

THE WAR-LOCK

BY THE OLD SAILOR.



LONDON: JOHN BIRD & CO. WARNE & ROUTLEDGE

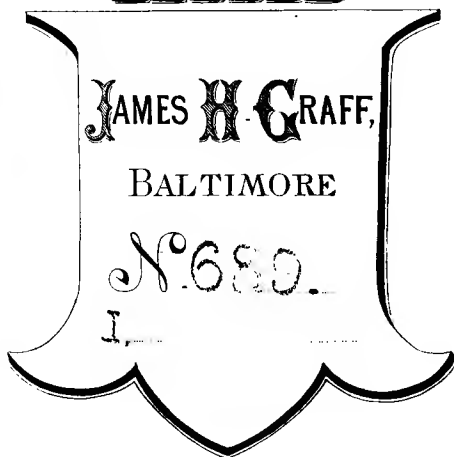
ROUTLEDGE'S CHEAP LITERATURE.

C 5
E

lage.



11 C
17 *
18 *
19 *
21, 2
26, 2
28, 2
32 *
33, 2
36, 2
39 *
43 *
44, 4
46 *
48 *
49 S
50 S
51 V
52 F
53, 5
55 *
57 C
60 1
61 *
65 C
67 C
68 S
69 *
70 *
74 *
76 *
82 *
89 *
94 *
96 *
106
139
111
113
115
117
118
119
121 Luck is Everything (2s.)
123 *My Cousin Nicholas.
125 Bothwell (2s.)
126 Scattergood Family (2s.)
128 Tyney Hall (2s.)
130 *The Ward.
132 Owen Tudor (2s.)



Grant.
Grant.
Austen.
Austen.
rsuasion.
Austen.
Carleton.
Ditto.
Ditto.
Shelley.
Gleig.
Ritchie.
Griffin.
Ditto.
Ditto.
Hook.
Anon.
Anon.
Murray.
Crowe.
Trollope.
Maxwell.
Maxwell.
Scott.
R. Bell.
Anon.
Costello.
Anon.
dy Bury.
Hooton.
Maxwell.
Gleig.
Trollope.
t. Rafter.
Dr. Croly.
am Slick.
nl. Lover.
Maxwell.
By the
e Flirt."
Dumas.
Dumas.
Cupples.
184 Top Sail Sheet Blocks. (2s.)
Old Sailor.

Maxwell.
Barham.
Grant.
A. Smith.
Hood.
Trollope.
Anon.

184 Top Sail Sheet Blocks. (2s.)

London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNES, & ROUTLEDGE

No 446.52

BY W. H. AINSWORTH.

In fcap. 8vo, price One Shilling each, boards.

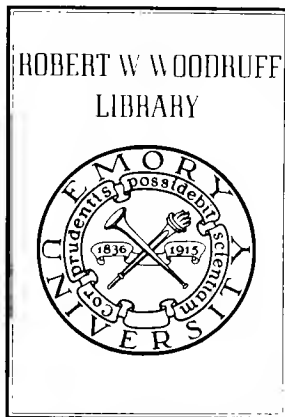
SAINT JAMES'S.

JAMES II. (Edited by.)

MISKER'S DAUGHTER
GUY FAWKES.
FLITCH OF BACON.

Price
TOWER OF LONDON

"It is scarcely surprising that a very wide popular audience has been attracted to these themes. Sometimes, by their thrilling fascinations, times the scene and the action of a fortress. It is the story of St. Paul's, &c. But upon thousands—need not mention of his works is proof that a uniform edition of his large number of



LE.

6d.
WITCHES.

have secured to himself he has chosen his most captivating and engaging. Some are a palace, a prison, Windsor Castle, 'Old England' number thousands that a uniform edition of his large number of

BY FR

CKER.

In fcap. 8vo, price One Shilling and Sixpence each, boards.

| | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| WILD SPORTS OF THE FAR WEST. | PIRATES OF THE MISSISSIPPI. |
| Price Two Shillings, boards, or cl. 2s. 6d. | Price One Shilling, boards. |
| TWO CONVICTS (The). | HAUNTED HOUSE (The). |
| FEATHERED ARROW (The). | GOLD-DIGGERS (The). |

"Gerstaecker's books abound in adventure and scenes of excitement; and are fully equal, in that respect, to the stories either of Marryat, Cooper, or Dana."

BY THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

| | |
|---|---|
| In fcap. 8vo, price 1s. boards. | In fcap. 8vo, price 2s. boards. |
| THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN; or, Sketches on the Continent. | TURKEY, by the Roving Englishman; being Sketches from Life. |

"Who is unfamiliar with those brilliant sketches of naval, particularly the pictures of Turkish life and manners, from the pen of the 'Roving Englishman,' and who does not hail their collection into a companionable sized volume with delight?"

BY W. H. PRESCOTT.

In fcap. 8vo, price 2s. each volume, boards; or cloth, 2s. 6d.

HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF FERDINAND AND ISABELLA. 2 vols.
HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. 2 vols.
HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF PERU. 2 vols.
HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE SECOND. 2 vols.
HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIFTH. 2 vols.
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL ESSAYS. 1 vol.
HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF PHILIP THE SECOND. Vol. 3.

ROUTLEDGE'S CHEAP LITERATURE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Price 1s. each, boards.

EVA ST. CLAIRE.

MARGARET GRAHAM.

Price 1s. 6d. each, boards.

AGINCOURT.
ARABELLA STUART.
ARRAH NEIL.
ATTILA.
BEAUCHAMP.
CASTELNEAU.
CASTLE OF EHRENSTEIN.
CHARLES TYRRELL.
DELAWARE.
DE L'ORME.
FALSE HEIR.
FOREST DAYS.
FORGERY.
GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

HEIDELBERG.
JACQUERIE.
KING'S HIGHWAY.
MAN-AT-ARMS.
MARY OF BURGUNDY.
MY AUNT PONTYFOOL.
ONE IN A THOUSAND.
ROBBER.
ROSE D'ALBRET.
RUSSELL.
SIR THEODORE BROUGHTON.
STEPMOTHER.
WHIM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.
DARK SCENES OF HISTORY.

Price 2s. each, boards; or, in cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

BRIGAND.
CONVICT.
DARNLEY.
GIPSY.
GOWRIE.
MORLEY ERNSTEIN.
RICHELIEU.
LEONORA D'ORCO.

HENRY MASTERTON.
HENRY OF GUISE.
HUGUENOT.
JOHN MARSTON HALL.
PHILIP AUGUSTUS.
SMUGGLER.
WOODMAN.
THE OLD DOMINION.

THE BLACK EAGLE; or, Ticonderoga.

** Mr. James's Novels enjoy a wide-world reputation, and, with the exception of Sir Walter Scott, no author was ever so extensively read. His works, from the purity of their style, are universally admitted into Book Clubs, Mechanics' Institutions and private families.

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON'S WORKS.

In fcap. 8vo, price One Shilling each, boards.

LEILA; or, the Siege of Granada.

PILGRIMS OF THE RHINE (The).

In fcap. 8vo, price One Shilling and Sixpence each, boards.

LUCRETIA.
PELVAM.
DE REUX.
DISCERNED (The).
LAST DAYS OF POMPEII (The).
ZANONI.

GODOLPHIN.
PAUL CLIFFORD.
ALICE; or, the Mysteries.
ERNEST MALTRAVERS.
EUGENE ARAM.

In fcap. 8vo, price 2s. each, boards.

NIGHT AND MORNING.
MY NOVEL. 2 Vols.
HAROLD.

RIENZI.
CARTONS (The).
LAST OF THE BARONS.

"England's greatest Novelist."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

London: ROUTLEDGE, WARNES, & ROUTLEDGE, Farringdon Street.

THE WARLOCK.

A Tale of the Sea.

THE WARLOCK.

BY

THE OLD SAILOR,

AUTHOR OF "LAND AND SEA TALES," "TOUGH YARNS," ETC.

"The race of yore
Who danced our infancy upon their knee,
And told our boyhood legend's store
Of their strange ventures happ'd by land and sea."
LADY OF THE LAKE.

A New Edition.

LONDON:
ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE,
FARRINGTON STREET;
NEW YORK: 56, WALKER STREET.

1860.

THE WARLOCK.



CHAPTER I.

“Stream the buoy! let go the anchor!”

Naval Command.

ABOUT twenty-four hours' sail to the southward of Rio de Janeiro, on the east coast of Brazil, lies the island of Sanctos; which, though entirely separated from the mainland, is nevertheless so completely dove-tailed into it, as to appear to be a part and parcel of the continent itself, and when seen from the sea, it is almost impossible to detect the broken line of coast. The town, bearing the same name as the island, is situated on that side which is most distant from the ocean; the streets are remarkably clean, and the houses have a very neat appearance, with green *jalousies* to the chamber-windows, and green trellis-work in front below, which, whilst excluding the scorching rays of the sun, admitted the cool, refreshing breeze, rich with the perfume of the orange-blossom, to blow through its apertures.

On the left of the town rises a beautiful green knoll, the summit of which was crowned with the white convent of *La Madre de Dios*, and a noble cathedral-looking church stands near the landing-place; whilst a great number of chapels and monasteries are scattered hither and thither. Indeed, at the time of which I am about to write, more than one-third of the population was composed of monks and priests, who kept the in-

habitants in slavish awe, under the influences of the grossest ignorance and superstition.

Between the town side of the island and the mainland, runs a deep and rapid river, in which a large frigate may ride with perfect safety; and the in-shore part of the town is bounded by groves of orange and lime-trees, and well-cultivated gardens, where the plantain, the banana, the tamarind, the coffee, and the cocoa trees, thrive in rich perfection; the grape and the peach grow in spontaneous luxuriance, and the woods abound with delicious honey, deposited by swarming colonies among the lofty branches of the Brazilian oak, from which descend bright green wreaths of twining parasites, glowing with scarlet flowers. Birds of the most brilliant plumage, from the gigantic macaw and the red flamingo down to the minute creature scarcely larger than a bee, are constantly flashing their glittering brightness in the sunbeams; whilst the plaintive tones of a species of wood-pigeon steal with a mournful, yet not displeasing cadence upon the ear. Indeed, Nature seems to have been particularly bountiful of her treasures. The river, and tributary streams are well supplied with excellent fish; and the banks, down to the water, being covered with trees, the current has in many parts washed the earth from the roots, which are soon covered by clusters of a small, but delicious oyster. But the stream is often disturbed by the plunging of the alligator; and, not unfrequently, the back fin of some monstrous shark is seen above the surface, giving warning of the approach of this voracious creature. Abundance of game may be found within the coverts of the woods; but there is also a kind of black panther, of an untameable nature, and that never quits its prey. Snakes, too, of all colours, are exceedingly numerous, and may be almost constantly met with, winding their curvilinear way amongst the low bushes.

The town of Sanctos was, at the period of my

history, under the dominion of the Portuguese, and formed a sort of isolated residence for persons who had scarcely any intercourse with the rest of mankind, and whose principal occupation was to superintend and manage the gold-mines of San Paulo. But the most remarkable feature of this curious place was the great number of extremely beautiful young females, which, probably, might boast of more than any town of its dimensions in the world; but their education was so very limited, and they were so constantly under the influence of the bigoted and interested priesthood, that superstition in religious matters, and a belief in enchantment as it regarded the affairs of the world, were their leading characteristics. Still their beauty was irresistible; there was the large, full, and expressive black eye, fringed with its glossy lashes; there was the roseate bloom of health stealing through the deep mellow tinge of brown upon the cheek; there was the long raven hair, braided round the forehead; and there was an exquisite symmetry of form, that made an indelible impression on the heart; and all these, heightened by the sweet blandishments of their bewitching smile, and the commanding look they assumed, operated like the spirit of necromancy on the young and ardent mind.

A ship had never been seen in Sanctos river since Drake circumnavigated the globe; and tradition had handed down such romantic and ridiculous tales respecting his visit, and the unceremonious manner in which he had plundered the place, that the name of English seaman was considered synonymous with that of robber and pirate; and though the ladies, by the directions of the priests, put great confidence in two handsome-looking white forts, over which the royal flag of Portugal was proudly displayed, yet, like the negro who thought that "King George had a lion for one arm, and a unicorn for t'oder," they formed the most strange conceptions of the prowess and *dablerie* of

that curious and anomalous compound—a British jack-tar.

It was early in the month of February, 1807, when the heat of the sun in that part of the world was delightfully tempered by its approaching to a northern declination, and the climate partook of the mild and salubrious nature of the Madeira isles, that the inhabitants of Sanctos were greatly alarmed, one lovely morning, at seeing what appeared to be an immense silvery cloud, floating on the surface of the river, and approaching the town with amazing rapidity. As it drew nearer, it became more defined, and then broad sheets of canvass were plainly distinguished as they were widely distended, and just sleeping in the light breeze that filled them out. Over all, were three slender tapering spars of different heights; and from the centre one curled a long red pennant, whose swallow-tails nearly touched the water.

The Sanctonians gazed upon the spectacle with superstitious dread; nor were their apprehensions lessened, when the strange visitant became in a moment disencumbered of its expanded cloth, and brought into view a long, low, snake-like hull, as black as midnight, whilst the tall, raking masts, towering one above another, raised their lofty heads into the air, as if daring the element they were intended to encounter.

As soon as this phenomenon had arrived abreast of the town, a loud splash was heard under the bows, and the seamen were almost instantly spread out upon the yards, tossing up the folds of each sail in a skin as smooth as an infant's; whilst, at the same moment, the heavy reports of artillery on the deck were re-echoed among the hills, and the curling smoke, in many a circular wreath, spread itself like a dark mist upon the waters, till the low, black hull was totally obscured, and the spectators could only guess at its situation by the bright red flame which issued from the muzzles of

the guns. Aloft, the square-yards and aspiring spars, covered with the sail-furlers, were distinctly visible; but not a voice was heard giving the command, not an audible word was spoken by the well-disciplined crew, a shrill whistle, holding mysterious communication, directed every moment, and before the dense vapours were cleared away, not a living creature could be seen, and all was hushed to solemn stillness.

Hundreds of people thronged the quays, and anxiously watched for some demonstration of reply from the two white forts; whilst the hill to the left of the town, on which stood the convent of *La Madre de Dios*, was covered with wondering spectators, who deemed themselves secure under the protection of the Virgin. None knew from whence the mysterious stranger had come; none knew the purport of its visit; and a feeling, approaching to awe, spread itself through the assembled multitudes, as they witnessed its extraordinary proceedings.

At length, the gentle breeze wafted away the thick volumes of smoke that rolled themselves along upon the surface of the river, and gradually the whole ship became developed to the sight, in all her symmetry and beauty. The British ensign waved proudly at the gaff end; the pennant of a man-of-war threw its graceful curves from the main truck, and the blue-quartered jack, with its white and red crossings, as emblems of the Union, was spread by the light winds at the bowsprit end. Strains of martial music sounded on the ear, and then died upon the waters, whilst the ship, by means imperceptible to those on shore, slowly moved to a particular station, where she became fixed, like a thing of magic, slumbering on the bosom of the stream.

A few minutes afterwards, and a long, narrow, black boat was seen quitting the vessel's side, and making way towards the landing place. Six robust seamen, in snow-white shirts and trousers, propelled it with incredible swiftness; and in the stern-sheets sat a lieut-

tenant of the British navy, whose bold and manly form, and whose truly handsome features afforded an admirable specimen of England's sons. The lieutenant landed, and was conducted by a Portuguese officer to the governor, who, with his suite, was waiting in anxious expectation at the town-hall. But the Englishman's errand was merely to announce, officially, the arrival of his Britannic Majesty's corvette, the *Warlock*, and to require a return to the salute which had been fired.

Don José y Pinta, the governor, looked upon his attendants with a countenance of mingled perplexity and alarm; for though he knew that *etiquette* demanded such a compliment as a return salute, yet a suspicion arose in his mind that the requisition was made to ascertain the strength of his defences; and he was well aware, that though the guns gave a bold look of defiance through the embrasures of the two forts, yet they were entirely useless, and not one of them could be trusted to discharge a single cartridge.

It happened, however, that the major commandant of the principal battery had been a long time ill, within the walls of the fortification, and Don José tendered this as an efficient apology for not returning the salute, as the noise might disturb the last moments of the dying man. To the generous feelings of an Englishman, this was of course sufficient; but the wily Don might have said, with more truth, that the major was already dead, and the guns completely honey-combed.

The name, too, of the vessel was well known upon the coast from her long station, though, from peculiar circumstances, she was more frequently styled the "Wizard of the Sea;" and the governor's uneasiness was manifest to the young officer, who, to do him justice, was wholly ignorant of the cause. The conversation had been carried on in the French language, which was immediately translated into Portuguese to the assembled group; and the priests (of which there

were several present) passed a look of mysterious meaning from one to another, and, whilst piously crossing themselves, repeated an *Ave* and a *Credo*, as if they really conjectured that the ship and its crew partook of the diabolical character most applicable to the name. The lieutenant returned on board, the apology was accepted, and the captain of the *Warlock*, a few hours afterwards, took up his abode at the residence of a respectable merchant, to whom he had been recommended by a friend in power at Rio Janeiro. But it is time that something should be said, for the purpose of introducing my *dramatis personæ*, as well as the "properties," more immediately to the notice of my readers.

Captain Pearce had risen to the rank of post-captain solely by merit; though, it must be admitted, that good fortune had thrown occurrences in his way, by which his qualities as an excellent seaman, and his courage as a brave man, had been especially called into action. Accustomed to the sea from early infancy, the ocean was his world, and his ship his home. He loved to look upon the face of the smooth waters, when the gentle breeze filled the sails and wafted him along; he would silently muse for hours, apparently buried in deep thought, and his countenance would then display strong traces of moody melancholy. But when the raging tempest ploughed up the furrows of the mighty deep, rolling the mountain billows in their headlong course, his spirit was aroused, as if by inspiration, and his well-practised eye watched every turn of the gale, to secure the safety of those whom he considered as placed by Providence under his especial charge.

Handsome in features, yet rather diminutive in stature, there was nevertheless a piercing keenness in his eyes that seemed to fascinate whomsoever he looked upon. When out of uniform, there was scarcely anything in his manner or habits which was calculated to denote his profession; and, except when particularly

excited, there was a quietude about him but little accordant with those deeds of daring which had gained him so much and such well-deserved fame. He had been brought up under an intrepid leader, who relied solely upon his own judgment in the enterprises he undertook; and who, with a romantic spirit of bravery, courted danger for the sake of adventure, generally preferring those pursuits which had something of mystery attached to them. Under such an instructor, it could be no wonder that the pupil should imbibe similar feelings and prejudices, which ultimately grew into something like a superstitious creed of witchcraft. At all events, he seemed desirous of impressing such a belief upon his crew; and their untaught minds placed so firm a reliance on the wonderful powers they imputed to him, that every man in the ship could lie quietly down to sleep, if they knew the eyes of their commander were upon the watch.

The *Warlock* had been built in France for a privateer, and was considered the most beautiful model that had ever quitted the port of Cherbourg; but her keel was not destined long to plough the waves under the tri-coloured flag, for only a few hours had elapsed from the time of her entering the British Channel, when she was captured by Captain Pearce, in an English sloop-of-war, and carried into a British port. But the victory had not been achieved without a severe struggle; for the Frenchmen fought with determined bravery, and would have out-mancœuvred, as well as out-sailed their opponent, had not the gallant Pearce boldly run them alongside, and, trusting to the dauntless intrepidity of his well-disciplined crew, carried her by boarding, although the numbers were nearly two to one against him.

His conquest gained him promotion: the prize being purchased for the navy, he was appointed to the command, with post rank; and his old ship being paid off about the same time, the crew, to a man (as an especial

favour), were turned over to the *Warlock*, which name she had received on the Admiralty list at the particular request of her conqueror, who thenceforth devoted every energy of his heart to render her worthy of the character he wished to assume. Ever indulgent to his people when opportunity afforded a relaxation from duty, he was, nevertheless, a strict disciplinarian when his country required those services which he knew so well how to carry into execution. At the former seasons he was open, communicative, and even playful; but during the latter he was reserved, stern, and impetuous, without losing sight of that judgment and discretion which are necessary to insure success. There was not a man on board but would have willingly risked a limb, or even life, in his defence; and every one placed such reliance on his skill—backed, as they verily believed it to be, by supernatural agency—that they looked up to him with a reverence bordering upon adoration. Nor was he backward in encouraging such feelings, as they were calculated to render those who would be refractory, more obedient to his commands, and kept them under better control, than could possibly have been effected by the terrors of the “articles of war.” Particularly neat—indeed almost approaching to dandyism—in his dress, he constantly wore a gold chain, formed of massive links, round his neck, to which was attached a black morocco case of an oval shape, and which the seamen believed to contain a charm that rendered him invulnerable.

The officers amongst themselves laughed at the captain’s peculiarities; they knew that the case merely held the miniature portrait of a young female of exquisite loveliness, but they could not deny that his means of secret intelligence were so quick, and his information at all times so correct, that even the better instructed were often induced to yield to the sentiments of awe which he inspired.

The *Warlock* had been (as before stated) cruising

for several months upon that coast; and her peculiar construction, beauty of symmetry, swiftness of sailing, and other eminent qualities, had gained for her the name of the "Wizard of the Sea." Rather pleased than otherwise at this title, Captain Pearce had on every possible occasion endeavoured to confirm it, by performing various feats, which, though merely the effects of nautical science, backed by an admirable ship's company, were attributed to the power of necromancy. Merchantmen, whilst labouring in heavy gales of wind, had seen the *Warlock* pass them by with every stick aloft, and smoothly gliding over the billows like a duck, as she ran before it. In the course of a short time, she would again be seen on their weather-beam, all her top-hamper down, and her flying kites snugly housed. Sometimes the signal-stations on shore would report, a little before sunset, that the corvette was running down to leeward under a press of canvas; and the morning dawn would find her lying-to thirty or forty miles to windward of the place where she was last seen. Seamen, and especially the Portuguese seamen, always superstitious and naturally inclined to the marvellous, exaggerated the accounts, and busy invention supplied others of a more remarkable kind, till the fame of the magic bark was spread through every port upon the coast, and a sort of dread was inspired wherever she appeared.

Under such circumstances, it can be a matter of no great wonder that the inhabitants of Sauctos looked upon the ship as an unwelcome intruder; and, instigated by the priests, connected the officers and men with the character she bore. Captain Pearce had collected an excellent band, and every evening, just previous to sunset, the most delightful music came sweeping over the waters, and was conveyed to the ears of the Portuguese, who filled the town quays or thronged the green banks of the river. Then, as the light of day slowly departed, the hull of the black ship would

grow still darker and darker in the gloom, whilst her tall spars, square-yards, and well-arranged rigging, looked like a gossamer-web spread against the twilight sky. Still the swell of melody was borne upon the gentle breeze, rich with the odours from a thousand flowers; and, as the deepening shades threw objects into greater obscurity, the mysterious ship faded from the sight, till her form became mingled with the dense darkness of the woods and rocks upon the opposite shore, and nothing remained visible except where the summits of the towering masts rose above the frowning mass, and the outline was faintly traced upon the clear heavens.

What was the real design of the *Warlock's* visit, no one besides her captain, was in the least degree acquainted with. The only cause assigned for her anchoring in that port, was the orders of Sir Sidney Smith to refresh the seamen; but the governor had his own suspicions, and it was evident that a strong sensation was excited in this otherwise quiet little town. Captain Pearce was treated with much respect by Don José, yet there was always a distant reserve on the part of the former, who seemed to be well aware that intrigues of no ordinary kind were in active operation against the purport of his mission. The British officers, too, had free intercourse with the shore, but the inhabitants generally shunned their society; and though they saw, and at times were permitted to converse with, some of the most lovely beings in creation, yet no gentle language, no polite attention, no little act which is usually esteemed by females, could remove the embarrassment and alarm which they manifested; and not unfrequently, after a short conversation, the countenance betrayed a look of horror, though not unmingled with sentiments of pity.

The young officers keenly felt this vexatious and repulsive system, for the place was in itself a little paradise; but notwithstanding they dressed themselves

in their best uniforms, and put on their gayest appearance, not one of them could find a blooming Eve, to whom he could impart the pleasures of his mind. The honest tars would have become disgusted with this apparent coolness, but the enchanting delight arising from gazing on such transcendent beauty still lured them to the town, and the gratification they enjoyed at witnessing the proudest of nature's works in all her loveliness, atoned—though but poorly—for the mortification they were condemned to endure. Captain Pearce laughed heartily at the awkward predicament in which his boys (as he called them) were placed; but the laugh was often accompanied by a flush of indignation that passed over his fine features, and plainly indicated that he was also acquainted with the cause.

Of Captain Pearce I have already spoken; but my readers will, no doubt, expect some account of the officers of the *Warlock*, and therefore I shall begin with the first-lieutenant, M'Creery, who was a smart seaman, of a lively, cheerful disposition, and had been second-lieutenant with Captain Pearce at the capture of the ship he was then in; and the first-lieutenant obtaining a step, he became second in command of the corvette. Hamilton, the second-lieutenant, I have already described as the officer who first landed; and Marshall, the third, was descended from a high aristocratic family in the west of England, whose ancestors had not left much wealth to support the station to which they aspired in society. Old Humphries,—or as he was accustomed to style himself, "Honest Tom,"—the master, was a Commodore-Trunnion-looking sort of man, the *facsimile* of the idea which the mind forms of a veteran tar. Of an excellent temper and of straightforward principles, the men were well aware that they had nothing to fear from petulance or upstart authority; whilst at the same time they knew that every order he issued must be promptly obeyed, to secure his good opinion. The surgeon was a highly-

intelligent and humane man, attached to scientific pursuits; and the purser was a commonplace character, rather conceited, but not deficient in gentlemanly behaviour.

Such were the officers of the *Warlock's* gunroom; and their harmony was seldom disturbed by petty squabbles or dissensions. The midshipmen's berth contained a pretty sprinkling of youngsters, who were much attached to their seniors in rank, and who longed for the period to arrive when they might, without presumption, escape the cold night-wind as it descended from the foot-rope of the mizen staysail, by taking their parade on the weather-side of the quarter-deck. Several of them had already signalized themselves as gallant youths, and the captain was more than ordinarily proud of his "young gentlemen;" who, on their parts, were equally attached to their brave commander.

CHAPTER II.

“Man o’ war buckra—man o’ war buckra,
 He be da bo—he be da bo :
 Man o’ war buckra—man o’ war buckra,
 He be da bo for me.”—*Negro Song.*

THE morning-gun had fired for the fifteenth time since the arrival of his Majesty’s ship *Warlock* in Sanctos river, when the shrill pipe of the chief boat-swain’s mate was heard down the hatchways, and his peculiarly sonorous voice sung out “Water party, away!” In a few minutes the sturdy seamen, lazily stretching their limbs, and renewing their quids from the sentiment-mottoed “bacca” box, obeyed the summons. The boats were speedily manned, and with a raft of empty casts awaited the appearance of the officers to direct their movements.

“Quarter-master!” exclaimed the midshipman in charge of the deck, “rouse out Mr. Allen and Mr. Dexter, and tell them to bear a hand and rig ship; for if Mr. Hamilton gets the start of them, they’ll have to make canoes of the skuttle-butts, and paddle after him.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” responded the quarter-master, aloud; and then mumbling to himself, added, “A midshipman and a monkey are both hard of hearing. You may whistle a long while in their lugs, before they’d take it for a proclamation.”

“The top o’ the morning to you, Rutherford,” said Dexter (a warm-hearted, hot-headed Irish youth, who had served his time), as he put his head up the hatchway, and addressed the midshipman of the deck. “Is Mr. Hamilton turned out yet? By the piper o’ war,

but he'll stand no nonsense, anyhow; and there's Darby Allen hasn't shown a leg yet."

"Saw his bedposts, Paddy," rejoined Rutherford, "and let him down by the run; that fellow is as lazy as a Mahon sodger."

"Troth, an' you may say that," returned Dexter, laughing. "Och Darby, darlin', tinder and delicate as you are, do you mane to turn out?"

"We are all ready to shove off, sir," reported the coxswain of the pinnace to the midshipman, Rutherford, who immediately descended to the cabin of the second-lieutenant to repeat the information; and the young officer, giving the last finish to his dress, very shortly made his appearance. The two "young gentlemen" preceded him; the boatswain's-mate piped him over the side; and the boats moved off with a rapid current in their favour.

The passage to the watering-place was romantic in the extreme; the current sometimes rippling between small rocky islands that assumed many fantastic shapes, and were named by the seamen in accordance with what they appeared to represent. Thus one was called "the canoe under sail;" another, "the boat bottom-up;" a third, "the kettle-drums;" and a fourth, which at a distance actually resembled a pulpit and a reading-desk, with their several occupants, was styled "the parson and clerk." Where the stream was wide and strong, the boats swept past the green branches, clustering with the choicest fruits, that overhung the water; and the morning breeze wafted from the shore the delicious odours from the flowers. In the background, the mountains towered to an amazing height, covered with immense forests of gigantic trees; but not a vestige, or even the trace of a human being, besides themselves, was anywhere visible.

In about two hours the party arrived at the watering-place, which finely corresponded with the rest of the scenery. An impetuous torrent, rushing

down the side of a steep mountain, had hollowed itself out a deep bed invisible to mortal eye, till it emptied itself beneath a natural archway, and bounded from rock to rock down a gentle descent, from which a broad channel conducted it to an immense basin about twelve feet above the level of the river, where its waters became beautifully clear and smooth, and were discharged through a tunnel about four feet above the river's brink, forming an elegant cascade. On each side of the basin was a flat green sward, bordered by the dark, frowning, and almost impenetrable forest that hung upon the sides of the mountain; whilst the dashing of the waters as they fell from cleft to cleft, and the hollow roar as they passed through some caverns in their rapid course, produced a terrible and awful sound, that greatly heightened the interest of the spectacle.

On one of the flats a marquee was pitched for Lieutenant Hamilton and the two junior officers, whilst the other flat was occupied by a long tent for the seamen and marines of the party. The day was employed in various duties, and at their return in the evening, all were loud and eloquent in extolling the delightful scenery they had witnessed.

On the third day of these watering excursions, Hamilton lay reclining in his marquee; and whilst gazing into the clear element that filled the basin, his thoughts were stretching across the Atlantic wave to his own home-shore. It was a sort of waking dream, in which seamen love to indulge to wile away the hours of absence from their native land. From this state he was aroused by a peculiar kind of growl, that seemed to come from a shelving rock at some distance above his head; but on looking towards the place, he could perceive nothing to excite apprehension, and he let fall the barrel of the rifle, which he had hastily snatched up, into the hollow of his left arm. Again the growl was heard, but fiercer than before; and then

the lieutenant distinguished a black panther, standing on the arm of a tree, lashing himself with his tail, and in the attitude of making a spring. Hamilton gradually raised the butt of the rifle to his shoulder, and placing his left hand a little beyond the lock, he prepared to take a steady aim; but still he hesitated to fire, for the object of the creature's rage seemed to be in the woods, and Hamilton entertained hopes of witnessing a deadly conflict between two wild animals of the forest. His eye, however, was steadily fixed upon the panther, and his finger was ready on the trigger, when a female voice, uttering a piercing shriek, distracted his purpose; but it was only for a moment: he pulled the trigger—there was a flash and a report, and the enraged animal bounded from the tree, and fell heavily on the green sward below, within a few yards of the spot where the officer was standing. Though wounded and maimed, it was still strong and vigorous, and Hamilton preferred remaining on the defensive, as the creature seemed determined to fly at him, and he had had no time to reload; so that, grasping his piece by the barrel, he raised the butt to repel the attack of the infuriated beast.

Onward came the panther, lashing its sides with its tail, and showing two rows of bristling teeth that had a fearful appearance; and at that moment the fine form of the lieutenant, as he stood firmly on the sward in the attitude of defence, would have afforded an admirable model for the sculptor's art. Onwards it came; but there were several on the opposite flat, who were not idle spectators of the scene. Even Darby Allen had roused himself from a comfortable snooze; but Paddy Dexter had caught up a musket, and its red flame burst forth with good effect, for the animal rolled over and over, biting the ground in rage and agony. Still the creature rallied, and faced upon its foes, and though life was ebbing fast, it made one desperate spring, and alighted upon the lieutenant's shoulder;

but the exertion hastened its dissolution, and it fell lifeless at Hamilton's feet, without doing any other injury than tearing the sleeve of his coat, and rasing the skin upon his arm.

"Well love and strong," exclaimed Dexter, approaching his superior officer. "By the blood of a poker, it's dead enough she is, Mr. Hamilton, anyhow; may be, you'll give me the skin for a waiscoat."

"Your shot told well, Dexter," said the lieutenant; "and you are perfectly welcome to the beast. But, holla!" he continued, raising his eyes to the shelving rock from which the panther had descended, and observing an aged negro on the very edge of the precipice, wringing his hands, whilst uttering wild lamentations; "Holla! what have we here?"

"By Saint Patrick's grandfather!" cried Dexter, "it's another black panther, Mr. Hamilton." And raising his unloaded musket to the present, he added, "Shall I fire, sir?"

The negro disappeared for a moment, and then again showed his dingy visage on the cliff, shouting wildly, as if imploring for assistance.

"The voice I heard shrieking," said Hamilton, "was most assuredly that of a female. Remain with the men, Mr. Dexter, and keep them at work, whilst I try to ascend and make the matter out."

"I dearly love bush-fighting, Mr. Hamilton," rejoined Dexter; "and if you would but take me with you, Mr. Allen can——"

"He is fast asleep again," returned the lieutenant, laughing. "No, no, Dexter, I must go alone; but if you should hear me fire, you may then come in chase."

The young officer hastened to the base of the rock, and endeavoured to climb; but the entangled bushes resisted his strongest efforts, and he was projecting means to scale the face of the precipice, when the negro suddenly appeared beneath the natural archway through which the torrent gushed. The lieutenant

sprang forward above the bubbling foam, and leaping from rock to rock, on turning an angle of the archway, where one false step would have precipitated him to certain destruction, he observed a loose and irregular path winding up the mountain, and only a few feet from the roaring waters that scattered the spray upon his clothes.

Ascending this dangerous passage, he followed the negro to a few stunted bushes at the back of the shelving projection, and there, stretched upon the earth, lay a young female, whom terror had deprived of animation. Pushing past the African, who was nearly overturned in his haste, Hamilton rushed forward, and raised the insensible girl in his arms; and, after exerting himself for some time, he had the pleasure of seeing her restored to sensibility, and hearing her plaintively request the negro (who she imagined was holding her) to lay her gently down, and hasten for some water. Then, recovering still more, she opened her eyes, stared wildly at the lieutenant, on whose breast her head was reposing, uttered a piercing shriek, and, starting up, buried her face in her hands. In vain did Hamilton address her,—she knew not a word of his language; in vain did the most gentle and soothing expressions escape from his lips, she continued to shut out the light, and to grasp with agony, as if dismay was depriving her of respiration.

Hamilton felt rather nettled at this seeming wantonness; but at length he became convinced that her fear was too natural to proceed from anything but reality. Her cries for "water!" were reiterated; and he hastily descended the broken pathway, for the purpose of obtaining some vessel in which he might convey the cooling liquid to her lips. The young female was informed by the negro of his departure, and, seating herself upon a bank, she gave vent to her terror in tears. "Oh, Diego," said she, sobbing convulsively, "what a wonderful escape I have had."

"Yes, missee," replied the other; "him great black cat make no more of you dan littlee mouse."

"I was not thinking of the panther," answered the shrinking maiden, "but the terrible being who has just quitted us. Yet its voice was kind and soothing. But Father Jerome says, these heretical demons assume the most enticing forms, and use the most seductive language, that they may the better draw our souls into the snare. Oh, Diego, are you sure it is gone?"

"Yes, missee," responded the negro, "me bery sure he gone; though, golly! p'rhaps him come again."

"The Virgin-mother forbid!" exclaimed the maiden in renewed alarm; "for Father Jerome says, 'Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.' I did resist, Diego; but oh, I feel the thrilling touch of his fingers on my brow, and, sinner that I am, I fear my soul will be lost for ever. It was—it was one of the demons from the enchanterd ship. Speak, Diego, was it not a devil?"

"Yes, missee," assented the African, "him debble for true, and bery handsome debble, too."

"Ay," said the maiden, "Father Jerome says, that is all deception. But how did it disappear? Did it vanish out of sight at once, or fly away?"

"Fly away!" reiterated the black, not exactly comprehending the meaning of his young mistress; "me no for see him fly; me no for see hab wings for fly. No, no, missee; he go down de path to him company."

"But what has become of the pauther, Diego?" inquired the alarmed girl. "Oh, how fearfully its glaring eyes were fixed upon me? Was it driven away?"

"No, missee," replied Diego, shaking his head; "de debble shoot him dead, and dere he lay down a top o' de flat. Golly, him neber jump again."

"Is it really dead, then?" said the maiden, doubtfully; "or was it merely a deception of the Evil One, to try a poor frail creature of the dust. Yet no, there

was too much of reality in that terrible look,"—she shuddered—"and Father Jerome himself would have shrunk with terror from his rage. But are you certain, Diego, that this was one of the demons from the magic bark?"

"O yes, missee," chuckled the black, in his quiet, characteristic way, "him one o' Farder Jerram debble; dere two, tree, twenty down dere; red debble, blue debble, white debble. But see, missee, here he come again."

At this moment, Hamilton appeared above the break of the projection, carrying a clear goblet of pure water, which he presented to the young female, who again hid her face in her hands, and renewed her convulsive sobbings. She rejected the proffered glass, though the hysterical risings in her throat approached almost to strangulation; and whilst repulsing the kindness of the lieutenant, she at the same time kept calling upon the affrighted Diego for water.

Hamilton could not comprehend this strange perverseness; and his astonishment was much increased to hear the terrified girl repeat her prayers with an earnestness that greatly surprised him. How she came in her present situation, was to him a perfect mystery; for he had been told, most positively, that there was no habitation in the mountains, and not even a place of shelter. He addressed the negro, but the black shrugged up his shoulders, with a "no entendiez," till the vexed lieutenant had nearly lost all patience. But never before had he seen so lovely a creature as the young maiden before him. The clustering ringlets of long black hair fell over a forehead as smooth as polished marble, and descended to a snow-white bosom, that was finely contrasted by the jet-black of the glossy curls which rested on it. The large, black eyes were rendered fearfully expressive under the influence of alarm, and the flush upon her agitated countenance gave additional beauty to her well-formed features.

The lieutenant gazed with delight and rapture on her sylph-like figure: feelings, that he had never before experienced, crept upon his heart in all the freshness and fervour of novelty; he longed to press the lovely girl to his breast, and assure her of safety and protection; but the trembling dismay she evinced, whenever he approached her, produced disappointment and distress in his mind. Still she kept imploring for water, and Hamilton, having acquired sufficient knowledge of the language to understand her meaning, tendered the glass to the negro, that he might present it to his mistress. But to increase the perplexity into which the lieutenant was plunged, the black, with equal firmness, refused to touch it; and, placing himself in an attitude as if deprecating mercy, he ran on a string of unintelligible terms, among which could be distinguished the words "Farder Jerram," and "haudsome debble." Hamilton fancied, however, that he could make out an occasional mixture of the French tongue with the Portuguese, and addressing the negro in the former, he had the inexpressible satisfaction to find himself understood, which enabled him to enter into, and receive such explanations as fully accounted for the mysterious conduct of the lovely girl.

At this moment, a voice was faintly heard in the distance, calling "Marietta! Marietta!" The beautiful female did not hear it; but Diego informed the lieutenant that it would be better for all if he would retire out of sight, and he gave the pledge of his word, in return for a piece of gold, that he would meet the young officer on that very spot some time during the afternoon. Hamilton unwillingly quitted the place; but, having receded to a short distance, he concealed himself behind a projecting rock, where he could still command a view of what was passing.

"Him gone now, missee, for true," said Diego to his terrified mistress; "but, golly! he no more debble dan Farder Jerram!"

"Hold your impious tongue, Diego," rebuked the beautiful girl. "Should the padre come to the knowledge of your words, the severest penance could hardly cleanse away your guilt."

Diego well knew this; for he remembered certain scourgings and fastings, for the evil deeds of the flesh, enjoined and enforced by his ghostly instructor; but he also knew that he had frequently cheated the priest of the full allowance of stripes, and had often enjoyed a good meal when he should have fasted. He also recollected there was yet a long running score between them; though he was more than half determined to pay it off in the padre's own coin.

Again the voice called "Marietta! Marietta!" and it now was answered by the sweet girl. In a few minutes a tall elderly man, with a repulsive countenance, and dressed in the garb of an ecclesiastic, entered the area, and Marietta, throwing herself at his feet, clasped his knees, and implored his blessing.

The sinister look of the priest, as he laid his hands on the head of the suppliant, by no means pleased Hamilton, and he would have given a trifle to have knocked him down. "What has happened here?" inquired the padre, raising her up from her kneeling posture. "What has terrified my darling girl—I mean my sacred charge?"

Diego, who felt there would be some awkwardness in entering into particulars, replied, "Him great black cat spring out atop o' de bush, and jump like a debble—not de white debble from buckra ship that fire do gun, and——" Here Diego paused, for he feared he was getting into events he was desirous to conceal, as he had been chiefly instrumental in bringing his young lady into trouble; he therefore hastily added, "No matter, black debble—white debble, all know Farder Jerram."

"And all yield obedience, Diego," said the priest, "to that Power who sees into the innermost recesses of

the heart, and whose servant I am to execute His will. Have the unbelieving heretics—the worse than devils from the demon-ship, been terrifying my little angel—I mean Donna Marietta? Speak, dearest,” continued the monk, impressing a kiss upon her beauteous cheek, for which Hamilton scored him up in memory for a good drubbing the earliest opportunity. “I heard,” added the father, “they were near you, and hastened from the town to give you timely warning. Why flutters this trembling heart?” he inquired placing his hand in a situation for which Hamilton scored him an additional thump or two whenever occasion served.

But Marietta was silent, and, to the chagrin of the poor lieutenant, he saw the priest draw her finely-formed arm within his own, and the trio quitted the place. Hamilton followed their track for some time, till he became involved in the intricacies of the thickly-interwoven bush-robe, and fearful that he might defeat his own object if he persevered, he reluctantly gave over the pursuit, and returned, vexed and dispirited, to the watering-party. The dead panther, lying near the marquee, reminded him of the service he had rendered the lovely girl, and the manner in which that service had been requited. But her exquisite beauty, and the delusion under which he knew she was labouring, in some measure atoned for her fault, and the young officer at length indulged in pleasing speculations, which were destroyed almost as soon as they were formed. He cautiously kept to himself the incidents that had occurred relative to Marietta; nor could the bluntness of the Irishman, nor the respectful inquiries of Allen, draw anything from him on the subject.

The sun had passed its meridian altitude about fifteen degrees, when the lieutenant, who had been watching the shelving projection with the most earnest attention, suddenly caught sight of the woolly head of the negro, as he just peeped over the summit; and in an instant Hamilton passed under the archway, and

ascended the rugged steep to the place where the African had taken his station.

"There goes the raal broth of a boy," said Dexter, as the lieutenant disappeared from their view. "By swate Polly Macree, but I should like to see him an admiral, and myself his flag-captain, anyhow. Arrah, Darby, my darlin, you should be commander-in-chief of the sleepers; you'd bottle off enough for the whole Chatham division of marines to last them for a six months' cruise."

"I'm sure I don't sleep more than other folks, Dexter," rejoined Allen, yawning, and stretching himself. "I never close my eyes in my watch."

"By the powers, and that's because you never open them all the time you're on deck," retorted Dexter, laughing at his messmate's heavy and drowsy countenance. "Faith, Darby, but your like a noddy; the moment your perched, down goes your head. Ask old Ben, there, if you didn't throw the dipsy-lead overboard, with divil a fathom o' line to it, and then cry out, 'Watch, watch!' like a spaking-trumpet,—and all the time you was as fast as a ground-tier butt."

"I neither care for you nor old Ben," replied the midshipman, again stretching himself out on the mat under the shade of the tent; "you reefers are always grumbling, because a poor fellow likes to take his natural rest."

"D'ye hear that, Ben?" inquired Dexter, addressing a veteran tar of the thorough old school, who was superintending the filling of the casks. "Is it nathural rest you mane, Darby? Troth, then my darlin, nature is wonderfully bountiful to you, anyhow."

"Ay, ay, sir," chimed in old Ben; "Mr. Allen, I'm thinking, is summut like the sun in them there latitudes where he takes a six months' spell below, and gets so confoundedly drowsy, that he never shows a clear face the other six that he keeps on deck."

"Come, Darby, my drollen!" exclaimed Dexter,

good-humouredly, "I want you to lend me a hand to strip the jacket off this baste." He dragged the dead animal near to the tent. "'I will open your eyes, mau; and I'll tache you to take off the skin as clane as a whistle. Live and larn, Darby,—live and larn."

"You're always disturbing me, Dexter," complained the young midshipman, without stirring from his position. "I'm very comfortable now,—besides, I had the first watch last night. Get one of the boys to help you."

"You won't turn out, then?" said Dexter, still dragging the creature along; "you won't?"

"No, I won't," replied Allen doggedly. "I don't like the job; it is too dirty for me."

"You won't, eh?" continued Dexter; "you dare say that to meself, and me your superior officer? You won't, eh? Then"—lifting with almost Herculean strength the dead animal in his arms, and depositing the body by the side of the drowsy mid,—“then, by Jabez, boy, but you shall have him for a bed-fellow, anyhow.”

Poor Darby, driven from his resting-place, shook off his heaviness, and reluctantly prepared to assist his messmate in stripping the panther. But to return to Hamilton.

"Many thanks, Signor Diego, for keeping your appointment," exclaimed the lieutenant, in French, as he advanced towards the negro; "but, come, you must be weary, and a little cordial will recruit your spirits." He pulled out a bottle from his pocket, from which he poured a glass of delicious noyeau and offered it to the black, who looked cautiously around, and having crossed himself like a good Catholic, ventured to put it to his lips. Highly gratified with the taste, he speedily swallowed the liquid, and then, returning the glass, said, "Him bery good massa, for wet one eye."

"Wet the other peeper, Signor Diego," said the lieutenant, replenishing the glass, "it will make you

see clearer; for two glasses are always necessary to a pair of fog-spectacles."

The black took the cordial, and this time was content with merely crossing himself before the liquor disappeared. "Good again, massa," said he; "dat maka Farder Jerram see well till him eye crack—but he hab long tongue for tell lies."

"Oil your own tongue, Signor Diego," said the lieutenant, again offering a full glass; "it will make you talk smooth, and then the truth must slip out in spite of Father Jerome."

Again the dram was swallowed; but Diego had forgotten even to cross himself, and in a few minutes was in that happy state of self-confidence, which would have proved sadly mutinous to the monk's severe discipline.

"And the young lady," said the lieutenant, perceiving that his gentle doses began to take effect, "is she safe? has she recovered from her fright? Did the padre know anything of the matter?"

"'Tand littlee bit, massa," interrupted the black, laying hold of Hamilton's arm; "'tand littlee bit, and no gallop wid de speech too much. Young missee safe atop o' de hill—dat one; she cry berry hard 'cause debble—Farder Jerram say you debble, massa."

"D—— Father Jerome!" ejaculated the officer, in English; "I'll play the devil with him in reality, before many dog-watches are out." Then returning to his French, he added, "But go on, Signor Diego; why does the lovely girl shed tears?"

"Oh, massa!" continued the negro, "she cry berry much 'cause debble touch her; and den I say, massa bery handsome debble for true, and she laugh; so dat two——"

"Two what, Diego?" inquired the officer, who felt himself more and more interested.

"Why, massa, dere be two answer to two question," responded the black, counting his fingers as if to make

sure of the calculation ; “ and now for t’oder. Farder Jerram look in him book and say, ‘ Diego black tief ; dat one lie, massa. ‘ Marietta go to bottomhouse pit ;’ dat ’noder lie, massa. And den he take her to confess, and—golly, massa, my lips too dry for speak big words.”

The lieutenant smiled, and once more tendered the glass to the African, who was in a very fair way to get drunk. “ But cannot I see her ? ” inquired Hamilton. “ You know, Diego, that Father Jerome deceives the sweet girl with his monkish practices.”

“ No, massa,” returned the black ; “ him Farder Jerram never ceives, dough he tell lie. You want for see de young missec. Well, s’pose me go atop o’ de hill, massa go atop o’ de hill, and Farder Jerram put nigger in de stocks ;—where he, massa, go to den ? ”

“ But they dare not injure a British officer,” said the lieutenant proudly ; “ or if they attempted it,” he added firmly, “ I have run worse hazards for a less valuable prize ; and, thank God, I can stand in my own defence.”

“ ’Fence, massa ? ” repeated the negro ; “ bery good, dat ; but massa’s ’fence no save poor nigger’s back. Nem mind, massa ; who care for Farder Jerram ? ” He jumped up, evidently intoxicated. “ Farder Jerram *picaro—coquin* ; me fight Farder Jerram ! S’pose massa gie me ’noder littlee drop. D—— Farder Jerram ! Ky, what dat in de bush — him Farder Jerram ? No ! Me take you for see young missee atop o’ de hill. Golly, dat for Farder Jerram ! ”—and he snapped his fingers triumphantly, reeling about in dangerous proximity to the edge of the cliff, and setting at defiance the power of his ghostly adviser.

At any other time, Hamilton would have been highly amused with the antics of the negro ; but now there was something at stake, and he became sensible that, in his eagerness to gain information, he had been too liberal of the noyeau ; and what to do with the poor

African puzzled him exceedingly. To refuse his request for more drink, might exasperate all his angry passions, and lead him to some act of extravagance; and to give him more would be to stupify his faculties, so as to render him incapable of further explanations, at least for the present. It was impossible to take him down to the boats, as the extreme difficulty of the path would not admit of it; but if he could be induced to lie down and sleep away his inebriety where he was, Hamilton made sure of seeing him as soon as he recovered. As the least evil, therefore, he fairly delivered up the bottle, to which the delighted negro glued his lips till he had swallowed the contents, and then sank into slumber, uttering defiance to "Farder Jerram," and praising the sweet cream of the "handsome debble."

As soon as the lieutenant was thoroughly convinced of the black's somnolency, he descended to the marquee, from which, fetching his boat-cloak, he hastened to the shelving rock and spread it over the stupefied Diego; then rejoining the water-party, preparations were made for returning to the ship. Two of the boats, however, had been sent away in the early part of the day, and not having come back, the one they had with them was incapable of carrying more than a third of the men, and consequently a great number were compelled to remain for the night. Hamilton rejoiced in this, for he could now make his attempt to gain the summit of the mountain, and perhaps he might once more see the lovely girl who had made such a deep impression on his heart. Having despatched the boat and arranged the water-casks round the little encampment, so as to serve as a barrier against the attacks of wild animals, he once more returned to the spot where he had left Diego.

The boat-cloak was still suspended over the branches, beneath which the African had lain down; and as apparently he was still there, the lieutenant, not wishing to disturb him, seated himself on the edge of

the precipice, and enjoyed the cool breeze as it came sweeping over the waters ; but after waiting some time he arose, walked to the spot, lifted the cloak, and found that the negro had disappeared.

Disappointed and mortified, he nevertheless determined to climb the mountain, and try to discover the residence of Marietta. Selecting from the party a favourite seaman (already introduced to the reader as old Ben), he left strict orders with the midshipman to keep the men together, and then departed on his secret expedition.

CHAPTER III.

“How use doth breed habit in a man.”

It has often been a source of surprise to me, that parents,—indulgent, kind, and affectionate parents, should send their boys to sea at an age, when reason has scarcely begun to expand itself into anything like reflection on good and evil. The child of ten or twelve years' existence, after being tenderly reared, like a choice exotic, and on whom the breath of heaven was seldom, if ever, permitted to blow with roughness, was suddenly seen to change his nature—mounted a cocked-up hat and a long coat, slung a dirk by his side, sported his pantaloons and Hessian boots, and was launched upon the ocean, to brave “the battle and the breeze.”

Nor was this all; the midshipman's berth! oh, the terrors of a first introduction to that

“Dark cavern, hid from cheering day,
Whose only sunshine is a taper's ray.”

The soft hand of a waiting-maid, or the strong arm of a strapping footman, had hitherto attended to the wants and wishes of young master; whilst papa and mamma have smiled with pride upon their darling, parted the clustering locks upon his fair forehead, and prayed to Heaven that his future path might be strewed with flowers. The warm turkey-carpet receives the pressure of his small foot, and the soft bed of down closes round him at night; dainties and delicacies are supplied to spoil his appetite, and being “the father's pride, the mother's joy,” every well-bred young lady fondles and caresses him; he accompanies them in the carriage on their shopping excursions, carries their reticules, and

often hears them exclaim, "What a charming boy!" Heigh presto! change the scene. The midshipman's lad, with his dingy countenance, almost as black as one of "their little darkneses," that are now forbidden to raise their voices even on the house-tops,—the midshipman's boy is the only attendant, and he is always scheming how he can perform the least work in the greatest space of time, and a better calculator in his way does not exist. The gloomy berth, where the disgusting cockroaches hold court in every corner, and are constantly sending embassies from one to another, colonizing as they go; instead of walls decorated with pictures in their splendid gilt frames, the stout oak bears the becketed quadrant-case, two or three old fore-and-afters, with dirks and belts, and sundry holes for teacups, plates, and sometimes glasses. No polished mahogany reflects the visages of those who sit at table; a well-scraped deal, with a cloth that *was* green in the woollen-draper's shop, but time and sea-usage have spread a shade of melancholy upon its surface, and darkened the brightness of its verdant days. The bare deck is the resting-place for his feet, and his hammock (the seaman's couch in life and his coffin in death) laps over him, as it moves to the motion of the ship, and in the ocean's turbulence and agitation he becomes a thorough "swing." Salt-junk, or, as it has often been most emphatically, and not altogether inappropriately styled, "salt horse," with a dish of doubtful-coloured potatoes, grace the dinner-board; the feast being occasionally diversified by salt pork, with a coat of rich fat four inches thick, boiled in delicious pea-soup, and then set before the galley-fire to brown. But the sea-cake—the biscuit, how delightful when good and new; how horrible when decay has fixed his weevilly tooth upon it; for then it does indeed become a "living bread," the very staff of *life*, cutting a thousand capers on the mess-table before you can catch it for the purposes of mastication. One almost invariable rule to discover if

an individual is a sailor, is by handing him some biscuit; if he takes it between his fingers and gently knocks it on the board to shake off the dust and the et-cæteras, set him down for a tar,—he has been on a foreign station, and was *bred* to the sea. No soothing voice from future messmates encouraged the youngster in his *début*; persecution and torment awaited him at every turn, and the fondly-cherished of his parents became a creature of misery, yet scorning to complain.

