in his power to bestow.

Lady Sapphira was in a state that did not allow her to understand anything, and the cynical Nathaniel found it as much as he could do to take charge of her. On Charlotte this sudden reverse fell heavily, and again checked those buoyant spirits, whose rise was instantaneous on the disappearance of the imminent danger which before threatened them. She was unable to view

with composure, this fresh and still more terrible summons from the bright gaieties of life, when seemingly on the point of being restored to them, and was therefore considerably affected by it. Rannolini endeavoured to soothe her with all that kindness which was so natural to him, and undertook the charge of the sisters while Croiser set to work with his companions in forming a raft. Margarita was still herself; her hopes had not been extravagantly raised, neither were they now depressed. She viewed her approaching end with the same unflinching calmness that she had evinced under the agonies of starvation, while a secret pleasure reigned in her heart at being in the society of him she loved. While his figure was sufficiently near, it was on him that her eyes were fixed, when his duty called him to another part of the deck, it was his voice that her ear was strained to catch.

Croiser's first step was to muster his force: it consisted of Tarpaulin and himself, Bombast, Puff, and Garnet, who had been sufficiently free from superstitious terror to follow the passengers from the sinking vessel. Every thing depended on their activity, and on this night it was put to the severest test.

“Tarpaulin, my boy!” said Croiser, “have you your knife about you?”

“Have I my head on my shoulders, sir?”

“Yes, and it’s nearly as thick as your steel; so turn to and cut adrift these booms on both sides for your life. See that all the spars are clear of any lashing to the deck, which can drag them down when the old craft founders. Then take all the largest, such as the spare topmasts, topsail-yards, and studding-sail booms, and pass a secure lashing athwart them all, in half a dozen places. While you’re doing this, Garnet and myself will lash these dozen spare oars at top and bottom, to keep them from coming together. You, Captain Bombast, will be kind enough to unstow all the hammocks from the nettings, and bring them to us; while Major Puff will unship all the waist and quarter-deck sky-light gratings, and convey them here. If you move yourselves quickly, we may yet form a raft that will stand the sea, before she settles down.”

Inspired by the master-spirits that directed them, the subordinates fagged with the energy of men, who, on the brink of destruction, can yet discern some chances of redemption. Rannolini with his fair protégées, stood under the lee of the

mainmast, viewing the work as it proceeded just before him, and from time to time pointing out any improvement that his universal genius suggested.

Half an hour had elapsed, the work was proceeding with uninterrupted ardour, and though the vessel had evidently sunk during that period, yet the slowness with which the water gained on her hull, gave them increased hopes of finishing their raft.

“Courage, my Croiser! Courage! Nothing is absolutely denied to perseverance. How art thou getting on at the other end? It is so dark that I cannot see! What is my old Atlas about?”

“Oh, he is working bravely, we have secured all the longitudinal spars together, as well as the layer across: over the latter you see we have lashed these small gratings, they come in capitally to form a continuous platform. Luckily for us they have left their painted canvass boat-cover behind them, and that, together with the boom cloth spread over the gratings, will keep the water from penetrating beneath. Above will come this layer of junk, and over all will be laid the bedding from these twenty hammocks, the blankets and canvass

of which will keep us pretty well sheltered from the cold!"

"Come, come, this is famous! Who would despair when so much may be gained by exertion? Croiser, thou wert born to command a fleet! But it strikes me, that if yonder thick rope," pointing to the mainstay, "is allowed to remain, it may come across our raft and drag it down!"

"True! Tarpaulin shall cut it away. Tarpaulin, do you jump forward presently and cut away the main and main-spring stays!"

"Ay, ay, your Honour, just wait a bit while I put a few finishing stitches into this matter for'ard here. I'm just a seizing the bedding down, and when that's finished, we may clap on your tinpot faces at the worst of it."

The moment at length arrived when it was finished. Croiser having gone round and minutely inspected every part, returned with the utmost joy to announce to Margarita that it was now ready for the reception of those whose lives were to be entrusted to its stability.

CHAPTER XII.

“ Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground : long heath, brown furze, any thing : the wills above be done ! But I would fain die a dry death—Speak to the mariners, fall to’t yarely.”

TEMPEST.

