

OVERING,

OR

THE HEIR OF WYCHERLY.

A Historical Romance.

BY

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"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

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REMARKS.

THE first question one would naturally ask upon perusing a work, professing to be partially historic is—how much of it can be traced to sources corroborative of incidents it purports to chronicle? Were I to answer this very natural inquiry, I would simply say, that it would require a long preface to give the desired information—much longer than it would, were it certain a sufficient lapse of time had intervened authorizing with propriety, the true name of one of the principal characters to be used. Could this liberty be taken, many intelligent men of Rhode Island would be enabled, so far as the person in question is concerned, to answer it, perhaps, better than myself.

The Antiquarian and others, who take pleasure in the perusal of faded records, will find in the Redwood library an old file of papers that I have drawn somewhat upon, called the "Newport Mercury," from which the following are extracts :—

"He enjoyed the hereditary privilege of wearing his hat in the royal presence granted to John de Courcy, Earl of Ulster, by King John—his younger brother emigrated to America and settled in Newport, R. I., where he came with small pecuniary means of support ;

and those means being soon exhausted, he was reduced to the state of a common laborer to obtain subsistence, &c." * * * *

"He was careful to have his children registered, because he used to say, 'there is but one life between me and a peerdom.' His eldest son was bound an apprentice to a captain of a merchant-ship belonging to this port."

There is also extant an ancient file of "The Newport Herald," from which I extract in substance the following item:—

"The princely dwelling-house, being the country-seat of ———, was entirely consumed by fire last night. There was a *roué* there; and, finding he could not arrest the progress of the flames, ordered the dinner to be carried to the lawn, observing to his guests, 'The loss of my house is no reason *you* should lose your dinners.'"

I am borne out in the range I have taken in this work to some extent, in relation to the questionable enterprises of this latter individual, by many of the old inhabitants of Rhode Island. His history seems to have been transmitted to them with much oral faithfulness, inasmuch as they all appear to agree in its detail. The reader, however, will not forget that the dress of a work of this kind is rather the medium calculated to exhibit the peculiarities of the age and people, when and among whom the individuals commemorated, flourished, than the integrity expected from sober history.

CHAPTER I.

ON the coast of that mist-invested region—known, when our narrative begins, as the *province* of Rhode Island—there lies a promontory of inconsiderable extent, though proverbial for its rich verdure, and the beauty of prospects it affords the spectator. The shore upon its northerly side is lined with shelving rocks, forming an impregnable barrier to the waves, and a shelter to sea-birds when driven in by stress of weather.

Among these ledges is a chasm known to the good people of the country by the name of *Purgatory*, a little to the right of which several conically-formed rocks lift their heads above the greensward, forming a fine observatory from which innumerable vessels may be seen almost any day in the year, far-off in the distance—some with their hulls visible—others showing but their topsails above the horizon.

It was late in the afternoon of a July day, some seventy-eight years ago, that Simon Overing, a lad of eighteen years, took his station on the highest of these rocks, and while resting his chin in the hollow of his hand, had fallen in a reverie as he intently gazed at the waves as they came chasing each other to the shore far beneath him. "If I go home," thought he, "father

will admonish me, and mother will improve upon it; Eldad will say that he has all the work to do, and that I am not worth the salt in my porridge: I wish I were on board that ship yonder whose hull rolls so heavily." He continued to gaze intently on the last-mentioned object with increasing interest, as he saw one sail after another taken in, in quick succession. "She is on Cormorant Rock, as sure as I am alive," said he audibly, at the same time springing upon his feet, and advancing to the highest point of his perch.

The sun was setting in clouds of gold, but seaward it looked sombre and cold; the wind freshened into a stiff breeze, and the *rollers* soon came tumbling in against the rocks faster and faster, till the roar became continuous and hoarse, like a vast cataract.

"Something must be done," thought Simon, "for if the gale increases, she will go to pieces before morning." It was now nearly dark; and the wind having set in from the east as the sun went down, there was little prospect of its ceasing before midnight. "Yes! something must be done," passed again through his mind; "for should any one perish for want of assistance, I would never forgive myself."

Quick as thought, he descended the declivity leading to the low land, a little to the northward of the spot from which he had espied the ship, where, was moored behind some projecting rocks a small fishing-boat. It was a moment's work to disengage her from her fastenings, and but another to run up her jib and place her head toward the distressed vessel. It seemed all but impossible that the little craft could live among the foaming breakers; but with a steady helm and an accurate eye, it was not long before she was conducted outside of them, where she safely rode the high, but comparatively smooth

waves, although a white-cap occasionally toppled a portion of itself into her.

In his fishing-excursions, Simon had explored the coast a hundred times, and he knew every rock and shallow for many leagues around; but as night was coming on, and a thick fog gathering between him and the ship, his search would have been rendered doubtful, had she not commenced firing her guns as signals of distress. Thus guided, he stood steadily on his course, sailing almost in the wind's eye, when at length he discovered a large frigate fast upon the rocks, and the sea making sad breaches over her decks. He put his helm hard down, which brought his little craft between that portion of the rock showing itself and the huge hull of the ship. The water, consequently, was as smooth as a mill-pond, and the only danger he incurred in this position, was from the spray that occasionally swept over the decks of the wreck.

"Ship-a-hoy!—Ship-a-hoy!" called out Simon at the top of his voice; but the confusion on board, and the dashing of the waves against her sides, prevented his being heard, and his boat was more than once in danger of being swamped from the spray breaking over her. "Ship-a-hoy!—Ship-a-hoy!" he again cried out with his utmost strength; but he might as well have called to the monsters of the deep, and would as soon have been heeded. The gurgling of the waters among the caverns of the rocks, the wailing of the winds through the rigging of the frigate, and the roaring of the surf deadened even the reports of the artillery; notwithstanding, at times, he heard cries of consternation from females in the cabin, and cursing and swearing from the region of the fore-castle. He had almost despaired of getting on board, for the fog was so thick, and the night so dark, he could hardly

see his hand before him, and it was with no little difficulty he prevented his boat from being carried out by the force of the current among the breakers. He nearly sunk her in trying to lay hold of the rigging of the bowsprit, but succeeded better in a second attempt, and as soon as he fastened her to the fore-chains of the ship, he took advantage of a swell of the sea to throw himself upon the deck.

Several of the seamen who saw Simon jump on board, sprang from their work, crying out, that "a spook from the rocks had boarded the frigate." The remainder of the crew took up the alarm, and the whole mass, in the greatest consternation, rushed to the quarter-deck; and although the officers presented the muzzles of their pistols to the breasts of the men, yet it was of no avail, for they had far less dread of a hole through their bodies than an encounter with a goblin.

All discipline was now at an end, and everything in utter confusion. The storm had no terrors; and although it was admitted that if the ship did not float at high-water, every mother's son of them would perish before morning—it mattered little—they had no objections to die in the regular way; but to be hocus-focused off in an unknown manner, was too much for flesh and blood to endure, and, therefore, with great unanimity they resolved to obey nobody, and drown as soon possible.

"Quarter-deck a-hoy!" again called out Simon, prolonging the last word so long as his breath lasted.

"Mr. Anderson," said Captain Castoff, the commander of the ship, (addressing his first-lieutenant), "pray go and see what the d—l the thing is that has boarded us, and report speedily, for the crew will all go overboard unless they are quieted."

The men were astonished at the boldness of the officer, when they saw him actually proceeding to execute the order. They expected him momentarily to disappear in as miraculous a manner as the goblin had appeared to the ship's company. The boatswain's mate was considered a very bold man, and as such enjoyed the full confidence of his messmates—He had flogged the most of them with the cat in some period of their lives, which had increased their confidence in his immutability. They, therefore, as many as conveniently could, crowded behind him for safe keeping, tremblingly awaiting the result of the lieutenant's mission.

The officer speedily returned and made his report, and nothing could exceed the surprise of the men when they learned their visitor was not of supernatural origin. In a few minutes after, they were at their work again, as composedly as if nothing worse than the loss of half-a-dozen of their number overboard had occasioned the alarm.

"Where do you hail from?" inquired Captain Castoff of Simon, as he approached that officer.

"Nowhere in particular," was the categorical reply.

"But how in Heaven's name did you board us?" further interrogated the captain, and, without waiting for a reply, added, "Where am I?"

"Thee is on a ledge of rocks on the easterly coast of the Plantations."

"Were I off them, could you pilot me into deep water?"

"Why, as to that, captain, it is more than I can tell—How you got here is beyond my comprehension. Many is the tortang that I have caught about these rocks, but I never expected one of King George's ships hereabouts." Simon had hardly expressed himself as above, when an ugly sea

struck the vessel amid-ships, and made every plank in her shake again.

"Cut away the weather-rigging there—quick! quick! Mr. Lanyard, and let the masts go by the board!" roared the captain to one of his officers. He had no sooner given the order, than he turned around to hide his mortification, and in his despair at the loss of his ship, musingly said, "Well, the Lyonel is gone!—poor old Lyonel!—You never disgraced yourself by running from a Frenchman, and, with a good offing, the harder it blew the better you liked it." Then shaking his head gravely, added, "But it is all over now."

The men had got ready for obeying the command, and as they were about to execute it, the captain's musings were interrupted by Simon's requesting him "to hold on for a moment," and added, "The wind is going round to the westward—the best chance of saving the ship is to save her masts."

"Hold on!" repeated the captain, who then inquired of Simon what he said "about the wind's going around to the westward."

"The clouds," he replied, "are already scudding from the south; besides, it will be flood-tide in half an hour, which I think will float her: if so, I will do what I can to pilot you into deep water. Had you not better," he continued, "to slide your lee guns overboard—she will float better by *heeling* a little." The captain had, unfortunately, anticipated him, by not only throwing the most of his lee guns overboard, but his weather ones also, when she first struck. As had been predicted, the wind at length seemed sufficiently strong to enable the ship to show her canvas; the thumping became almost imperceptible, and Captain Castoff's eyes brightened, as the

prospect of escape from his perilous situation, became more favorable. The wind continued to freshen from the land, answering the double purpose of blowing down the sea and at the same time filling as many of the sails as it was convenient to set.

To the inexpressible joy of Captain Castoff, she at length floated, and a moment after was drifting seaward. "Get her before the wind!" he called out through his trumpet to his first lieutenant—"the pilot says the breakers are all cleared, and you have an open sea before you."

After things had been put to rights on deck, he called Simon aft, and thanked him in the presence of his officers, for the risk he had incurred by putting to sea in an open boat at night, and also for the information given them, in relation to the position of the ship, and at the same time offering to put him ashore at any point he might desire.

He accepted the offer, and requested that he might be landed on Block Island, to which the captain readily assented; indeed, he was so elated, that he would willingly have taken him to one of the Orkneys, had it been his pleasure to have gone there.

Simon was invited into the cabin to join the officers in taking a little refreshment after the arduous duties and perils they had encountered during the night. The captain excused its appearance, for in truth it was greatly out of sorts—the furniture had been tossed to one side of the ship—quantities of crockery lay broken and scattered about the floor, and a sprinkling of ashes from the stove assisted in giving a very unvarnished appearance to the paneling of the females' apartments.

At one time, there was very little prospect of either saving the ship or the lives of the passengers, yet the ladies on board,

true to their instincts, had made their toilet amidst the dangers which encompassed them, and were now ready to appear and partake of whatever hospitalities the captain had to bestow. Among the passengers present, were Lieutenant Lowther Matthews, Lieutenant Blonderboss, and Miss Arabella, daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling of the Artillery, who with his regiment was on his way to New York, where she was also proceeding for the purpose of joining him. She was rather a child than a young lady, and preferred the companionship of her doll to all other amusements. She was old enough, however, to be a little ashamed of it, and therefore careful to lavish her affections upon her pet when there was no observant eye at hand to witness her sympathies. A little more ripeness of the cheek and softness of the eye, and she would have been, as the term goes, beautiful. A year or so would do both—the raw edge, in fact, had so far worn off, that it was noticeable only when she was in a frolicsome mood. Mr. Matthews was not so old either that, in like solitude, he might have ridden his hobby; but now that he wore the livery of his king, he was compelled to sacrifice childish things at the altar of affected manhood. He was at that unlucky age when youths suppose they have gotten through the lessons of life by some legerdemain they do not readily understand. They are satisfied with the naked fact, however, and deem it derogatory to their self-respect to question a thing so obvious.

He had as little of this vanity as most persons of his age; yet, to own the truth, was much like a girl, in male attire, with a bad cold, but without either her grace or tact. Notwithstanding all this, he gave every evidence of the future man—was of the Chesterfieldian height, and, with the ex-

ception of a hollowness of chest, would have been "well made."

Next, after the baby-house, the society of the young lieutenant was preferred by the hoydenish Arabella—for hoydenish she certainly was—when an opportunity presented itself to romp with the gentlemen. Many was the time on a pleasant evening, and while the Lyonel was gliding over the smooth waves, that young Matthews would endeavor to prove to Arabella that

"Love is a passion by no rule confined."

She would then introduce something so irrelevant to the subject with which he was engrossed, that his whole train of thought would be overset, forcing him to give up in despair the victory he thought already his; and, to add to his mortification, she mischievously referred Mr. Blonderboss to other quotations he had lovingly poured into her ear, and one, the most extravagant of them all, she took pleasure in reciting whenever she thought it would put him to the blush, which ran as follows:—

"I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth;
Pluck the young suckling cub from the she-bear;
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady."

"To win thee, lady," she would emphatically repeat; and then looking at herself, as much as to say, "is it possible he thinks I am a full-grown woman?"

After the laugh thus provoked was expended, she would be very apt to join Mr. Matthews, and make her peace with him, though too thoughtless to regard the wounds she had

caused, and too inconsiderate to reflect that such are rarely ever healed.

Mr. Matthews had nothing in common with Mr. Blonderboss, and consequently felt the more mortified in being compelled in this manner to be subjected to his derision.

The frigate, after being put fairly before the wind, went through the water "with a bone in her mouth;" and early in the morning let go her anchor about half a mile to the northward of the island. Simon's boat was got ready, and brought alongside by order of the captain. The officers of the ship could hardly refrain from laughing at his odd appearance as he was preparing to take his departure; for the skirts of his coat came down to his ancles, his breeches were of deer-skin, and much the worse for the service they had seen, and his stockings were knitted by his mother, who had her eye to the comfort they would afford her rambling son, rather than the embellishment of the splendid calves he had under them.

Simon's parents were of that respectable sect denominated *Friends*, or *Quakers*, and whose religion consisted of a set of theories "*unrepugnant to the instincts of human action.*" It necessarily followed that the quaintness of the olden time was transmitted from one generation to another in all the simplicity it had in its origin.

The young Quaker sometimes kicks from his legs the moral shackle prescribing the limits of his wanderings; but, as life begins to wear out, his heart yearns to be brought again within the fold where consistency is to be observed by all admitted within it. The conventionalisms of other denominations may for awhile allure, and the novelty of display fascinate his imagination, but they soon pall upon

his senses, and he then returns to the religion and customs of his fathers, a more thorough convert to their faith than he would have been had he never left it.

"It is a pity," Arabella said to young Blonderboss, as Simon was going over the side of the ship, "that so fine a face and person should be deformed by so ugly a dress."

"Why, he is a Quaker," he replied—"an improved edition of the round-head, I should infer from the cut of his jib."

"Notwithstanding, he is a handsome fellow," she answered; "his eyes are like the eagle's, and his complexion as rich as the *sunny side of a peach.*"

While thus being criticised he had got under weigh, and, with his little sail bellying in the wind, was quietly and composedly laying his course to the nearest point of his place of destination. Directly after he had left the frigate, several of the officers concluded to make an excursion to the island. They accordingly ordered the jolly-boat to be got ready, and in a few minutes after she was fully manned and following in Simon's wake. As they neared the shore, they perceived the surf breaking with more than ordinary violence upon the beach, the rollers coming in with a kind of jerk, chasing each other in close proximity; but they had proceeded too far to recede. Simon's boat was soon in the surf, which seemed almost to swallow it up, and all that appeared to be left, was a portion of the sail swaying and struggling above the yeasty element. Anon it appeared upon the crest of a wave, and there sat Simon as placid and serene as the evening star, guiding his craft as confidently as he would have rolled a wheelbarrow on dry land.

Another sea sent him high and dry upon the smooth beach. He was now standing, looking with no little concern

after his new friends, for, through some mismanagement, their boat had got in the trough of the sea, and appeared to behave as if water-logged. As quick as thought he disencumbered himself of his clothes, and then plunged into the surf.

He had swam but a little way when he saw a huge breaker, thundering on to the shore: He called out to the crew "to be ready;" but before he had time to finish the sentence they were upset, and when the boat reappeared, it was bottom up, and those who had been in it, either clinging to its sides or swimming for their lives. The force of the breakers carried them almost to the shore.

Simon at once saw that one of the party was struggling in the water; he struck out again for his rescue, and at length was successful in finding the body, though not until after it had disappeared for some considerable time. He succeeded in placing it on dry land—but life was apparently extinct. With the assistance of those who had suffered least in the surf, he removed the drowned man to a fisherman's hut, standing upon a sand-bank just out of reach of the sea. Although there was not the least appearance of life in him, yet Simon insisted upon placing his stomach upon the oval of a barrel, and causing it to be rolled to and fro. As it apparently produced no effect, the most of the gentlemen despaired of their ability to resuscitate their companion, and were giving way to their expressions of grief at this sad termination of their excursion. Nevertheless, he continued the motion, and after a few minutes, a slight groan was heard, and shortly another, and another, and then a shivering of the frame, and a convulsive throe followed. He then opened his eyes but soon closed them again. Simon now caused him to be stripped and rubbed with some dry canvas found upon the sand, and so

successful was he in this mode of treatment, that in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes, the patient could feebly articulate.

Unaware of the cause of detention, Captain Castoff had been for some time signaling their return, and as Mr. Matthews was now able to sit up without aid, Simon prepared his boat to convey the party back to the ship, the one they came in having been stove when thrown upon its side in capsizing. He shoved her bow sufficiently into the surf to float that part of her, when the party got in from the stern and took their seats. He then placed his shoulder under her taffrail, and with an effort that few could make, slid her into deep water, and then sprang on board himself. As the breeze was rather stiff, and directly ahead, it was some time, notwithstanding his incessant pulling at the oars, before he was enabled to reach the ship.

Mr. Matthews, in leaving the boat, took Simon by the hand, saying, "I cannot express my feelings to you in thanks, and for the present your consciousness of having saved a fellow-being, must be your requital. Providence may hereafter enable me to return my gratitude in some way commensurate with the obligations I am under." He then, with the aid of his friends, ascended the side of the ship, and before he had reached its deck, Simon was a speck upon the great waste of waters, making his way back to the shore.

CHAPTER II.

SIMON had now been absent several days, and Obadiah, his father, was sitting in the yard, in front of his house, with his wife Rizpah, whom after an interval of deep silence and meditation, he addressed as follows :—

“Rizpah”—(a long pause)—“Rizpah—it is with much tribulation that we get on in the journey of life—ve-ri-ly, the wickedness of man is great. It is not I alone who have suffered”—here was another long pause. “In the first book of Samuel,” he continued, “the second chapter, and the twelfth verse, is found these words :—*Now the sons of Eli were the sons of Belial ; they knew not the Lord.*”

Rizpah, after due consideration of what had been said, replied, “*Notwithstanding, the children of Korah died not, even so saith the Scriptures.*” Silence now prevailed for a period of twenty minutes, when Obadiah resumed the conversation :—“Rizpah, where is Simon? Surely some evil hath befallen him. Never hath he staid from home so long, although it is his way to eschew my admonitions, and *thine* hath he heeded not ; to till the earth, is his abomination, and when I named to him that it were good and meet to pursue some of the arts of trade, he hath holden himself aloof, as one of the great of the earth would do, which becometh him not. Ah, Simon ! Simon ! thy ways are not my ways—even they are past finding out.”

“Obadiah ! Obadiah !” replied his wife, warming a little with the subject, and disliking to see injustice done her truant boy, “thou rememberest the story of the Prodigal Son, that when he became distressed and had not wherewith to fill himself, save with the husks of the field, he said, ‘I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him—Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son ; make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose and came to his father. But yet when he was a great way off, his father had compassion, and ran and fell upon his neck, and kissed him.’ What sayest thou, Obadiah, shouldst he return with repentance ?”

After a short pause, he replied, and said, “Ve-ri-ly, thou talkest like a wise woman. A little of Old Adam was rising in my bosom, and I knoweth not what evil might have befallen the boy, had he returned and been wrathfully dealt with, by withholding healthful reproof.”

He continued to warm with his subject, and then added : “Rizpah, wife of my bosom ! thy gentle words hath turned away wrath, for thy paths are beautiful and pleasant to the eye.”

After the proper time had elapsed for his wife to reply, he was about taking up the thread of discourse, when Simon entered the yard where his parents were sitting. They were surprised at his sudden appearance though they did not show it in their countenances. He was without a hat—his coat was torn, and the buckles that fastened the knees of his breeches were gone. Yet a sort of good-nature radiated from his eyes, but so blended with *innocent* wickedness, that the one could not be analyzed without borrowing from the

other. "Father," said he in a gentle tone, "how hast thou been?"

"Thank thee, Simon," he replied, "I am well;" and then turning to his mother, said, "I would not aggrieve thee, and am sorry to see thee look sad, for I have been in the way of duty, and thou hast often said that it was good in thy sight."

"Simon, my son," answered his mother, "thou hast sorely aggrieved thy father, and have caused me some sleepless nights. The winds blew hard the night thee* left thy home, and the sea roared so loud that we feared the waters were much troubled."

Simon related to his parents his adventures, while he had been absent, and added, "that he felt justified before men in aiding the helpless through *much* peril, for thou knowest," continued he, "that thy counsel hast been to give in charity and to assist the afflicted. Am I right, father? Has not this been thy counsel, mother?"

His parents exchanged in silence sundry looks at each other; but their sight was not as perfect as it once had been, and they therefore put on their spectacles, after consuming much time in wiping the dust from them.

They now looked again at each other, with this additional aid to their vision, for some time, and at length Obadiah said, "Rizpah!" She waited awhile, and then replied,—

"Obadiah!"

The latter removed his spectacles, and after putting them in their case, said, "Rizpah, there is safety in thy counsel. What sayest thou to Simon?"

* The author has often remarked that the Friends, in familiar conversation, use the objective *thee*, for the nominative *thou*, and also vary from the Scriptural to the less correct.

"It is not good," she replied, "for the weaker vessel to take the place of the stronger—it is thy province to counsel thy family in the way of duty."

"Simon, thy mother speaketh well! Her sex are the helpmeet of man when he needeth assistance; but they should not be unseemly, by directing the affairs of the family."

Thee was right when thee said, my counsel was to give in charity—but this must be tempered by reason; for in thy own case, by thy own telling, while thou hast done good to some, thou hast done evil to others. *We* have been put to much concern—beside, thy head has no covering, and thy friends have done unto thee as Haman did unto the servants of David, who were shorn of their garments even to their buttocks, by which they were put to much shame: Besides, thee has been in great peril of life, which it is thy duty to preserve, and which is first to be considered. What sayest Rizpah? Can'st thou add to my admonitions?"

"Nay, Obadiah! from thy mouth proceedeth wisdom, and it would ill become me to add to counsels given to a son; but should Hannah require it, I would freely give it."

"To-morrow," said Obadiah to Simon, "we commence harvesting the corn, and if we eat we must work, otherwise, we live upon the labor of others, which was never intended."

"Father," replied Simon, "does thee not think that some people would rather sweat than not? and if this be their happiness, would it not be hard to take it away?"

Simon said this with great solemnity; and as he cast his eyes to the orchard where his brother Eldad was gathering apples, and emptying them into a cart, "Behold," he said, "how happy he looks; and there goes a basket, and yet another, and as he goes on, his face becomes more and more

radiant with delight. Verily, it would be a pity to disturb him."

Hannah, his sister, had just learned that Simon had got home, and she came skipping in from the meadow, where she had been looking at the mowers gracefully laying the swaths beside their scythes, to greet him upon his safe return.

The parents and brothers of Hannah were of fair complexion, light hair, and blue eyes, and strange as it may seem, she was a bright brunette; her hair was black as the raven's wing, and long silken lashes shaded the dark orbs beneath them; her hands and feet were small, the reverse of any of her immediate connections; her nose was, as the French would say, *un peu retroussée*. She might at this time have been fifteen, which, in that cold climate, would not have carried her out of her childhood.

It is a strange thing in physics, but nevertheless true, that the image of some remote ancestor or ancestress often reflects itself upon a member of a family, distinguishing it so much from their immediate connections, as to lead a stranger to suppose they not only were not of the same blood, but of a different nation. And thus it was in this instance. Rizpah recollected an old family picture that had been handed down a number of generations, and now stowed away among the lumber of the garret, the very counterpart of Hannah, though tradition said it was so old, that the original (who was no less a personage than the high-born Anette St. James,) had sat to the great Vandyke.

As Hannah was unlike her family in appearance, so was she in character. If she could have had her own way, she would have cultivated music, and as it was, she and Simon had accomplished many a duet in the little parlor, when

their parents were from home. As she entered the lawn to greet her brother, she warmly took him by the hand, and said, "Simon, I am glad to see thee! thee has been away a long time,"—and in a tone aside to prevent being heard by others, added, "I suppose thee has been admonished?"

"Yea, ve-ri-ly," he replied, roguishly turning his eyes toward his father, and placing extra emphasis upon the last syllable of the last word.

Hannah's black eyes dilated as she caught the odd expression of Simon's face, as her parents turned toward him to ascertain what had occasioned his extreme sanctity on this particular occasion.