It was in many cases such as these, in which that pride and sport of the ocean,—the veteran tar, stepped in and adopted the youngster, cheering up his spirits, telling him tales of war and love in his own peculiar way, and instructing him in the various duties of his profession,—to box the compass, splice an eye, point the end of a rope, or raise a mouse upon a stay, with numerous other accomplishments necessary to a salt-water education. It is impossible to describe the pleasure and gratification it afforded to the sturdy veteran, when he found that his labour had not been exerted in vain; and many are the jolly old blades at Greenwich who now speak of the brave of England's navy with enthusiastic attachment, knowing that they were the first to implant the germ of knowledge in their minds when young.

Of this class of characters was Ben Transom, who had known Hamilton when the latter was no higher, as he said, "than the windlass end;" and Ben had constantly endeavoured to give the youth instructions in what he termed "the readyments of seamanship." Nor did the pupil do any discredit to the instruction of his teacher; for Ned Hamilton soon outstripped his compeers, and was particularly noticed and patronized by his commander. But Ben was not content with merely giving him "larning" in the arts of rigging, reefing, and steering; which, though he contended was the very ground-work of a sea-life, still there was another branch

for to my thinking, it is better to be under a reef fore-sail in an open sea, than backing and filling like a collier in the Pool, with scarcely six inches of daylight under the keel. In less than an hour the sun will be in the bush, and unless I'm much mistaken, the night will be as dark as a chimbley-sweep." He then added, with much solemnity, "To my thinking, sir, it seems to be a defying o' the Creator, and his marcirful protection for the creaturs he has made for his own peculiar sarvice on the ocean, to be overhauling his secret works upon the land. They tell me no foot of man has ever trod these lofty mountains, and then returned to say what had been seen. Why, then, should we—I ax pardon, sir,—but I'm saying, why, then should we presume?"

"Whoever bade you log that in your memory, old man," said the lieutenant, "was telling you to keep a false reckoning. You saw the black to-day?"

"The nigger? Yes, sir, we all saw him," replied Ben; "and there was them among us that was ready to swear upon their afterdavit, that he was somewhat akin to the 'long-shore Davy Jones."

"If he was a limb of the devil," said the officer, "he had an angel with him, and it isn't often they sail together in company."

"Ah, well!" ejaculated the old tar, shaking his head, "they do say the mountain is haanted. And did you really see an angel?"

"If extreme loveliness, without a blemish, and a voice of dulcet harmony, can constitute an inhabitant of the heavenly regions," answered the lieutenant, "then the sweet girl I saw to-day was certainly an angel."

"Whew—ew—ew," whistled Ben; "the line's run slap off the reel. Now I begins to see the latitude and longitude of the thing. But are you sartin it warn't a sperit conjured up by the prince of darkness, to punish you for daring to peep into this place, which I take to

be no better than an infarnal locker, where he stores his mischievous pranks?"

"No spirit," rejoined Hamilton, "ever had so delicate and soft a skin. But now I think of it, there was also a being of another description, who I strongly suspect has a black heart, that may claim a near relationship to Beelzebub."

"Ah! I thought we should come to it at last," said Ben. "Young eyes are soon dazzled by female beauty, and then away their hearts are whirled into the eddies and races between the Silly and Cribdish of love; and then they founder amongst the Syringes, who will not so much as throw them a coil of their long hair to hold on by, and keep them from sinking."

"Well done, Ben!" exclaimed the lieutenant, after indulging in a hearty laugh; "why, you are quite poetical. Pray, where did *you* learn anything of Scylla and Charybdis?"

"Why, Mr. Hamilton," answered the veteran, with solemnity, "the counsel of grey hairs is not to be despised; and respecting them there places, our parson—it was when I was a boy in the ould Billy-roughun, up the Mediterranean—our parson used to compare the temptations of the world to the wharlpools off Messina and that way; and he tould us the rocks on each side were the Silly and Cribdish of the ancients. And then he used to spin a long yarn about loose women, whom he declared were like the beautiful Syringes that floated on the green sea like a cork, but which I takes to be marmails; and they sung 'Tom Tough,' and 'Poor Tom Bowline,' and other sich-like songs, with so much sweetness, that they 'ticed men to destruction."

"Capital! my old friend," exclaimed the lieutenant. "I haven't heard such a sermon for many a day; and that reminds me that the person I saw with the lovely girl was a priest."

"Whew—ew—ew," whistled Ben again. "What a pretty set out for a mutiny,—a priest, a woman, and

a nigger. Why, Ned—Mr. Hamilton, I mean—I'm blessed if there arn't mischief brewing somewhere."

"And that is what I am determined to find out," said the lieutenant. "The female's mind has been practised on by the designing priest. She has been taught to consider the *Warlock* as an infernal machine, raised by the spells of devilry—at least, so the black fellow told me—and all her gallant crew are looked upon as agents of old Nick. He also said that every woman in Sanctos was persuaded by the priests to hold similar opinions; and many of the men, who were in the secret, carried on the cheat, through jealousy of their wives and daughters."

"Then I'm blessed if that don't 'loocydate everything," rejoined the tar; "and now I sees through it as clear as varnish, why the sinoras sheered off their boats, or gave a broad yaw, whenever we tried to clap them alongside. I say, Mr. Hamilton, couldn't we contrive to lay an anchor to windward of them there paddyrees, and raise a mutiny among the women? I'd give my grog for a week, to see the ould fellows in their long duds and heaven-poker hats outwitted: it would be rare fun."

"But I am much mistaken, Ben," said the young officer, "and I speak to you, Ben, as to an old friend whom I can trust,"—the seaman gave a quiet look of gratified pride;—"I say, I am much mistaken, if there is not something more serious in all this than we are aware of. The royal family of Portugal no sooner reach Rio, than our skipper is despatched, in preference to their own men-of-war, with secret instructions from Sir Sidney Smith; and here we are, in a spot like the garden of Eden, treated but little better than fiends; and I believe the arrival of the royal family is unknown to the authorities of Sanctos."

"I'd wager my six months' whaek agen a seupper nail," cried the veteran, "that the Yankee schooner we spoke off Whale-island, at the entrance of the river,

has something to do with it. Uncle Sam* is always at the bottom of mischief, particularly when there's any gould to be got."

"Gold!" reiterated Hamilton; "why, ay, now you speak,—but, no, they were engaged in the pursuits of science; there was a party on board botanizing along the coast."

"So they might be bottomizing," returned Ben; "but trust to the word of an ould man, who has hauled out many a weather earing, these same bottomizers know well where away the mines are to be found."

"You have hit it, Ben," exclaimed the lieutenant; "it is all as plain as Cape Frio in a mist,—smuggling off gold, my old boy."

"Rather say plundering, Ned—Mr. Hamilton, I mean," returned the seaman.

"And this is why our boats row guard every night," continued Hamilton; "and strict orders are given by Captain Pearce to keep a good look-out for anything moving after sundown. But talking about sundown, Ben, did you ever see a more beautiful spectacle than the one before us?"

During the foregoing conversation, the lieutenant and his aged companion had continued with great toil and difficulty to ascend the steep mountain, and not unfrequently using both hands and knees to climb the broken and detached masses of granite, which the torrent had torn from their beds and thrown on either side. The subject which they had been discussing had so deeply interested them, together with the necessity of calling loudly to one another for the purpose of raising their voices to a higher key than the sounds produced by the roaring of the falls, that they had passed over many dangers unheeded, which were cal-

* During the contest between England and America, the troops of the United States had U. S. painted on their knapsacks, which initials were translated by the Royalists into "Uncle Sam."

culated to appal the stoutest heart ; and now they stood upon an eminence cleared of trees, about two-thirds up the mountain, from whence they commanded a view that would baffle every attempt at description to do it justice.

The sun was gilding the distant ocean with his last beams, and every rock, every islet that separated the channel of the river, was distinctly visible, like fairy spots of rich luxuriance, floating on the bosom of the waters. The town of Sanctos, diminished to the size of a small picture, showed every line of its streets and habitations with the utmost clearness ; and abreast the white fort lay the black " Wizard of the Sea," which, from its symmetry and regularity, might well be looked upon by a superstitious mind as something beyond general comprehension,—she was, indeed, just such a craft as a seaman loves to gaze at with true nautical delight.

The old tar, as soon as he had taken his station by the side of, but at a respectful distance from his officer, uncovered his head and gazed with an intensesness that could only have its origin in devotion. " I'm thinking, sir," said he, " that the Being who made this bright and glorious prospect, loves to surprise his creaturs with the wonders he creates. He has given us hearts to feel the glorious beauties scattered by his hands ; and I always think, when such a scene rouses natur within me, the Giver of every good gift is present to crown his loving-kindness with a blessing."

Hamilton, though well aware of the veteran's peculiarities, could not help being doubly impressed by his observations at the present moment—the scene was so richly calculated to expand the generous sympathy ; and when commented upon, in language which none but Nature herself could prompt, a silent, though fervent aspiration was sent to the footstool of the throne of Omnipotence. In a few minutes the feeling passed away, and they resumed their conversation.

“How beautifully the creatur looks yonder,” said Ben, directing the attention of his officer to the ship, that lay slumbering in the stream; “her raking sticks and long flying jib-boom set off the hooker famously.”

“They do, Ben,” assented the lieutenant; “but it is her roguish-looking hull that pleases me the most. I have often gone up into the main top-mast cross-trees to look at her breadth of beam, and the exact tapering away of her bows and quarters. A handsome ship always puts me in mind of a fine woman.”

“Ay, ay,” chuckled Ben; “always thinking of the wenches, Ned—Mr. Hamilton, I mean. But Lord love your heart——”

“You taught the boy yourself, Ben, eh?” said Hamilton, finishing the old man’s exclamation. “But let us fill and make sail, old friend,” he added, turning round to depart; “the commodore will soon be down the main-hatchway; and if it should be very dark, we shall have to pass the night in the bush, and the panthers may take a fancy to try what sort of food an Englishman will make.” He advanced. “But how! what is this?” he exclaimed, observing a small rude building, or rather cavern, formed of large rough masses of rock, and almost hid amongst the foliage. “I say, Ben,” continued the officer, examining the place, “this is evidently a look-out, and requires some over-hauling; it may conceal an enemy, but at all events it will be a snug port in a storm.”

“And a comical hurricane-house it is,” responded Ben, releasing a pistol from his belt, and examining the priming. “I see, sir, you’re for boarding, and it’s just as well to prick your cartridge, and try if it be home.”

The building was composed (as I have already said) of huge rough stones, very carefully piled upon each other, so as to preserve the proper pressure and weight, to keep the whole fabric solid and firm. The trunks of trees, from which the upper boughs had been severed, gave it additional support; and from the roof arose a

stout sloping branch of a Brazilian oak, easy of ascent, and when the summit was attained, answering all the purposes of a watch or signal-tower. The building was so artfully put together, that to a casual observer it appeared like masses of rock thrown in a confused heap by some sudden convulsion of nature; and it probably would have escaped the lieutenant's attention, had he been engaged in any other pursuit than the one he had then undertaken. The entrance was by an aperture, only large enough to admit a man crawling upon his hand and knees, and against this a heavy stone was rolled.

"By yer leave," said Ben, displacing the obstruction; "a clear gangway and no favour." He then drew back behind his officer, to whom he felt as in duty bound to assign the place of honour.

The lieutenant crawled in, followed by his companion. They found the interior more commodious than they could have imagined. There was a rough bench and a table, but what surprised the officer the most, was a sea-cot and bedding, surrounded by musquito curtains, that hung suspended in one corner. All this they were enabled to discover by groping about with their hands, and Hamilton instinctively grasped a pistol, lest an enemy should be enclosed within the same walls.

"I've got summut here," said Ben, dragging a light material to the aperture; "and by the piper of war," he added, whilst examining his prize, "'tis neither more nor less than a set of signal-flags; and I'm blessed if here arn't Jonathan's gridiron.* There, it is all plain enough now, Mr. Hamilton; I told you the Yankee was cadgering."

"But we cannot be sure of that, Ben," answered the officer, as he thrust the point of his dirk into every

* The colours of the United States, called "a gridiron," on account of the stripes resembling the bars of the cooking instrument so named.

part of the room, to ascertain whether there was any one concealed; "we cannot tell who the flags belong to, though it certainly looks very suspicious to find them here."

"They're Yankee - make, sir," said the veteran, "and I'd swear to it any day. What should John Portyghee know about stars in the Union,—that ever sich a thing as *this*"—holding out the flag—"should be called a *union*. No, no, sir; I've boxed the compass of this here affair, and if there arn't a signal-staff somewhere away, at no great distance, then I'm a cuckoo-clockmaker, and no seaman."

"All that you say may be true, Ben," rejoined the lieutenant; "but, after all, it proves nothing."

"Proves nothing! Hear to that, now," cried the tar, perseveringly. "Who'd go for to think that a man, to whom the Creator has given knowledge and wisdom to struggle with his Maker's breath, when it stirs up the dark waters to a hissing foam,—who'd think that such a man would deny the evidence of reason, especially when, Lord love your heart, I larn'd——"

"I understand you, Ben," exclaimed Hamilton, interrupting him, "and, believe me, your instructions have ever been gratefully esteemed and respected; but you know Ben," he added, as if to provoke the old man to further information,—“you know, Ben, the flags being of Yankee manufacture, gives us no insight into the cause of their coming here, or the design in using them. I have every reason to think that there is a dwelling of some magnitude in our very neighbourhood, and, possibly, the flags may be hoisted at times for the purpose of communicating with the town. But, holloa, Ben, what are you studying now?"

The last glimmering of day threw its feeble light into the aperture, and the old man, with something like a book in his hand, was stretching himself through the opening, so that one-half of his body was within,

and the other half outside the building. His sight was bent upon the book, and he was endeavouring to trace with his fore-finger something that appeared upon the leaves. He did not, at first, answer to the lieutenant's inquiry; but when it was repeated, he shook his head, and muttered, "Them there crinkum-crankums, that look like sheep-shanks in a t'gallant backstay, are beyond my edecation. I can turn in a dead-eye, or splice a cable; I can raise a mouse, or pudding an anchor-ring; but I'm bless'd if this here don't beat me out and out, for there's nothing ship-shape about 'em. I used to could read a little too, anything like Christian words that had the A B C for pilots; but as for this consarn, the fellows must have wry mouths who could get such crooked letters into 'em."

Hamilton had approached during Ben's soliloquy, but, on account of the position the latter had taken up, occupying the greater portion of the aperture, he was unable to ascertain the cause of it, till the veteran drew in his head, like a tortoise under the shell, and placed a manuscript in the hands of his officer; who, taking his turn in the opening, soon discovered that which had so much puzzled Ben to be a signal-book in cipher, and the characters of so grotesque a form, as readily accounted for the tar's appropriate term of "crooked." Nothing further by way of elucidation could be obtained on that score; and the darkness every moment increasing, the lieutenant determined to take up his abode where he was, till the moon (which would rise soon after midnight) should enable him to prosecute his discoveries further. The stone was dragged as close as possible to the entrance; the arms were laid carefully at hand, to be in readiness for momentary service, and the officer and his humble companion took their berths, congratulating themselves on having gained such a commodious place of stowage.

Ben had spread the flags upon the bench, and, stretching himself upon them, was soon insensible to

outward objects. The lieutenant, seated upon the table, leaned his back against the cot, and ruminated upon the strange discovery he had made. He entertained no doubt that there was some mysterious connection between the building and the American schooner the *Warlock* had spoken the night before entering the river; but the building had evidently been erected many years, and botanists could not require a code of signals to communicate with each other; while it was equally impossible for the best telescope to make out the flags of the schooner at sea, without some intermediate station repeating the signal from the island. The suggestion of Ben, relative to the gold-mines, had some weight in his deliberations; but, whilst puzzling his mind with useless conjecture, sleep overpowered his faculties, and he sunk into tranquil repose.

CHAPTER IV.

“What is here ?

Gold ?—yellow, glittering, precious gold ?

This yellow slave will knit and break religions ;
 Make the hoar leprosy adored ; place thieves,
 And give them title, knee, and approbation,
 With senators on the bench.

Hence ! pack ! there’s gold ; ye came for gold, ye slaves.”

Timon of Athens.

It is a beautiful metal, after all ; and the devil is never better pleased than when man cheats himself into the credence that gold produces all the miseries which curse the earth, instead of their springing from the corrupt influences of his own heart, which perverts the noble uses for which such treasure was designed. How has the course of insatiate Avarice been marked with blood and rapine from the earliest periods of recorded time ! and even at the present moment the *civilized* world bows at the golden shrine ; and, oh, what sacrifices are offered up upon the altar of Wealth !

The sensitive mind shrinks with horror from the contemplation of those atrocious cruelties which the Spaniards perpetrated in the New World, in search of riches ; nor is the history of the British conquests in India destitute of many a true tale of oppression, robbery, and wrong. But oh ! what can surpass in moral turpitude that worst of all blots upon the escutcheon of humanity, that horrible and detestable trafficking of human flesh and bones—the slave-trade !

Man coveted gold, and tore his fellow-man from

home, from kindred, and from country, to waste the remainder of his days in digging for it. The slave-ship was a melancholy spectacle, in many instances presenting the very climax of human woe,—the bowed-down spirit, and the broken heart. I am not amongst the number of those whose fine sentimentality can feel gratification in the imaginary accounts of African love. I know that the natural instinct with which the Creator has endowed the brute creation, leads to a union of the sexes; but it is only where civilization has spread its blessings and its responsibilities, that the sweets of affection dulcify social life, and place man's best companion and his dearest friend in the station which the Almighty designed for one so tender and so beautiful. Yet, even in Africa, the bonds of human enjoyment were sometimes strengthened by ties as holy, and by vows as sacred, as any that can be formed or uttered in the temple made by hands. But the cupidity of man's obdurate breast sundered those bonds, severed those ties, and trampled upon the victims of his avarice. There was, however, another, a deeper, holier affection, an affection paramount to all the rest,—that of the mother for her child. The most ferocious and untamable of all animals will fight for its offspring; oh, then, what must have been the agony of the young mother, on being deprived of even the privilege of the tigress!—her little one rent from her bosom, to be seen no more!

I will not dwell upon the depravities of the "middle passage;" I will not linger amidst the horrifying spectacles witnessed at the slave-mart; I will not follow the wretched negro through his brief span of trial and oppression;—happily, these things are no longer tolerated by my country; the voice of justice has been heard, and the proud flag of England goes forth unstained with the rust from the fetters of slavery.

The gold-mines of San Paulo had been extremely productive; but the returns, about the period of which

I am writing, had become very considerably diminished, and the circumstance gave rise to suspicions of secret fraud. Yet still the poor African continued to toil for that which he was forbidden to enjoy; and the children of the persecuted race, shut in from the glorious light of day, and entombed within the bowels of the earth, might well be styled the living dead; for here they wasted out their strength till nature could endure no more, and they were already in their universal grave. Thousands and thousands of human beings had perished in San Paulo's alone, and the vacuum caused by disease, pestilence, and broken heart, was filled up from the mart; whilst the winged ship, like a demon of destruction, traversed the broad ocean for fresh victims.

Information had been sent to Portugal relative to the decrease in the precious metal, and allegations made that a considerable portion was kept back, and applied to the private use of the governor of the province and his subordinates; whilst the silence of the priesthood was obtained by presents valuable enough to secure it. Nor was the viceroy free from implication, though the charges were so vague, that the informant could fix upon nothing specific; and the manner in which the gold was disposed of, remained a mystery to all who were not immediately concerned.

The disturbed state of the mother-country had hitherto prevented any investigation being instituted upon the subject; but on his passage to the Brazils, the expatriated prince, Don John, had given his attention more particularly to his Trans-Atlantic possessions, and the circumstances of the gold-mines recurring to his memory, he determined to ascertain the truth of the reports. The result was, that on the arrival of Sir Sidney Smith, he consulted with that gallant officer, who devised a plan to detect the offenders, and sent Captain Pearce (in whom he placed great confidence) to put it into execution.

As the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary, no one on board the *Warlock*, besides the commander, was in the slightest degree made acquainted with the object of their visit to Sanctos; the cause assigned being that of recruiting the health of the ship's company from the appearances of threatened scurvy. But this did not appease the mind of Don José y Pinto, who, knowing the extensive peculations he had been guilty of, very naturally apprehended that the captain of the corvette had received orders to detect his roguery; or, if that was not actually the case, still that the penetrating eye and active mind of the British commander might, he feared, discover many things which he was anxious should remain concealed. There were certainly many to share the plunder, besides the coffers of "holy mother church;" but latterly Don José had become alarmed, and had carefully hoarded his ill-gotten ingots in a spot unknown to all but himself and his spiritual adviser.

The governor's confessor, in outward show, was a miracle of sanctity, but he loved and sighed for the pleasures of the world; and though age had sprinkled its frosts upon his brow, he was in heart and principle a libertine. Fully acquainted with every secret spring to his patron's motives and movements, and possessing a powerful influence over his mind, the wily priest had not only meditated the most ambitious projects, but he had also flattered himself that his leisure hours would be devoted to the soft dalliances of female beauty. Don José had a daughter,—young and beautiful; the padre had been her instructor from very early years, for her mother died whilst she was in infancy, and the confessor had watched, with feelings it is not necessary to describe, the unfolding of so lovely a flower, from the budding of childhood to the opening bloom of womanly beauty. He was prepared to sacrifice his patron whenever opportunity should offer, so as not to compromise

his own safety; and he designed, by the most artful machinations, to make the daughter subservient to his own unholy desires.

But the task the reverend father had assigned himself was both difficult and dangerous; for the very means he took to impose restraint upon her mind did but serve to render her breast more incorruptible and pure. Superstition produced its pernicious effects, it is true, but it was only on the intellect; and in that country vengeance was too summary for him to attempt anything beyond the bounds of prudent moderation, as her parent almost worshipped his child, and watched over her with Argus-like vigilance.

Don José had been constantly, though secretly, adding to his hoard, and his intention was to quit his post and the country clandestinely, as soon as a vessel could be obtained to convey him to a place, where he might pass the rest of his days in security, whilst revelling in the abundance of his wealth. The confessor had been to Monte Video for the purpose of hiring a vessel to transport the Don and his daughter, with himself, to the United States; but he had returned unsuccessful, there being no suitable craft at that anchorage; and he was preparing to make a journey to Rio Janeiro to effect his object, when the American schooner, which has already been spoken of in the conversation between Lieutenant Hamilton and his humble companion, brought up in the outer roads. The captain was invited to meet the governor on shore; a closer and more intimate acquaintance took place, and the vessel was hired to receive the golden freight. The better to cover their designs from public curiosity, the surgeon, a clever shrewd man, became a botanist; and by dint of a little instruction, the captain's steward, and a young Spaniard of good education, were initiated in the art. The visit was announced as one intended to advance the interests of science, and Don José would soon have

taken his unceremonious departure, when the unwelcome arrival of the *Warlock* for a time suspended operations, and excited fears that the scheme, by some untoward circumstance, would be altogether frustrated.

On the first introduction of Captain Pearce to the governor, the latter, with his attendants, manifested very great confusion and astonishment—eyeing the British commander with a keenness that did not escape his notice, though he appeared totally insensible to it; nor did their whisperings,—“it is strange,”—“it is wonderful,”—force from him any observations. He behaved with distant politeness, and when he retired from the audience-chamber, it was to arrange his future proceedings, being perfectly convinced that some nefarious transaction was going on. Still, there was nothing in his conduct that could awaken a suspicion of the object of his mission; and though unknown to the Portuguese, the utmost vigilance was kept up on board the ship, and the boats went away on duty every night. The communication with the shore was free, and the *botanists* pursued their labours undisturbed;—indeed, Captain Pearce had more than once dined in their company, and the surgeon of the *Warlock* had accompanied them in their pursuits without entertaining a suspicion of their real characters, though their artifice was too shallow to pass current with his commander.

The schooner had been kept plying off and on, occasionally bringing up for the night outside the bar, and her captain had not been seen on shore since the *Warlock* spoke her off Whale Island,—a small rock that rises in the ocean several leagues from the continent, and looking at a short distance like the creature it is named after. Still, the American was under a neutral flag, and doing nothing openly that could infringe upon the maritime laws of England; besides, it would have

been impolitic to have meddled with her till the plot had gained maturity, and the evidence against them was complete. One thing, however, had greatly puzzled Captain Pearce; and that was, the mode of communication between the schooner and the shore. Every entrance to the river had been strictly guarded, no boat had been seen to land; yet that there was some method of imparting intelligence he felt perfectly satisfied, though ignorant what it was, and many of his schemes had been thwarted on account of it.

No inhabitant of Sanctos had yet visited the corvette, excepting some of the poorer classes, who came alongside to sell their wares; and the officers, when on shore, were generally shunned whenever they made any approaches to intimacy, though, at times, it was evident that, amongst the señoretas, this constrained and repulsive behaviour was far from affording them gratification.

Latterly, the commander of the *Warlock* had enveloped himself in greater mystery, and the men were more than ever impressed with the belief of his possessing some superhuman agency, which watched over and controlled their actions; and even the officers became sensible that he obtained such correct information of all that was passing amongst them, that it at once both surprised and mortified them.

Such was the posture of affairs on the day that Hamilton's adventure took place on the mountain, and as the shades of evening closed in, tranquillity prevailed on board the *Warlock*; the sentinels were each at his post, the quartermaster ranged about the deck, occasionally addressing the seamen who for business or pleasure ascended the hatchways; and the young midshipman, who was now senior officer of the watch, paced to and fro on the privileged planks, full of the fancied importance of his station.

In the gun-room sat the first and third-lieutenants,

the master, surgeon, and purser, and one of the master's-mates (by special invitation), round a table, well-furnished with all the requisite materials for manufacturing either grog or punch.

"M'Creery," said the purser, addressing the first-lieutenant, "I shall be obliged to you for the small cutter in the morning by sunrise, to fetch off a bullock I purchased to-day."

"A bullock, purser?" exclaimed the other. "If he is in quarters, have him aboard with all my heart; but no live animals shall come over the side, depend upon it, without a written order from the captain."

"Don't be so testy, Mac," rejoined the purser; "he is already cut up, and remarkably fine beef it is,—don't you think so, Humphreys?"

"Why, yes," answered the master, "tolerably fair for this part of the world; but nothing equal to the beautiful picture of a rich fresh quarter from the Sally-port Wharf at Portsmouth, though I must say it is far superior to the lantern-like carcasses we got at Madeira. But I'm thinking, purser, that the jolly-boat may serve your turn; as, with Mac's permission, I shall want the small cutter to go a brooming——"

"Settle your duties 'pon deck," exclaimed Marshall, "and let us make Saturday night of it; the week appears to me to have been dreadfully long already. Here's 'Wives and Sweethearts,' master."

The toast went round, each giving it his own peculiar expression, as he called to mind the various circumstances connected with his native land.

"Come, come, Humphreys," exclaimed M'Creery, "let the Muses pipe to harmony; give us a song, old messmate."

"Ay, do," said Marshall; "a good, substantial sea-ditty, and let it have a rattling chorus, master."

The good-tempered old man, having hemmed several times to clear his voice, and pitched the key-note to

suit him, gave, with good feeling, though without much music or grace, the following

SEA SONG.

When the topsails are set, and the bars are all shipp'd,
 And the drums and fifes merrily play,
 Round the capstan we dance till the anchor is tripp'd,
 And the boatswain bawls "Heave and away!"
 To the fife's shrill sound,
 Whilst a joke goes round,
 We step with a pleasing delight
 Dry nippers along,
 And we soon hear the song,
 "Heave, heave, my brave boys, and in sight!"

Then the sails are well trimm'd, and the anchor we stow,
 Whilst the white cliffs recede from our view;
 Bound to sea on a cruise, we look out for the foe,
 As one man is the whole of our crew,
 From the mast-head they hail,
 "I see a strange sail!"
 We obey (hope gladd'ning each face)
 The boatswain's shrill call,
 And his mate's hoarse bawl,
 "All hands to make sail in the chase!"

Then old Albion's proud flag at our peak we display,
 And the tricolour plainly discern;
 "Cock your locks!" says the captain, "now keep her away!
 Steady—point your guns right at her stern!
 Fire! fire! and rake her!
 Now, now the shots shake her!
 Well told—how her masts rattle down;
 Clap the helm hard a-lee!
 Bold lads, follow me!"
 We board, and the frigate's our own.

Then our ensign so brave o'er the tricolour flies,
 Back to England our course we pursue;
 The breezes are fair till in port with our prize,
 And the king gives brave seamen their due.
 Rigg'd out so fine, oh,
 Plenty of rhino,
 Grog, fiddles, and lasses so gay;
 Spend the cash snug on shore,
 Till duty once more
 Cries "Heave, and the anchor's away!"

“Capital song, and very well sung,” resounded round the table.

“Old Boreas himself could not have done it better,” said Marshall; “it was given with all the energy of a north-caster off the Cape. I wish Donna Custodia had heard him; I’m certain it must have stirred up the *ocean* of affection in her heart.”

“If she had melted a little at the master’s harmony,” said the purser, “it would have been of service to her; for she must weigh nothing short of twenty stone.”

“But Humphreys has been accustomed to the South Sea Fishery,” observed M’Creery, “and therefore whale-catching is nothing new to him. Now, Donna Custodia——”

“Donna Custodia be——!” ejaculated the master, but was prevented from completing the sentence by the surgeon, who clapped his hand before the other’s mouth. “Stop! stop! Humphreys; don’t swear about it, for there’s not a soul fore and aft but knows your *penchant* that way.”

“*Puncheon!*” exclaimed the old man; “it seems that you want to make me the *butt* of your mirth. But never mind: old Tom will weather you all yet.”

“That we are sure of,” replied Marshall; “for he has actually circumnavigated Donna Custodia, and that is nearly equal to sailing round the globe.”

This Donna Custodia was the keeper of the coffee-house at Sanctos, and a most immense fat woman. The master, from some particular cause, had become an especial favourite with her; and the old man, finding good cheer and gentle usage, sought no other spot, when on shore, for recreation. Besides, Donna Custodia could speak a little English and French; and though at times she miserably mutilated both languages, yet the master contrived to make it out in his own way, and their conversations together had drawn upon him the waggery of his messmates. “Your jokes shan’t save you, Marshall,” said the good-humoured veteran.

“Those brilliant eyes of the Senhora Mariquetta, that look like the two lights of a bar harbour——”

“Bar harbour, indeed,” sighed Marshall, interrupting him. “I fear, master, there will never be water in for me.”

“Fear nothing!” said M‘Creery; “with such bright eyes for guides——”

“And love for a pilot,” added the doctor.

“The tide in your favour,” continued the master’s mate.

“And a kedje over your starn to haul off, if you ground,” filled up the master. “Come, come, Marshall, sing my favourite little song; it’s my call, you know, and I like everything to be done ship-shape and Bristol fashion. As for Mariquetta, I can work you a traverse as ’ll bring you alongside of her, and you shall sail in company. But the song, Marshall, the song.”

“The song—the song,” was repeated by the rest; and though the young lieutenant made numerous excuses, yet finding them of no avail, he gave the following, with much taste and skill, and the execution was considerably assisted by a fine musical voice:—

The rose had sipp’d the early dew,
 And balmy sweets perfum’d the air,
 When William wept his last adieu,
 Upon a bosom pure and fair.
 “Farewell,” he cried, “my lovely Jane;
 What, though I cross the troubled main,
 This heart to thee shall true remain,
 Till death its chords shall sever.”

The morning breezes swell’d each sail,
 His vessel soon was lost to view;
 But evening brought the angry gale,
 And vivid lightnings round them flew.
 In vain the vengeful storm they brave,
 Sinking beneath the raging wave,
 Poor William found a watery grave,
 And bade “Farewell” for ever.

“Thank’e, Marshall, — thank’e,” said the master,

rubbing his rough hand across his face. "I wish Mariquetta could have heard you; it would have brought down her colours, depend upon it."

"Ah, but, master, you forget that they are under control of the black flag," exclaimed M'Creery. "For my part, I never see a shoal of priests, in their long duds and naked crowns, but it puts me in mind of Algiers and piracy."

"Some of 'em are lovely creatures—I mean the women—and that's true," said the master. "But it seems to me a sin and a shame, that so many handsome young fellows"—each of the officers surveyed his dress, and arranged his shirt collar—"should be backing and filling, like a craft in a tide-way, when there's a fair wind and good soundings into port."

"So it is, master," rejoined the doctor; "especially when an old man like you carries off the greatest woman in the island."

"Carries!" cried the first lieutenant, turning up his eyes, and elevating his hands. "Why, doctor, she'd give the *Warlock* a heel of two streaks on the side she was standing, and you expect Humphreys to carry her?"

"Come, boys, a truce to your jests," exclaimed the master. "It appears, by your own showing, that I've been enabled to do more than any of you——"

"Because you deal so *largely* in love," rejoined Marshall, interrupting him.

"Have done, have done, Harry, and listen to me," said the master, assuming a serious and business-like look. "I think I can remember reading something about a 'Roland for an Oliver,' in an out-o'-the-way odd book I picked up; and so I've been scheming in my head as to the most seamen-like mode of weathering upon the paddyrees. Now, in working the traverse, d'ye mind, it is but correct, according to the best tables of human reason, to know the latitude and longitude of a port, before you can find out the true bearings and distance."

"Granted, master," said Marshall; "but what the devil has all this to do with the sweet girls of Sanctos?"

"Don't be so eager, my son," resumed the old man; "people don't catch trout with dry breeches, and neither can you make a calculation without comprehending your exact situation on the chart. Now, it's well known that women are women; and, according to the old proverb, 'Salt from the sea, and ills from women.' Not but what I'm pretty sure, in the present case, that the signoras would have no objections to smile upon you, if it warn't for the priests, who look upon us all as heretics, and wipe out our names from the book of life, as easy as a maintop-man would rub the day's run off the log-board. Now, messmates, 'a fox is a fox, though you rig him out in a surplice;' and, according to my notions of the matter, we must bag the fox before we can get his brush. And how is this to be done, boys?"

"That's just what we want to know, Humphreys," peevishly remarked the purser; "here have you been spinning a yarn as long as a victualling-office account, and end just where you began."

"I say again, boys, how is this to be done?" continued the master, paying no regard to the observations of the purser, and looking extremely knowing. "Well, then, I'll tell you: we must have a fat sham-petre——"

"A what?" echoed round the table; "there's no such rope in the top. Repeat it again, master."

"Ay, you may laugh, boys—you may laugh," said the veteran; "but it's well for you that age and experience takes the observations and keeps the dead reckoning in this, as well as in the ship's track. I say again, nothing but a fat sham-petre will bring you safe into port."

"A fat sham-petre, Humphreys?" uttered M'Creery inquiringly; "what ship's that?"

"A pretty set of know-nothings you all are!" ex-

claimed the master, "and well brought up, to let your edecation slip through your fingers, like a greased marlin-spike. Why, what is fat sham-petre, but French for a ball—a dance—a sort of sheave-o that sets the heels a-going, till the head spins round and round like a spun-yarn winch, and the very heart becomes giddy with delight."

"By George! master, you have hit it," said Marshall, comprehending that the old man meant a *fête champêtre*; which, however inappropriately applied, as it respected the term itself, conveyed an immediate idea of his design. "A masquerade would be the very thing; but how is it to be accomplished? there's the rub! Captain Pearce would hardly sanction such revelry in the 'Wizard of the Sea.'"

"Now, I think differently," observed the surgeon: "the captain, I have no doubt, would object to a mere dance, nor would he allow the *Warlock's* decks to be converted into a common ball-room. But a masquerade is a different thing; there is a mystery attached to it that well suits our character, and our dresses may be made according to the most approved principles of devilry. There's Humphreys might represent old Davy Jones himself."

"No, no!" exclaimed the old man, "no, thank ye, doctor,—no impiety, if you please. I defy the devil and all his works; and, God forbid, at my time o' life I should sail under false colours. But of this I'm certain, if you want to weather upon the priests, the masquerade's the thing."

A consultation was immediately held amongst them, as to the most probable means of accomplishing the desired object. "I am precisely of the doctor's opinion," said Marshall; "the captain would enter into the sport under cover, as eager as any of us, notwithstanding his generally reserved nature."

"I accoord with you, messmate," agreed M'Creery, "it may be turned to advantage by the skipper acting

under a cloud ; and he certainly has shown some extraordinary instances of fore-knowledge, though, as to his supernatural powers, why that, you know, is all my eye and Miss Elizabeth Martin. Avast, though : there's the old saying, 'Talk of the devil, and he'll——'" The lieutenant glanced his eye up the skylight, a sudden confusion spread over his features, and, starting from his seat, he hastened up the companion to the quarter-deck. The eyes of the rest of the party had promptly followed the direction of the first-lieutenant's, on perceiving there was something extraordinary which had excited him ; but they could see nothing but the white awning that was extended fore and aft. They looked at each other with surprise, and silence prevailed for several minutes.

"'Pon deck there!" exclaimed Marshall, up the skylight ; and being answered by the midshipman of the watch, he inquired, "Is Mr. M'Creery abaft?"

"No, sir," replied the youth, "I have not seen him ; but I'll look."

Another silence ensued, till the young gentleman returned and reported, that "he could not discover the first-lieutenant anywhere upon deck."

Marshall immediately quitted the gun-room and ascended the companion ; the night was dark but clear, and not a sound was heard, except the rippling of the current and the toll of a convent-bell. The young lieutenant searched every part of the deck for his superior, and then instituted an inquiry below, but not the slightest intelligence could be obtained : the sentries had seen nothing of him, the quarter-master was equally as ignorant, and the whole affair began to excite a fearful alarm. The haste with which M'Creery had left the convivial party, and the suddenness of his movements, gave rise to many suspicions ; but the marines declared they had heard nothing during their post, "except the sighs of the alligators making love." The whole of the officers mustered aft, and Marshall

had just determined to send information ashore to Captain Pearce, when a piece of paper was thrust into his hand by some one, but in the darkness of the night it was impossible for him to tell by whom. Availing himself of the light of the binnacle lamp, he read an order for him to act as commanding officer of the corvette, during the absence of the first-lieutenant, and to be extremely vigilant in looking out for boats. This order was countersigned "Secret," so that Marshall was not at liberty to communicate its purport; but obeying its directions, in the course of a short time tranquillity was perfectly restored on the upper deck, whilst the seamen in their berths below conversed together in whispers on the transaction, which added another link to that chain of mystery which had, from time to time, fettered their minds and rendered them scrupulously observant to every rule of obedience.

CHAPTER V.

“Thou comest in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee.”—*Hamlet*.

THERE is something exquisitely delightful in the sleep that is sweetened by health and peace of mind. The seaman who has had his four hours on deck, buffeted by the gale and well soaked by the waves, goes to his hammock, and rests as soundly as the peasant in his snug cottage, securely sheltered from the storm. The labouring ship may roll and plunge till the opening seams receive the briny element, and the clanking pumps be in constant requisition,—he still sleeps on, unconscious of the danger, and is, perhaps, dreaming of home with all its pleasures. But the enjoyment is of only four hours' duration; the shrill pipe of the boatswain's-mate to relieve the watch calls him once more on deck, and his tired shipmates take their spell below. So unremitting is this alternate duty, that it not unfrequently happens, when on shore, that slumber ceases exactly at the accustomed period, and the sailor awakes to the comfortable assurance that the *sheets are belaid*, and he may, if he pleases, go to sleep again.

Hamilton and his humble companion snoozed undisturbedly till midnight, when both aroused under the illusory expectation of taking the watch on deck, which was not a little heightened by a confused noise of voices near them. Instant recollection, however, of their real situation returning, both preserved the most profound silence, eagerly listening to catch with greater distinctness the words of approaching speakers. Neither Ben nor his officer had passed the least communication with

each other; but Hamilton heard the click of the lock, as the old man cocked his pistol, and the veteran tar knew the lieutenant was on the alert, by the rustling movement he had made in turning out.

"Well!" exclaimed a voice in genuine English, and which came perfectly familiar to Hamilton's ears, though he could not, at the instant, recollect where he had heard it; "and what do you propose by seeking me here?"

"Your immediate departure," replied another. "The scheme cannot be much longer concealed: the Dou is getting alarmed, and it would be hardship, indeed, to be compelled to dig the root for others, when we may enjoy the fruit ourselves."

"That is one of the botanists," thought Hamilton, who now entertained great hopes of elucidating a mystery.

"Folly! rank folly and fear!" said the first, in tones of bitterness, which excited a curious sensation on the lieutenant's nerves. "If your craven spirits shrink from a bold design because danger is attached to it, 'tis useless to proceed."

"But you do not know the man," said a third; "he is too keen and penetrating not to see through our disguise."

"He means the captain," thought Hamilton; "and I believe the fellow's right."

"I have not seen, but I know him," rejoined the first. "He is a seaman,—so am I, as you can all well testify. He is a man of courage, and who is there will impeach my bravery? He has an object in view,—so have I, and which amongst you will gainsay it? He affects to possess a mysterious and supernatural power; I have it in reality, and dare him to the boldest deed his puny efforts may attempt."

Ben thought of the hobgoblins in the mountains, bit his quid, and convulsively grasped the butt of his pistol.

“ You say that the bars are all ready for shipping off,” said the second speaker ; “ what need, therefore, of delay ? The old man and his daughter may embark ; we can dispose of them at sea, and send the priest in their company, by way of passport, to heaven.”

“ You jest, sir,” observed the first speaker tauntingly.

“ I have but little cause for jesting,” replied the other ; “ the people are complaining of your inactivity, and murmur mutiny.”

“ Mutiny !” reiterated the first man, in a tone which was loudly echoed by the surrounding rocks, strongly denoting the scorn and indignation of the speaker. “ And dare they threaten, too ?” He instantly altered into a firm and dignified utterance that greatly puzzled the lieutenant. “ But ’tis what may be expected from men, to whom plunder would be valueless unless it were stained with human blood.” He paused a moment, then rapidly continued, “ No matter ; I can pity their weakness, but they must not stir my vengeance. And you, sir,—you would brave me, too ! Yet forgive me,” he mournfully added ; “ my temper is growing petulant, and my nature seems to be upon the change. Come, let us quit this place. I shall not rest me here to-night—at least, not yet ; so hasten both of you to the town. Your information shall have its weight, and my decision shall shortly be made.”

The trio departed, and Ben cautiously unconcealed himself, followed by his officer. The voices were still within hearing ; but from the echoes of the mountain and the dashing of the torrent, it was impossible to ascertain, with accuracy, the direction the men had taken. It was evident, however, that one of them was the occupant of the place they had just quitted, and that there was every probability of his returning to it. The first thought of Hamilton was, to wait near the spot and seize the man ; but he considered that he had no authority for doing so, and that, by remaining in concealment, it was likely he would be enabled to

obtain intelligence that would offer more important results than making him a prisoner.

The moon was rising, and shed a pale light upon the scene, as the lieutenant and the seaman hid themselves behind the projecting rocks which formed the building, and from whence Hamilton, for the first time, perceived that the trunks of several trees were thrown so as to form a rough bridge across a deep chasm, otherwise impassable; but they were so placed, that one man in a few minutes might plunge the whole into the depth below.

"This is a strange adventure, Ben," said the officer; "but we'll see it out, old boy."

The veteran shook his head. "It's no better nor all mystification, sir," said he, "and I respectfully beg of you, Mr. Hamilton, to bear a hand down to the tents again."

"What! and leave such a chance as this?" asked the lieutenant. "Why, Ben, we may possibly get to the bottom of it all."

"The bottom, indeed!" groaned the tar; "not but what I defy the ugly-looking rascal! Hark! what was that?" They listened for a few minutes, but all was still, and Ben continued, "Not, sir, but that I defy the devil and all his works, as I was a-saying, whether he shows his black muzzle from the after-davits, or on the cat-heads; and they say he loves them there places best, because he can look at his own grinning picture. But, sir, there's a vast difference between meeting him on our own element, where we can luff up or sail large out of his way, and being clapped alongside in a narrow passage like this here, where you can neither stay, steer, nor wear."

Hamilton scarcely suppressed a hearty laugh at the solemnity of the seaman's manner; but there was something in the time and in the place, as well as in their situation, which restrained him, and he merely said, "What! still afraid of conjuration? Come, come, old boy, let us be upon our guard; and if the man returns,

with a dozen to back him, we have our choice either to defend ourselves, or to retreat."

"I have been in too many battles, Mr. Hamilton, to fear the face of any living enemy," returned Ben; "but what can any of us do again the nickromancy of the Evil One?"

"We shall never attempt it, Ben," said the young officer rather angrily, at what he considered the old man's perverseness. "My rifle has not often missed the mark, and you have a steady hand to raise a pistol in the time of need."

"There's no manner o' use whatsomever in shooting at shadows," rejoined the veteran; "for even the admiral's chaplain himself, had he seen them—at least one of them—would have taken his 'davy that it had no substantial clothing of flesh and blood," and Ben shuddered at the thought.

For a moment Hamilton felt a strong tinge of superstition creeping on his mind—an indefinable sickness of heart, for which he could not account; for having been accustomed to the old man's peculiarities, they were nothing new to him. "And pray, Ben, who or what was it?" he hesitatingly inquired.

"Did you not hear, sir?" asked the tar, with solemnity, and the voice of one of the speakers was recalled to the lieutenant's mind. "But you did not see it as I saw it, for my berth allowed me a fair gangway to look out of the sallyport, and his is a form and face, though it be but dimly seen, as is not easily forgotten."

"Now you speak of it, Ben," rejoined the lieutenant, in accents of doubt and perplexity, "I do remember that the voice of the first man caused some curious sensations in my breast; it was certainly familiar to my ears, but even now I cannot recollect either the where or the when, and I own that I am much puzzled about it."

"That's strange!" said the seaman, musingly, "but

mayhap it didn't sound alike to both. Have you never heard it in the still night, when the moonbeams sported on the sparkling waters? have you never heard it when the feathery foam has danced upon the rolling seas, cresting their tops like fleecy sheep upon the hills? have you——"

"Enough, enough, Ben!" interrupted the officer, as he convulsively gasped for breath; "by heaven, it was the voice of Captain Pearce!" There was a silence of several minutes, till Hamilton, gathering his scattered thoughts, feebly laughed, and said, "But this is idle nonsense, Ben; the captain would never be here, and voices may be alike."

"And so may persons too," continued Ben; "but if that which I seed was not Captain Pearce, or his 'semblance, then I never saw him in my life!"

Hamilton was more disturbed at this communication than he liked to acknowledge, even to himself. Still he believed that the visual organs of his humble friend must have been mistaken as to identity, particularly as the moon at the time was only peeping above the horizon, and could not have afforded any very clear light. He stood for several minutes, revolving the subject in his mind, without being able to come to any definite conclusion. At length he said, "So you firmly believe in witchcraft, Ben?"

"Ay, ay, sir," responded the tar, "and so would any man as had seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard. Mayhap, Mr. Hamilton, you may think there be no such thing as bedevilment?"

"Not I, Ben!" exclaimed the lieutenant, more cheerfully. "I know Davy Jones is busy enough at all times; but, my old friend, sailors are apt to endow him with powers and attributes that he never has possessed, nor ever will possess."

"With respect to the *tributes*, Mr. Hamilton," rejoined Ben, "I know it's only right to give the devil his due, and——" here the old man, hearing a slight

rustling noise, looked cautiously around him, and then continued; "howsomever, I don't know as he is so bad as many people makes him out to be; and as for his outrigger abaft, I don't believe a word on it."

Hamilton laughed heartily. "What! no tail, Ben? Why, you are curtailing him of his fair proportions. But his imps, Ben—his agents!"

"As for his imps, Mr. Hamilton, I arn't so duber-some about," returned the veteran; "they go scudding to windward in a gale of wind like a witch on her skimmer, throwing the spray into a fellow's face as mischievous and spiteful as a sea-snake—flinging marlin-spikes out of the tops, and jamning the running gear between the sheave and the shell. I remember once——" Ben stopped short, and sprang firmly to his feet, on hearing a chattering noise close to his head. He glanced his eyes upwards, and then whisperingly continued,—"I suspected as much some time ago, and that made me speak fair and smooth. It's of no manner o' use stopping here, Mr. Hamilton; the place is full of 'em. Ay! you may grin, ye Satan's whelp, you!"

Hamilton looked up, and saw a remarkably fine ring-tail monkey sitting on the projecting rock, and grinning most maliciously at his humble companion; and willing to have a little sport with the seaman, he said "I begin to be of your opinion, Ben; the place does, indeed, seem full of them—one, two, three, four—why, at least there's a dozen! What can they aſſ want?"

"Well, well," muttered the tar, almost overcome with superstitious apprehensions, "it's no matter; I never wilfully did nobody any harm—barring cheating the purser now and then, and I can hardly think such a trifle as that would ever be logg'd again me. 'Tis true, I own to be groggy on king's birthdays and laurel-days, but I was never drunk on duty; and as for the promise I made to Moll Hughes, why it was her fault we warn't spliced, and not mine. Then——"

How long the old seaman would have continued his catalogue, or what other confessions he would have made, must remain a secret, for Hamilton interrupted him with, "There's one thing, however, Ben, that you may now prove to your satisfaction; look, old boy, that fellow has really got a tail."

The veteran eyed the animal askance, with a look of doubt, and shook his head; when the creature, as if to punish him for his unbelief, mimicked the action, and threw a pretty large stone at the old man's cranium: then, whisking round, he certainly displayed a tolerably long queue. "It has a tail, indeed," said Ben.

"Yes," rejoined Hamilton, laughing, "as fine a tail as was ever sported by a monkey."

The veteran again shook his head incredulously. "I'm thinking, arter all, that it's nothing more than a imp," said he; "but let's see." He raised his pistol, but—the animal was gone.

"The creature has vanished, Ben," said the lieutenant, "and therefore is no hobgoblin, or else it would have stood *fire*."

"Satan has his agents, sir, for all that," responded the tar, perseveringly.

"And not a few of them are navy agents," exclaimed Hamilton, laughing at his own conceit.

"Ay, ay, sir," chuckled Ben, "they are limbs o' the ould un, to be sure; but I mean another guess sort, your real right arnest devil's-kin, as may be well known by their paint—a thunder-cloud-black, with a narrow streak of bright red like a flash o' lightning, and smelling as strong of brimstone and gunpowder as a fire-ship filled with comeburstables."

"A pretty description, truly," said Hamilton, laughing; "why, Ben, one would think you had been alongside the fallen angel, to mark his outfit so regularly."

"Indeed, and I have, sir," replied the seaman, assuming an air of greater seriousness, "yard-arm and

yard-arm, broadside for broadside, till I got athwart his hawse, and poured in a raking fire that sickened him; and then, I'm blessed if the ugly varmint didn't throw all slap aback, pay off upon his heel, and was out o' sight in an instant, leaving me with my star-board arm sprung, a compound *fraction* in my leg, and a large *confusion* in my upper works; and I'll tell you how it was, Mr. Hamilton, if you'll listen."

"By all manner of means, my old friend," returned the lieutenant; "let's have the whole story from beginning to end, and we'll call it the devil's *tale*."

"Well, Mr. Hamilton, whatever you may think, it's all true enough," asserted the veteran, "though it happened several years ago; but what o' that, he's the same now as ever he was. D'ye see, I was on long liberty at Portsmouth, and so I made sail to visit an ould messmate, that had been brought-up for life in a large castle away inland. He had done some sarvice of importance for a great nobleman; and so his lordship, to show his gratitude, put him into this berth to look arter the building and stores, only coming once a-year for a month or two, just to see that everything was in proper trim. Well, my ould messmate lived here like a fighting-cock, and so, as I said before, I went to see him, and a large gloomy place it was; though, for the matter o' that, in some parts it was pleasant enough for them as liked shady walks, where the branches of the trees lock arm-in-arm across the pathway, like sodger officers, and all was dull and solemn. Not but I'm thinking it was beautiful, too, for the sun came glimmering through the leaves, chequering the dark green with patches of golden light, and the birds sang so merrily, and the flowers breathed so sweetly, that it quite enchanted me, whilst there was good daylight; but when the evening came, and the sun had gone down in the bush, it was a melancholy spot, and my ould messmate told me a story of a young lady, who died somewhere away in

that latitude for love, and her ghost, all in white, haanted the grove, and didn't like intruders. Now, I never had much regard for spirits and atomies, and them there sorts o' justices of the peace, and after hearing what he had to say, I took precious good care to haul my wind out o' that; for he said she was constantly gliding about, ounly in the daytime she couldn't be seen on account of the light, and her being a spirituous creatur; but at night she appeared, as I have said, in the same manner as the stars look more bright upon a black sky. Well, Mr. Hamilton, I had a glorious tuck-out at supper-time; and then we piped to grog, and the ould infectory, as they called it, echoed again with songs, and we cuff'd a yarn or two about past actions, overhauling a goodish scope of lingo, and keeping the keg abroach till near the close of the first-watch; and then he heaves a-head through a long dreary passage, and through a great gallery full of pictures of men and women, that seemed to be dancing in their frames, making mouths at me, and rolling about like ships scudding afore it off the Cape."