THE reader must not suppose, because I have gone on describing very quietly the progress of this invention, that it was accomplished under favourable circumstances ; on the contrary, the wind, though not so violent as it had threatened to be, still lashed the waves around them into considerable fury, so that the latter often broke over the deck where they were. For the last half hour also, a drizzling rain had come on, though as Tim remarked, “ It wasn’t necessary to their safety or comfort, since the spray was enough to wet a man through to the *bone*.” In consequence of

this, he had himself indulged in one or two potations from the lady of his lips, and had advised his commander "to sarve out an extra allowance of grog to the young ladies abaft, as well as to that Johnny Crappo; who to be sure—bating that he was a Frenchman,—was a gemman every inch of him."

Besides this attention to their wants, Croiser had also wrapped a couple of blankets round the persons of each of the ladies, when the hammocks were first unstowed. They now took their seats on the raft. The sisters were placed in the middle, Rannolini still by the side of Charlotte, and Croiser by that of Margarita; Lady Sapphira and Nathaniel before; Tarpaulin, Garnet, Bombast, and Puff behind. In this way they sat for some time, talking as well as the incessant roar of the elements would permit them, until Tarpaulin seeing that "the young ladies" had some difficulty in adjusting their temporary mantles around their persons, begged permission to act in the capacity of habit-maker, and producing his case of sail-needles from some of his capacious pockets, soon sewed the sides of two blankets together, so that they were then large enough for a convenient cloak.

Having lent a needle to Croiser, and another to Garnet, the whole party were soon equipped with the same rough but serviceable habiliment.

“ Well done, Tarpaulin !” said Croiser, “ that was a good idea of yours, what ”——

“ Here we go ! Hold taut, my lads !” interrupted Tarpaulin, giving the note of preparation as the sudden rush of water up the hatchways, proclaimed the vessel on the point of sinking—a tremendous sea at that moment struck her on the bow, and while it poured its volumes of water with resistless fury along her decks, she trembled violently for a few seconds, the water bubbled up from below, and her bulwarks gradually settled in the waves, which now broke over them, and presented on every side a ridge of foam that frothed and swelled around the raft floating in the centre.

No sooner did Lady Sapphira feel the water rushing on her in all directions, and comprehend the instant peril which that scene so plainly bespoke, than she uttered the most piercing shrieks. These terrified Bombast and Puff to that degree, that they joined in them ; Margarita and Charlotte were silent, and contented themselves with clinging to those who had undertaken to be their pro-

tectors, while Garnet and Tarpaulin prepared to execute any orders which they might receive, and bent all their attention to the difficult part they had to play in getting clear of the foundering hull.

This state of things lasted for two minutes, and when the first excitation of the moment had subsided, their extreme surprise was called forth by the fact of the hull not having sunk—there she remained *in statu quo*—her deck completely flooded, and the sea breaking over her hammock sails! Now she rose a little, again she sunk. “Now then she’s going!” No—once more she rose, this lasted for five minutes.

“Well, I begin to think them fellows had some sense in them after all,” said Tim. “This may be a Dutch ship, but she isn’t an English one to be so much afeard of the bottom!”

“Oh!” replied Garnet, “she’ll go presently. Don’t be making yourself unaisy, Tim! May be there’s some air confined ’tween decks, that’s keeping her up!”

“Ay, ay, very likely; may be as you say, the ould lady’s got the wind—or the colic for any thing I know—with so much salt water, like enough—this I know, if she hasn’t I have—will

ye have a drop of something short, Bo, till this craft makes sail and leaves us a little sea-room?"

"Come, Master Tarpaulin," said Croiser, "do not keep all that to yourself; but hand a little here."

"Ay, ay, your Honour, you may take my word for it this is the very best of companions on sich a voyage of discovery. Here, your Honour, here's a bottle of brandy."

"Why, I do declare that's one of mine," interrupted Puff.

"One of your's? Pooh, how should it be one of your's, when you've a been overboard? Didn't I see your cargo drop out as I hauled you up the side?"

"Did it? How provoking!"

"Oh, yes!" added Bombast, "Tarpaulin says what is quite correct, I saw them fall myself."

"Well, well, gentlemen, these are minor points, here it is for the good of us all. Tarpaulin, lend me your little cup." This being rinsed, it was filled with spirit, and given to each of the ladies, then to Rannolini and the rest of the party.