Eldad now approached; his thirst had gotten the better of his love for labor, and as he passed, said to his brother in a grumbling manner, "Thee's got home now, the apples are all at the mill; I s'pose thee'l condescend to drink the cider after the tap is in the barrel, if some one will draw it for thee: With that he made for the house with tremendous strides, for the purpose of slaking his thirst.

Simon raised his voice in reply, and said, "The lilies toil not, neither do they spin," at the same time giving Hannah a knowing wink. "Let us hear," added he in a low tone, "what Eldad will say to that." The latter stopped short, and, facing Simon, said indignantly, in reply, "thou lookest little like a lily, Simon: I would advise thee to cut off the other skirt of thy coat, before thee compares thyself to anything."

"Comparisons are odious," replied Simon. "Thou hast profited but little by the admonitions of thy father and thy mother, or thou would'st bridle thy tongue. What sayest thou, mother?—Give me thy counsel, father."

Before they had answered, Eldad proceeded to the house and drank a mug of his favorite cider, indignant that he should do all the work, and Simon spend his time in rambling about the country.

As he passed them on his way to the fields, Obadiah replied, and said, "Eldad, thy brother is young in years," and before he had time to conclude the sentence, the latter added, pettishly, "but old in wickedness."

"Thou sayest it," replied his father: "I would have said old in wisdom, but thou hast taken the words out of my mouth, and thus dishonored thy father, which Simon never did."

Eldad made no reply, and in a few minutes made his appearance with his scythe among the mowers in the meadow, with all the ease and grace that a courtier could enact, though in a different way.

CHAPTER III.

PRIOR to the American revolution, Newport, in consequence of its fine harbor, offered commercial facilities second to no port on the American coast. Negroes were brought there in great numbers for a market; and fortunes are still existing to no inconsiderable extent, inherited by children of those who were engaged in that traffic. Fortunes were made there also—not only from the ordinary and legitimate sources of barter and exchange—but from illicit gain, accelerated by advantages arising from the numerous indentations and other peculiarities of the coast at the confluence of Providence river with the ocean.

There are two entrances—one having depth enough to float ships of the largest class, and the other sufficiently deep for ordinary vessels even at low-water. The first, and most important of these passages, is on the west side of the island, between it and Cananicut, called the West or Narraganset passage; this unites with the main channel at the north end of the latter island.

The southern and easterly sides of the town are, for the most part, walled in from the ocean by immense quantities of rock, the greater portion being covered with a deep mould, forming a beautiful area of table-land from fifty to seventy-five feet above the level of high-water.

These rocks show themselves at the extremity of the

island, and, at a little distance, have the appearance of miniature mountains. Some of them stand out so bold into the ocean as to be broached by almost every wave from either point of the compass.

When the wind has prevailed from the southward for several days, nothing can be more beautiful than to sit on one of these high ledges, and watch the massive waves as they are thrown headlong upon its base, breaking into myriads of foaming particles, and presenting to the eye an embankment of pearly atoms as if upheaved from a bosom of snow.

This was one of the haunts of Simon on such occasions, and he would sit on one of those eminences whole hours looking at the beautiful objects before him.

He had taken his seat there one day, and his eye became fixed on a strange sail, whose hull was below the visible horizon: She was not outward bound, neither did she appear anxious to make the harbor, but was straggling about without any fixed purpose.

In that bleak and stormy region, however serene and fine the atmosphere may be at one moment, on the succeeding a thick fog may spring up at a point from the bosom of the ocean, and expand itself in masses so dense, that often at noon-day duskiess overspreads everything enveloped in their murky mists. Simon was cogitating upon the strange manoeuvres of the vessel in question, when suddenly she was shut out of view by one of these fitful gatherings. As there had been stories rife of smuggling for some time past in the neighborhood, whereby a *respectable* person had been implicated, he suspected it were possible that the vessel's character might not be beyond reproach.

His curiosity, consequently, became excited; and as the wind was fair for the vessel to make the harbor if she chose, he resolved to spend the night there, and see what discoveries he could make. There was a certain mansion on the river's side called, by its owner, Compton Hall, standing a mile perhaps north-westerly of the town, which had been erected on a magnificent scale, belonging to the person in question, and whose name was Ethan Arnold. It was by far the most superb residence in New England, and all that money could do had been lavished upon it in the way of embellishment. The lawn, interspersed with gigantic trees, spread itself almost to the water's edge. Here and there a grove clustered in circular form, giving to the whole an appearance of a combination of nature and art, so necessary to perfect the picturesque.

The greater portion of the time, there was a silence and mystery about the premises, the more unaccountable, when the great reputed wealth of the owner was taken into consideration. He was seldom known to mix with other men, neither was he ever seen at church, or at any place of public amusement. It is true, he sometimes had company at his home, but who they were, or where they came from, no one knew; they went as mysteriously as they came. Although he had numerous servants, his family proper consisted of only himself and daughter, who then was not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age.

On the night in question, Mr. Arnold had given a banquet to a party of ladies and gentlemen, who had arrived in a small but beautiful vessel only the day before; she was, what now would be called, "clipper-built," of a couple hundred tons burthen, or so, and by her exquisite finish, it was evident her

owner, whoever he might be, had been as regardless of expense in her construction as Mr. Arnold had been profuse in his establishment, near by which the stranger lay moored.

Simon waited until midnight, occasionally placing his ear to the rock to catch the first sound of the ship's *way* through the water. He heard nothing, however, but the moaning of the distant waves and their crash as they occasionally broke upon the shore beneath him. He, therefore, crossed over to the entrance of the harbor, at a point near where the channel runs in-shore, and where a vessel could hardly pass, as dark or as foggy as it might be, without being discovered.

At this period there was anything but a good feeling existing between the mother country and her colonies, and, by some means, the officers of the customs must have been very deaf, or very blind, or perhaps both, for certain it is, that, while the country became better supplied with merchandize than it had been before, the revenue instead of increasing, lamentably fell off.

He had been in his new position but a little time when he heard a pulling at oars, and at a short distance astern, and in tow of what he presumed to be a boat, a rippling of the stream as if caused by a vessel's cutwater. "Something is wrong," reasoned Simon; "no man in a lawful business would risk his vessel by carrying her up this dark night." Full of this idea he left his station, and followed on until she arrived within a short distance of the pleasure-vessel heretofore mentioned, when she let go her anchors and brought up close in shore.

At this moment the house of Arnold was flooded with light, and music and dancing were merrily going on, but as soon as a person could communicate from the vessel it ceased, and the

lights were extinguished. Its desolation and silence contrasted strangely with the life and revelry which a few moments before filled the principal apartments.

Half an hour had scarcely expired when a number of men were at work, transporting light merchandise on shore, while several trusty persons were engaged stowing it away in subterraneous places, which were entered, in one of the groves before alluded to. At day-break all was quiet. The bark had dropped down to a position in front of the custom-house, looking as honest as if manned with missionaries. In course of the morning she was boarded by an officer for the purpose of taking an account of that portion of the cargo left, consisting of several casks of salt and a few hogsheads of molasses.

Simon was now satisfied there were more expeditious ways of getting rich, than working on a farm like a slave, as his brother Eldad was doing; and the only impediments in the way were the interference of conscience and the King's officers.

He was not peculiar in coveting a thing because it was out of his reach, and would have given all his worldly wealth could he have had access to the interior of the mansion, and been at liberty to inspect the curiosities and wonderful exhibitions of art that report said were there. He even had half-fallen in love with Lucia Arnold, the only child of her father. To be sure, he had never seen but a mere glimpse of her; whether she was beautiful or sensible, he neither knew nor inquired. It was enough that she was exclusive, and existed in a mysterious atmosphere, difficult of approach. Had he have been able to surmount all these impediments, and met her face to face, he would

have found as pretty a little brunette, with gazelle eyes, as the sun of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations ever shone upon.

His anticipations, so far as she was concerned, would have been more than realized, though seldom it is that the imagination is behind the actual.

Just before break of day, he returned home, conning over the adventures of the night, and trying to satisfy his own mind in relation to the part Mr. Arnold took in the game, it was evident more than one was playing at. He slept until a late hour in the morning, and if his father and brother could have had their own way, he would have found no breakfast upon the table when he arose. But Hannah never forgot Simon, and he was sure of a tit-bit, hid away in the pantry where *he* could find it, no matter what was the time of day or the hour of night when he repaired home.

He had taken up Pilgrim's Progress, and was getting interested in some of the adventures of that good man, when he heard the hoofs of horses coming down the road at a fast pace; he folded down a leaf at an interesting part of the story, placed the book under his arm, and went to the door to see who it was riding at so unusual a rate, as the sound denoted.

As the main road passed a little distance from the house, he was just in time to perceive that it was Lucia, in company with a strange young man, while "a black" in a bright livery, followed at a respectful distance.

She wore an ample riding-habit of blue, which almost swept the ground; and a beaver hat, with a bunch of ostrich feathers, fastened under a gold band by a button of emerald, adorned her head.

Her belt was clasped with gold, and a rich stone sparkled from the end of her whip. She rode with ease and grace a beautiful bay-horse, in size proportionate to its fair burthen. The horseman would never have been mistaken for else than an Englishman, if he was to be judged by his style of riding—his stirrups were far shorter than the American is accustomed to use—his body was more inclined to his horse's head, and he griped with his knees the wethers of his animal with a tenacity that would seem to indicate that he felt the necessity of a unity of horse and himself, when going at so rapid a rate. However safe he might have been in his seat, had he wished to have studied grace, he might have taken lessons of a Camanche to advantage.

As the riders ascended a slight eminence, Lucia several times looked back towards the house, until a turn in the road hid them from it. This not only excited the curiosity, but flattered the vanity of Simon, for he reasoned, and reasoned truly, that she had some object in view in looking back; but the question with him was, whether *he* was that *object* whom she wished to catch a glimpse of. It could not be the house, nor the grounds, for they were all commonplace—it could not be his parents, for the neighborhood abounded in Quakers, and their plain attire would not, therefore, excite curiosity—it could not be Eldad, for he was of too taciturn and grumbling a nature to interest any one. But just as he came to the pleasant conclusion, that he himself was the object of her attention, Hannah came running down stairs, from her room, to ask her brother, if he had seen Lucia Arnold ride by? As his mother was within hearing, he chose to be precise in his language, and accord-

ingly answered, "Yea, I did, Hannah! but knoweth not what attracted her attention to the house after she had passed. Canst thou explain?"

Hannah, who knew that Simon was not exempt from the vanity which all young men are imbued with at his age, answered playfully, "What wilt thee give to find out?" His curiosity was much excited, but his education forbade him showing surprise at anything. "Well," said he, with a little hesitancy, "thee can do as thee pleases—perhaps it was thy pretty face looking out of the window, where it generally can be seen."

"Perhaps," she replied, playfully, "it was thy handsome face—her wonder being excited at thee being at home."

"Hannah," he replied, laughingly, "I think thee has it this time."

"I can tell thee what, Simon," she answered, "thy vanity is excessive. She looked straight at me, and said something to the person she is in company with, which made him look back, and I do not like it." As she uttered the last words, her expression showed a combination of mischief and gratified vanity, giving her an arch and irresistible charm that would have captivated the most obdurate heart, notwithstanding her quaintness of expression and pious complacency.

"Where did thee become acquainted?" he inquired, looking soberly for an answer.

"That I will tell thee another day."

"Why not now, Hannah? I am sure it can't be a very extraordinary thing to be acquainted with one's neighbor."

"To be acquainted with her is more than thee can say, Simon."

"I am not sure," he replied, "it would be desirable."

"Why, if I were a young man I would fall in love with her, though they might turn me out of meeting for it." Being a little curious at her brother's saying, "he did not know whether Lucia Arnold's acquaintance was desirable," she inquired what he meant?

"I will tell thee another day!" he said, with such apparent earnestness, that she would willingly have satisfied his curiosity, could hers have been gratified in return. At this point of the dialogue, Simon relapsed into one of his listless moods and dropped the conversation.

Eldad, on his way from the meadow to the house, perceiving his brother, said, "I am sorry to see thee ill. I think a little elbow-grease would do thee good."

"Thank thee, Eldad," Simon replied, as if suddenly aroused from a dream, and after hesitating a moment to collect his senses, added, "I will not apply it, for thee has been using it all thy life, and it has had no effect but to make thee unamiable."

Eldad made no reply, but went grumbling to the cellar in quest of something by which to slake his thirst, and on his way back to the field, in passing his brother, said, "take my advice—a little less amiability, and thee would make a much more useful subject to his Majesty."

"Hang his Majesty," said Simon, with quickness, and a degree of scorn that not only shocked Eldad, but his parents also, who afterward admonished him for a half hour for his indecorous expression.

CHAPTER IV.

MANY hints were given and surmises made about this time, in relation to the character of the party who were staying at Compton Hall. So quiet had they been since their arrival, had it not have been for the pleasure-vessel, not even the nearest neighbors would have known anything of them.

The tidy and graceful craft, that looked so yacht-like, however, attracted some attention among the boatmen of the river. The few hands found on board, kept up a mysterious silence, and when inquired of, as to the object of their visit, replied in a surly manner, leaving the questioners as ignorant of the desired information, as they were before they had asked. Although the crew, which consisted of but few men, were dressed after the fashion of ordinary seamen, yet their apparel was of fine cloth, with a grace of cut and finish, most unusual in those days; their duck trousers were snowy white, as if just from the clothes-press; and a fine striped stocking could occasionally be seen, giving shape and finish to a well-turned ancle. Their shoes were neatly polished, and evidently never made for the broad-spreading foot of the common sailor. The men for the most part were six feet high, and well-built in every respect. They contrasted strangely with the boatmen of the river, who, to gratify their own curiosity, occasionally visited the vessel; the latter had small hips and smaller legs, with broad shoulders, and brawny

arms, showing, to use their own expression, "that they had more use for their upper, than their lower rigging." The amusements of the party were all carried on, at Compton Hall, at night, which being at a distance from the main road, and so hid in the midst of gigantic sycamores, that no more fitting-place could have been chosen, to be screened from the public eye.

There were times, however, upon a bright evening, when blood-horses were brought to the door—sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty, caparisoned for ladies as well as gentlemen; and often, as late as twelve or one o'clock, a cavalcade could be heard, with a tramp like a squadron of dragoons, scouring the main road leading to the country; sometimes they would deviate from their usual route, and turn into one of the many private avenues toward the sea-side.

One bright evening, not long after Miss Arnold and the stranger had passed the residence of Simon, he had gone down to his favorite retreat, and was sitting upon the rock from which he had discovered the frigate when in distress, ruminating upon the strange events of the last few days. He felt dissatisfied with his condition in life, and the more he compared it with the splendor that seemed to invest Mr. Arnold, and all that belonged to him, the more so he became. But how to be anything more than Simon Overing, the son of Obadiah, was beyond his ken; and so engaged had he become with his reflections, that he mused aloud.

"I can trace," said he, "my paternal ancestors, more than a century back, and they were what their neighbors called, 'respectable people.' Every dollar they possessed was earned by hard manual labor. They never succeeded in gaining anything beyond the necessities of life, and when dead

were forgotten ; their children were unknown ten miles from home, and if they ever wandered thus far, the family name was an exotic—not a single benefit did one of them ever reap, from a dead ancestor's grave.

"Honesty is a word of very general signification," he continued. "They speak of honest cattle and honest men, in the same breath, as if belonging to one family." Simon arose from his seat, the blood suffusing his cheeks as the thought came over him, "that he was tied down to old-fashioned principles through the blood inherited from his plodding ancestors ;" and he was revolving the problem over and over again, how he could disenthral himself from the incubus that had so long oppressed him, when he was startled from his reverie by the trampling of horses' feet upon the hard beach. In a moment after, they came dashing up the hill near where he sat, numbering altogether twenty persons, of both sexes. Nor did they stop the career of the horses until their heads were all but over the steep declivity, overhanging the ocean.

The moon fell full on the face of the beautiful Lucia, while brilliants sparkled in her belt. She conversed freely with the gay cavaliers by whom she was surrounded, yet there seemed a dash of pensiveness occasionally gathering upon her brow. She and her father were the only persons of the party Simon recollected having ever seen before. The rest of the group, with the exception of one, who, though older than the rest, was far more girl-like—her years might have numbered more than thirty-two ; her eye was dark and expressive, and beautifully contrasted with the purity of her complexion. Her person was slender and full of dignity and grace, softened by the pale light reflected from the placid water below, and the clear sky above.

Her cast of expression was also pensive, and she seemed to have no heart for the boisterous mirth of her associates. Mr. Arnold addressed her familiarly by the name of Eugenia, but his tone was harsh and authoritative. She seemed to take little interest in what was going on, and when an opportunity presented itself, would ride a short distance from her companions upon the greensward, and gaze intently to the east, and when at last she averted her eyes they were filled with tears, as if her thoughts had been intent upon a far-off land. The remainder of the ladies were more robust than herself or Lucia, and too much so to be the depositories of much sentiment—neither the sylph nor the lily were there, but a surfeit of health, bathed in red, supplied their places.

They were gaudily dressed, and rode fearlessly and with far more grace than their male companions. Although the females numbered half of the party, the gentlemen crowded around Lucia, offering her the most obsequious attentions, while the rest of the ladies were almost neglected. She received their homage as a matter of right, and was equally courteous and affable to all. A little to the left was her father. He was not more than fifty-five years of age, and although his figure was erect and manly, yet high-living had given him an older appearance ; his thin hair was as gray as many men's who have reached their three score and ten.

The party had just come from their midnight revel, and the merry laugh and unmeaning jest told too plainly that the wine-cup had been pledged quite as long as they were able to quaff it. Mr. Arnold inquired of Captain Goff, a red-faced person, covered with sandy beard from chin to eyes, "how much he would take in gold for his share of the adventure?"

"Why, as to that," he replied, "our good friends here

being interested, I suppose must be consulted; if I had my own way," he added, "I would toss up for the whole—two bites at a cherry, ha! ha! ha!" and then with a growl which he intended for a laugh, dismounted and bantered Mr. Arnold to decide by lot who should have the whole, averring that he would answer for the parties in interest.

"I never gamble, Captain Goff," replied Arnold, in a lugubrious manner, apparently half unconscious of what he said.

"Capital! excellent! delightful!" ejaculated the captain—"never gamble, eh? I would like to know what an adventure with a double-aspect is, if it isn't gambling?"

"An adventure with a double-aspect?" repeated Mr. Arnold; "I don't understand you."

"Suppose, then," replied the captain, "we paid the duties?"

"Well?"

"That is one aspect."

"Yes."

"Suppose that we didn't pay them—that's another, ar'nt it, old boy?—eh? Whoever heard of your paying duties? I look at importing with a double-aspect," continued the captain, "as a species of gambling, depending much upon luck and good management—and what's the difference?"

From the effect of the sea-air Mr. Arnold began to brighten up a little; and more fully to realize the nature of the captain's offer. Arnold was a man, bold among the boldest, and never was so much in his element as when pursuing some hazardous enterprise. A strait-forward transaction would have made him flatulent for a week. Card-playing, or any other gaming, properly speaking, was out of the question, for he had made a solemn promise when a boy

to an old tar, who had exercised the office of sponsor, when there was none other to befriend him, not to do so, and that promise he held sacred, as he did the memory of his friend, who, friendless himself, protected his young charge to the last. But while he was unwilling to break his word in letter, he did not hesitate to break it in spirit; and as he had received a banter he could not close with, he determined to offer one for their consideration. "Do you see that chasm?—do you hear the water gurgling at the bottom, like a huge animal in his dying throes?—could a man live for a moment, precipitated to its bottom?" he inquired.

The captain cautiously approached the brink of the chasm,* and holding on by a bush that grew upon its edge, peered into the abyss below. He shrunk back with an involuntary shudder, and, after a moment's hesitation, said,—

"Well, what then?—It is an ugly place, I admit."

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Arnold, "I propose to leap my horse over the precipice, and those who refuse to follow me shall forfeit their share of the adventure."

* The cavern, or rather chasm, above alluded to, is a rent in a huge rock, familiarly called "Pudding-Stone." Although the upper portion is high out of the water, yet the hole was evidently submerged at no very distant period. Boulders, of various dimensions, are infused throughout it; and when the whole mass was rent asunder, such was the power, whatever it might have been, by which it was occasioned, that one portion of this huge mass was removed in an opposite direction from the other some ten or fifteen feet. In many places boulders, of five and ten inches diameter, which formed a portion of the conglomerate before its disruption, were broken in halves—one portion of which is held in one part of the rock; and its counterpart in the other. In some places a fragment of a stone is withdrawn from the one side, leaving its bed clear and distinct, and retained in the grasp of the other portion. It might be inferred that the rock stood upon an uneven foundation, and by its own weight fell asunder, were it not for the fact, that the opening is equi-distant at its foundation with the opening at the top.

"Done!" exclaimed the captain—"Done!" said another, and another, until all answered in the affirmative.

"Mount your horse, captain," exclaimed Mr. Arnold, his eyes flashing with excitement—"mount your horse, and follow me—braver men than you have faltered when danger was a-head." The captain looked at him a moment, hesitating whether he should resent the slur; but discretion, in the present instance, prevented an encounter that might not only have ended fatally, but have caused an investigation that neither party were prepared for.

Mr. Arnold spurred his horse, and rode abreast of the chasm in order to carry his proposition into execution. Lucia pursued, and begged him to desist from his rash undertaking, at the same time beckoning the others not to follow. "Girl!" said he, in an excited tone, "are you the daughter of Ethan Arnold, and quail at a little adventure?—Shame! shame! Lucia; I will own you no longer!"

The young blood mounted to her cheek at the reproach, for her father had taught her to despise danger of every form. "Venture! venture!" were the watch-words she had ever learned from infancy, and this was the first evidence she had given of a departure from her education.

Arnold was in the act of putting spurs to his horse, in order to make the leap at the most fearful part of the opening, when she rode directly in front of him. "Child! out of my way," he called, "or by Saint Jude I'll make you leap it yourself."

"That I will willingly do, father," she replied with tears in her eyes, "if you will not attempt it."

"By George, then, I will not, Lucia!" As quick as thought she pushed her horse to the brink of the precipice to let him see the work before him.

She rode from it, wheeled at a rapid pace, and then gave him the lash. The animal rushed forward, and with a tremendous leap carried his fair rider safely across. But the exertion was too great for the noble beast—his heart burst, and he fell upon the bare rock, and rolled into the chasm beneath. He had not yet quite fallen, when Simon, who had walked along under the brow of the hill, caught Lucia in his arms, or the struggles of the horse might have carried her with him. There was a splash in the water—but a moment thereafter nothing was heard below, but a gurgling in the chambers of the rock, as the rising tide swelled against its sides. Eugenia was heard to utter a groan as Lucia pushed her horse for the leap; but she was evidently restrained by the presence of Mr. Arnold from giving way to the impulse that seemed almost to distract her. Her voice was lost in the exclamation of "Bravo! bravo!" which was heard from all sides, laudatory of the performance and of Simon's gallantry. Mr. Arnold rode around to the side where Lucia had landed, to see who and what the new comer was.

"Brave fellow! brave fellow!" he exclaimed, in a patronizing manner; "but who are you?" he inquired, "wandering about rocks and caverns this time of night?—listeners never hear any good of themselves, young man—hear that!" He watched Simon's countenance intently as the moon's reflection from the quiet sea fell upon his face—and then added, "anything to do with the King, eh?"

"You ask me so many questions," he replied, "that I hardly know how to answer; but with your permission I will say, our tastes agree in selecting this place for a night's amusement. In relation to your remarks about listeners, I see no occasion to be one of that class, when thereby no information

could be gained ; and as for having anything to do with the King, I can only say, that he having never done anything for me, I see no reason why I should do anything for him."

"But who are you?" Mr. Arnold inquired.

"My name is Simon Overing, the son of Obadiah."

"What! old Obadiah, the Quaker—under the hill?"

"Thee calls him a Quaker—he, a Friend."

The male portion of the party who had been spectators of what had been going on, gathered around the stranger, and were at first disposed to make themselves merry at his singular appearance, but the promptness of his answer, and its evident reference to their calling, made them a little uneasy, as did also his quiet and tale-telling eye.

The men by this time were getting pretty well sobered. Several hours had elapsed since leaving the table, and they began to inquire in a low tone of each other, what Simon meant when he said that he had no occasion to listen when thereby no information could be gained.

As soon as Lucia had recovered from her fall she thanked him for his timely assistance—she did it, to-be-sure, with rather an air of *nonchalance*, but immediately after, kindly observed, "that she recollected him for some time past as a neighbor."

Simon had never before been brought face to face with so high-bred and beautiful a female, although he had ventured before, to be sensible "to charms unseen;" yet he had never *hoped*, unless he could vastly mend his condition, to aspire to anything farther than the privilege of worshipping at an imaginary shrine.

The party were now disposed to return home—several of the gentlemen volunteering their horses to Lucia—but Mr.

Arnold, without noticing them, leaned aside upon his saddle until his foot nearly touched the ground, when she, placing her foot upon his, and as he righted himself in his saddle, giving a spring, safely landed behind him.

"I hope, sir," said Mr. Arnold to Simon, "that, after this little adventure you will visit Compton Hall, where you will always be welcome. You will also oblige me particularly," he added, "by not mentioning the little frolic you have witnessed to-night, as I hate gossip beyond all things. Can I rely upon you?"

"I think you can," Simon answered ;—"although father says, *what is done in haste is repented of at leisure*. So I will not promise positively—fearing I may get in the habit of forgetting his admonitions and proverbs. If I should, my education would be lost."

Simon in saying this, put on a sanctimonious face, though if his thoughts could have been read, they would have shown that he cared little for the admonitions or proverbs either. "Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Arnold, as he checked his horse while champing his bits and tossing his head, impatient to be off. "Nonsense! I say; tinker away at these old saws, and see where you will end. Action, sir! *action* is what the age requires. Good night," said Mr. Arnold—"Good night," added Lucia, as their horse plunged forward, and with a rebound fled like an arrow—the remainder of the party following as fast as they were able.