"Why, you were groggy, Ben," exclaimed Hamilton; "it was you that was rolling about, and not the pictures."

"It isn't for a man without larning to say which it was, Mr. Hamilton," responded the seaman; "for though I was a bit slued in my *momentum*, and made a board or two to get through the gallery; yet, if I am to speak my mind, I think, arter all, it was the pictures, and so my ould messmate said, for he'd often scen 'em so afore, and was used to it. He tould me they were the hangcestors of the castle, and being ould-fashioned, sober folks, they didn't overmuch relish seeing a fellow top-heavy. Not but I'm thinking, Mr. Hamilton, but they loved the broth in them days, as we do now. Well, arter working through a blind sort of navigation, we came at last to a big room, as 'ud berth a frigate's ship's company; and there was a

four-masted craft at one end, with curtains hanging loose, like the topsails in the clew lines, and a bed on it as 'ud stow the whole of our after-guard, and leave space enough for a top-man or two, and it was as high and as wall-sided as a church; and, says my ould messmate, says he, 'Ben, that's your hammock for the night.' Well, Mr. Hamilton, I can't say as I much liked the look on it, cause, d'ye mind, I knew nothing about the rig o' the consarn, or how she'd answer her helm; howsomever, I begins to strip ship, not exactly compos, as to the posterior of affairs; but, casting my eyes round, just to have a sort of look out before I turned in, I caught sight of an enormous ugly Turk stuck upon the wall, and staring at me with his outlass half-drawn. 'Yo hoy, shipmate!' says I; 'do you mean to board me in the smoke?' and I catches up a bit of chiney-crockery, big enough for the *Warlock's* grog-tub, to stand in my own defence. But my ould messmate laughed at me, and said it was some tapster's needlework, though I thought to myself he was funning me, for it would have been outlandish sort of work for a tapster's wife, let alone a tapster; though, for the matter o' that, what a tapster, or a tapster's wife either, had to do with making such an ugly-looking blaek fellow as that, has often puzzled me since."

Hamilton laughed heartily. "You mistake, Ben," said he; "the needlework itself was called tapestry."

"Mayhap so, Mr. Hamilton, mayhap so, for I arn't much skilled in them there matters," rejoined the veteran; "but it did bother my edceation a bit, for I know'd tapsters had other guess sorts o' drafts. Well, Ned,—I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton I mean,—at last, with my ould messmate's lending me a hand, I got into bed and swopped down; my eyes! it was just like jumping into an oatmeal-bin, barring the dust, for down I sunk till I was completely buried, and there was a long swell up each side o' me, like a run in the Bay o' Biscay. So I raises myself up on my knees,

and I could just catch a glimmer o' my old messmate over the top of the mountain, and says I, 'I say, what fools these 'long-shore folks must be, not to sleep in hammocks;' and then he up and told me that King Charles, as was beheaded, had slept in that very bed; and he veered and hauled a goodish scope about the black fellow, till my brains got into the doldrums, and my thoughts kept backing and filling about corpses without heads, and Turks with long shymeters, and lady-ghosts in white shennies. How many turns of the marine's glass I had laid in this fashion I can't tell, but I was awake, and yet I warn't awake, though I saw everything as plain as I see you, for there was a strong light, as if the moon had come down from aloft to take a peep in at the windows, just to observation what was going on inside; and, as I said afore, I was awake, though I warn't altogether awake. Well, I was lying on my baek, as stiff as a dead marine, and there, right in the middle o' the room, was the black fellow a-daneing like mad, and cutting more eapers than 'ud sarve for a half a dozen legs o' mutton, and he'd a head in his hands, tossing it up and catching it, just as I would a ball o' spun-yarn, or a cocoa-nut. I saw him as plain as I see this bacea-box," and the tar replenished his quid.

"But how can you make that out, Ben?" inquired the officer, shifting his position a little. "You say you were buried between the feathers, and could only see over the top when raised upon your knees; how then could you see into the middle of the room, lying on your baek?"

"And that's what puzzles me, Mr. Hamilton," returned the tar, slowly and doubtfully; "but it was all o' the devil's own contrivance, and so I suppose he managed it, somehow or other, his own way, for I saw the whole as clear as ever I saw my grog-kid. Well, arter a little time, he comes to me and pricks me in the feet with his shymeter, and ho places the dead man's

head upon my breast, and it press'd and press'd down, till my timbers began to chatter again; but the most extraordinary thing was, that I'm bless'd if I warn't moored stem and stern, unable to move a limb, and for all the world like a craft jammed between two rocks—every nail a sheet-anchor. So, after amusing himself for awhile, prieking my feet till they tingled and smarted with pain, all at once he turns into a bandy-legg'd ehimbly-sweep, and begets to dancing again, and shaking his soot-bag at me, till I was next kin to being smothered, and I felt the black dust going up my nostrils and down my throat, as if he was resolutely detarmined to stifle me, and I couldn't cry out. At last, he jumps upon the bed, bowls out the dead man's head, and then gets upon me athwart ships, leaning his hands upon my breast with a cruel weight, and rubbing his nasty, ugly black nose,—it was a pug-nose, Mr. Hamilton,—and he rubbed it, as I said, right in my face. 'I'm d——,' thought I, for I told you I couldn't pay out the matter of a letter of the alphabet with my tongue, much more put them together so as to work 'em up into a speech—'I'm d——,' thought I, 'if this arn't pretty usage to a stranger, who has got ouly a few days' leave to enjoy himself.' And presently I sees a little horn sprouting out o' one side of his bows, and then another sprung out on the other side, like a couple of fore-tack bumpkins; his eyes were like two burning coals in the galley fire, and his mouth was like the cook's funnel in a blaze; and then I knowed who he was, but I couldn't move nor stir, though I tried hard for it, as I louged to have a slap at him for his want o' civility to a friendly visitor. By-and-by, he catches me up and dashes me agen the wall, till my bones rattled like peas in a bladder; and 'I'm d——,' says I, 'if I'll stand this any longer.' So I springs out o' bed, grabs hould of an oak chair, and made a blow at him as would have killed a bullock, for his ribs rung like a erate of crockery tumbling out o'

the slings into a marchantman's hold. Then he makes at me with one of the craft's masts; and there we fought, as I said, yard-arm and yard-arm, till I got him near the wall, and mustering all my strength, I boarded him in graud style with the chair, but he slipped through the wall; yet not till the spiteful coward had given me a kick in the breast with his hoof, as sent me slap backwards onsensible. How long I laid is a matter beyond my calculation; but there my ould messmate found me, close to the wall, under the blackymoor, with the damages I've already told you about. A large chiney jar, nearly as big as a skuttlebutt, was smashed to pieces, the oak chair broken, and the Turk's head battered in so, that it would have been onpossible for his own mother to have know'd him again. Now, Mr. Hamilton, I'll just ax you whether, arter that, I arn't got a nat'ral right to defy the worker o' mischiefs, and to know him again whensoever he heaves in sight?"

"A capital story, truly," said Hamilton, "and just suited to the present time and place, my old boy. But you certainly are not serious in believing that it was his royal Blackness himself, that played you such a trick?"

"Indeed but I am, though, Mr. Hamilton," replied the seaman; "for what could it be else?"

"Why, you were dreaming, Ben," argued the officer; "it was an attack of nightmare, through eating too hearty a supper at a late hour, which you had not been used to do, and drinking an over allowance of grog."

"I'll plead guilty to the supper and the grog, sir," admitted the tar, with a little reluctance; "but as to the other consarn,"—he shook his head,—"I'm thinking it was no false reckoning, I seed him so plain. Besides, Mr. Hamilton, how can you account for my limb being sprung, and the chiney-jar broke, whilst every timber in my hull ached with the hammering I got again the wall? It sartainly was the devil, Ned,—I beg pardon,

Mr Hamilton I mean,—and as he owes me a grudge, I don't half like meeting him on his own territory. If it was neutral ground, 'twould be another thing, and——”

Here Ben was interrupted by a faint shriek, which seemed to proceed from some spot higher up in the mountain. “Did you hear that?” inquired the lieutenant, throwing forward his rifle, so as to grasp the lock ready for cocking; “did you hear that? Jump up, old boy, and try the direction.”

“It was plain enough to hear, sir,” answered the seaman, without moving a limb of his body to obey the orders of his officer. “It was plain enough; they are still at their infernal work, defiling this beautiful earth with their canterations. Satan always chooses some terrustyial paradise as the scene of his temptations, because it bears the nearest resemblance to the heaven from which he fell.”

Another shriek was heard. “It is repeated, Ben,” exclaimed the lieutenant, advancing from his place of concealment into the open area. “This is no deception to the ears, at all events; and come what may, I'm determined, if possible, to discover the cause.”

“It's of no manner o' use whatsomever,” remonstrated Ben, still remaining stationary. “You'll find nothing, depend upon it; besides, you arn't never got the right direction upon that tack.”

The shriek was renewed, and both attentively listened. “It is up the mountain,” said the lieutenant, “and the voice is that of a female—perhaps—but no matter; I shall search it out. You may go or stay, as you please.”

“That,” exclaimed the tar, rather reproachfully, at the same time joining his officer—“that was unkindly said, Ned,—I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton I mean. You used to follow in my wake once, but now, as in duty bound, I sail in yours; and when was ould Ben known to flinch in the presence of an enemy?—no, not even of Davy Jones and his family; though, I must say, there's

a vast odds between right arnest nat'ral flesh and blood that can show marks of fair fight, and battling the watch with hobgoblins and imps. But, cooch perwany, lead on, Mr. Hamilton; and if you're bound slap into the ould fellow's dominions, you shall find my jib-boom close to your taffrail."

"Come on, then," cried the lieutenant, powerfully excited, and rushing across the frail bridge before mentioned. "Come on, my brave old friend; we have heard a signal of distress,—let us answer it in person."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the veteran, following his officer; and both disappeared amongst the bushes, as they ascended by the side of the roaring torrent.

CHAPTER VI.

“Come, let us dance and sing.”

THE coffee-house at Sanctos, which the officers of the *Warlock* had fixed upon as their place of general rendezvous, stood nearly at the extremity of the long street that formed one part of the town, and facing the road that ran from the landing-place by the river's side. It was so situated, as to command a view in both directions, which rendered it more acceptable to the Englishmen, who were thus enabled, during the interval of their being on shore, to see the most to the best advantage. The front was remarkably neat and clean; and though not very lofty in its elevation, yet its light, graceful verandah and pretty *jalousies*, painted a bright green, had a very picturesque effect. The lower window was thinly latticed, and, like the lace veil over the bosom of a lovely woman, which displays through its pretended concealment all that can charm the eye, so did the open wood-work present the half-discovered, half-exposed, temptation of polished wine-flagons and sundry savoury sausages, with other articles of choice gastronomy, amply sufficient to tickle the palate of the most refined epicure.

Withinside the house, all was perfect cleanliness, and proving—considering the proverbial habitual dirtiness of the Portuguese—that there is no rule without its exception. That part which might appropriately be designated the shop, was nearly filled by its gentle mistress, one of the largest, but at the same time one of the kindest, of the fair descendants from that celebrated rib of our great ancestor, Adam, which furnished

the choicest gift of heaven to man : though, comparatively speaking, Adam must have been a giant indeed, to have supplied from a single rib the materials of composition for such a woman as our generous hostess of "The Four Nations," for such was the name of this place of entertainment.

The smile of Donna Custodia resembled that which mantled on the face of Eve, when she first beheld the father of the human race in all his manly and majestic proportions. It was ever beaming on her countenance; and when it progressed beyond its accustomed harmony of expression, a dimple made its appearance on each cheek, producing a bewitching effect upon the beholder. She had the most brilliant pair of black eyes in the world, and the glances that were shot from them were wholly unconnected with those common-place arrows—even when well selected—from Cupid's quiver, of which enamoured swains write : they were in fact, the very Congreve-rockets of love, throwing out their resplendent coruscations, and when fixed in the heart, tearing, and rending, and setting everything in a blaze,—at least, such was the assertion of a sailing-master of his Majesty's ship *Warlock*. Her wines were excellent, her viands delicious, her charges moderate, and her welcome warm; and from the number of right-reverend and holy fathers that frequented her mansion, she might be considered either the *greatest* sinner, or the *greatest* saint in the island. Nor was there wanting an almost corresponding number of gentle dames who visited this place of resort, and entered into confidential treaties with the sybil of the highly-seasoned sausages and rich wines from the mountains.

It was on the morning immediately subsequent to the event recorded in the last chapter, that Mr. Humphreys, rigged out in his best uniform coat, bearing three anchors upon each button, entered the coffee-house, and with his usual salutation of "Com a-star, signiora," grasped two fingers—'twas all he could—of the *jolie*

hostess. "Com a-star, signiora almeida! moochas gracias for bustanty pour mangee, seeing that I'm d—— hungry."

"Si, signor maestro," replied the lady, giving old Tom one of her most gracious looks, which threw him into a stark calm; "si, signor, café, tostadas, and, ma dear, de bolony, wat de Anglaise call sos-sarge, ne c'est pas?"

"Wee, wee, ma beauty," assented the gallant old man; "the sausinge, by all manner o' means; one as thick as a hand-spik, and as long as the main t' bowlin; plenty of pang de burre, and a good bucket of coffee: but, I say, Donna Custodia——" and the veteran paused for a moment.

"Dites, done, mi alma," said the plump hostess, looking a whole ship's company of Cupids at the master. "Tell a me, den, what you wish, ma goddess."

To be called a goddess was a little beyond old Tom's views of propriety, and seemed to cast some reflection on his manhood; he therefore pressed the hand, or rather the fingers, which he still retained, to his lips, and then touching a tolerably-sized glass, and giving a languishing look, he uttered, "Un petty taste of oh-davy."

"Eau de vie, mon ami?" exclaimed the donna; "certaiement—tout suite, directly, ma friend—it sall be de coneyhack."

"Ay, ay," returned the master; "anything in the regard 'o the shape of coneyac; but, I say, signiora, mi corryzonseatash, may I never be a master-attendant, si vous netty par une bellyaute."

A hearty laugh from the coffee-room disturbed the old man's gallantry, and looking in at the open door, who should meet the astonished gaze of the master, but the first-lieutenant, M'Creery, sitting comfortably at his breakfast, which smoked before him. "Well done, Humphreys," exclaimed he; "but you see I'm busy

a-writing ; so come in and sit down, master, and let us take it easy, old boy."

"What, Mac, is it you?" said the person addressed, walking up to the lieutenant, and shaking hands with him most cordially. "You slipped your cable without firing a gun last night ; we all thought——"

"Not a word, an' you love me, Tom," returned M'Creery, putting his finger on his lips. "But I've some good news for the poor die-away lads. Captain Pearce has himself proposed giving a masked ball, and I'm commissioned to issue invitations in his name to everybody in the island, from the governor downwards. The skipper anticipates our thoughts and wishes most strangely, Humphreys!"

"It's a matter altogether beyond my comprehension," rejoined the master, taking his seat and commencing a vigorous attack upon the comestibles, which a little negro lad placed before him on the table ; "altogether beyond my comprehension, Mac ; but n'import, as the French say, and n'im-starboard say I. We shall weather the priests and break through the ice. And when is it to be?"

"Why, on that subject we must hold a consultation ; and your divinity, Tom, must give us her advice," said the lieutenant. "By the way, Humphreys, I've thought of a capital device for the Donna : she shall appear as Venus sitting on a wet cloud, with a shoal of flying sausages around her, and you shall be Cupid. Your dimensions will be lost, when compared with Donna Custodia. But, as I live by bread, here comes the jolly padre, Father Dominic. Good morning to you, holy father."

"An' the blessings o' the same morning be on the top o' you, my son," returned a stout-made, rosy-faced, good-humoured-looking friar, with a strong Hibernian twang that plainly indicated the place of his nativity ; and advancing to a humble distance from the two officers, "an' much good may't do you, darlins—the

ateing and drinking. Och, then, it's meself would relish a drop o' the cratur just now, only for the vow that's on me not to touch it, unless by way of medicament, St. Pathrick be my friend!"

"The prayer is heard, Father Dominic," exclaimed the lieutenant, pouring out a glass of brandy, and offering it to the friar. "You look pale and ill; so I'll stand your doctor, for the sake of St. Patrick."

"An' he's a darlin' of a saint, too," said the friar, taking the glass and holding it up between his eye and the light, "a raal darlin' of a saint. Fait, and it's meself 'd be bothered entirely to know what to do widout him since I left ould Ireland; here's long life to it, and bad scran to her enemies!" and the friar tossed off the liquor, smacked his lips in the most approved style of a connoisseur, but still retained the glass in his hand.

"And now, Father Dominic," said the lieutenant, "you can, if you please, give me some information that I very much require. But stay, let me fill your glass again, and request you to partake of any other part of our cheer that pleases you."

"Mille gracias, signor," returned the apparently offended friar; "but don't think, signor teniente, to bamboozle an ould man. I know nothing beyant my breviary, and it isn't meself 'ud betray sacrets, anyhow."

"You mistake my meaning, father," returned the officer. "I ask for no breach of confidence, though, I acknowledge, I should like to dive a little into the causes that have led to the want of hospitality we have met with from the Sanctonians."

"Whist, whist, my son," exclaimed the friar, winking his right eye, and applying his finger in a knowing way to the tip of his nose; "arra! whist, then. Faith, an' it's aisey enough entirely to see which way the cat jumps; only, may be, you don't guess it, and I'd scorn to tell what I don't know nothing about,—"

another wink of the eye: and drawing a stool to the table, some of Donna Custodia's choicest viands were speedily transferred to his mouth, so that it might have become a matter of question, as to whether the master or the padre ate the most, or drank the deepest. Sausage after sausage disappeared; the cognac shrank terribly in the bottle, so as to show at every draught a greater portion of daylight through it. The toast and butter, and "soft tommy," were ably discussed, whilst the smiles of the fair hostess were shed upon them, like the bright radiance of the sun beaming upon the gathering-in of an abundant harvest.

"I'm thinking, Paddyree Dominic," said old Humphreys, pausing a moment to take rest, "I'm thinking, that same convent, or whatsoever you may call it,—a nunnery, or a friary, or what not, for I arn't much skilled in the rating o' them consarns; I'm thinking, there's not many banyan-days in the craft you belong to, if we may judge by appearances; and if you'd a nice easy berth, like a marine officer's, with nothing to do and two to help him, to give away, why then I know somebody as would be glad to have his name on your books."

"An' it's proud they'd be of you, macushla," returned the friar, winking at the lieutenant; "but, for that same *grubbing*, by the blessed Saint Pathrick, it's not living like a pig in a tatee-field you'd be; and as for the dthink, och, murther, it's small comfort you'd get, barring the swate, wholesome water," and the friar tossed down another glass of brandy.

"For my own part," commented the master, following the friar's example, "I sees no manner o' use in water, except to keep us afloat, and to mix our grog, with a small taste, here and there, for the cook to make soup, or cocoa; but as for your wishy-washy tea-slop, to my mind it's near akin to the stuff they pump out o' the bilge of a West Ingeeman. But, Mac, you had something to say to the paddyree."

"True, master," assented the lieutenant; "but, perhaps our worthy friend may think it right to decline answering us."

"Not till I've harde the question, honey," exclaimed the friar. "Catch an eel afore you skin it, is a maxim all over the world."

"And that's but fair and square," said the master, "without topping to port or to starboard; prime your gun before you fire it, and fill your glass before you drink [suiting the action to the word], that's what I call doing o' things shipshape."

"Spake out, my son," commanded the friar, addressing himself to the lieutenant; "spake out, and what'll Father Dominic,—Saint Pathrick be his friend,—what'll I deny you at all at all."

"Well then, father," said M'Creery, archly eyeing the countenance of the Irishman as he spoke, "Captain Pearce is going to invite the whole island to a masked-ball on board the *Warlock*; now I want your advice as to which is the best way to set about it."

"Och, murther, murther!" exclaimed the padre in an under tone, but expressive of surprise and astonishment; "what'll I do now,—and the signora hears it too? Och, murther, but it's meself that's bothered entirely; what'll I do, what'll I do!"

"Act like a warm-hearted Emeralder, father," responded the lieutenant, coaxingly; "it isn't a native of the shamrock-and-shillaleagh isle, that doesn't love a pretty girl,"—the friar turned up his eyes. "I mean in all due honour," added the officer, "though they're not quite so rosy-cheeked and beautiful as the Norahs and the Shelahs of the verdant spot that sleeps upon the bosom of the blue waters."

"True for you, my son, true for you," rejoined the monastic, mournfully; "and is it meself 'ud forget the craater? Och hone! och hone! I shall never again behold her gold-tipp'd mountains, climbing above the mist to welcome the rising sun; I shall never more see

her valleys, clothed in their mantles of green, embroidered with all the rich rainbow-dyes of a thousand flowers. Me heart is kilt and smash'd entirely; och hone! och hone!" and the friar rocked himself to and fro, whilst the deep tones of his voice evidently indicated much mental anguish; its duration, however, was but short, and a renewed application to the brandy restored his cheerfulness.

A consultation was held, at which Donna Custodia presided; and it was ultimately agreed, that the masquerade should take place that day week, the kind-hearted hostess undertaking to set one half of the females in Sanctos mad for the entertainment; and she made no doubt that the other half would be equally as desirous to partake of the enjoyment. Father Dominic was to render secret intelligence of the manœuvring of the brotherhood, so as, by timely notice, to afford opportunities of defeating their schemes. Everything being finally arranged, the two officers made their "adios" to the genius of good-living and the worthy friar, and repaired on board the beautiful corvette.

The watering-party had, as usual, been sent away soon after daybreak, and the first-lieutenant was much surprised when, about noon, he saw the white gig pulling down the river, the men evidently straining with all their strength at the oars. The cause was, however, soon explained by Dexter, who, alarmed at the second-lieutenant's absence, had been in search of him; but neither he nor old Ben had been discovered. He therefore deemed it his duty to report the circumstances, as speedily as possible, to the commanding officer, which he did, narrating all the events that had occurred within his own knowledge.

M'Creery was well aware of the enthusiasm of his messmate, and immediately concluded that he had been drawn into some scrape, though wholly ignorant of its nature or extent, as Hamilton had said nothing to any one relative to his first interview with Marietta, though

the shriek of a female voice and other circumstances, induced the belief that a woman had been the principal attraction to draw him from the party. The third-lieutenant was directed to take the gig and repair to the watering-place without loss of time, and to act according to the best of his judgment upon the information he could obtain.

Marshall lost not a moment; and on his arrival at the spot, he divided the men into small parties to explore every part of the mountain. Nearly the whole day was occupied in the search, but without effect. The residence of Donna Marietta was scrutinously examined (she herself was absent), and neither Diego nor any of the negroes could or would give the slightest intelligence of the missing officer and his veteran companion. Mortified and vexed, Marshall was compelled to return to the ship, fully convinced, in his own mind, that his brave messmate and the old seaman had perished together in the torrent, by falling in during the darkness of the night. The supposed melancholy event was deeply regretted by every soul fore-and-aft,—for Hamilton was much beloved,—and Captain Pearce used prompt and energetic exertions to ascertain the fact. At first, the loss of the lieutenant threw a damp on the proposed masked-ball; but as the captain seemed desirous that it should proceed, invitations were issued and in almost every case accepted, so that, for several days, the Sanctonians were all alive with eager anticipations of the event.

The morning at length arrived, and at eight o'clock the *Warlock* fired a salute, as the commencement, or rather announcement, of the festival; and at the report of the first gun, flags of varied colours were displayed from the flying-jibboom-end up to the fore truck, from thence to the main and mizen trucks, and down to the outer extremity of the gaff and spanker-boom. The band struck up a brisk tune, the yards were manned, and three hearty cheers given, which were promptly

returned by the spectators on shore. The weather was serene and lovely, the breeze delightfully refreshing, and everything promised a day of pleasure. The captain's boat was sent to convey him on board; but, to the mortification of all, she returned without him, bringing a note to the first-lieutenant, containing the information that Captain Pearce had been taken suddenly ill in the night, and there was no probability of his attending to the expected guests, but requesting M'Creery to use his best endeavours to give them a cordial welcome, and try to make them happy.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, a salute of eleven guns announced the arrival of the governor, attended by his suite and the members of his household; and from that moment, every boat that could be procured was put under requisition for the numerous parties that crowded the quays in motley groups, representing all characters and nations, to the joyous amusement of the jolly tars of old England.

"Well, I'm blow'd, Jem, if this arn't a pretty set out, anyhow," exclaimed the captain of the maintop to his brother officer of the foretop. "We shall have the craft like Noah's ark, before long,—every animal of his kind two and two."

"I've said as much to myself afore, Jack," rejoined the other, laughing; "and I wish I had them all on Point Beach for a show. I'm thinking it 'ud be as good as a six months' whack to me, and find the mess in pound pig-tail for a three years' station."

"It would be only the decent thing o' you both, not to think quite so loud," said Mr. Dexter, addressing the two men. "There's some o' the craters can talk short-hand, and may be they won't be for forgetting your jokes at a convenient season. Oh, Darby, my jewel, there's a darlin; open your daylight's and look smart."

"And so I do look smart, Dexter," replied Allen, rather peevishly; "but this uproar deprives a poor

fellow of his natural rest," he yawned, "I havn't been to sleep——"

"These ten minutes," exclaimed Dexter, interrupting him. "But come, come, my hearty, open your eyes, for I want you to parley Portuguese to the ladies, as I'm told you're an excellent hand at spaking French."

"That's a bull, Dexter," returned Allen, languidly laughing and stretching himself; "the ladies don't understand French."

"Och! never you mind that, my darlin," answered Dexter. "Can't we make them understand French, or even Irish, seeing that they think we are enchanted—and, by my fait, my mother's son 'll enchant some of the craters, before they quit the hooker this blessed night. Arrah, Darby! spake a word to this little beauty coming forurd here. She looks as frightened as if she expected to see the ship's devil. Och! an' the blessings o' Cupid on you, my angel," continued Dexter, addressing a lovely black-eyed nymph, who had missed her party on shore, and come off in a wrong boat. She was prettily dressed as a Swiss peasant (Dexter swore it was Irish), and in her fright to find herself alone amongst those whom she had been taught to consider as very near akin to demons, had taken off her mask. She looked apprehensively and imploringly at the young midshipman, who instantly, with an exquisite bow of sea-politeness, offered her his arm. "Is it myself you'd be seeking to escort you round the barky? Here I am, my swate one, at your service,—small blame to you for it,—an' it shows your discretion and judgment to select a handsome fellow, like Paddy Dexter, and that's meself, to be your—your—och, boderation, what do they call it, Darby?"

"Badaud, in French," returned Darby, archly. "I don't know what it is in Portuguese."

The young female, though she did not comprehend what had been uttered, without hesitation accepted the proffered arm of the young officer, as his uniform

promised her protection. Whether she had been pleased by his good-humoured countenance and general appearance,—for he was a fine-looking young man,—or was too terrified to notice these particulars, must remain a secret; but one thing is certain, Dexter very soon recommended himself to her favour, and they were companions for the rest of the day. As for poor Darby, unsettled by the confusion and disturbed by the noise, he quietly ascended to the main-top, where, coiling himself up snug, he speedily composed himself to sleep.

“I say, Jem,” exclaimed one of the seamen, on seeing the boat with Donna Custodia come alongside. “I say, Jem, hand us up a pair of butt-slings, and get a stout lashing on the quarter of the main-yard. I’m d—— but she’s a three-decker-sort o’ woman-kind, that. There’s never an accommodation-ladder whatsoever, as ’ud bear her weight of metal.”

“Weight of sausages, you mean, Bill,” replied the other. “My eyes! but she ought to be stowed in bulk. Butt-slings ’ll never do, Bill; we must take the bight of the stream cable, and parbuckle her up. There’s the master steering the boat; well, I’m blowed if he don’t look for all the world like a tom-tit alongside of a round o’ beef, or a gun-boat under the lee of a first-rate.”

The accommodation-ladder was, however, sufficiently strong and secure, and Humphreys, with his fair charge, safely gained the deck, which was every moment getting more crowded with visitors. The white awnings had been spread along the whole range of the ship, and, as they were decorated with coloured bunting twisted into festoons, which after dark were lighted up with variegated lamps hung amidst orange-boughs and flowers, presented a very pleasing spectacle. The guns, except the four foremost ones, had been run forward under the booms, and covered over with tarpaulins and flags; whilst close in the side temporary seats were

arranged, and abaft all a sort of gallery arose from the deck above the taffrail. The wheel was unshipped, and a lofty eentral table ran fore-and-aft, with one on each side of it of a less elevation; and on these were delicious wines, confectionary, and both light and solid refreshments, whilst tea, coffee, and chocolate were in constant preparation for those who desired them. The captain's cabin and the gunroom were also furnished with tables plentifully supplied; but the first was devoted exclusively to the governor and the members of his own family, whilst the mess-plaee of the lieutenants was alone privileged to the ladies. The band was stationed on a temporary erection round the mainmast and on the booms, and the enlivening danee soon commenced in four sets.

The scene was uncommonly animating, for both men and women had vied with each other in the showiness or splendour of their equipments; and the neat uniform of the officers, with the entirely white dress of the seamen, even to their hats and shoes, finely contrasted, in simplicity, with the glittering tinsel and gaudy habiliments of the visitors. Amongst the eharacters were punehinellos in abundance, whilst many of the most lovely of the females assumed grotesque figures, that they might be the better enabled to preserve the incognito of masquerading; and all Sanctos seemed to have run mad. Even the priests were set at defiance; or, as Humphreys said, "they winked at the thing," that they might make something by the eonfessions and penances which were expected to follow as a natural result of such a festival, for many of them were present.

Don José and his officers were habited in the national uniform,—blue turned up with buff; but there was an individual in his suite apparelled in a rich Spanish dress. The vest, or body part, was of light blue silk, very full in the arms, over which was a short white velvet eloak trimmed with fur; his breeches were of

white satin, slashed with crimson ; white silk stockings ; his shoes decorated with elegant crimson rosettes, having a diamond in the centre of each. On his head was a white Spanish hat with a crimson rosette and diamond, and a plume of three white ostrich-feathers drooping over the shoulder ; a costly crimson silk scarf was round his waist, and, descending from his neck, was a massive gold chain, the lower bight of which was thrust inside the sash ; his features were entirely concealed beneath a black mask, but the space left for vision displayed a pair of keen fiery eyes, that seemed to search into the very inmost recesses of the heart. He joined but little in the festival, though he repeatedly traversed over every part of the ship, scanning with minute attention the countenances and manners of the seamen, and frequently stopping to look at those peculiar pieces of workmanship, which, if well executed, delight the eye of a thorough seaman to gaze upon. Occasionally he conversed with the governor, but he spoke in so low a tone, that none could hear the observations he made, except the individual addressed. Still he affected no singularity of manner, and, except for his dress and gold chain, would probably have been unnoticed ; but that gold chain had been constantly worn by Captain Pearce, their stature corresponded, and both officers and men believed that their mysterious commander was present amongst them. There was one person, however, who was observed to track his footsteps, and to watch his every motion, and wherever the Spaniard placed himself, the other took up a position to command a view of all his actions. He was habited in a plain suit, so as not to attract attention, and he neither avoided nor courted the intercourse of those who were moving around him, and most probably would have remained entirely unnoticed, had it not been for the individual, on whom his earnest watchfulness was bestowed, exciting in the

minds of the seamen that superstitious dread which strongly marks their character.

The enlivening dance was kept up with great spirit, the viands and the liquors were amply discussed, the band was in excellent time and tune, and both officers and men used their best exertions to do credit to the British ensign. A delightful breeze tempered the heat; care was banished; gaiety, gratification, delight prevailed. The old master's gallantry to the fair Donna Custodia was the theme of universal approbation; he could not be her shadow, for he was as perfectly eclipsed by it, as one of Jupiter's satellites could be by its primary.

"Bravo, master," said Marshall, slapping the old man familiarly on the back; "you do indeed set us youngsters an example worthy of imitation. Why, Tom, you must have served your time at it."

"Ay, ay," chuckled the veteran, pleased at the observations that were made, "courting was always included in the ship's articles when I was a boy; and as for the Donna, may be she wouldn't be Mrs. Humphreys, if I could get her home."

"You must freight a ship on purpose, master," said the purser, coming up with a pretty brunette hanging on his arm; "though, for my part, nothing would please me better than to see the *Warlock* under weigh, carrying the whole of them to sea. Well, Dexter," addressing the midshipman as he approached, "can you make your fair damsel understand you?"

"And that's just what I do, Mr. Corney," replied the good-humoured Irishman; and, turning to his pretty companion, he appealed to her, "Don't I, my darlin'?"

"Si, signor teniente," replied the lady, who, though ignorant of what had been said, but sensible that some question had been put to her, thought it would be most appropriate to answer in the affirmative.

"There, Mr. Corney; she bids you see the truth for

yourself. Och, let me alone for palavering the darlins, heaven's blessing on 'em; for by my grandmother's beard, I love 'm all a little,—the cratur's! and small blame to 'em for taking a fancy to meself, seeing it 's a way of my own I've got."

"Eh bien, signor officier," exclaimed the smiling Donna Custodia, addressing Dexter, "you have de bonheur happiness to have de charmant partner. Signoretta, I must teachee you ablier Anglice."

"Mi spleak da Anglice," returned the lovely girl, looking up in Dexter's face with much archness, "me spleak de 'Kish me, ma dear, Got tam; kish me, ma loaf."

"An apt scholar, Dexter, upon my word," said M'Creery; "your pupil does great credit to her instructor; but, Paddy, don't be teaching her any thing in the Irish fashion."

"Och, now, Mr. M'Creery, would you wish me to make a hypocrite of the dear cratur?" remonstrated Dexter, with a sly look; "would you have me tache her the words without showing her the maneing? Look at those lips, like twin cherries, and as sweet—cushla ma chree, it's meself must be tasting 'em, anyhow, and"—turning to the smiling girl—"you won't refuse me, my darlin?"

"Kish me, ma dear," returned his companion, wholly ignorant of the meaning of the expression, but repeating it, parrot-like, from its having been taught her by the midshipman.

"And it's meself 'll do that thing, my charmer," exclaimed the young officer, pressing the hand he held to his lips, "but not that way, though. May be, you aint book'd for the delight of my eyes ashore, where there 'll be no blaze of light to put us to the blush, and yet in all due honour and civility, my beauty."

At this moment, the band commenced an exquisite symphony, breathing the very soul of music, and every noise, every other sound, was hushed. Having finished

the prelude, a strong, harmonious voice, with a rich accompaniment, sang the following

SONG.

The sea, like a mirror bright,
 Reflects day's golden beams ;
 The winds are hush'd and the clouds are light,
 The ship no longer wings her flight,
 But sleeps like one who dreams.
 Ah ! then the thoughts with pleasure roam,
 To those we fondly love at home ;
 And woman's heart and woman's eye,
 Like the ocean depths and the clear blue sky,
 Are present to the soul.
 All calm without, and all calm within,
 No rattling ropes, and no roaring din,
 The mind's free range control.
 Fill high, fill high the sparkling glass,
 For round affection's toast must pass,
 There is no other breath,
 But that which from our lips shall flow,
 The utterance of our hearts' pure glow,
 "To those we'll love till death !"

The sea, in its foaming rage,
 Heaves up its breast on high ;
 As foe meets foe on mortal stage,
 So do the winds and waves engage,
 And strive for mastery.
 Yet still the thoughts with pleasure roam
 To those we fondly love at home ;
 And the silent pray'r and the secret sigh,
 Whilst the thunders roar and the lightnings fly,
 Ascend to heaven's throne.
 There's a calm within, though abroad the gale
 Splinters the mast and rends the sail,
 And the straining timbers groan ;
 Yet still we'll fill the sparkling glass,
 For round affection's toast must pass,
 And though the tempest's breath
 Drown that which from our lips shall flow,
 It cannot check our hearts' pure glow,
 "To those we'll love till death !"

CHAPTER VII.

“One face, one voice, one habit.”

AFTER her interview with Hamilton, Marietta had accompanied Father Jerome to the house of the “Mountain of the Torrent,” which, though entirely obscured from observation on the island side, was nevertheless most beautifully situated, exposed to the cool sea-breeze during the heat of the day, but shut in from the noxious damp air of the land-wind at night. The residence was not large, and at one extremity stood a small neat chapel, richly decorated and betokening the owner a man of wealth. The surrounding gardens were tastefully laid out, and enriched with all the fruits of a tropical climate, whilst birds of various-coloured plumage, from the scarlet flamingo to the glistening humming-bird, flitted from branch to branch, or gathered subsistence from the opening flowers.

To this chapel Father Jerome conveyed the terrified Marietta, that she might confess, and either have penance imposed, or receive immediate absolution. With artless simplicity she told her tale, and though there was nothing that did not manifest the utmost purity of mind, still the wily priest, to terrify from future communications with the heretics, and trusting to the secrecy of the place for concealment, commanded the lovely girl to pass the night alone, prostrate before the altar. To a timid and weak female this was a heavy punishment, bringing with it an oppressive weight of superstitious dread sufficient to overwhelm her mind, but that another object seemed totally to engross her thoughts. In vain did the innocent, but alarmed

Marietta endeavour to banish the remembrance of her generous preserver of the morning; the figure of Hamilton was constantly present to her imagination, and the soothing accents of his musical voice continued to vibrate delightfully on her ears. She repeated her prayers over and over again before the crucifix; but she saw only the image of the young officer, and tears and sighs were mingled with the devotional exercise. The lovely girl believed herself to be under demoniac influence, to her soul's perdition; but there was something so truly ecstatic in the feelings which glowed in her heart, that she uttered no complaint, and nourished the sweet sensation that bewildered her till nature became exhausted; then, pillowing her head upon the altar, she sunk into a deep rest, as tranquil as the slumber of an infant.

It was past the hour of midnight, when suddenly there appeared near the chapel the figure of a man clothed in rich black velvet; a massive gold chain encompassed his neck, and, falling on his breast, the lower bight was thrust inside his garment. He wore a Spanish hat and plume, and a stout rapier hung suspended at his side. "This, then, is the spot," he communed with himself, in a subdued voice, but in pure English,—“this, then, is the spot that contains the lovely creature who should be an angel of light, if such beings there really are. But, no; she is mortal, like myself—like myself, do I say?” A shuddering came over him. “No, no! her heart is innocent—her hands are unpolluted with blood! Psha! I grow a driveller! This mountain air breathes such purity, that it makes one love to feel its influences.” He paused awhile, apparently in deep abstraction. “She sleeps, no doubt—sweetly sleeps, and but little dreams that the spoiler is at hand. The spoiler?—no! If she remains here, will she not be wedded to some senseless churl, who prizes not her beauty, and her existence will drag on in one common round of listlessness? By all the powers

that blast mankind, it shall not be!—she shall repose upon the breast of bravery. Those glorious eyes shall flash with fire in the affray, and those small taper fingers shall clutch the shining steel. Yes! let her but once be mine, and I will mould her to my will.” He laughed, with demoniac exultation, for a moment; then suddenly ceased, as a feeling of remorse passed across his heart, and added, “ Yet, pirate, robber, as I am, shall I destroy such loveliness? ’Tis vain to think—she is now unprotected, and she shall be mine!”

The stranger moved slowly and stealthily on, till catching sight of the feeble rays of the lamp in the chapel, he cautiously approached, and opening the door, looked in. Extended before the altar lay the beautiful girl, arrayed in white,—her long glossy ringlets spread upon the steps. A demon smile of satisfaction passed over the countenance of the intruder, and as he contemplated the spectacle, a ready wit in a great measure caught at the meaning. Noiselessly he went towards her, though even his obdurate heart throbbed violently as he leaned down over her; but wearied nature had assumed her right, and Marietta slept. He gently raised her in his arms, but she awoke not; he quitted the sanctuary with a slow and measured step, pillowing her head upon his shoulder, yet her slumber, though uneasy, was still unbroken; he passed the gates, and carefully descended the rugged path—a murmur escaped her lips; but it was not till they were at some distance from the house, that she was aroused to a full sense of her situation. Her shrieks and struggles were violent, but only the rocks replied to the one, and the others were like the futile efforts of a child within the grasp of a giant. Still the stranger found himself thwarted in his designs of urging her forward; his persuasions, his threats, his caresses, even his stiletto glistening in the moonbeams, were alike unavailing. He tried to soothe her agitation, and she listened to his words; he talked to her of his devoted love, and she spurned his offers

with contempt; till exasperated at her resistance, and passion gaining the ascendancy, he resolved at once to sacrifice her to his brutal appetites. He firmly grasped his victim, whilst her shrieks for help and her appeals for mercy were borne away by the same breath of wind. But they were not uttered in vain. There was one who heard the well-remembered voice, and, guided by its sound, Hamilton stretched the villain upon the earth by a blow from the butt of his rifle.

Marietta sprang up, and clung to her preserver; and though in her terror she did not immediately recognize the young lieutenant, yet spontaneous gratitude flowed from her heart; and Hamilton, feeling the pressure of her delicate frame upon his breast, with strong arm, but gentle touch, clasped her closer to him.

The stranger had rolled upon his back, and Ben raised him up, till the light of the moon, through a break in the foliage, reflected strongly on his face; but who can judge of the agony and distress of Hamilton, when he clearly distinguished the features of Captain Pearce? Except the dress, there could be no mistaking the identity; there was the same massive gold chain round the neck, from which the case hung pendent; every line in the countenance confirmed his worst, though inexplicable fears, that he had murdered his commander.

Ben looked alternately at the livid face of his captain, and the scarce less pale features of the young lieutenant, whilst his own betrayed the conflicting opinions and feelings which were struggling for the mastery in his mind. The form he was upholding was most undoubtedly flesh and blood, for his firm grip upon the muscular limbs had amply proved that fact; and he was equally convinced that Captain Pearce was the individual he supported, for how could he impugn the evidence of his own actual sight? But with this belief there also came certain reminiscences of the captain's mysterious character and actions, and the poor tar

fearfully magnified many marvellous occurrences relative to the commander, which had come under his own observation. It frequently happens, that in some sudden revulsion of the heart, the thoughts in a few seconds embrace an interval of many years, and the scenes and events of past times—as if produced by magic—swiftly rush before the mental vision. This was the case with the old seaman; the strange and peculiar disposition of his captain—the feats he had performed—the charmed life he was supposed to possess—his deeds of bravery in battle, and his mystifications when on ordinary duty, with a long catalogue of circumstantial corroboration of his superhuman powers, rapidly presented themselves; till the agitated veteran having worked himself into a momentary fever, fancied that a greater heat emanated from the person of the captain than could be in any way accounted for accordant with the common course of nature.

Donna Marietta still clung to the lieutenant, and as amidst the strife of elements, the ivy binds itself more firmly to the oak, which yields it an increased support, so the generous young man sustained her; but with the exquisite sensations of rich and virtuous delight which glowed within his soul, there came also many a thrilling apprehension, many a bitter pang, as the contemplated result of his breach of naval discipline presented itself before him. It is true, he hoped that his cause was just and holy; but he was also aware that he was totally unacquainted with the history of the young female in his arms, though he speedily banished all injurious views that were calculated to degrade her in his estimation. Again, the mystery of the captain's presence, his disguise, and, above all, the transaction in which he supposed his commander had been engaged, distracted his mind.

“His anchor holds on yet, sir,” said Ben, who had placed his hand upon the seat of life, and had felt the throbbing pulse; “mayhap his cable is only a long-

stay peak, and if the doctor was here to veer away and clap on a fresh sarvice, he might ride it out yet ; though, I'm thinking, there's a desparate bad chafe near the clinch."

"I am glad it is not so bad as I feared it was," returned Hamilton ; whilst Marietta, catching the sounds of his voice, looked hurriedly in his face, and endeavoured to extricate herself. But at that instant there was a convulsive motion in the captain's limbs, and she again passed her finely-moulded arm over the lieutenant's shoulder ;—" Yet, my trusty old friend, what is to be done ?" he inquired.

"Tis a box-the-compass sort of traverse to work, sir," answered the seaman, "and but little time to do it in. The children of Israel were constantly changing their course for forty years, in the hopes of finding a clear passage out from the wilderness ; but we mustn't take as many minutes to make for a clear sea out of this *lubberinth*."

"Then first, Ben, I will see this lady safe into port," said the lieutenant ; at which Ben shook his head, and looked at the body he was supporting ; "a few minutes' absence, I trust, will be sufficient, my old friend, and then I will be at your side again. In the mean time, try and restore animation by every means in your power."

A superstitious dread crept upon the spirits of the old tar, at the prospect of being left alone with his dying commander, in a place which he conscientiously believed to be haunted by demons, and he would have begged him to remain, but a fear of being accused of cowardice restrained him. Hamilton passed the arm of the young female within his own, and, as well as he was able, made her comprehend his intentions of conducting her to her residence. Marietta had become fully sensible of the identity of her protector ; but the debt of gratitude she owed him for her double preservation, broke down that abhorrent repulsion and trembling

reserve she had manifested on the previous morning. Besides, since then, the whole tenor of her mind had undergone a change, and the being, who in visionary pleasure had occupied her thoughts, was now actually by her side, and had rendered her the most important services.

The conflict in Hamilton's breast was dreadful; the reverence he had hitherto cherished for his captain, struggled hard against his increasing love for the interesting and beautiful girl. He had ever looked upon Captain Pearce as a man of honour and integrity, and he now condemned the rashness and impetuosity which had endangered his commander's existence. The lieutenant was ignorant of every circumstance that had taken place previous to his giving the blow, and now the thought suggested itself, that it was probable Donna Marietta was in some way or other connected with the nefarious schemes he suspected to be in active operation amongst the Portuguese at Sanctos, and that Captain Pearce was endeavouring, in disguise, to effect some discovery of their secret movements. Yet a few minutes' reflection dispelled the idea, for his own eyes had witnessed dishonour. He could ask the terrified girl no questions, for he was unable to speak the language, and therefore could make no inquiries into the cause of the scene he had beheld; but it was not so with Marietta, she poured forth the fulness of her heart in grateful acknowledgments, and though the young lieutenant scarcely knew the meaning of half a dozen words, yet warm affection gave a free translation of her speech, and her little delicate hand was pressed to the lieutenant's lips. Love has a language of its own, which cannot be misunderstood; it produces a sweet communion of spirit, that requires but little aid from the tongue to express its full and perfect meaning.

When they reached the house, the moon had risen high in the heavens, and its clear light spread a lovely

gleam on the terrestrial paradise that Hamilton saw before him. The place resembled one of those delightful spots that he had read of in the Arabian Nights, as being of celestial origin ; and the sweet girl might well be deemed one of those dark-eyed houris, who wait, by the Prophet's command, on all true Mahomedan believers.

The attendants of Marietta had been aroused by her cries, and, with Diego, were delighted to see her return, though the latter could not help exclaiming, "Da handsome debble come again!" The lieutenant was about to resign his charge to their care, when, for an instant, he felt his arm firmly, but convulsively grasped by the sweet girl, who, however, soon quitted her hold ; then respectfully taking the officer's hand, she pressed it between her own soft palms, and, as she drew herself away, Hamilton felt that, either by accident or design, a ring was left between his fingers.

They parted, and Hamilton endeavoured to nerve himself for that encounter which he felt was near at hand. Reckless of the dangers of the rugged way, he rapidly descended the mountain-path, bounding from crag to crag, that the distance might be shortened ; and as he drew near the spot where he had left his veteran companion and the wounded man, his heart beat tumultuously—he paused a minute, then bursting upon the scene he had so recently left, his astonishment was great to find all was still and calm, and not a living being presented themselves to his earnest gaze. "He has revived," thought the lieutenant, "and Ben has taken him to the cavern. 'Tis well ! it affords me time to collect my scattered energies ;"—he pressed the ring to his lips ; "but come what may, this shall be a beacon to light up all my hopes—this shall be the compass to direct my course in the pursuit of honour." He stood in deep abstraction of thought for several minutes, and then uttered aloud, in a tone of tenderness, the name of "Marietta." The sound of his own

voice amid the noiseless solitude startled him, and he continued his descent down the mountain. Frequently during his progress he called upon Ben, but no answer was returned, though, as he neared the torrent, he once thought he heard a confused sound of voices and a crashing noise; but he could not determine whether he was correct or not, for the waters rushing through the cavities emitted a murmuring that resembled a distant wailing of human beings in distress. Hastily he pursued his way, but on arriving at the chasm, he found the frail bridge had been displaced, and there appeared no possibility of getting across, as the aperture was far too wide for him to leap. He called upon his old, but humble friend; the name reverberated amongst the clefts, but there was no reply from the hardy seaman. Greatly agitated and perplexed, he tried a number of schemes to gain the opposite side, and ran some perilous risks to attain his object; but all were futile—no one answered to his call, no effort seemed practicable to his strength to cross the chasm, and again he ascended the mountain towards the abode of Marietta, hoping that Diego would assist him in forming another bridge, or direct him in some different track by which he might rejoin his party. Was there no other hope, no other motive? Yes; he trusted that he should be enabled to have one more interview with the beautiful Marietta, and, if possible, to learn something of her history from the garrulous black.

Deeply immersed in thought, Hamilton proceeded on his way, and it was not till some time had elapsed, that he discovered he had diverged from the path he had trodden before, and was getting involved in the intricate passages of the mountain. When, however, he did discover his error, he endeavoured to retrieve it; but he had now got amongst the thick entangled underwood, and every attempt to disengage himself only perplexed him the more. Still he struggled on, till, unhappily, treading on a loose crag at the very verge of a de-

clivity, it fell from under him, and he was precipitated downwards. In his fall he caught the projecting arm of a young tree, and swung by it for several seconds; he then tried to raise himself up from his perilous situation by the seaman's practice, hand-over-hand; and he had achieved some part of this difficult task, when the bough was rent away from the stem, and the continued crashing of the branches beneath bore horrible testimony to the lengthened descent of the unfortunate Hamilton. Many were the efforts he made to save himself by catching at the boughs; but though they in a great measure broke his fall, yet none were strong enough to sustain his weight, and at length he lay extended in a state of insensibility on the ground, where he had fallen.

It was on the third day after this mishap, that Hamilton seemed as if aroused from some fanciful dream. A sickly dizziness caused a vibration of the rays of light in the visual organs; but as nature began gradually to resume her functions, so in the same progression, did a consciousness of the past recur to his mind, till the whole was presented in vivid remembrance, down to the period of his unlucky fall. But he knew not how to account for his present situation; for he was lying on a straw mat, spread upon a mattress, within a sort of rural alcove or arbour, formed, on three sides, by excavating the rock, and on the fourth by trellis-work, which was thickly mantled with the foliage of the vine, and through the dark green leaves and clustering bunches of purple grapes, the clear heaven was displayed in its intensity of blue, gorgeously lighted up with the glorious and unsullied brightness of the sun. A few rough-hewn blocks from the trunks of trees formed the only furniture of the place, and on one of them, within his reach, he found a calabash of cool delicious milk, which he hastily applied to his lips, and obtained sweet refreshment from a copious draught. He then tried

to rise, but the effort caused him considerable pain, as his limbs were stiff and sore with bruises, though he had the satisfaction of ascertaining that no bones were broken. His head was covered with wet vine-leaves, on removing which he felt that a dressing had been applied over a rather severe wound; and a bandage round his arm indicated that professional skill of some kind or other had been called in to perform venesection. Finding his attempts to move from the mattress ineffectual, he composed himself to rest till the mystery could be elucidated. Wholly unaware of the time that had elapsed during his insensibility, he concluded that only a few hours had passed away; and yet there were faint glimmerings of recollection, which shadowed forth events that must have occupied a longer interval, and with them came a sort of confused idea that Marietta had been near him, and that he had not only heard her voice, but had also recognized her person. Whilst thus ruminating, fatigue overpowered his faculties, and he sank into a deep and refreshing slumber.

On awaking, Hamilton observed that everything around him remained untouched and unchanged, except that the calabash had been replenished, and by its side appeared, in a massive silver dish, a cold boiled fowl, with roasted plantains. Keenly hungry, the lieutenant immediately set-to, and made a hearty meal; and it was not till his appetite was appeased, that he turned his thoughts to the manner of his preservation and the kind attention which had evidently been bestowed upon him. But, though the fact of both was apparent, conjecture was unavailing with respect to the individual, or individuals, who had saved and sustained him. Strengthened by his repast and the tranquil sleep he had enjoyed, Hamilton was enabled to reach the entrance to his retreat. The sun was rapidly descending towards the verge of the horizon, and the atmosphere was serene and clear; and as he leaned against the trellis-work, the sweet breeze came with delicious cool-

ness round his temples. The alcove was on the flat of a shelving part of the mountain, and the scenery which presented itself was the river flowing at its base, and the opposite shores rising high into the heavens, covered with immense trees of beautifully-variegated foliage, amongst which birds of the most gaudy and brilliant plumage were flying about, in confident and undisturbed security.

Whilst gazing on the calm and quiet spectacle, Hamilton observed a canoe shoot out from a small cove on the opposite bank of the stream, in which were two persons, one of whom plied the paddle, and the other remained stationary as a passenger. They boldly launched into the rapid tide, and the light, buoyant vessel danced over the waters, impelled by the sinewy strength of the individual who directed its movements, towards the place high above which the young lieutenant was standing, watching its rapid progress, till it disappeared beneath the lofty trees of the almost perpendicular elevation. The young officer experienced something of that communion of spirit, which, at times, gives a pleasing intimation of the approach of some dear object of fervent affection; his pulses beat with quicker emotion, a faintness spread over him, and he laid himself down on his mattress to await the issue. A quarter of an hour elapsed without any one appearing, and Hamilton began to give up all hopes of an immediate solution to the conjectures that crowded upon his mind; he was again about to rise and resume his former station, when a rustling noise at the entrance warned him to remain quiescent, and the next moment a negro, whom the lieutenant in an instant recognized to be his old friend Diego, cautiously stepped in. Hamilton had placed himself in such a position as to command a view of the visitors, without their being enabled immediately to detect whether he was asleep or not; and, on his seeing the negro, hope whispered that Marietta would next appear. Glimpses of white drapery were visible

through the openings of the vine-leaves, and the young officer's heart throbbed with such violence, as to be almost audible. A female entered, and Hamilton, indulging in delightful expectations, looked for the lovely features of Marietta, when, to his great vexation, he beheld the sable countenance of an aged negress. Sickened by the disappointment, which was wholly unexpected, the lieutenant was about to utter an imprecation, when he became sensible of the presence of a third person, and his blood rushed tumultuously back to its source on ascertaining that it was indeed Marietta herself.