"Surely, Croiser," said the foreigner, "it is very odd that this vessel does not sink—most singular; I cannot make it out.—Stay, my friend,

I have it. Of what is her cargo composed? Surely she must be a timber ship!"

"You are right! by Jove you are right! That must indeed be it: and now I think of it, she bears every external appearance of being such. Tarpaulin, my lad, give us your opinion on the subject. This gentleman says that the cargo below must be timber, and that's the reason she doesn't sink!"

"Hah! He does—does he, your Honour?" answered Tim quickly. "Then tell him, with my sarvice, he's a knowing chap for a Frenchman—to think of his having found that out first! That goes against my grain—why, your Honour, you and I have been asleep! But he's right after all; he's right! She is a timber-hulk by her build. I thought she was very long in the waist for an ordinary trader." A few minutes more of reflection convinced them that they were correct in their conjecture, and this being the case, it was incumbent on them to pursue another course.

Croiser now saw that Rannolini's advice as to forming a raft, had been the most correct that could possibly have been offered, since without it they would have been unable to have kept their

feet on the upper deck, over which there was not unfrequently half a fathom of water. Even as it was, they were completely drenched on the raft, and by the extreme motion of the vessel the water constantly flowed over it, and sometimes dashed it against the waist bulwark, with a force that threatened to carry all before it. To prevent this some more ropes were cut away from what remained of the rigging, and were made to serve as gilguys that kept the raft in its place. They were now pretty sure that they could not go down, unless their surmise as to the nature of the cargo had been incorrect; and inspirited by this conviction, Croiser drew upon the abundant resources of his invention with redoubled ardour.

“What does not now depend upon me?” said he internally. “Think on Rannolini! Think on Margarita!” also whispered his heart. “Think that her gentle form, still weak from her recent sufferings and privation, is now exposed to the inclement blast, and the relentless fury of the waves! Think what a claim on her young heart to have saved her from such a fate!”—it needed not to think of more. He sprang up from the raft, saying, “Come, Tarpaulin, my boy; and

you also, Garnet, let us see what we can do towards getting this old log under some sail. By the dead reckoning of yesterday noon, as well as by observation, we cannot be so far off from our port."

"I'm glad to hear it, your Honour! for I think myself we've a had enough o' this for a change. Come, Garnet, bo, jump up, and mind to hold your own as you go about these decks, or you may soon be whipped off! As for me, you know this is nothing to a chap that's stood for hours in nine fathom of water, and not enough to drown him after all!"

"Tarpaulin, do you take the eye of the main-stay, the lashing of which you cut away some time since; go forward with it, and lash it to the starboard bow-port. Garnet, do you take the spring-stay, and do the same on the other side; while I stitch two or three of these hammocks on a bolt-rope for a sail. Tarpaulin, lend me your neddles and twine."

"Ay, ay, your Honour! here they are; but please to have a care how your honour expends them, as we haven't uncle George's stores in the yard to draw upon."

The men then set to work on their appointed duty; this finished, they returned to help Croiser, and in a short time the fore-yard was secured, and four hammocks, two on each side of the mast stretched out to catch the gale. This accomplished, they had recourse to the same manœuvre on the main-yard, as soon as they had succeeded in getting her head before the wind.

In gales such as the one which is here described, it is almost inconceivable to the mind of a landsman how ships under bare poles—that is, without sails—should be propelled at the prodigious rate at which they have been known to go; instances are on record of its having amounted even to fifteen miles an hour. In a case like the present, however, where the ship was not built for fast sailing, and the circumstance of her being water-logged made her lie so low in the water, it could not be expected that she would go at a greater rate than seven miles an hour, even with her eight hammocks set as sails; they were therefore much delighted when Croiser was enabled by seeing the velocity with which the water flowed past them, to announce that such was their speed.

The binnacles were yet left on deck, and one of the compasses still fit for use; Tarpaulin was placed at the helm for the first hour, Garnet relieved him, and Croiser was to take it next. Preparatory to this he mounted to the foretop, where a joyful sight awaited him. Far away on the larboard bow he beheld, as the ship rose on the sea, the dull glimmer that proceeded from the Eddystone lighthouse. A shout of joy escaped him as he fixed his eyes on that well-known beacon, and hailed it as a promised restoration of life from above. Hastening down, he communicated these glad tidings to the party. Charlotte was overjoyed; Margarita said nothing, but the glance with which she returned his warm pressure of her hand, was to him worth a language of words.