CHAPTER V.

ONE foggy morning, not more than a month from the time Simon had his accidental meeting with the visitors of Mr. Arnold, the bark and yacht glided out of the harbor together in the same stealthy manner they had entered it.

There was nothing manly in their getting under-way; instead of the hearty "ye-o, heave," at the windlass, and the busy but pleasurable excitement that sailors generally exhibit upon leaving a place, everything was done with cautious silence, as if wishing to avoid observation. But no sooner were they away from under the guns of the ports, than every sail was spread that the vessels could bear; and then it was they showed their speed, for not many hours elapsed ere they were far below the horizon.

The day after their departure, Mr. Arnold sent for Simon, but, as usual, he was away upon one of his expeditions, and his parents could give the messenger no farther information than "that he would probably return in the course of three or four days—if so, they would deliver the message."

He was gone longer this time, however, than usual, as there was a political meeting at the upper end of the island in relation to the manner in which the colony should thereafter be governed; and he was solicitous to ascertain the merits, if any, of each of the contending parties.

The family of Simon were, of course, professed non-com-

batants; but he had remarked, that everybody, except the sect to which they belonged, were worrying, tormenting and defrauding each other, and he began seriously to inquire of himself, if the latter state was not the natural one, and whether the Quakers could not learn a useful lesson from the meanest insect which turns upon the heel that treads upon it. However forcibly this reasoning presented itself to his mind, he could not altogether forget his early education, and when tempted to deviate from the principles his parents had so carefully inculcated, his heart misgave him, and he would then return back to his ancient faith, satisfied that an *admonition* was not only deserved, but necessary to his future welfare.

On his arrival, he was presented with the message left in his absence. If he had never had Lucia in his arms, he would hardly been enabled to summon courage to have gone, so potent with mystery had her charms invested his imagination. But the night of the adventure, and the part he partook in it, had broken the ice, and his future progress, though full of peril, presented a gleam ahead that threw a little light upon his prospects. When he had supped, he washed himself, combed his hair, curled his earlocks slightly, and after taking a view of himself as far as a glass six inches by seven would permit, "with longings sublime and aspirations high," he took his departure for the hall.

If his astonishment had been great at the richness of the equipages he often saw proceeding from the portal of the house in pleasant weather, what must it have been when he was ushered by a thorough-bred *valet*, dressed in a blue velvet coat, white satin vest, and scarlet small-clothes, into a suite of rooms covered with the richest Persian carpets.

The mirrors were so set in the walls that it was some time before he could account for the apparent magnitude of the apartments. The sofas, ottomans, chairs, and tables, were constructed of the most beautiful materials and inlaid with gold, or something strongly resembling it. While his attention had been diverted for a moment, in admiration of some pictures hanging in the hall, all at once a flood of light burst upon him from the opening of the door of an adjoining apartment.

A rich chandelier hung in the centre of the latter room, and the reflection of the light gave each piece of glass of which it was composed, a lustre, as if lent from as many diamonds. From a *boudoir* connecting with it, he heard a female voice accompanied by the harp, pouring forth a rich but plaintive melody. Upon moving a little to the right, he could partially see from whence the music proceeded, and the little dimpled hand of Lucia was visible as she struck the chords of the instrument. She was unconscious that any one except the domestics and her father were in the house, and she gave full rein to the young feelings of her heart.

Simon was confounded. He had never before seen the interior of an elegantly-furnished house—the one he had been born and bred in, was quite another thing; it had its kitchen, its cellar, its little sitting-room, and parlor; above, the sleeping apartments and the open garret—the latter only used for curing catnip, thyme, and other herbs, which stood in lieu of a medical chest, in the winter, for the cure of colds and other diseases of similar character.—He now felt more than ever the vast difference of condition between himself and those he was visiting; and as he passed one of the mirrors, for the

first time in his life, had a full survey of his person, and when he compared his long coarse coat and tarnished small-clothes with the richly-dressed valet, who now stood in the centre of the room, statue-like, with folded arms, waiting for orders, he began to wish himself at home again.

Mr. Arnold soon made his appearance, and although he had no company nor expected any, yet he was dressed, as was his habit, as fully as if his rooms were to be filled with the *élite* of the colony, and he had exacted the same etiquette from his daughter so long it became habitual with her. "I am glad to see you, Simon Overing," said Mr. Arnold, at the same time saluting him with a freedom he would an old acquaintance. "Be seated! be seated!" he exclaimed impatiently, and at the same time bowing and pointing to a richly-covered sofa.

"I hoped you would have made me a neighborly call after the little incident had occurred, in which you happily became a party." Without waiting a reply, he inquired if he wished "to go into business," and added, "he thought something might be made of him." After a little further conversation, Simon felt more at his ease, and said modestly, though knowingly, "that he was fearful he would find in him bad materials to work with."

"Never mind! never mind!" was the quick reply. "The way to fame and fortune is easy. Carry out my instructions and you are made. Will you promise, and will you keep the advice to yourself?"

"I will," he replied, "provided there are no proverbs to run foul off."

He said this with a sly smile playing around his mouth unperceived by Mr. Arnold. Simon's fondness for things a little out of the common way was so strong, that no matter

what might be the occasion, they were always uppermost in his thoughts.

"No what?" inquired Mr. Arnold, with astonishment.

"No proverbs," he replied with a seeming honesty of purpose.

Mr. Arnold looked at him with a half-smile upon his countenance, and said in reply, "Solomon's proverbs are all very well as far as they go, but they do not *all* meet the exigencies of the present times." After he had said thus much, Simon expressed himself satisfied to be instructed by him, and desired that he should then begin. After some little general conversation, Mr. Arnold commenced by laying down the following rules to be observed in his intercourse with the world:—

1. "In mixed company you will treat all with politeness, but let them understand you are the first in consequence, and if by their actions they are disposed to dispute it, put them down, gently and pleasantly, if you can—at any rate, put them down.

2. "Be familiar with no one, unless at times over your cups, and never forget to be courteous, for this is the great distinguishing mark between a gentleman and a boor; but let it be the courtesy of a superior to an inferior.

3. "Never ask advice—if you wish it; get it indirectly, so that no one will suspect you, else you will be deemed fallible, and the person who gave it will ever after look upon you as his inferior, and treat you accordingly.

4. "If you become a tradesman, go upon a large scale—it is just as easy; and if you get in debt, let it be to those who are in debt themselves; for, in case you fail, they will have a fellow-feeling for you—not knowing how soon their turn may come.

5. "If you have a fancy for the army, and a war should

break out, apply at once to be made commander-in-chief; and when some one else is appointed, talk of the ingratitude of the country, and very likely you will be sympathized with, and those in power will be apt to give you something far better than you really are entitled to.—Remember these things, Master Simon."

He then dropped the subject, and called out to his daughter,—

"Leave your music, Lucia, for Master Simon Overing, our neighbor, is here. We owe him our gratitude for the prompt manner he came to your relief, else you might have gone to purgatory under disadvantageous circumstances." Lucia smiled, and turned her dark eyes from the harp toward her father, and without further ceremony came tripping into the room, and took a seat beside her visitor. Her hair was dressed high upon her head, and powdered; a rich necklace of diamonds and pearl encircled her neck, and her fingers were covered with rings studded with precious stones. Her dress was simple, being of pure white muslin, beneath the ample folds of which her little feet were half hid.

Simon was dressed as usual; his shirt was always clean, and his coat looked more respectable than it otherwise would, from the fact that it was made in the Quaker manner. The serious rent it had heretofore received had been carefully darned, and several missing buttons were replaced by the untiring hands of his mother. A cravat was not one of his essentials, and, fortunately, too, for it would have hidden as manly and fine-chiseled a throat as a vain man would wish to show. Economy, and not vanity, however, was Simon's reason for exposing this generally, not very flattering portion of man's structure.

"I hope you have been well, Mr. Overing," said Lucia, "since we met a few weeks ago at the sea-side?" and pleasantly added, "I might have followed poor Bucephalus into the cavern myself, had it not have been for your gallantry."

He in return gave Lucia one of his most benignant smiles, meaning more, than any words he could utter. It was so full of heart—so unconscious of an endeavor to please, that she ran her eyes from his head to his feet, full of the reflection of what he would have been with the dress and polish of a gentleman. He had not thus far, to use his own expression, "put his best foot forward." In conversing with his family, or any of their sect, he used *plain* language; but with others, it was wonderful how easily he could pass from the precise measure and nasal twang, to the full, round, and sonorous accentuation of well-educated people.

"Thank you," he replied; "the opportunity should never be lost of doing good to those in misfortune."

"You are right," she said; "there is nothing gives more pleasure—it is a capital that makes one rich."

Mr. Arnold, who had for several minutes apparently been lost in a reverie, suddenly started, and said, impatiently, "Yes! rich without bread—is that what you mean?"

"Precisely," she answered.

"Such riches are all very well after dinner," he responded; "but it is a coin that will never take up a promissory note, or influence a collector of customs; neither would it be taken for bail, should one get into limbo."

"Into what?" interrupted Simon.

"Limbo, limbo—why, it is a place where doors can be opened only by a golden key, as a jail, for instance. Do you understand?"

"Never mind, father," interrupted Lucia; "Mr. Overing is not acquainted with the secrets of trade, or the phrases incident to it."

"If he is not," he hastily replied, "it is time he was—you would not have him plodding on until he is as old as I am—would you, Lucia?"

"But I have no capital, Mr. Arnold; and brother Eldad says, we must creep before we walk."

"Yes, creep—some people creep and never walk. It is well they do, otherwise the walkers would have no one to walk over. Do, boy, as I tell you—despise creeping, and all creeping things. *Animals* of this description are contemptible, and may bite you—don't forget that, Master Simon. Proverbs are all very well for persons of one idea, or for a horse to work by, in a cider-mill."

"But what can I do to make a fair beginning in the world?"

"Do?—why, if you can do nothing better, go to Guinea and buy a cargo of black cattle; a fortune is easily made this way—many a dollar have I pocketed in these wares."

"But you do not reflect that I have not a dollar in the world to begin with."

"Humph! there is something in that." Mr. Arnold mused for awhile, and then said, "I am owner of a vessel called the King Philip. She is a little leaky, but if you have a mind to try her, and a thousand pounds to make your purchases with, you can do so. The profits we will divide—will you go?"

"That I will—now I see the way open to begin; but why should I be restricted to *black cattle*?"

He could hardly restrain his indignation, at Simon's simpli-

city, while Lucia broke into a hearty laugh. Mr. Arnold paused for awhile, and then looked him full in the face, and with a frown said, "Master Overing, did you ever see a white negro?"

"No!" he answered a little piqued, "but I have seen a white bull, and several other white things, usually called cattle."

Mr. Arnold and his daughter looked at each other, as if to inquire what he meant, and then at Simon; but the latter looked so innocent of meaning anything, that they were in doubt whether it was extreme simplicity, or meant as a hit at his teacher's rudeness, which occasioned so strange a reply.

"The black cattle, I referred to, were negroes. The brig will be ready in a few days, and a good navigator will take her to the Coast. You will have entire charge of the cargo, and if you are what I take you to be, the adventure will be a good one."

He arose to go, as the evening was nearly spent, promising he would take the matter into serious consideration, and if nothing occurred to change his mind would be ready so soon as the vessel had undergone the requisite repairs.

"You will not," said Mr. Arnold in his blandest manner, "intimate my proposition to your father, as his sect pretend to think that Africans belong to the human family, and are therefore opposed to their importation. Simon smiled at this strange conceit, and then asked, "where he placed them in the scale of created things, if not among mankind?"

He hemed, and hesitated for a moment, and then answered by saying, that "he did not exactly know, but supposed they were the white-man's jackal, created to hew wood and draw water for him."

"Father thinks," Simon replied, "that the trade is wrong; but Cuffee is a great fool, and I am sure he will never learn anything at home, while a few more cargoes may be well employed in making indigo in Carolina and sugar in Jamaica."

"You are right, Simon! you are right! If they are good for anything, they are good for that," Mr. Arnold answered, his eyes sparkling with pleasure at the sensible reply of his pupil. "I hope I shall soon see you," he added, as the door was closing upon him.

The night was dark and cold; and as Simon stood by the gateway, not having yet recovered his vision, in consequence of the excess of light filling the rooms of the hall from which he had just emerged, hardly knew which way to go, nor could he readily realize the occurrences which had just transpired, and he hesitated lest he had been dreaming. The splendor and fairy-like appearance of the apartments he had just left, and the more than beautiful Lucia, had bewildered his brain. "How different she is," he said to himself, "from the bashful, wriggling, half-educated, half-tamed girls who treat a poor fellow they do not happen to fancy, as if he were an Esquimaux, scented with blubber oil."

His ambition was now fully awakened to attain to the standard of refinement, of those he had just quitted. While his mind was thus employed, he groped his way home through the dark. His parents remarked that he looked serious, and asked him, "if he were ill?"

"No, thank thee," he replied, "but a little sleep will refresh the spirits that are flagging. I feel," said he, "that it is time I was up and doing, for thou hast often said, 'that hay is made when the sun shines.' Youth and health are the sunshine of life, and something must be done for our old age. I

think, father," he added, "I would not like to have a family and bring them up to toil for their bread, and be looked down upon by the affluent with scorn." He said this with a bitterness he never had exhibited before, feeling ashamed of a parentage, who had never striven to obtain anything beyond a plain drab coat, with a fixed number of buttons on it. The contrast between his home and Compton Hall, was most mortifying to the kind of pride he felt getting the better of his habits.

Obadiah remained silent so long that his son was about continuing his remarks, when the former spoke. "The ways of Providence are mysterious," he said, "and past finding out. Thou sayest truly when thou sayest, hay is made when the sun shines, for the season of the year is like unto the season of life—there is little that is sunny in either. For the most part, clouds of sombre hue envelop both, and their winter is bleak and drear; and that which lived, dieth away and is seen no more. What has happened to thee, Simon? where is the smile that once lent thy expression its charm?—has anything befallen thee, that makes thee sad?" Simon made no reply, but pretended to go to bed; but he went to the kitchen instead, where was a blazing fire crackling away in the ample fire-place, and before it sat nodding in his chair, Hercules, an old negro, who had descended to the family as a kind of heirloom—not on account of his usefulness or beauty, for his laboring days had long passed by, and with it went the polish of his ebony. As the fire waxed warm he rubbed his eyes, but the more he rubbed the less he saw, for the little of moisture there was in his frame had oozed out and run into them.

"Hercules!" said Simon, "wake up! I wish to converse with thee."

"What you want, Massa Simon?" he exclaimed rather impatiently, as he stretched both arms over his head, and gave a yawn with a mouth of most exaggerated capacity,— "what you want, Massa Simon?" he again inquired, after he had settled down in his chair again. "I has been dreaming of tings when I was young and before I was cibilized in dis land of de brave."

"Then thee remembers thy own country, Hercules?—was thee happy there, tell me? I wish, for reasons of my own, to know something of that far-off land where your people live." By this time the black had fairly aroused himself from his dreams and stupor, for it was the first time any one had ever inquired of his home or anything in relation to his youth, and he glided back to his boyhood as easily as he would pass a mug of cider from his hands to his mouth, and that he could too easily do for his reputation for sobriety. The last labor he had ever done was in driving a horse at the cider-mill, in the trough of which he fell and would have been ground up, and, perhaps, drank up afterwards, had it not been for the docility of the animal that turned the wheel in obeying the well-known *whoa-up* of the black tyrant.

"I disremember particulars, but de substance are as fresh in my mind as pumpkin-pie on Christmas is," said the black. "Now," he continued, "about one hundred years ago I was sergeant to King Wambo, whose country was seventeen days' journey from de coast. Dis was a beautiful country—ebery ting grew, and nobody worked—lay in de sun all day and all night too. Fine country dat, Massa Simon."

"But how did you get here, Hercules?" was the inquiry made by his interrogator.

"How I get here—was dat you say? Why, King Wambo

made war upon King Gombo, and we was all taken prisoners after being kilt, and here I is."

"Well, Hercules," ejaculated Simon, "I always knew thee was given to lying, but such a batch so close together, I never before heard. Speak the truth for once—tell me if thee were happier in thy own country than thee has been since?"

"To tell de Lord's trute," Hercules replied, "I tink ebery body is—I hits my shin when young and forgets it—I hits my shin when ole, and he wont get well, and it aches a long time, and I nebber forgets it. Trute is trute, Massa Simon, in de Lord's name."

He took no further notice of the old negro, and the latter soon fell asleep with his mouth open, the interior glowing as if in strife with the ruddy element before which he was seated.

When all was quiet again, Simon cautiously stole to the door and looked out into the night. It was cold and dreary. There seemed to be a whispering among the dead leaves as they came shivering down from the trees. He shuddered as he closed the door, and then took his seat before the fire, wrapped in his own reflections. Occasionally a faint harp-like swell was heard as the night-air stole through a chink of the time-worn casement, with a witchery of cadence stealing upon the senses, and bringing with it its own teachings, which make the worst of men who feel and understand it, far better than the *saint* whose heart it cannot touch, and in whose soul there is no response.

A variety of emotions crept over Simon. He looked steadily at the blaze and the embers—the changes going on there appeared to him symbolical of man's destiny. The faggot that radiated heat and enjoyment was at length consumed by

the element it nourished, and as it dissolved and disappeared, another shone out its brief existence to be devoured by its brilliancy like the one which had preceded it. There was a strife going on in his bosom. Ambition had been fanned into a flame by the gorgeous display he had witnessed at the Hall. Everything to which he had been accustomed appeared insipid; he had never seen great beauty before united with so rare accomplishments, and worn as easily, too, as if blended with Lucia's very nature.

After he had ruminated sometime upon these things, he could not refrain from inquiring into the origin of the means creating all this luxury, and also, whether in reality Mr. Arnold was satisfied with it.

He contrasted the straight-forward way of his parents, and even of Eldad, with the duplicity of their rich neighbor, but despite himself, while he could not but approve of the former, and honor them for it, he felt disposed to admire the force of character and courage of the latter, in making war upon the laws and usages of nations. And he felt the more inclined to excuse the deed, as the very proceeds of the duties, if gone into the exchequer, might have been appropriated to the support of a mistress of the king, or for the endowment of the illegitimate progeny of some member of his family. Yet with all his reasoning he was not satisfied. To remain poor was dreadful. Downright dishonesty was foreign to his nature, and the question with him was, what was right and what was wrong, according to the basis upon which society was then formed. Undecided and uneasy in mind, he at length retired to bed—not to sleep, but dream—that unconscious wandering of the imagination which rambles on without the restraint of intellect, or the freedom of thought.

He was up early in the morning, but was moody and thoughtful all day, and the only answer Hannah could get, as she followed him about, trying to find out the cause that preyed upon his mind, was, "that poverty was a curse, and it grieved him to see her—beautiful as she was—not enjoying the sphere of life destined her by nature."

Eldad, who stood in the door and heard the remarks of Simon, answered in a half growl, by saying, "If thee wants to be rich, thee must work. Pride and poverty was the ruin of old Cole's dog."

Simon looked at his brother for a moment, pondering upon his groveling remark, and then answered by saying, "Thee has worked all thy days, and Hercules has worked all his days, and as for thy fortunes there is but little to choose between them—the ambition of both being a barrel of cider."

Eldad stood winking twice as fast as usual, trying to cogitate a reply, and the best he could do was in saying, "If that was all, it was honestly got, which was more than he could say who lived upon the labor of others." Hannah, ever ready to take Simon's part, and before he had time to answer, said, "Eldad, Simon is thy brother—have I not spun and woven thy coat, knitted thy stockings, and mended thy breeches, the latter of which times without number? and did I ever throw it up to thee? Shame upon thee, Eldad!—the time may come when thee will be glad to eat of the bread of thy brother—stranger things than that have happened."

Eldad saw that odds were against him, and wisely withdrew with his axe to the wood-pile, and with each blow grunted much louder than was at all necessary, in order that those within doors might be convinced of their dependence upon him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE winter had passed away before the King Philip was fully repaired. Upon examining her hull, it was found to be in much worse condition than her owner supposed. In the meantime Simon had intimated to Mr. Arnold the concern it would give his friends if they should be informed—and it was pretty sure they would—of the nature of the voyage he was about to be engaged in.

Although Arnold was a man of iron nerves, and would risk his fame, nay, his life, in any adventure in which the chances of success were equal to the chances of loss; yet there were times when his emotions were of the most tender kind, but he had the remarkable characteristic of concealing them, and would as soon have been detected in smuggling as in the bestowal of a charity. His nature was naturally honest and sincere, and the cold and generally austere carriage he supported, was the result of a proud spirit, conscious that it had been degraded by yielding in early life to the example of profligate men.

Having thus descended from his natural course, his temperament was such, that he preferred the world should judge him merciless, rather than his habits be varied by an inconsistent degree of light shining upon the darker shades of his character. Had he been an honest man of NECESSITY and not by nature, he would have preferred, perhaps, chronicling his

liberality to hiding it from his neighbors, and, therefore, reimbursed himself in the flattering of his own vanity. As soon as Simon expressed doubts as to the prepossessions of his parents against the African expedition, Mr. Arnold changed the vessel's destination, and fitted her out for a whaling voyage to the northern seas.

About the middle of May the vessel was manned and provisioned for the voyage, and Simon took his departure late in the evening, intending to get under way early the next morning.

Hannah was up as soon as there was light enough to enable her to cross the fields, and about the time the sun began to show himself, she had made her way to a little promontory that juts into the ocean at its confluence with the mouth of the harbor.

It was a sad day, for Simon in his wanderings never forgot her; a rare shell he would pick up on the beach after a storm, or fibres of sea-weed that he skillfully pressed upon paper, giving them the appearance of the most delicate touches of the pencil, generally rewarded her for his absence. Besides, they were confidants, and hours had been spent in the barn or garret together, in recounting the little incidents of the day that interested no one so much as themselves.

Even at *Meeting* on Sundays, they could not forego their inclination for a little fun, though the *friends*, aware of the infirmity of our natures, wisely separate the sexes on solemn occasions; yet, notwithstanding this precaution, she would often catch Simon's eye, and wickedly opening wide her own black orbs, look wisely at him, motioning her head toward some damsel whom she supposed he fancied, as much as to

say, "there she is—do you see how pretty she looks with her new bonnet?"

Although it is essential with Quakers that the color and pattern of their garments should, from generation to generation, vary as little as possible, yet the girls often contrived it so, that their new bonnets were a shade lighter or darker than those of their mothers, and the front an inch longer or shorter, as the fashion among their belles might prevail.

Simon's family when he left, repeated the advice they had given him a hundred times before, and even Eldad's fraternal feelings were aroused; he could not refrain from shaking hands and advising him not to run into danger when taking the monsters of the deep, "for I am fearful," said he, "that should thee be swallowed by any of them, that thee would not meet with so happy a deliverance as did Jonah in patriarchal days, for he was preserved to preach unto Ninevah; but thee is actuated by a love of mammon, and if thee be caught, it would be a silly fish that would take the trouble to put thee ashore."

As Hannah was straining her eyes to catch the first glimpse of the King Philip, she at last discovered it coming down the harbor under a press of canvas, and "wearing" a little, to make a more easterly course, it came within a few feet of the spot where she stood. She had the satisfaction of being recognized by her brother from the quarter-deck while casting a wistful look at the green shore he loved, now fading from his sight. He waved his handkerchief as a farewell to his sister, then leaned upon the taffrail and covered his eyes when he could no longer see the bright being who was ever ready to take his part when Eldad censured him, without inquiring whether he was right or whether he was wrong.

He spent a portion of the evening, the day before he sailed, with Mr. Arnold at Compton Hall, and although it was admitted on all hands that he was the handsomest young man upon the Island, and some even went so far as to predict that Mr. Arnold was preparing him as a husband for his daughter, yet the generality of the inhabitants of the neighborhood thought it a thing too absurd, that the Heiress of the richest man on the continent, should become the wife of the son of "old Obadiah," as he was familiarly called. A year passed on, and the King Philip had not been heard from, and Simon was almost forgotten by all except his immediate connections; and if, perchance, an inquiry was made concerning him by one of his old playmates, of another, the answer was, "Poor fellow! he has been food for fishes long ago."

The inmates of the Hall were as exclusive as ever; they had little or nothing to do with the town's people, and it was a rare thing that a glimpse of them could be caught. Even the servants preserved a mysterious silence, as they gravely passed to and fro, in the performance of their several avocations. If, however, a strange ship arrived, in which a party from abroad made its appearance, then at night the Hall was illuminated, and strains of music could be heard there. Cavalcades and equipages of every description were seen issuing from the gates at all hours of the night, but rarely at any other time. Superstitious persons believed that Mr. Arnold was in league with the devil, and those whom they saw in his company flitting by in the moonlight, were no better than evil spirits with whom he held communion.

The children of such persons, shying as they passed the Hall, and gradually turning their heads and fixing their eyes upon it, until satisfied they were not actually snatched up by

one of the goblins that haunted the place, but would have a fair chance for their lives, would then take to their heels, and never stop until safely within their parents' doors, and the key turned after them.