Lightly stepping over the floor, she stood by his side, but started back on discovering that Hamilton's eyes were fixed upon her,—not with the maniac gaze of fevered intellect, but with the mild expression of respect and admiration. She did not, however, quit the place, and she even smiled with pleasure to witness a restoration of reason to her protector. “Ky, da handsome debble lib again,” ejaculated Diego, delighted to see the saviour of his young mistress look composedly and calm; “what him Farder Jerram say, eh?”

“Your hand, Diego,” requested the lieutenant, making an attempt to rise. The negro rendered his assistance, and Marietta promptly advanced to contribute her aid, and, thus supported, he walked to a bench constructed on the outside of the arbour. Now, Hamilton could have accomplished this without the help he received; but then, had he manifested his renovated strength, he knew he could find no claims to the kind attention which is generally bestowed on weakness. Here, seated by Marietta, Diego informed him that he himself had discovered him, as he lay in a state of insensibility; and, having told his mistress, the negro was directed to remove the young officer to the place they were then in, which had been formed as a rural retreat by some former inhabitant of Sanctos, and the ruins of a dwelling still remained at a short distance,

concealed amongst the trees. Marietta had visited Hamilton as often as she consistently could, without exciting suspicion; and the negress had been constantly on the spot, having made a part of the old house temporarily habitable for one who had been inured to hardships.

As soon as Diego had finished his narration, Marietta rose to take leave, nor could the entreaties of the young officer induce her to remain; but, though firm in her refusal, there was a kindness in her manner that was peculiarly gratifying to his mind. They could not converse, for neither of them understood the language of the other; but this had its convenience, for it obviated the embarrassment which they would have experienced in talking, and yet permitted the looks and actions characteristic of respectful affection. Hamilton felt that he had nothing to complain of; and, after her departure, he looked back with delight upon their interview, although the pleasing recollection was frequently dashed by conjectures as to the ultimate result of his attack upon Captain Pearee, and his protracted absence from the ship.

On the following day the lieutenant again saw Marietta; and from Diego he learned, that the "Mountain of the Torrent" had been searched by parties from the ship, and he had been closely questioned; but, as he was unacquainted with Hamilton's views on the subject, he had forborne to give them any information. The negro might also have added, that it was by the express command of his young mistress, who wished to detain the handsome Englishman near her, that he had evaded their inquiries, or denied all knowledge respecting him. Indeed, Marietta had formed so enthusiastic an attachment towards the gallant sailor, that the thoughts of being finally separated from the object of her regard, agonized her beyond expression; and her distress was not diminished by hearing the denunciations of Father Jerome against the heretics of the

demon-bark. Ignorant of the world, its maxims, and its policy, she fondly hoped to secure the young lieutenant, like a favourite bird within its cage,—all, and entirely her own. The very concealment had a charming mystery about it, according, as it did, with some of the old legends she had read.

But Hamilton well knew that this state of things could not long continue, and, much and dearly as he loved Marietta, he determined upon rejoining his ship to assert his right. On the seventh day of his detention, he found his strength so much renewed, that he resolved to inform Marietta of his intention, and, at the same time, to ascertain from her who was her father (for she had already stated that she had no remembrance of her mother, who died whilst she was an infant), and what were her family connections. She had fully satisfied him that she had never before seen the individual who attempted to carry her off, and was wholly at a loss even in conjecturing who he could possibly be, whilst Hamilton, taking all things into consideration, deemed it most prudent to refrain from telling her.

He was sitting on the bench, watching with intense eagerness the opposite side of the river, from whence the canoe had been accustomed to appear; but so deeply engaged in ruminating upon the past, that it was not till the sun had risen high in the heavens, he was reminded that the usual period for Marietta's morning visit had elapsed. Another hour passed away; still she came not, and poor Hamilton tortured himself with apprehensions as to the cause, till suspense became intolerable, and he made the best of his way to the ruinous dwelling of the old negress. She, however, could afford him no insight into the reason of her mistress's absence. Indeed, it was with great difficulty he made her comprehend his meaning, and ultimately induced her to cross the stream, to ascertain if anything material had occurred to prevent the lovely girl from keeping her

tryst. Hamilton would gladly have gone himself, but Marietta had so earnestly entreated him not to venture at any time, that he feared to offend. A canoe had been kept in constant readiness at the landing-place, that the negress might be enabled to inform her mistress instantly, should anything threaten the safety of the lieutenant, and in this the aged female shot rapidly across the river, and with her light vessel quickly disappeared.

It would be impossible to describe the agitation of the Englishman during the interval of the negress being away, and the sickening anxiety he experienced, after the lapse of an hour, at once more seeing the canoe emerge from beneath the green foliage. He saw that she was alone, and precipitately hastened to meet her. She stated, as well as he could make out by her words and gestures, that she had been to the house, and Marietta and Diego were gone away with Father Jerome, and would not be seen again for some time; but where they were gone to, she either did not know, or could not make him understand. With this small knowledge, Hamilton was obliged to be content; and obtaining from the negress some of her best apparel, he dressed himself in female attire, embarked in the canoe, and pushed out into the stream, wholly ignorant of the place to which it would conduct him, but knowing, from observation, that it was the tide of ebb.

The shades of evening had fallen on the landscape, when, on rounding a particular point, which he recognized as being about a mile above the town, Hamilton was surprised to see the ship brilliantly illuminated, and to hear the sounds of revelry and music. Dropping the canoe with the current, a stroke or two with his paddle placed him under the fore-channels; after securing her, he got through one of the ports wholly unobserved—so occupied was every one in the giddy maze of pleasure,—and stood for some time almost lost in wonder, as he contemplated the spectacle right fore and aft the

decks. His disguise entirely prevented his being recollected by the seamen, who took him for one of the masqueraders, and he scrutinizingly watched every countenance that appeared, in the hope of discovering his worthy, but humble friend, old Ben. His search, however, was unavailing, and to have made any inquiry would have betrayed him. Pleased that he remained unknown, the lieutenant walked aft to the quarter-deck, where the officers were enjoying the sprightly dance with some of the fairest daughters of Sanctos, and his heart overflowed with kind remembrances as he looked upon the faces of his messmates, glowing with animation and delight. His eye wandered round in search of the captain, but he was nowhere to be seen, though more than once or twice Hamilton thought he could detect his figure; but the crowd was so dense on the after-part of the ship, that he could not positively ascertain.

At length the band ceased, and M'Creery, having seated his partner, walked forward to see that, in the midst of confusion, there was something like decorum preserved amongst the crew. He was passing Hamilton, who had turned his face into the shade, when the latter gently touched his arm, and with a feigned voice whispered, in broken English, "Angliceman! you no speak de Anglice gipsy."

"Now, by my commission," replied M'Creery, stopping by Hamilton's side, "rather would I see and speak to one honest English gipsy, than a hundred Portuguese sham—— a hem! hem!—almost made a lubber's hole in my manners."

"No, no, Angliceman, you not make de hole d'amour in your manieres," exclaimed Hamilton, arresting the progress of the first-lieutenant, as he was again proceeding to the fore-castle. "Restez une littlee moment, and I sal tell your fortune."

"The devil you will," rejoined M'Creery, suffering himself to be detained. "Come, then, let's have a

taste of your profession. By the purser's steward—and he's the greatest rogue in the ship to swear by—this smacks of home!" and M'Creery sighed.

"Now, Angliceman, why you sigh, eh?" inquired the would-be gipsy. "Ha! you love von prettie Anglice girl."

"Not I," returned the officer, looking more eagerly at the person who was addressing him; "by all the tompkins that ever muzzled a three-decker's guns, heart-whole, my lass! Gipsy or no gipsy, you are out in your reckoning there."

"Den, you sigh for some absent friend; for dat sigh come from de—from de—what you call dis?" said Hamilton, laying his hand upon the spot where the palpitation of the heart is externally felt.

"This?" returned M'Creery, seizing the hand, and giving it a gentle squeeze to his breast; "why this is my waistcoat."

"Well, den, dat sigh did come from your wastyccoat for your friend," said Hamilton.

"Why, ay, I do somehow or other mourn for an old messmate," replied M'Creery, gravely, "and heartily wish that a touch of your craft could tell me whether he is dead or alive. Poor fellow! we all loved him, and should like to know his fate; but,"—whispered Mac, approaching his mouth close to the other's ear,— "this is no place to converse ou such matters. Are you pretty, and young? turn to the light, and if both, then bless me with an approving smile, and—and—" pressing the hand more warmly,— "we'll—we'll——"

"Angliceman!" uttered Hamilton, in a tone of solemnity, and repelling his messmate's familiarity, "de gipsy-girl deal not wid de world. I can raise de spirit of de corpse, if de ground no cover over him. Hark!"—and then, in his own voice, he uttered, according to his usual manner when addressing his messmate, "M'Creery!"

The officer started back, and muttered to himself,

"There's more in this than meets the ears;" then, as if suddenly recollecting his rank and duties, he added, in a louder strain, "Come, come, young gentleman, this is good masquerading, I'll allow; and you have played your part well, though, perhaps, not over kindly. Now, go and tell the master-at-arms to look well after the lights, and then down to your berth and slip on your uniform again: remember your present appearance is contrary to orders, and I am much mistaken if there are not eyes upon us that can penetrate any disguise."

Hamilton immediately perceived that his messmate had mistaken him for one of the midshipmen, and therefore, as the first-lieutenant was passing on, he firmly grasped his arm, and in his own voice said, "Avast, Mae! If the dead have no claims upon your friendship, let the living share a little of your regard. Perhaps you will favour me with another gentle squeeze."

M'Creery stopped short, and for a moment seemed awe-struck; but Hamilton, turning his face to the light, showed features that were well remembered, and a grasp from his messmate's hand soon convinced him of Hamilton's identity. In the gratification of sudden enjoyment, he was about to proclaim his return aloud; but the young officer requested his silence till they had held some conversation together.

Many a joke did M'Creery suffer, as he accompanied the supposed gipsy-girl to his private cabin, where Hamilton related something of his mishaps; but though he spoke of his rescuing Marietta on the mountain, yet he forbore to name the captain as the individual he had encountered, naturally imagining that M'Creery himself would mention the circumstance, as well as throw some light upon the mystery. But the first-lieutenant was silent as to anything calculated to elucidate the strange transaction, merely observing that the captain was excessively angry when informed that Hamilton had left his party, though he had used every means to discover

what had become of him. "However," added he, "rest yourself happy for this night; he cannot make his appearance on board, as he has sent me word that he is confined to his bed."

"And yet," said Hamilton, "I have some reasons for thinking he is at this moment in the ship."

"I have entertained the same suspicion myself," rejoined M'Creery, "though I cannot ascertain the fact. But come, Ned, resume your proper dress and station, follow his orders to the very letter, and it will soon set all things square again."

"One word more," said Hamilton; "has he seen old Ben, to question him?"

"You surprise me," exclaimed M'Creery. "Old Ben has never been seen since the night of your romantic and—I must add—silly expedition. The captain has scarcely been on board half an hour from that time, and he seemed then to be labouring under considerable infirmity. But have you no intelligence of the old man?"

"Surely he cannot have murdered him," muttered Hamilton to himself; "my heart shudders at the thought."

"Who is it you are coupling with the crime of murder?" inquired the first-lieutenant. "Is it the fellow you attacked? If so, no time ought to be lost in discovering the scoundrel. He possibly may be on board; so bear a hand, Hamilton, and shift your gear. Should we find him, he must be arrested on the spot."

The second-lieutenant shook his head, and was about to reply, when several knocks resounded on the cabin door, and the voice of the master was heard, exclaiming, "Fie on you, Mac! is this the example the first-lieutenant of his Majesty's craft should set us juniors? There's your partner on deck, fanning herself into cinders with rage and jealousy; the paddyrees are all scandalized, though there's scarcely one of them can see between the steps of a hatchway-ladder; and the

women are beginning to mutiny, because Mr. M'Cracky doesn't set the band a-going. Come, Mac, bear a hand, and let the wench out silyly, and you may lay the blame upon my back, an' you will."

"Oh, you old sinner!" shouted M'Creery; "you want to be playing your tricks, do you? But come in, Tom, and see who it is."

The master gently opened the door, and with an attempt at compliment, something between the growl of a bear and the bray of a donkey, praised the beauty of the gipsy-girl, who greatly disconcerted him by a hearty laugh and a grip of the hand, that made him think he had got it jammed in the armourer's vice. Things were soon explained, and Hamilton, having assured M'Creery of the impossibility of doing anything just then with the supposed murderer of old Ben, hastened to his own cabin, summoned his servant, and in a short time afterwards ascended to the quarter-deck in full uniform, and received the hearty and cordial congratulations of both officers and men.

"Come, Ned," said M'Creery, taking his messmate by the arm, "let me introduce you to the governor and his daughter. She is the most lovely girl on board; but though she has been repeatedly solicited to dance, and some of the best-looking amongst us have earnestly requested the honour of her hand, still she steadfastly refuses all, and will not quit her father's side. And yet, from her build, she does not seem to have much of the mould of a dull sailer. Perhaps, Ned, you may have better luck."

"I am in no mood for dancing, Mac," returned Hamilton, "nor would I have come amongst you, ill as I have been, but for an especial purpose; and, by heaven!" he uttered in an undertone, but vehemently, "I must discover it, or perish!"

This conversation passed whilst the two officers descended to the captain's cabin, to which place the governor had repaired. The first person who caught

the lieutenant's eye, on entering, was the man in the Spanish dress, as he sat beside a female, whose face was turned away from him, so as to prevent Hamilton's seeing the features. They advanced towards the governor; who shook the young man warmly by the hand, and in the French language expressed his happiness to witness his safe return. The lieutenant then turned to pay his respects to the female; for though the dearest thoughts and wishes of his heart were with the beautiful maid of the mountain, yet politeness compelled him to say something to Don José's daughter. She looked up in his face, their eyes met, and, in mingling amazement and delight, he beheld the very being herself—'twas Marietta!

CHAPTER VIII.

“And who is this strange captain?
And what the vessel’s name?”

The Seven Temptations.

It need hardly be told, that the recognition of Hamilton and Donna Marietta was mutual; but though the interview was sudden, yet happily each had sufficient control over their feelings to master the emotion which such an occurrence was likely to produce. The gentle pressure of the hand was the only token of remembrance, though there was a speaking meaning in the eye that could not well be mistaken. Yet, when the first impulse had subsided, a rapid revolution took place in the young lieutenant’s heart. Donna Marietta was sitting there in all her loveliness and beauty; she had rejected the suitors for her hand in the joyous dance, and Hamilton might and would have laid the flattering unction to his soul, that he was principally the cause of her refusal. But who was it by her side? Who was it whose eyes were bent with eagerness upon her countenance? The man in the Spanish dress—he who had outraged her delicacy—the individual from whom Hamilton had rescued her; for the massive gold chain, and the general appearance of the masquerader, induced a firm belief that he was standing in the presence of his commander. “Could she be aware of the fact?” was the first question that he put to himself; “if not, her danger was great. If, however, she was perfectly cognizant of the identity of her companion with the man of the mountain, he would give a sigh to her frailty, and forget her.” But the

placid and innocent countenance of Marietta, together with the hope resting in his own heart, soon banished all ideas of impurity of conduct on her part; and he determined, though it might cost him his life, to endeavour to protect her from the evils which seemed to be gathering around her. The captain took but little notice of the lieutenant, though at the first there was evidently a shrinking back in the manner of the former, as if he was desirous of avoiding the steady look of his junior officer; for Hamilton had at once steadfastly fixed his eyes upon him, as if to read his fate.

Don José soon afterwards rose to depart, and Hamilton pressed forward to offer his services to the beautiful girl; but he found his purpose defeated by the masquing Spaniard, who had already taken the office upon himself, and Marietta was leaning on the arm of the man, who he felt convinced was meditating mischief against her. An involuntary shudder shook his frame, already weakened by fever; but his spirit was in a moment wrought up to its accustomed firmness, and he determined to accompany the party on shore. The governor and his daughter were assisted into the state barge by the Spaniard, whose movements betrayed accurate nautical precision; and Hamilton descended the accommodation-ladder, hoping to be placed near the object of his regard. To his great astonishment, however, Captain Pearce—for he felt certain the man in the Spanish dress was no other than his commander—offered no obstruction to his taking his seat by Marietta's side, himself retiring to some distance from them.

The order was given to "shove off;" the *Warlock's* band struck up "God save the King;" the seamen and masqueraders gave three hearty cheers; the foremost guns repeated the salute of the early part of the day; bright rockets ascended to the heavens; and blue-lights cast their pale, but beautiful splendour over

the dark waters. Midway between the ship and the shore, the bargemen lay upon their oars, and cordially returned the cheers; the band on board the *Warlock* struck up a lively tune, and dancing was resumed. In a few minutes the barge touched the town-stairs, where a guard of honour, with lighted flambeaux, stood ready to receive and escort Don José to his home. Hamilton offered his arm to Marietta, which was immediately accepted; but after walking a short distance, the governor politely dismissed the young lieutenant, who, after a gentle pressure of Donna Marietta's hand, returned dejectedly towards the landing-place. He would have followed the party at a distance, but apprehensive of exciting suspicion, and convinced that he should have no opportunity of warning the sweet girl of impending danger, he made up his mind to return on board, especially as Captain Pearce had remained on the jetty. Hamilton had noticed, on his debarkation, that the captain's white gig was lying off the stairs, and, on his arrival at the spot, the captain himself was still standing there, giving directions to the boat's crew. Advancing towards his commander with the usual salute, the lieutenant requested permission to use the gig to convey him on board. There was a marked hesitation on the part of the superior, whose mask being now removed set all conjecture at rest; and, as every feature was plainly visible through the medium of the burning torches on the quay, the young officer distinctly perceived there were some strong passions agitating his mind, and his countenance assumed a repulsive demoniac expression, which, for the moment, induced the lieutenant to believe that the being before him was the devil himself in the semblance of his hitherto highly venerated commander. He recoiled back a pace or two, yet still the captain did not speak; and Hamilton, influenced by a terror foreign to his nature, was on the point of hurrying away, when the captain, after whispering apart to the

coxswain, informed the lieutenant, in a sarcastic tone of bitterness, that "the boat was at his service."

Touching his hat as he passed his superior, Hamilton descended the steps, took his seat in the gig, and directed the coxswain to follow the captain's orders. The boat shoved off; but at a short distance from the shore one of the men, apparently intoxicated, suffered his oar to escape from his hands and go overboard. The lieutenant took but little notice of the occurrence, his thoughts being too intensely engrossed by his recent adventures; yet it vexed him to see that the man's carelessness had caused them to drift a considerable distance down the river, as the tide of ebb was running very strong at the time. He was about to reprimand the seaman for his inattention, when suddenly he felt his arms pinioned behind with a strong lashing; and the strokesman, presenting a pistol to his breast, swore he should be instantly deprived of life if he attempted the slightest resistance, or offered to make the smallest noise. At this moment Hamilton discovered, what he had not before observed, that the boat's crew were wholly unknown to him, and again the sudden mystery overpowered his faculties. He saw, at once, that to attempt opposition, or to shout for assistance, was equally futile; yet a sense of duty urged him to do both, though his very existence depended upon it, for he could not believe that, in this instance, they were acting by the captain's order, but he imagined they had formed some plan to desert, most probably to the American schooner. His struggles, however, were ineffectual; he was firmly grappled by both his hands, and his feet were secured by lashings; a bandage was placed over his eyes, the men resumed their oars, and he became aware that the boat was rapidly cleaving the liquid element.

Nearly two hours passed away in painful apprehension and perplexity. He could hear the seamen conversing together in a manner but little accordant

with the discipline of a man-of-war, and boasting of their deeds of murderous cruelty and lawless rapine; yet he had seen Captain Pearce giving these very men directions, and calling to mind the sinister look of his commander as he embarked, a forcible impression stole upon him, that he was in the hands of wretches who had undertaken to put him out of the way, so as to prevent past occurrences from being brought to light. At the expiration of the time already mentioned, a faint hail came upon his ear, to which the coxswain answered, and in a few minutes afterwards he heard the oars tossed in, and felt that the boat was rubbing against a vessel's side; at the same time a hoarse voice exclaimed from above, "Why, who the devil have you got there? The padrone had better make a prisonship of the craft, or haul her up high and dry ashore, as a sort of execution-dock! These vagaries cannot last for ever, and the hempen cravat he's twisting for others will some day be fitted to his own neck, if he does not keep a sharper look-out. But bear a hand, and bring your prisoner aboard."

Hamilton, however, positively refused to stir from the boat, unless the bandage was removed from his eyes, and they gave him information as to their further intentions. "We'll see—we'll see," said the same hoarse voice. "We've a sad set of mutinous dogs here, and mayhap they have taken a fancy to your blue toggery and iron-bound scraper to set them up for a man-o'-war's cruise, and 'twould be a pity to riddle such capital gear with musket-balls. So mount a-reeve-o, signor, as quiet and steady as a pump-bolt." The lieutenant most positively refused, unless his conditions were complied with, and the same voice was again heard: "Wilful men must have their way; so, Sambo, hand me here that blunderbuss." Hamilton heard a rattling noise above his head, and began seriously to think his last moments were approaching. A sense of his situation, bound like a malefactor, and unable to see

what mischief was intended, he sat proudly erect in the sternsheets of the gig, though the perspiration arising from mental anguish was forcing its way through every pore of his body. "So, you won't handle the side-ropes, eh?" exclaimed the same rough voice: "you won't? Then here goes—whip, whip!" In an instant the lieutenant felt a rope pass round his body, the next moment he was swinging in the air, and before a minute had expired, his feet were firmly planted on a vessel's deck. "Well-behaved, my men," continued the individual, who appeared to have command; "we've saved the tailor a job this time, at all events, for my blunderbuss, 'sweet-lips,' is apt to scatter the charge; but I suspect Jack Ketch will have to receive a piece of inch-and-a-half through the jewel-block, when the padrone returns aboard."

"Him Jack Catch, all ready for receive da rope sar," said another voice in the dialect of a negro.

"Get forud, you nigger rascal," exclaimed the first. "How dare you show your black muzzle among gentle-folks! Would you have a poor fellow start for Cape Fly-away, with the devil and a hangman in one Garnsey frock. Besides, it is easy to see the lad has been used to read his psalter, and he'll want a cast of the parson's office before he goes a cloud-hunting."

"Me parson, too," replied the negro, "so do both jobs a' one time."

"Now, Sambo, that's rank monopoly," returned the first speaker, "though there's some sense in it; and if you could but set up business ashore, and get the fees for both offices, you'd be a made man, notwithstanding your coast-o'-Guinea colour; a black parson 'ud tell well in London."

Hamilton listened to this conversation with evident impatience; but his ideas were so confused by the events which had occurred, and his frame so debilitated by indisposition, that he felt his strength, both of mind and body, fast giving way. "If you are men, and

Englishmen," he said, "then you should know it is cowardly to insult the defenceless. If you seek my life, I am here perfectly in your power, and you may wreak your vengeance on my head; but remember, there are laws to punish murder, or even should so foul a deed escape its punishment from the hand of man, yet,—however you may despise the thought,—there is assuredly an hercafter, from which no murderer can hide himself. Who is it amongst you that I have injured? If any of your company suppose themselves aggrieved, I'll waive the distinctions of rank; and grant me but sight, equal weapons, and fair play, there's not one in your whole crew that I dare not encounter."

"There's some mettle in the boy," said the hoarse voice already mentioned. "What a pity it is that he should be a king's officer to run down a trade with a slecpsy convoy, when he might be a-filling his lockers with the red gould, and no one to tell tales, or ax him where he made it! It grieves my heart to think he should be so lost to the joys and glories of a free life. But come, sir, no harm is intended you,—at least not by me, for I have received no orders. So if you please, we'll go below, and then, mayhap, your bridle-ports may be unbarred."

"I am a prisoner," replied Hamilton haughtily, "though wholly unconscious of the cause of my being so. I am unable to move, being bound hand and foot, and therefore it is useless to question me as to my wishes. But were I free, indeed, I would command, or else my life should be the sacrifice."

"I like that spirit, if it was only turned to a proper purpose," responded the other. "Here, you black rascal, leave off grinning, and cast loose the lashings from the young man's lower stanchions, and do it gently, you thunder-cloud; for them ankles have been accustomed to silk stockings, and such like gentilities." The lashings were cast loose. "And now, sir, being free in your *understanding*, we'll e'en go below together."

The man took hold of Hamilton's arm, and conducted him (for he was still blindfolded) down an easy ladder, seated him on a soft cushion, and then removed the bandage from his eyes. The sudden burst of light from a brightly glowing lamp, as it fell upon his optics, was exceedingly painful to the young lieutenant; but it soon passed away, and he found himself upon a sofa in a comfortable cabin, where articles of luxury and implements of warfare were curiously blended together. The couches were covered with crimson silk, festooned and curtained above with the same material; the bulkheads and sides were brightly polished mahogany, handsomely panelled, and the beadings and mouldings richly gilded. Against the sides, partially concealed by draperies of silk, were suspended cutlasses, tomahawks, bayonets, blunderbusses, and pistols, fantastically arranged, with cartouch and cartridge boxes; the whole bright and shining; the lamp was of solid silver, a beautiful mirror hung against the rudder-case, and a large silver hand-bell stood upon the table. Hamilton's companion suffered him to survey every object undisturbed, and then, in the peculiar hoarse voice, which was duly remembered, he said, "Well, young gentleman, what d'ye think of our accommodations? You must know, that when the padrone is in the humour for petticoats, we carry lady-passengers, and by our present fashion, I suspect there is something of the kind in the wind at this moment."

The lieutenant looked at the speaker, and saw a light-made man, about forty years of age, with nothing in his dress to distinguish him from a foremast-man, except the extreme neatness of his appearance, the fineness of his linen, and a massive gold watch-chain, with a multitude of richly-chased seals of the same precious metal. His skin was rather fair, and a smile played about his mouth, which might have been construed into a token of benevolence could his eyes have been concealed; but they marked the man of strong, uncon-

trolled, and vicious passions. Small and piercing, their incessant restlessness caused an unpleasant sensation in those who looked upon them, and he seemed well aware of their power; his eyebrows were bushy and projecting, and the skin above them seemed to be continually expanding and contracting; his forehead was high and fine, but when he frowned, there was evidently the resemblance of a horse-shoe deeply indented upon it. In his broad belt were placed a pair of richly-mounted pistols of no ordinary dimensions, and a large silver whistle, such as used by boatswains, was suspended by a chain of the same metal round his neck.

Hamilton gazed upon the man with much earnestness, and then said, "May I inquire the name and quality of the vessel I am now on board of?"

"You may ask anything in reason, sir," replied the other, wrinkling up his forehead, and fixing his eyes upon the lieutenant; "anything in reason. But our craft has had so many names since she was launched, that it would puzzle a Philadelphy lawyer to recollect even the one by which she was entered at the last port we cleared from, much more the one she was christened by fresh from the stocks; and then, as to her quality, why it's pretty much of a bearing with her names, one generally follows in the other's wake."

Notwithstanding the awkwardness of his situation, Hamilton could not suppress a smile at this doubtful character. "You are both a trader and a fighter," said he, "carrying, I suppose, a letter of marque."

"A great deal depends upon our trim, and whether we have a clean bottom or not," replied the man; "and as for our letters of *mark*, we hoist them out o' the hold whenever we want 'em."

"One question more," said the lieutenant. "Am I not on board the American schooner that the corvette spoke near Whale Island?"

"You may ask a thousand questions, if you like," rejoined the person addressed, "so that you don't ask

me what you are brought here for, and what is to become of you ; though the latter would be much easier for me to solve than the former. Howsoever, them are problems none but the padrone himself can demonstrate. As for our rig, I'll not deny but it's schooner-rig, and I have every reason to believe the timber grew somewhere away in the United States."

"But you have ship's papers, hail from a particular port, and carry a national flag?" said the lieutenant, inquiringly.

The seaman knit his brows, and his eyes flashed with a peculiar expression as he answered, "You remind me of my childish years, young man, when the dominie used to lecture me out of the Assembly's Catechism, and beat larning and piety in at the wrong end, as if he could load a gun at the breech instead of the muzzle; but I'll not balk your curiosity, seeing that I am always desirous of imparting information to the rising generation, which quality, I suppose, I have derived from my reverend father, a worthy spintext in Dumfriesshire. It is well his head is now low in the earth,"—his eyes glowed fiercely. "No matter, he shall have a marble monument before long. But as to our papers, though you belong to him they call his Majesty, yet, as I am certain you will never again quit such good company as mine, it must be a sort of duty for me to show you a thing or two. And let me ask which is the best,—to carry on an existence dependent on the nod of a despot, or to live jovial and free?—to toil for gould that is to go into the pocket of another, or to keep what you win within your own?"

"All society must be regulated by certain laws," responded Hamilton, "and Providence assigns us our peculiar stations; mine is in the service of my country,—it is an honourable one, and I am proud of it."

"How readily do men assign to what they call Providence, some peculiar faculty which is mercy the

result of their own conduct or behaviour," returned the scaman. "However, it is not for me to gainsay the declarations of the clergy, seeing I don't trouble 'em much; and as for the sarvice of your country, it is a slavish sarvice; where fear of the cat is the governing motive to everything among the men, and the prospect of promotion the actuating principle of the officers. But say no more upon this subject; here's gould in plenty,"—opening a locker abaft, and showing a great number of ingots, which lay scattered about as if they had been carelessly thrown in. "Wealth gains all the desires of the heart, and how long would you bend beneath the yoke of that idol whom you term king, to gain such a fortune as is here? Yet this is as nothing to the whole which I can command."

"But you yourself, I presume, are not the chief here," said Hamilton, "and therefore offer a practical proof that there must be grades in all occupations; and where there are grades, there must of necessity be obedience to command. Do you call it slavery to adhere to the orders of your superior?"

"Superior!" reiterated the other with energetic contempt; "who is my superior? Some nursling of a lord, whose title has taken him from his schoolage to give him a command? some know-nothing, whose only claim, which ought to be none at all, depends upon his birth and the influence of a parent? or some lubber whose knowledge of seamanship does not extend beyond the eye or whisper of a first-lieutenant? I have no superior!—except in that master-spirit on which we implicitly rely, and to which we yield a voluntary deference. A mutual feeling of self-protection binds us up together; a union of purpose, to produce a certain end, keeps every one in his appropriate station." Whilst uttering this, his countenance, his manner, and his language were wholly at variance with the character he had at first evidently assumed—that of an uneducated tar; his features were particularly animated, without

any symptoms of ferocity ; his manner was graceful and gentlemanly, and his expressions were unhesitatingly delivered in a voice which, though rough, was not deficient in pathos. "But enough of this," he continued ; "the man whose word is law amongst us is no ordinary mortal, and it is ourselves that have empowered him to use that word as law. He holds his office no longer than he uses it for the benefit of the community over which he presides. But come, I see you are impatient to be initiated into our mysteries, and I have no fear of trusting you ; for no human being ever crossed our bulwarks as a prisoner, that did not either join our crew or feed the fishes. Avast ! I had forgotten, though. Here, Saam," he touched the bell, and a negro instantly appeared ; "here, Saam, remove the lashings from the young man's arms : he must be in pain, whilst I have been talking at my ease." The cordage was loosened, and the arms of Hamilton were soon unbound.

"The life you have been leading," said the lieutenant, as soon as the attendant was withdrawn, "must have its excitements ; yet still"—he was going to add "it is murderous and cruel ;"—but checking himself, and desirous of obtaining further information through the communicativeness of his companion, he said, "yet, still it must be extremely hazardous ?"

"And what life is not so ?" returned the other. "Are you a seaman, and fear to encounter peril ? Your looks and bearing tell a different tale."

Hamilton's allusion was not to the dangers of the ocean, nor to the contingencies of the battle, but to the retribution of outraged laws. His companion did not seem, however, rightly to fathom his meaning, and the young officer wisely considered that it would be impolitic to excite his wrath ; he therefore merely said, "An inspection of your papers must afford a treat to the curious in such matters."

"If you are of that number," responded the seaman, "your curiosity shall be amply gratified." He drew

the cloth from the table, and unfastening several screws underneath, the upper part was removed from the lower; then forcibly sliding off the top of the table-leg, which had been secured by a spring, a hollow aperture was visible, and from thence he withdrew a roll of papers carefully enveloped in sheep-skin. "By these, young gentleman," said he, "we hoist the red swallow-tailed bunting, bearing a white cross, as belonging to Danish owners, and our name is the *Zorgen Hoop*, of Surinam; it is a license for slaving, and a clearance from the last port." He laid down the bundle, and took up another: "By these she is the *Nancy*, of Boston, bound to any place on the coast of Brazil to pick up a freight, and we can snuffle with brother Jonathan, and 'guess' and 'calculate' with the most inveterate Yankee in the United States." He rolled the papers up again, and having deposited them in their hiding-place, the cover was slid on and secured. He then proceeded to the next leg, where he performed the same preliminary operation, and drew forth a roll similarly enclosed. "You see," said he, laughing, "that our papers are not without *leg*-ality, however much they may be deceptive as to equity. But what are these?"—he unfolded the skin. "Oh! I see: by these we spread the gaudy flag of Spain, carrying a pennant and a royal commission, and our name the *Santa Anna*. We do not often display the tawdry colour, because it is emblematic of the mines; and British cruisers love to sail in consort with your Spaniard, under a hope of hearing that hostilities have commenced between the countries. But it does well among the Spanish settlements, and procures us due respect. Then here," opening another bundle, "we have the documents of Portugal for the *San Nicolas*, of Pernambuco, and we show the white table-cloth with the dirty patch. We have others, too, unnecessary now to show you, and occasionally, young gentleman," he continued as he re-adjusted the framework of the table and resumed his vulgar style of

talking, "when we falls in with foreigners, to keep them from axing questions, we make free to show the British ensign and coach-whip, and it saves us a world of trouble."

"Have you no other flag—one peculiarly your own?" demanded Hamilton in a tone of deep meaning, and at the same time casting a searching glance at the seaman.

"Nay, now you are a saucy boy," ejaculated his companion, whilst his eyes flashed with a savage fierceness as he took his seat opposite to the lieutenant. "Why, yes," he continued, "we *have* another flag, and its colour is—— Here, you niggers, Saam! Pluto!"—the sable attendants instantly appeared—"put wine and sea-cake upon the table, the young man must need refreshment."

The negroes withdrew, but almost immediately returned, with splendid cut-glass decanters in a silver stand, and fine white biscuit on a salver of the same metal, which they placed upon the table. Hamilton had taken nothing since quitting the arbour up the river, and hunger had, in a great degree, exhausted nature; he therefore unhesitatingly helped himself, and felt his strength and spirits renewed. His companion took sparingly of the wine, and seemed pleased with the confiding manner of the young officer. At the close of the repast, the seaman rose, "And now, sir, I shall leave you to that rest, of which you seem so much in need. In that state-room,"—he pointed towards it,—"you will find a couch on which you may sleep secure to-night—my word shall be your pledge of safety. But let me warn you, that in a service such as ours, every timber-head has a watchful eye in it; and, should you be seen moving beyond the precincts of this place, not even the padrone himself could avert your instant death. Believe me, this is no idle vaunt—no needless caution; if you neglect it, your blood be upon your own head. Should you require anything, one

touch upon the bell will bring the niggers instantly to your presence, who, you may rely upon it, are admirably schooled in their several duties." This was uttered with a solemn sternness. He was moving towards the door of the cabin, when Hamilton requested "permission to put one question, and he would trouble him no further."

"What is it you would seek to learn, beyond what you have been already told?" inquired the seaman. "I am not used to be thus catechised, and, perhaps, have already exceeded the bounds even of good nature in saying what I have. However, put your question; I can hear it, but must exercise my own discretion as to answering it."

"It is comprised in a few words," said Hamilton. "Can you, or will you, inform me in what way Captain Pearce is connected with the schooner we are now aboard of?"

"Captain Pearce?" repeated the other inquiringly, and looking steadfastly at the officer. "I know no such person. Avast; do you mean the commander of your beautiful corvette?" The lieutenant nodded. "That he's a thorough seaman, does not admit of a moment's doubt; but as for any connection he may have with the—the—what the devil is the name we go by now?—I mean the schooner, I verily believe he would rejoice to blow us all out of the water; though, perhaps, the risk to one of his officers' might, in some measure, restrain him from so brilliant an enterprise at the present moment."

"I am, then, to understand, that Captain Pearce holds no communion with any person belonging to this craft," said Hamilton.

"You are to understand just what you please, sir," responded the other; "but do not mistake my meaning, whatever you may do with my words. I said no such thing as you would imply; he may hold communion with many, even with the padrone himself; but I am

wholly ignorant of it, nor do I disturb myself to make inquiry. Here is the schooner, like a Cape chicken, ready to spread her wings and roll over the seas at a moment's notice. You know something of a neat rig, and to-morrow you shall tell me whether you ever saw prettier work turned out of hand,—that is my department; and, as I allow of no interference in my duties, so I never meddle nor make with the duties of others. But this I will say; the sailing-master of that ship is a clever man, sir,"—Hamilton was pleased with the eulogy upon his veteran messmate,—“a very clever man, and a good seaman. We knew each other some years ago; but though I passed an evening in his company a night or two since, at the house of that mountain of Portuguese flesh, and we discoursed upon ‘auld lang syne,’ yet he did not recollect me, and you may rest assured I did not quicken his memory. Still, he is a worthy soul, and if merit had its place, he would be carrying a flag in preference to many who now bind the gold lace round their sleeves.”

“May I ask where and when it was you were acquainted with my messmate?” said Hamilton, hesitatingly.

“He will never be your messmate again, depend upon it,” returned the other, rather bitterly; “and as to the when and the where we have formerly met, it is too long a yarn to spin at the present moment, nor would I wish to revive recollections in my mind that would madden me, drive me distraut, and perhaps make me forget even my pledge to you. No, no, sir!”—his eyes rolled round with tiger-like ferocity;—“no, I say: do not rouse the devil in my heart. There was a deed, for which I have been revenged! Revenged?—no, no; I will seek revenge to the latest hour of my existence.” He spread his hands over his face for an instant or two, whilst every part of his frame shook with agitated rage; but suddenly mastering his feelings, he hastily took up his hat, and grace-

fully bowing, quitted the cabin, and Hamilton was left alone.

Released from personal restraint, the lieutenant sat revolving in his mind the many strange circumstances which had occurred since the day of his first meeting with Marietta, down to that very moment which beheld him a prisoner in the schooner's cabin. He taxed his ingenuity to the utmost, to try and ascertain the cause of such gross inconsistency as had been evinced in the conduct of Captain Pearce. He racked his brain to agony in endeavouring to trace any connection which his commander could possibly have with the schooner or her people, whose characters were now but too apparent to be doubted; but all his efforts were in vain,—the whole was a bewildering mystery, and Hamilton sat for some considerable time in torturing perplexity, his head resting on the table, and his thoughts getting more and more involved in a labyrinth of confusion. Of one thing, however, there could be no doubt—Marietta's affection!—and the certainty came like a balm to his oppressed spirit. Her ring was suspended round his neck; he drew it forth from his breast, pressed it to his lips, and for the moment forgot his perilous situation.

From the motionless state of the vessel, Hamilton was aware that she was at anchor in some shut-in nook, where the undulating swell of the sea could have no power. A death-like stillness prevailed, and the solemn silence at length startled him from his reverie. With melancholy forebodings he arose from the table, and entered the state-room destined for his reception, where he found the same luxury displayed in its comforts and its ornaments which he had before observed in the larger cabin. The cool breeze, gently sweeping over his face, directed him to a scuttle in the side, by which the current of air entered; and, looking through the aperture, he dimly distinguished the dark outlines of the shore at a short distance, but

no particular object presented itself to his notice, by which he could determine whether it was the island or the continent. Having stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and disencumbered his feet of his shoes, he stretched himself upon the soft couch, and fatigue overpowering his faculties, he soon sank into a deep sleep.

The events of the night had, however, left too deep an impression on his mind to be eradicated from memory by slumber, potent as it might be; and Hamilton, though at rest in body, was still active in imagination, renewing the scenes he had so recently witnessed and been a principal actor in. His dreams were troublous and harassing. Captain Pearce, in the full-dress suit of post rank, was suddenly changed to the man in the black velvet dress, and with equal speed was metamorphosed into the Spaniard with the crimson scarf. He was ever flitting before the lieutenant as the phantom of his vision, but there was nothing tangible in whatever habit he might assume; it was a sort of misty vapour, gathering itself into shape and form, and changing its habiliments with the rapidity of lightning; there was the voice, too, clear and musical,—a voice well remembered both in the battle and the storm. Fancy was still sounding it in the lieutenant's ears, when, suddenly awaking, he became immediately sensible that persons were conversing near him, and in the accents of one of the party he recognized the same voice that had spoken to him in dreams. Captain Pearce was then actually on board the schooner.

Springing from his couch, the lieutenant threw open the door of the state-room, and beheld, by the bright light of the lamp, the object of his sleeping thoughts in converse with the seaman, whom Hamilton now believed to be the captain of the schooner. He met with no opposition on his advancing to the table, but, as he was about to speak, a stern frown and a commanding motion from the hand of Captain Pearce made him desist.

"You will return on shore with me," exclaimed the commander of the *Warlock*. "Haste, sir! put on your clothes. We have no time to lose in either complaints or remonstrances."

"I am no child, sir, to be governed by the unlawful orders of any one," returned Hamilton. "Brute force has brought me here, for what purpose you yourself best know."

"Silence, young man," exclaimed the other fiercely, whilst his eyes glowed with vengeance. "Go quietly on shore, or it will be the worse for you. Surely you do not need to be told that there is power here to force you there."

"I am in your hands, sir, it is true," rejoined Hamilton, proudly, "and know the secret spring of your vindictive hatred; you may take my life, sir, but do not think to escape the retributive justice that will follow such a murder."

A savage scowl hung on the captain's brow, but there was a peculiar lurking smile about his mouth, which was secondary only to that of the seaman before mentioned. "If your death was my present object," said he, "there are, as you must already be convinced, many in this craft who live but to obey my orders,—one word, ay, a mere sign, would suffice to seal your doom. I have need, sir, of your services, and——" he added with more gentleness of manner, "I should not trust you on the shore, did I contemplate your injury." Then, turning to the seaman, he inquired, "Is the boat ready?" The person addressed disappeared, but in less than two minutes returned, to report that everything was prepared. "I await you, sir," said the captain, rising from his seat, and freeing a pistol from his breast; "proceed, sir; you will find me close in your wake."

The lieutenant perceived that remonstrance or resistance were alike useless; he put on the portion of his clothes he had thrown off when he lay down, and

preceded his commander to the white gig that was lying alongside; silently they stole across the waters, and in a few minutes afterwards both of the officers stood on firm ground. The gig shoved off on her return, as Captain Pearce, grasping the lieutenant's arm, and still holding the pistol in a threatening position, uttered in an under tone, but with much kindness, "This is no time for explanations. Hamilton, you have been deceived, grossly deceived; uor are you the only one. Thank God, I have circumvented their designs, and snatched you from that certain destruction which must have inevitably been your lot, had you remained in the schooner. Ask no questions now. I have a horse here in the bush, and it must serve us both, though we must carry on like wildfire, or I shall lose a great portion of my labour."

Struck with this new change in the conduct of his commander, Hamilton was more perplexed than ever; he would have stood stock-still, had not the captain hurried him along. They soon found the spot where the horse was concealed amongst the trees, and mounting without a moment's delay, returned to the road leading to the town. With a double load the animal did not make any very rapid progress; but their journey was silent, and after half an hour's ride the captain suddenly pulled up, as by voices and other tokens being borne upon the breeze, he became sensible that several persons were approaching. Instantly dismounting, they cautiously drew aside from the main road and entered the bush, where they lay concealed in such a position as to afford them a view of the advancing strangers. It was too dark, however, to distinguish their persons, though they could indistinctly make out a number of individuals, who were travelling at a moderate pace to allow of certain loaded waggons to keep up with them. First rode two men, apparently in deep conversation; then followed a close carriage, attended by three or four horsemen well armed; and next came the waggons

similarly escorted, whilst one individual appeared to act as superintendent of the whole, by his riding briskly to and fro, and urging them to greater speed.

Just as the cavalcade had arrived abreast of the two officers, the horse they had been bestriding, instinctively recognising some old acquaintances, loudly neighed; for an instant there was a halt amongst the attendants, and Captain Pearce, grasping a pistol in his right hand, placed a similar weapon in the hands of the lieutenant; but the party again moved on, and were soon out of sight. "Now then, for a splendid fortune," said the captain, as they resumed their journey. "You know the schooner's character, I presume, Mr. Hamilton?"

"I do, sir," returned the lieutenant. "The short time I was on board convinced me that she is a pirate; but what connection——"

"Your commander could have with a pirate, you were going to say, is a riddle to you," interrupted the gallant chief of the *Warlock*. "You shall know all in good time, Hamilton; at present I am necessarily silent; and, really, you merit such a punishment, had I no other reason, for your want of discrimination. Do not answer, but be prompt to act."

Silently they approached the outskirts of the town, where a negro stood ready to receive the horse, and the two officers dismounting, proceeded to the captain's lodgings, where the latter equipped himself in his uniform, and repairing to the water's side, a canoe was speedily unmoored and dancing on the bosom of the stream.

"Boat a-hoy!" hailed the sentinel upon the *Warlock's* forecastle.

"Give the midshipman's response, Mr. Hamilton," said the captain; "it will be time to turn them out when we get aboard."

"Boat a-hoy!" repeated the sentinel, and was instantly answered by the lieutenant, "No, no!"

The canoe dropped alongside, a man-rope was thrown

down, and the two officers passed over the gangway, to the great astonishment and disturbance of Darby Allen, who, enveloped in his thick coat, had been comfortably sleeping amidst the remnants of masquerading gaiety. "Call the first-lieutenant, Mr. Allen," said the captain. "Quarter-master, turn out the boatswain and his mates, and rouse the people from their hammocks; but let it be done without a noise—ay, almost without a whisper."

The orders were punctually and promptly obeyed, the boats were manned, and in little more than half an hour, Captain Pearce, with eighty seamen and marines well armed, had landed at the palace-stairs, relieved the sentinels, and taken possession of every post. Hastening through the apartments, he found everything quiet; but the governor had disappeared, and no one could or would give any account of him. Whilst this search was going on ashore, M'Creery was getting the *Warlock* unmoored; and when Captain Pearce returned, the anchor was run up to the bows, and by the time that day dawned upon the verge of the eastern horizon, the *Warlock* was dropping down the river with the tide. But this was a work of time and labour; though, as there was scarcely a breath of wind, and what little there was blew right in from sea, it was equally adverse to the schooner as to themselves. The day was drawing near to a close when the ship was brought up within the outer bar, over which there would not be sufficient water for several hours; and they had the additional mortification to witness a pleasant breeze spring up from off the shore.

Just as the sun was sinking in the west, the tall raking masts of the American schooner were seen moving along over a low point of land that stretched out into the sea, her light sails were filled, and she was outside the bar, without the least obstruction to retard her departure. Her progress was slow and graceful; so slow, that Hamilton earnestly entreated

to have the boats to go in chase ; but this the captain would not accede to, being well aware of the nature of the schooner's armament, and the desperate character of her crew, who would fight "with ropes round their necks." Still it was a galling spectacle to Captain Pearee ; and, to add further to its bitterness, the saucy schooner had no sooner cleared the land than she fired a gun to leeward, and a broad black flag was spread from her mast-head, looking most deadly and unnatural against the bright and gorgeous sky in the distance.

The breeze freshened, and away danced the beautiful schooner over the smooth seas, whilst the crew of the *Warlock* were compelled to be idle and inactive spectators. About midnight the bar was passable ; the anchor was weighed, the sails were spread, and gallantly did the tall ship bend to the growing wind, and launch proudly into the ocean. Captain Pearce knew that the schooner would endeavour to make a good offing before she stood upon a direct course ; and, indeed, that she must have already gained at least thirty miles' start of him ; but trusting to the heels of his swift craft, he did not despair of coming up with the pirate.

Attentively and anxiously did the look-outs remain at their stations during the night, whilst Hamilton, with tumultuous feelings and agonized mind, thought of the lovely Marietta, who, he feared, was separated from him for ever. The conduct of Captain Pearce, too, was wholly inexplicable, for he had never made one allusion to the affair of the mountain ; but had behaved with more than usual kindness to the lieutenant. Still Hamilton could not conquer the repugnance he felt whenever his commander approached him ; and though the duties of the service compelled him to be respectful, yet he longed for the time to arrive when he should be enabled to express the honest sentiments of his heart.

Daylight broke upon the expanse of waters as the

rushing craft pursued her foamy way, but no sail appeared in sight: the whole circle of the horizon was one connected line. The utmost vigilance was still preserved, each top-gallant yard had its eager pair of eyes, for a handsome recompense was promised to the man who should first discover the chase. Captain Pearee briefly informed his officers (what Hamilton well knew) that the schooner was richly freighted with gold bars, the produce of the mines, which the governor of Sanetos had surreptitiously conveyed away. Under the expectation, however, that he was dealing with American traders, he had fallen into the hands of pirates, who would, doubtless, sacrifice the lives of the whole family, and keep the booty to themselves.

Towards night the *Warlock's* course was changed to a more northerly direction, and every eye was wakeful, in the hope of winning so rich a prize. Often were the glasses put in requisition, and eager hope ran high,—to meet with disappointment; repeatedly did the seamen point out some fancied object to each other, which they insisted was the schooner's white sails, but which only existed in their own imaginations, or was the silvery foam of some curling billow. The corvette was travelling at a famous rate, brightening still more her already shining coppers as she rushed through the yielding element, and manifesting the power of the winds against the resistance of the waters. It was just the breeze that sailors love, and "The Wizard of the Sea," like a sportive sea-gull, seemed to exult in her speed. Merrily she flew, boldly dashing through the crest of each rolling wave, and scattering away the spray in many thousand particles from her finely-moulded bows.

"A starn chase is a long chase," exclaimed one of the seamen amongst a group of his shipmates in the same watch, collected together in the lee waste, "but if that same yampy-yam consarn of a craft doesn't sail like a witch, we ought to be nearing her fast,—'cause

why, my hearties? D'ye mind, she has had but light winds to seaward, whilst we have brought the breeze along with us; and, in consequence, must have been coming up with her hand-over-hand."

"We can't have run past her," said a second, in a tone of voice that expressed more of doubt than certainty. "I'm sartin there's been a good look-out kept by both officers and men."

"There's no telling, Joe," said a third, hitching up his trowsers, and looking round at his watchmates, as if to collect their opinions. "Arter all, I'm rather misdoubtful as to the cha-rackter of that same schooner—I means as to her 'dentity among craft as has been properly baptized with a Christian name," and he shook his head.

"It stands to reason, shipmate," said the other, in a more determinate manner. "Not but I'm thinking yon craft's like a flying fish, that knows the dolphin's arter her; if she can't get through the water quick enough, why she'll make a spring over all, and only come down to dip nows and thens. She's too beautiful to be the work of mortal hands, and I see, shipmates, you begins to think wi' me, that there was plenty of fire to heat the pitch that pay'd her seams."

"As for the matter o' that, if you go to look for beauty in a craft," responded one of the carpenter's mates, who had been an old shipwright, "then look at the handsome model under your feet. Why, there's not a sweeter piece o' frame-work in the world: she's as lively as a cricket, and as fleet as a hound."

"True, Bill, true," returned Joe, laying his hand upon his messmate's shoulder, and approaching his mouth towards his ear as he added, in a cautious half-whisper, "but is there no devilry about her? Do you think she was modelled only by human judgment?"

The carpenter's mate was silent, for he knew there was a rumour in the ship that the man who built the

Warlock was supposed to have dealings with the great tempter of mankind, and he had destroyed himself on hearing of her capture. The mysteriousness of their captain was also presented to his mind, and a strong feeling of superstition seemed to be fast overpowering the whole group, and they remained without speaking for several minutes.

“Keep a good look-out before, there,” shouted the officer of the watch, and his voice came with a startling vehemence upon the stillness of the night. The “ay, ay, sir,” was immediately responded, and the seamen again fell into conversation. “Well, shipmates,” said Joe, “you may say and think as you wull; but I’m blow’d if I don’t believe that same schooner is but a phantom-craft, as the devil keeps for a pleasure-boat. There’s many on ’em here and there scudding about upon the ocean; and the skippers, when they’re hard up in a clinch, and want to escape overhauling, have only to hail their owner for a fog-bank, which they creep into and disappear, just as a sarpent would riggle itself into a field o’ guinea-grass. But, mark my word, Jem, if we don’t see summut afore long as will throw us all slap aback with wonderment. I never liked the look o’ that ’ere Spanish chap as was aboard the other night at the sheave-o. I kept my eyes fixed on his stern, expecting every moment to twig his outrigger, but I s’pose he had coiled it away in a Flemish fake abaft; and he took precious good care not to unship his hat, lest we should disliver his head-rails. Ay, ay; I don’t care what others may know o’ the matter; I’m ——, if it warn’t Davy Jones himself, it wur one of his near relations.”