“Eddystone lighthouse, eh, Croiser? Come, that’s not so bad. On my map they mark it as some fifteen miles distant from Plymouth, is that right?”

“Very nearly, Monsieur. Perhaps it may be a little less.”

“Bravo! when shall we be in there, Croiser? Thou art a prince of a sailor. Ladies, we

owe all to your gallant and handsome young friend—but for him we should now have been with those brave fellows that went down. Would to heaven that they were with us. But to look back is vain. Tell me, Croiser, when shall we arrive in Plymouth?”

“If every thing continues favourable, about nine in the morning—it is now nearly four.”

“Here, Croiser, bend thy head to me,” whispering, “you are sure you have those papers and those jewels safe?”

“Safe as myself,” pointing to the square little case strapped round him.

“That is right! suppose we now give the ladies a little brandy. They must require it by this time. What a grand scene we have witnessed—how sublime is this storm even now! It is well worth while to have endured our hardships to have beheld such a war of elements, though,” adding in a graver tone, “I know not that I would dare such a voyage again for such an end.”

“Ah! Monsieur, grand as it is, it is nothing to what I have witnessed.”

“No?—But no! I dare say it is not.”

“Here, your honour,” interrupted Tarpaulin,

“ here’s the brandy; will you serve it out? I dare say the ould Major’s there, and the skipper can rummage out a little provisions, if they unstow their after-pouches, for it was foraging in your cabin, that kept ’em so much after time. They well nigh lost their passage!”

Here Puff protested he had nothing about him, wondering at the same time how Tarpaulin should have known anything about it. This protest was correct, for he had taken an opportunity when unseen, of devouring the provisions which Tim had returned to his pocket. Bombast, however, being of a more sordid disposition, yet possessed the greater part of his prey untouched, and not having been overboard like Puff, it was less wet. Being obliged to bring this forth, it fell into Rannolini’s hands. He divided it into three portions, which he gave to Charlotte, Margiée, and Lady Sapphira, while the owner who was on the watch for his share, looked lamentably woe-begone at being thus disappointed.

Lady Sapphira’s hysterics did not prevent her from dispatching her ‘frustrum,’ as she would have termed it, at once. The twins insisted on dividing their portions, of which no one however

would accept, save Puff and Bombast, who of all the party least required it. Soon the clouds lightening on their starboard quarter, proclaimed that the sun was once more approaching our hemisphere, though his bright beams were quenched with the mists through which he had to struggle.

No sun-rise, however glorious, was ever hailed with more enthusiastic feelings of delight ; as daylight strengthened, so the factitious luminary of man paled away, and in its place they now beheld the beautiful column of the Eddystone, rising from the circlet of foam that surrounded its base. At half-past six they passed this superb lighthouse, over the summit of which, the water was not unfrequently dashed, and then flung back into a wild jet of foam.

Rannolini gazed at this object long and ardently, until it was left behind ; he then sat down with a sigh, a mode which he sometimes used to express admiration and envy combined. Yet it was not a sigh in which those around could detect its origin, but a suppressed expiration of the breath that only bespoke his feelings to those accustomed to interpret his slightest meaning. With every mile over which their unwieldy bark was propelled, the

spirits of the party rose in proportion. Tarpaulin, in particular, contributed much to their amusement by his long stories and quaint remarks. Hour after hour passed, until they beheld Penlee Point on their lee bow, and on the other, the bluff precipitous rock of the Mewstone; with its millions of winged denizens covering its summit and screeching their wailing cries to the blast.

With considerable emotion, Margarita contemplated that inauspicious spot, to reach which they had first set out, and which they now beheld once more, after almost incredible hardships, while half of those beings in whose company she had last seen it, were no longer in existence. However, there was but a short space of time for such sombre reflections; they were rapidly approaching the shore. Already on the western side of the bay, they beheld the wild surges foaming on the rugged rocks that formed the boundaries of Mount Edgecumbe. Above these were seen the dark and twisted pine-trees, bending to the blast which swept over them in all its fury, till at length, the old grey ruins of the gothic tower stood forth to view on its barren hill.