About this time everything was turned topsy-turvy by the rebellion that was threatened in all quarters, and what seemed quite new in this hitherto busy, but peaceful neighborhood, was the beating of drums, accompanied by the shrill notes of the fife, and the constant drilling of the militia by the train-band officers. Many who were forced into the ranks were sullen and careless in performing their evolutions, and by habit much preferred the king, as bad as he was, to anarchy. Obadiah and Eldad were summoned to take their places in the ranks, "equipped according to law." The whole thing was foreign to their education and religion; and although they wished every body well, yet they were not willing to sacrifice their principles by wearing buff and blue coats and feathers in their hats. They therefore declined obeying the summons, and were consequently locked up in the county jail, to ponder upon the evils of disobedience. As the neighborhood was filled with Quakers, the prison from day to day received accessions from the *brethren* who had a like aversion to military usage. However meek and lowly any other sect might have been under like circumstances, they could have profited by the quiet conduct of Obadiah. He even looked upon the military array, through the bars of his windows, as they paraded upon the green in front of the prison, with the same contented and satisfied expression that he would have greeted a congregation of friends at "quarterly meeting."

A year had now nearly expired, and as the Quakers still refused to comply with the promulgated military orders, the

doors of the prison were kept locked, and the consequences were felt by their families, being in a pitiable condition, and none more so than Obadiah Overing's which at home now consisted of Rispah, Hannah, and old Hercules, the latter being rather an incumbrance than a benefit to the two females.

While thus confined, Obadiah longed for the return of Simon. He had confidence in his enterprise and shrewdness, and doubted not if once there, he would devise some means of procuring their liberty without forfeiting their consciences.

One wintry night the mother of Simon, who had borne her misfortune without complaint, and even with cheerfulness, commenced a conversation about him. "Poor fellow!" she said to Hannah, "I never hear the winds wail, and the nails springing from the weather-boarding of the house on a frosty night, but my heart sinks, lest some evil hath happened to him. The waves may have engulfed him—he may have been dashed to pieces by the monsters of the deep, or he may have died from hunger."

Hannah remained silent; but the tears ran down her cheeks and dropped upon her little white hand then supporting her head. Hercules had managed to make a good fire in the kitchen with the trunks of some decayed trees, and sat as usual in front of it, mumbling over something to himself as he dozed and nodded in his chair. The harder the storm pelted upon the casement, and the hoarser the roar of the ocean, the faster he slept.

"Hercules, get thee up!" said Rispah, as she entered the kitchen where he sat; "get thee up, Hercules! and go to the cellar and draw some cider, for I am athirst, and my spirit is

much troubled." But "the black" was too fast asleep to be easily aroused, and Hannah took the pitcher, and went to the cellar herself.

"Mother," said she on her return, "the cider is out—we have nothing more to send to the mill, and are now in the midst of winter." She could not refrain from a sigh, while uttering the last word.

Her mother reproved her for this, and said, "Hannah! we must not complain of the ways of Providence, for it is never so dark as just before the break of day; something will be provided even as it was for the children of Israel when journeying in the wilderness."

While they were in the midst of their conversation a roaring of artillery was heard, so loud that each report shook the casement of the windows, and the panes of glass came jingling down from their old frames.

"What is that!" exclaimed Hannah, as she started from her chair—"it cannot be thunder, this cold night." Hercules came limping from the kitchen; big drops of sweat stood upon his forehead, and he cocked his head one side, and then the other, to catch the booming sounds as they varied from quarter to quarter.

"What in de name of king Jupiter is dat?" he inquired of his mistress; "what makes all dat noise?"

"I do not know, Hercules; get thee up to the top of the hill, behind the house, and see if thee can find out."

His inquisitiveness, however, was a minor passion to that of fear, for he no sooner opened the door in order to obey his mistress, than flashes of light pulsating from the horizon to the zenith almost blinded him, and he slunk back into the darkest corner of the kitchen. The firing continued the greater

portion of the night, and when daylight appeared, a sad spectacle presented itself. Branches of trees strewed the road side, and several out-houses were injured by random shots. The women and children were running to and fro, in as much despair as if anything had really been the matter.

The militia, who had made all the noise, looked fatigued and anxious, yet, nevertheless, they kept up a constant movement in marching and countermarching.

The most of the night had been passed by the troops in loading and discharging their pieces, trusting to Providence to carry the balls in the right direction; but it was discovered in the morning that it was a false alarm, and consequently considerable ammunition was expended without an equivalent, either in killed or wounded.

As the colonists had not yet declared for themselves, the number of well-disciplined men was small, who, undoubtedly, however, would have behaved well, had they not been thrown into confusion by those who had not similar advantages. As no dead bodies were found upon the field, nor any who were concerned that night subsequently appearing upon the pension-list, it may fairly be inferred that those who were missing had run away, under cover of the din and confusion that a false alarm will sometimes occasion.

CHAPTER VII.

THE skirmishing at Lexington, with the loss of life that it occasioned, caused the people of the Plantations to throw off their ill-concealed disguise, and the farmers and others who had sullenly submitted to be incorporated into train-bands by crown officers, broke up their encampments, and returned home.

The colonists at once were in the ascendancy, and the prison doors were thrown open to all political offenders, and also to those imprisoned for disobedience of military orders. Those who remained loyal consulted their safety by disbanding, and either returned to their farms and shops or joined the King's forces at Boston.

They were set at liberty on one of those dreary and comfortless days, such as happily do not exist often in any climate, for the sun looked white, and the clouds blue, and the earth brown. The pigs coiled their tails close to their backs, as they trotted in time to their own music, with seeming unconcern as to which way they went, or whom they disturbed.

Obadiah and Eldad, thus released, quietly walked into their own house with as much composure as though just returning from the corn-field.

Rizpah loved Obadiah, and she was beloved by him in return. Eldad, however, had not the first place in the affections of his parents, yet he was contented, provided the larder

was supplied, and the cellar well stored with his favorite beverage.

After having shaken hands all round, and looking inquiringly at each other for the space of ten minutes, Eldad broke silence by ordering Hercules to draw a mug of cider. The old negro as usual, was sound asleep, but by dint of nudging and shaking, he partly opened his eyes. "Draw me some cider !" demanded Eldad.

Hercules looked him full in the face for a moment, in the most unmeaning manner imaginable, and then relapsed into his former somnolescent state without uttering a word.

Eldad aroused him again by a jerk, bringing him upon his feet, and repeating his order in a more authoritative tone.

It was evident that he had forgotten his young master as he had the way to the cellar, as some time had elapsed since there had been anything there to go after.

In the meantime Hannah came down from her neat little chamber, by a stairway landing in the kitchen, which latter apartment in a farm-house, is always on the first floor, and on winter's nights often answers for a sitting-room, where the servants pare apples, the young people read, and the matron knits the stockings for the male members of the family ; the whole carried on, by the aid of a blazing fire, in conjunction, perhaps, with a tallow-candle. After the greeting was over between her parents, Hannah, who heard the order given to Hercules, informed Eldad of the emptiness of the cellar, and indeed of their store-house generally. He bore the news with more than common composure, for he had learned endurance in the school of experience from which he had just graduated. He looked down for a moment, as if ashamed that his home should be thus destitute. His pride had heretofore been in the

quantity of wood nicely piled away in the wood-house in the fall of the year—the barrels of beef, pork, apples and potatoes stored in the cellar as the substantials for the winter, together with the hundred other minor things which the farmer knows how well to appreciate. Eldad was touched with pity for his sister. He left her in the ruddiness of health, and the joyousness of childhood ; she was now a little taller, and her face was pale as ashes—her eyes sparkled with a brilliancy almost unnatural, and a painful cough interfered with her rest at night ; she had lost her plumpness of form, amounting almost to voluptuousness. Yet, withal, she had never been half so beautiful as at this moment.

Before, her laugh was the emanation of animal spirits, but now chastened by bitter experience.

"The rugged metal of the mine,
Must burn before its surface shine ;
But, plunged within the furnace-flame
It bends and melts—tho' still the same."

Mr. Arnold had repeatedly offered to procure substitutes for father and son, but their replies were, "thank thee ! we cannot allow others to do what in conscience we cannot do ourselves." Things went on much in the usual way, that is to say, everything in confusion, until the English army, six thousand strong, arrived and took possession of the Island. This accession of the chivalry of England, changed the entire aspect of the place : from the staid and simple manners of the people succeeded an excess of the blandishments of high life. The means of luxury were now attainable by persons of moderate circumstances, for the profusion of an English army is proverbial ; but with this profuseness came their attendants in the shape of licentiousness, with its train of ills. Mr. Arnold

was now in his element. Compton Hall was thrown open to the officers, and the magnificent hospitality of its Lord was the theme of many a letter to a relative on the other side of the ocean.

The mysterious seclusion of the inmates was thrown off, and almost daily the house was thronged by the gay young cavaliers who came to pay their court to the beautiful Lucia.

In the meantime, Eldad got the little farm under cultivation, and while the family were gathered around the supper-table, talking of Simon and the improbability of his ever returning, a message was sent informing them that he had just arrived as a prisoner of war on board of his Majesty's frigate, the *Lyonel*, in consequence of displaying the Rebel flag, when hailed by the latter ship.*

After Simon had filled his vessel with oil, on his way home, he spoke a French brig, who communicated the state of affairs in the colonies, and, at the same time, presented him with a flag adopted by them, which no sooner receiving than he pulled down the English *Lion* and hoisted the substitute in its place, determining to sail under its auspices be they what they might. As he had the entire charge of the cargo and the destination of the vessel, the captain had conceded him the right also of giving her its character.

He had scarcely arrived in the frigate, when the *King Philip* came into port with her rich cargo, procured in higher latitudes than any navigator before had ever adventured.

The prisoners were allowed once a day to go upon deck, for an hour or so, but the rest of their time, were kept under hatches. Simon at once recollected the captain, but did not

* The first flag that the Colonists used after the war broke out, was a pine tree, at the base of which lay a serpent coiled, with the motto, "don't tread on me."

feel disposed to make himself known, preferring to be treated like the rest of the company, rather than procure indulgence for a service nearly forgotten; besides, he had other objects in view, the success of which depended upon his incognito.

One day, while the ship lay at anchor, she was visited by a party of officers from the town. Those belonging to her greeted one of them as an old acquaintance; they appeared to be heartily glad to see each other, and after partaking of a collation in the cabin, came upon deck, and busied themselves with a glass, looking at the *Prize* now anchored in the stream.

As the hour had arrived for the prisoners to have their airing, they were mustered on deck, guarded by half-a-dozen marines. "Stout-looking fellows these," said one of the visitors in question; "do you intend to enlist them?"

"I do not know," Captain Castoff replied, "that they would enlist; and as for the supercargo, somehow or another it is, I should not want him on board of ship—he is so serene and even-tempered, and, withal, so self-satisfied, that he makes me feel uneasy. I would expect nothing less, if he had access to the crew, than a mutiny in a week."

"Which is he?" the land-officer inquired.

"That fellow, in a blue jacket," he replied, pointing to Simon. The captain continued to look steadily at him for some time, and, at length, said, "I have seen that face before, but, for the life of me, I can't tell where."

"So I think, myself," replied the person to whom the remark was addressed; "it is a face perfectly familiar—but I can't recollect where I saw it."

"Come, Matthews," said the captain to the person he was conversing with, "let us go forward, and see if he knows us."

"Do you know his name?" inquired the latter.

"Yes," was the reply; "on the Manifest it is Simon Overing."

The lieutenant looked thoughtful for a moment. "Overing! Overing!" he repeated; then shook his head, saying, "he had no recollection of the name."

"Come along, Matthews," said the captain; "I'll find out by hook or by crook who he is."

They were already nearly abreast of him, when a boat coming from the shore attracted their attention, and the captain looking over the side of the ship to see what he could make out, remarked to his friend, "Here comes old broad-brim with his daughter: Overing's father and sister—they will thee and thou him for an hour, as they did last week—let them have it out, and then *we* will try him."

They were on deck almost as soon as the sentence was ended, and as they proceeded toward Simon, were compelled to pass close by the captain, and lieutenant Matthews. Never had Hannah looked more beautiful; her raven hair had fallen upon her neck—she was still pale, and her large black eyes wore a saddened, yet benignant look—her form though slight, was cast in a perfect mould, and the whole set-off by her simple and neat attire. Her appearance riveted Mr. Matthews to the spot—he had never before seen beauty in such a garb; its simplicity lent it a charm hardly exaggerated by any description.

Had she been clad in silks and satins, arranged by an artist of the court, she perhaps might not have attracted his notice, for he had had a surfeit of these things already.

Approaching her brother silently, but affectionately. She placed her hand in his, and looked him steadily in the face

—he, in return, examined every lineament in her's, and then placed his hand upon her cheek.

He made no remark as he took it away, neither was there a change of expression, except a tremor of the lip, and big tear-drops chasing each other down his sun-burnt face. "Hannah," he at length said, "how long hast thee been ill?"

"It is now nigh three months since, Simon," she replied; "it was a cold night in February last, and the storm was driving around the house, and poor old Janet, the only cow we had left, was shivering with cold, and I went to the stable, opened the door, and drove her in—my feet became wet, and I have not seen a well day since."

Hannah had this time visited her brother at his special instance. He had noticed, the first time he saw her after his arrival, the change in her appearance, and suspected all was not well; yet he thought it possible her indisposition might have been the result of excitement, caused by their meeting after so long an absence.

Obadiah's errand to his son was to ascertain how long he was to be imprisoned; but Simon could give him no information, as none had been communicated to him; and after a little conversation they took their departure.

While Captain Castoff and Matthews, who were smoking their cigars in the cabin, where they had gone during the interview, the hour had arrived for the prisoners to return to their quarters below, and when coming upon deck, were not a little disappointed to find them gone.

Several remarks were made by Mr. Matthews, commiserative of the prisoner's father and sister, but other topics soon engrossed his attention, and it was altogether accidental that he ever thought of them after he left the ship.

"Is the capture of the King Philip a legal prize?" he inquired of Captain Castoff.

"I do not know," he answered; "if so, she is a valuable one—not less than twenty thousand pounds. But that old curmudgeon, Arnold, professes himself a royalist, and if the ship is forfeited, I fear he will hang the supercargo for piracy. He is a cunning old fox, and as all the army is in love with his daughter, I doubt not he will have everything his own way, and the poor old Lyonel cheated out of her rights."

"Miss Arnold is beautiful, captain, and her rich and exquisite style of dress takes with most every one; but somehow, that quiet, unpretending girl who has just left the ship, pleases me far more than she."

"I would have been to see this paragon before now," answered the captain, "that all the town are crazy about, but I didn't know how the old gentleman would treat me, as I am determined to libel the King Philip, whether the supercargo is hanged or not—the sin will not lay at my door." As he finished the sentence, he examined a boat with his glass approaching the ship, and after continuing it for a moment, said, as he laid it down, "*The devil is always at hand when one is talking of him, and there he comes now.*"

"Surely not the one of the cloven-foot," replied Mr. Matthews, laughingly. The captain felt too uneasy to pay any attention to the response of his friend. Arnold's erect person, white hair, compressed lip, fiery eye, and perfect dare-devil manner, was better calculated to inspire one with awe than reverence. Thus far in life he found his favorite theory to work like a charm—"in treating everybody as inferior to himself"—until it had become a second nature.

"Give way, you lubbers!" exclaimed he to the tarsmen as

they neared the ship—"give way, I say! One would have supposed, by the way you pull, that you had been hearsemen all your lives." The men plied their oars until they bent again, when, in a moment after, they brought up along-side.

The old gentleman sprang upon deck with the alacrity of a youth of eighteen. He approached the captain in his own peculiar way—a mixture of blandness and hauteur, with a determined expression of the eye were blended together, so as to soften the two latter characteristics, and at the same time rendering them more effective. Without further ceremony he addressed him by saying, "Captain Castoff, when do you intend to deliver the King Philip to my agent?"

"As soon as the Court of Admiralty shall decide that she is not a lawful prize. It is a duty I owe my officers and crew to cause her condemnation."

"It is your duty," Mr. Arnold replied, in his severest manner, "to commit piracy, eh?—is that what you mean?"

"I am commander of this ship," replied the captain, "and as old and influential as I admit you are, I cannot, nor will I submit to such language."

"Do you know, sir, to whom you are talking?" was the prompt and indelicate reply; "do you think," he continued, "that I am going to stand here silently and see you sequester my property? Now, mark me, Captain Castoff, I believe in the wager of battle, and if you detain the ship much longer, your executors shall have the settling of your estate." He then in a peremptory manner demanded to see his supercargo.

Captain Castoff hesitated a moment whether he should grant the request, coming as it did in so dictatorial a form, but Mr. Arnold darted upon him an expression that left him no option. The former saw at once, if he refused there would

be difficulty, and he did not feel disposed, if he could avoid it, coming to an open rupture with a man of his wealth and influence. Castoff knew, too, that he could afford to be forbearing, for he had too often been yard-arm and yard-arm with the enemies of his country, for any one to doubt his courage.

While thus hesitating how to act, Mr. Matthews, who stood by, a silent spectator of what was going on, whispered in his ear, saying, "Bring him up, captain; indulge the old gentleman—I would like to see him again myself."

He accordingly ordered an officer to conduct him to the deck. A want of air and proper food told a little upon the prisoner, though he was in pretty good condition, considering all things.

He presently approached Mr. Arnold, who stood aloof for a moment, and then tartly said, "A prisoner, eh? Why, sir, did you not hoist a skull and bloody-bones, and have done with it? What is the difference between a pirate and a rebel?"

"Not much," Simon quietly replied, "when both *have a double-aspect*, as Captain Goff would say." Arnold, almost for the first time in his life, felt abashed, as it passed through his mind that he understood the meaning of the incident to which he alluded, and could not but feel the rebuke as richly merited. He, however, made the best of it; and as soon as the captain and Mr. Matthews had retired, said to Simon, "What in the devil's name induced you to hoist the rebel flag—ruining yourself and injuring me?"

"Why, Mr. Arnold," was the reply, "it is true, that more than two years of my life have been spent in great perils, suffering all the inconvenience incidental to the occupation in

which I have been engaged in a sea of ice, where the sun is not seen for six months in the year; yet, notwithstanding all this, I would suffer still more and lose more, before I would deny the land of my birth."

"Fool, fool!" exclaimed the other; "were you older you would be wiser. What do you suppose your country, as you call it, cares for you? Pooh! pooh! Simon Overing; you are verdant, indeed."

"That may be likely, as my opportunities have been small," he replied, "but if it be true—(here his eye lost its laughing and mild expression, and one of fierceness took its place)—"if it be true," he repeated, "that my countrymen have been treated as reported, I hope they will never rest easy until they mete out to the enemy their reward."

Arnold looked at him with admiration. "What!" thought he to himself, "is this the mild and gentle Simon—his nature must have changed, or I have been much deceived in his character." The conversation then took another turn, and Simon asked how it was that his father and brother had been permitted to suffer in prison for so long a time.

"I will tell you, in confidence," Mr. Arnold replied, "I paid your father's and brother's bills, during their imprisonment, or God only knows what would have become of them." "Understand this," he added, "you are never to mention the circumstance, as evil-minded persons might say that it was weakness on my part. The world supposes me without heart or soul, and I choose them to think so, else they would not fear me as they do."

Simon turned his large blue eyes upon him, not understanding what he could mean, by wishing to conceal a worthy deed.

"I understand you," Mr. Arnold said, while Simon con-

tinued his inquiring gaze ; "you suppose the world would think better of me, should I chronicle the impulses of my heart ? It is very possible they would," he added, "but I should lose my reputation for consistency, and that would carry overboard my self-respect with it, and when that is gone, a man is a poor creature."

"And for that reason," Simon responded, "I hoisted the flag of my native land. All I had in the world was my interest in the cargo and my self-respect ; the latter was of more consequence to me than the former."

Arnold then inquired, "if he had spoken to any one of his interest in the adventure."

"Certainly not," was his reply ; "had I been asked I would not have answered."

"You are right : keep quiet, and I'll manage the business ; but I must, for the present, pretend to be dissatisfied with your conduct, and to tell you the truth," he added, "I am so a little ; but never mind—you are a brave fellow, and I'll make your fortune."

He then withdrew, and the officer of the deck ordered his prisoner below, the former remarking to Captain Castoff, while he was getting over the side of the ship, "that he had better reflect well what he was doing, as there were courts of honor, as well as courts of law, known and recognized in the land, and if he regarded his safety, he had better keep out of both." Castoff was petrified with astonishment at such language on his quarter-deck, nor did he collect his senses, until he saw the boatswain's mate, who had heard the remark, standing sideways, looking him steadily in the face, at the same time revolving a quid of tobacco in his mouth. The attitude and look of this petty officer, were those of astonishment as well

as of satisfaction, for he had so often been bullied himself that he had, until now, given up all hopes of promotion. The captain at first colored to the eyes with mortification, and then grew pale with rage ; but by the time he had sufficiently recovered to hurl back the insult, Arnold was nearing the shore in the boat he had come in, congratulating himself upon the effect his threats had produced.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN order that Captain Castoff might more thoroughly feel the consequences of his resentment, Arnold resolved as soon as he returned home to give an entertainment that would not only do honor to his reputed affluence, but also to his good taste. Invitations were accordingly sent to General Lord Percie, and more than a hundred field-officers, their wives and such of their daughters as had already made their appearance in society. Of the invited, was Mr. Matthews, who was now doing staff-duty.

The dinner was to be on the table at six, an hour at that period unusually late, but no one knew better than he how much a brilliantly-lighted saloon has to do with a festivity such as he intended—without which his silver and gold plate might not be noticed—the rich diamonds his daughter wore would not reflect their prismatic colors, and the effect of the gorgeous costume of the ladies would be lost in the sickly light of a November afternoon. Besides, it is at night, that fancy has full play; one is then shut out from all external intrusions and shut in from uncouth realities, which day-light is forever revealing to the rich as well as the poor. "In the day-time, the merchant frets over his ledger, the lawyer is paled by the pestiferous closeness of a court-room, and his pride humbled at the miserable samples of humanity he is necessarily too often brought in contact with. But at night

he looks with contempt upon all these things, and reasons, as day is not night, so he himself is not then what he is now—as one is changed so is the other, and you will see him at the opera, the theatre, or the ball-room, a prince, as he is, or rather would be, if the sun would go out and to-morrow be lighted with sperm.

"Early to bed, and early to rise," was Obadiah's maxim. But, he had little experience in the improvements of his age; and one should hesitate before he is made a proselyte of, by so much of a novice as himself.

Even Simon heeded it not, for it was his delight to roam over the fields, lighted by the moon, in search of the first budding of the yarrow, or stopping up burrows, while poor Reynard was busy at the barn-yard.

Captain Castoff had supposed, considering his forbearance, he too would receive an invitation; nor did he abandon the hope until the day when the banquet was to transpire. After he had given up all idea of being invited, he began to suspect that Arnold not only disliked him, but despised him also, and resolving the next time they met, to assert his claim to respect, notwithstanding they were both too old to be engaged in feats of errantry.

A little after the hour designated, the company began to assemble, and such a display had never before been seen in any of the Plantations—Coronets being so abundant they were common-place, and even the decoration of the garter was on the well-rounded leg of my Lord Percie.

The rooms were now thrown open, and a flood of light gushed from the door-ways, that for the moment involved the company in a labyrinth, from which they hardly knew how to escape: for the mirrors encased in the walls,

reflected the real and the intangible in one heterogeneous blaze.

Amidst it all, stood Lucia, so statue-like, it seemed doubtful whether it was actually she or some specimen of art intended to adorn the apartment. The diamonds she wore pulsed like the light of the fire-fly in the tropics, but at length she held out her tiny hand to the Earl, by whom she was conducted to the end of the table. There were enough of ladies of goodly size and queenly bearing, dressed in almost regal splendor. There were those, too, who were bred in courts, graceful and beautiful; but none of Lucia's style of beauty, nor were there any whose self-possession was more readily at command, or who received the adulation of the gentlemen as a matter of right with more gracefulness than she. Mr. Arnold led in a noble lady, and seated her beside himself. His rich black dress distinguished him from the rest whose costumes were sparkling with silver and gold. His manner was courteous, though lofty, and his quick and severe eye told upon all who came within its influence. The adventitious circumstance of title or noble descent, all owned the supremacy of the inflexible will and innate pride concentrated in his bosom, and which gave a shape and character to his bearing in every circle he frequented.

The Earl, though a married man, had become so, more for the purpose of giving an heir to his titles and estates, than for any partiality he entertained for the institution itself. Adopting the school introduced into the court of Charles the Second, he considered the marital contract a license to galantry and a salvo to censure. The decorations he wore as emblems of rank, together with a tolerable person, and being of an age between the pin-feathers of youth and the soberness of years,

were of sufficient attraction to others to give him confidence in himself and contempt for the sex.

But his lordship had yet to learn, that the adoration of rank did not always extend beyond the atmosphere in which it was fostered, and while the multitude at home would bow to its supremacy, the uninitiated abroad might consider it in keeping with the plurality of tails bestowed upon a Pacha, through the partiality of his master.

Although Lucia had been educated by her father in the heartless school of exclusiveness, it was as yet a theory without practice, unless the personages from abroad were of sufficient importance, who from time to time visited at the Hall, to afford her the practical elements of that department of society. The place of itself was essentially mercantile, and while there was much of splendor in the establishments of the more wealthy class, yet it was often found to be possessed by adventurers, whose manners and conversation too often denoted the source from whence they sprang.

In contrast with such, Simon had appeared in the eyes of Lucia to advantage, for he assumed nothing but what he felt, and his bright eyes lighted with a jest, or an idea of the ludicrous, gave her more pleasure than all the pretty things his lordship could utter in a week. She had seen enough of society to know that the man having the tender passion,

“So full of bashfulness and truth,

Loves much, hopes little, and desires nought.”

the compliments lavished, therefore, by his lordship, went for nothing.

If it be true, that every woman is fond of conquests, even should the victims be married men, such proposition may account for the profound attention with which she listened to

all that fell from his lips, and the smiles she bestowed upon his constant endeavors to please.

The glee of the company, as course after course appeared upon the table, succeeded by the wine-cup, pledged over and over again, continued until most of the ladies had retired, while several of the gentlemen were reposing beneath the table.