“Avast! Joe, avast!” said another, who had not spoken before, but had listened with devoted attention. “You know we all thought that Jack Spaniard was another guess sort of a person—one who——” and he canted his hand over his shoulder towards the captain’s cabin. “And as for ould Davy,” he continued, “I’m

thinking the skipper wouldn't care the fag-end of a tinker's — for him, if so be he could clap him fairly alongside. But as to this here schooner as we're chasing, why mayhap she's within hail now, only she's invisible."

"Mayhap so! mayhap so!" returned the individual addressed, "for there's no telling what a cloud may conceal. I remembers once being off the Cape in a fresh o' wind, for the devil had spread his dirty cloth over the Table Land, and so the hands were turned up, reef topsels. I warn't in a man-o'-war then, shipmates—I was in an Ingeeman, bound to Madras and Bengal. Well, as I was a saying, the hands were turned up, reef topsels; it was the middle watch, somewhere about five bells, and it looked squally and sneezing away to the nor-west, with the scud flying over our heads like a shoal of black spirits riding on the wind, and chasing each other for sport. Well, shipmates, I was then only a youngster, doing duty in the mizen-top; and so I got the clew-lines stretched along, and the topsel-sheets all clear for letting go, and then I waits for the other watch to come up afore we went aloft. All at once I seed a large ship away upon the weather-beam, coming down upon us under every stitch of canvas as a craft can set,—studd'n-sels a both sides, aloft and aloft, though it was blowing very hard at the time; and we'd as much as we could hang on, with double-reefed topsels and the top-gall'nt masts struck. So when I seed her, I sings out, 'Sail, O!' though, shipmates, I'll swear, point blank, she warn't in sight two minutes afore. So, as I was a saying, I sings out, 'Sail, O, to windward! Port your helm!'—for the larboard side was the weather-side;—'port your helm! port! or she'll be aboard of us!' Well, the captain jumps up upon the poop, alongside o' me, and he seed the craft, and he halloos through his speaking-trumpet to the man at the weather-wheel, 'Port, lad! Hard up with the

helm! Square away the after-yards!' But before she could be got to answer her helm, I'm blessed if the stranger's flying-jib-boom warn't right over us, just abaft the mizen-rigging; and so, expecting that we should get our quarters stove in, and mayhap obligated to swim for it, I elaps my arms round a loose hen-coop, by way of a Noah's ark, and honlds on like grim death agen the doctor. So I waits and waits for the crash; but, to my wonderment, I didn't never feel not nothing whatsoever touch us. There was no shock, no noise, and so I looked up to windward, and I couldn't get the smallest blink of her; but when I looked to looard, there she was, close to us on our lee-quarter, going steadily afore it, without a yaw of a quarter-point either way, and carrying on as taut a press as ever. We never seed a single creatur aboard of her, nor heard the creaking of a spar, nor the rattle of a block. She had a high Dutch starn, and steady she went, rolling along like the white-shrouded ghost of a giant, seemingly without straining a rope-yarn. And well she might go steady, shipmates," added the seaman, in a voice of solemnity—"well she might go steady, seeing she was steered by a dead man's hand." Here he paused for a minute or two, and then resumed. "Well! what was the upshot of it? Why, shipmates, if it didn't come on to blow great guns directly arterwards, then I never seed it blow great guns in my life. In less than an hour, we were hove-to under a close-reefed main-topsel, in a sea running as high as a church steeple. One o' the fleet was missing next morning, and was never heard on arterwards."

"'Twas the *Flying Dutchman*, shipmates," said the other seaman; "he's always a cruizing in them latitudes, and mayhap the missing craft had some mischance with him. How you escaped, by your own account, is a merrycle; but your time warn't come, Joe, and so Davy couldn't grapple with you, more's the

better. I never seed the fellow—I mean the Myn-heer—myself, but I'll tell you what I did see, and then let them as doubts there being such consarns never misbelieve again. Though, for the matter o' that, it isn't often as I overhauls the story, 'cause I'm summut misdoubtful as people may think I wants to clap an extra purchase upon the laniards of their conscience; but howsomever, and I don't think there's not none o' you whatsomever as'll go to gainsay it. I was in a New Brunswick smack, getting fish off Cape Cod, and there was only myself and a boy on deck; the boy was sitting abaft, looking out for squalls,—for d'ye mind, the fore-sheet was to windard and the helm alee,—and I was taking a caulck on the weather-side o' the companion hatch. Well, I'd got my eyes buttoned up, just to keep 'em warm, when the youngster sings out, 'There's a sail close aboard of us!' so, seeing in regard that I had charge o' the smack, I springs my luff, rights the helm, and sends the lad forud to let draw the fore-sheet, or keep it fast, according to circumstances. So I looks out to windard, and there, sure enough, I saw a large vessel, in a strange, out-o'-the-way, no-man's-land sort of a rig, summut like what many on you have seen in very ould pictures; she had more the cut of a brigantine than any other craft, ounly she'd a short stump mizen-mast, with a kind of a lateen-sail, and as she shaved us so close that I could have jump'd aboard of her, I could see she was full o' men; but not none on 'em never moved nor spoke, except one ould fellow as stood on the rails abaft, houlding on by the mizen-shroud, so as I had a good look at him. He'd a three-corner iron-bound truck upon his head, a blue jacket trimm'd wi' gold-lace, a scarlet Garnsey-frock, and petticoat-trowsers; a broad black belt went round his loins, in which he carried a brace o' pistols, wi' brass barrels as big as blunderbusses, and by his larboard side hung a cutlash, wi' a blade broad enough,

upon a pinch, to be used as a hand-bible; and he hails us through a speaking-trumpet as long as our spanker-boom, and, says he, 'Smack ahoy!' At first, I thought it was thundering, and so I never says nothing at all; and, 'Smack ahoy!' hails he again; and so, having by that time got rid of my nonplush, I answers, 'Holloa!'"

"Who's that shouting in the lee-waste, there?" demanded the officer of the watch; for the seaman, in the excitement of his narrative, had raised his voice to a pitch that had reached the quarter-deck.

"It's Darby Allen a snoring, sir," answered Dexter; and approaching the youth, who was leaning over the gangway in a deep, but silent slumber, he pinched his ear so as to arouse him. "Arrah, Darby, don't you hear what Mr. Marshall's saying to you?"

"No, no," replied Allen. "I warn't asleep, though. But what did he say?"

"Och, Darby, by the powers but he says if you snore so loud, you'll be waking all the after-guard," returned Dexter, laughing.

"It's too bad of you, Dexter," remonstrated the young midshipman, with a yawn, "to disturb a fellow out of his nat'ral rest. You are everlastingly annoying me."

"Och, murther, don't be angry, jewel," responded Dexter; "take another snooze to yourself, my darlin. Sure, and don't we all know that you can see best with your eyes shut? As for you, my man," turning to the seaman whose narrative had been interrupted, "get on with your yarn; spin away, my boy, but don't make so much noise with the winch."

"Let me sec, where was I?" said the seaman, inquiringly.

"It was in a smack, lying-to off Cape Cod, you were," answered Dexter, which informed the group that the young officer had been listening to them.

“Oh, ay, now I have it—it was just werethe ould chap hailed us,” said the other, “out of his trumpet as would have made a bowsprit for the craft. ‘Smack ahoy!’ says he; and ‘Holloa!’ says I. ‘Are there any traders in the port!’ says he. ‘Full on ‘em,’ says I; ‘pray what ship’s that?’ ‘Look at my starn,’ says he, ‘and spell her name, and tell ‘em I’m on the coast again.’ Now, shipmates, I’d picked up a bit o’ larning when I was a boy, though, for thé want o’ use, it had got rather stiffish wi’ me. Yet I musters up edecation enough to make out, in bright shining letters that glow’d like fire, THE VULTURE; and I’m —— if it didn’t strike me up all of a heap, for I knew that was the name of the ship in which the bloody pirate, Captain Kidd, and his murderous crew had scrimmaged the ocean; and what he was a-doing, arter being scragged by the neck many years afore, to trouble peace-going craft, gave me a fit o’ the doldrums. But there was a pretty breeze, and she was flying light, so that by sunrise she warn’t nowhere to be seen; and I didn’t disturb the master to tell him of it, as I thought she had left us harmless, and she wouldn’t come within sight of us again, but go right slap away on her phantom cruise. But I was out in my reck’ning, shipmates, for it fell a stark calm; and though the pirate warn’t to be seen, even from the mast-head, laying on the bosom of the water, as a right arnest natural craft ought to do, I’m blow’d if I didn’t see her, keel out and bottom uppermost, sailing in the air, with her mast-heads pointing down to the water. Now, I’ll ax anybody whether that was ship-shape, or whether she was where any honest craft ought to be? Why, it stands to reason, that no human living creatur could do his duty about the decks with his trucks downwards; and though I remembers once heariug about the hangtipokees, where people walks with the soles of their feet towards each other, yet this was auother guess sort of a matter, and so I made up my mind it was Captain Kidd, as was

hung for piracy, come out in one of these devil's consarns to air himself; and it's my notion, that same schooner we are now chasing could cruise just as well among the tumbling clouds, as she does on the rolling sea."

Many other tales, equally marvellous, were repeated till the watch was relieved, and the excited tars went below to dream in their hammocks.

CHAPTER IX.

“An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?”
Twelfth Night.

AMONGST the various trying and peculiar situations in which a true son of the ocean may be placed, there is perhaps none that produces more mental excitement than chasing, or being chased. A gale of wind demands both skill and vigilance—skill in reducing the sail to a correct balance, so as to keep the ship as steady as possible, without endangering the sticks or straining her timbers; vigilance in watching the seas, easing her to them, jogging the pumps, and other necessary duties, after the sail has been reduced. In an engagement, one main object is to attain the point of impunity, and then for a keen eye, a steady hand, and hard hammering—no one is idle—it is downright heavy labour; there is no time to think. Gun-tackle falls, sponges and rammers,—small-arm men, sail-trimmers, boarders, and firemen,—from the first captain down to the powder-monkey of each piece of ordnance, all is rattle, and thunder, and noise, yet without the slightest approach to confusion. In a storm or in a battle one master-spirit directs the whole; but in the former, when under snug canvas, half a dozen pair of watchful eyes will suffice to look out for squalls; in the latter, every eye must be open and vigilant, every limb must be active and supple, every ear must be quick, every heart bold, to achieve the victory. In chasing, however, there must be a combination of nautical talent, an incessant application of practical knowledge without noise or bustle, and the suggestions of tried experience,

though coming from before the mast, are never despised, and where the senior is a thorough seaman, seldom neglected. When the sails are set and well-trimmed, there is plenty of leisure for active thought, and the mind becomes occupied instead of the body. The sportsman can well understand the distinctions here attempted to be drawn. In matches against time, the running horse attracts undivided attention: in a race where there are two or more horses, each has its share of notice according to the efforts made to take the lead. Against time, the jockey has only to keep up one uniform but fleet pace; in racing, the jockeys are pressed by each other, and the cleverest generally wins.

Throughout the night, mentioned in last chapter, scarcely an eye was closed in the *Warlock*, and even those who did doze wished to make it appear that only one eye slept at a time—in fact, that their eyes kept watch and watch. Daybreak again illumined the eastern sky: the look-outs had just taken their stations aloft, and were carefully scanning the horizon, when voices were simultaneously heard from the maintopsail and foretopsail yards, “Sail O! on the starboard bow.” In an instant a deathlike silence prevailed fore and aft, even Darby Allen was aroused by it, and each one stood as quiescent as a statue.

“What does she look like?” inquired the officer of the watch.

“I can but just see her, sir; she’s dipping now like a gull’s wing over a spray,” replied he of the foretop-sail-yard. “She’s a brig or a schooner, sir,” answered he of the maintopsail-yard.

“Foretopsail-yard, there!” bailed the officer from the quarter-deck; “look out when she’s right ahead.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” returned the man; “port a little, port!—there, steady—so. Now you’ve brought her open on the larboard bow—starboard a little—so! steady, steady. She’s right ahead now, sir.”

“Keep her so, quarter-master,” commanded the officer

of the watch. "Stations' men, get a pull of the larboard braces! 'Tend your studd'nsel tacks to windard. Aboard, main tack!—steady, aft the larboard main and foresheets. Fore-tops, there! clear away, and trice up your staysels. Fok'stle, there! run up the flying-jib. After-guard! haul in the boom-sheet. Come, come, Mr. Allen, look smart, and don't stand there with your mouth open to windard. Zounds! sir, it's as bad as the mizentopsel aback."

The change in the course had brought the wind about a point abaft the beam, so as to let everything draw, which was the *Warlock's* favourite trim for sailing. The lieutenant's orders had been obeyed with alacrity, and he went below to report affairs to Captain Pearee. In the mean time Dexter had slung his spy-glass round his neck, and ascended to the foretopsail-yard. "The top o' the morning to you, Solomon," said he, addressing the look-out. "Fait, but I'll eugage your ould namesake never took such an airing as this afore breakfast, even in his ships of Tarshish; and pleasant riding it is,"—getting astride the yard, and adjusting his glass to its proper focus; "and now where about is the stranger?"

"There she is, Mr. Dexter, right ahead," said the man, extending the arm in the direction.

"Oeh, bother! my man, d'ye think I'm blind?" responded Dexter, catching sight of the object he had the instant before been inquiring about; and elinging with his left arm round the topsail-tie, he passed both legs before the sail, raised the glass to his eye, gazed intently for a minute or two, and then uttered, "By the powers, but it's myself as is bothered entirely; there's two masts—that's clear enough, but as to their rig, by the hookey, but it's a puzzler, anyhow; she looks like a heneoop broomstiek rigg'd."

"And that 'ud be a queer craft to sail in, Mr. Dexter," returned the seaman, laughing. "A poor fellow 'ud have a *foul* berth of it, anyhow."

“And get *duck'd* into the bargain,” resumed the midshipman, once more directing his glass towards the stranger.

“What do you make of her, Mr. Dexter?” shouted the lieutenant of the watch, who had again returned to the deck. “Can you see which way she’s standing?”

“It’s standing altogether, I think she is, sir,” replied Dexter. “I can make out nothing but a couple of sticks, and a sheet hung out to dry. But we’re rising her very fast, sir.”

Hope and expectation animated every heart; the golden cargo of the schooner came flitting before the eyes of officers and men; the rich prize, which promised ample fortunes to all, was probably about to become their own; glowing visions of future happiness presented themselves to the imagination, and for a short time the distance which discipline enforces on the various grades, was lost in the general joy.

“Well, Marshall,” said the old master, as he ascended the companion-ladder to the quarter-deck; “I’m tould you’re in chase of a church that has slipt its moorings from the shore.” And then, in a half-whisper inaudible to all but the individual to whom it was addressed, “You want a pull of that weather foretopsel-brace; the yardarm is afore the fore-yard. I know you’ll excuse my telling you.”

“I did not observe it, in the hurry of the moment, master,” returned the young man, who, far from feeling displeased, was grateful for having his attention called to that, which would have produced animadversion from Captain Pearec the moment his eye rested upon it; the yard was properly trimmed, just as the skipper himself appeared on deck.

“Below, there!” shouted Dexter, from his exalted station, “she looks like a schooner in distress; her topsel is flying loose, and the sails are like—like——”

“Like what, sir?” demanded the first-lieutenant,

who now assumed the carrying on the duty. "What are they like, Mr. Dexter?"

"Why, then, it's myself is bothered to tell you, sir," replied the midshipman. "They're like—och! they're like an Irishman's wig,—all in an uproar."

"More respect to your superior, Mr. Dexter," exclaimed the captain, who became instantly aware that the excitement of the moment had levelled a few barriers. "Try how far you can bring her down, sir."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied the young man, leaving the topsail-yard, and descending to the fore-yard added, "It's here; I've got her, sir, and in another half turn o' the glass you'll get her off the cat-head."

Captain Pearce walked the quarter-deck very much excited; several times he stopped, looked with some degree of sternness at Hamilton, and seemed preparing to speak; but turning short, he again resumed his pace.

Several glasses were soon aloft upon the fore-yard; and as the chase evidently made no effort to escape, the corvette neared her very fast.

"That piratical craft cannot be far off," said the captain, addressing his next in command. "No doubt, the poor fellow ahead has been boarded and plundered by him; and most likely, we shall find that cruel bloody murder has been done. Blow, breeze, blow!" he added, raising his arm in a commanding manner, and uttering the request in a hollow solemn voice—"Blow, breeze, blow,—stretch out my pretty craft, for justice calls for speed."

And the wind did blow, and the *Warlock* increased her speed,—at least so thought the men, whose ears had caught the captain's words; but the hopes of prize-money had gradually diminished, as conviction forced itself upon them that the vessel they were nearing was some unfortunate that had been plundered by the pirate. The stranger was under no government whatever; most of her sails were down, but all doubt as to her being a schooner was removed. In a short time she

was visible from the forecastle; and as the noble ship, as if conscious that speed was necessary, rushed on her way with impetuous haste, running four knots and a half off the reel, with the short glass they were soon enabled to make out her hull. Captain Pearce, nearly surrounded by his officers, had steadily scrutinized the stranger through an excellent telescope, and his face frequently became flushed, and mutterings of impatience now and then escaped him. The officers who had glasses passed them from one to another with looks expressive of surprisc, but continued silent; till at last, after one long and steady gaze, the chief started from the recumbent posture in which he had placed himself, and vehemently exclaimed, "By heaven, it is the pirate himself!" and throwing his eyes aloft, he continued, "Mr. M'Creery, see that every stitch of canvas draws, and have all clear for shortening sail in an instant. Then beat to quarters,—there may be some trick in this."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered M'Creery. "Call the drummer there fornd."

In a few minutes the orders were completed, the drum sounded on the waters, and the men hastened to their guns. As they drew nearer, however, the schooner presented a scene of the utmost confusion. The shrouds were cut away, and hanging about the masts; what few sails were left were hanging in shreds; she was evidently very deep in the water (indeed, it was that circumstance that had caused so much hesitation as to her identity), and the crew were seen running about the decks in a state of distraction and despair.

The captains of the guns had reported "all ready" to the officers of each division, which was repeated to the captain, who exclaimed, "Beat the retreat, Mr. M'Creery, and see all clear for hoisting out the boats!"

The yard-tackles were got up; the boats' crews laid all their gear in readiness; the schooner appeared to be getting deeper and deeper in the water; every soul in

the corvette was animated by the same feeling, and no one could shut his senses to the fact that the pirate was sinking, most probably—as the seamen thought—preferring to perish by their own suicidal act, than by the hands of the executioner, and at the same time preventing their hard-earned wealth from falling into the grasp of an enemy.

Oh, who can describe poor Hamilton's feelings, as he kept his eyes fixed upon that doomed vessel, knowing—as he did—that it contained the sweet girl whom his soul loved! Earnestly did he pray that succour might not be too late; and then the desperate character of the pirates crushed every rising hope of saving her from death, or—what was worse to his troubled mind—pollution. In his agony, the perspiration burst from every pore; sickness—the sickness of the heart—produced a weakness almost to fainting, and every limb shook with tremor. Still he gazed on, as if the glass would grow to his very eye. There was no movement in his body beyond the preservation of his balance with the motion of the ship, and there he stood, unmindful of the anxious looks of many an honest tar who witnessed his distress, insensible to all that was passing immediately around him. The men were at their stations, ready to shorten sail, when a loud respiration—a simultaneous heavy drawing of the breath from a number of persons,—was heard on the fore-castle, fore-telling some calamity; and the next instant a wild shout, "She's gone! she's gone!" was echoed among the sails. The schooner had given a heel over, her stern rose high in the air,—there was a plunge, and she disappeared for ever. Three or four miserable victims could be discerned struggling in the waters for a short time; but when the *Warlock* reached the spot where the schooner had sunk, the waves rolled on as smoothly as ever. A few scattered pieces of wreck floated on the waters, but no living creature was left. Reckless in their lives, the pirates had been equally

reckless in their death ; and as they feared not the vengeance of Heaven whilst pursuing their murderous trade, so in the last act of existence they had cut off all hopes of divine mercy. Such were the first feelings of many who had witnessed the catastrophe. To describe what passed in Hamilton's mind would be impossible. M'Creery spoke kindly to him ; and after some serious remonstrance he was enabled to arouse himself from a state bordering on stupor, and in some measure to attend to his duty. Horror at the self-devoted sacrifice of human life, and disappointment at the loss of so rich a prize, pervaded the ship's company. The sail had been reduced ; the *Warlock* was hove-to ; the boats were hoisted out ; but, except picking up a few loose spars, nothing was saved from the insatiable avarice of the ocean. Sail was again made upon the corvette, and they were trimmed for the harbour of Rio Janeiro, where Captain Pearce determined to go, for the purpose of making his report to the commander-in-chief.

Stealthily and in subdued tones did the seamen converse together through the day on the events of that morning, whilst wild superstition revelled in the horrible and the wonderful ; and during the night-watches they huddled in confused groups in the waists and on the fore-castle, and even the men on the look-out endeavoured to get a watch-mate to bear them company. Hamilton had the middle watch ; and whilst pacing to and fro on the quarter-deck, his mind was violently agitated, as busy thought brought before him the occurrences of the last few days, which, though rapid in their flight, seemed to him to carry the events of years. He had had a private interview with Captain Pearce, from whom he concealed nothing. He spoke as a man, as a lover, and he spoke with acrimony of his commander's conduct on the mountain, and his subsequently having him conveyed on board the schooner ; but he received no explanation. The captain listened to all, but said nothing of any import, though a smile

of bitterness curled his lip as he dismissed the lieutenant from the audience, with a promise that the mystery should very soon be cleared up. There was one thing, however, that relieved Hamilton's mind: Captain Pearce had most solemnly declared that he knew nothing of the fate of his humble companion, Ben Transom, who, it was apprehended, must have perished in the falls of the torrent. Still a doubt would intrude, that if his commander had sacrificed him to his rage and revenge, he would conceal the deed by falsehood. Yet, how could the hitherto honourable, high-minded, intrepid Pearce descend at one plunge to such baseness and villauy?—it was inexplicable.

The night—or rather morning—was hazy; the breeze fresh, with smooth water; the distended sails swelled with the wind, as they bore the lofty ship triumphantly along. “Sail, ho!” exclaimed the look-out at the lee cat-head. “A sail close to us!—broad away upon the lee-bow!”

Hamilton sprang forward, whilst many a shudder ran through the gathering seamen, who at first entertained suspicions that it was the spectre of the schooner that lay buried in the depths of the ocean; but soon the three masts of a large ship were distinctly visible, and the clean set and trim of her sails gave indications that she was a vessel of war.

The stranger was reaching in upon the same course as the *Warlock*, and under a press of canvas, but apparently insensible to the close approximation of the British man-of-war. The men were called to their quarters, Captain Pearce was summoned to the deck, and in a few minutes the corvette ran under the stranger's lee and hailed. The hail was not promptly returned, though the movements of the crew showed that every one was on the alert; but in a short time it was ascertained by the stranger's reply, that she was a Spanish armed ship, bearing the name of *Los Tres Hermanos*, bound from Monte Video to the United

States, but intending to touch at Rio Janeiro. Satisfied with the account she gave Captain Pearce pursued his way, the guns were housed, and the watch called. At daylight the land was seen streaking the western sky with its undulating curve, whilst the stranger who had at first kept away with the *Warlock*, was now falling astern, as if she was lying at anchor. This, however, excited no suspicion, but was attributed to the superior sailing of the corvette; and the gallant "Wizard of the Sea" stood on till Morris's islands were clearly distinguished, dotting the blue ocean with their living green; whilst the tall sugar-loaf at the entrance of the harbour served as an admirable guide to direct their course.

The land-breeze met them as they approached the shore, and shortly afterwards it fell calm, the Spaniard being then about three miles distant, to seaward. As the sea-breeze was not expected to set in for two or three hours, Captain Pearce despatched Lieutenant Hamilton in a boat to the stranger, for the purpose of trying to gain some information relative to the previous movements of the piratical schooner, as he well knew she had last fitted out and sailed from Monte Video. This appeared to Hamilton to be an unnecessary measure, as, from all the circumstances that had come to his knowledge, it was pretty evident to him that his commander must be well acquainted with her history. Still it was his duty to obey orders, whatever motive prompted them; and, accordingly, he proceeded, rather satisfied than otherwise, at being selected for the occasion, as he anticipated a melancholy pleasure in ascertaining some account of the vessel that had proved a coffin to one whom his very soul had so fondly loved. On nearing the Spaniard, Hamilton was warned to keep off, on account of the fever raging violently on board. But indulging no apprehensions from merely ascending to the deck, he pushed boldly alongside, passed up the ladder, went over the gangway, and was

instantly made prisoner ; his arms were bound, his eyes blindfolded, and though he strongly resisted, yet he was compelled to yield ; and, by the noise that followed, he was also assured that his men were in the same predicament.

The young lieutenant was conducted below, and threatened with instant death if he attempted to remove from his place of confinement. Hamilton, in the short glimpse he had caught previous to being blindfolded, had seen quite sufficient to convince him that the ship he was on board of, in point of armament, was equal to his own ; and, though there did not appear to be many hands on deck, yet he rightly conjectured there was a numerous, bold, and lawless crew in the between-decks. The mixture of languages, which he could plainly hear, convinced him that many kingdoms had contributed to furnish forth the worst specimens of national character ; and that he was in bad hands, did not admit of a moment's doubt, though he felt satisfied Captain Pearce would come in chase as soon as ever the breeze should spring up : yet, in such case, the stranger would catch it first, and as the *Warlock* would be at least three or four miles dead to leeward, it was far from improbable that the ship would escape, and his fate be inevitably sealed.

The place of the lieutenant's confinement was a sort of store-room, under the great cabin ; and here he lay, bound and in darkness, revolving in his mind the many scurvy tricks which fortune had played him in so short a time. Sometimes he thought he could hear groans and sighs, and the murmurings of distress ; but they were so indistinct, that he could not be certain whether it was the utterance of human voices, or the noise arising from the motion of the ship.

At length the vessel became more steady, and, by her heeling over, Hamilton was aware the sea-breeze had set in ; whilst the rippling of the waters against her run convinced him that she was walking along at

a racing pace, and by her bending to the power of the wind, that not an inch of canvas was spared. By dint of incessant struggles he had contrived to free his arms, and the earliest use he made of his liberty was to remove the bandage from his eyes; but no light entered the loathsome dungeon, and he had no weapon to defend himself in case of being attacked.

About noon, as near as he could conjecture, the scuttle to his prison was opened, and a bottle of wine, some biscuits and other catables, were hastily handed down; but by whom, he could not see, though it seemed pretty certain that no unfriendly hand had thus supplied his wants. Hour after hour passed on: the breeze freshened to a strong gale, and the young lieutenant became aware, by the manner they were dragging on the ship, that it could only proceed from strenuous efforts to get away from a pursuer, and that pursuer hope told him was the *Warlock*; for though suspicions crossed his mind that Captain Pearce was desirous of getting rid of him, yet he knew that it would be impossible for him to leave the boat's crew in the hands of a supposed enemy; besides, there was promised the honour of a victory, and the emoluments of prize-money. Whilst ruminating on the past, and refreshing himself with the food that had been so strangely bestowed, wearied nature became overpowered, and he fell into an uneasy and spectre-haunted sleep. How long this continued he could not tell; but he was suddenly awoke by a rough and heavy hand pressing upon him, and a voice that he instantly recognized, although in a whisper, warned him to be silent. "Ax no questions, sir," said his visitor; "let it suffice that ould Ben is near you. God bless you, Ned,—Mr. Hamilton I mean. You are in peril here, but take these,"—giving him a stout bayonet and a pistol,—"they'll sarve in case of emargency. Keep close to your quarters; the ould craft has us in sight, and though, mayhap, a hangman's noose may be

fitted to my neck, yet no matter, so as I can but save you."

Hamilton was not only confused by his dreams, but actually confounded, on awaking, to find his humble friend Ben Transom by his side. At first, he shuddered at the thought of being near one whom he deemed an inhabitant of some unhallowed grave; but vivid recollection returning, he speedily became convinced that Ben was living and unhurt, and he hastily inquired the cause of the old man's presence.

"'Tis a box-the-compass sort of a traverse to work, sir," answered Ben, "and no time whatsoever to do it in. I must leave you now;" added the veteran, pressing the lieutenant's hand; "and, Lord love you, Ned—Mr. Hamilton I mean,—don't stir out o' this for your life. I will come again, if I can steal away, before long."

The old tar took his departure, and Hamilton saw him apparently creeping forward towards the hold, but it was too dark to ascertain correctly. He would have followed, however, but for the injunctions of the seaman, and the conviction that he could obtain no advantage by thus uselessly exposing his life. Left once more to himself, he first concealed his weapons, and then endeavoured to trace, by conjecture, in what manner his old friend came to be aboard the ship. It was a vain and futile task, and he again composed himself to slumber.

A rending, crashing noise which was immediately followed by heavy discharges of artillery, once more aroused the lieutenant to a consciousness of his situation; and, to his well-practised ear, informed him that the *Warlock* had got the ship within reach of her guns, and they were entering into action. To remain stationary under such circumstances, he felt to be impossible; and taking his weapons, he endeavoured to grope his way in the direction which he supposed Ben had taken; but just abaft the after-hatchway he found

a stout bulkhead, extending the whole breadth of the ship, and was about giving up his search in despair, when his hands encountered a crow-bar that lay between two casks, and he immediately set to work to break his way through the obstruction. The noise he made was unheard by those above, who were deafened by the din of battle; and in a short time he had opened a sufficient space for a passage into the after-hold. Here large bales, which the lieutenant knew to be silk, massive bars of gold, and huge chests bound with iron, were promiscuously stowed, displaying a mass of wealth that dazzled the eyes of the young officer, and gratified him with the prospect of future independence in the shape of prize-money. From thence he passed into the main-hold, where the light was more dim; but his long confinement in darkness had habituated his sight to such a circumstance, and here, also, he discerned the same profusion of rich cargo; whilst in the fore part, to his great astonishment, he beheld an officer in the Portuguese uniform, whose dress denoted high rank, sitting on a balc, whilst a young female, with materials that she had torn away from her dress, was endeavouring to staunch the blood from a wound in his breast. Hamilton approached them, and in doing so attracted the officer's attention. He raised his head, and the lieutenant faintly discerned the features of the runaway governor of Sanctos. Here was fresh food for wonder, but there was no time to indulge in it, for an exclamation from Don José aroused his companion, who turned sharply round; but who can describe the emotions of Hamilton, when, in that companion, he beheld Marietta! Their recognition was mutual; and notwithstanding the presence of a third person, nature triumphed, for they were in an instant clasped in each other's arms. But virgin bashfulness soon recalled Marietta to a sense of her situation; she timidly withdrew herself from Hamilton's embrace, and by her actions supplicated

assistance for her father. The lieutenant lost not a moment in complying with her request, and whilst thus engaged, Marietta was vainly endeavouring to make him comprehend the mystery of finding them on board the ship; but Hamilton could make nothing of it, nor, amidst the tumult, which was incessant over head, could they make each other distinctly heard. At length a tremendous shock (in which the ship they were in heeled over so as to capsize them) informed the lieutenant that the vessels had come in collision, and the contest was about to be carried on hand to hand, by boarding. Anxious to be on the side of his friends, he tried the several hatchways, but all were battened down. He was then proceeding aft to the scuttle above his place of confinement, for he could hear the struggle upon deck, and blood came running down through the rent tarpaulins; when suddenly a stream of light was let into the fore-part of the hold, and Hamilton hurried to Marietta's side to protect her in case of danger. Concealing himself behind a bale, he lay at full length, but at the same time was enabled to command a perfect view of all that was going on. A man descended the fore-scuttle; he wore an undress naval uniform, soiled, torn, and his white trowsers stained with blood. A gold chain, with the links dis-severed, hung confusedly from his neck; and Hamilton, as he approached, discovered that it was his own commander, Captain Pearce. In his hand gleamed a bright stiletto; he sprang forward and grasped the shrieking maiden; the dagger was raised above his head to give strength to his blow; but his murderous purpose was so fully evident, that Hamilton did not hesitate an instant to fire. The ball shattered the villain's wrist, and the dagger came down heavy, but erring; Marietta was saved. Quitting his hold upon the fainting girl, he threw himself towards Hamilton, who had only half risen, and could not at the moment seize the bayonet. 'May curses rest upon you!' exclaimed the murderous

wretch, as he directed the stiletto to the lieutenant's breast; and the stab must have been fatal, but for the timely intervention of Ben Transom, who struck his opponent senseless, and Hamilton arose uninjured.

"'Fast bind, fast find,' was a saying of my poor ould mother's, Mr. Hamilton," said the seaman, drawing a piece of line from his trowsers'-pocket, and securing the captain's arms behind him. "A bloody-minded dog of a freebooter! Now, Ned,—Mr. Hamilton,—I mean,—you'll soon be let into the secret of one skipper to two crafts."

Loud shouts, which resounded at this moment, indicated that the brave *Warlocks* had won the victory. The Spanish ship had surrendered, and Hamilton hastened on deck; when there,—in the pride of manly courage, leaning on his reeking sword,—stood Captain Pearce. The bewildered lieutenant thought himself bewitched; he had but the minute before left his commander—as he thought—insensible in the hold, and now he stood before him in all the conscious pride of a British officer flushed with victory. His gold-chain, unbroken, was round his neck; his uniform was stained with blood, but not a wound or scratch about his person.

The lieutenant was followed to the deck by the ex-governor and his beauteous daughter; and now it was Captain Pearce's turn to be surprised,—nor was that surprise in any way diminished, when Ben Transom, with a look, half triumph, half shame, appeared in the wake of Hamilton.

"Mystery upon mystery," exclaimed the captain, whose countenance was expressive of extreme pleasure, arising from his recent conquest and his love of the marvellous, which appeared to be resulting from it. "How is this, Mr. Hamilton?" Then, bowing stiffly to the Portuguese, "Don José, I am proud to see you. Signora, your humble servant. As for you, sir," addressing Ben, rather angrily, "pray what character

in the farce, or tragedy,—for there seems to be a sprinkling of both,—pray, what character are you enacting?”

Hamilton remained silent; the ex-governor merely returned the salute; Marietta looked imploringly to the lieutenant; but Ben, unshipping his tarpaulin hat, and twirling it by the rim round and round with his fingers, approached his commander. His accustomed look of conscious integrity, the bold erection of his head, under a conviction that he had always done his duty, the firm step of manly pride,—all these had departed, and he stood with downcast looks before the scrutizing gaze of Captain Pearce. “It’s a long story, your honour,” at length he mournfully uttered, “and I’m not a little bamboozled about it myself. Howsomever, I arn’t a-going to flinch from consequences, seeing as I did all for the best, as, mayhap, Mr. Hamilton can tell you; and it’s no joke, your honour, that walking the plank, though I’d have gone overboard willingly, sooner than turn pirate. But, your honour, I wanted to lay an anchor out to windard on ’em, for the sake of the young lady and my officer there. Then, sir, I got, as I said before, regularly bamboozled; for I had my orders from your honour, and yet it warn’t your honour; and, saving your preseuce, d—— me if I can make head or tail of it now.”

The captain’s features relaxed into a smile at the seaman’s perplexity, but they instantly resumed a severe expression. “You have fought against your countrymen, sir; you are found in arms against your national flag; you must be tried as a traitor.”

The scanan gave a sudden start, and his countenance became violently agitated. It was, however, only momentary. “In the regard o’ the matter o’ fighting a bit, your honour, I arn’t a-going to deny it; but it was a force-put,—a downright force-put, for the fellows knew they would be hanged, and so they detarmined to make me run the same chance. But ‘death before dis-

honour,' says I, and cock went the lock of a blunderbuss ; so seeing as I could do no good whatsoever with a ball in my head, or a skylight in my ribs, I did handle the gun-tackle-falls ; but the moment your honour boarded, I played my part t'other way, and I'll ax your honour's self whether I didn't——" and here he stopped short for a moment, but afterwards added, "whether I didn't pay the rascals off for their tricks upon an ould tar?"

"You did," replied the captain, "and to your undaunted intrepidity I am indebted for standing here at this moment. But we have no time now for explanations. Mr. Hamilton, you will be satisfied of your injustice to your commander. Conduct Don José and his daughter to the cabin, place a sentinel to prevent intrusion, see that the father's wounds are dressed, and then, sir, to your duty." Hamilton bowed, and proceeded to obey orders. "And now, my man," turning to Ben ; "but, avast ! Mr. M'Creery ! He does not hear. Go on board the corvette, Ben, and tell the first-lieutenant to get the boats out."

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the old man, hastening away to execute the command, all his energy and vigour returning with the implied confidence reposed in him ; and jumping on the gangway with the activity of a youth, he swung himself by a rope from one ship to the other. Hamilton returned to the deck, as soon as he had placed Marietta and her father in security ; and now, for the first time, he noticed the situation and relative position of the two vessels. The corvette was lying with her bowsprit between the lee fore and main shrouds of the Spanish ship, her flying-jib-boom passing to windward of the foremast, in a slanting direction ; so that the weather bow of the *Warlock* was near the lee main-channels of her opponent. The pirate's mizen-mast and foretop-mast had been shot away, but the *Warlock* was but little injured in either masts or rigging, though the sails were rent to ribands by the

grape and langridge of the enemy. The Spaniard was a frigate-built ship, and consequently her gun-deck was partially screened from the observations of those above; but the blood that ran from her scuppers, discolouring the water with its gory hue, plainly showed that dreadful slaughter had been carried on below. The quarter-deck and fore-castle, however, at once exposed to the lieutenant's eye the number of the dead and dying, where the stern foes lay side by side, in impotence or death. The young lieutenant, whilst passing over the wounded and the slain, recognized, by the blue heart on the white shirt (the distinction of the *Warlock's* boarders), many a brave fellow with whom he had shared the peril of former engagements, and whose dauntless spirits had triumphed o'er the tempest; their last battle was fought, and their grim countenances displayed their determined courage and resolution to the latest breath. The pirates were arrayed in various costumes, according to their national alliance; but great numbers were stripped to the skin, having no other covering than a pair of canvas trowsers. They were remarkably fine-looking men, and even though defeated, their physical strength was not to be despised by the cautious victor.

Hamilton was proceeding round by the fore-castle, when a hail of recognition brought him up, and, seated by a long brass nine-pounder, his right arm hanging shattered by his side, and the fine-linen which composed his body-dress saturated with blood, he discovered the seaman of the schooner who had assumed the command on the night of the lieutenant's detention. His face was much paler from the loss of blood—indeed, it bore the livid hue of death, but there was still the same ferocious look, the same devil-may-care sort of expression; and though he must have been suffering excruciating pain, he gave no outward betrayal of it, but seemed as if sitting at ease. "My reckoning is worked up, young gentleman," said he, "and I own I am out

in my calculations, as many a brother tar has been before me. What's the upshot? Here I am, hard and fast; hove'd down for a full due, my hammock will be my coffin, and I shall have a seaman's grave. So far all's well; but it raises my spleen—lift me up a little, young man—I say, it raises my spleen to see that flag,”—pointing to the English ensign,—“to see that flag once more my master.” He gnashed his teeth, and grinned with rage. “The padrone was a fool; but it always has been so when woman takes the helm of man's understanding. Had he done as I wish'd him, both crafts would have made bone-houses for all hands; and even now, if I had the power, a flash in the magazine should send us all to——”

Hamilton shuddered to find a fellow-creature so near his end, and yet so reckless of the future; whilst Dexter, who had overheard his language, exclaimed, “It's but small thanks we owe you for that same, anyhow, my fine fellow! A dacent sort of a mother's son I'd be looking, flying aloft, like a sky-rocket in a shower of sparks. Och, then, you murdering villain; sure it's meself that's mightily obliged to you.”

The pirate gave the midshipman a look of stern contempt, as he answered, “I argue not with boys, the mere scrapings of an enslaved and enslaving aristocracy. Give me a congenial spirit to hold my last converse with, and then I shall slip my cable as a seaman ought.” His strength was rapidly failing, and Hamilton motioned to Dexter not to irritate the dying man, who added, “Oh, for some glorious veteran, some thorough tar, to overhaul my mind to. Ha, ha, ha!” he faintly laughed, “the ‘gods are propitious.’ Here he comes—the very man himself.” The old master approached, and the seaman continued, “Well, brother, and what think you now of being jammed down in the Bight of Benin upon a lee-shore on a dark night—sharp work for the eyes that! But we have no time to renew our dispute as to the best mode of anchoring on such an

occasion; yet I should like to have a word or two with you before we part company."

Old Humphreys had some difficulty in recalling to mind the features of the wounded man, but his voice, and the subject of their conversation at Donna Custodia's, brought him to recollection, and the master felt for the moment a flush of resentment at having been imposed upon; but the humanity of his heart soon gained the ascendancy, and gazing on the shattered limb of his prostrate foe, all the better feelings of nature were called into action. Yet with the true characteristic of the ruling passion, he answered, "For the matter o' that, shipmate, I still hold that it is best to bring up with the sheet at once, if so be there 's a chance of getting good holding-ground,—bút that's neither here nor there. Herc you are upon your beam-ends, with one o' your spars carried away; so we must see what the doctor can do to splice your limb, or tail a piece on to it; and mayhap," he continued, with a voice expressive of much kindness—"mayhap we shall get you afloat again."

"Hush, brother, hush!" rejoined the dying pirate, scornfully. "I have often thought of you; ax the youngster there," nodding at Hamilton, "if I did not inquire after your health. But I'm saying, I took you for a man of some sense. Lord, how one may be deceived! Why, brother, listen to reason. Will a tourniquet on the stump of my arm save me from a hangman's noose round my neck? or can your doctor heal the wounds in what you call broken laws? Nay, nay, I know I must die, and I thought you might just give me a cheer as I crossed the line,—for I hate your parson-craft, pretending to patch up the holes in a fellow's conscience, just as a sail-maker would mend the chafings in a spanker or a jib that's only fit to be cut up for parcelling. I have lived a long life for a rover, and should have spun out my days a little longer, but for them d——d apron-strings; but when a man gets

under close-reefed petticoats, may the devil take a round turn in my wind-pipe, if ever he gets to windard afterwards."

"You behaved honourably to me on one occasion," said Hamilton, bending down on his knee by the side of the dying pirate, "and I would show my gratitude, but scarce know how. Your hours seem to be numbered, and will you recklessly forget there is another world? Will you defy the only Being on whom you can call for mercy?"

"Now, that comes o' your bible-larning, young man," returned the hardened seaman. "Why, mayhap, there may be another world, though it would puzzle wiser heads than yours to tell its bearings and distance. But what then? Do you think, that after living a desperate life and taking in a cargo of wickedness enough to sink twenty such craft as myself, that now, in a moment of peril, a few snivelling words would plead in my favour? or that the Eternal Judge of quick and dead is to be cheated by a cry for pardon extorted by the terrors of a future state? No, no, I've got a conscience, young man; and as I've lived a daring reprobate, caring for neither God nor devil, so I'll not go to turn driveller now, but die like a man."

"Like a brate, rather," Hamilton would have added; but it was evident no words could make an impression on the fallen seaman, whose animal courage prevailed over every faculty of his mind. "It is useless to contend with you," said the lieutenant, "but you must submit to be carried to the surgeon, whatever may be your future destiny;" and giving orders for his removal, the lieutenant passed on to another part of the ship.

"I cannot resist!" exclaimed the pirate, addressing the master, "or I would not be tamely handled about, like a baby with the measles; yet there was a time when Ned Kinlock would have found a friend in Tom Humphreys,"—the master started,—"especially for so small a favour as to let him lie down quietly to die.

There *is* no hope,—there *can* be no hope,—there *shall* be no hope; and here, with the deck for my bed, and the gun for my pillow,—’tis all I ask, for the sake of lang syne.”

“Ned Kinlock!” repeated Humphreys, “the companion of my boyhood! the intimate associate of my youth! Ned Kinlock! is it thus I see one who was so tenderly beloved of his mother,—the pride of a fond and pious father?”

A strong convulsive spasm shook the seaman’s frame, and a look of demoniac ferocity settled on his face. “Yes,” he replied, “the almost worshipped of his mother!—but what became of her? The cherished idol of his father!—and where is he? Now, by all the fiends of hell! sooner would I die the robber, plunderer, pirate that I am, than be the remorseless tyrant of a wretch who drove them from their home,—that home of social enjoyment which you must well remember! And why?—ay, why?—what was the mighty crime? Exercising the right of conscience! But the noble was a man in power; the star upon his breast dazzled the eye, and blinded it to the blackness of the heart that beat beneath it. My father became the victim of persecution,—his cure was taken from him,—poverty pressed hard, and he perished in a gaol, whose stone walls were less obdurate than the flinty mind of his cruel persecutor. My mother’s life was bound up in her husband’s,—they could not be divided,—her heart was broken; and when I returned from my first voyage, I found my home a desolation,—myself an orphan and an outcast, and upon the green turf that was spread upon their grave,—the grave of the authors of my being,—I knelt down and swore to be revenged. Ha! ha! Revenge, Tom, revenge! and I have had it,—ay, to my heart’s content!” and the wretched man sank back exhausted. Humphreys motioned to the men to lift him up; but he was instantly aware of their intention, and rallying his strength, uttered,—“No, no, brother;

for the sake of them that are gone let me remain where I am. My glass is nearly out, and I wish you to hear my tale to the end."

"I have heard something of it already, Ned," rejoined Humphreys; "and I think I have some influence with Captain Pearce that might be serviceable to you, if you would but consent to let the doctor try his skill."

"Tush! nonsense, brother!" returned the other impatiently. "Look at the blood upon this hand—against a royal cruizer, too, and me the second in command. No, no; I hate cross-beams and wooden ladders, and—my anchor is coming home, Tom, and I would not, cannot quit the world without finishing the narrative of my wrongs,—wronges that have made me what I am. Will you hear me?"

"Indeed, indeed, Ned! it grieves my heart to see you thus," said the kind old man. "I will not think of what you are, but what you were when we were boys and shared each other's pastimes. I will think of you as the generous lad who risked his own existence to snatch a fellow-creature from destruction——"

"Ah, there you touch me close," replied the pirate, a spasmodic tremor shaking his whole frame. "I saved him from drowning, rescued him from death, and I became his murderer! Yes, Tom,"—raising his voice, and striking his remaining hand on the deck,— "his murderer! and I glory in the deed!"

The master gave his old companion a look of revolting horror. "How! what can you mean? Murder the son of your father's benefactor? What damnable deed was that?"

"My father's benefactor, as you call him, died," replied the man in a more quiet and subdued tone; "and that son was the ungrateful, remorseless wretch who sacrificed my parents. Destitute, unfriended, maddened, I went to the villain, and saw him in the midst of his sycophants and menials, revelling in wealth

and splendour. I ask him for my father ; I demanded the restoration of my mother. Like a demented fool, I did this when they were rotting in their sepulchre. His varlets seized me, and then their *gallant* lord struck me with his heavy riding-whip. I was beaten with staves and thrust from his house, bleeding and desperate. From that moment my nature was changed. I became a fox in cunning, a wolf in ferocity ; chains and a dungeon could not tame me ; my strength increased even upon bread and water ; blows did but add to my savage fierceness, and they sent me on board a man-of-war. The British bunting waved above my head ; yet, though hating my country, loathing all mankind, I did not flinch from my gun in action. I was ever in the hottest of the fight when boarding, for I longed to meet the end of my misery. I was commended for my bravery, but still I was a marked man. My messmates shunned me as they would the hyena ; the officers gave me degrading duties, because they hated me ; and at length I was brought to the gangway for an offence I never committed. It was in vain that I protested my innocence ; my back was lacerated ; the cats bit deep into my flesh—they licked my very blood ! Humphreys, I have never forgotten—never forgiven it ! and if a curse from the tongue of a dying man can fall with heavier vengeance on my persecutors, they shall have it !—ay, they shall have it ! A little water, brother ! Shipmate, a panikin of water ! My throat is parched ! my lips are burning !”

Old Humphreys looked with sorrow and compassion on the friend of his early days, and even a tear stood trembling in the veteran’s eye. He directed a seaman to bring some water, which the expiring man cagerly swallowed, and the master again requested that he would suffer himself to be removed. “No, no,” he faintly exclaimed, “the tide of existence is ebbing fast ; nothing can save me, nor would I wish it. Yet I hope my strength will hold out till I finish my story. Do

not interrupt me. I know I am detaining you from other duties, yet you will not regret soothing the last moments of poor Ned. Where was I? at the punishment—at the flogging. Well, on the first opportunity I deserted, and joined a smuggling craft; but I lived on contemplated revenge,—it was the food on which my hungry soul feasted, and it was not long before I enjoyed the banquet to the full. The originator of all my miseries fell by my hand, for our jovial fellows came athwart his hawse when running a cargo; he had brought his myrmidons to take us all, but he made a Scotch prize, and he quitted the world, knowing me as his destroyer. Oh, with what fiendish delight I stood over my victim! and even now the recollection fills me with unutterable pleasure!” Humphreys shuddered. “We escaped capture; and soon afterwards I became a rover, and my inextinguishable hate has been vented against British officers. The young man who left us owes his existence to my remembrance of you.”

“But how came you to be at Sanetos, and now in this ship?” inquired the master.

“It is too long a yarn to spin,” returned the other; “my cable is up and down,”—he spread out his remaining hand, and tried to raise his shattered arm,—“I’m adrift on a sea of blood! Humphreys, you are going from me. Hark! there’s the signal to engage! Hoist the skull and cross-bones!” He then endeavoured to sing

“Oh, give to me the rover’s life,
The black flag waving free;
The well-stow’d ship, the bloody knife,
And we’re masters of the sea.”

“No quarter, lads; dead men chew no tobacco, and tell no tales! Hurrah! point your guns well! Tom!—Tom Humphreys! hold on a little longer; take another turn round my heart, brother. I’m outward

bound ; hurrah ! I've had my revenge ! ” He struck out with his hand, as if grasping some deadly weapon, and added, “ I'll have it again—again I'll have it ! there !—there ! ” and he fell back insensible.

Humphreys no longer hesitated in removing him, and the ships having separated, he was put into one of the first boats that came alongside, and conveyed to the corvette. The chief of the pirates was also removed, and Captain Pearce gave directions that he should be placed in his own cabin, and receive prompt assistance. The unhappy man remained inanimate ; he was conveyed from ship to ship, his face covered over and concealed by orders of the commander of the *Warlock*, and he was deposited on the captain's couch. The surgeon entered nearly at the same moment with the gallant Pearee ; he drew aside the covering from the features of the wounded man—started back with amazement—stared wildly at his officer and then at the pirate, whilst Captain Pearce stood calmly looking on.

“ You will use your best exertions, Mr. Simms, ” said the commander of the corvette, in a slow and solemn tone, “ to save this man ! Life, doctor, from its commencement to its termination, is full of mystery, and it is permitted but to few minds to dive into its depths. I have made it my study, and visions of the past and shadows of the future have been present to my sight ; yet there is a mystery here that foils my best perceptions. It must, however, be fathomed ; and this man may, if spared, aid us in the search. You perceive the likeness, doctor, even in *his* state ! ”

“ I do indeed, sir, ” replied the surgeon, alternately looking from one to the other ; “ the resemblance in every feature is most wonderful ; there is even the mole upon the cheek. ”

“ I am induced to believe, ” rejoined the captain, advancing to the couch and removing the gold chain from round his neck—“ I am induced to believe there is

another surprise in store for me. Look at these links, and compare them with those that are there hanging shattered and broken; they are exact counterparts of each other. There is something attached to mine which I will now show you." He pulled from his breast the small case that hung suspended from the chain, which being opened, displayed the miniature portrait of a beautiful female, apparently about twenty years of age. It was gorgeously set, and the surgeon stood intently gazing upon it. "Now, doctor, have the goodness to withdraw whatever may be connected with the chain from the breast of this man." The person addressed immediately complied, and drew forth a case nearly similar to the one in possession of his commander. It was unfolded, and the same lovely features, evidently by the same artist, and set in a precisely similar manner, was presented to their sight. Both stood silent, the captain looking eagerly at the two portraits of the same individual, and the surgeon waiting in expectation of further explanations. In a few minutes Captain Pearce restored the case to the breast of the inanimate pirate, and then replacing his own, uttered in an under tone, "Doctor, as a personal favour, I request that this circumstance may remain a secret between us. Do all you can for your patient; this mystery must be unravelled, and I shall trust alike to your friendship and your skill." He then quitted the cabin, and hastened to the quarter-deck, where every one was engaged in repairing damages and removing the prisoners.

"Och! Darby," said Dexter, as the midshipman approached him with his arm in a sling, from a severe contusion given by a spent shot—"och! Darby, my boy, is it yourself that's awake? By the powers, I hardly thought the rap you got would have opened your daylight, though it shook you from stem to stern."

"You're always at me, Dexter, because I like to

take my natural rest," complained Allen, with a yawn. "I did my duty, Dexter, as well as you——"

"And that's thrue for you, my boy," returned Dexter. "You behaved like an Irishman, and that's saying everything in your favour; though, maybe, as you often walk the deck in your sleep, you were hard and fast in the action."

"Well, well, Dexter, I hope you'll get your step," said Darby, good-humouredly. "I'm sure you deserve it."

"And, by the powers, it's meself would get it, if you'd only lend me *your arm*, Darby," returned the other. "Och, bother their heads! to think I've got never a wound at all to put in the despatches; it's shameful tratement for an officer of my rank; but, mayhap, I can get the doctor——"

"Mr. Dexter, the first-lieutenant says, sir, that you're to get your traps, sir, and go on board the prize," exclaimed a quarter-master, who had just come from aft, "and Mr. McCreery wishes you to bear a hand about it, sir."