As they were therefore compelled to run their

vessel on shore somewhere, and as it was utterly impossible to bring such a log to an anchor, Croiser naturally wished to choose some spot on the grounds from which the ladies might be easily conveyed to the house. For this purpose, Barn Pool appeared to be the most desirable place on account of its sheltered situation. But to the accomplishment of such a project there was a formidable difficulty. The reader will remember that in the middle of the sound lay St. Nicholas' Island, between the western extremity of which and the opposite point, jutting out from the Port Admiral's grounds, ran a line of rocks under water termed "the Bridge." The only time during which it was possible to pass over this impediment, was at or near high tide. There was to be sure a clear passage round the other end of St. Nicholas' Island, on the opposite side of the bay; but in such a gale, ten to one if the best equipped ship could come to the wind and hold her course sufficiently well to recross the bay between the island and the main, while in such a wreck of a vessel, it would be madness to attempt it, unless with the idea of being stranded under the Hoe to leeward, now exposed to the direct influence of the gale,

and with the almost certain chance of total destruction on the pointed rocks which fringed the base of this hill. The state of the tide therefore was a question of the greatest moment. Croiser having reflected, came to a decision himself, and then asked Tim for his calculation, to see if it would coincide. After puzzling for some time on his fingers, Tarpaulin asserted that there was yet half an hour's flood tide, which agreed so well with Croiser's opinion, that he determined to run the risk. With this resolution he walked aft to take the helm, and steered direct for the narrow passage between the island and Mount Edgecumbe. Before he went he gave the ladies in charge to Rannolini—begged them above all things to keep their seats, and left Garnet with them to obey any orders they might give.

Having the utmost reliance on the skill and judgment of Tarpaulin, he now took Tim aft with him to the helm. As they drifted in, their eyes encountered a sight but little calculated to allay the fears of people in their situation. The whole line of coast surrounding the sound, was one continuous line of white foam, dotted in numerous places with a dark spot, which the saddened eye

presently discovered to be a wreck. On the heights above each of these melancholy spectacles, were to be seen a crowd of persons attracted by curiosity or the hope of spoil, or a few with the charitable wish of proving serviceable to their fellow creatures. But in too many instances they were obliged to behold the last struggling in vain with the resistless might of the maddened elements, sucked by the insatiate wave into a watery tomb, or dashed in death upon the jagged rocks.

Turning his eye resolutely from every thing that could divert his attention, and bending all his faculties to the task which he had to execute, Croiser stood on the starboard side of the wheel that enabled him to steer the vessel, while Tim, more accustomed to the navigation of this dangerous passage, steadied the spokes to leeward, and helped to conn her course.

“ Now, sir! give her a wee bit o’ weather helm.”

“ Take care, Tim, and don’t be rash.”

“ ‘Rash’? Not I, your honour! I could steer the best craft that ever swam under six hundred ton over this bridge and yet sleep sound and snoring all the while—steady! so, sir—now, your

honour, a leetle bit o' starboard again. I know this passage as well as e'er a water rat does his hole—now, starboard again, your honour. I just want to bring that blockhouse on with Dick Morris's quay, under Mount Wise—so, I've got him. Now, your honour, you bring that old green ruin on with yonder hummock, and I'll have her over the bridge in the twinkling of a bed post!"

"Very well, Tim."

"Steady, so, sir; steady. Why, your honour's sending Dick Morris's quay to 'no man's land.' Try back a bit, your honour."

"Why, then, I shall not be able to bring my bearings on right."

"Yes, you will, your honour—so—now. Is the hummock on, sir?"

"Yes, Tarpaulin."

"Now, then, sir—now look out. Hold fast; here's the rub. Here we go. *Hold on.* HAH! 'Vast—'vast heaving! *Right* your helm. *Right—right*, for your life, sir! We've struck!!" A tremendous shock, that made the immense mass of their vessel quiver from one end to the other, confirmed these dreadful words. A sea struck her weather-quarter, breaking furiously along the whole length

of her deck. A shriek arose from Lady Sapphira, anxious as usual, to distract her friend as much as possible. “*Down* with your helm. To leeward your honour! *down* with it! She’s broaching to!” cried Tarpaulin, making the spokes of the wheel fly round with the greatest rapidity, while his gigantic form stood like a rock with the sea streaming from it as the waves retired.

“How is she now, Tarpaulin? Does she go off?”

“Not yet, your honour! We must wait a bit!”