His lordship was too much interested with Lucia to have indulged as much as the most of the party, and though the clock had struck three, he lingered by her side, while a straggler, now and then, was lugubriously looking at the waning candles.

After he had again sipped his wine, he assumed a sedate appearance, and said, "I feel this, Miss Arnold, to be either a fortunate or an unfortunate acquaintance."

"I hope," she replied, "that nothing may hereafter occur to cause you to regret it."

"Why not speak in the past tense, and say, that you hope nothing *has* occurred to make it unfortunate."

"Then I hope nothing *has* occurred to make our acquaintance unfortunate," she repeated; and then added, "will that suit your lordship?"—her expression beaming with an archness and daring peculiarly her own.

"It will do,"—he hesitated, and then added, "not exactly either. Say, my fair queen, that you hope our meeting *may* make us both happy."

Lucia smilingly said, "I fear your lordship has been spoiled by the ladies, and become difficult to please." The earl put his hand to his heart, and in a low and affected tone of voice, said, "Could I gain your approbation, it would be hereafter my greatest pleasure to serve you, though that service

should be humbling to my condition in life." He then fixedly looked at her full in the face for several moments without speaking, and, as if starting from a reverie, quickly added, "you refuse my request?" at the same time placing his elbow upon the table and his forehead in his hand, affecting to be hurt at her evasive reply.

"Not at all, not at all," she playfully replied; "your requisition is the most reasonable thing in the world;" and then, with assumed gravity and in measured accents, said, "I hope our meeting *will* make us both happy."

Mr. Arnold had until then been engaged with his guests in the withdrawing-rooms, and upon missing Lucia, returned to the dining apartment in quest of her. "How now, Percie," said he, in a familiar though displeased manner, "is it that my daughter should engross your time for the evening, when others have paramount claims upon your attentions?—Lucia," added he, looking sternly at her, "one would think, you were unconscious of your father's having any other guests than his lordship." Mr. Matthews was passing at that moment, when Mr. Arnold, taking advantage of the occasion, presented him to her.

Percie taking the hint, joined the rest of the party, and soon was engaged with a noble lady at *écarté*; but it was observed that he was careless of the game, and his guineas were taken by his fair adversary almost as soon as staked.

"I regret," said Matthews, addressing Lucia delicately, "that I have separated you from my Lord Percie; he seems to be as fond of ladies' society as if he were a bachelor."

"I think," she answered, looking into the eyes of Matthews, "that married men are more gallant than the unmarried—I say this, presuming of course, you belong to the former class."

"I have not that honor," he replied, "and am therefore bound to think you sincere in your opinion."

"I always am sincere in matters of opinion, though in society one makes a quixotic figure, in being compelled to treat absurdities as realities, and triflers as dignitaries; when I do these things," she added, "I always consider that I deserve to occupy a page in the Dunciad."

Matthews was quite thrown off his guard, at hearing such sentiments coming from one yet in her "teens;" but at length gathering up his scattered faculties, replied, "is this not a reason that we should rather cultivate friendships than throw away our time in nursing a fondness for chimeras, which would melt into thin air were it not for the bitterness they leave behind?"

"Is it chimeras you condemn?" she said playfully; and seeking to make issue with him, added, "they are the dearest things in the world—invented by the gods, though by a groveller described as with

"A Lion's head, and breast resembling his,
His waist a Goat's, his tail a Dragon is."

It is also said by another author,

"That on the craggy top
Chimera dwells, with Lion's face and mane,
A Goat's rough body, and a Serpent's train."

"But I care not a fig what Ovid says—he was an old-fashioned fellow," she vivaciously continued; "if it were a creature at all, I am sure it must have been the bird of paradise. Why, Mr. Matthews, the most we love is chimerical, for instance, horse-racing, card-playing, dancing, preaching, and perhaps the vainest of all is the fancy a young woman may

have for a man she knows nothing of—and yet, who would forego them?"

Matthews again looked at her with astonishment. "What school," meditated he, "have you been brought up in?" He then said, "I hope you have not expressed your sentiments in all respects, for surely there are such things as realities." He continued, "I fear—if so much of a stranger as I am to you may be allowed to say it—"that there is danger of the youthful mind losing sight of the substantials of life for sake of their shadows—danger, I say, for the mind is always upset, when wrestling with theories it can neither demonstrate nor understand—their votaries thus becoming the victims of phantasies that annoy them the most of their lives."

"Well," said Lucia, in a jocular way, "I do not know but one person in the world so straight-laced as yourself. You ought to join Quaker-meeting, and then I do not see what would prevent your making a match with Hannah Overing;" and, pursing out her pretty mouth said, "Ye are all children of light, and the children of the day—we are not of the night, nor of darkness; therefore let us not sleep as do others, but let us watch and be sober." Lucia gave the full nasal twang to the words, and the half-chanting accentuation to the sentence so necessary in the imitation she was giving.

Matthews, though soberly inclined, could not, for the life of him, avoid laughing at her successful effort, and never did she look more bewitching than at that moment; mischief sparkled in her eye, and the wine she had sipped during the evening, brought out upon her cheek its deepest carnation.

With such sentiments, had she been more matured in years, Matthews would have left her, but, however obvious it was that her moral culture had been neglected, yet her wickedness

was so captivating, her sentiments so droll, and the amiability that characterized all she said, so apparent, that he felt, if her guardian, he would be more inclined to stand her upon a stool for half an hour, as a punishment, than to visit any other harshness in the way of mending her morals.

"And who is Hannah Overing," he good-naturedly inquired, "whom you intend matching me with?"

"Hannah Overing!" she exclaimed, putting on one of her inimitable smiles, showing her whole upper row of polished teeth; "why, she is the sister of Simon Overing, who is a nobleman by nature, a genius by instinct, and an Apollo in person—the two first a little obscured for the want of education, and in the latter a little awkward for the ill-fitting of his toga."

He laughed and said, "I have heard your country people were noted for answering one question by asking another, but I did not know they went so far that, in describing one person, they dwelt upon the peculiarities of some one else. However," he continued, "you have interested me with two persons instead of one. Pray, who is Simon Overing, you eulogize so much?"

"Simon Overing!" said she, full of mischief; "why, he is brother to Hannah—the handsomest, most bewitching, simple-hearted creature in the world; her hair is almost as black as your sins—her eyes, if possible, blacker—she is as straight as was Pocahontas, and says *thee* and *thou* sweetly—Oh, I am half in love myself!"—"With which?" said Matthews, before she had time to finish the sentence.

Her smile, at this, a little receded, and a slight blush was seen upon her cheek. She soon, however, recovered herself, and, assuming an air of gravity, said, in a half-angry way,

"With which, did you say?—the one I was talking of, to be sure."

"Why," said Matthews, smothering his inclination to laugh at her confusion, "you were talking of two persons, and as it is not usual for a lady to fall in love with her own sex, I very naturally thought you might refer to *Simon*, if that be the name I understood you to mention—more especially after the eulogy you pronounced upon him."

Lucia, not a little nonplussed, after one or two failures in an attempt to turn the tables upon him, arose from her seat, and said, half-laughingly, "You naughty man, I will tell my Lord Percie, and have you put under arrest for breach of gallantry." With that she went across the room, putting on an air of indignation, where the general was sitting listlessly looking at a game going on with the lady he had been playing with and a gentleman who had taken his place, and said, "my lord, I prefer charges against Lieutenant Matthews, of the 62d Regiment of foot."

"I am sorry to hear that," he replied, brightening up as he contemplated the fair prosecutrix. "I regret that any gentleman under my command, should subject himself to such charges. I hope," he playfully added, "that the Goth could not cause such a blot upon his escutcheon, as to be ungallant to one who had borne off the heart of his general officer at the first passage of arms."

"He has indeed! who would think it?" she answered, with dissembled gravity. "Culprit, come here, and answer to your general!" she exclaimed, and at the same time beckoning him to her; but he having in the meantime given his arm to a lady, pleasantly declined thus to be arraigned, and with his partner walked into one of the adjoining rooms.

Percie, flattered at the seeming desire of Lucia to join him, arose from his seat, and gave her his arm. "I would have joined you myself," he tenderly said, (at the same time pressing her hand to his person,) "but it was evident that your father thought I was too much interested in you, for a married man."

"Fathers have strange notions sometimes," she replied, "and I fear that it too often arises from an under estimate of woman's character. Innocence, my lord, is often mistaken for obnoxious confidence, because it wears the aspect of the latter in the sternness of its reproof, and the demand it makes upon the world for sympathy—innocence, as the world goeth, does not avail much, unless accompanied with a resolution that puts to the blush the licentious."

He raised his arm a little, and the hand of Lucia was freed. It was several minutes before he replied. A thousand surmises in the meantime took possession of his mind, and he could come to no other conclusion than the last sentence was meant in reproof to himself, more especially as it was uttered with a steadiness of purpose and severity of emphasis, leaving him little to doubt. Coming to the latter conclusion, it became him to relieve himself of his awkward predicament the best way he could. He at length replied, "You are right; men who know the world, understand it. They never approach a woman but with respect, who can look a man full in the face—yes! just as you do me now! *Modest* women have pretty ways, and are generally approved of; but I would rather encounter a tigress than a *virtuously immodest* woman. Why, they would tear a man's eyes out, should he attempt to break some of the commandments."

"Then," said Lucia, assuming a good-natured air, "I trust

you will always take care of those, I am bound to say, pleasing orbs of yours, for it would be a pity if *they* and yourself should become a second Absyrtus, to be torn in pieces by another Medea." She then quickly turned the conversation, and resuming her sprightliness, said, "My lord, I am interested in the fate of a poor Quaker of our neighborhood, of the name of Overing, whose son, of whom he is dotingly fond, is now a prisoner of war on board of his Majesty's frigate, the *Lyonel*."

"Ah!" said his lordship, "I am happy to state, for the relief of any apprehensions they may entertain for his safety, that the King in his beneficence, has concluded to waive the treason, and treat prisoners, with some exceptions, in the light of subjects of an independent power, an act of grace they do not merit, but which in a strong light, shows the humanity of the English nation, but more especially the charity that sheds a lustre upon the age, emanating, as it does, from the Head of the Church."

"That may be some relief to them; but cannot it be so arranged that he may obtain his liberty?" inquired Lucia.

"If it is an ordinary case, he can; but who is the person," he inquired, "that claims his release?"

"Oh, he claims nothing for himself—it is his friends who claim, or rather ask it," she replied.

His lordship, gathering up courage again, having been left in doubt as to the intent of Lucia's previous remarks, said, "is it your pretty self who would present the petition?"

Lucia looked him full in the face until he was compelled to droop his eyes, and then replied, "have you so soon forgotten the fate of Absyrtus?"

The general was again thrown "all a-back," but endeavoring to appear imperturbable, continued as if he had not heard her

last remark, and said, "it seems to me that I have heard the name of Overing—was not the King Philip in his charge when captured?"

"Oh, yes," she quickly replied; "my father is the owner of the vessel, but the supercargo had more patriotism than discretion, and the consequence is, he is a prisoner, and the ship under libel."

While this last dialogue was going on, the company mostly had disappeared, and Lady Percie, who, all the evening had been so engaged with several gentlemen, that she hardly had thought of her husband, dropped the smile she had hitherto worn, and impatiently informed him, "that she had been waiting his pleasure several minutes."

CHAPTER IX.

THE entertainment which had just taken place was attended with its usual consequences—a dyspeptic turn, with headache—a surly look from Percie, and one in return from her ladyship, with a little defiance thrown in by way of interest. Nor were these symptoms of disordered digestion confined to the parties above-mentioned, for even the lower grade of officers were afflicted in the same way, until there seemed to be danger of the demoralization of the whole army, either from cause or example.

But it is consolatory that there is no great evil from which some consolation cannot be drained; and as the dislikes of Percie and his wife ripened, so more and more their several favorites of the opposite sex, shone in brilliant contrast to the dull and time-worn *realities* at home.

Percie had already become captive to the beautiful Lucia, and hardly a fine night was suffered to pass, but his favorite band was sent to play—not "God save the King"—but pæans to her beauty, in a grove beneath her window.

Jealousy being one, and perhaps the best evidence of a lover's sincerity, he began to harrass himself the more as his passion increased, and after surveying the whole ground in search of either an actual or an imaginary rival, he hit upon Simon, it having occurred to him that she had, on a previous occasion, shown an interest in his fate; while, on the other hand, as a matter of policy, he would have been glad to

oblige her. When he came to survey the other side of the question the "green-eyed monster" interposed, and he began to fear if set at liberty, he might find more "Richmonds in the field" than he anticipated.

He therefore resolved, before he was further committed, to see the person in question, and judge for himself whether his personal appearance was such that a rival might be apprehended should he release him upon his parol. Having fully made up his mind to take this precautionary measure, he announced to Captain Castoff that he would visit the *Lyonel* at two o'clock the next day, accompanied by a request that the prisoners should be then mustered upon deck, as he wished, for certain reasons, to see them, and particularly the supercargo of the *Prize*.

Prior to the hour thus intimated, Captain Castoff put his ship in fine order, as the visit of a general officer was an honor that did not often occur.

As the time approached the yards were manned, and everything made ready for a salute. Simon was informed by Captain Castoff that Lord Percie was about visiting the ship, and that he must dress himself for the occasion, as his lordship was desirous of seeing him on business.

He could not divine what so conspicuous a personage could want with him. It, however, caused him very little concern, yet he was willing to obey orders, and accordingly rigged himself in a blue round-a-bout, wide duck trowsers, and a very neat tarpaulin hat. A new black neckerchief went once around his neck, and tied low upon his breast with a sailor's knot; the collar of his check shirt was nicely turned over, and a more jaunty-looking seaman than Simon was not be found in all his Majesty's navy.

He had been on deck but a few minutes when the general's barge was seen to shove off from the shore, and shortly after the old *Lyonel* was thundering away in all the majesty of a broadside. Whence the custom arose in dispensing honors by such terrific noises, has never been satisfactorily explained, unless it be in the pious labors of the mythological god when engaged in forging thunder for his father, who,

"Then with a sponge the sooty workmen drest,
His brawny arms imbrown'd, and hairy breast;
With his huge sceptre graced, and red attire,
Came halting forth the sovereign of the fire."

The smoke had not yet cleared away, when Percie "in panoply complete," with his brilliant staff in attendance, came rushing over the side of the ship, while the captain, excited by the smoke and deafened by the noise, looked more like the aforesaid god than he ever had before, unless under similarly exciting circumstances. He stood on the quarter-deck with a drawn sword, in order to receive his distinguished visitor, not for the purpose of running him through the body, but to let the world witness that he was prepared for a conflict had an enemy made his appearance instead of his lordship. After the ordinary courtesies usual on such occasions, had taken place, Percie inquired for the supercargo. The captain pointed him out. He was walking the quarter-deck with his arms folded and unconcerned, as if no distinguished visitor was on board the ship. "Call him aft, if you please, captain; I wish to say a few words to the prisoner, in private," said Percie. A midshipman was accordingly dispatched with the message, and shortly after he made his appearance, face to face, wearing his good-natured expression.

The general looked with surprise, mingled with indignation, that he should advance with his hat on, and peremptorily directed a soldier to uncover the "prisoner," and learn him a little manners, while in the presence of a general officer.

The soldier did as ordered; but Simon, not the least disconcerted, said, "Friend, won't thee have the rest of my clothing?" But the man was under too much trepidation, being directly under the eye of so great a personage, to pay attention to what any one else said.

"Young man," quoth Percie to Simon, "I understand you are an enemy to the King?"

"Then thee understands what is not true," was the laconic answer.

Percie looked at him keenly for some moments, and added, "why are you then here a prisoner of war?"

"Because I suppose his Majesty's servants were displeased with the flag I sailed under," was the answer.

"Aye, that was it! You were under the rebel flag; you consider *that* of no moment, eh? Let me understand you, Mr. supercargo," further interrogated Percie: "On the one hand you admit that your ship was sailing under the colonial flag, and on the other say, you are not the king's enemy—please explain yourself?"

"I am no man's enemy, nor can thee gainsay it. As well might I say that thou art my enemy, because the flag now flying in the mizen is not the flag of the Plantations."

"Well, sir," replied his interrogator, "have your own way, and his Majesty's servants will have theirs. You can go—I have done with you." Simon picked up his hat, and taking a handkerchief from his jacket pocket, brushed off the dust it had received while lying on the deck, and leisurely walked away.

Percie was not at all pleased with his independent air, nor with his finely-made figure, to say nothing of his eyes, and handsome nose, chin and mouth. "She's a strange girl," he thought to himself, "and there's no knowing but that she really fancies him. It can't be possible Lucia Arnold would marry a ship's supercargo, and go through life with his canting *theeing* and *thowing*, and more than all, (and he smiled as the thought occurred,) "she would cut a fine figure in a quakeress' hat;—then behold her in silver-gray, strait as a may-pole, looking like a nun deprived of her beads. No, no! there's nothing to fear;" and then muttered something about "her ladyship—Percie out of the way, vixen, etc."

When he had finished talking to himself, he fell into a reverie, and his countenance became clouded and morose, and after a little delay he and his suite descended the side of the ship, and entered the barge, amid the smoke that proceeded from another salute, while Simon descended the hatch-way to his own uncomfortable quarters.

One drizzling day, when the ladies are always at home to those they wish to see, Percie called to pay his respects, ostensibly to Mr. Arnold, but in fact to Lucia, who, not without anxiety, was waiting to hear the result of the interview she had been informed had taken place.

The servant announced the name of the visitor, and asked "if he should show him in?"

"Certainly," was the answer, so quick and audible that Percie heard the response, gratifying his vanity more than it would have done had he known the main-spring controlling her action.

As he entered the magnificent room where she sat, he placed his chapeau under his arm, and approached her, making

several bows on the way, and finally took his seat by her side. After the usual salutations were over, he said, in a grave manner, to show how deeply he felt concerned in relation to the subject he was about to communicate, "I took advantage of the first hour of leisure I have had since I had the honor of seeing you, to visit your friend, whose case I have presented at the proper quarter; but it grieves me to say, that he appears so determined to pursue the course he has commenced, I fear there is little chance of a speedy release."

"Pray, what course do you refer to? I trust," she added, "his Majesty's army is not to be frightened at the war-like attitude of Mr. Overing—if it is, I will become surety that he remains docile as a lamb until the insurrection is ended."

"Not frightened exactly," said Percie, with a bitter smile, "but we are sure he is harmless where he is: besides, the precedent is a good one, and may act as a counter-charm to all embryo rebels."

"Then, if I understand you, sir, he is to remain a prisoner until the war is ended. Is my inference correct?"

"I fear such must be the case, unless he takes the oath of allegiance, which I understand has been tendered but refused."

"Why, my lord, he belongs to a sect whose maxim is *to swear not at all*—it is a matter of conscience with them to abide by the text. I trust," she added, "the King does not mean to control the consciences of his subjects; if he does," said she with a smile of derision, "I may turn rebel myself."

Percie rallied a little, and then gallantly said, "Should that ever occur, nothing could give him such pleasure as to take charge of so beautiful a captive." After a little further conversation the general retired, satisfied that Lucia was more interested for the prisoner than he was for himself.

CHAPTER X.

AS MR. MATTHEWS was standing one day at a corner of the street, near the General-in-chief's head-quarters in close proximity to some twenty or thirty soldiers, who having refreshed themselves after coming from parade and disposed to be a little merry, he saw a young female endeavoring to pass by, when finally she became involved in their midst.

He immediately interfered, and conducted her to an opposite corner, and, while on the point of returning to his station, he saw several squadrons of cavalry a little further on, coming down the road, followed by a crowd of boys and idle men witnessing the march. He then turned to the female, and pointing out the difficulty of proceeding alone, begged the privilege of accompanying her until they were passed. Hannah Overing—for it was she—thanked him for his politeness, and accepted the courtesy, merely remarking, "that she had expected to have concluded her errand before the men were dismissed."

His first intention was to have accompanied her but a little way, but as they proceeded, regiment after regiment came in sight, marching into town from the distant suburbs, where the fineness of the day had induced their officers to practice the men a little in their marching. Before they had all passed, he found he had gotten well into the country, and as he was pleased with her simplicity and frankness, asked and

obtained permission, to extend his walk to her home, remarking, "that he needed exercise, for he had been cooped up for some time at his quarters with a cold."

The cottage where she lived was approached by one of those numerous semi-private avenues that the country around the town abounded in; and this lane terminated in a field of several acres, a portion being in orchard and the remainder principally in meadow. In the centre stood the little farmhouse, with its garden in the rear, and a row of Lombardy poplars in front. Three of its sides were shut out of view by a circle of hills, and but a portion of the inclosure was observable from a road in front leading to the sea.

Matthews was at once interested by the seclusion that seemed to reign in and about this little quiet nook. He was politely invited into the plain, unpretending parlor by Hannah, and as she retired for a few moments to lay off her hat and shawl, he was struck with the neatness with which it was arranged. The windows were hung with white dimity, and the brass candelabras shone like burnished gold, and so did the andirons in the fire-place. The floor was covered with what is called a rag-carpet, but so artistically put together, and the colors so well blended, that the most fastidious could scarcely but have admired it.

To be sure, the little lawn fronting the house was without art or pretension, but the long grass growing there waved pleasantly in the wind in the day time, and the monotony of night was broken by the cricket's chirp, whose home was there. It was the place of all the world that suited his taste. He had been brought up in luxury, in the baronial halls of his fathers, and there was no relief he so much coveted as simplicity without affectation, seclusion without pretension,

and honesty of purpose without obtrusiveness. All these, he found here. Perhaps ill health gave him a distaste for display, but more likely a surfeit of such luxuries in his boyhood was the cause of it. Be that as it may, he felt fortunate that he was thrown in the way of the spot of all others he had seen in America, most in consonance with his tastes. He hardly had time to take a general survey of the place, when Hannah came in. While absent, she had arranged her luxurious black hair, and attended in other respects a little to her toilet.

She had no sooner reëntered the room, than he recognized in her, the young lady he had seen on board the *Lyonel*, in company with her father, although her identity had escaped his observation during their walk. He remarked, "that if he were not mistaken, he had seen her on board one of the King's ships a few days before."

"Yes," was her reply; "I have been on two occasions to visit my brother who is a prisoner there."

"I am sorry to learn such is the case, but my friend Castoff who commands the ship is one of the most humane men in the world, and I am sure he will render his situation as comfortable as the nature of the case will admit."

"My brother makes no complaint," she said, "and I am sure if the captain knew how much he has risked for the good of others, he would do all in his power to render his situation as comfortable as possible."

While this dialogue was going on, Obadiah who had been in the orchard, came in, and after taking a survey of Mr. Matthews' undress uniform, said, without further salutation, "I perceive, friend, thou art a man of war, and by the crown upon thy buttons I presume thou art of King George's army."

Mr. Matthews had never been before in direct contact with any of the sect called Quakers, and notwithstanding the bluntness of the interrogation, and the chanting way with which it was said, he answered in the affirmative, with his natural politeness, and then gave his reasons for accompanying his daughter home.

"Thank thee," said Obadiah; "I thought it imprudent for Hannah to go out alone in these times, which hath she not done without company before;" and then turning to her, said, "thy imprudence hath been punished."

"Had I not have supposed, father, that something might have been done for Simon, I would not have gone, for I did not at the time feel able to walk so far."

"It would have been far better," he answered, "if it had not been in the way of duty, for Simon to have let the Lyonel gone to pieces when she was on the rocks, than for her to be made a prison-house for him."

"Not so, father," was the quick reply; "many lives would have been lost—and who knows how many widows and orphans would have mourned had such been the case?"

"Thou sayest rightly," Obadiah replied; "I have spoken after the manner of the flesh, but thou, Hannah, after the spirit."

Mr. Matthews, starting from his seat at what he had heard, muttered to himself with surprise, "Simon Overing!—the Lyonel on the rocks!—it is he, sure enough—I thought I had seen him before: The poor brave fellow! a prisoner on board the ship he rescued from a lee-shore!" He said nothing sufficiently audible to be understood, until he had risen from his seat for the purpose of returning, and then remarked, "that chance had thrown him in the way to pay a debt of gratitude

that should have been canceled long before, but," he continued, "I was ignorant of the name of the person to whom the debt was owing;" and turning to Obadiah, said, "I now learn it to be your son—a brave and true-hearted youth. I will see you again in the course of the week; in the meantime I can promise that Captain Castoff will treat him as a friend."

Matthews became so absorbed with Simon's imprisonment, that he thought of nothing else until he arrived at his quarters, and he hardly knew then how to act in his behalf. He found himself, however, quite exhausted, for he had not recovered from the cold he had taken the preceding winter, while exposing himself to the bleak winds coming from the ocean. Nevertheless, he would have gone directly to the ship to make known to the captain the identity of his prisoner with their visitor while on Cormorant Rock, had not the surgeon of his regiment prohibited his doing so, especially as the fog was fast coming up from the sea.

With regret, therefore, he postponed his visit until the next day, feeling it would be imprudent, for another cold, such as he then had, might render medicine of no avail—a slight hemorrhage having already made its appearance. He long before would have been put upon the sick-list if the surgeon of the regiment had had his own way; but as he had expressed the greatest reluctance to be *shelved*, his medical adviser, fearing it might have an injurious effect upon his patient's spirits, withheld placing him there, though he peremptorily forbade his going on duty in bad weather. His quarters were quite on the hill in rear of the town, at a point overlooking the sea, and on the other side the picturesque harbor, the green islands within it, and the country of the Narragansettes far beyond, fading away in the distance.

The sun that evening had gone down in a splendor seen nowhere else ; and the region just described was mellowed by soft light gushing through the rosy clouds.

He retired that evening earlier than usual ; he felt his pulse and found it quickened, and his rest during the first part of the night had been in consequence much broken. Unable to sleep, he arose, when the "iron-tongue of time told three upon the drowsy ear of night."