"Och, your soul to glory, Darby!" said Dexter, exultingly, and throwing down a piece of running gear he had just been splicing. "Ay, ay, Johnson, the traps will walk out o' themselves at such an order. But, Darby, would you like to go with me? Oh, wouldn't you sleep like a pig, my hearty, and me prize-master of a fighting craft,—captain, *pro tempore*, for the time being, Darby."

"Mr. Hamilton is going as prize-master, sir," interrupted the quarter-master, "and he is getting ready."

"Then there goes my captain's commission," said Dexter. "Never mind, my boy; I shall be first-letenant and second in command, any how, and that's not to be sneezed at." And away he went, delighted at the prospect of present change and future promotion.

The prize-crew was put on board the Spaniard. Lieutenant Hamilton took charge of her, with orders to

suffering a painful captivity, or undergoing a cruel death.

“Well, Ben,” said the lieutenant to the veteran, as he came aft to the place where he was standing, near the taffrail — “well, Ben, here we are again, once more safe and snug together ; but come, my old boy, let my servant give you a glass of grog, and then you shall overhaul your memory for some account of proceedings since we last parted on the mountain of imps.”

The old man shook his head. “Mountain of imps, indeed, sir ! I tould you, Mr. Hamilton, there was devilry going on up there away ; and I think neither you nor I requires stronger proofs of it than we have already had, though there’s some people as won’t believe not even so much as the evidence of their own senses.” The grog was brought, and the veteran, after saluting his officer, swallowed it at one gulp ; then, without further preface, as if sensible that the lieutenant was anxiously impatient to hear his narrative, he commenced : “When you left me in that land of darkness, where every bush held a nest of hobgoblins, that grinned at a poor fellow like them outlandish figures which Dutchmen stiek upon their rudder-heads — I’m saying, when you left me alone, or what was as good as alone, seeing I misdoubted the flesh-and-blood consistency of my companion as was no company to me, in the regard of his having lost the use of his jawing tackle :—but when you left me alone, I began to calculate the reckoning o’ the thing ; and thinks I to myself, this here’s a decent situation for a man o’ my years to be in, especially as I have had no experience on the land, and can scarcely even walk straight or steady on it. And what am I to do with the captain ?—for it stuck in my gizzard about its being the captain, and the more by token of that ’ere battle, which I tould you it was my lot once, a long time since, to have with the devil, who—d—— his black muzzle—never forgets or forgives an offence ; and so, says I, just under my breath, for fear any on ’em should

hear me—though I sputtered it in Dutch, because they shouldn't understand what I was a-saying, even if they did hear. 'Donder de bloxam,' says I, 'der duyvil take the barksman!' But I had scarcely uttered the name, when I hears summut a-coming through the bushes; and presently there was a noise of voices muttering together, and it sounded as if it was a sort of death-warning to me. So I tried to muster up my courage, and I called upon the Great Name, whose hand had been my protection in the battle and the storm, and whose ear is ever open to the supplications of distress; and, says I——

"My worthy old friend," exclaimed Hamilton, suddenly interrupting him, "do not spin out your yarn so long. Tell me what became of the man."

"You mustn't throw me slap up into the wind that fashion, Ned—Mr. Hamilton, I mean"—remonstrated the tar; "for, unless I steer my own course, and work my own traverse, I soon loses my reckouing."

"Well, well, go on your own way, Ben," returned the lieutenant; "but I'm very anxious, Ben, very anxious, to have what has taken place explained to me."

"No doubt of it, sir—that's all but nat'ral," assented the old man; "but then you know, Mr. Hamilton, as I tould you many a long day siuce, that to do a thing well is always the shortest way. But to do it well, it must be done ship-shape; and so, if you please to let me rig my own stick, why mayhap it'll be the better for both ou us." Hamilton nodded his head in token of acquiescence, and the veteran proceeded. "Well, sir, so the murmuring comed nigher and nigher, and at last got close to me; and then I heard 'em conversing together, and presently one on 'em says, says he, 'There's a panther, or some other hanimal, in the bush there; keep a good look-out, messmates.' And the next moment I hears the 'click, click,' from cocking three or four musket-locks, and 'Don't fire,' says I, for I

thought it was some of our own people: 'don't fire,' says I, 'it's only ould Ben!'—'And, pray, who the devil is ould Ben?' sings out one o' the party, advancing with his musket all ready for the present; and as soon as he secs me, he says, 'I'm —— if it isn't one o' the b—y man-o'-war's men, and—and by —— here's the padrone dead before him.' In an instant they seized hould on me, and all four began to ax me at once about the consarn; but, says I, 'Whosomever or whatsomever you are, if you'll wait a minute or two till Mr. Hamilton comes back, he'll make everything as clear as a fog-bank.'—'And, pray, who is Mr. Hamilton?' axed the first on 'em. 'He's my officer,' says I, 'and a better seaman never wore a head; for, Lord love your heart, I taught ——' "

"Well, well, Ben, we all know that," said Hamilton, laughing; "but do, my good fellow, tell me at once who the men were."

"Handsomely, handsomely, Ned—I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton I mean; don't pull your boat so fast," returned the seaman, rather angrily, at again being interrupted. "The men belonged to the Yankee schooner, which was as much about a Yankee as I am a Cherokee. Howsomever, they belonged to the schooner, and being fearful you'd bring down a strong party upon 'em, they hoists the body upon their shoulders, making me carry my share, and away we makes sail down a zig-zag path; and I'm blessed, Mr. Hamilton, if it didn't quite constropulate me to think what they were going to be up to with the skipper—for I firmly believed it was Captain Pearce that you had laid upon his beam-ends. And says I, 'Shipmates, I suppose you meau to go to our watering-party; and if so be that you do, why then I'm thinking you are on the wrong tack.' 'D—— your watering-party!' says their spokesman; 'you want to nab us, I suppose. No, no; we're going to our own boat.' 'Well, that's civil on you, anyhow,' says I; 'and

Captain Pearce'll thank you, for he wants the doctor, that's sartin, if his breath don't get jammed in the hawse before we reach the corvette.' 'The corvette?' says the man. 'What! do you take us for fools? We know a trick worth two o' that. He must go on board the schooner.' 'Then I'm d—— if he shall,' says I, bringing up like a billy-boy, all standing; for I didn't like the thoughts, Mr. Hamilton—notwithstanding the bit of a hole he'd made in his manners—I'm saying, I didn't like the thoughts of his being taken away from his own nat'ral ship's company; and says I, 'I'm d—— if he shall; he's my commander, and seeing he isn't able to speak for himself, why I considers——' Well, I'm bless'd if they didn't all set up a laughing at me, and one on 'em gives me a progue with a bayonet in my starn, and that made me think they meant mischief; and the long and the short of it is, Mr. Hamilton, they threatened to do for me, and so I was forced to go along, which I was the more ready to do, as they were detarmined to take the skipper with 'em, and as a nat'ral consequence, I wished to see what they would do with the body. So at last we reaches a little bit of a cove, in which laid what I took to be our white gig——"

"Go on, Ben; I know the boat well," said Hamilton.

"And good occasion you have, sir," replied the seaman; "for it was the one you were kidnapped in. Well, Mr. Hamilton, away we went through a narrow creek, that had a current like a sluice, and we was soon outside the island, and alongside the schooner; and they took the captain—who began to revive as we were running through the creek—they took him to the cabin, and shoves me down forud, where they claps me in the darbies; and one on 'em, civilly enough, brings me some grog, which I didn't like to refuse, and so I axes him how the skipper was getting on, and he tould me 'he was better; he had been stunned by *the fall*,

but was sensible, and fast asleep.' By this time I was up to a bit of gammon, Mr. Hamilton, and so I says nothing about the blow that capsized him; because I remembered an ould saying o' my uother's, that 'a still head makes a wise tongue.'

"Slue it end-for-end, Ben," said Hamilton, "and then you'll have the right bearing of it; 'a still tongue makes a wise head.'"

"Ah! well, Ned—I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton, I mean—it's summut about the same sort o' thing, as I take it," responded the old man; "but howsomever, I didn't say never a word, though they tried to pump it out on me. Well, all that day passed away; and sartinly I'd no reason to complain of my grub, for it was good, and plenty on it, and very civil treatment, barring the darbics. You remembers, no doubt, our conversing a bit, when up that infarnal no-man's-land sort of a mountain, about the schooner and the gold mines; so I pretended to see nothing, but, like the overseer of the niggers, who always slept with one eye shut and the other open, I kept a sharp look out in my mind as to what was going on, and then I sou discovered the craft was a picarooning wagabone, and the men pirates——"

"Yes, yes, Ben, I am aware of the character of the vessel, as you must well know," said the lieutenant; "but how did you get on with the man you took for Captain Pearce?"

"Why, I was sent for into the cabin," replied the veteran, "and there laid the skipper on a couch. You'll remember the cabin, Mr. Hamilton, and the bright lamp,"—the lieutenant nodded assent. "Well, there laid the skipper on a couch, with a silk gown on; and it scandalized me to see him rigged out like a female-woman, such as I never had seed him afore; but I makes my civilities in all due course, according to the best fashion of my edecation; but the strong blaze dazzled my eyes, and I felt somehow quite aback.

Still I'd been used to so much bedevilment, that I roused myself and looked round, and there I was alone with the—I was going to say devil, Mr. Hamilton, but you know who I mean. Well, the skipper,—for I still took him for the skipper,—that is, for Davy Jones, in his build and trim,—he axes me how we came upon him up ayont there, and what had become of you, and a goodish number of other questions, which I answered as sparingly as possible, not willing to overhaul too much, nor hould on by too short a scope; but I made bould to ax him whether he would let me return to my duty in the corvette, and says he, 'Never! you are here for life and death, my man, and I'm only sorry your officer arn't with you. You desarve the yard-rope for what you've done to me; but in marcy I will spare you, though if you breathe but one word of what hap-pened last night,—mind, ounly one word,—I'll hang you like a dog.'—'Many thanks, your honour,' says I, 'but I knows too well where I am, to give my tongue a roving commission; yet how your honour comes to be here, strikes me into a bit of bewilderment.' So he looks sternly at me,—'Mind your own business, Ben,' says he. And when he call'd me Ben, I up and snaps my finger, and says I, 'Satan, I defy you,' for I made sure I'd found him out; and his eyes flashed like two burning coals, and I thought I heard a rustling abaft him as if he was uncoiling his tail, and I'm blessed if I didn't make a bolt at the door; but the moment it was opened, there stood a couple of demons as black as the ace o' spades, with tormentors in one hand, and great wax-lights in the other as big as them at the viceroy's chapel; and so I jumps back again, and catches hould of a cutlash from the bulk-head, and 'Sheer off, you bitches' babies,' says I, 'or I'm d—— if I don't board you!'"

Hamilton laughed heartily, for he well remembered the two negroes, Pluto and Sam, and had no doubt that the whole had been got up to terrify his old friend

Transom. "Well-behaved, Ben," said the lieutenant, excited with the narrative. "Well-behaved, old boy; so you show'd them a bit of bright steel, eh?"

"Indeed and I did, Mr. Hamilton," replied the seaman, "and would have given 'em a taste on it, too, if they'd dared to show fight! But I found they were only a couple of poor ignoramuses o' niggers, and so I dropped the cutlash, and then I was sent away to confinement again. I saw no more o' the skipper till the night you were brought on board; but it was after you had gone ashore with him——"

"You knew I was on board, then?" said the lieutenant.

"Yes, Mr. Hamilton," answered the tar, "one o' the men tould me all about it, and your mistaking the schooner's boat for the *Warlock's* white gig; but they were so much alike, that one look'd the ghost of the other. Well, that night, after the padrone, as they call him, had taken you ashore——"

"There you mistake, Ben," interrupted the lieutenant; "it was Captain Pearce himself, aware of the striking likeness between them, who ventured his life to rescue me, and happily succeeded."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Hamilton," returned the veteran, "I've had a little palaver with the skipper just afore I came away to the prize, and he tould me a thing or two. Well, after you was gone that night, or rather morning, the padrone came aboard with the Portyghoe governor, and that beautiful young lady, and I knew her directly I set eyes upon her, which howsomever wasn't till after we got out to sea; and then they gave me my choice, either to walk the plank,* or to join

* Walking the plank is a very summary mode of dealing with refractory persons. A plank is placed over the ship's side, one end projecting and the other resting on board, without being at all secured; the individual is compelled by threatened, and sometimes frequently applied, torture, to walk out upon this plank till it overbalances, and away he goes overboard.

their crew. So I axed an hour to deliberate, which was allowed me, and I turns the matter over in my mind, and slues it all manner o' ways, and at last I determines to die, rather than disgrace myself; so I went aft to tell the padrone, and there I saw the pretty lass, and, as I said before, I knew her again directly, and the sights of her quite confustrated me, so that my intentions got hove up into irons, and I didn't know which way to tend, like a Yankee schooner jammed betwixt two winds. Howsomever, a change came over my mind, and I detarmined to live and try to save the lady, for your sake, Mr. Hamilton."

"God bless you, Ben, for that!" said the lieutenant. "It is like your generous spirit, my old friend."

"Mayhap so, mayhap so, Mr. Hamilton," returned the seaman; "howsomever, it went hard against my conscience to turn pirate, and so to see what they'd say, I tould the padrone I was ready for a lanch, 'for,' says I, 'death before dishonour;' and then there was a rattling o' blunderbusses, and an order for me to walk forud. But the sailing-master—him as had been ship-mate some time or other with Mr. Humphreys—says, 'It's a pity, too, that such a bit of good stuff should be expended like mere shakings. Come, my man, what's in a sarvice, or the name of a sarvice, as long as you do your duty by your owners, and get your wages when they're due; and as for a bit of a skrimmage now and then, why shouldn't you take to fighting upon occasion for yourself, as well as for another? Never quarrel with your grub for the sake o' the colour of the buutin; and for a tar to slip his wind altogether, because he can't have what he likes, is downright childish. Now, at your time o' life, you ought to be summut reasonable, and have larned to splice an eye in the bight of a rope. If you gives in when you gets to the plank——' 'Take him forud,' shouted the padrone, in a thundering voice. 'Avast a bit, if you please,' says the sailing-master; 'it aint often nature plays me the freak of feeling com-

passion, but I do hate to see a thorough tar go out o' the world like one o' your know-nothings. A seaman arn't to be made in a mere breath, and therefore oughtn't to be destroyed in the wink of a blind eye. I was saying, my man, if you gives in when you gets to the plauk, there's many will say it is from fear of death, and they'll chalk it down again you. Now, I think you're brave, and I don't want to see you die, or be thought ill of if you should come to be my shipmate; so consent with a good grace, and ha' done with it.' Well, at last, Mr. Hamilton, I suffers myself to be persuaded, and I was sworn in one of their murderous crew. Not but I knew I could do but little in an honest way for the lady, but still, nevertheless, thinks I, 'a living man is better than a dead lion;' and I made sartin the corvette would come in chase directly she could cross the bar. The second night, about two bells in the middle watch, we made out a large ship running away free, and coming down across our fore-foot, and every one made sure it was the *Warlock*. So the canvas was taken in and everything roll'd up snug, to leave nothing but the masts of the schooner visible, under the hope that you would pass by without seeing us; though I, who knew the good look-out that was kept in the barky, felt convinced that not even a gull's wing topping a sea would escape notice, and so I pleased myself with the idea of soon swinging in my own hammock again. But as the ship neared us, we made out it was not the corvette, and the padrone with his night-glass, declared 'it was the Spaniard they had left taking in freight at Monte Video for the ould country,' and he detarmined at once to have a slap at her. Preparations were made for going into action; the cloth was spread in an instant, and as he was by this time pretty close to us, we were soon within hail; but he took no notice, and held on his course, nor did he find out that he'd such a *loving* neighbour till we boarded him on the quarter, and in less than ten minutes he was ours. It

was a prettily managed thing, Mr. Hamilton: for the crafts scarcely kiss'd each other—as you may see, if you look over the larboard gallery,—and the men were over them bulwarks like lightning, and spread over the decks, cutting up and knocking down as if they'd been killing bullocks. As soon as the prisoners were secured, the padrone gives orders to clear the schooner. The boats went to work; the beautiful creatur was dismantled; the gold and valuables taken out; and then her bottom was skuttled. The prisoners were put into her, except two or three who volunteer'd, and, leaving her in a sinking state, we made all sail away. It was a cruel thing, Mr. Hamilton, as I understand they all perished."

"They did so," Ben," replied the lieutenant; "and the wretches who perpetrated so detestable an act will now have to answer for it. That padrone, as you call him, is a black-hearted villain."

"He made a jest of their misery, Mr. Hamilton, and scoff'd at their supplicating for mercy," returned old Ben, shaking his head; "but howsomever, he sent 'em a priest to make their confessions to,—a paddyree that came aboard with the ould governor——"

"Ha!" ejaculated Hamilton, who now remembered that Father Jerome had been of the party on the night himself and Captain Pearce had met them on the island, and that he had not seen him since the capture had taken place; "and what became of him, old man?"

"He went down, I suppose, with the rest, sir," replied the seaman; "for the padrone said, 'Father Jeremy would fit 'em out for heaven, and pilot 'em in arterwards;' and so he shared their coffin and their grave."

"It is horrible, Ben! very horrible!" exclaimed the officer, shuddering. "I owed the priest a grudge; but the sacrifice of life—of a friend, too! That fellow must be saved to grace the highest gallows that can be

found! But Ben,"—and Hamilton hesitated,—“I say, Ben, how did he treat——” again he paused. “Had you any opportunities of seeing how he treated the young lady?”

“Not many, sir,” returned the veteran; “but I don’t know much about it, for we were too busy forud and aloft, lightening the gear and getting the long poles up. She looks a little different now, Mr. Hamilton, to what she did when we first had her.”

“Yes—yes, she looks frightened and harassed,” said the lieutenant, his thoughts running on Marietta, and consequently mistaking the meaning of his humble companion; “but yet she is lovely—very lovely.”

Ben stared at his officer, not at first comprehending his expressions; but at length catching his ideas, he uttered, “Just as I thought, Ned,—I beg pardon, Mr. Hamilton I mean; the lass has got taut hold o’ your heart’s gear, and no doubt you’ll carry on through rough and smooth to sarve her.”

“She saved my life, Ben! administered to my wants when, probably, I should have perished,” argued Hamilton, with some warmth.

“Then God bless her for it!” exclaimed the tar; “and you know, Mr. Hamilton, there’s one who won’t flinch in your sarvice, if so be as he should be wanted.”

“I’m sensible of it, Ben,” said the officer; “but you must remember we are both under the pennant, and bound to obey orders; not but I think that Captain Pearce will act nobly, and I’m the more satisfied of it, by his sending me in with the ship, and not removing the lady and her father. The likeness between him and the pirate-chief is certainly most remarkable; I should like to know the history of both. If they were dressed alike, it would be impossible to know one from the other.”

“Ay, ay, sir; they are as like as two sister-blocks in person,” assented Transom; “but in the kind and generous feelings of the heart, they are as opposite as

the two ends of a ship. Howsomever, Mr. Hamilton, he's laid in a pretty cargo of gould for us."

"I suspect it will be a job for the lawyers, Ben," said the lieutenant; "and rely upon it, if once *they* get their grapplings on it, they'll not let go in a hurry."

"Is it the land-sharks you're spaking about, Mr. Hamilton?" inquired Dexter, who had approached and overheard the lieutenant's observation; "by the powers, but they're all jaw, and small blame to 'em for not being troubled by conscience. But I've come to report to you, Mr. Hamilton, that we've found a bit of live lumber stowed away down in the hold. The boys were digging for daylight, and they got hold of night; and here he comes, sir, throwing darkness all around him, like a sweep shaking his soot-bag. Lift up your sable countenance, Mr. Snowball."

Two men advanced, leading an aged negro, whom Hamilton immediately recognized as his old acquaintance Diego; and the latter, full of trembling alarm, no sooner saw the face of the lieutenant, than, chuckling with delight, he exclaimed, "Da handsome debble come again! Ky, Massa Bumbleton, he neber see poor nigger get fum fum. Da young missy peak one littly word for me. No Farder Jerram, now!" and the black shuddered.

"Release him, my men," ordered Hamilton; and the negro was immediately liberated. "Diego, I am rejoiced to see you safe. A drop of sweet cream, old boy, or un petit tasse d'eau-de-vie, eh?"

"Golly! massa peak ebery ting good to poor nigger," responded he. "Littly drop eau de vie, for make him belly quiet, you please. Ah, Massa Bumbleton, where da young missy?" He shook his head and added mournfully, "Diego neber see young missy again!"

"But you shall, my faithful fellow," said Hamilton, "and presently too, for she is down in the cabin there, with Don José."

"In da cabin, dere? In a massa's cabin?" reiterated

the black, inquiringly, his eye brightening up with pleasure, and his features assuming a look of laughing delight; "den me see 'em once more! Gor Amighty bless Massa Bumpleton! Ky! me happy for true," and, snapping his fingers, he danced about the deck, to the great mirth of Dexter, who immediately claimed him as a countryman, and pretended to be much alarmed that Irishmen should change colour. Diego swallowed the brandy that was brought him, and, indeed, the poor fellow required something exhilarating, for he was nearly suffocated when the men, in searching the hold, discovered him. The lieutenant took the aged negro to his young mistress, and their meeting was an extremely affecting one; for Diego had fondled and nursed the beautiful girl from her infancy, scarcely ever quitting her, and she was consequently much attached to him. His old master, too, was gratified to see him, for the countenance of the most humble friend is always welcome in adversity. Hamilton, too, was pleased with Diego's presence, as he would, by his translations, enable the lieutenant to hold converse with Marietta. Nor was he long before he availed himself of this advantage; and they obtained information that explained away many things which had seemed strange and mysterious.

On went the gallant little "Wizard of the Sea," and closely following in her wake came the prize she had so nobly won. The breeze had veered round in their favour, and they were steering a direct course for Rio Janeiro. The pirate-chief had revived to consciousness, and Captain Pearce had resigned his own state-room to his use, allowing no one but the surgeon and his own particular servant to visit the prisoner.

Almost from his first arrival at Sanctos, the commander of the *Warlock* had been aware of the intentions of Don José, and might at once have seized the schooner, could he have managed so as to get near her; but the cautious watch that was ever kept on

board of her, and her constant state of readiness to be off, rendered the capture extremely problematical; and at the same time Captain Pearce, knowing well that she would receive a good freight of gold, saw no reason why he should not suffer his contemplated prize to become as valuable as possible. He was not rich himself; and though he would not have entertained the thought for one moment of sacrificing his duty to avarice, yet he deemed it necessary, as a state concern, to let the plot thicken, and to catch the whole gang at once. He had also been informed of the strong resemblance between himself and the pirate-chief; but it was not till that night on which M'Creery was so unexpectedly missing, that he had an opportunity of beholding this daring leader,—the padrone, who had long been a terror in the southern ocean. Whilst sitting in the gun-room, as before related, M'Creery had caught sight of the captain's face, as he was looking steadily at him down the skylight. He immediately ascended to the deck; a grasp by the arm, and the whisper of "Silence," rendered their movements unobserved, for the sentries were purposely enticed forward with the quartermaster, and the midshipman had for a moment gone below. The captain and his first-lieutenant descended the stern ladder into a canoe, which the former had himself paddled to that spot, and dropping away with the current, were soon out of sight.

On landing upon the banks of the river, a little below the town, the canoe was secured, and Captain Pearce conducted M'Creery to his lodgings, where disguises had been provided for them; and attended by a Portuguese in the secret, they sallied forth towards the governor's house, which having approached, they remained at a distance convenient to avoid detection. It was about nine o'clock, when a man, arrayed in black velvet, passed their place of concealment, and the attendant instantly pointed him out as the individual

they wished to see. But the night was too dark to make out his features, even if his face had not been closely enveloped in his short cloak; and though they followed his footsteps as far as it was prudent, yet no favourable opportunity occurred to enable them to identify his countenance. His stay at the government-house was not of any long duration, and on his re-appearance at the entrance-hall, the trio were again on the alert; but the man, as if aware that speculative eyes were upon him, folded his mantle and pulled his Spanish hat over his face, so as to defy the keenest scrutiny. After carefully looking about him, he passed up the street, and was followed by the confederates, who at length tracked him to a small creek above the town, where he embarked in a canoe, which immediately pushed out into the river and was soon lost to view.

Foiled in his design of gaining M'Creery's opinion of the resemblance, the captain returned to his lodgings, and the plan was laid for the masked-ball, already described. But previous to its taking place, the commander of the *Warlock* became aware that the padrone had taken advantage of the knowledge he must have possessed relative to the great similitude they bore to each other, to personate him even in his own ship; and he performed his part so well as to deceive not only the first-lieutenant, but also all who saw him. This occurred on the evening but one previous to the ball, and without informing M'Creery of the deception which had been practised upon him, Captain Pearce determined to excuse his attendance at the entertainment, under the plea of illness, but at the same time resolved to be present, so as to watch the other's motions, and, if necessary, declare himself; and he it was who kept an attentive eye upon all the actions of the pirate in the Spanish dress. It is true, he might have seized him at once; but that would have excited alarm, and the schooner would have got away. At one time

he projected the plan of communicating with M'Creery, and secretly despatching the boats to capture the schooner; but he soon became sensible of the chances against success;—the distance was great to the entrance of the river, and he was aware that a single rocket sent up would be instantly answered by others, and the vessel—the object which he most coveted,—would quit the coast. Captain Pearce had witnessed the return of Hamilton with surprise and pleasure, as he made no doubt that the padrone had been either principally, or in some measure, concerned in his disappearance; the subsequent conduct of the parties confirmed him in the opinion, and urged him to redoubled vigilance. He had narrowly observed what took place on shore, and Hamilton's embarkation in the white gig of the pirate; and he lost no time in arranging his plans to rescue the young officer. He had received information of the schooner having anchored in the cove, and mounting a horse procured for him by his host, he without hesitation started for the place, accompanied by a negro. Arrived at the cove, the next thing was to look for a canoe, which occupied some considerable time; but at length it was accomplished, and the captain, with his black attendant, pushed from the shore. At a short distance from the vessel the paddles ceased their motion, and Captian Pearce, with a steady and well-practised eye, scrutinized her position. She was riding by a hawser attached, no doubt, to a stream-anchor, whilst the heavier ones were cock-billed, ready to let go at a moment's warning. Had she been higher up, there would have been much difficulty, in a strong wind, for her to get out; but she had been so judiciously stationed, that she could get to sea with any but one breeze, and that would equally detain the *Warlock* in the river. That all was readiness for a start was very evident, and the British commander could not contemplate the beautiful craft without those feelings of gratification, which are ever excited in the

breast of a seaman at witnessing approaches to perfection in his profession. The canoe lay motionless for several minutes, whilst Captain Pearce seemed buried in a deep reverie, and the negro, with the listless indifference of his race, closed his eyes to indulge in slumber. A hail from the schooner aroused both, and the response, "Padrone," was immediately given, for the captain was aware that he had been observed from the first moment of his approach. The canoe ran alongside, and it was not without some doubts of the success of his enterprise, which caused a palpitation of heart, that the English commander stood upon the schooner's deck. There was neither noise nor bustle; everything seemed to be in the most perfect order; and as he carelessly glanced his eye forward, he saw only three or four men about the fore-castle, and he wished for a good boat's crew, as he felt confident she would soon have been his own. A shrill whistle from the second in command, however, speedily undeceived him, for the instant it had sounded, men completely armed, and ready for instantaneous action, appeared to spring out of the very decks, and there they stood motionless and silent. Captain Pearce, though at the first a little startled, rightly conjectured that this was a usual practice at night, to show that all were alert and prompt for duty; and, with his usual quickness of perception, he advanced a step or two forward, exclaimed, "It is well, men!" and waving his hand, they disappeared with the same silence and quickness as they had been conjured up. Upon the romantic and enthusiastic mind of the British officer this incident produced the most animating effect, and without a moment's delay he inquired for the prisoner, and was informed of his confinement in the state-room. This intelligence was highly gratifying; and after practising several manœuvres to gain information without exciting suspicion, the visit terminated in Hamilton's liberation. But Captain Pearce, with that love of mysticism which formed his peculiar character,

istic, refrained from entering into any explanations ; so that the lieutenant remained in ignorance of the facts, and felt convinced that his commander, though in what way he could not tell, was the cause of all his difficulties. But to return.

At dawn on the second day, they were abreast the lofty peak called the Sugar Loaf, at the entrance of the harbour of Rio Janeiro, where they were compelled to bring up till the sea-breeze made in, and the corvette having telegraphed the *London*, 98, a royal barge soon afterwards put off from the palace-stairs, in which was the young prince Don Pedro (afterwards emperor of Brazil, and Liberator of Portugal). The white standard was in her bows, and gallantly she cleaved the element, till she lay motionless alongside of the corvette. Captain Pearce received his distinguished visitor with the honours due to his rank ; but the prince returned his attentions with a degree of hauteur that was ill brooked by the British commander. The circumstances relative to the capture were, however, narrated to him ; and when he understood that the governor, Don José, was a prisoner in the conquered vessel, he very unceremoniously quitted the *Warlock*, and repaired on board the Spaniard, where, in the most uncourteous manner, he demanded an interview with the fallen man. Hamilton received the prince with every mark of respect, and conveyed his requests to Don José, through the medium of Diego. The humbled governor ascended to the deck, and certainly his heart-stricken appearance ought to have excited sentiments of pity, but the royal youth upbraided him in abusive language ; and when the abject being knelt to implore mercy, Don Pedro struck him a severe blow, that laid the old man prostrate at his feet. Hamilton's blood rushed up to his temples at witnessing such an unnatural and unprovoked assault, a flush of indignation suffused his cheeks, and he instantly sprang to Don José's assistance, and with Dexter's aid raised him to

his feet. The prince would have prevented this ; but the hardy midshipman, without a moment's hesitation, forcibly pushed him away, exclaiming, "Och, you thafe o' the world ! but it's well for you it isn't Paddy Dexter that you're after sarving in that fashion, or, by the powers, I'd be giving you a little Irish pomatum to make your hair black."

Such an indignity to a prince of the blood-royal of Portugal was wholly unexpected on the part of Don Pedro, who instantly drew his sword upon the unarmed midshipman, and made several passes at him, which the other dexterously parried with his hat, at the same time retreating towards the side, where a wet swab had only a few minutes before been laid down. With the agility of a monkey Dexter snatched it up, and though receiving a slight wound, he sent it slap into the prince's face, so as to prevent him from seeing to do greater mischief ; he then wrested the weapon from his hand, which he was about to throw overboard, but was prevented by Hamilton. "Is that a taste o' your education," exclaimed Dexter, "to be pitching your toasting fork at a defenceless crature like meself ? Oh, you cowardly lubber ! but if I had you upon sweet Erin-go-bragh, but I'd be taching you better manners than that, you ugly man's child, to show no respect for grey hairs in adversity !"

The confusion on the deck brought the officer out of the prince's barge, and he was followed by several of the men, who, at first, merely looked on as spectators ; but, on Don Pedro ordering them to take possession of the ship and confine the officers, they began to assume a hostile appearance. Hamilton determined to resist such an act of aggression, and shouted for the speaking-trumpet, for the purpose of hailing the corvette. But old Ben set the matter at rest in a more summary way ; for, seeing what was likely to occur, he beckoned three or four of the men to his assistance, who busied themselves with one of the quarterdeck guns, and, as soon

as the Portuguese had formed for the attack, it was slued round on the instant, and pointed towards them ; whilst Ben, with a look of defiance, stood with the match in his hand, ready to clap it to the priming. Such a spectacle produced immediate results ; for the prince and his party were quickly in the boat, and it would have been difficult to say which one amongst them used the most expedition ; at all events, they were soon clear of the ship, and Hamilton shortly afterwards went on board the corvette to report the occurrence to his commander, who expressed his regret at the affair, but entirely approved of the lieutenant's conduct.

As soon as the sea-breeze set in, both ships got under weigh, and, after passing the fort of Santa Cruz, brought up a short distance from the island Da Cobra, and Captain Pearce immediately waited on the gallant admiral, to whom he related all that had taken place, and so interested the brave Sir Sidney, that he accompanied him back to the *Warlock*, for the purpose of having an interview with the pirate. The padronc, however, was too feeble to hold converse with any one ; but the perfect resemblance excited astonishment and admiration in the admiral's mind, and he hastened ashore to the palace to wait upon the prince-regent. Few men possessed a clearer understanding than Sir Sidney Smith, and he saw at once the necessity of manifesting that becoming spirit, which would check any presumption on the part of the Portuguese court that the navy of England was to be subservient to their command. He found the prince-regent alone, and it was apparent that the son had already prejudiced the mind of his father, who behaved with a cool distance, almost approaching to rudeness. But this, so far from deterring the hero of Acre, actually rendered him more resolute ; and therefore, without waiting for any observations from the ruler of the nation, he, in his open, manly way, complained of the conduct of the young prince, and intimated pretty strongly that it *must not*

be repeated. A warm altercation took place, but Sir Sidney remained firm ; and as a proof of his intentions, he stated his determination to send the *Warlock* and her prize to England, for the adjudication of the Admiralty Court. This staggered Don John, who was extremely desirous of getting the runaway governor of Sanetos into his power ; and but for the conduct of Pedro, it is very probable that he would have been surrendered to the laws of Portugal. The prince-regent remonstrated, entreated, threatened, but Sir Sidney remained firm ; there being, as he asserted, so much intricacy in the case, that it required the most minute investigation.

In a few days afterwards, the *Warlock*, with her prize, was once more under weigh and running out, when a shot from Santa Cruz battery was thrown across the fore-foot of the corvette, either as a mark of insult or as a signal to anchor. Captain Pearce, however, stood on, and another shot carried away his flying jib-boom. Shots were also fired at the prize. Sir Sidney Smith had calculated upon something of this sort, and the British squadron had unmoored and hove short. At the first sound of the firing, up went 66 to the admiral's masthead, and the whole of the ships were soon under a cloud of canvas, running for the passage. Captain Pearce and his conquest pursued their way, but Santa Cruz fired no more.

The joy experienced by Don José, when he found that he was not to be delivered up to the Portuguese government was great in the extreme ; but his captor held out no expectations that this would ultimately be the case, for he was still amenable to their laws. The sinking of the schooner, the capture of the Spaniard and the murder of her crew, had, however, determined the admiral to send the whole to England. Still the reprieve from almost immediate death, had he landed at Rio, and the certainty of remaining with his daughter for several months to come, greatly exhilarated the old

man's spirits ; and the never-dying principle—hope, shadowed forth brighter prospects for the future. Marietta contented herself, because she saw her father more happy, and Hamilton's efforts to soothe and amuse her did not fail to produce their full effects. A fine rattling breeze carried them along at the rate of ten knots an hour ; and nothing material occurred, beyond those usual incidents that are constantly happening to the sons of the ocean.

The pirate-chief, though kept a close prisoner, was nevertheless well treated, and the aftermost cabin, next the captain's, appropriated to his use, a scutry remaining constantly at the door. When sufficiently recovered, he was permitted, at certain times, to go on deck, but on no occasion was he allowed to be free from restraint ; and he constantly wore the black velvet suit to distinguish him from Captain Pearce, who anxiously longed to obtain a knowledge of his history. This was at last effected, by a mutual recapitulation of past events ; and the early portion of their existence was equally as remarkably coincident as the strong resemblance to each other. But the particulars must be reserved for a separate chapter.

Ned Kinlock, the pirate's second in command, had his arm amputated and his wounds dressed, and some hopes were entertained of his recovery ; but the wild impetuosity of his temper defeated all the efforts of the surgeon, and he expired with the same reckless fearlessness in which he had lived. The other prisoners had the free use of their limbs during daylight ; but at sunset every one of them was secured, both legs in irons, and so continued during the night, till morning again liberated them.

CHAPTER XI.

“And ‘Oh, my mother!’ trembled on his tongue.”

“You are by birth an Englishman?” said Captain Pearce, in a tone of inquiry, and addressing the pirate-chief, as they stood together abaft the mizen-mast on the quarterdeck, and clear from interruption.

“That is beyond my knowledge,” returned the other, “for I never was made acquainted with the place of my nativity.”

“I should, perhaps, think such a circumstance surprising,” said the captain musingly, “but it actually happens to be precisely my own case. The details of such a life as yours must be worth listening to.”

“Ay, if they were worth recording,” returned the pirate cautiously, and evading the implied wish to hear them. “We all have our roughs and smooths, our gales and calms, our vices and our virtues; but I see no use in entering the whole in the log-book for man’s inspection or amusement.”

“And yet a moral may be gathered even from the most depraved in heart,” argued the captain; “and for virtue, example goes farther than precept.”

“I have passed a few years in the world,” said the pirate, “and I never found the strongest virtue proof against gold. It is impossible to elevate human nature to the altitude of angelic purity.”

“I agree with you in the latter observation,” assented the captain; “yet a desire to excel should call forth the noblest efforts of the mind.”

“Excel in what?” returned the pirate-chief. “But

these metaphysical subjects are not to my taste. Give me those which harmonize with my profession."

"As a seaman, or as a freebooter?" inquired Captain Pearce with some degree of asperity; but instantly checking himself, he added, with more urbanity, "I will suppose the former. As for myself, I believe the waves of the ocean rocked my cradle. I was picked up at sea an infant."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the other. "It is singular that the threads of our existence should be so strangely interwoven, for such, I am told, was my early introduction to the busy scenes of time."

"It is truly strange," accorded Captain Pearce, vainly endeavouring to suppress his agitation. "But the miniature you wear—for I acknowledge that I have seen it—that miniature, I suppose, is the resemblance of——"

"My mother," uttered the pirate with sudden energy, and taking up the speech of his interrogator; who, clasping his hand to his forehead, ejaculated, "My God!" The padrone did not, however, heed the exclamation, but went on, "Do not mistake me. I have nothing but conjecture to rest upon, for my parents, my origin, are alike unknown to me. Yet, when I look upon this face"—and both simultaneously drew forth the cases—"when I look upon this face, I love to dwell upon the idea that this is she who bore me."

"A similar feeling pervades my mind," said Captain Pearce, holding forth his picture to the view of the surprised pirate, and exciting in him emotions more intimately allied to humanity; "they are portraits of one and the same person, and executed by the same skilful hand; the workmanship of the chains, too, is alike in every particular. May I inquire how you became possessed of yours?"

"There is so much of mystery enveloping our relative situations," said the padrone, "that I care not if we come to some better knowledge of each other. Circum-

stances have already occurred that would lead vulgar minds to credit tales of magic ; and, it must be owned, they are surprising, though nothing but what may be accounted for in the common course of nature."

Captain Pearee fixed his eyes upon the speaker with an intensity of feeling that was painful in the extreme, and the latter, with equal eagerness, gazed upon his counterpart. There seemed to be a rush of thought upon the mind of each that embraced every hour of their past existence, whilst memory endeavoured to catch at some occurrence or other, on which to hang even a conjecture of affinity ; but there was nothing that it could cling to, and they stood looking at one another for several minutes, in the deep silence of abstraction from what was passing around them. At length Captain Pearee renewed the conversation.

"For myself," said he, "I have nothing to conceal ; but there may be events which it would not be prudent for you to disclose, lest I should be hereafter compelled to—to—you understand me?"

"I do," returned the pirate, "though I do not see in what manner you can be forced to give in evidence the substance of a private conversation. But I will not tax your confidence so far. I know my doom, and shall not shrink from it. You, sir, have only performed your duty ; and, believe me, amongst all the wreck of kindlier emotions, gratitude is not wholly lost. Avast ! avast ! it is too late now to turn eroaker." He laughed in bitterness, as if ashamed at being for one moment betrayed into what he feared might be deemed weakness, and then continued, "No matter : the lighter winds will sometimes sigh as if in sorrow at being shorn of their strength ; but it is the same power, when bounding free, that can rend the heavens and lash the waters into raging foam."

"Well, well, said Captain Pearee, pleased at his sudden energy, which assimilated, in a great degree, with his own romantic fervour, "we will descend to

the cabin, and there we shall be less likely to excite attention."

"It is two-and-thirty years ago," commenced the pirate, after they had taken their seats in the cabin—"it is two-and-thirty years ago that an American slaver, bound from the coast of Africa, when about thirty leagues to the westward of the Cape de Verdes, fell in with a small boat, the mast stepp'd, and a tattered sail, half up, half down, hung shivering in the breeze. In the stern-sheets was a female, whose colour, features, and long shining hair, proclaimed her to be a native of Hindostan. She was not dead, but in a state of exhaustion, evidently from the want of food, although the remnant of a biscuit was in her hand, partly soaked in a little fresh water, which it was conjectured she was about to give to a young infant that was crying by her side. That infant was myself."

"In what month, and on what day of the week, did this happen?" inquired Captain Pearce, manifesting the deepest interest in the narrative.

"Of course," returned the pirate, "upon these particulars I can be but parrot-tongued, and repeat what I have learned from others. It was on Sunday, the twenty-third of August, ——"

The commander of the *Warlock* vainly endeavoured to suppress his agitation, when his prisoner gave the precise date of the occurrence. "It was near that time," said he, "that something similar occurred to myself; but it was considerably more to the eastward, and several days earlier. But proceed, and let me beg of you not to omit one incident that is calculated to throw any light upon the subject."

"You may rely upon me," returned the pirate-chief, nearly as agitated as his captor, but keeping his feelings under better control; "I will omit nothing of the smallest importance, as, believe me, I feel equally interested with yourself in the development. Something tells me we are allied by the strong ties of

fraternity." The padrone watched the countenance of his companion as he uttered this, but there was no outward manifestation, beyond a sudden suffusion on the cheeks, and a slight look of mortified pride. "At all events," he continued, "I've told you the mode of my being discovered, like a weed tossed upon the ocean. The female never spoke, and expired shortly after she was removed to the ship."

"But the picture—the miniature," exclaimed Captain Pearce; "how came you by that?"

"It was suspended round my neck," replied the person addressed, "and the captain of the slaver, who took me under his protection, preserved it for me, indulging the hope that it might lead to future discovery. To be sure, there was a mixture of benevolence and self-interest in this; but, after all, notwithstanding his calling, he was a kind-hearted man, and his treatment of me was like a parent; for, as I grew up, he gave me education, and then took me with him to sea. Every inquiry that could possibly be made was made, whether there had been any wreck at the Cape de Verds, but nothing could be ascertained, nor have I to this hour been enabled to learn more. From the appearance of the boat, it was conjectured that it had drifted away from one of the islands; but our dresses were decidedly English, and part of a book in that language was found in the boat. Thus, sir, you have my early history, which is all that you can require."

"Curiosity would ask for more," rejoined Captain Pearce, "but I would not have it gratified for its mere sake. I thank you for your confidence thus far. Indeed, it had become, in a great measure, absolutely requisite to both; for you will perceive, in what I am about to say, that there is a mysterious link connecting us together, and possibly, as you have observed, by the bonds of kindred. It was on the 16th of August, exactly one week previous to the period you have mentioned, that a Dutch frigate, having run the gauntlet

through the British cruisers, was to the eastward of St. Jago, making the best of her way to the Cape, when she chased a small sloop, which, not bringing-to as soon as required, a shot was fired, very wantonly, right into her. She immediately came to the wind, with her weather fore-sheet up, and hoisted Portuguese colours; in fact, she was a sort of trader between the Cape Verds and the coast. On boarding her, it was found that the unlucky shot had killed the master, the only white man in her, all the rest being black fellows, from whom very little information could be obtained. They stated that they had left Mayo a day or two before; and shortly after quitting port, a large ship had stopped her, and put on board several men, with a black nurse and two infant children." The pirate drew a long quivering breath, like a person plunging into cold water. "As soon as the ship was out of sight, the men seized the sloop's boat; and, though they had determined to leave the woman and children behind, yet, when they were shoving off, the nurse grasping one infant in her arms, sprang over the side into the stern-sheets, and she went with them, leaving the other infant, myself, with the Portuguese. The sloop was well overhauled for provisions; and, secreted in one of the lockers of the cabin, the gold chain and miniature were discovered, which the negroes, on being questioned, acknowledged had been taken from round my neck; they also declared, that the men who took the boat away were Englishmen, who had been turned adrift to get rid of them, and that they had hoisted their sail to run for one of the islands. After a strict examination, the craft was suffered to proceed, but I was taken on board the frigate, which arrived in safety at the place of her destination, and returned to Holland again, unmolested. As soon as I could walk, I was suffered to roll and tumble about the decks, as a young puppy would; and as I gained strength, though well fed, I was in all other respects totally neglected, with scarcely a rag to cover

me. I was not eight years of age when peace was proclaimed; and one of the seamen of the frigate, who had shown me more kindness than any one else, and from whom I had heard the particulars I have now related, proposed taking me to England, to seek for my connections; and, by his representations, I obtained the only property in the world I could call my own, namely, the locket and chain. I accompanied my protector across from the Texel to Yarmouth; and, after many fruitless inquiries, we shipped into the British navy, and I have attained my present rank. Poor Vanderfelt was shipmate with me when he died. This is all that is at present necessary for you to know; but still," added Captain Pearce, rising from his seat with considerable emotion, and hastily pacing the cabin—"still there is sufficient to make me dread that I have a twin-brother for my prisoner, and a brother whose life will be forfeited to the law of nations."

From this period there was more of intercourse between the two; and Captain Pearce at length drew from the padrone the whole history of his life, which had been one of hardship, suffering, cruelty, and crime. At Sanctos, the place of his retreat, was the spot where Hamilton and old Ben had stopped on the mountain; and he had contrived to collect a considerable quantity of gold, which was concealed in a recess that escaped Hamilton's research. He had seen Donna Marietta, without knowing that she was the governor's daughter, and to be the companion of his voyage, and he determined upon carrying her off that night. Nothing could exceed his surprise to meet with the beautiful girl at the masquerade, and to find that Don José was her father. Marietta was not aware that the same night had been fixed upon for their departure; but it had been so arranged, under the expectation that no suspicion of treachery would be excited after the friendly intercourse of the day. Captain Pearce, however, had

watched every motion ; and, in his anxiety to rescue Hamilton, the party escaped.

After a delightful passage of two months, in which the commander of the *Warlock* had effected a great change in the mind of the padrone, both ships arrived without casualty in the British Channel, and moored at Spithead ; but in a few days afterwards the prize was ordered up the river Thames, and the whole of the pirates were conveyed in her, from whence they were sent to Newgate. Captain Pearce (who had come up from Portsmouth to London) now renewed his inquiries relative to their probable consanguinity ; and, believing the pirate to be his brother, he endeavoured to procure for him many comforts, which, but for his interference, would have been denied ; and he likewise retained the best and most acute counsel in the kingdom, to conduct his defence when brought up for trial. Indeed, though loathing his crimes and lamenting his supposed relationship, he nevertheless omitted no one thing that offered the remotest chance of saving him. Still he did all this without entertaining the slightest hope of success, for the cold-blooded murder of the Spaniards in the schooner would admit of no palliation whatever.

The remarkable resemblance between the pirate-chief and the British officer grew to be generally known, and some incorrect accounts having got into the public papers, Captain Pearce became an object of great interest,—the circumstance forming the theme of conversation in almost every company. He was presented at court, invited to the dinners of the nobility, the East-India Company gave him a handsome sword, and he bade fair to be the lion of the fashionable season.

Don José was in some respects considered a state-prisoner ; but no further restraint was put upon him than being under the close surveillance of the police, one of the body being in constant attendance upon him. Marietta still continued to enjoy the society of Hamilton ; and Captain Pearce, commiserating her

situation, treated her with great attention and kindness. As connected with the affair of the pirates, the don and his daughter were much sought after; but they declined appearing in public, and confined themselves to a select few, whose friendship was unaffected by worldly purposes.

One morning, Captain Pearce was sitting in his room at the hotel, when Hamilton was announced and immediately admitted. "I have good news for you, sir," exclaimed the lieutenant on entering the doorway. "Old Transom has been to visit some former shipmates at Greenwich, and he has discovered a man, who I have no doubt is enabled to give you very important information relative to your infancy——"

"Indeed!" said Captain Pearce. "Why, then, did you not bring them with you?"

"They are here, sir," replied the lieutenant, "waiting your orders; but I thought it would be best to apprise you first."

"It was considerate of you, Hamilton," returned his commander; "but let them be admitted immediately."

In a few minutes our old friend, Ben, was ushered into the room by his officer, and accompanied by a grey-headed naval pensioner, who, removing his triangular truck from his head, put up his hand to a lock of hair on his forehead, which he pulled in the true style of a nautical salute; whilst Ben, with more freedom, but not less respect, expressed "a hope that his honour was well."

"Quite hearty, old man," returned the captain, endeavouring to assume composure. "But who have we here, Ben?"

"It's an ould shipmate o' mine, your honour," answered the seaman; and pushing the pensioner to advance, "Stand forud, Jem, and speak to the captain. Ay, and we were more than shipmates, sir,—we were messmates together in the ould *Valiant*, 74, at the taking

of Havannah. Keppel had his broad pennant aboard of her, and Adam Dunean was captain. Well, here's Jem, your honour, has got summut to overhaul to you; for seeing as I knew a little of your history, and the history of the paddyrone that's hard and fast in the stone jug, I got talking of the matter to my ould messmate here. He's a pensioner, sir, down at Grinage; and I ax'd Mr. Hamilton's leave to go and see him; and so I got talking to him about the 'zemblanee betwixt you, and other eonsarns, and says he, 'I'm d——, Ben——' But there, Jem, tell the captain yourself."

"Why yes, sir," said the pensioner, taking up the broken thread of old Ben's account—"why yes, sir, we were messmates together in the *Valiant*, 74, and I sarved with Duncan many years arterwards——"

"What ship were you in about 1775?" inquired the captain, rather hastily.

"Why, that's it I'm come about, sir," replied the pensioner; "for Ben here got paying out a goodish scope of palaver, in the regard o' the matter of a couple of babbies and a Portygreee sloop off the Cape Verds; for it was all in the course o' natur to spin a bit of a yarn about the *Warlock* and her prize; and that began it, sir. And says I, 'Ben, what sort o' babbies were they?' But he couldn't tell me, sir, in regard he had never seen 'em; so says I again, 'Then I'll tell you, Ben; they were two pretty boys, and they had one o' them there tea-pot ladies for a nurse. They were twins, Ben, and their mother was the beautifullest woman I ever set my eyes on. I shall never forget her as long as I live.'"

Captain Pearce arose greatly agitated, and putting the miniature into the veteran's hand, he exclaimed, "Look at that, old man!"

The person addressed fumbled in his pockets for his spectacles, which having found and adjusted, he proceeded to examine the portrait; but the figure in his

mind's eye did not accord with that upon the ivory, and after carefully surveying the features he returned it.

"Ah, sir," said he, hesitatingly, "it is many, very many years ago, and my eyes are dim now. And yet it looks the moral o' the lady; though I should know it better if I could see it smile."

The captain had fixed his keen gaze on the pensioner, and almost withheld his breath during the inspection of the picture; and when it was returned, he put it up and inquired, "Where was it that you saw the mother of the twins?"

"'Twas in a small East-Ingeeman, sir," returned the veteran; "and if you will allow me, sir, I'll tell you all about it."

"Sit down, then, my man," said the captain, striving to conquer his feelings; "I'm deeply interested in this affair: sit down," and he handed him a chair.

"God bless your honour—no, thankee, sir," responded the pensioner, awkwardly bowing, "I'd rather stand, if you please; for if I gets moored, my ideas may get a round turn in the hawse, but at single anchor, if I should break shear, at all events I've a good sweep to keep from fouling——"

"Have your own way, old man," said the captain; "but do not keep me long in suspense."

"No, sir, that warn't her name—it warn't the *Spense*, but the *Amelia*," returned the pensioner. "She was a small ship, and had a draft o' seamen for the squadron under Sir Edward Hughes, and there was several passengers; and among the rest a lady with twin children and a black nurse, and three or four white sarving-maids, and they had the big cabin to themselves."

"What was her name?" demanded Captain Pearee impatiently; "quick! her name, old man."

"Ah, sir," replied the pensioner, shaking his head, "the name has escaped my memory, for I never was much skill'd in the logging o' matters except by the eye;

and you know, sir, a name arn't that sort of thing as can be look'd at. Howsomever, as I have already tould you. she was beautiful and young, and doated on the childer. Well, off the Canaries we had a gale of wind—a regular sneezer; and the craft laboured so much, we were obligated to throw the guns overboard, keeping only four out of twenty-six; but being a very fair sailer, none of us thought much o' the matter when fine weather returned, and we went bowling merrily along with the breeze on the quarter, studd'nsels alow and aloft, and short'ning our miles in good style. One day, to the northurd and eastard of the Cape Verds, we spied a strange sail, and being, as I may say, a man-o'-war without guns, it behoved us to be a little cautious, and so we tries to open our distance from him; but if ever there was a thorough clipper, your honour, that was a right arnest one, for she seemed to fly like a bird. We soon made out her rig to be ship-rig, and she might have passed for a British cruiser but for the whiteness of her sails, which plainly showed she was one o' the New World; and as there had been talks of a rumption atwixt the colonies and the mother-country, the captain o' the Ingeeman began to feel dubersome about him. But what was to be done? As to running away from him, it was impossible, for it was like a racehorse in chase of a haystack; she comes up with us hand-over-hand, and her spread o' cloth, square-yards, and heavy spars soon told us what latitude she was from. At first she hoisted a Saint George's ensign and pennant, and our captain, thinking to show that we warn't afraid, shortened sail and rounded-to, still keeping her under command. She ran alongside us so close, that you might have chucked a biscuit into her, when down came her ensign and pennant, and up went the stripes and stars, and, without hailing, slap she rattles a broadside at us. 'Very civil, upon my soul,' says our captain. 'if that's the way he means to ax a fellow how he does, Give him the two guns and a volley of musketry there,

just by way of saying, Pretty well, thankee.' But he'd best have let it alone, sir, for it knock'd the daylight out o' some o' the Yankees, and we hadu't no manner o' chance whatsoever ; so we were compelled to strike, and they comed aboard swearing blue blazes but they'd spifflicate us all. And sure enough they did cut right and left, and a random blow made the skipper look like a figure o' 9 with the tail cut off. When they'd taken possession, they began plundering, and some on 'em shares out the white women—[Captain Pearce groaned heavily]—but what became of 'em I don't know, for a sloop ran down to us, and they shoves me and about a dozen more as was rather refractory into her, and the Yankee captain, calculating that the babbies would disturb him, and probably take up too much of the lady's attention, he sends 'em aboard along with us, and shoved the black woman into the lot, and away the picarooning rascal sails with his prize."