“Now then look out, here comes another sea.”

“Ay, and welcome, sir! Hold on! hold on like a young greyhound to his breakfast! Now then, your honour! *Right* the wheel again!—quick for the body and soul o’ ye! Here she goes—we’re off! Hurrah, my hearties, we’re off! The sea that broke upon her stern outstripped in its force even the last—a grating sound was heard, as if an iron cable was running overboard—a second shock, and “She’s free, your honour! she’s free!” burst from the delighted Tarpaulin, as the ship once more slid off into deep water, and was urged forward on her course. “The tide was a little bit

lower than our reckoning, your honour, or I be bound, give me the time of tide and a craft that answers her helm a little more readily, and I'd make her spin over that bridge, blow high or low, I know!"

In a few minutes their vessel arrived in Barn Pool, where the first thing that Croiser beheld on shore was the Port Admiral, with all his servants. He had seen the vessel strike on the bridge, and had hurried out with his usual kindness to afford all the assistance in his power. On seeing her get afloat again, he rightly conjectured that she would most likely strike on some part of the grounds, though utterly unconscious of her precious freight, for the safety of whom he had been in the utmost despair, until the arrival of the launch sent on before by Croiser. Inspired by this sight, Croiser joyfully put the helm up to turn aside into the little cove in which the poor Pearl had lain before, but unfortunately the rudder of the hulk had been so much injured by its late collision that the hull no longer answered its direction.

Croiser now beheld that their fate was in other hands. "Here, Tarpaulin," said he, "do you take this helm, we are driving directly on for that

green ruin, as you call it; since we can do no better, endeavour to keep her so, while I jump forward, and prepare them for striking." In an instant he was on the raft, Margarita's hand was clasped in his, while with the other he retained a firm hold of a rope. "Hold fast!" said he, "every one of you; we are about to strike!" Scarcely had the words issued from his lips, when crash went her bow against the shore. Her motion once arrested, her stern became the mark for every wave; and propelled by such resistless force, she was at each stroke lifted higher up on the rocks, until one more furious than the rest struck her on the weather quarter, and drove her broadside-on upon the shore. As she could now go no higher, and the waves made a continual breach over her, their only care was to leave her as soon and as safely as possible.

They had been so far favoured in their site as to be cast immediately under the walls of the little battery, which, as the reader knows, was on the left of the harbour entrance. These walls once gained, and they were safe. The mode of doing this, however, was not very easy. In addition to their presenting a perpendicular sur-

face of ten feet, they were three or four yards distant, while the intervening space was filled with sharp craggy rocks, which the foam of the sea distinctly showed to general view, while it concealed the details necessary for obtaining a footing on them. The cat-fall still remained on deck. Attaching the end of this rope to the first heavy substance which they could find, Tarpaulin was instructed to fling it on shore, where the Port Admiral's men were directed to make it fast. This done, the fish-fall was taken and knotted into a pair of slings in the middle, which traversed the first rope; and one end of it being kept on board, the other was flung on shore.

The ready wit of the Port Admiral immediately understood this contrivance, and putting the last rope into the hands of his men, held them in readiness to run away with it. Croiser in order to give confidence risked his person the first, but as he was quite certain of its safety, he took Margarita with him. It was not for her, of course, to raise objections—nay, if the truth must be told, she would hardly have felt safe—certainly not happy, in the protection of another. Having seated himself firmly in the slings before-

mentioned, and seen that Margarita was in no danger of falling—the signal was given, and the men pulled them in; the slings gliding over the first cat-fall until they reached the walls of the battery, four or five feet above which the rope passed.

“Vast heaving, Boys!” said the Port Admiral, stepping forward with his usual gallantry, when, to his utter surprise, he found his youngest daughter in the person of her thus narrowly snatched from death. “What! Why—eh! What! Good Heaven! can it be possible?” exclaimed the brave veteran, folding her in his arms, while the tears chased one another over his cheeks, “Margiée! my old girl! my lost darling! is it you? Why, how the devil did you come here? — hang me if I could tell who it was leaping into my old arms. God bless my heart and soul, and there’s Chatty too! my poor dear Chatty!”