He was sitting in his loose-gown in the window, looking to the west, ruminating over the past with but little satisfaction, and looking upon the future with boding misgivings. His quarters were in the midst of the army, and his musings broken only by the smart clap of the soldier's hand upon the breech of his musket, in the act of relieving guard, or the grum challenge of the sentinel as some Lothario was returning to his quarters. A thick fog, in the meantime, sprang up on the river's side, and was fast making its way up the hill, when he saw a light glimmering at a point in the harbor, in the vicinity where the Lyonel was moored. In a moment after it extended itself so far, and threw such a lurid glare over the water, that it was evident a ship was on fire.

He ordered an alarm to be given, and at the same time giving way to his impetuous feelings, hastened to the water's side. He could now perceive, to his horror, that the Lyonel was enveloped in flames, and fast melting away.

The utmost consternation was discernible on board, for her crew consisted of three hundred and fifty men, and her prisoners and officers, nearly fifty more. To the confusion on board was added the confusion on shore, for the fire was now raging on the gun-deck, and almost momentarily a cannon, as it became heated, was discharged, and the balls went booming

over or through the town, carrying away all that came within their reach.

Regardless of himself, Matthews lost no time in procuring a boat, in order to board the vessel, and save as many as possible of the ship's company. The pleasing prospect of a possibility of saving Simon and the captain from the two elements that threatened them, rendered him forgetful of himself, stimulating to exertions that upon an ordinary occasion he would have been unable to encounter. He was soon within a few hundred yards of the ship, which for a moment seemed to hug to herself a dense mass of flame and smoke, and then to spring from her moorings, like a huge monster from its lair in its death-throe. As the wild glare disappeared, the fragments of the vessel floated on every side, except on the spot where she had lain, and that was only marked by the bubbling of the water upwards from some yet living creature engulfed, when the vessel disappeared.

The boat's crew were successful in picking up a number of sailors who had escaped from the ship, dreading the last disaster which they knew must happen so soon as the fire reached the magazine. But nothing was to be seen of the captain or Simon, and he concluded they must be lost, as he was informed by those rescued, that, when they left the ship, the former was engaged in endeavoring to suppress the flames, while the latter was quietly though efficiently occupied in aiding to restore order.

By the time Mr. Matthews had returned to the shore, his clothes had become saturated with the damps of the night, and a burning fever was the consequence. It was several days before he was sufficiently restored to venture from his room.

CHAPTER XI.

Soon as Mr. Matthews was sufficiently recovered to hear any communication, he had the satisfaction to learn that Captain Castoff and most of his officers had reached the shore in safety ; but, on the other hand, many of the prisoners were missing, but whether they were drowned or had made their escape, no one seemed to know, though there were several reasons to suspect the latter was the case.

Captain Castoff was too much engrossed in the loss of his ship, to interest himself in individual cases. In the meantime, credence was given to statements made by several of the junior officers, who reported the supercargo had perished with the ship, he having been seen near the magazine just before the explosion.

The town and adjacent country for sometime after wore a saddened aspect, and many weeks had elapsed before the bodies of the dead were all collected. It was no unusual thing to encounter at the mouth of the harbor, the corpses of some of the unfortunate men who had belonged to the ship, and as they frequently floated vertically in the water, their fixed and rigid features gave them the appearance of supernatural beings wandering on the deep, as they rose and fell with the undulating wave.

Mr. Matthews after rallying a little, soon relapsed, and fears began to be entertained that this last exertion had en-

dangered his life. During the paroxysms of fever, his mind often wandered ; at such times he would direct a search for Simon Overing, assuming that he was still alive, and could be found at sea, floating upon pieces of the wreck—at other times he deplored the loss of his friend Castoff, and then again insisted that Simon had been unnecessarily sacrificed. It was weeks before he was enabled to rally sufficiently to go out of doors, when, one pleasant morning, feeling the necessity of fresh air, he ordered his horse saddled, resolving to ride as far as Obadiah Overing's.

He reasonably supposed, if Simon had made his escape from the ship, that he would have found some means of communicating the intelligence to his parents. He rode slowly in the direction of the farm-house, threading one avenue and then another, his servant being busied in dismounting every few hundred yards to open the gates, which appeared more to have been built for that purpose than any good that could be derived from their being closed.

At length, upon ascending an eminence, he saw the top of some poplar trees that he recollected seeing on his former visit, and upon turning into another avenue, and riding a little distance, he found it terminated upon the premises of which he was in quest.

He had paid but little attention to the landmarks, when he accompanied Hannah home, as he then expected never to have occasion to repeat his visit, but now he was careful to trace the hills and valleys, and to mark the groves of trees through which he passed. It was a little after meridian by the time he was ready to dismount. Obadiah, Rizpah, and Eldad, sat under the shade of a tree, in front of the house, the latter in his shirt-sleeves, with his sickle on one side of

him, and a mug of cider on the other. Hannah sat on the door-sill with some sewing in her hands, and a little to the right lay Hercules basking in the sun.

Hannah was the first to discover their visitor, and at once retired to the parlor, where she busied herself a few minutes in dusting the chairs, fearing something might have accumulated since they were cleaned in the morning. She also arranged the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, and Fox's Dissertation upon the Duty of Friends, properly upon the table.

As Matthews entered the gateway, Obadiah at once recognized him, and said, "walk in, friend, and rest thyself; the sun is hot, and thou lookest pale and weary."

"Thank you," he replied, "it is so—I am not in the best of health, but with your assent I will sit in the shade, and enjoy the open air."

"Do as it pleaseth thee, Lowther Matthews, if that be thy name," was the answer of Obadiah. A seat was provided, and also a tumbler of water, of which he drank, after refusing the mug, out of which Eldad had been regaling himself. It was some time before he felt authorized to inquire of Obadiah, if he had learned the fate of his son, which at length he was encouraged to do, from the cheerful faces the most of the little party wore. Eldad, however, to own the truth, was entirely too cross-grained to belong to the amiable sect of his parents. He had had all his life set before him examples of patience, resignation, and forbearance; yet still he grumbled when things went wrong. It was with no little regret, he learned from Obadiah, that Simon had not been heard from. In order to obtain his opinion in relation to his safety, he recommenced the conversation by remarking, "that the blowing

up of his Majesty's frigate, the Lyonel, was a melancholy event."

Before a reply was given, Obadiah communed with himself, and then answered, "Even so—many have paid the penalty of disobedience." Mr. Matthews knew hardly how to reply to an answer seemingly so evasive, and, therefore, remained silent. Shortly after Obadiah resumed, and said, "Absalom rebelled against his father and died, and in these latter days men rebel against their king, and they also die."

"But," answered Matthews, "it is none the less mournful, and the manner in which they were called from the world is painful, even to a stranger, but much more so must it be to a parent. None who were lost were of kith or kin to me;" he added, "yet has it cost me some sleepless nights and painful days."

"Would it not have been wisdom," replied Obadiah, "to have followed the example of David when his child died—it was then he arose from the earth, and washed and anointed himself, and said, 'but now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again?'"

"This is true," was the reply; "but it is not all who can control their instincts, nor are there many within the compass of my acquaintance who would wish to philosophize away the sad yet pleasing recollections of those they love."

Obadiah made no reply to the last remark, but turning to Eldad, said, "Wake up Hercules; the sun is getting well down the hill, and we have an acre of barley yet standing in the field that must be in the sheaf before this time to-morrow."

He turned to Mr. Matthews, and said, "Farewell—I shall be glad to see thee when convenient to call," and, then, without further ceremony, crossed through the garden into

the field, followed by Eldad and "the black," the latter limping and talking to himself, as he brought up the rear.

While what is related was going on, Hannah had not only arranged the parlor, but had put on a white apron and smoothed her luxuriant hair. Her large dark eyes sparkled with a lustre she could hardly account for herself—her hair seemed blacker than usual, and as she modestly made her appearance again at the door, Matthews thought he had never seen such exquisite beauty. Her dark lashes gave a pensive cast to the upper portion of her face, and a pleasing look of hope and benevolence lit up the expression about her mouth. She stepped into the yard where he was sitting, and readily extending her hand in the way of salutation, kindly said, "I am sorry to hear thee cough; walk into the parlor, for the sea-breeze is springing up, and, in thy case, it is not well to be exposed to it."

He was aware of the truth of what she uttered, for he began to feel oppressed, and, consequently, a most painful difficulty of respiration. He, therefore, complied with her invitation, and remarked, that "the cold winds from the sea were lessening his days," and then looking intently at her for a moment, added, "I fear that you, yourself, may feel their influence."

"At times, latterly," she replied, "I do suffer much from them, but we are so sheltered, except when it blows directly up the valley, (and then I keep in-doors), that perhaps it is as well for me here as anywhere else."

But he had too much experience with that insidious complaint not to be able to detect its first appearance, and the little time he had been in her company, had marked several of its phases as they came, progressed and disappeared, and,

before he left, was confident she required the utmost care, else her days would soon be numbered. Hannah, it seems, had not heard the conversation in relation to Simon that occurred between her father and Mr. Matthews, although aware that the latter supposed he had perished with the ship. Had she been of the same opinion, her heart was yet too young to have schooled itself to the equable and frigid standard of this portion of his creed; but she had an abiding confidence in her brother's ability to escape, and too much respect for his sagacity to allow her to suppose that he would remain until the fire had reached the magazine. She, however, was not without fears; and when Matthews introduced the subject, tears ran down her pale cheeks, and her utterance became all but inaudible. As soon as able to articulate, she said, "Do you think my brother has perished?" and then with a look of hope continued, "many of the prisoners, I learn, have escaped."

He nodded an affirmative to the last suggestion, and a moment after inquired if her brother could swim?

"Swim! O yes," she quickly replied, encouraged by the question. "When children, I have often seen him in the ocean a mile from the shore, and he was most delighted with the amusement when the waves ran highest, and the sea-birds screamed, for he said it foretold a storm."

After this, Mr. Matthews remained for some time in an abstracted state, when at length he rose and said, "I fear I have trespassed too long on your time," and with a smile, added, "people must have patience with invalids. I am satisfied the little courtesy we receive from the world is the pity we inspire rather than the pleasure we give."

"I sometimes think so myself," she answered, "for there

was a time when the young folks of the neighborhood frequented our house much in the evening ; but alas ! since Simon has left us, and I am no more able to entertain them, we are quite deserted—but,” she added, “perhaps it is all for the best, for otherwise I should not have had time to read some of those beautiful chapters in *Pilgrim's Progress*.”

His servant was impatiently waiting at the gate for the appearance of his master, for the horses were restive and longed to be off to their comfortable mews. He bade her good evening, and fifteen minutes' moderate riding brought him to his quarters. As soon as he was rested, he called for his writing implements, and addressed a note to Captain Castoff, telling him he would have called in person, but that his cold had been renewed since the evening of the loss of the *Lyonel*, and that hitherto he had been precluded by the surgeon from any further exposure. He concluded by requesting him to call at his quarters that evening, or the next morning, as he might find it most convenient.

He had just risen from his dinner, when Captain Castoff made his appearance, but so much altered by the grief he endured at the loss of his ship, that a casual acquaintance hardly would have known him. “Ah, Matthews !” he exclaimed, “I am a ruined man ! If the *Lyonel* had been captured by a fleet, or even a squadron, in fair combat, her loss would be endurable ; but to be destroyed in the face of the whole army, and under the batteries of every fort in the harbor, by one of my prisoners, is a disgrace, too much for my nerves to bear.”

“The *Lyonel* destroyed by one of your prisoners !” repeated the Lieutenant, “pray, explain yourself.”

“Do you recollect,” continued the captain, “that quiet,

plausible-looking fellow, I pointed out to you as the supercargo of the *King Philip* ?”

“Perfectly,” answered Matthews ; what of him ?”

“Do you recollect, I was fearful he would do some mischief, and expressed myself accordingly ?”

“Yes.”

“Well, d——n the rascal ! he, instigated by that old pirate Arnold, fired the ship !”

“You surprise me,” replied Mr. Matthews, “and excuse me for saying, I think you are mistaken, for the men whom I picked up told me he was busy in aiding to suppress the flames, and also in withdrawing the cartridges from the guns to prevent the mischief they were doing to the town.”

“He deceived me to the very last,” replied the captain, “and it was some time before I could account for distant parts of the frigate being in flames at the moment it was suppressed at other points. I almost wish,” he added, “that I had kept them all under hatches, and let them gone with the ship, to *Davy Jones' locker*.”

“You do not explain,” said Matthews, “how you came to the conclusion that Simon Overing fired the ship.”

“Explain !” repeated the captain ; “why, after I found all was over, and there was danger of her blowing up, I betook myself to the pinnace, and while in the act of shoving off, the impudent rascal, looking over the side of the ship, said, *look out for thy heads, there below*, and at the same time dropped a twenty-four pound shot into the boat, which went through her bottom as if it were made of paste-board. She of course instantly filled, and while swimming for our lives, he called out, and said, *the Lyonel is a lawful prize to the Colony of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations* ; and, after sending over

some pieces of spar for us to hold on to, plunged overboard himself, and when he arose and had shaken the water from his face, looked around and said, *Farewell, captain; I hope thee will have better luck with thy prizes next time.*"

As grave as the subject was, and as sick as Matthews had been, he could not avoid laughing at the earnestness of the captain's manner, and the quaintness of his prisoner's adieu.

"But, captain," inquired he again, "what induces you to think that Arnold is implicated with the supercargo in firing the frigate?"

"The most natural thing in the world. Have you not heard, that while the attention of the forts was directed to the frigate, and the crew of the prize were out, giving us assistance with their boats, she disappeared, and has not been heard of since? I have no doubt," he added, "that the fellow had prepared a crew to board at the right time, and that they escaped with her in the midst of the confusion."

"You surprise me!—absolutely surprise me! This is all news. I have suffered so much since I saw you, with this harassing cough, that I have had little communication with any one. It is all fair, however; they had a right to recapture their vessel—their plans were well laid, and boldly executed."

"All fair, do you say? Do you call it fair for one of his Majesty's subjects to connive at the destruction of his Majesty's navy, and then capture, or, I should rather say, steal a lawful prize?"

The last words were scarcely out of his mouth, when Arnold stepped into the room. He folded his arms, and intently looking the captain in the face, slowly shook his fore-finger at

him, saying, "Castoff, if you repeat what you have just uttered, it will be at your peril."

"Hold, gentlemen! hold, I conjure you!—there must be some mistake in all this," exclaimed Mr. Matthews.

"No mistake!—it is as plain as the handwriting upon the wall!" said Castoff—(the blood mounting to his brow, and his eyes gleaming with rage.) He then addressed himself to Arnold, and said in a loud voice, "What I have said, I repeat, and unless I am greatly mistaken, I will prove it too. I remember well your threats," he continued, "while on board my ship; the respect I had for your gray hairs saved you then."

"I never knew a coward," replied Arnold, with an expression of withering bitterness, "who was not ready with some excuse, to get out of danger, when he found himself unwittingly in it."

The gleam of Castoff's eye now assumed a frenzied glare, his face became deadly pale with rage, and he rushed out of Matthews' quarters with the exclamations, "You will hear from me by the time you get home!—you will then learn who is a coward!" Matthews called after him, in hopes that some explanations might ensue, but he paid no attention to the call, and in a moment after, was lost among the barracks of the soldiers, on his way to the town.

Mr. Arnold, at the same time, retired at a quick pace towards his own house, muttering as he went, "I'll learn that fellow better manners before I get through with him—talk about age! he is as old as I am."

As soon as he got home, he said to one of his servants, "Tom! tell Miss Lucia I wish to see her, and then bring me my dueling-pistols—I wish to practice a little before dinner."

"She is engaged, sir," was the reply, "with my lord Percie."

"Dogs take my lord Percie," he repeated; "say, that I wish to see her." The servant did as he was ordered, but as Lucia was attended, not only by his lordship, but by half a dozen others of the *epauletted* fraternity, she did not make her appearance until after the servant had brought the pistols.

While Arnold was in the act of examining them, he said mutteringly, "you have served me several good turns in like cases," and when he was through, he laid them upon the table. Lucia then entered the apartment, in obedience to his commands, when he directed her in a quick and hurried manner, to go to his desk, and get his will, remarking, that he wished to add a codicil.

She saw that he was in a mood not to be trifled with, and therefore instantly obeyed. His eyes at this moment seemed to emit fire, his thin lips were compressed, and his nostrils expanded, while his breast heaved with violence. Lucia instantly made her appearance with the document. He snatched it from her hand, and ran his eyes hurriedly over the contents, and then returning the parchment, directed her to put it back where she had found it, observing, "that he had forgotten he had already provided for *him*." He then said, kindly, "Go, daughter, and entertain your company;" but she had scarcely arisen to obey his directions, when a loud knocking was heard at the door. Lucia was a little startled at so peremptory and unusual a summons as the quick sound denoted—and directly a servant presented his master with a note. Its purport was short, but to the point, and ran in these words:—

TUESDAY, 3 P. M.

SIR,—I waive all etiquette in this matter, and simply demand immediate satisfaction, for that which requires no words to explain. Yours, &c.,

RICHARD CASTOFF.

To ETHAN ARNOLD, Esq.

Mr. Arnold went to his desk, and wrote the following equally laconic answer:—

TUESDAY, $\frac{1}{4}$ past 3 P. M.

SIR,—I will meet you with pistols—three paces; at ——— Valley, at day-light to-morrow morning, with or without seconds. Yours, &c.,

ETHAN ARNOLD.

To THOMAS CASTOFF, Esq.

The place he selected was situated about six miles from the town, on the left of the main road. The valley is exceedingly picturesque, and extends to the river. It was interspersed with patches of huge trees on either side, while the centre was wrapped in the deepest gloom, being shaded in the morning by the surrounding hills, and by the overspreading branches of trees at noontide. So interwoven were the whole of these grounds, by an undergrowth of saplings, vines, and briers, that they became the last retreat of the bear and the wolf, when driven from their old haunts in other portions of the island.

One of the reasons that this place had been selected by Arnold, was in consequence of the patrols, sentinels, and detachments, that at all times were stationed or dispatched for several miles in the vicinity of the town, and from which there would be no escape short of the guard-house, should their errand be detected.

As soon as he had dismissed Lucia, he retired behind a

clump of trees at the extremity of the lawn, in the midst of which his noble mansion was situated. He soon attracted the notice of the gentlemen at the house, by his practice with fire-arms at a small target set up in the crotch of a tree. The most of them being sportsmen themselves, and fond of the particular amusement in which he was engaged, at once proposed to Lucia to accompany them to the place and witness the diversion.

It was common for Mr. Arnold to practice in this way, and when he had no other competitor, to avail himself of the skill of Lucia; yet he was fearful the emotions he had exhibited at the house, would cause her to suspect his designs, and when he saw her coming, put on, as well as he could, an appearance of self-possession.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, as they approached, "the old are no company for the young, and you see to what shifts I am driven for amusement; Lucia, my daughter, try your hand with your old father—you once were a good shot at ten, and even fifteen paces. You see," he added, pointing to the target, "that I fire wide of the mark." He handed a pistol to her yet charged, and said, "Now, gentlemen, for a thousand pounds she beats the best of you. I never bet, but in the way of diversion, which I hold to be no gambling at all." He waited for some time, but no one closed with his proposals, when, looking around inquiringly, he said, blandly, "What! no one? fie, fie!" Before he had time to say anything farther, Percie, more in love with Lucia than his money, and feeling abashed at a challenge of such a character, said, "I will take the bet," coloring a little, and, at the same time laughing, added, "upon one condition."

"And what is that?"

"If I win and become a widower, then I may, at my option, take the stakes *or* my competitor."

"That is beyond my limit. I give Lucia good advice, and leave the rest to her; besides, my lord," he added, jestingly, "her ladyship seems to be in good health, and, I trust, may live a thousand years. Do you take my bet as it stands?"

"Yes, if I can do no better," was the reply, endeavoring to carry on the joke.

"Father," interrupted Lucia, playfully, "do you allow me to go halves with my lord? for I am sure he will beat me—these are your dueling-pistols, and I never had much practice with them."

"Lucia," said he, with a little feeling of truth in his manner at what he was going to say, "I know daughters are prone to play tricks upon their parents when a fair opportunity is presented; but the fraud in this instance would be too glaring, therefore, unless you beat him, I will deduct the loss from your patrimony. I will, by George, Lucia," he added; "you know I am as good as my word."

"Well," she replied, addressing Percie, "'*I'll do the best, so do I may,*' as Withering said at Chevy-Chase to your ancestor, as I suppose he was, though you spell your names differently." She then drew up and took deliberate aim, and crack went the pistol. Upon examining the target, her ball had passed within an inch of the centre.

"Well done, daughter! well done!" her father exclaimed, "You have never failed me yet; beat that, Percie, and the thousand pounds are yours, together with my acknowledgments that you are a good shot."

Percie examined the spot the ball had made, and then

walking up to Mr. Arnold, with a forced smile, said, "What say you to a forfeit of five hundred?"

"Not at all! not at all!" replied Arnold; "neck or nought, is my motto."

Percie then gave the pistol to one of his aids to load, and playfully remarking to Lucia, that he did not know what chance might do, but he had no hopes of success, should not that avail him. After it was charged the officer handed it back, when his lordship, with apparent carelessness, as if despairing of success, drew up, and the result was a ball inside his rival's. His friends were too gallant to applaud, but Mr. Arnold was vociferous in approval of his skill. Percie was an acknowledged shot, but chance had done more for him in this instance than skill; though after his success he was disposed to remain silent, leaving it to his friends to award it to his merit or not, as they thought proper.

"There, father!" exclaimed Lucia, with an expression of disappointment, "I knew I could not hold it steadily—look at his lordship's brawny arm, and then at mine." She drew up her sleeve to the elbow for the purpose of contrasting her's, displaying an arm rounded and dimpled as that of the Venus de Medici, and as white, too, as the marble that represents it.

"Gentlemen," said Arnold, "we will now to the house;" and turning towards Lucia, added, "and you, too—your curiosity is expensive, and if you stay here longer, it may cost me a further thousand or two."

As the party made no movement, Arnold said to Percie, good naturedly, "You can stay, if you please; but if you do, you shall take another shot with Lucia for five thousand."

"It is my creed," the latter replied, "to let well enough

alone. Come, Miss Arnold," he said, laughingly, "let us go, for I expect to be bankrupt if I stay here."

Arnold suspended his firing until they drew near the house, and then mutteringly said, "I wish the devil had you; it is all but night, and I fire as wild as a Krooman."

After the party had entered the house he reloaded, and, carefully wiping his spectacles, aimed and fired. After measuring from the mark the ball had made, to the centre of the board, he shook his head, saying, "this will never do—it would have winged him, and that is all." He then tried again and gauged his pistol a little to the left—the ball pierced, or nearly so, the centre of the target. "That will do!" he mentally exclaimed, "for you, Captain Castoff, *late* of his Majesty's frigate, the Lyonel—that will do, by the saints, one and all, good, bad, and indifferent."

Being satisfied he could rely upon one of his fire-arms at least, since he had got its gauge, was, therefore, on pretty good terms with himself and every one else, except his antagonist, Captain Castoff. As it was getting dark he hastened to the house, where the company yet lingered, and presented Percie with a bill upon his banker, in liquidation of Lucia's loss.

The latter received it without examination, and loosely and carelessly placed it in his pocket, as if he had been quite familiar with such transactions. "I wish you better luck next time, Miss Arnold," said he. "It is getting late, and there is no moon to-night; it will be quite dark, I fear, before I reach my quarters."

"But, sit down for a moment," she said, "it is no difficult matter for a cavalier like yourself to find his way for a mile or so, though it should be dark. If there be a fire, such as we

had the other night in the harbor, a moon would be quite a supernumerary." As she finished the sentence she scrutinized every feature of his face, and then, as if delighted, said, "Your lordship ought to have been here—it was the most beautiful sight I ever saw—the sea for a mile around looked like molten gold;" and then added, as if a new idea had struck her, "how careless they must have been to permit so fine a ship to burn in port, having the whole Atlantic Ocean before them to put it out with."

Percie laughed at the conceit of Lucia, and said, "such illuminations are expensive to his Majesty's government," and added, "I fear poor Castoff will find it difficult to clear his skirts of the imputation of want of care."

"Then, you think he was careless, do you?" she inquired.

"Yes, I do!" was the emphatic reply; "he never should have allowed the prisoners to have had lights."

Lucia scrutinized his features again, and said listlessly, "How imprudent they must have been."

"Imprudent!" he exclaimed; "yes, imprudent with a vengeance; the ship was fired in twenty different places; indeed the whole extent of the prisoners' range was on fire at the same time. It is a pity your father's supercargo was not blown up with the ship, for he was chief d——l among them." He then related to Lucia the transaction of Simon in dropping the twenty-four pound ball, and his mode of taking leave of the captain, in pretty much the same terms the latter had related it to Lieutenant Matthews.

As much as Lucia felt the necessity of discretion in this instance, yet for the life of her, she could not avoid laughing outright.

"What now, Lucia?" inquired her father, as he entered the

room; "is it the thousand pounds you and his lordship have swindled me out of, that creates your merriment?" at the same time giving her to understand by a pat under the chin that he was jesting.

"No!" she exclaimed, in high glee—"it is something worth a dozen such losses;" then turning to Percie, laughing so heartily she could hardly utter, said, "Now, say to father, how Simon took leave of the captain, when they were all swimming for their lives."

Percie began to enter into the spirit of the thing, and being a pretty good mimic repeated it over again as she had desired, with a strong nasal accentation, which Simon, however, only used when a little fun was mingled with his godliness.