"Have you ever heard what became of the lady since?" inquired Hamilton, who put the question, seeing how strongly his commander was excited.

"Never, sir," returned the man mournfully ; "for though I have seen some of my ould shipmates since, none on 'em could give any account o' the matter. But, as I was a-telling you, as soon as the Yankee was out of sight, we took the sloop's boat, intending to make for one of the islands, and thinking the woman and the babbies would be better off in the sloop thau roughing it out with us, we agreed to leave 'em behind ; but the nurse jump'd into the boat with one on 'em just as we were shoving off—indeed, we had got clear of the sloop's side—and then we debated whether we should fetch t'other. But the fact was, the men thought they must die, and they didn't like to have the ill-luck of a dead infant in the boat."

"Now, that's what I call downright lubberly in the regard o' knowing anything about babbies," exclaimed old Ben, interrupting the speaker ; "'cause

why? The Creator wouldn't have suffered the winds to blow too roughly upon such helpless innocents, and they might have been a policy of insurance to you against bad weather."

"Mayhap so," responded the other; "but if we had any right to expect such a favour, why you know, Ben, it would have been afore we were shoved aboard the sloop."

"Go on, my man," said Captain Pearce, "and state to the best of your ability what became of the children."

"I wull, sir, I wull," replied the pensioner. "Well, after pulling and sailing many hours under a burning sun, without food and scarce a drop of water, we landed at Bonavista; and, in our eagerness to get drink, all hands ran up, and left the boat with the woman and child in it."

"And a d—inhuman thing too," exclaimed Ben, again interrupting the narrative. "No wonder, ship-mate, you'd so many heavy squalls in after life; for them as would neglect a poor little babby and an unfortunate woman, ought to be sent to blazes."

"Avast, Ben," remonstrated the veteran. "Hunger, they say, 'll break through stone walls; but I'm blessed if thirst wouldn't get through iron. We were mad, Ben,—raging mad for the want o' water; and after we had drunk our fill, and got some plantains, two or three of us started back to the boat with some for the woman,—indeed, we expected to meet her coming up, for we didn't think she would have stopped altogether. Poor thing! it's often made my heart ache, too, when I thinks of it, for she was so kind to the babby, and the little water we shared out to her she saved for it, and kept moistening its lips, and soaking bits o' bread, which she had in her pockets, and she cried over it when it uttered its feeble wailings; and then she'd chaunt one of her country songs, and kiss it till it went to sleep; but her eyes never closed, as I believe she was afear'd we should launch it overboard, in some of

our mad fits. Well, we went down to the beach, and the boat was gone, and we saw it with the sail up a little way, dancing over the waves about a league to leeward. At first we thought somebody had run away with it; but on considering it over, we made out, as well as we could, that we had left her afloat, and a puff of wind had carried her adrift; and some of 'em declared they could see the poor woman standing up in the stern sheets, wringing her hands. We watched some time, and then went up the island, where we were taken prisoners, till we could give some account of ourselves."

"This is certainly proof confirmatory," exclaimed Captain Pearce, "and places the question beyond doubt. But do you remember anything of the ornaments that the children wore?"

"Yes, sir; they had a chain round each of their necks, that look'd like gould," replied the man. "The nurse had 'em concealed about her clothes when we went aboard the sloop—though how she contrived to cheat the Yankees I can't, for the life o' me, tell—ounly she'd cloth enough for a frigate's topmast-staysel wolded round her loins. Howsomever, she hung 'em round the necks of the babbies when we were quitting the sloop, and I remembers wondering what she was going at."

"Should you know the chains again?" inquired the captain, displaying the one he wore.

"No, sir; I carn't say as I should," answered the pensioner. "It's two-and-thirty years ago, and I arn't much skilled in the goldsmith's craft; though mayhap that which you are houlding is the very same."

"It must be! it is!" exclaimed Captain Pearce, with vehemence; "and that wretched man within the walls of Newgate *is* my brother. It is a horrible situation to be placed in. On the one hand, the duty I owe my country; on the other hand, the strong calls of nature. It is a fearful struggle—may God direct me

in my path! But our parents! Was not the husband of the lady with her?"

"No, your honour, I think not; indeed, I'm sartin he warn't," responded the veteran; "but he was some great man, for the lady had a title. She was always called 'my lady' by the captain and the officers, as well as by the sarvants."

"A title!" reiterated the captain, his features brightening up. "By Heaven, Hamilton, then I have it; the name can soon be ascertained." He rung the bell violently, and a servant appearing, was directed to have a carriage in readiness; in which, shortly afterwards, the whole four were driving away for Leadenhall-street. Captain Pearce required no introduction to the India House; he was well received in the directors' room, and an inquiry immediately instituted as to what passengers had embarked in the *Amelia*, in 1775. The books were referred to, and there stood an entry of the name of "Lady Alicia Russell and two infant children, with attendants."

"And who was Lady Russell?" inquired Captain Pearce, his voice tremulous with emotion.

"You seem to be unwell, captain," said one of the directors, touching the bell-pull, which, though no sound was heard, was instantly answered, and some wine ordered. Captain Pearce swallowed a glass or two, and then repeated his question—"Who was Lady Russell? Do not keep me in suspense, gentlemen, I implore you; for, astonishing as it may seem, I have every reason to believe she was my mother."

The directors stared at each other, and then at the captain, as if they entertained doubts of his sanity; but the most advanced in years promptly replied, "She was the daughter of the Earl of Pemberton, and wife to Sir William Russell, who has for many years held a high judicial station, and is now the chief judge of the Admiralty Court."

"Great God!" ejaculated Captain Pearce, "then

he will have to try his own son. Misery, misery is accumulating!" He then briefly related the circumstances that had come to his knowledge relative to his early years, and the oldest of the directors (who had answered his inquiry) ordered his carriage to convey himself and the captain to Portman Square; whilst Hamilton undertook to follow in the other coach, with Ben and the pensioner.

They found the judge at home, and the Honourable Mr. Fairyston sent up his card, and was granted an immediate audience. He commenced, in the most delicate manner, to relate the cause of his visit, first recurring to the embarkation of Lady Russell in the *Amelia*; and notwithstanding the lapse of years, Sir William's eyes were suffused with tears at the recollections of the past, for he had loved his wife with unceasing affection.

"But to what purpose do your questions tend, sir?" inquired the baronet. "I cannot think you would recall these scenes to my mind without having some ulterior object."

"It is most true, Sir William, I have an object in view," returned the director, "and it will be necessary for you to prepare your mind for a surprise. Of course, it is your supposition that the infants perished?"

"I think there cannot be a doubt of it," responded Sir William, mournfully. "It is true, my long stay in India prevented my making personal investigation; but I employed agents whom I have every reason to believe faithful. The sloop was wrecked on the bar at Senegal, and every soul perished. To be sure, the bodies were not found; but in a wild spot, such as it has been described to me, they may have, and no doubt did become the prey of sharks," and the judge shuddered.

"Providence is wonderful in its workings, Sir William," argued the director. "We witness occurrences every day that confound the pride of human wisdom or

human foresight. Now I have reason to believe the children were saved."

"You cannot mean it, sir," exclaimed Sir William, vehemently; "it must be some well-practised cheat. Yet, great God! Thy ways are inscrutable and past finding out. Thou hast seen me a stricken, childless man, yet have I never murmured at Thy decrees; and now!—Oh, sir," addressing the director, "you cannot—no, there is too much of earnest seriousness in your manner to be allied to anything but reality; let me know, then, on what grounds you suppose the infants to have been saved."

They sat down together, and the Honourable Mr. Fairyston repeated the statement he had received from Captain Pearce, omitting all mention of the situation in which each of his sons was at that moment. Sir William listened with the deepest attention, and was frequently shaken with agitation, as circumstances removed the doubts which arose in his mind.

"This is indeed amazing!" said the baronet; "but are they yet living? I must have proof—ay, evidence to demonstration; for I would not have Lady Russell deceived for worlds. She has never recovered the loss of her infants; she has not lived, but lingered in existence; the never-dying spark of hope has alone kept warmth in her heart:—fan it to a flame, and then extinguish it, and she would expire. Your information, sir, has shook my whole frame; but tell me, sir, do the children live? have they strong evidence of facts—tangible, tangible evidence, sir? Are they——" He was proceeding, when a piercing shriek in an adjacent apartment arrested his tongue; the shriek was faintly repeated. "Great God!" exclaimed Sir William, "it is Lady Russell!" and he hurried from the apartment, followed by the director.

Captain Pearce had been shown into a pretty little parlour, manifesting great neatness, with elegance and taste; but his mind was too agitated to notice anything

except a series of pictures that hung upon the walls. On one wall was suspended a full-length portrait of a lady and two sleeping infants, and by its side appeared the painting of a young and handsome, but dignified man. On the other wall was the half-length portrait of the same individual, but more advanced in age and in the costume of a judge. Next to it was the representation of a lady, to correspond in size; and though years had faded the roscate bloom of health upon her cheeks, and sorrow seemed to revel unchecked upon the heart, as indexed on the countenance, yet there was the same sweet look of benevolence that marked the smiling mother watching her sleeping babes. The captain drew forth his miniature, and gazed alternately from one to the other, fully sensible that the three were intended to commemorate the same individual, and that individual the author of his being. His stubborn sensibilities gave way; his heart overflowed with tender emotion, such as he had never known before. He was under the roof with his father,—a stern judge, and those features on the canvas resembled that father; his pulses throbbed with violence; tears rushed unchecked to his eyes; and so absorbed was he in deep meditation, that he did not, at first, perceive the entrance of a lady, who was again about to retire, when the rustling of her dress withdrew him from his reverie. He turned round; the lady stopped; his look was eager and intense; his heart was almost bursting; a faint sickness spread over his whole frame; he shook in every limb—for he knew his mother stood before him.

Lady Russell (for it was indeed she) became alarmed at the appearance of the stranger, and, apprehensive that he was ill, was about to ring for help. The uniform of a naval officer was welcome to her sight; she had learned to love the very colour when absent from her native land, and she conjectured that the captain was one they had known in former times, when not so high

in rank. She spoke to him, but Captain Pearce heard only the harmonious voice—for his ears had never before listened to the accents of a parent's tongue; tears ran down his cheeks; he sobbed convulsively; extended his arms, and in so doing held out the miniature. In an instant it was in the lady's hands; she ran her fingers over the chain; gave a wild, wistful, anxious glance at his face; touched a secret spring in the locket, unknown to Captain Pearce, and read, "William Edmonds Russell, born—" She swept her hand rapidly across her eyes, as if to clear her sight, and exclaimed, "Merciful Heaven! how came you by this?" The captain took her hand without resistance; he raised it to his lips. "Speak—speak!" said she; "whose portrait is this?" Nature could not be repressed,—she claimed the fulness of her attributes; a faint glimmering of the truth, a sort of dim twilight shadow of something undefined, had crossed the mind of Lady Russell. The withering febleness of hope seemed at once to be reanimated, and breathless she stood, as the officer replied, "It is the likeness of my mother." For a moment the lady drew herself up, as if paralysed, a piercing shriek followed, and she sank upon the floor.

In this state the parties were found by Sir William and the director, and the well-practised mind of the judge immediately comprehended the cause; the naval officer was the individual who had come to claim paternal affection, or else to give that intelligence which would lead to important discoveries. Lady Russell recovered from her swoon, and her first thoughts were on her son. Sir William supported his wife, as she gazed intently on the countenance of the captain, as if recalling the infantile features to her memory, whilst the baronet could not but feel a glow of pride at seeing the honourable station to which his supposed offspring had attained.

A hurried, but pleasing explanatory conversation

ensued (in which the old pensioner took part); and it was not till Lady Russell requested that the carriage might be sent to fetch the twin-brother, that Captain Pearce, or rather, as we shall now call him, Russell, requested a few minutes' private audience of his father. It was immediately granted, and then he detailed the various particulars which involved the fate of so near a relation. The judge heard him with the most minute attention; questioned him upon every point, and ultimately despatched messengers for the professional gentlemen who had been engaged for the pirate's defence. On their arrival, a long consultation took place. The consanguinity of the parties was first ascertained, and Sir William could not entertain one single doubt of the restoration of his children,—the one in honour, the other in dishonour. The case of the padrone, or as we shall now call him, Augustus Russell, was then strictly scrutinized; but there appeared no one thing on which to ground the smallest hope of saving him. The acts of aggression had, in the first instances, been against the flags of Portugal and Spain; but the action with the *Warlock*, and under the black flag, too, was considered as decisive of his fate, and Sir William trembled at the consequences. The consultation broke up, each one determined to use his best exertions to rescue the unhappy man, but at the same time almost despairing of success.

With much caution Lady Russell was informed of the situation of Augustus, and the sorrowing parents determined to visit him in prison. Hamilton, and the two seamen, having been introduced by the captain to his newly-found parents, returned to the hotel, the director took his leave, and William Russell remained in Portman-square, for the purpose of accompanying the judge and his lady to Newgate.

CHAPTER XII.

“Oh, luve will venture in, where it daurna well be seen.”
Burns.

THAT a history should begin at the beginning, if a writer wishes to preserve a character for consistency, is undeniably true; but, unfortunately, I am compelled to make a commencement when near the end of my tale. The fault, however, is not mine, as I felt myself bound to relate the incidents as they came to my knowledge. This I have done; and therefore, as an act of necessity, I am forced to go back to a period earlier than any yet connected with my narrative. But I must again aver the fault is not mine.

Lady Alicia Vinicombe had for fifteen years been the only child of the earl and countess of Pemberton; and, during that time, she was almost idolized by her doating parents, who constantly gratified every wish she expressed, as far as it was practicable for extreme wealth and human ingenuity to do so. This excessive indulgence might have produced the most baneful consequences to the young heiress-expectant; but Providence, foreseeing the many trials she would have to undergo, had, in bounteous compassion, blessed her with a most amiable disposition, which, though frequently defaced by the sudden and uncontrolled ebullitions of passion, was so perfectly engrafted in her very nature, that no violence of temper nor waywardness of inclination could wholly subdue it.

Imbecile in intellect, and weak in purpose, the earl and countess had been born to a greatness they never could have attained for themselves. Familiar with splendour and luxury from infancy, they considered

themselves entitled to distinction by a sort of divine right; and they therefore looked upon persons in the humbler walks of life as mere instruments, ordained by the great Creator himself, to supply the enjoyments of the rich. Of real natural affection they possessed but little; for the principal actuating motive that prompted their treatment of the Lady Alicia proceeded from a selfish desire of rendering her (according to their ideas) fit for the proud station she was expected to occupy, and the extensive wealth she would have at her command, as the sole heiress to the estates and honours of Pemberton. An almost slavish obedience was exacted from the domestics, who, in consideration of the excellence of their places, rendered it with alacrity; but there was little of that free service which springs from attachment, and lightens the bonds of humiliation to the servant. It is true, Lady Alicia had performed many acts of munificent kindness towards her immediate attendants, which had been concealed from her parents, and gratitude would have sprung spontaneously from the heart in return; but the display of ostentation with which the lady's want of proper education had been characterized, suppressed the growth of generous feelings, or blighted them whilst struggling into being.

But there was a change at hand—a fearful change to the Lady Alicia, as far as it respected her future prospects, and the attention of her parents; for, in four or five months after her sixteenth birth-day, the countess gratified the aristocratic pride and ambition of her lord, by bringing into the world a son and heir. Great were the rejoicings, and Alicia rejoiced too; magnificent were the rural fêtes among the surrounding villages, and Alicia witnessed the festivities with delight; numerous were the congratulations from the nobility and gentry in the neighbourhood, and Alicia, in listening to them, pictured to herself many scenes of future pleasure with her young brother, when he should be growing up through the gradations to manhood.

There is an inexplicable mystery in some natures, which cannot be accounted for on any principle that has connection with human rectitude. Sudden and certain revolutions take place in those very tendencies which seem most fixed and lasting ; and we not unfrequently see, that the very object who was once tenderly beloved with all the energy of devotion and all the delicacy of respect, treated with indignity, and looked upon with abhorrence. Whence arises the change ? The despised individual remains the same,—in temper, in mind, in disposition ; but she is no longer seen with the same eyes of approbation ; she is no longer loved with the same warmth of feeling ; even her good qualities are arrayed against her, and the curse of hatred rankles in the soul. It is the demon of inordinate self-love that spreads its baneful influences, and changes the hues of what once appeared bright and beautiful to dark and dismal shades ; it dams the genial current of benevolence ; it destroys the noble incitements of generosity ; it stirs up every slumbering propensity of unholy passion, and seeks for indulgence regardless of the misery it may cause.

Lady Alicia did not experience the extreme of hatred from her parents ; but, from the birth of the young lord, the earl and countess had transferred their attentions and indulgences, even their very thoughts, from her to the male heir of their ancient house ; and she who before had been almost idolized, now appeared as a mere appendage to the family. Lady Alicia was just at that age when young females emerge from childhood and prettiness to the more responsible and far more dangerous period of womanhood and beauty. Her feelings had ever been sensibly acute to the slightest symptoms of neglect, even when only suspected ; and the alteration which had now taken place in the manner of her parents excited her irritability and anger to the utmost. She felt that, in herself and in her conduct, she remained the same as when every one appeared to strive which should lavish on her the greatest portion

of attention to gratify her wishes. She pursued the same course as when the petted favourite of her parents; and therefore she argued that, in the present instance, the fault was not on her side. The earl and countess heard her reproaches at first with a sense of consciousness that there had been something wrong in their parental management; but the frequency and violence of Lady Alicia's upbraidings and menaces soon stifled those feelings, and they began to look upon themselves as the insulted and aggrieved party.

Servants are always watchful observers of the inclinations of their superiors, and careful to follow in that track which is most likely to fall in with the humour of those they serve, without caring either for the propriety of its source, or the tendency of its results; and the unhappy Lady Alicia was not long in ascertaining that her day of influence had passed away. It is true, she was still treated with respect as the daughter of an earl, but there was no longer that unbounded submission to her directions which she had hitherto experienced. Her parents allowed her the state and pomp due to her rank, but it was the contrast to their former fondness that struck so coldly upon her heart, and threatened to wither up its best affections for them. She knew the infant was the unconscious cause, but she loved it with a sisterly affection. She knew that the fortune which was designed for her would now pass into his hands; but she would kiss and caress the little babe, for she was well aware of its innocence as to any intentional injury she had sustained.

Time passed on, and still the Lady Alicia vented her anger and reproaches on her parents, who, instead of trying to redeem the past by conciliatory kindness, which would have wrought upon her amiable qualities, treated her with harshness, commanded her from their presence, and even extended their power to confine her to her chamber. Sullenness and obstinacy succeeded; but even these failed of their usual effect, and the

unhappy girl, sensible that the servants were witnesses to her degradation, at length became seriously ill from the mental conflicts which agitated her. The earl and countess relaxed a little from their austerity, but it was only for a short duration; and the infant lord manifesting weakness and indisposition, they prepared to quit the Hall for the metropolis, that the best medical aid might be constantly at hand. This was another severe blow to the Lady Alicia. Her parents were going to leave her at a time when she most needed kindness, and though she felt for her brother's welfare, yet she could not altogether school her mind to being left alone in the country.

The family mansion of the Pembertons was a most princely dwelling, in a romantic part of Devonshire, commanding a distant view of the British Channel. It was surrounded by an extensive park, from which strangers were carefully excluded, and the grounds in the immediate neighbourhood of the Hall, as well as an inner court, were laid out with exquisite taste and magnificence. The Italian garden, with its myriads of flowers, its tortuous walks, and its cooling fountains, led to the embowered shades of solitude, where the spreading oak vied with the dark green firs in excluding the light of heaven. Here were hermitages and grottoes, streams falling from the rocks and winding their way beneath a surface of green weeds and moss, natural basins, where the lively fish sported in their vigour;—in short, everything that money could procure was spread abroad to produce the most striking changes in native and ornamental scenery.

The earl and countess had mixed but rarely in the company of the neighbouring gentry, preferring the grandeur of their own dwelling, enlivened occasionally by a visitor or two from London, to that social intercourse which preserves a kindly feeling in the heart. The noble pair were but little respected by their neighbours, and still less esteemed by the villagers attached

to the estate; not that the earl and his lady were wanting in acts of generosity, but the value of the gift was depreciated and despised, from the ungracious and haughty manners of the givers. They made the poor doubly sensible of their poverty, and the humble cottager felt a keener humiliation by the lesson his necessities compelled him to learn.

The earl and countess, after a brief leave-taking with their daughter, departed for their town residence, and Lady Alicia remained at the Hall with a small establishment, compared with the accustomed retinue, but sufficient to attend to her wants and to her comforts. At first a feeling almost bordering on despair weighed down her faculties, and rendered her a victim to despondent melancholy. The springtime of youth, however, came to her aid, and she began to rejoice that she was spared the humiliation of suffering her acquaintances to witness the change in her condition and prospects. Activity of mind assisted an excellent constitution in the recovery of health, and the glowing beauties of nature never before appeared to her so truly enchanting as now she was, in a great measure, thrown upon her own resources for amusement. Her governess, an excellent woman in every sense of the word, was no longer treated as a dependant on a capricious bounty, but was received with unfeigned affection as a kind and soothing friend, to whom Lady Alicia clung, when all else seemed to be withdrawing their support. Still, there was a sad vacuum in the bosom of the lovely girl, for she felt that her parents had acted unwisely in granting her such unlimited indulgence, and had also treated her with cruelty in banishing her from their presence at a period when kindness was particularly desirable. In most of her actions, however, whether for good or evil, she evinced a suddenness of determination and a fixedness of purpose, which was seldom shaken or altered; and now the natural goodness of her heart prevailing over the weakness of human nature, she gradually

attained contentment, and applied herself with great diligence to those instructions which during the blind fondness of her parents had been so much neglected.

The false pride of Lady Alicia's heart was broken : affability, amiable condescension, rendered her beloved by her inferiors ; and though, at times, the seeds of early temper would again strive to grow and gather strength, yet they were speedily subdued, and she felt satisfaction in the conquest. But another change was now to take place, in parting with her kind instructress, to whom a relation had bequeathed a property that made her independent of the world ; but the loss was much diminished by an acquaintance which Alicia had formed with a young lady about her own age, whose family connections, by birth and alliance, claimed an exalted rank in the scale of society ; but her father, being the youngest of four sons and of a poorer branch, had entered into holy orders, and had recently obtained a living, about twelve miles distant from Pemberton Hall. With a partner inexpensive in her tastes, simple in her economy, and unostentatious in her religious duties (which she, nevertheless, strictly observed), the Rev. Ebenezer Russell enjoyed all the real luxuries of existence, without suffering those attendant pains which await on what are generally termed so. But the sweetest cup is dashed with bitters, for out of five children, he had followed three to that grave which separates the living and the dead. Three times had his heart been wrung with bitter anguish, but he did not sorrow as those without hope. They had died in the full expectation of a joyful resurrection, and he knew that, though they could not return to him, yet he could go to them, where there would be no more parting for ever. One son and one daughter survived, and upon these he had poured the whole stores of his richly-cultivated mind ; whilst the mother, both by precept and example, impressed upon their hearts the principles and practice of virtue.

The earl of Pemberton had written a permission to his daughter to join him in London ; but she had requested the sanction of her parents to remain in the country, at the same time informing them of the acquaintance she had made with Maria Russell, and soliciting their authority for inviting her to the Hall. This was granted ; and the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Russell being obtained, Maria accompanied her friend to the noble mansion of the Pembertons, where, in mutual efforts to render themselves agreeable, and in endeavours to impart happiness to each other, the hours passed away in innocent recreation, without monotony or tedium to render them dull and heavy. Lady Alicia could not but be sensible that she was much inferior to her young friend in those mental acquirements which enrich the understanding, and she became doubly diligent in her labours to supply the deficiency ; whilst her fair companion, without assuming the smallest degree of pre-eminence, rendered every assistance within the compass of her ability, not only to improve the intellectual knowledge of her titled associate, but also to cultivate the amiable propensities of her disposition. A new world seemed unfolding itself to the view of the high-born maiden. She no longer looked upon individuals in humble life as the mere ministers to her desires, but as fellow-creatures of like passions and feelings with herself. She no longer treated her inferiors in station with insolence and haughty pride, but with a becoming dignity, which was greatly enhanced by kindness of speech ; she listened to the complaints of the indigent and afflicted, she soothed their sorrows, and relieved their necessitous distress ; whilst with those that were better provided she conversed with affability, and showed a warm interest in their family arrangements. Indeed, so complete a metamorphosis had been effected, that none who had previously known Lady Alicia Vinicombe could have traced in her, except in features, the same individual. She had discovered the right use of superfluous

wealth, she endeavoured to make every one happy, and the surrounding villages echoed with her praises.

About sixteen months had passed away without having seen her parents, though they had been frequently expected at the Hall; but something or other had constantly occurred to defer their visit. Maria Russell had occasionally left her friend for a few weeks to be at the rectory, but returned at suitable opportunities to remain with her lovely and amiable companion. Winter had set in with all its rigours, and the severity of the weather had thrown a gloom upon creation; but the poor and the destitute had their wants supplied, and blessings were implored on the heads of the gentle-hearted creatures who softened the hardships of the season. Still the hours seemed to hang heavily on the hands of the fair friends, as they were now confined within the walls of the house, and the dreary aspect assumed by nature was cheerless and sad.

“There is a beauty, notwithstanding,” said Maria, as they stood conversing at the window of a warm parlour richly furnished—“there is a beauty in the scenery which excites admiration. Look at the glistening icicles as they hang from the branches of the weeping-willow; its crystal tears look rich and even flowing, though they do not move. How grand the contrast to the thick green foliage! and though the cold is severe, and the weather stormy, yet it enhances the delights of summer with its warm and mellifluous breath.”

“Still, I do not like confinement,” returned Lady Alicia; “we are like spell-bound damsels in some enchanted castle. Winter is the giant that imprisons us, and the frosts are his adamant chains. Oh, that some gallant prince or courteous knight would pass over our rigid guardian without molestation, and come to enlighten us with the flashes of his wit, or enliven us with his tales of chivalry.”

“Thou art thyself the enchantress, Alicia,” exclaimed Maria, with considerable glee. “See, yonder he comes

on his prancing steed ;” and she pointed to a horseman, who, muffled up in his cloak, was galloping up the avenue to the Hall.

The ladies withdrew from the window not a little surprised, and wondering who their visitor could be. But suspense was of short duration ; the door of the apartment was thrown open, and a servant announced Mr. William Russell, the brother of Maria, and the sweet girl sprang from her seat, and was encircled in his arms. Mutual delight gleamed from their eyes, and mutual regard glowed in their hearts, so that several minutes had elapsed before Maria turned to present her relative to Lady Alicia, and then she perceived that her fair friend had quitted the parlour.

Possessing a well-formed person, a fine manly countenance, and the most gentlemanly deportment, the company of William Russell had always been acceptable to female society ; and whilst pitying the weakness that fascinated and bound human nature to the frivolities of the world, he had, nevertheless, walked the rounds of fashionable life as a relaxation from intense and arduous study. But his keen judgment and extensive penetration found no solid gratification in the circles of glittering pageantry, where all was heartless levity or artificial pomp, and he frequently returned to his apartments disgusted with the children of folly, and more strongly fortified against the machinations of meretricious beauty. He was now passing a short time at the rectory with his parents, and had ridden over to inquire after the welfare of his sister. He had heard of Lady Alicia, but only as a spoiled child, and a favourite of fortune ; it was, therefore, with some reluctance he was induced to pay this visit, but brotherly affection, together with a little smattering of curiosity, overcame his scruples, and he set out determined to make his stay as short as was consistent with courtesy and good-breeding.

Lady Alicia had withdrawn almost immediately after Russell's entrance ; yet, in their sudden and animated

pleasure, she had witnessed sufficient to awaken all the kindest sympathies of her heart. The cordial greeting and warm embrace, where ardent affection had overleaped the bounds of restraint, showed that nature was triumphant. But Lady Alicia felt that no such brotherly tenderness was included among the number of her enjoyments, and a sensation of loneliness and desertion spread a chilling influence upon her spirits, whilst the unbidden and unwonted tears trickled down her cheeks. In this situation she was found by Maria, who employed the soothing voice of friendship, imparted consolation, and chased away the gathering clouds of grief. A few minutes sufficed, and together the friends descended to the parlour, to perform the honours of the house in exercising the rites of hospitality.

Russell had expected to see a pretty female in Lady Alicia; but he was not prepared to witness that extreme beauty, which, whilst it fascinated the eye, also left a bright memorial in the heart. He expected to find a titled lady, lisping the soft nothings which fashion construes into wit amongst the privileged classes, but which common sense condemns as silly trifling in the one sex, and sheer impertinence in the other; and how greatly was he surprised to meet with a being in person, mind, and conversation, so totally different to that which his erring fancy had pictured. There was a little embarrassment at the first introduction, but it soon vanished, and the hours passed rapidly away, till prudence, which had frequently pointed to the hauds of a rich French dial upon the superb marble mantelpiece, could no longer be controlled, and the young man, with lingering regret, bade them farewell, promising to renew his visit at the earliest opportunity.

It often happens that we derive the greatest pleasure, when it arises out of circumstances from which we expected the least. Indeed, I may say this is generally the case; for the mind, not being overheated by anticipations of excellence where it does not exist, feels no

disappointment; and if it should exist, and goes beyond the ideas we have preformed, the gratification rises in proportion to the real worth which is displayed. So felt Russell. During his ride homewards, new and sweet delights thrilled in his breast. He had purposely, though apparently without design, introduced a variety of topics, whilst conversing, to try the extent of Lady Alicia's understanding; and though he did not find any great depth of research, or any vast fund of knowledge, yet he discovered that which was far more pleasing to one who had been an ardent scholar, and now, though young, was considered by competent judges to be an accomplished master. He discovered that her mind was rich with native genius, and only required the culture of an able teacher to mature and bring it to perfection. Benevolence, or perhaps some warmer feeling, pointed out whom he wished that teacher to be; and in the present instance there was probably some desire, almost bordering upon vanity, to show his own acquirements whilst imparting instruction. Perhaps, too, there were a few sweet whisperings of hope,—a gleam or two of future happiness, that brightened his prospects of mental enjoyments, and he acknowledged to his parents, on reaching the rectory, the agreeable change which had taken place in his ideas of Lady Alicia. He was strongly attached to his sister, and he thought she had never before appeared so amiable as when trying to display her fair friend's accomplishments to the best advantage.

A few days elapsed, and Russell again dismounted at the Hall door, and was received with the warmth of unreserved pleasure. He assisted his young friends in their labours of mercy for the poor; he amused them by the lively sallies of innocent mirth; he opened to them the inexhaustible stores in the volume of nature; in short, he became their mentor, and the frequent renewals of his visits displayed a more than usual fraternal regard to his fair sister. The sweet hours of

social and instructive converse passed quickly away, and Lady Alicia, in the respectful and unremitting attentions of William Russell, found a solace when painful thoughts intruded on her mind; indeed, his presence had become so connected with her enjoyments, that she loved him with all the intensity of first attachment, and his good opinion and esteem seemed to be the keys of life to all her hopes of happiness. It would have been impossible for any young man to have remained long insensible to the beauties of person and amiable qualifications of mind united in Lady Alicia, much more a young man of the ardent temperament and glowing fancy of William Russell. He saw

“Her beauteous cheeks the blush of Venus wear,
Chasten'd with coy Diana's pensive air.”

He knew her worth, he had assisted in storing her mind with knowledge, and, in short, they loved,—tenderly, affectionately, passionately loved. With Alicia it was a delicious dream, that shadowed forth bright visions of peace, and joy, and pleasure; but William was well aware that the pride and ambition of the earl and countess would instantly reject an alliance with one who was destitute of rank and fortune, even if Lady Alicia should consent to join her destiny with his; and how could he contemplate a greater misery for her, to whom he was devotedly attached? Every night, on retiring to rest, he formed a determination to return to the metropolis on the morrow; and when the morning came, it found him in the saddle, with a book, an engraving, or a choice plant, which he had promised to procure for the ladies at the Hall.

The kind-hearted Maria had witnessed, with a sister's pride, the growing esteem and respect of Alicia for William; but, accustomed to look upon her brother with unbounded regard, she saw nothing beyond a corresponding feeling in the attachment of her titled companion. William had never breathed a word which could directly or indirectly convey his real sentiments

to Alicia, nor had Alicia betrayed the secret which nestled in her bosom, and was nourished by the wishes of her heart.

William had been passing a few days with a friend, in a cottage at the verge of the park, which afforded him opportunities of being more in the society of Lady Alicia. He had walked through the grounds to the Hall in the morning of a bright spring day, and his vivacity had gained an accession of vigour by the sensations that are excited in contemplating the revival of nature from her wintry sleep. He was sitting in the parlour (before mentioned) with the ladies, and they were calling to remembrance the circumstances of his first visit, when a footman entered and announced a gentleman, who was immediately ushered into the room; and William recognized a distant relation, who, from a humble station in life, had risen, by industry and application, to wealth and influence. He was an honest, well-meaning man, plain in his dress, and somewhat coarse in his manners; for he had toiled through various gradations to his present eminence without gaining a polish on the way, which polish, however, too often removes with the roughness, that integrity of mind which alone ennobles human nature.

“Your servant, ladies,” said he, bowing with ungraceful politeness. “Cousin William, I’m happy to see you. Charming spot this; fine stream yonder; make an excellent speculation for a manufacturer—pay well for the outlay—capital well employed.”

William looked rather disconcerted for a moment, but lost no time in introducing Mr. Edmonds to Lady Alicia and his sister, who invited him to be seated, and were going to leave the room, supposing he had come on business.

“Pray don’t go, my lady,” he exclaimed: “cousin Maria, I must request you to remain whilst I impart good news. Bad news, they say, travels quick; but really I have lost no time in coming down, determined

to see cousin Ebenezer in person, and bring the intelligence myself."

"Of what nature may your intelligence be, sir?" inquired William.

"Fair and softly, cousin; fair and softly. Begin at the right end of a thing, and that's the best way of making a good ending. I remember Ebenezer,—cousin Ebenezer as I always call him,—he was never proud and upstart like the rest, but always spoke kindly and encouragingly to me when I was working up-hill and had hard labour, frequently slipping back to my old station.—You'll pardon me, ladies, making a long story.—And so, cousin William, I was saying, the parson was always giving me a lift in his way,—and, let me tell you, there's nothing better than a kind word, to make a man persevere through difficulties. And as for yourself, cousin William, we have met more than once or twice, and you behaved like your father's son; so, you see, I wish to be grateful,—there, don't interrupt me,"—for William, fearful that his plain-dealing relation was about to utter something painful to a sensitive mind, had risen from his seat, evidently with the intention of taking him into another room. "Sit down, cousin William, sit down; I never saw you look so proud before. I won't detain you a minute, ladies; but I thought you would be as glad as myself, particularly cousin Maria there, at our good fortune, for it's worth £2,000 a year first starting, and a fair prospect of doubling it before long; and you're but a young man, cousin William, a very young man to jump into such an office. Somehow, you don't look pleased, either; but perhaps you will ride over with me to the parson's,—cousin Ebenezer as I call him,—and then we can settle all about it."

William had listened with something like impatience to this strange address; but he gathered sufficient information from the close to be satisfied that his generous relation had been exerting his influence, and perhaps

employing his wealth, in procuring him some appointment, and the prospect of acquiring a competency to offer Lady Alicia filled him with delight. Maria and Alicia had, with the same quickness, caught the meaning of the £2,000 a year; and both looked pleased at the view of independence which was apparently to be opened to the young man. All this had passed through their minds whilst Mr. Edmonds was speaking, and at his ceasing William's countenance at once assumed a look of greater cheerfulness.

"I have no doubt of your kind intentions, sir," said Russell; "but at present I do not comprehend the whole of your meaning."

"A ds bobs, and that's true, cousin William," assented Edmonds. "But here," he continued, pulling out from his capacious pocket a large packet with a great red seal,—“here it is, worth £2,000 a year, with a prospect of doubling it before long. It is an appointment, cousin William, an appointment in Calcutta, and you must sail by the first ship.” Edmonds ceased, and then looked round him with a smile of delighted triumph.

William had taken the packet from the hand of his relation, and sat with it in his own, apparently in a state of stupor. Alicia had drawn one deep gasp, and, closing her eyes, sunk back upon the sofa. Maria gazed with intense eagerness upon her brother, but neither of the three uttered one word. Happily, Mr. Edmonds accounted for their condition in his own way, by considering that surprise and pleasure had overpowered them; and taking his hat, he said “he would go down and look at the stream, for there seemed to be an admirable flow to turn a mill.”

The door closed on the retiring Edmonds. He gained the park, and was walking briskly along, indulging in the delight of having performed a generous deed. The trio still sat in the same position in the parlour, as if transfixed by sudden terror, till Maria, by exertion, gently pressed the hand of her friend, and

found that she had sunk into insensibility. Her cry brought her brother to the sofa, who raised the inanimate form of the lovely girl in his arms, pressed her to his heart, and acted a thousand extravagances, which were prompted by love and despair. Lady Alicia's servant was summoned, restoratives were applied, and she once more unclosed her eyes, but was nearly relapsing again when she beheld the packet with the large red seal lying by her side, where it had been thrown by Russell in the hurry of his emotion.

Before Edmonds's return, tranquillity was pretty well restored, at least in external appearance; and after he had partaken of some refreshment, William prepared to accompany him to the rectory. His parting from the amiable girls was for the first time in anguish, and that too of a very bitter nature to all three. It is true, both William and Alicia were now fully acquainted with each other's sentiments, but this knowledge seemed only to make the blow more heavy.

Mr. Edmonds bade the ladies farewell, and William promising to return as soon as possible, they rode off from the Hall, whilst the sweet girls clung round each other's necks, and relieved the sorrows of their hearts by tears.

"And how's the parson—cousin Ebenezer as I used to call him, eh?—and your mother?" And then, without waiting for an answer, Edmonds went on, "I say, William—that's cousin William—yon's a beautiful girl; much money, eh?—Lady Alicia. You're a sly rogue, cousin William; knew you was in the neighbourhood of the Hall—Pemberton Hall, I think they call it. Capital run, that stream; some good growing timber, too. Found out where you was. The parson—cousin Ebenezer as I call him—sent me a letter; set out directly; inquired at the cottage, and was directed to the Hall—Pemberton Hall. Fine park, but wants ploughing up, and sowing with grain; make a good return, and grow timber besides. You'll be a

nabob some day or other, cousin William, take my word; you'll come back a nabob, cousin William, and £2,000 a year is very fair to begin with. I commenced with only fifteen shillings in the world, and now I'm worth more than—but no matter, I hate boasting; so, Cousin William, I hope you are gratified."

William warmly expressed his acknowledgments, and, indeed, he felt particularly grateful for the generous attention of the kind-hearted old man.

"Why, I heard of your fame, cousin William," continued Edmonds, "that you was a great scholar, and others had heard of it too—the Russells I mean; and Sir William was proud of it, or else I should have had more difficulty in getting the appointment. But he said—I mean Sir William said—that he would patronize you, as you would do some credit to the family; and remembering the parson, cousin Ebenezer, I pushed 'em tightly, and so, you see, I succeeded."—This was a piece of delicate finessc in the old man, for the appointment had actually cost him four years' purchase.—"And," he continued, "you must make haste up to London, be presented to the directors, and then for a quick ship and a fair wind. I wish I was twenty years younger, cousin William, I'd go with you; egad, I would, in spite of Hyder Ali and the French war."

Mr. Edmonds was received at the rectory with the warmest hospitality, which was doubly precious to him, as neither Mr. nor Mrs. Russell had been acquainted with the appointment he had procured. The communication was kept secret for the present by his own request, and William the more readily humoured his eccentricity,—first, from a wish that he might experience the kindness of his parents without suspecting them of interested motives; and secondly, because he was desirous of sparing, as long as possible, the pain which he knew they would feel at the idea of so wide a separation.

All the caprices of the old gentleman were indulged; Mrs. Russell seemed to anticipate his wishes, and he declared, "he never was more happy in his life, and he hoped the parson,—cousin Ebenezer,—would pay him a visit at his place in London."

It would not be possible to describe the feelings of Mr. Russell and his excellent wife, when they were informed of the circumstances relative to the prospects which were opening to their son. Painful apprehensions and sickening fears were combated by emotions of pleasure and sentiments of gratitude, and the anxiety of parental affection was tempered with resignation to the Divine will. The heart of the worthy clergyman had glowed with honest pride when contemplating the superior attainments of William; but his mind had been frequently overcast with gloom at the thoughts that he himself had no influence to turn those attainments to the advantage of the possessor. Now, however, a fairer scene presented itself; and though he would have preferred the young man's remaining in England to his going abroad, yet the lustre of the good shed a brightness on the evil.

The acknowledgments to the kind-hearted Edmonds were warm and sincere; for though not much acquainted with the affairs of the world, Mr. Russell knew sufficient to be well aware that pecuniary means, as well as interest, must have been employed to procure the office; and he had nearly offended his generous friend, by hinting at his readiness to enter into engagements to reimburse the sum by instalments, or in any way that was most acceptable. "Cousin Ebenezer," said Edmonds, "I used to think wealth the greatest blessing on earth. I toiled for it, strove hard, cousin, rising early and going to bed late; you assisted me with your advice, but more by your kind encouragement. You was a sort of sleeping partner, cousin Ebenezer; and often, when joining your family circle at evening prayers, I've heard you offer up petitions for me—ay, for me,—and it spurred me on to double diligence, because I knew

the supplications of the righteous were acceptable to the Creator. At first, I longed to obtain wealth for the sake of it, and it eluded my grasp; but your pious aspirations, cousin,—I say, your pious aspirations—changed my desires, and turned them into a different channel. I am now wealthy beyond my most sanguine expectations,—not gained by fraud or unfair dealing, mind that, cousin Ebenezer; but the fruits of industry, and eating the bread of carefulness, as you would call it. What, if I have spent the red gold for William there, it was your own, cousin, it was your own, and there is yet a large balance of grateful remembrances in your favour, which I never can repay!” and the worthy creature wiped a tear from his eye.

It was arranged that William should return with Edmonds to the metropolis; and, as no time was to be lost, the next day but one was fixed for their departure; but William could not quit that part of the country without bidding Alicia and his sister farewell, nor could he consistently leave his generous friend. He felt painfully perplexed as to the course he was to pursue, but Edmonds relieved his distress, by bidding him ride over and “bid the ladies good-bye.”

William was soon in the saddle, and the animal, as if aware of the agitated feelings of his master, and the value of his time, put forth his best speed. Whilst passing up the avenue to the Hall, he observed the white drapery of females in the adjacent wilderness, and, giving his horse to a servant, who approached, he speedily joined the fair friends.

The spot they had selected was one of romantic beauty,—a small hermitage, where the quiet of solitude was calculated to soothe the sorrows of the heart. After the first salutation, each felt a degree of embarrassment, arising from the peculiar circumstances in which they were placed, and there was silence for several minutes. Lady Alicia was well aware that her affection for the highly-talented young man was fully known to him,

and every pulse beat quicker and stronger as he advanced. She also felt that she was beloved, but it only tended to increase her diffidence and respect. William was deeply sensible of the attachment the lovely girl cherished for him, but he did not presume upon it, beyond pressing her soft white hands to his lips. Maria had long comprehended what had been passing in the breasts of both ; but the picture, which was now presented to her mind had but little of the light of consolation thrown upon it, for the future was shrouded by gloomy anticipations.

But William was aware that the fleeting minutes were rapidly passing away ; and he therefore, by a strong effort, endeavoured to throw off the heavy load which pressed upon his heart and weighed down his utterance. He spoke of his expected adventures in the East with forced attempts to excite the amusement of the fair friends, but he was answered only by constrained and languid smiles : he mentioned his early departure for the metropolis, and Lady Alicia could no longer control her feelings ; she burst into hysterical sobbings, occasioned by her previous struggle to appear cheerful. Then it was that the unrepressed language of sincere and ardent affection poured forth in an irresistible flow of eloquence ; then it was that Russell earnestly pleaded his suit, where fond regard had pleaded it before ; and then it was that Lady Alicia, concealing her face upon his shoulder, as she clung to his embrace, received his vow of fidelity, and pledged her own.

Reserve was at an end : a degree of calmness spread its benign influence on each mind ; they passed the remainder of William's visit in that sweet intercourse of congenial sentiments, which can only arise from the warmth of affection rendered more precious by integrity of purpose. After arranging the mode of correspondence, and promising to return from the metropolis as soon as he possibly could (though in this latter he felt no promise was necessary), William kissed the dear

beings he so tenderly loved, and, with a lightened heart, he returned to the rectory.

The following day, the carriage of Edmonds awaited at the rectory-gate; an affectionate farewell was passed from one to the other; the eyes of the generous-hearted man were moistened with the ill-repressed drops of rich feeling as the worthy clergyman gave a parting benediction to his son, and implored the Deity for blessings on his benefactor. They entered the strong-built but handsome vehicle, the postilions were already mounted, the word was given, and the simple but pleasant mansion of his parents was soon lost to William's view.

At first, the travellers held but little conversation, but they gradually became communicative; and, if Edmonds was pleased with the remarks of his young friend, William was both surprised and gratified to find his companion a man of considerable practical intelligence upon subjects connected with the commerce and manufactures of the different parts of the world: there were no attempts at display, his observations were the dictates of plain reason and common-sense, entirely divested of that mystification which too often renders the most simple things obscure and difficult. He was well acquainted with the whole arcana of our eastern possessions; and William, to the vast scientific knowledge he had already acquired, was now enabled to add not a few important facts from an uneducated man, which he found of the utmost service to him in his subsequent duties at Calcutta.

Arrived in the metropolis, the new *employé* waited on Sir William Russell, who, though he received his young relative with an air of patronage, was much struck with his manner and appearance, and certainly treated him with a kindness which left no cause for complaint. Sir William held a high official station, and he was gratified to find that he should be able to present to the Board of Directors a member of his family, who would reflect the highest credit on it. Had the

young man been deformed, or even of common mould, and without fame, he might have died a beggar for what Sir William cared ; but he saw there was credit to be gained to himself in advancing his nephew, and he determined to use his utmost exertions to promote his interests.

“ It has afforded me the highest pleasure, Mr. Russell,” said Sir William, “ to be able to render you any service ; and you may rely upon it, my influence with the board will not be thrown away. By the bye, when did you arrive, and where are you stopping ? ”

“ I arrived but yesterday,” replied William, “ in company with Mr. Edmonds, and have for the present taken up my abode at his house, in —— Square.”

“ Edmonds ! Edmonds ! ” repeated the baronet. “ I recollect the name,”—as well he might, for he was at that moment under great obligations for certain favours conferred by him. “ Do you know anything of him ? ”

“ He is one of the family, I believe, Sir William,” replied Russell ; “ a cousin of my father, and——”

“ Right, right ! ” exclaimed the great man, interrupting him. “ I recollect now ; but as he does not move in our circle, I could not at the moment call him to mind. You must be presented to the board at its next sitting. I will myself have the honour of presenting you, and in the mean time you must make every preparation for going out in the first ship that sails.”

William expressed his acknowledgments to the baronet, some further conversation ensued, a formal invitation to “ dinner at six ” was given, and the young man quitted his titled relative to make arrangements for his voyage. But in this he found he had been anticipated. The worthy Edmonds had provided every necessary that was requisite, and that, too, with no niggard’s hand. An extensive wardrobe, a select library, cases of choice wines and liqueurs,—in short, all that was needful for the passage out, and sufficient

for comfort and elegance, if not for absolute luxury, on his settling in the country.

On inquiry in Leadenhall Street, it was ascertained that the directors would hold a board in the following week, and the captains of several ships would then take their leave, previous to sailing. The *Asia* was considered the most eligible vessel: she was already at Gravesend, taking in the last of her cargo, and it was resolved that Mr. Edmonds and his *protégé* should visit that place on the morrow, to secure suitable accommodations on board for the young official.

There was still an hour or two to spare before dinner, and William Russell, with feelings inexpressibly acute, called at the princely mansion of the earl of Pemberton, to deliver a small packet intrusted by Lady Alicia. He had anticipated a haughty reception, and his pulses throbbed with tenfold violence as he was ushered into the splendid library, where sat the proud and wealthy nobleman, the father of the being whom, next Heaven, he loved. But, to the surprise of Russell, he could discover no marks of repulsive *hauteur* or assumptions of worldly superiority in the manner of the earl. He appeared to be bowed down by affliction, and his countenance was that of a heart-broken man. It was only when William, in the natural benevolence of his heart, was thrown off his guard and commiserated with the noble, that the latter proudly indicated the distance in rank between them, and chilled the genial current in the young man's soul, that was rushing with intense desire to alleviate distress. He was informed in a few words, but with anguish that the strugglings of pride endeavoured in vain to repel, that the fond hopes of the earl and countess, as to the male heir, were about to be crushed; the child was not expected to live many hours. William took a hasty leave of the house of mourning, and having made his toilette, was conveyed in Mr. Edmonds's carriage to the house of feasting. Here his reception by Lady Russell and her two daughters, as

well as the assembled guests, was certainly highly gratifying. Indeed, the company had been conversing on the merits of Russell before his arrival; his genius and talent had been the theme of universal approbation; and when he made his appearance, his figure and address completed the picture, and all were ready with their common tribute of congratulatory welcome. At table, the conversation was refined and pleasing, but William felt that "a change had come o'er the spirit of his dream." The prospect of the death of the young heir of Pemberton seemed to place the Lady Alicia at a distance from him it was intolerable to contemplate. She would become the most wealthy heiress in the kingdom; she was young, and he must leave her to the importunities of others—his superiors in station and in property—and exposed to the dictates of parents whose sole object was magnificence and grandeur. These, and many similar thoughts, crowded upon his mind, and 'twas not till he had incautiously swallowed several glasses of champagne that his spirits were sufficiently exhilarated to join in the subjects that were under discussion.

Sophia Russell, who sat next to William, also greatly contributed to dispel the embarrassment which it was evident he was labouring under. She was the youngest of the two sisters—a light-hearted joyous beauty, the petted favourite of the family, who delighted in seeing every one happy around her. She had observed that sorrow of some kind or other was brooding in the young man's mind, and with gentle kindness she spoke to him of his sister, his parents, and even of Lady Alicia (for they had been playmates in their childhood), and drew around him so sweet a spell, by directing his thoughts to objects and scenes of endearment, that William, elevated by the wine, and encouraged by the fair lady, launched into his usual easy flow of eloquence that at once dazzled by its brightness and delighted by its elegance and wit.

But once more retired, and alone in the solitude of his chamber, he sat down to reflect ; the effort was vain, and he hastily sought for repose on his pillow. His sleep was restless ; visions of varied character presented themselves, bright prospects were suddenly changed to dreary deserts, and dreary deserts became redolent of beauty ; joyous ecstasy was succeeded by bitter anguish, and this again gave place to anxious hope.

The morning found him unrefreshed, and after a slight breakfast, with aching head and weary frame, he entered the carriage that was to convey himself and Mr. Edmonds to Gravesend. Arrived on board the *Asia*, arrangements were soon made : a cabin was fixed upon, which, though one of the best in the ship, appeared like a condemned cell to Russell ; and Edmonds, hoping to cheer his spirits, proposed continuing their excursion along the coast. Eager for relief from painful thought, William consented, and after some refreshment the carriage was again ordered ; but just as they were upon the point of entering it, an elegant equipage drove up to the inn-door, and at the window appeared the smiling and lovely face of Sophia Russell, tinged with glowing blushes, as she recognized her dinner-companion of the day before. Lady Russell and her eldest daughter, with General Simcox (an antiquated admirer of the latter) were also in the carriage, and the party were on the way to Dover, intending to travel along the coast to Brighton.

The witchery of Sophia's smile was a cordial to poor Russell's heart. He hastened to the carriage-door, which was opened by one of the outriders, heard the intention of Lady Russell, communicated a similar design on the part of Mr. Edmonds and himself, introduced that worthy, though unpolished, individual to the fashionables, and then was about to depart.

"Oh, unfortunate that I am!" exclaimed Sophia, assuming a look in which the semblance of grief was falsified by her arch smile. "Oh, that the days of gal-

lantry and chivalry should have passed away before I was born! Now, I must sit, buried in this cavern, without a single soul to speak to except mamma, who makes no answer; the general in the corner, who, in spite of all I can say to attract him, does not pay me the least attention; and my silent sister there, who talks to nobody."

"Why, what would you have, my little madcap?" said the general laughing, in which he was joined by the rest of the party.

"What would I have?" reiterated the fair girl, her full eyes beaming with animation. "Look, general, at the ever-changing prospect our journey has presented. How delightful it would have been to have had the beautiful scenery of my native country pointed out by the hand of an enthusiast, and described in the warm language of poetry. Oh, Mr. Edmonds, I wish you were returning to the metropolis, and would give me a seat in your carriage."

Edmonds was but little acquainted with the free manners of high life. He remembered the time when Lady Russell had treated him with indignity, and he felt no wish to thrust himself into society where there was a probability of his presence not being altogether acceptable. But the winning look of the sweet girl had gone directly home to his heart; every thought but that which prompted his generous spirit to contribute to her enjoyment was banished; and with the honest simplicity that characterized his nature, he at once offered her a seat in his carriage as long as she chose to occupy it.