But it is unnecessary to detain the reader with any further detail. All were landed in safety, Croiser having gone back for Charlotte, and Rannolini being brought over in the arms of Nine-fathom-Tim himself. No sooner did Sir Richard behold the foreigner, than he demanded

of Tarpaulin in an under voice, "Who the deuce may we have here?"

"A capital chap, and a true bit of stuff, your honour!" answered Tim, eyeing the old officer, who had on his old glazed hat, great coat, and fisherman's boots, with unusual earnestness.

"True stuff"! Why, odd rabbit, he's a Frenchman!"

"I'll answer for him. Nevertheless, your honour, Frenchman or no, he wouldn't make off I know, and leave a shipmate at low water, as some folks have done that I've met with."

"You! Oh! it is you, you long vagabond? and how have you been?"

"Umph! pretty well, sir, pretty well, thank ye—and how's your honour's stern-post by this time?"

"Hush! hush! you rogue! and pocket this," offering a *douceur*.

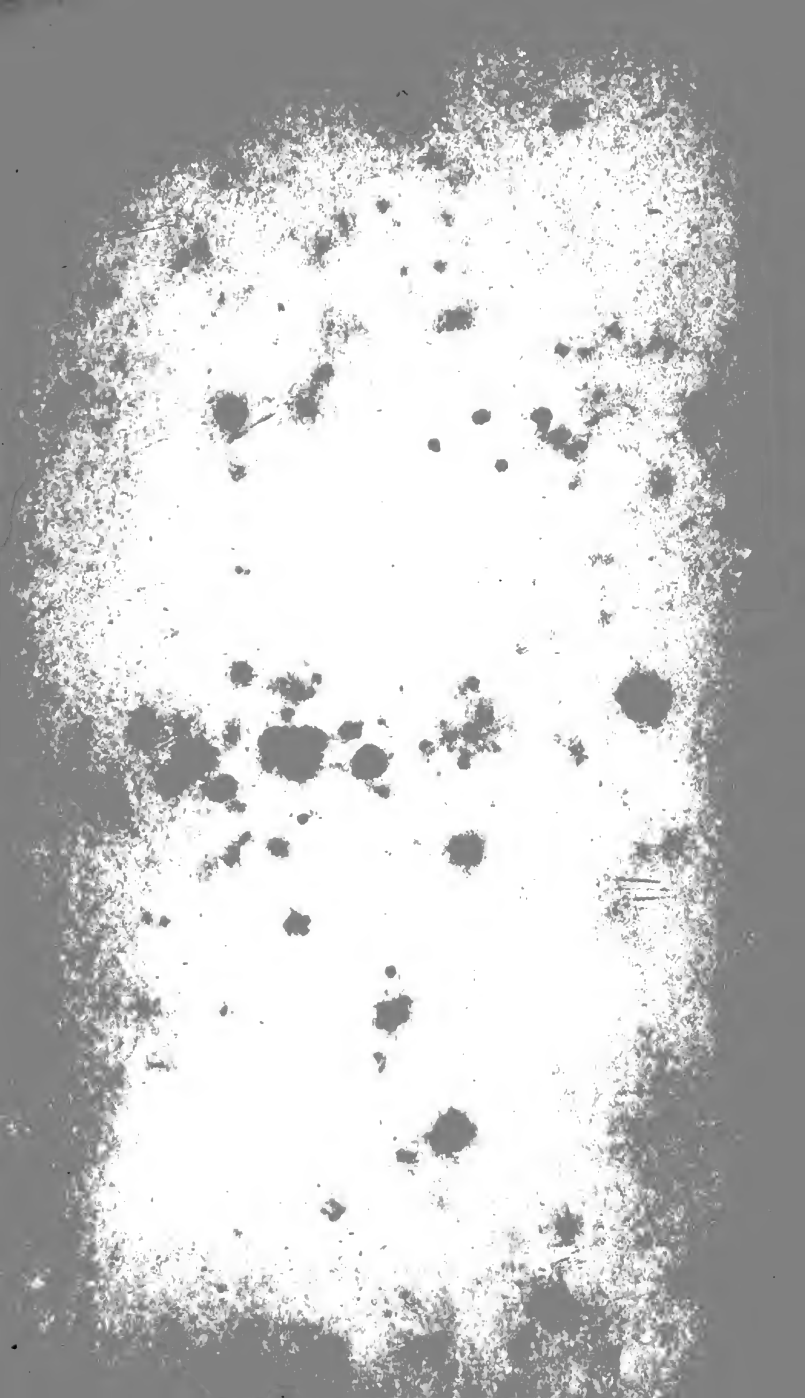
"None of that, thank ye, your honour, I rather spin a yarn with ye agen some day, and toss off a glass of good Schnapps to your honour's health, if-so-be it's all the same to you."