A general outbreak was the result, except with Mr. Arnold, who, with a half-leer, looked over his spectacles at his merry company, assuming a degree of surprise, as if it had been an occurrence that he did not fully comprehend.

"I suppose," said Lucia, addressing Percie, "that Overing was drowned." She said this in a careless way, as if the fact was of no further interest to her than as a part of the transaction.

"I hope so," he answered in a more serious tone. He then looked at his watch: "After twelve o'clock," he remarked; and as he arose to depart, a servant announced "that coffee was upon the table." He was invited to stay, but urging business at the camp as an excuse, in high spirits he and his friends took leave. The thousand pounds he had in his pocket—his eclat in winning it—and the more than usual fascination of Lucia that evening, had dispelled a fit of blue-devils he had felt coming over him for the twenty-four hours previous.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER the company dispersed, which had annoyed him all the afternoon, Arnold retired to the apartment where he kept his papers ; and though Lucia rapped at the door several times for admittance, his reply each time was, that "he would soon be through, and then would meet her at her boudoir."

She was so much in the habit of observing his changes of expression when anything of moment was upon his mind, that she could very generally tell when he was annoyed. He had not spent half the time he usually allotted himself at table, and while there appeared abstracted, and several times half-audibly exclaimed, "Curse him, and his impudence !—I'll learn him !—No matter if it is true—Simon is a brave fellow !" with other detached expressions of similar character.

As he never troubled himself about trifles, she was anxious and perhaps more than she would otherwise have been, had not a little natural curiosity been mixed up with her desire to ascertain the cause of his uneasiness.

"Father," said she, tenderly taking his hand "tell me what disturbs you."

"Pshaw, child ! go to bed, and don't trouble yourself about matters that do not concern you."

"But everything," she replied, "concerns me that concerns you. I sometimes think you have no confidence in me. Everything around is mysterious—the persons who visited us before

the war—the signals you use with the ships in the offing, nay, even some of the rooms in this very house, open only to you ; besides, you have promised to tell me all about Eugenia, whose kindness and affection I so well remember."

"Child," he replied, "you are ungrateful ! Did I not tell you Castoff should never libel the King Philip, eh ! Lucia, do you recollect that ?"

"Yes, I recollect it, and fear it is that which troubles you."

"Lucia, go to bed ! go to bed ! I have quite as much on my hands as I can accomplish to-night." He then took up his hat, and left the hall. She attempted to follow, but as it was quite dark, could not see which way he went, and therefore returned. Half an hour after, while feeling uneasy at his continued absence, she was relieved at hearing several deep-toned voices under her window, one of which she knew to be her father's.

Her anxiety, however, was not entirely abated, being aware, when he was intent upon an object, that there was no danger he dared not face, and no obstacle he would not attempt to surmount.

As the clock struck twelve he came in, and showed by his countenance that, however matters had gone through the day, they were all right then ; but he refused to answer any of her interrogatories in relation to the conversation she had overheard.

After a few other remarks she retired for the night, leaving him, as she supposed, inclined also to take his rest. But there were other things occupying his mind. It was then late—he had six or seven miles to ride before reaching the valley, which he estimated as the work of three-quarters of an

hour for his favorite mare, Betsey Brown. He ordered a decanter of old Port, and some biscuit and cheese, to employ his intermediate hours upon. Instead of the time passing faster than he wished, it seemed to linger as if it had no end, and when the clock struck two, he examined his watch, hardly understanding why it should be no later.

He sipped his port and nibbled a little cheese occasionally, and notwithstanding all the time-pieces agreed as to the hour, he would look out of one of the eastern windows, searching the horizon for an appearance of day, and after satisfying himself that it was no later than they denoted, paced his room for awhile, and then resumed his seat before his decanter. "If," he thought to himself, "Simon should fail me, I shall stand a pretty good chance of getting shot—but better that than an exposure." He examined his pistols over again, and after finding they were in perfect order, took his spectacles from their case, wiped and re-wiped, breathed upon them, and wiped again. He continued in this uneasy state until three o'clock, when he went to his stables, and attempted to awaken his favorite groom by directing him to saddle Betsey Brown, also, a horse for himself, and to leave behind all appendages of his vocation. "Try once," said he, "and see if you can't pass for a gentleman."

The servaut yawned, groaned, and turned over in his bed—he heard only the word *gentleman*, and as he again closed his eyes, breathed out in the last efforts of drowsiness "*tant me.*"

"'Tis you, though, you sleepy dog," said his master, as he jerked him upon the floor. The groom rubbed his eyes, and looked strangely around, not yet understanding who was the cause of this unusual disturbance. He no sooner, however, perceived Mr. Arnold, than he gathered up his senses, and at

the same time his clothes. "All right, master," said he; "what will you have?"

"What will I have, Mr. Snorer! I'll have Betsey Brown and Nimble Jerry saddled immediately—leave off, as I said before, your toggery, and try if you can't, for once, look and act like a gentleman."

The man looked at his master misgivingly, but, after trying to seem wise, said, "yees, sir!"

Arnold then retired to the hall, and shortly after the groom announced "everything ready." The former was about mounting his horse, when it occurred to him he might never return alive, and with silent tread went to the chamber of his daughter, to bestow perhaps the last look upon his only child. He approached the bed where she quietly slept; the curtains around it were of imperial purple, and the floor was covered with a Persian carpet. In one corner of the room stood a beautiful statue of Minerva, and in another one of equal beauty, representing a Madonna with her child. Several fine female portraits hung upon the walls, but none of them, however, so beautiful as Lucia. She lay, partially covered with a snow-white coverlid, her hair broken from its fastenings, had fallen over her shoulder, almost concealing the rounded arm, and white-dimpled hand, upon which sparkled the brilliants that adorned it, in the light he held over her.

For a moment the *instinct* of the parent was suspended by a feeling of pride, that his only child, and heiress to his fortune, was more beautiful than the brightest vision his imagination had created, even in his youth. He then thought of her banished mother—his own sternness—his irascible temper, and non-confiding habits. They all passed in sad review before him, bringing vividly to his recollection, their con-

sequences, as exhibited in her, in the shape of despondency, broken spirits, and worse than all, a broken heart.

Lion-hearted, as he was, he faltered, for his conscience told him his wife would have loved him had he permitted it, though with a heart so blighted, and wretched, that it had not vitality enough left to love anything else. For a moment, his emotions were so great that he was fearful he might awaken his daughter, but ashamed of the weakness, he dashed the tear from his cheek. Thus recovering his self-possession, he kissed Lucia, and without disturbing her, left the room in the same silent manner he had entered it. As he closed the door, he muttered to himself, "Dolt ! chicken-hearted that I am, to let matters disturb me that can't be helped !"

The high blue veins upon his hands then attracted his attention, reminding him of age ; he shook his head as if his spirit was striving within him, when, determining not to be mastered, knitting his brows and compressing his lips, exclaimed, " Away, Blue Devils, and leave me alone !" and then, as if to give the lie to these evidences of advancing age, as in youth, he endeavored to spring upon his horse, but his breast only reached the saddle, and he settled down again from his impotent attempt.

" D——n it ; you are getting tall, Betsey Brown !" he again exclaimed, impatiently ; and then placing his foot in the stirrup, mounted without further difficulty. In order to get rid of the conviction that he was not as supple as he had been in his youth, instead of riding through the gate-way, he plunged his spurs into the sides of the noble animal he rode, and she cleared the wall with a bound like a deer. Day-light now showed itself in little mottled patches at the east, and fearing he would be late, gave the reins to his mare, and she flew

like the wind, and Nimble Jerry had all he could do to keep in sight of Betsey Brown, the pride of the stables. Instead of consuming three-quarters of an hour, they accomplished the distance in less than half that time, for, as they approached the place where it was necessary to dismount, it was still dark, except a little flickering of light that seemed struggling to mount up into the horizon.

Arnold and his servant dismounted, while the latter in his capacity of gentleman and groom, secured the two horses to a sappling. Mr. Arnold, after instructing him how to act his part when Captain Castoff arrived, entered the valley, but had proceeded only a short distance, when he in company with a friend rode rapidly up to the spot where his antagonist had just dismounted.

The groom of Mr Arnold was courteous to them, but so overacted his part that his *degree* would have been noticed on any other occasion. As guide, he proceeded so fast in the wake of his master that the latter was overtaken just before he arrived at the designated spot.

The combatants, now in close proximity, threaded the remainder of their way over bogs and running brooks, until they came to a smooth patch of ground, where a halt was agreed upon, although the neighboring hills were so high, and the foliage upon the trees so thick, that scarcely a ray could penetrate.

The place was silent as the grave, and only interrupted occasionally by some beasts of prey, retiring with the advance of day to their coverts.

After remaining upon the ground some time, without being benefited with any more light than barely enough to distinguish one from the other, the combatants took their places

by mutual arrangement, at a distance of twelve feet, being at liberty to fire upon the call being made.

The features of Castoff revealed a cool determination, enough to disturb the nerves of any one less sensitive than his opponent. At the moment the signal was about being given, six men, with Simon Overing at their head, stepped out of the bushes, and presented their *fire-locks* to the breasts of the combatants. "Friend Castoff," said the leader, "thou and thy friend are my prisoners!"—and then turning to Arnold, said, "So art thou and thine!"

There was no use in resistance, and so the captain and his friend surrendered *at discretion*. In the meantime Arnold stepped into the thicket, and Simon, pretending to prevent his escape, made a show of pursuit, but it proving fruitless, returned alone. The prisoners were conducted across the river in a skiff, and from thence to the out-posts of the rebel army.

Arnold and his man leisurely rode home, and more than an hour elapsed after his return, before Lucia had arisen. Betsey Brown and Nimble Jerry had been well curried by Mr. Arnold's late second, after disposing of the greater portion of a half bushel of oats, equally divided between them, as an extra allowance when on special service.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW days after the occurrences stated in the last chapter, the town was enlivened by the arrival of several regiments for the double purpose of adding strength to the post and recruiting the health of the men. One of these regiments was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling, a gray-headed old veteran, who had been hacked and hammered about in a dozen campaigns, while his senior officer, who, having friends at court, was snugly stowed away at the expense of the King at Castle Fairweather.

This officer had never seen a day's service in the field, and what he could have done in the absence of his adjutant, had he been called upon to form his regiment, is perhaps uncertain; yet as this corps had distinguished itself in many a hard encounter under its lieutenant-colonel, the name of Blonderboss occupies a bright page in the history of his country's achievements, although the names as well as the gallantry of the officers who performed the service, are forgotten.

Notwithstanding the lieutenant-colonel nor any of his descendants ever took any pains in obtaining a biographer, yet circumstances occurred while he was stationed on the island, within the recollection of persons now alive, that redound much to his credit.

If there were anything he loved, and was proud of, it was his daughter, Arabella, who, the reader will recollect, was on

board the Lyonel the night she went on the rocks. Her mother was a plain, sensible old lady, who always kept neatly packed away in one of her traveling trunks, bandages, plasters and salves of approved efficacy, ready for use when her husband required them.

Neither of the old couple had ever indulged in the least ambition, except when Arabella was concerned. Young Blonderboss, (the son of the colonel,) who had recently been promoted to the command of a company, (but for what service, it is unnecessary to inquire,) had long been an admirer of Arabella, but was so given to swagger and blustering in consequence of the prowess of his father, that he had made himself unpopular with all his messmates, with the exception of one or two who had similar claims to assumption.

They, together with himself, showed their *caste* by the peculiarity of their dress, and also by appropriating more of the sidewalk than would have been necessary, had their merit been less evident. Their valor was often shown in the breaking of lamps and knocking at doors in the night time, and lest their independence should be questioned, would quiz and ridicule any one who had the temerity to show them hospitality within doors, or politeness without.

Notwithstanding one of them had recently received a horse-whipping for his impertinence, he had the philosophy to put it down in his diary as an excellent joke, and he and his friends, in order to revenge themselves upon the aforesaid disciplinarian, determined to *cut his acquaintance* ever after.

Young Blonderboss was in the same regiment with Matthews, and plumed himself upon outranking him; the father of the latter, unfortunately for his son, having the honesty and independence of opposing the ministry in their schemes of

subjugating the colonies—thereby incurring their odium and leaving the lieutenant little prospect of advancement.

Matthews had always admired the sturdy honesty of the lieutenant-colonel in camp, and his bravery in the field. At home he had made one of his military family by doing adjutant's duty, and while thus occupied was constantly thrown in Arabella's company, but she being a mere child then, and he little better himself, they had contracted a fondness for each other's society, partaking more of platonic affection than any selfish passion.

Another of Arabella's admirers in England was a Captain Swivel, who had all of young Blonderboss's vices without any of his virtues, whom Matthews had frequently met in company with Arabella. He had contracted a degree of disgust for him that he was unable to conquer; and his pride had received a severe blow, upon an occasion when she took his arm after Matthews had offered his, and which the latter never forgot or forgave, though she apologized for the rudeness afterwards.

Among the multiplicity of young men who swarm around the quarters of a superior officer, more especially if a pretty female is a member of his family, a dozen or so may disappear without attracting notice, unless by some one who has a peculiar interest in them. Col. Sterling, therefore, hardly missed Mr. Matthews when he left his regiment, and whether he had been ordered to the Indies or to Rhode Island, was a matter of indifference; but it was far otherwise with his daughter, for her heart swelled with emotion when informed by her father afterwards, that he himself was ordered to Newport with his regiment. The associations of childhood, which had lain dormant in her breast for the last several years, broke forth in

all their freshness, and the truant heart rejoiced, that the time was at hand when Mr. Matthews and herself would meet again and renew their old bond of mutual confidence, to say nothing of the thousand other feelings that take root and bloom from its prolific soil.

Most of the officers, upon the arrival of the lieutenant-colonel, had called to pay their respects to himself and family, and when a week had elapsed, and Lieutenant Matthews, who was now able to go out daily, and even to take considerable rides into the country, had not made his appearance, Arabella was first mortified and then indignant, resolving, the first time they met, that she would not notice him; and it was not long before she had an opportunity of testing her resolution, for, on the very next Sabbath afternoon, they met upon the *cliffs*.

It was a favorite walk of Matthews on a fine day, when the wind was blowing from the land, for then he could enjoy the prospect of the sea, without encountering its pernicious effects upon invalids, afflicted like himself. He was fond of looking upon the vast waste of waters, and hearing the distant moaning of the waves, as one after the other were engulfed by those mightier than themselves. After standing for a time, absorbed in the scene, "a fitting type," he said, "this of the occurrences of life; there are none so powerful to-day as can withstand the giant hand, which strikes them down to-morrow."

Thus occupied in his own reflections, he encountered Arabella, who had now become old enough to be enticed from the frivolous by the fascinations of what was more grave and majestic; and who, like Matthews himself, was indulging in a reverie, occasioned by the majesty of the scene laying before her. They came upon each other unawares; but no sooner was she discovered, than he advanced and presented his hand.

It was not the giving with the cordiality of an old friend who had accidentally met after an absence, but a kind, obliging, though grave approach, as if they were casual acquaintances who had met the day before. His manner froze the heart of Arabella, and her first impulse was to turn and leave him; and, indeed, the attempt was made, but the will yielded to her better nature, and, in the fullness of her heart, she looked at him with a slight expression of reproach, mingled with inquiry, denoting the desire she felt to know his apparent indifference.

Reading her expression, he was not at a loss to understand the meaning, when he said, "You must not let it surprise you, Arabella, that you seek in vain the cordiality of other years. I am a dying man, and am dismissing, from day to day, the objects of my regard; and, I assure you, there are none so hard to part with as those whose early years were associated with mine, especially at a time when the sunny future lay invitingly before me, without a cloud to dim or a blast to chill the fascinating prospect."

Although the decline of his physical condition was easily observable, yet she had noticed nothing, thus far, presaging the dissolution he spoke of with so little hesitation.

His manner, however, was so impressive, and his convictions so clear, that they broke the whole tenor of feelings she had entertained at the moment they met. The secrets of the woman who so carefully guard the avenues of the heart, lest the treasure laying there should escape and become the property of others, now broke from their hiding-place. Con-vulsed with emotion, Miss Sterling exclaimed, "Forgive!—forgive me, Matthews! and love-me as I do you!"

He looked at her for several moments, and then in an impressive manner said, "I did love the world, Arabella, and

you with it, at a time when there was something of me to be loved in return; but life is fast wasting away—its dreary head-lands are isolated in a sea that is stagnant for want of elemental strife, and I shall soon be carried thither by laws controlling the destinies of those in health as well as the invalid. She attempted a reply; but his impressive manner—his haggard face, and the deep tone of voice, so different from the heedless, joyous youth whom she had known some years before, rendered her unable to proceed farther than to exclaim, "Oh, Matthews! Matthews!" and then struggling for breath, sunk upon her knees, and hid her face in her handkerchief.

He raised her upon her feet, and said, "Arabella, I am leaving the world with more satisfaction than I otherwise should, if my regard for you had been returned, but there were others then" — before he had time to proceed, she exclaimed, "I know it—I know it; forgive me, I beseech you! I intended no wrong—it emanated from the lightness of a light heart."

"I do forgive you," he replied, "but remember, when a little earth covers all that is left of me, and the rank grass around my grave is soddened by the storm, that you had it in your power to have made me happy, but preferred incurring the risk of my displeasure by wounding my pride rather than forego the charm of a flatterer's tongue—a man who, to do you justice, I believe, in your heart you must despise."

She stood a trembling convict before his searching eye, and it was some time before she could give utterance, but at length said, "Can you not forgive me? You knew I was a child, and *spoke as a child*. You will recover your health soon, and then all will be well again."

"Never!" said Matthews; "I feel death struggling in my

limbs, nay, at my vitals for the mastery, and this feeble frame will soon yield to the tyrant, whose cry is, 'The Grave! the Grave!'"

He then took her hand, and said, "Arabella, I once loved you with all my heart, but nothing more—chance has thrown me in the way of one I love with my soul—there is nothing of earth in it. I feel she is mine, not to end with my existence here, but destined from all time to wing with me her course onward, through all the changes of imperfect nature, until it shall find its way to the pure regions where imperfection cannot dwell. The *heart's* love perisheth with the day, and vanishes as a dream."

"Before I go," he added, with a smile upon his lips, "I wish you to promise me never to wound the pride of the person you esteem, by bringing him in contact with the coarse and brutal, as you did mine. One may tolerate the sarcasms of a gentleman, but the ridicule of the buffoon is unendurable."

"If I have erred," she said, as you allege, "I can freely say, it was unintentional."

"I am satisfied," was his reply, "and think it quite possible that my sensitiveness may have magnified appearances, for through the diseased frame the intellect is perverted."

He then passed on, after wishing her every happiness, leaving her astonished at what she had seen and heard. She remained fixed to the place where she had at first stood, until he was out of sight, while her mind reverted with painful solicitude to a thousand thoughtless indiscretions, innocent of themselves then, and ever would have been, had not time nourished them into consequence; and upon a temperament other than Arabella's, might have had an influence in marring her happiness in all time to come.

CHAPTER XIV.

LUCIA and her father were sitting at the dining-table at the usual hour, when suddenly it became almost dark, and directly a cold bleak wind swept around the corners of the house ; the autumnal leaves filled the air, and a misty rain soon after set in, congealing into ice as it fell. "Put on more wood !" said Mr. Arnold, to a servant who had just entered the apartment, "put on more wood ! and don't let the fire flag during the night ;" and then rubbing his hands, said, "Lucia ! winter is upon us, and I am in hopes we shall have a little rest now, for the gentlemen of the army have been so long in comfortable quarters, that, as much as some of them profess to like your society, they would forego that pleasure rather than expose themselves to a bleak north-wester."

"I hope it may be so," she replied, "for I am tired of the nonsense so continually addressed to my ear, by men too who ought to have something better to do, and who pay me but a poor compliment by supposing that it is grateful to my taste or acceptable to my vanity." Another blast shook the hall to its base, and the chill air whistled through the key-holes of the doors in dolorous monotony, giving a tinge of sadness to the present as well as the future. "It is getting cold," said Mr. Arnold, accompanying the remark with an involuntary shivering of frame, and then filling his small glass with his golden sherry and another for her, said, "Lucia, here is to a long

life and a prudent husband for you." They both drank their wine, when she archly looked him in the face, and replied, "I didn't know, father, that you liked anything prudent."

"You mistake me, child—I would like to see your husband so circumstanced that he may be able to begin the world aright, and then it will be the easiest thing in the world to go through it prudently, as I will directly inform you."

He then filled his glass again and again, until his eye sparkled, and a tremulous impatience showed itself in every action.

"Lucia, you neither know nor understand me—I shall be dead before long, and then you must not do your old father injustice, even if there shall be brought to light transactions of his which do not seem to square with what the world may call honesty. As the porcupine has quills to defend himself, so I have sought a shield, and the only one, that will protect the friendless when men would destroy them, is *wealth*. They cower and flutter when they first see the fortress behind which he is sheltered, and then fall down and worship the golden calf. Some are born into the world with these arms of defence, but I was not, and as my very existence depended upon possessing them, you must not question the mode with which I made them my own. If it is just in war to dispossess and slay one's enemy with his own weapon, why not just when the world makes war upon the friendless, for them to seize upon and appropriate their weapons in defending himself? I see no reason," he added, "that the honesty of the one should be questioned more than the other."

The storm was now raging with great violence, and the servants were busily fastening the shutters, which were swinging against the sides of the house. "Nobody will be so mad

as to come out to-night," said he ; and then addressing himself to a servant, said, "lock all the doors, and then get to your hall, and let me see no more of you to-night." Arnold remained mute ; for some time it was evident he was communing with his own upbraiding spirit. "Daughter," he at length said, "you have often complained that I never explain to you the nature of my business—the place of my birth, or anything in relation to my connections, and *that* portions of the house in which we live, is a mystery—that all is mysterious. There are times that I have been desirous to communicate everything, for the time is not far distant, when, as my sole representative, you must know all." Lucia had her eye intently fixed upon her father's, watching as it dilated or shot forth its fires. Though the general character of his face was that of fierceness, it now seemed vibrating between a desire to communicate and a doubt of its prudence.

He frequently arose from his seat, and rapidly walking to and fro, would mutter audibly, "Yes ! I would do it again—perfectly right—cowardly world to abuse children ! Yes, yes !" he repeated, "I would do it over again." Upon recollecting himself, he perceived his daughter began to be alarmed at his strange manner and still stranger appearance, when he suddenly changed his tone, and took his seat, saying, as he sat down, "I will tell you all I know of myself. You never heard me, you say, speak of my family, nor any relative, and well you may not, for who they were or what were their names, I am quite as ignorant as yourself. I have an indistinct recollection of things that occurred when I was little else than an infant. 'Twas then I first saw people weep ; it was said, some one was dead, and I am inclined to think that it was my father. I also have a glimmering remembrance of a child

of my own age, and that we were rocked in the same cradle ; but the recollection is indistinct, and therefore I place but little reliance on it myself."

He was about stopping here ; but however mortifying it might have been to Lucia, her curiosity was awakened, and she begged him to proceed, as it might as well be done then as ever.

"But, remember, you say nothing more of Eugenia. Draw up your chair, then, child, for I am a little hoarse, and cannot talk loud. Well, then, to commence, my first distinct recollection is, of being on board a large man-of-war, whose name I subsequently learned, to my cost, was the *Syren* ; the sailors made a pet of me, and I messed where I pleased.

"I was called *Tom, the Piper*, by some of the crew, but always by the captain of the maintop, *Tommy* ; and I recollect the kind-hearted old creature, whenever there was a squall coming on, taking me in his arms, and stowing me away in some comfortable place in the fore-castle, out of harm's way, saying, 'Stay there, Tommy, and I'll come after you when the storm is over ;' and, never shall I forget one day when he was tied up to the mainmast and received a dozen of the cat, for being absent from his post. He had been soothing me in consequence of a hurt I had received by falling from one of the guns upon the deck. When I saw the best friend I had on earth, degraded from his post, and then flogged like a dog for his kindness, I, for the first time within my recollection, cried, for, before I had an instinctive knowledge that I had no one to pity me, and therefore it would be useless.

"As soon as he was untied he came to me and said, 'Tommy, don't cry—the lubbers have no hearts.' This was the last I ever saw of him ; for, having lost his situation as captain of the

maintop, as I have just stated, it was supposed he threw himself overboard, for a moment before he was missing, he said to one of his messmates, 'Take good care of poor little Tommy, for I shall never see him again.' It is true, I fared afterwards, at the mess as well as any of them, and really believe that there was not a man in the ship who would not willingly have gone without his dinner rather than I should have lost mine; yet the kind look was wanting, and the protecting hand of my late friend was not there in times of danger.

"I got on in this way until I was, I suppose, about twelve years of age, when one of the officers perceiving I was handy about the ship, took me into his service, and I will do him the justice to say, that he gave me comfortable quarters and clothed me, for the first time in my life, respectably.

"While lying at Havre we were suddenly ordered to Liverpool; and as we were upon the eve of sailing, a seaman who had been into the town, came on board with a bundle looking like clothes. A striped flannel shirt was peeping out at the sides, which seemed to be sponsor that the remainder were of the same family. In the evening he took the opportunity of calling me aside, and said, 'Tom! take that bundle—you can stow it away where it can't be found. It will make our fortunes in London or Liverpool, and you shall have half.' I had heard of a *fortune* before, but whether it was a horse, or something else, I did not know, neither did I stop to inquire, but took the bundle and stowed it away in the bottom of my berth. Unfortunately for the owner, and also for me, he took the small-pox and died before we had crossed the channel, having been delayed nearly a week by head-winds. We had been in port several days before it occurred to me to examine the contents of the bundle.