Lady Russell drew herself up, and primmed her mouth to decline the invitation for her daughter; the eldest sister inclined her head and frowned; the general looked a whole platoon of fixed bayonets, but immediately changed his countenance, on recollecting that if his tormentor were absent he should be more at his ease; whilst Sophia exclaimed, "There's a dear

good old gentleman ; I know mamma feels confined, and I do so long to chatter to somebody that will listen to me. Come, Mr. Russell, your hand ;” and before any refusal could be given, the lovely girl had alighted, nodded to her own party, and taking William’s arm, in a minute or two she was comfortably seated in Edmonds’s carriage, and away they drove, giving Lady Russell’s, however, the lead.

“ I fear you will think me a strange, wild girl, Mr. Edmonds,” said the blushing Sophia ; “ but really I cannot consent to have all my gaiety of heart nipped in the bud, when there is no danger in the indulgence of it. Perhaps you will say I am not the most competent judge of what is safe and what is hazardous : but at the present moment surely I cannot be wrong ; or if I thought I was, and had lessened myself in your good opinion, my punishment would be severe indeed.”

Edmonds assured her of the happiness he derived from her presence, and his assurance was the truth, for he hoped to win his young companion from the melancholy that evidently oppressed him. Nor was he disappointed, for the lovely girl soon drew Russell into conversation, and beguiled the torturing apprehensions that racked his very soul. The hours passed pleasantly away in intellectual intercourse ; the beautiful full blue eyes of Sophia were frequently directed to the now animated countenance of her eloquent and handsome companion, and in the innocence of her mind she wondered what could cause her cheeks to glow, and her heart to beat more violently, whenever William detected her involuntary gaze.

At Canterbury they stopped to dine, and Sophia was not long in uniting both parties at the same table. Indeed, Lady Russell could not well offer an objection ; and being wearied with the journey and vapoured with *ennui*, she the more readily assented, under the hope of enjoying change. Edmonds forbore to make advances on

his side, but he could not withstand solicitation, and his unobtrusive manners won upon the esteem of all. The amiable girl prided herself upon her generalship, and confiding in her success, entertained no doubt that one party would be formed for the remainder of the journey. Alas! sweet maiden, she was unconsciously cherishing a passion that threatened to be fatal to her peace.

As soon as dinner was over, the carriages were again ordered, the same individuals occupied them, and onward they dashed through the archiepiscopal city, whose cathedral had witnessed the debasement of a monarch, and whose altar had been stained with the blood of its own high-priest.

It was a lovely summer's evening, a few gentle showers had laid the dust and refreshed the herbage, which still glistened with the transparent drops; the mild breeze was fraught with florescent perfume; the sun was rapidly descending in the west, and the extreme distance was thrown into a dusky haze, which, however, did not wholly conceal the objects it dimly veiled. Such was the state of nature, as the carriages reached that part of the road which runs along by the side of a steep hill, midway between the lofty summit above, and the meandering river (giving name to the village) in the valley beneath, and from whence, looking onward, the straits of Dover, with its ever-rolling waters, was distinctly visible; whilst, scarcely perceptible, the dark outline of the French coast, with its corresponding cliffs, rested upon the horizon. There, too, stood the famed castle of Dover, like an iron crown on the hoary brow of time, a relic of the Roman age, when Cæsar's army planted the imperial eagle on the shores of Britain.

It was a spectacle such as the romantic spirit loves to contemplate, and the carriage drew up that Sophia might the more readily enjoy it; but the enthusiastic

girl, not satisfied with a casual glance, and wishing to see the landscape gradually fade away in the gloom of twilight, was assisted to the seat in front, where Russell placed himself by her side, with his arm encircling her sylph-like form. On went the carriage, as the darkening shades fell heavier and heavier, bringing with them the mysterious shadows of approaching night, but Sophia could have sat for ever, listening to the voice of her companion. She revelled in the luxury of innocence; a charm had spread its influences over every faculty; no sorrow shed its baneful dews upon her spirit; an uncontrolled and uncontrollable delight reigned in her heart,—she loved and she was happy.

Insensible, indeed, must that man have been, who could have thus pressed closely to his side a fair, a bright, an amiable creature, like Sophia Russell, and yet have experienced no sweet emotions, no tender feelings struggling in his breast. William's mind had been in a state of excitement throughout the day, and he now felt a delirium of ecstasy steal upon his soul; his language was pure and delicate, but there was a warmth and a tenderness about it, that won more strongly upon the affections of the artless maiden than vows and protestations could have done, and she treasured every sentence that he uttered in the inmost recesses of her heart.

Darkness had overspread the face of nature, when the carriages drove up to the Ship Inn, on the quay at Dover; but as it would be neither interesting to my readers nor accordant with my own views to detail every incident of their journey, let it suffice to say, that three days of uninterrupted enjoyment on the part of Sophia succeeded to each other, and though thoughts of Lady Alicia would cross the mind of Russell, and sometimes conscience rebuked him for his conduct, still the conviction that the earl would never give his con-

sent to their union produced such bitter pangs, that he mentally rushed from their torture to soothe himself with the playful conversation of Sophia. They visited the towns between Dover and Brighton, and as Lady Russell did not purpose returning immediately, Mr. Edmonds and his young friend bade the ladies and the general farewell, and posted off to the metropolis.

CHAPTER XIII.

“Joy’s laughing, light, and sunny smile,
Steals the soft twilight tint of care,
Veiling its radiance for a while ;
Like the pale shadow evening throws
Upon the blushes of the rose.”

As a characteristic of her disposition, Lady Alicia Vinicombe had no sooner parted with Mr. Russell, than, feeling she had now something in life to which she could fondly cling, she aroused all the energies of her mind to perform what she conceived to be her duty, according to the vow which she had pledged ; and, though the future was concealed in impenetrable obscurity, yet she determined not to shrink from any exigencies that might arise. It is true, that anxious fears and gloomy anticipations would intrude upon her thoughts ; but, never entertaining one suspicion against William’s honour, and relying implicitly on his avowed affection, she conversed freely with Maria on the subject, and her gentle friend and counsellor repaid her confidence by devoted regard.

The day after Russell’s departure, Lady Alicia and Maria again visited the wilderness ; and in that small hermitage, where they had sat with him for the last time, the amiable girls communed with each other on the perils of the ocean and the unhealthiness of an eastern clime ; but Alicia declared “her willingness to brave all hazards, could she but share the lot of him she loved.”

Suddenly the sounds of carriage wheels were heard, and, turning towards the avenue, they saw the earl’s travelling-chariot and attendants, driving towards the

hall as fast as four post-horses could convey it. A sickening dread of she knew not what thrilled to Alicia's very heart; and with it came something of a consciousness that her acceptance of Russell, without the knowledge or sanction of her parents, was not altogether consistent with filial duty. A faintness spread over her as she exclaimed, "It is the earl! it is my father!" and she would have fallen from her seat, but for the support of her companion. The weakness, however, was but momentary; and, again nerving herself to meet whatever might ensue, the friends proceeded through the shrubbery towards the Hall. On the lawn they were met by the house-steward of the London establishment, who respectfully presented a letter to Lady Alicia, and, intimating that he should await her further orders, immediately withdrew.

Various were the conjectures that passed rapidly through Alicia's mind, as she hesitated to break the seal. She had wished to put some questions to the steward, for the sight of the letter had assured her that the earl was still absent; but his own travelling-carriage, with two out-riders, perplexed and kept her silent. The sheet was unfolded, the mystery was solved, and Alicia read the express directions of her parents to hasten, without a moment's unnecessary delay, to the metropolis, that she might, if possible, see the infant lord before he expired. The countess's own woman had been sent to attend her, with instructions to follow the commands of her young lady. One thing struck coldly on Alicia's heart; her friend, Maria, though kindly spoken of, was not included in the arrangements. But the generous girl, though deeply affected at parting with her titled companion, comforted her with the assurance that her affection was indissoluble, and that they should soon meet again; for, if her brother could not return to the rectory to bid them adieu, the father would most certainly go to the metropolis, and probably remain till William embarked.

The name of Russell, the prospect of seeing him sooner than she had anticipated, assisted in reconciling Alicia to the parting with Maria. Preparations for departure were soon made; they wept in each other's arms, and then separated, the one for the splendid mansion of the earl, and the other for the quiet rectory.

Mrs. Williams had become a great favourite with the countess, on account of her taciturnity and respectful demeanour. Alicia experienced both to a very great degree; so that throughout their wearying journey she was thrown for resource upon her own thoughts, which afforded but slender foundation on which to erect a structure of happiness. She was fully aware that the cherished expectations of the earl that his titles and estates would devolve to his son, were about to be, if not already, frustrated, and that she would now become the object of parental solicitude, as the heiress; but at the same time she also knew that they would spurn with contempt and indignation the bare thoughts of an alliance with William Russell, the son of a country parson, whom they would hardly deign to look upon. "Perhaps," thought Alicia, "had I been differently situated, instead of being left by my parents without that control and guidance which my natural protectors should have given—perhaps I might have escaped the difficulties in which I am now involved. The world has been to me a sealed book, and even Russell may wrong my confiding affection. But no, let me not do him the injustice to harbour one suspicion against his integrity. I probably might have had titled and wealthy admirers, nor will I suppose that amongst them there could be no men of sterling worth; but Russell already possesses the firm devotion of my heart, he is every way entitled to my best esteem, and the vow we have pledged shall never be broken by me."

Arrived in the metropolis, Lady Alicia was received by her parents with a display of their former fondness, though there was at first a manifestation of a childish

shame at having neglected her so long. The young lord was still alive, but breathed his last sigh a few hours afterwards, to the unfeigned grief of his sorrowing sister. The earl and countess were almost broken-hearted, and refused to be comforted ; but the assiduous attentions of their daughter, so different from what they had ever before experienced, at length operated like a balm to heal the wounded spirit. The body of the child, escorted by an appropriate retinue, was conveyed to the ancient sepulchre of the family, whilst the earl and countess resolved to make an excursion to an estate in Wales for change of scene, taking their daughter with them. Indeed, since the death of the young lord, they could hardly endure her to quit them for a moment.

Such was the state of affairs when Edmonds and Russell returned from their coasting journey, and the latter was sorely disappointed to find that no letters from Pemberton Hall awaited him ; and, stung with vexation, he viewed it as a punishment for his conduct towards Sophia, who with her mother, sister, and the general, soon returned to the town residence. Sophia was speedily informed of the decease of the young lord, and that Lady Alicia was then at Portman Square, and she lost no time in calling upon her early playmate to condole with her and renew their friendship.

Lady Alicia had been anxiously expecting a visit, or some memorial, from Russell, for she made no doubt that Maria would inform her brother of every circumstance (as, indeed, she had—but the letter had been forwarded after him, and had not yet come to hand), and hour after hour she experienced that sickness of heart which arises from hope deferred. Russell came not,—sent not ; and now she was about to quit London without bidding him farewell, her heart was almost breaking. Whilst Lady Alicia was thus labouring under the severest anguish, Sophia Russell was announced, and instantly admitted ; for, as a relative of

William, it was far from improbable but she could give some information respecting him. But who can tell the thrilling anguish that tortured Lady Alicia's soul, when the loquacious but unconscious girl, in the course of conversation, gave an account of her recent journey, and launched into the praises of Russell with a warmth which could have but one source? She dwelt with ecstasy on many little incidents that had occurred, and distantly hinted that he was not insensible to her worth. The blow did, indeed, fall heavy, for Lady Alicia felt that whilst she was cherishing the warmest affection for Russell, he had been devoting his attention, if not his regard, to another. Sophia took her departure, wholly unconscious of the pain she had inflicted, and Alicia sank overpowered to the ground, where she was discovered by her maid, and conveyed in a state of insensibility to bed.

Nothing could exceed the agitation and distress of the earl and countess at the sudden illness of their daughter. Physicians were summoned, nurses were in attendance, and every effort of the human mind employed to prevent, if possible, their utter bereavement; and Alicia, whose disorder was not of a bodily nature, was not long before she was restored to sense, and, calling pride to her aid, she determined to rise superior to her disappointment and forget the past. Alas! how easily are such determinations made!—how difficult to execute! and Alicia, whilst striving to overcome her attachment, only rooted it the deeper. Affection whispered that Sophia might be mistaken; she knew her giddy and volatile,—she knew the warm sensibilities that were nurtured in her bosom; but then there was the fact, that Russell had not called even to make inquiry since his return, and torturing doubt harassed her beyond expression. Still she endeavoured to appear happy and calm when before her parents; but she earnestly entreated them to hasten their preparations for the journey, which they readily complied

with, as the physicians had recommended travelling as best calculated to renovate her health.

Russell was to be presented to the Board of Directors on the following day, and after transacting some business in the city, he waited on Sir William to arrange the proceedings. Ushered into the drawing-room, Sophia soon found means to attach him to herself; and, restless with disappointment, vexed with all the world, the young official found a ready solace in the society of the lovely girl. Nothing could be more natural than for Sophia to mention that she had heard his sister was well, and to express her pleasure at the intelligence; but this equally as naturally led to the inquiry as to the manner in which she had obtained her information. The name of Lady Alicia, and her presence in London, came like a thunderbolt upon Russell. His senses were bewildered,—his faculties benumbed; and his fair companion, suspecting something of the cause, felt a blight come over the green hopes of her heart. She felt the awkwardness of her situation, and rising from the seat at his side, she made an excuse to quit the room.

Humbled and abashed, Russell embraced the earliest opportunity of leaving the house, and hastening to Portman Square; but, on account of their recent bereavement, none but members or intimate friends of the family were admitted at the earl's, and the young man, half distracted, left his card, which the porter placed amongst the rest, and it never came to the sight of Lady Alicia. Russell returned home, and though he felt satisfied that nothing he had said to Sophia could be construed by any one but herself as an acknowledgment of attachment, yet he felt how imprudently he had acted; and the very thoughts that she had probably communicated her own hopes and expectations to Lady Alicia filled his mind with dismay. The letter of his sister was put into his hands, and its affectionate language served to calm his perturbation.

Russell was presented, and received the congratula-

tions of the board, with instructions to prepare for his speedy departure. Sir William would not part with him, but engaged the newly-appointed official to dinner, to meet a party of gentlemen connected with Indian affairs, and on whose assistance he was principally to rely for future advancement. William would have excused himself, but his titled relative would take no denial, especially as Mr. Edmonds had been included in the invitation.

No martyr bound to the stake could suffer more mental anguish than Russell did, during this dinner of state; but there was no escape, and morning arrived before he could enter the privacy of his chamber, where, fevered with the wine he had drunk, he threw himself upon the bed without removing one article of his clothing, and his servant found him next morning in a state of insensibility. Medical aid was promptly procured, and Russell was restored to animation; but fever and delirium succeeded, and for some time his life was despaired of. Information was sent to the rectory, and the reverend clergyman, with Mrs. Russell and Maria, hastened to the metropolis, and took their abode at the house of Mr. Edmonds.

Several weeks passed away before William was sufficiently recovered to quit his room; but the earliest opportunity that occurred, he embraced, to make inquiries of his sister respecting Lady Alicia. She had quitted the metropolis, and was then in Wales; but Maria had received a most affectionate letter, in which the subject of her heart's disappointment was alluded to with great delicacy and noble-mindedness. Maria had also visited at Sir William's, and the generous-hearted girl, Sophia, at once entered upon the subject, blaming herself for drawing conclusions that she now found were not warranted; but she could not altogether excuse Russell's conduct. Without compromising either her brother or Lady Alicia, Maria freely conversed with her fair cousin, and the latter related, without reserve,

what had taken place at the earl's; at the same time, with the generosity of her nature, she forbore offering any comments on that which her quick-witted penetration had immediately discovered, viz., the attachment of Russell to the heiress of Pemberton. Delighted, indeed, was Maria with the explanations. She immediately wrote to Lady Alicia, stating every particular, and was then awaiting her reply.

The mind of Russell was much relieved by the account given by his sister; but, nevertheless, he experienced the most intense anxiety as he looked forward to the future. The ship in which he was to have embarked had sailed, and he would have three or four months to wait before the next convoy could be collected. This, whilst it relieved his hopes, could not subdue the strong apprehensions that the parents of Alicia would never consent to their union, even should the fair girl still retain affection for him. At length the letter arrived; it breathed the spirit of kindness and conciliation that was truly consoling to the invalid, who had so far recovered that he was now enabled to remove to the rectory. Maria had written to Lady Alicia, informing her of their expected return to the country; but she did not mention that her brother would accompany them, as it had not then been decided upon.

A fortnight elapsed, in which the renovated health and strength of Russell became apparent, and he once more resumed that perfect control over himself which he had formerly possessed. The evening of a gorgeous day was setting in, when the brother and sister stood at the entrance of the neat plantation that fronted the rectory, conversing with an elderly female, who, as a sort of pensioner, resided at the gateway-lodge. The sound of approaching carriage-wheels along the high-road drew their attention, and in a few minutes a dark equipage came rattling along at a fleet pace; a servant rode in advance, and two others (the whole in black)

followed the carriage, which evidently belonged to some person of distinction. To the surprise of Russell and his sister, the postilions pulled up at the gate; the servants dismounted, the door was opened, and Maria found herself in the arms of Lady Alicia, whilst close behind her, pale yet smiling, appeared the amiable Sophia. There was at first an embarrassment, but it speedily vanished; nor was there time for much conversation, as the ladies were proceeding to Pemberton Hall, and the evening was advancing. Mutual kind expressions passed, as if there had been nothing to disturb their harmony, though both Russell and Alicia could perceive that each had been suffering from the same cause. They parted for the night, and the carriage drove off, carrying away happier hearts, and leaving happier hearts behind than had been experienced for some time before.

The earl and countess had preceded their daughter by another road, and Lady Alicia, desirous of surprising and gratifying her friend, had taken the route past the rectory. Sophia Russell, presuming on their juvenile regards, had solicited a visit to the noble family, which was acceded to, and the interview had done much to tranquillize the feelings of both the ladies. Alicia wished to return to Pemberton Hall, that she might be amongst scenes congenial to her affections, and her parents promptly complied with her desires. •

It is needless to go over a lengthened detail of various interviews between Russell and the wealthy heiress. The late misunderstanding had more clearly pointed out how dear they were to each other; and at length, as the time for Russell's departure drew near, satisfied that the earl would never sanction their alliance, Alicia consented to a private marriage, which was effected by the clergyman of a distant village, with all the rusticity of a merc country wedding. It could not, however, be concealed from William's father, who, in his intercourse with his brethren of the cloth, soon ascertained the fact,

and immediately considered himself bound, as a man of honour and a divine, to communicate the intelligence to the earl. This he did in the most appropriate terms ; but the noble's rage was beyond all bounds, and he at once discarded his daughter from his heart and house. Alicia found a quiet refuge at the rectory, whilst the earl gave instructions to his solicitor to institute proceedings for annulling the marriage.

Affairs were in this position when orders were received for William's embarkation. Alicia entreated permission to accompany him, but she yielded to persuasion, and consented to remain in England till Russell had prepared for her in India, or, relinquishing his expectations, returned to Europe. Bitter was the mortification of the noble couple at Pemberton Hall, and heavily passed the hours without seeing their daughter. Pride at length gave way, nature in some measure triumphed, and, previous to Russell's taking final leave, Lady Alicia had received an ungracious pardon from her parents. Still, the process for annulling the marriage went on, though both Alicia and her husband had reasons to believe that it would never be carried to extremes ; nor were their expectations foiled, for, shortly after Russell had sailed, Lady Alicia gave promise of becoming a mother, and this circumstance had the effect of reviving hopes of a male heir in the direct line, so that the young bride was at once relieved from all embarrassment, and restored to higher pomp and greater fondness than ever.

In the due course of time Lady Alicia Russell was delivered of twins, both fine boys ; and, as the eldest first saw the light, a riband was bound round his wrist to distinguish him as the future lord. By some means, however, the riband had got loosened, and as the infants lay in their splendid cradle, they bore such striking resemblance to each other, that all attempts at distinction were at an end, and the earl was both vexed and puzzled relative to ulterior claims. Consultations were

held with his professional advisers, months passed away in deliberation, when the current of his thoughts and hopes were changed, for the countess was again *enceinte*, and at the proper period presented her lord with another son. Once more Lady Alicia experienced the vicissitudes of life, and they came with keener sting. At the birth of the former heir, the deprivation of immense wealth rested solely on herself; but now she had others dependent upon her situation — two lovely babes, who claimed her maternal care, and she could not but feel most deeply at the prospect of their losing what she had fondly hoped would be theirs. Intelligence had been sent to India, and letters had been received from Russell, acceding to the entreaties of his wife to join him. The earl and countess offered no opposition. They settled on their daughter a handsome fortune, and with a splendid outfit she embarked in an extra-ship for Calcutta, the infants then being about eighteen months old. The circumstance of their being captured by the half-pirate, half-national ship under the rebellious flag, has already been narrated, as well as the unnatural separation of the children from their mother, and the results of that separation as it respected those children themselves; but the Yankee captain was a man of brutal character, who looked upon the beauty of Lady Alicia with a libidinous eye, and he determined to gratify his appetite at all hazards, not only from a desire to possess the lovely woman, but also from a conviction that he would be wreaking his vengeance, and inflicting a horrible injury on one of his former countrymen. But the wretch was disappointed, for he had not sent away his prize many hours, when she was recaptured by a British frigate, which came in immediate pursuit of the victor-ship, and happily brought her in sight when the Yankees were revelling over their success. A long and arduous chase commenced; the rebel craft sailed, to use a sea-term, “like a witch,” but the frigate also had “long legs,” and the fellow did not

dare to perpetrate further outrage, till he was certain of escaping.

At length the frigate got them within reach of her guns, and the coward struck his colours without firing a shot. To describe the feelings of Lady Alicia, at finding herself rescued from the impending peril, would be impossible, but they were quickly swallowed up by the thoughts of her children. The recaptured Indiaman had received directions to pursue her course to Calcutta, bond having been given as to her value, and she was soon discovered making the best of her way. Lady Alicia was again reinstated in her cabins, and the captain of the frigate promised to use every exertion to ascertain the fate of the sloop, which he did, by running for the place of her destination, Senegal; where, it appeared, she had been wrecked upon the bar at the entrance of the river, and every soul had perished.

Lady Alicia joined her husband at Calcutta, and deep and heartfelt was their grief, which even the society of each other could not alleviate. Years passed away, but the glimmerings of hope still threw their faint light over the mother's heart; she had not witnessed the death of her children, and she could not believe they were really dead. Russell arrived at exaltation. He was created a baronet; and the young earl expectant following his brother to the tomb, the parents of Lady Alicia implored her return. Sir William acquiesced—they arrived in England, and were most favourably received. No pains or expense were spared in endeavouring to trace the children, but all inquiries tended to the same result,—the total loss of the Portuguese sloop.

The earl and countess were gathered to their fathers, and Lady Alicia became a peeress in her own right. Sir William's active mind could not wholly retire into private life. He again went to India, and had not long returned when the incidents before narrated, relative to the supposed Captain Pearce, occurred.

The Greenwich pensioner's evidence could not be doubted, as he gave Lady Alicia a clear and distinct account of everything as it had actually happened; and the statement of Captain Russell, together with the miniatures which her ladyship had got executed previously to sailing, completed the corroborative facts. Every particular was well weighed by the baronet, who, without hesitation, looked upon the gallant officer and his reprobate prisoner as brothers, and upon both as his own children.

Having brought down our history thus far, we again take up the thread, which demands a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XIV.

Finis coronat opus.

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts of Captain Russell to obtain some degree of favour for the pirate-chief, the latter could not but feel most bitterly the heavy restraint that was necessarily imposed upon him. He had been accustomed to hold a stern command over a daring and lawless band, his word held their very existence at control, and one principal bond of their union was misnomered freedom; for, according to their vocabulary, freedom consisted of unlicensed power to range the world and plunder. When at sea, even though a prisoner, there was still the element to which he had been so long endeared, with a smart ship under his feet, and he could feel the sweet freshness of the breeze as it hurried them along. Now his high and haughty spirit was compressed between stone walls and massive bars, nor could he expect to quit them but through a death of shame. Instead of subserviency to his will and liberty to his person, he was now forced to submit to prison regulations, and be locked up within his lonely cell through that period—the darkness of the night—in which his very soul loved to indulge in gazing at the heavens, or looking down upon the blue waters. He had never known a relative till he became a captive, and found a brother in a conqueror; and now, incarcerated for a crime considered by the laws as of the most heinous nature,—to be brought to trial, exposed before a crowded court, smiled on in scorn, or commiserated in pity,—to be condemned and executed in the presence of

thronging thousands, who would witness his death as they would that of a dog,—the thoughts were too terrible to endure ; and though he possessed a mind of almost supernatural strength, yet it gradually gave way, and the many victims of his murderous cruelty so haunted his imagination, that at times his reason failed, and he was a maniac. He knew that his brother was employing all his energies and exertions to assist him ; but even the germ of rising hope was grasped by the icy hand of despair, and frozen in an instant. In vain had the captain endeavoured to reason him into calmness and resignation ; in vain had the clergyman of the gaol talked to him of the comforts of religion ; the unhappy man grew hourly more and more untractable and desperate. . . But that which stung him deepest, was the conduct of those who formerly trembled at his nod ; for he scarcely ever entered the the prison-yard, but he met with insults and revilings from the remnant of his band : they now considered themselves upon an equality with their chief, and the mongrels yelped at the fettered lion. Yet there were one or two who still held communion with their once intrepid leader, and treated him with a respectful attention that was calculated in some measure to soothe his wounded pride ; but it was evident that his spirit was broken and his energy subdued. Of Marietta he had never spoken since the action with the corvette, nor was her name ever mentioned to him, and it is probable that, foiled in his designs, he thought no more of her. But on those beautiful features, that were so admirably portrayed on the ivory which he constantly wore in his breast, he would gaze for hours, and it calmed the perturbation of his mind ; he delighted to dwell upon the idea that it was the representation of his mother, for it seemed to ally him to something human that he could truly love. How little did he think that *that* mother was yet living, and like Rachel, mourning for her children.

Three weeks had elapsed since the padrone's first introduction to Newgate, when a hackney-chariot drew up at the corner of Newgate Street, and from it alighted a lady and two gentlemen: the lady and one of the gentlemen were advanced in years, the third had not yet attained what is generally termed the middle age. They stood conversing together for a minute or two, and then walked, with rather a hurried step, to the entrance of that massive pile that at once tells its nature and design. The eldest of the two gentlemen wore a large cloak of robe-like appearance, which completely muffled his face from observation; and there was something in his manner which plainly indicated that he wanted to keep himself from being known, and which drew down upon him general notice. They ascended the steps of the governor's house, and were promptly admitted; and Sir William Russell being recognised, received the utmost attention and respect. It was proposed that the padrone should be brought into a private room, where his parents might have an interview with him without discovering themselves; but the attendant who bore the message to him returned with a report that he was too ill to leave his cell, and the eagerness of Lady Alicia, overcoming every scruple in Sir William's mind, they determined upon visiting him there. A cold, sick shuddering crept across the mother's heart as, leaning on the arm of the captain, she followed her husband and the governor through the dark passages and passed the numerous cells that tenanted the guilty felons; whilst the clanking of the irons, amidst boisterous laughter and rude mirth, arose fearfully upon the ear.

At length they stopped at the door of a room rather superior to those they had already seen, and on entering, they beheld the pirate-chief dressed in a black velvet suit, and stretched upon his bed.

"How! what is this?" he exclaimed, starting up impatiently. "Am I to be exhibited—exposed to

every gaze as a monster?" Then recognising the captain, he added, "This is not kind of you. Alone, and you are welcome; but,"—he laid himself back again,—“it will soon be over.”

Captain Russell approached the side of the bed, and was greatly struck by the altered appearance of his prisoner. "Brother," said he, in a voice of kindness,—“brother! for I may with certainty give you that title now,”—the padrone raised his head—“will you not rise to receive the visitors who have accompanied me, and one whom—nay, do not look so wild—where is your portrait?”

“Speak, speak!” convulsively gasped the pirate-chief; “have you made any further discovery—obtained any certain knowledge? Speak, I conjure you, for my hours are numbered.” He became more calm, drew out the miniature, held it up before his eyes, and then, pressing it to his lips, feebly uttered, “My mother!”

Sir William, overpowered by the intensity of his feelings, and Lady Alicia, every faculty of her soul absorbed by what was passing, had remained just within the doorway; but the small low voice of nature calling upon her name, was distinctly heard and instantly responded to. Rushing across the apartment, she fell on her knees by the side of the pallet, exclaiming, “I am here, my child—my son! I am here; it is your mother speaks.”

A shriek,—a yell burst from the pirate, as he sprang from his bed; and catching Lady Alicia by the shoulders he raised her up, held her at arm's length, and his very eyes seemed bursting from their sockets as he fixed the intensity of his gaze upon her face. Not a limb of his body moved; his very respiration was suspended,—he stood thus for a minute,—a faint smile passed over his features; “My mother!” escaped from his lips, and he fell at her feet a corpse.

It is needless to describe what followed. Lady

Russell was conveyed home insensible; but prompt medical aid restored her, and the attention of her surviving son tended greatly to soothe her mind. The captain arranged the obsequies of his brother; but previous to his interment, a coroner's inquisition was taken on the body, which was opened, and then it was ascertained that he had swallowed poison—how or from whence obtained, no clue could be discovered. The funeral was strictly private; the body was interred in the churchyard of St. Sepulchre, but was almost immediately afterwards exhumed, and conveyed to the family vault at Pemberton.

The case of the captured ship was ultimately brought before the Privy Council. A portion of the gold was restored to the Portuguese court at Brazil, the ship was declared a lawful prize, and the prize-money shared, giving to each man of the *Warlock* a small independency, and to the officers a handsome competence. Don José continued for a long time under the surveillance of the police, lest he should be claimed by his own government; but no proceedings being instituted to that effect, every restriction was removed, and Hamilton, on the attainment of post-rank, was united to Marietta. Dexter obtained his step, and became eminent in the service; Darby Allen retired to a cottage in the country, to enjoy his "natural rest" undisturbed; Mr. Humphreys became master-attendant of a dockyard, and was well known for many years, under the appellation of "Old Growl;" M'Creery died a commander; and Marshall lost his life in a cutting-out affair up the Mediterranean. Old Ben obtained a snug mooring at Greenwich, amongst many of his old shipmates, preferring it to a residence with Hamilton, where, he declared, he should be entirely out of his latitude, especially "in regard o' them there four-masted consarns which your 'long-shore folks slept in." Here he cuffed his yarns, smoked his pipe, wanting for nothing that he desired that money could procure. His greatest delight

was to see the officer who was indebted to him for instruction ; and Hamilton never forgot his worthy old friend, frequently visiting him at his snug cabin, and conversing upon the occurrences of past times. At length the veteran yielded to the "great conqueror," and Captain Hamilton followed his remains to the tomb. Diego enjoyed himself in England, and declared the happiest day of his life was, "when da handsome debble, Massa Captain Bumbleton," became "da massa for him young missy."

Several of the pirates were tried, condemned, and executed ; others were imprisoned for a longer or shorter period, and a few were allowed to enter the navy,—being then very short of hands.

On the death of his mother, Captain Russell became earl of Pemberton, and entered into the possession of the immense property attached to the title, as well as the privileges of a peer of the realm. Between the earl and Hamilton the most cordial friendship existed, and the children of the latter were handsomely remembered among the bequests of the former. The earl died childless, the title passed to another branch of the family, and the *Warlock* was, a few years since, broken up at Deptford.

THE END.

Superior Juvenile Works

PUBLISHED BY

ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE,

2, FARRINGDON STREET, E.C.

Price 7s. 6d. each, cloth gilt, or 8s. gilt edges.

G RIMM'S HOUSEHOLD STORIES. The choicest popular Fairy Tales and Legends of Germany and Northern Europe, collected by the Brothers GRIMM. A new Translation, complete in one volume. Illustrated with Two Hundred and Forty Engravings on Wood, designed by E. H. Wehnert.

A RABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. A New Revised Edition of that translated by FORSTER. With Twelve large Illustrations, from designs by W. Harvey.

In this improved edition great care has been taken by the editor to rectify many passages that all previous publications required, without destroying the spirit of the original stories.

F OUR-AND-TWENTY FAIRY TALES. Selected from those of PERRAULT and other popular Writers, and edited by J. R. PLANCHÉ, with Illustrations from Designs by Corbould, Godwin, and Harvey.

"With the exception of those of Madame de Beaumont, few if any of the tales in the present volume have ever been placed in their integrity before the English reader. I trust that the chronological order I have observed in their arrangement will give them a novel interest in the eyes of those 'children of a larger growth,' who are not ashamed to confess, with the great reformer, MARTIN LUTHER, 'I would not for any quantity of gold part with the wonderful tales which I have retained from my earliest childhood, or have met in my progress through life.'"—*Extract from Preface.*

In crown 8vo. price 6s. each, cloth gilt, gilt edges.

T HE CHARM OF ENTERTAINING STORIES; comprising Sixty Pleasant Tales by popular Authors. Including the "Little Lychets," by the Author of "John Halifax." With One Hundred and Forty Pictures by eminent Artists.

T HE CHARM OF ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE: comprising History, Biography, and Natural History, by popular Authors. And One Hundred Pictures by eminent Artists.

SUPERIOR JUVENILE WORKS.

In small post 8vo. price 6s. cloth extra, or 6s. 6d. gilt edges.

THE FAIRY TALES OF THE COUNTESS D'AULNOY.
Now first translated into English by J. R. PLANCHÉ, Esq.
With Eleven Illustrations by John Gilbert, and a Portrait from original sources.

"For the first time, thanks to Mr. Planché, we children of every growth in this country have the Fairy Tales of the Countess D'Anois (whom we now ordered to call D'Aulnoy) set fairly before us. Mr. Planché has treated them with all due reverence, translated them with strict fidelity, and issued them adorned with pretty pictures."—CHARLES DICKENS'S *Household Words*.

In post 8vo. price 6s. cloth extra, or 6s. 6d. gilt edges.

THE BOYS' PLAY-BOOK OF SCIENCE: including the various Manipulations and Arrangements of Chemical and Philosophical Apparatus required for the successful Performance of Scientific Experiments in illustration of the Elementary Branches of Chemistry and Natural Philosophy. By JOHN HENRY PEPPER, late Professor of Chemistry at the Royal Polytechnic, &c. &c. With Four Hundred and Seventy Illustrations.

MR. H. MAYHEW'S BOOKS OF SCIENCE FOR BOYS.

In post 8vo. price 5s. each, cloth extra, or 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE; or, Young Humphry Davy (the Cornish Apothecary's Boy, who taught himself Natural Philosophy, and eventually became President of the Royal Society). The Life of a Wonderful Boy, written for Boys. By HENRY MAYHEW, Author of "The Peasant-Boy Philosopher," &c. With Illustrations by John Gilbert, and numerous Diagrams. Second Edition.

"A better hero for a boy's book Mr. Mayhew could not have found, and no writer would have treated the story more successfully than he has done. We have long been in want of a 'young people's author,' and we seem to have the right man in the right place in the person of Mr. Mayhew."—*Athenæum*.

THE STORY OF THE PEASANT-BOY PHILOSOPHER; or, A Child gathering Pebbles on the Sea-shore. Founded on the Life of Ferguson, the Shepherd-Boy Astronomer, and showing how a Poor Lad made himself acquainted with the Principles of Natural Science. By HENRY MAYHEW. With Eight Illustrations by John Gilbert, and numerous Drawings printed in the Text. Third Edition.

"Told with the grace and feeling of Goldsmith, and by one who has that knowledge of science which Goldsmith lacked. It is as if Brewster and poor 'Goldy' had combined to produce this instructive and beautifully-told tale."—*Era*.

SUPERIOR JUVENILE WORKS.

CAPTAIN REID'S BOOKS OF ADVENTURE FOR BOYS.

Price 5s. each, cloth extra, or 5s. 6d. gilt edges.

THE BOY TAR; or, a Voyage in the Dark. With Twelve Illustrations by Charles S. Keene.

THE YOUNG YÄGERS; a Narrative of Hunting Adventures in Southern Africa. Second Edition, with Twelve Illustrations by William Harvey.

THE BUSH BOYS; or, the History and Adventures of a Cape Farmer and his Family in the Wild Karoos of Southern Africa, With Twelve Illustrations.

THE DESERT HOME; or, the English Family Robinson. Sixth Edition, with numerous Illustrations by W. Harvey.

THE BOY HUNTERS; or, Adventures in Search of a White Buffalo. Fifth Edition, with numerous Plates by Harvey.

THE YOUNG VOYAGEURS; or, Adventures in the Fur Countries of the Far North. Plates by Harvey.

THE FOREST EXILES; or, Perils of a Peruvian Family amid the Wilds of the Amazon. With Twelve Plates.

Also, price 3s. 6d. each cloth gilt, or with edges, 4s.

THE WAR TRAIL; or the Hunt of the Wild Horse. Illustrated by W. Harvey.

THE QUADROON; or, Adventures in the Far West. Illustrated by W. Harvey.

"As a writer of books for boys, commend us above all men living to Captain Mayne Reid! Wherever his new book goes this new year, there will be abundant delight for hours of reading, and plenty to talk of by the evening fire. Toils and adventures, dangers, darings, and sufferings are narrated in the most vivid manner—thoroughly fascinating the mind of the reader, and retaining it in fixed and eager attention till a crisis of some kind is reached."

—*Nonconformist*.

SUPERIOR JUVENILE WORKS.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

In Fcp. 8vo. price 3s. 6d. each, cloth gilt; or with gilt edges, 4s.

EDGEWORTH'S (Miss) PARENTS' ASSISTANT. With Eight Illustrations by Phiz.

EDGEWORTH'S POPULAR TALES. With Eight Illustrations by Dalziel.

EDGEWORTH'S EARLY LESSONS. With Eight Illustrations by Birket Foster.

EDGEWORTH'S MORAL TALES. With Eight Illustrations by Dalziel.

Miss Edgeworth's Juvenile Books still continue to be the most popular of the many popular works that are daily being published. These editions are printed in large type, on good paper, and are illustrated with eight engravings in each volume. They are very appropriate Present Books.

Fcp. 8vo. price 2s. 6d. each, cloth gilt; or with gilt edges, 3s.

MINNA RAYMOND; or, Self-sacrifice. Illustrated by Birket Foster, &c.

HELENA BERTRAM; or, The Orphan. By the Author of "The Four Sisters."

HEROES OF THE LABORATORY AND THE WORKSHOP. By E. L. BRIGHTWELL. Illustrated by John Absolon.

THE YOUNG GOLD-DIGGERS. By FREDERICK GERSTAECKER, Author of "Wild Sports of the West," "Frank Wildman's Adventures."

"Gerstaecker is one of the most popular writers of the day with the young. He has seen what he describes, and shared in the adventures which he relates."—*The Nonconformist*.

Price 1s. 6d. each, cloth gilt, with Illustrations.

THE BOW OF FAITH; or, Old Testament Lessons for Children. By MARIA WRIGHT.

THE ANCHOR OF HOPE; or, New Testament Lessons for Children. By MARIA WRIGHT.

ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & ROUTLEDGE,
FARRINGTON STREET, LONDON.

BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

In fcap. 8vo, price Eighteenpence each, boards.

| | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
| PETER SIMPLE. | NEWTON FORSTER. |
| MIDSHIPMAN EASY (Mt.). | DOG FIEND (The). |
| KING'S OWN (The). | VALERIE. (Edited.) |
| RATTLIN THE REEFER. (Edited.) | POACHER (The). |
| JACOB FAITHFUL. | PHANTOM SHIP (The). |
| JAPHET IN SEARCH OF A FATHER. | PERCIVAL KEENE. |
| PACHA OF MANY TALES (The). | NAVAL OFFICER. |

"Marryat's works abound in humour—real, unaffected, buoyant, overflowing humour. Many bits of his writings strongly remind us of Dickens. He is an incorrigible joker, and frequently relates such strange anecdotes and adventures, that the gloomiest hypochondriac could not read them without involuntarily indulging in the unwonted luxury of a hearty cachinnation."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

BY THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

Price 1s. 6d. each, boards.

| | |
|--------------------|------------|
| THE YOUNG DUKE. | CONINGSBY. |
| TANCRED. | SYBIL. |
| VENKIA. | ALROY. |
| CONTARINI FLEMING. | IXION. |

Price 2s. each, boards; or, in cloth, 2s. 6d.

| | |
|-------------------|--------------|
| HENRIETTA TEMPLE. | VIVIAN GREY. |
|-------------------|--------------|

BY J. F. COOPER.

In fcap. 8vo, price Eighteenpence each, boards; or, in cloth, 2s.

| | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| LAST OF THE MOHICANS (The). | DEERSLAYER (The). |
| SPY (The). | OAK OPENINGS (The). |
| LIONEL LINCOLN. | PATHFINDER (The). |
| PILOT (The). | HEADSMAN (The). |
| PIONEERS (The). | WATER WITCH (The). |
| SEA LIONS (The). | TWO ADMIRALS (The). |
| BORDERERS, or Heathcotes (The). | MILES WALLINGFORD. |
| BRAVO (The). | PRAIRIE (The). |
| HOMeward BOUND. | RED ROVER (The). |
| AFLOAT AND ASHORE. | EVE EFFINGHAM. |
| SATANSTOE. | HEIDENMAUER (The). |
| WYANDOTTE. | PRECAUTION. |
| MARK'S REEF. | JACK TIER. |

"Cooper constructs enthralling stories, which hold us in breathless suspense, and make our brows alternately pallid with awe and terror, or flushed with powerful emotion: when once taken up, they are so fascinating, that we must perforce read on from beginning to end, panting to arrive at the thrilling dénouement."—*Dublin University Magazine.*

THE USEFUL LIBRARY.

In fcap. 8vo, price One Shilling each, cloth limp, unless expressed.

| | |
|---|--|
| 1. A NEW LETTER WRITER. | 5. COMMON THINGS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE. |
| 2. HOME BOOK OF HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY. | 6. THINGS WORTH KNOWING. |
| 3. LANDMARKS OF HISTORY OF ENGLAND. 1s. 6d. | 7. LAW OF LANDLORD AND TENANT. |
| 4. LANDMARKS OF HISTORY OF GREECE. 1s. 6d. | 8. LIVES OF GOOD SERVANTS. |
| | 9. HISTORY OF FRANCE. |
| | 10. LAW OF WILLS, EXECUTORS, AND ADMINISTRATORS. |

ROUTLEDGE'S ORIGINAL NOVELS.

In Fancy Boarded Covers.

- 1 THE CURSE OF GOLD. (1s.) By R. W. Jameson.
- 2 THE FAMILY FEUD. (2s.) By Thomas Cooper.
- 3 THE SERF SISTERS. (1s.) By John Harwood.
- 4 PRIDE OF THE MESS. (1s. 0M.) By the Author of "Cavendish."
- 5 FRANK HILTON. (2s.) By James Grant.
- 6 MY BROTHER'S WIFE. (1s. 6d.) By Miss Edwards.
- 7 ADRIEN. (1s. 6d.) By the Author of "Zingra the Gipsy."
- 8 YELLOW FRIGATE. (2s.) By James Grant.
- 9 EVELYN FORESTER. (1s. 6a.) By Mar,uerite A. Power.
- 10 HARRY OGILVIE. (2s.) By James Grant.
- 11 LADDER OF LIFE. (1s. 6d.) By Miss Edwards.
- 12 THE TWO CONVICTS. (2s.) By Frederick Gerstaecker.
- 13 DEEDS, NOT WORDS. (2s.) By M. Bell.
- 14 THE FEATHERED ARROW. (2s.) By Frederick Gerstaecker.
- 15 TIES OF KINDRED. (1s. 6d.) By Owen Wynn.
- 16 WILL HE MARRY HER? (2s.) By John Lang.
- 17 SECRET OF A LIFE. (2s.) By M. M. Bell.
- 18 LOYAL HEART; or, the Trappers. (1s. 6d.)
- 19 THE EX-WIFE. (2s.) By John Lang.
20. ARTHUR BLANE. (2s.) By James Grant.
21. HIGHLANDERS OF GLEN ORA. (2s.) By James Grant.

BY MISS EDGEWORTH.

In fcap. 8vo, price One Shilling each, boards; or, in cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE ABSENTEE.
ENNUI.

MANGUVRING.
VIVIAN.

"Sir Walter Scott, in speaking of Miss Edgeworth, says, that the rich humour, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact that she displayed in her sketches of character, led him first to think that something might be attempted for his own country of the same kind with that which Miss Edgeworth fortunately achieved for hers."

BY LADY CATHARINE LONG.

In fcap. 8vo, price Two Shillings each, boards; or, in cloth gilt, 2s. 6d.

SIR ROLAND ASHTON.

THE FIRST LIEUTENANT'S STORY.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

In fcap. 8vo, price One Shilling each, boards; or, in cloth, 1s. 6d.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

LIVES OF MAHOMET'S SUCCESSORS (The).
SALMAGUNDI.

KNICKERBOCKER'S NEW YORK.
WOOLFERT'S ROOST.

BY THE MISSES WARNER.

In fcap. 8vo, price Two Shillings each, boards; or, in cloth, 2s. 6d.

QURECHY.

WIDE, WIDE WORLD (The).

Price Eighteenpence, boards.

HILLS OF THE SHATENUC (The).

Price One Shilling, boards.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER.

ROUTLEDGE'S CHEAP SERIES.

In boards, 1s. per Volume, unless specified.

Ditto 1s. 6d. „ marked (*).

- | | | | |
|--|------------------------|---|----------------------------|
| 5 Life of Nelson. | <i>Allen.</i> | 142 King Dobbs. | <i>Hannay.</i> |
| 6 Wellington. | <i>MacFarlane.</i> | 144 *Drafts for Acceptance. | <i>Raymond.</i> |
| 7 White Slave. | <i>Hildreth.</i> | 145 Twenty Years After (2s.) | <i>A. Dumas.</i> |
| 8 Uncle Tom's Cabin. | <i>Mrs. Stowe.</i> | 146 English Traits. | <i>Emerson.</i> |
| 10 Vicar of Wakefield. | <i>Goldsmith.</i> | 147 Our Miscellany. | <i>Yates & Brough.</i> |
| 11 Mosses from a Manse. | <i>Hawthorne.</i> | 150 Marguerite de Valois (2s.) | <i>A. Dumas.</i> |
| 12 Sir Robert Peel. | | 152 *Violet, or Found at Last. | <i>M'Intosh.</i> |
| 13 *The Arctic Regions. | <i>Simmonds.</i> | 153 Sam Slick in Texas. | |
| 16 Christopher Tadpole (2s.) | <i>Smith.</i> | 154 *Home and the World. | <i>Rives.</i> |
| 17 Valentine Vox (2s.) | <i>Cockton.</i> | 155 Shakespeare not an Impostor. | |
| 19 *India. With Plates. | <i>Stoqueler.</i> | 159 *Flood and Field. | <i>Marwell.</i> |
| 20 Wild Sports (1s. 6d.) | <i>Marwell.</i> | 162, 163. Vicomte de Bragelonne, 2 vols. | <i>Dumas.</i> |
| 22 Rome, and Early Christians. | <i>Ware.</i> | 164 Four Phases of Love. | <i>G. H. Kingsley.</i> |
| 23 Gold Colonies of Australia. | <i>Earp.</i> | 165 *The Garies. | <i>F. J. Webb.</i> |
| 24 New Zealand. | <i>Earp.</i> | 166 The Lucky Penny (2s.) | <i>Mrs. S. C. Hall.</i> |
| 25 What we Did in Australia. | | 167 Moss Side. | <i>Harland.</i> |
| 26 *Shane Fadh's Wedding, &c. | <i>Carleton.</i> | 168 *Mabel Vaughan. | <i>Cummins.</i> |
| 29 *The Poor Scholar, &c. | <i>Carleton.</i> | 169 *Mutiny in India. | |
| 31 Bundle of Crowquills. | <i>Crowquill.</i> | 171 Acting Proverbs. | <i>Harwood.</i> |
| 32 Christmas Day. | <i>Le Ros.</i> | 172 Greatest Plague of Life (2s.) | <i>Mayhew.</i> |
| 33 *Hobbs and Dobbs. | <i>Crayon.</i> | 173 *Burns and Scott. | <i>White.</i> |
| 34 *Two Years before the Mast. | <i>Dana.</i> | 175. *Billets and Bivouacs. | |
| 35 Representative Men. | <i>Emerson.</i> | 176. Kansas, or Squatter Life (2s.) | <i>Gladstone.</i> |
| 39 Hyperion. | <i>Longfellow.</i> | 178 Aldershot and All About It (2s.) | <i>Mrs. Young.</i> |
| 40 Reminiscences of a Physician. | | 179 The Sepoy Revolt (2s.) | <i>Mead.</i> |
| 46 Infidelity, its Cause and Cure. | <i>Nelson.</i> | 180 Wild Flowers, with 171 Illustrations (2s.) | <i>Thompson.</i> |
| 47 Russia as it is. | <i>Morell.</i> | 181 Evangeline (1s.) | <i>Longfellow.</i> |
| 49 *The Lamplighter. | <i>Cummins.</i> | 182 Rats, with Anecdotes (2s.) | <i>Uncle James.</i> |
| 50 Turkey, Past and Present. | <i>Morell.</i> | 183 Bridle Roads of Spain (2s.) | <i>Cayley.</i> |
| 56 *Tales. | <i>S. Phillips.</i> | 184 Forest Life (2s.) | <i>Newland.</i> |
| 63 *Hochelaga. | <i>Warburton.</i> | 185 *Tough Yarns. | <i>By the Old Sailor.</i> |
| 64 *Kaloolah, or African Adventures. | | 186 *Life in a Steamer. | <i>Sam Slick.</i> |
| 65 *Sunny Memories. | <i>Stowe.</i> | 187 The Attaché (2s.) | <i>Sam Slick.</i> |
| 70 Shilling Cookery for the People. | <i>Soyer.</i> | 188 Law and Lawyers. | <i>Polson.</i> |
| 79 *Captain Canot. | <i>Mayer.</i> | 189 Marvels of Science (2s.) | <i>Fullom.</i> |
| 91 The Mountaineer. | <i>Mayo.</i> | 190 British Columbia and Vancouver's Island (1s. 6d.) | <i>Hazlitt.</i> |
| 92 Burma and Burmese. | <i>M'Kenzie.</i> | 191 A Lady's Captivity among Chinese Pirates. | <i>Fanny Lowel.</i> |
| 93 Charades, Acting. | <i>Miss Bownan.</i> | 192 Patchwork | <i>Howard Paul.</i> |
| 94 Young Frank's Holidays. | <i>S. Coyne.</i> | 193 Derby Ministry (The) (1s. 6d.) | <i>Mark Rochester.</i> |
| 95 The War. With Illustrations. | | 194 Miles Standish and other Poems. | <i>Longfellow.</i> |
| 96 Pleasures of Literature. | <i>R. A. Willmott.</i> | 195 Eminent Men and Popular Books. | <i>(2s.)</i> |
| 101 Transatlantic Wanderings. | <i>Oldmixon.</i> | 196 Prescott's Philip the Second. Vol. 3. | <i>(2s.)</i> |
| 102 Ruth Hall. | <i>Fanny Fern.</i> | 197 Burns' Poetical Works (2s.) | |
| 104 The Crimea. | <i>C. W. Koch.</i> | | |
| 105 Two Artists in Spain. | <i>M'Farlane.</i> | | |
| 109 *America and the Americans. | <i>Baxter.</i> | | |
| 114 The Great Highway (2s.) | <i>Fullom.</i> | | |
| 117 Female Life among the Mormons. | | | |
| 118 *The Watchman. | | | |
| 120 Sebastopol, the Story of its Fall. | | | |
| 121 *The Song of Hiawatha. | <i>Longfellow.</i> | | |
| 122 *Robinson Crusoe. | <i>De Foe.</i> | | |
| 123 *Clement Lorimer. | <i>Reach.</i> | | |
| 124 Rose Clark. | <i>Fanny Fern.</i> | | |
| 132 *Solitary Hunter (The) | <i>Palliser.</i> | | |
| 136 Pottleton Legacy (2s.) | <i>Albert Smith.</i> | | |
| 137 *Whom to Marry. | <i>Mayhew.</i> | | |
| 140 *Light and Darkness. | <i>Crowe.</i> | | |

RAILWAY AND SEA-SIDE READING.

NEW VOLUMES, WITH FANCY COVERS.

- Garibaldi's Autobiography. By Dumas. 2s.
Wild Sports of the West. By Maxwell. 1s. 6d.
Life of a Sailor. By Captain Chamier. 2s.
Mary of Lorraine. By James Grant. 2s.
Doctor Basilius. By Dumas. 2s.
The Unloved One. By Mrs. Hofland. 2s.
Maxwell. By Theodore Hook. 2s.
Gilbert Gurney. By Theodore Hook. 2s.
A Wife to Order. By Gerstaeker. 2s.
The Squire. By Miss Pickering. 2s.
Mervyn Clitheroe. By W. H. Ainsworth. 2s.
Love. By Lady C. Bury. 1s. 6d.
The Lost Ship. By the Author of "Cavendish." 2s.
Murder will Out. By Mrs. Atkyns. 1s. 6d.
Cozy-Nook Tales. By W. Glib. 1s.
Catherine (a Tale). By Jules Sandeau. 1s.
Comic Sketch-Book. By John Poole. 2s.
Shifting Scenes of Theatrical Life. Mrs. Winstanley. 1s. 6d.
Dottings of a Lounger. By Frank Fowler. 1s.
-

* * A List of upwards of 700 Volumes, comprising Novels or Tales by almost every Author of Note, can be had, gratis, on application to the Publishers.

LONDON: ROUTLEDGE, WARNE AND ROUTLEDGE, FARRINGTON STREET.