"Well, well, if it's there the land lies, you've

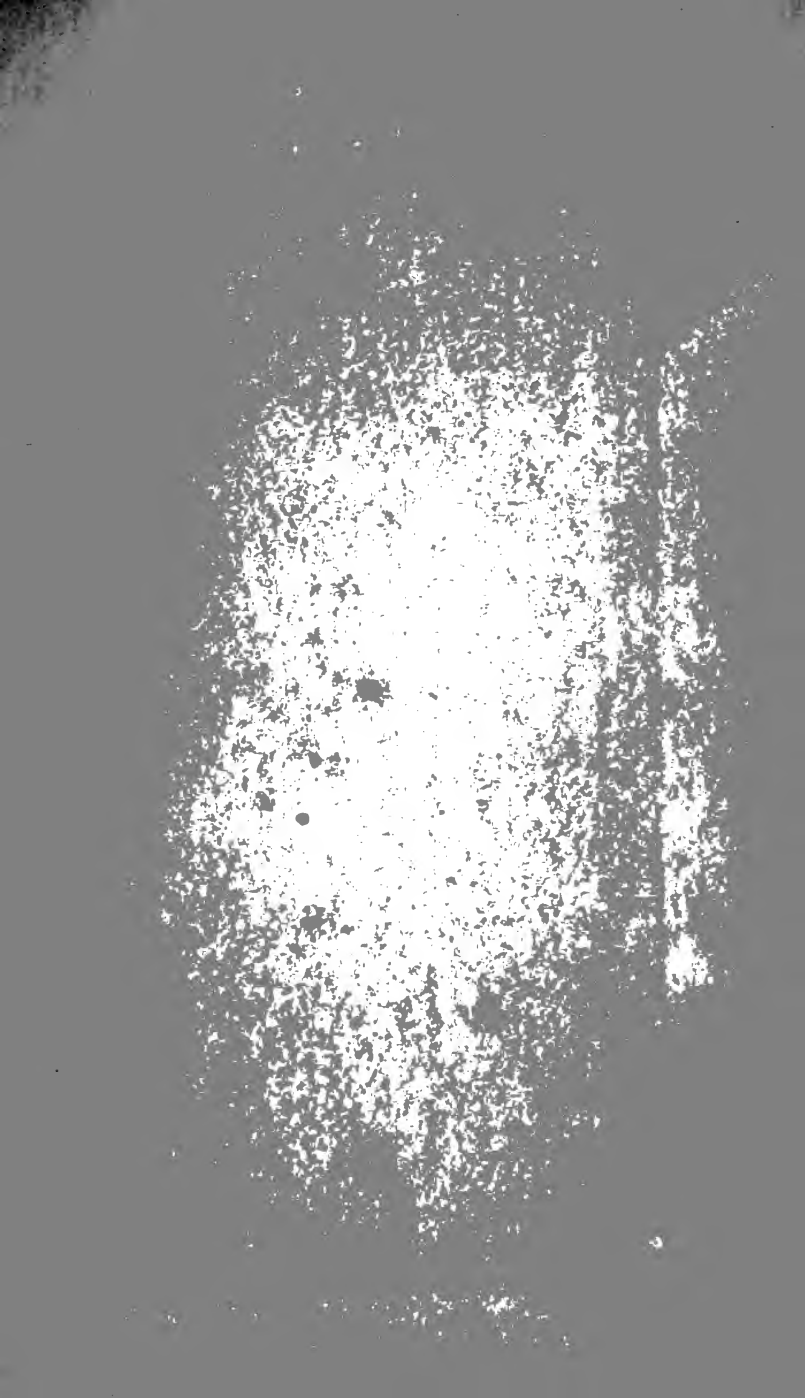
only to keep your mouth shut, and you may drink the sound dry if you like." And Sir Richard quickly joined his idolized children, too much rejoiced at their restoration to his arms, to entertain a thought which was not connected with the engrossing topic.

END OF VOL. II.











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