"I was surprised to find that it contained some very pretty things, which I afterwards found, to my cost, to be all contraband, and very dear in England. Recollecting something of what the sailor said about a *fortune*, and not knowing but it might be a boatswain's whistle, (which I coveted more than anything on board the ship,) I took the first opportunity of getting my traps ready to take on shore; but, just as I thought everything was all right, Mr. Martinet, as the sailors called him, ordered me to clean the scabbard of his sword, which I did to his satisfaction; he then pulled off his boots and directed me to clean them also. I do not know how it was, but I had such a repugnance to do the last menial office, that I determined to die sooner, and the blood mounted to my cheek, and I felt a tinge of shame combined with anger, more intense than I can now describe. At the end of four or five minutes, Mr. Martinet called from out of the companion-way, 'Tom, why the devil don't you bring me my boots?' I remained at my post without answering a word. He came upon deck in his stocking-feet in a great rage, and seeing me standing silently and moodily near them, without offering to do as I had been ordered, said, 'What does all this mean, scoundrel?' I replied, hardly able to restrain my rage, 'I am not a scoundrel, sir.'"

"The lieutenant, unable to control his wrath, made after me with a rope's-end, while I ran to the main-top to escape. Perceiving I had eluded him, he sent a man to bring me down, and had me flogged; but, as one of my old messmates, who was boatswain's mate, had the task to perform, I got off better than I expected; indeed, the humane old fellow might have gone on for an hour without producing any dangerous consequences. Every blow was accompanied with an 'O'whew,' as

if it was done by exertion. Before, he had never called me by any kinder appellation than '*Tom*,' or '*Tom the Piper*;' but now whispered at each stroke, 'Don't cry, Tommy; I wont hurt you!' and he was as good as his word. It was not in the poor fellow's nature to understand that the pain of a corporeal injury was nothing, when compared with the punishment of one's self-respect.

"But, child!" continued her father, "this is not all the fellow did to ruin me, soul and body—to crush my spirits, and degrade me in my own estimation.

"I had no sooner been let loose, and put on my shirt and jacket, than he took me by the collar, and led me to my bunk, 'There, rogue!' said he, 'where did all of those laces come from?—a young smuggler, you!' I did not know the meaning of the word *smuggler*, neither the import of the word *rogue*, any better than I did that of scoundrel, though they were both always on the lips of the sailors, in a good-natured way. I was therefore ignorant that he intended it as a word of reproach. Having been told by one of the crew, that he could give me no more of the cat, under the rules of the Admiralty, that day, I refused to satisfy him, or to reply to any thing he said. The consequence was, he caused me to be put in irons.

"While the boatswain was doing this duty, and trying to find a handcuff small enough, the honest tar, when he saw that no tale-bearer was near, grumbled out the remark, that it was 'a bloody shame to put a baby in irons!' I was conducted to a place the next day, which I afterwards learned was the Old Bailey. Young as I was, and brought up among sailors, I could easily perceive, that I was among a class of people far more degraded than any I had ever seen before.

"I had forgotten to state, that, as I left the ship, the officer gave me a kick, hurting me more than the cat had done in the hands of the kind-hearted boatswain's mate. Several months elapsed before I was brought to trial; in the meantime I had for my companions, felons of every grade, who took delight in teaching me to swear.

"For, strange as it may seem, my poor old friend, who had been flogged on my account, although profane himself, never allowed me to be so, and when he was not on watch, would read the catechism, and from it taught me my alphabet. As I said before, he was the only friend in my childhood I ever had. It is true, his means to benefit me were small, but such as they were, he cheerfully bestowed them. "But," continued Mr. Arnold, "I am wandering from my subject. I was about telling you, that, after I had learned many things while in the "*lock-up*," at the Old Bailey, which I have never yet been able altogether to unlearn, I was taken to court, where my attention was principally given to the queer appearance of the judges and barristers. I could not account for the strange-looking hair they wore, having never before seen a wig.

"I was instructed to hold up my right-hand, and then a long paper was read to me, none of which I remember, except the words, '*being instigated by the devil, did then and there feloniously*,' &c., &c. When they got through, and the lieutenant had told his story, the jury gave in a verdict of guilty, and thus I found myself a convicted smuggler, before I had even learned the meaning of the word.

"The judge perceiving that I was a mere child, was disposed to be lenient, and seemed much more concerned for me than I was for myself, and after having asked me several questions

in kindness, he then said, 'Are you not sorry for what you have done?' Being unconscious of having done anything wrong, I became displeased, and answered quickly, though innocent of giving offence, 'No, ! I dont care a d—n.' I was much surprised to find the judge was angry, who said I was the most hardened boy of my years that had ever been brought before him. I then had no conception of the impropriety of my answer, for I used the language as I heard it in the prison, it there being synonymous to '*it is nothing to me.*'

"The clerk, after looking very solemn, addressed me in part as follows:—'*Tom, alias Tommy, alias Tom the Piper*'—hold up your right-hand. You may remember that you have heretofore been indicted for divers felonies, by you committed, and upon your arraignment, in answer thereto, you pleaded not guilty, and put yourself upon the country for trial; that country hath found you guilty. What have you to say, why judgment of the court should not be pronounced against you, according to law?"

"I was then sentenced to transportation for twenty years, to the colony of Virginia, the judge remarking, '*after your term expires, and you return to this country, I hope your manners and morals will be improved, through the salutary influences you will meet with there.*'

"I was a few days after put on board a ship, with twenty others, upon the same errand, though, I trust, none of them as ignorant of the offences they had committed, as I was of mine."

Lucia listened to the literal recital of her father with much interest and commiseration, but having a vein of humor, she could not avoid smiling at some parts of the account he gave of his boyhood. She did not feel the mortification she

would have done had she been taught the value most of persons set upon a respectable line of ancestors. On the contrary, she was taught, (to use a trite though wise quotation,) "that every tub must stand upon its own bottom." She therefore had no prejudices to combat on this score, regarding the incidents of her father's childhood quite as accidental as if he had been born in a palace.

The storm seemed to increase without, for its wailing could be distinctly heard through the naked branches of the grove which lay between the hall and the river; yet, within doors all was bright and cheerful, for the blazing fire crackled in the fire-place, and that, together with the lights from the chandelier, dispensed a cheerful influence throughout the room.

It was now eleven o'clock, and Mr. Arnold would occasionally turn towards the table, and sip a little favorite Burgundy and nibble some of his Stilton cheese. "While my hand is in," said he, "I may as well show you what is to be seen about the premises that you are unacquainted with, and have done with it."

* "You have heard enough of my early history to show you how little I owe the world for what I am or what you are."

"But were you really imprisoned and sent out of the country for taking the sailor's bundle on shore?" she inquired, now, for the first time, appearing to realize the situation of a child without friends, and giving evidence of her sympathy by kissing her father upon his forehead."

"Yes, Lucia!—and lucky it was for me, for a kind-hearted man, though a great rogue, was touched with pity for my youth. He was called Arnold, and as I was without a name, with his assent I assumed his."

"But I do not understand when you say, the Mr. Arnold,

of whom you speak, could be a kind-hearted man and at the same time a great rogue !”

“ Lucia ! I sometimes get out of all patience, fearing that you will never learn anything of the world. Let me tell you, a kind heart is just as likely to be found in an unscrupulous bosom as any other—they are distinct elements. Deliver me from these straight-forward, hard-faced people, lauded by simpletons and imitated by knaves. Yes ! straight-forward they are in riding *rough-shod* over misfortune when it falls in their way, neither turning to the right or left, though bleeding wretchedness demands compassion on the one side or squalid poverty on the other.”

Mr. Arnold took Lucia by the hand, and said, “ Come, daughter, follow me ; it is getting late. I like these stormy nights, by Saint Nicholas ! it renews my age—my blood runs more freely through my veins, and my sight is quickened a hundred-fold. Come, Lucia ! do not falter ! you may never have so good an opportunity to satisfy your curiosity. Come along, child !—you shall see all.” He then led her through several apartments, until he came to his private closet : This he entered by touching a portion of the panel communicating with a spring inside, and the door instantly opened ; a lamp was burning and his account-books lay upon the table ready for inspection. It was a room which Lucia generally had access to, when he was there, but was forbidden to enter at any other time.

On the side opposite the door of this small room, was a recess apparently intended for a wardrobe ; this he also entered ; and by the same process as before, a door flew open. At the end of this apartment was a row of hooks, for the purpose of hanging clothes, it having no appearance of what it in reality

was intended. He descended a long flight of steps with a lamp in one hand, and with the other occasionally steadied Lucia, admonishing her, every now and then, not to fall. At length, they safely landed at the foot of the stairway, but, with the exception of the little halo under the influence of the light, all was impenetrable darkness.

“ Don't be frightened !” said he. She started, as the words were sent back in mournful mockery from the gloomy vaults. They proceeded without interruption for several hundred yards. From this point several minor avenues diverged, large enough, however, to admit of two persons abreast. Upon turning into one of them he stopped short, and with a slight push, a door opened into a walled apartment, perhaps fifteen feet square. This room was prepared with lamps ready for use, which he immediately ignited by the one he carried with him.

“ We are here, twenty feet under ground, and this room contains a portion of my chattels personal. Push at that spot !” said he, (putting his finger upon what seemed the centre of a block of stone, forming a portion of the wall.) “ Push harder !” he exclaimed, as she unsuccessfully made the attempt. Upon a second trial, that which appeared but a portion of the wall, flew open, and, to her astonishment, every variety of implements used in families of the rich for domestic purposes, lay glittering before her, the materials of which were principally of the precious metals, and their value very great.

She looked at her father with astonishment, and was about inquiring where they all came from, when, anticipating what she was about to say, he said, “ Ask no questions ; one of these days you will know all.” He then closed the door, and

the wall had the same naked appearance as when they entered it. Its stone sides being the only evidence of art that presented itself to the eye.

"Come along Lucia!" said he, as he withdrew to the avenue from which they had entered the apartment; "one half of these belong to my friend Brockholst." He then closed the doors after him, which turned upon hinges, denoting the dampness of the place by the creaking they made. Lucia was now desirous of returning, fearing, from the labyrinth of passages that were diverging in all directions, they would never find their way out.

"Keep up a stout heart!" said he; "there is not an inch of ground here that I am unacquainted with." He proceeded then a little distance, and entered a room far larger than the last. Lamps were prepared here as they had been in the apartment they had just left. He proceeded to light them, when every description of dry-goods were revealed, including silks from India, carpets from Turkey, and shawls from Persia. When leaving the room, and while closing the door after him, he said, "Captain Goff, of the Eolus, who paid us a visit you may recollect, with a party of ladies just before the rebellion, has an interest in these—crew—fine fellows," he added, "not one of them under six feet in his slippers. Don't be too inquisitive!—you will perhaps receive these for your legacy one of these days;" with that he shut the door, and then turned into a passage she had not been in before. This they traversed a long way without saying anything more than was absolutely necessary, for the echoes that came back were so dismal that, despite the nerve of Lucia, they made her shudder.

She was so bewildered by the intricacies of the passages, that she had not the remotest idea whether, when they diverged

from any particular point, they were approaching the place of entrance, or whether it conducted them farther from it.

"Now," said her father, "as you have shown yourself a brave girl, I will conduct you to the old African hospital, as Captain Goff calls it, but which I call No. 3." After having reached its entrance, he tried to open the door in the same manner it was entered years before; but, as he remarked, while endeavoring to do so, "that no one had entered it since Goff had made his last visit, and that the hinges were rusty." He made another attempt with better success, and they grated in their rust as he pushed it open, with a grinding noise, enough to send a chill through the veins of any one less susceptible than himself.

Although Lucia had gradually become accustomed to the dreariness of the place, and also to the strange scenes that were revealing themselves almost every moment, since she had descended to these Tartarean chambers, yet she was unprepared for what was to follow; and as she shrunk back with a slight exclamation, her father said, "Shame! shame! Lucia Arnold, by all the saints in the calendar, good, bad, and indifferent, I will not own you have any of the blood of Ethan Arnold in your veins, if you show the white feather after all of my training. Hoot, Lucia! you never knew bones to do any harm without flesh upon them, and not much with it when it belongs to a negro."

"And why," she inquired, "are they deposited here?"

"A fancy of my friend, the captain's," was the reply; "they were all Africans, captured on the coast of Guinea, and brought here for a market—it was a convenient place to throw them when they died; but I have not time to answer inquiries here—I am getting a chill, and after I have shown you another of my closets we will get back, and warm ourselves with

some of the old Port, that I keep for special occasions ;" and then opening a door communicating with the one where they then were, he raised from the floor a flat stone, then put his hand down, and drew from a hole a small box. " Upon sliding the lid a little one side, she found it filled with precious stones. He took from it one of them, of large size, and presenting it to her said, "This is the reward for the courage you have shown thus far ; we will now for the hall above ground, as I presume your curiosity is satisfied by what you have seen below."

He then took her by the hand, and threaded his course back through the devious ways that none but a skillful pilot like himself would have been enabled to navigate.

In a few minutes they were at the foot of the stairs, which an hour before they descended—they commenced their ascent, and after groping their way, lighted only by the waning light they set out with, emerged from their dreary journey into his private closet. From thence they proceeded to the dining-room, where they were greeted by a flood of light from the blazing fire and also from the chandelier, made more palpable by the dungeon-like darkness from which they had escaped.

Observing that Lucia looked a little pale, he poured out a glass of Port for himself and one for her—"That will strengthen you," he said. She would have been glad to have turned back before beginning her descent, but knowing the irascible temperament of her father, when in one of his peculiar moods, braced herself for the undertaking.

Soon after he became drowsy, and was nodding in his chair. Lucia retired to her room for the night, and slept as soundly as if the storm was not lashing the trees, and screaming and raging about the nooks and turrets of the hall.

CHAPTER XV.

THE incidents that occurred as stated in the last chapter had a lasting influence upon the character of Lucia Arnold. A new era began to impress itself upon her understanding, and her volatile spirit was subdued by the train of thought, originating from the new light wherein she now viewed the peculiarities of her parent.

Having heretofore been the recipient of every luxury, it had never occurred to her mind to question the means through which they were obtained. She knew she had enjoyed them in a greater degree than any one around her, and, notwithstanding his seeming uncharitable disposition, he took a secret pleasure in aiding those in need, when he could do it indirectly, for he had often said to those asking assistance, "Get you gone—are you not ashamed to beg !" and immediately after would place a sum of money in the hands of his daughter for their relief, with instructions to be liberal.

It was about ten o'clock in the evening that a loud knocking was heard at the side-door. She was somewhat startled, as none but members of their family ever presented themselves there for admittance—but Mr. Arnold rose from his seat, and approached it himself, directing a servant, who was preceding him, to return. Lucia heard some one enter, who, with her father, retired by a private passage to his office. This was so unusual an occurrence that she could not account for it,

and as he had been in a strange state of mind for some days, she was uneasy lest there might be something going on that would endanger his safety. She determined not to retire until he returned, although he had now been absent nearly an hour ; and while she rested her head upon her hand, absorbed in a thousand reflections that hitherto she had been a stranger to, he entered the room where she was sitting, accompanied by Simon. Lucia at first did not know him—a period of more than two years having elapsed since they had met ; it was not strange—for not only his costume was changed, but his figure and expression also. The latter, to-be-sure, wore the same complacent smile, while the former was fully developed into the well-formed man. He wore a smart blue jacket, and had substituted for his breeches, the trowsers of the sailor, covering a pair of legs that many an officer in the army would have waived a step in promotion to have possessed. Indeed, many of them for other reasons had already adopted the wide pantaloons. The contest between breeches and trowsers continued for many years after, when the former gave way to numerical odds, the latter making up in pretension what was wanting in reality.

Simon, however, knew Lucia at once, and unhesitatingly extended his hand, which she accepted, looking him steadily in the face, uncertain who it could be, until she heard him speak. Influenced by his salutary smile, she returned the salutation most heartily, and for the first time for the last several days, felt her spirits returning. He had not been there half an hour ere she felt a void filled in her heart, it having before been depressed, occasioned by the circumstances above alluded to.

They continued in conversation until a late hour at night, a

part of which time was pleasantly spent in hearing him recount his adventures in the Northern seas, lending more than an ordinarily attentive ear, particularly to a description of the first winter he spent in those icy regions. To an inquiry of hers in relation to their manner of subsisting, he stated that “after it became evident they would be compelled to winter there, they anchored the vessel in a narrow inlet having sufficient water to permit her being brought close into a shore which presented an arid and desolate aspect—the cold giving the stunted shrubbery the appearance of being withered by too much heat.

“As we had an abundance of provisions,” he continued, “our greatest anxiety was how we should keep warm, as the miserable little scrubs we saw were not enough in quantity to last a week. We set to work, however, to secure what there were, and carefully stowed them away, to be dealt out only as absolute necessity might require. The insufficiency of the supply was so apparent, to all, that even the improvident sailor looked wistfully at the little store, as the cold blue clouds arose upon the horizon. One day, when our fuel was nearly expended, and we were contemplating tearing away the inside of the vessel, a sailor, (who had been out with his gun along the beach, where there was a small ‘bird,’ not much larger than a wren, in such abundance, that sometimes half a dozen could be brought down at a single shot,) reported that he had discovered the wreck of a ship, ‘high and dry’ upon the shore. This, however great a misfortune it had been to others, was a source of more rejoicing to us than if we had found a mine of gold ; the sombre, moody appearance that most of the ship’s company wore, was now exchanged for one of almost frantic joy. They had already suffered much from

the cold, and with all their diligence, could not altogether keep the ship's decks free from the snow, which continually fell not only from the clouds but also hurled in masses by the winds from the shore."

Simon was about stopping here, but Lucia had become interested, and desired him to proceed, remarking, that, to her taste, there was "more of romance in those cold and dreary regions where eternal winter reigns, than in all the sunny skies or worn-out zephyrs that ever shone or blew. "Well, then," he replied, "with your father's consent, I will tell you how we got through the winter."

Mr. Arnold, who had been pacing the room with his arms folded upon his chest, engrossed with his own thoughts, caught the remark of Simon, and said, "Go on, if Miss Arnold desires it; go on!" and then resuming his walk to and fro, was lost in his own musings. "I left off," said Simon, resuming his narrative, "where I was speaking of the discovery of the wreck, did I not?" and being answered in the affirmative, proceeded—

"Every axe on board the 'King Philip' was in requisition; and we crossed on the ice from the ship to the shore, and after proceeding to the distance of a mile up the coast, we came across the stranded vessel. As she lay where the sea had a full sweep, the snow had been blown into huge embankments a few hundred yards in-land, leaving the beach cleanly swept, though strewn to a considerable distance with the wreck. The first use we made of it was to construct a sledge, and in the course of an hour, had the whole crew in the capacity of cattle hauling away with a hearty good will, masses of the vessel, to the more fortunate 'King Philip.' This was a most delightful employment, as necessity and wholesome exercise

were united, and never did misers labor harder to increase their store than we did in increasing our supply of the wreck, and never did they enjoy their gains as we did ours in the evening over a fine fire in the stove, when the mercury froze on deck and the bolts of the ship were withdrawn by the intensity of the frost, starting from their places with a noise like the crack of a pistol. We had to take the ordinary seamen into the cabin, for the fore-castle, you know, has no arrangements for a fire, and it would have delighted you to have heard those old salts, (whom one that had never seen them but upon the fore-castle-deck, would have supposed to be without ideas,) tell of their strange adventures in seas almost unknown, and—but I must defer my farther account," said he, starting up as the clock struck one, and preparing to go, promising, however, that at some future time he would relate how they got through the winter, and the appearance and habits of the Esquimaux, the only human beings they encountered while being frozen up in the inlet where they had moored their vessel. He now took his leave, promising Lucia to see her again before long, and after crossing to the opposite side of the room, where he was for a moment engaged in conversation with Mr. Arnold, withdrew by the same door through which he had entered.

Mr. Arnold now seated himself beside his daughter, and while holding her hand affectionately in his own, remarked, that, "Simon had much altered since he was there last."

"Very much, indeed," she replied; "not only has he improved in appearance and manner, but has become pleasantly communicative. I hope, father," she added, "that you will soon invite him again to visit us, for I am curious to learn as much of those mysterious polar regions as I can. I never

hear the winds in the winter whistle from the north, but my imagination carries me to that spirit-land where nothing is heard but the raging of the storm, whirling onward and onward in its mad career over the frozen waste."

Mr. Arnold, whose mind was intent upon something else, said, "I have an errand for you to perform to-morrow, and would do it myself, but, you know, I dislike these things. Simon has left a letter this evening and a small purse of money which he wishes handed to his parents; the sentinels are posted so near their vicinity that he finds it difficult to pass them without hazarding a capture."

Lucia replied, that "nothing would give her more pleasure, although she had no acquaintance with them; yet," said she, "a message from their son would of course be welcome." She then retired for the night, and as usual, left her father walking the floor, locked up in his own abstractions.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next morning Lucia ordered her carriage, and proceeded to the house of Obadiah, pursuant to the request of her father. Never before had so stately a carriage stood before the door of the Quaker; the ornaments of the harness were of burnished gold, and the high-bred steeds, with their heads in the air, stood firm and statue-like, as a brace of drill-officers on parade.

There was no one in the parlor but Hannah, who, instead of being disturbed at the visit of her aristocratic neighbor, desired her to be seated, with as much presence of mind as she would have felt in performing the like hospitality to one of her most unpretending acquaintances. Lucia made known her errand, and then delivered the letter and purse as she had been instructed by her father. She was thanked for the trouble she had taken, and Hannah remarked, "that it would be a relief to her parents, to hear of her brother's safety, although for her own part she had never seriously doubted it."

She excused herself, when leaving the room for the purpose of delivering the packet, by observing, "that she would return in a few minutes."

Before she left, Lucia had noticed, standing upon the mantle, a portrait of exquisite finish, though dimmed by age, and a miniature by its side, both representing a young female,

fashionably attired in the costume of the age when taken. Although distant from her, she observed their wonderful similarity of appearance, nor indeed did it at all diminish upon a closer inspection. The style of dress was not only precisely the same, but the costume of one of the pictures was exactly like that worn when the artist had taken the other. While Lucia was busily inspecting them—beautiful, despite the usage the portrait had received, during the time it lay among the rubbish of the garret, and the slight fading of the miniature through the lapse of time—Hannah returned to the parlor, followed by her parents. Lucia courted to Obadiah and his wife, remarking, “that she had taken the liberty to examine the pictures,” and added, “that they appeared to be representatives of one and the same person.”

Obadiah as head of the family, after adjusting his physiognomy to accord with the importance of the occasion, replied with a strong nasal accentation, “Now we see as through a glass darkly.”

Lucia waited for him to finish the sentence, supposing he had only commenced, but as he remained silent some time, she was about making a remark, when he added, with a thrilling accent, “All is vanity.” He then took off his hat and left the room, followed by his wife, who had said nothing; but as long as she remained, looked steadily at their visitor through her glasses.

Lucia was at first inclined to laugh at the oddity of Obadiah's reply and the imperturbable gravity with which it was uttered; but her mirth was succeeded by a feeling of inquiry, as to what it all meant, for as much ceremony was observed preparing for its delivery as there would have been by a

leader of the sect, demonstrating to his hearers the vanity of all things unconformable to the doctrines of George Fox.

Although pensive, Hannah was better than she had been for a long time, and she wore a sweetness of expression, cheering and assuring all within its influence, “of the good time coming.”

It made but little difference, what might have been the pattern of her garments or her mode of speech, for her spirit shone so brightly around that they were lost in its influence. Without knowing why, Lucia at once gave her confidence to Hannah, as if they had been acquaintances all their lives, and the two were soon engaged in familiar conversation.

“The artist whoever he might have been, had an accurate eye,” said Lucia, as she rose to inspect them more closely, “for it is no ordinary skill that can produce pictures so near alike; they appear to be ancient, and, I presume, must represent an ancestress of yours, for they look much like you—pray,” she added, “is it not so?”

“The portrait is said,” was the answer, “to have been one of the family, although I never saw it until a few days since; my father not liking the exhibition of these things, it was put away in the garret by my mother, to whom it belonged when she was married, and it was only brought to light to compare with the miniature, which the owner thought bore a strong resemblance to myself.”

“It is a strange coincidence,” replied Lucia, who compared them with Hannah whom she caused to stand in a position enabling her at a glance to encompass all three—“the two are certainly representatives of the same individual, and are exactly like you; who are they intended for?” she inquired, with great curiosity.

"I do not know," was the reply, "whom the portrait represents—it has been handed down for so many generations that my mother has forgotten the name, but Lowther Matthews, owner of the miniature, says, it is the lady St. James, his father's maternal great-great-grandmother, who *flourished* in the time of the first Charles, and he insists upon it that both pictures represent the same individual, "though *we* think it too strange a coincidence for such to be the case, notwithstanding the resemblance is certainly great."

While this conversation was taking place, a party of gaily-dressed officers were riding slowly in that part of the road seen from the house, and while one turned to the avenue leading to it the others put spurs to their horses and rode at a rapid rate towards the sea-side. Mr. Matthews proceeded directly to the gate, and was not a little surprised at the unusual sight of a carriage standing before the door. The season was advanced almost into winter, but since the storm a few evenings before, the weather had cleared up, and the sun shone out almost as warmly as in summer-time; and, although his disease had made unmistakable ravages upon his frame, yet he bore up under it beyond his physician's most sanguine expectations, and, on days like the present, seemed so well, that his friends hoped the chances were favorable to his recovery.

Matthews dismounted and entered the house, and after the usual salutations were through, the pictures again became the subject of conversation.

"Do you not think, Miss Arnold," asked he, "that the two represent one individual?"

"I do, indeed, and so expressed myself before you came in."

"I have come, Hannah," said he, familiarly, "to beg the

loan of the portrait; there is a soldier in my company who understands cleaning pictures—he will be here directly, and I should much like to see the coloring brought out; for, unless I am greatly mistaken, the artist could have been no less a personage than Vandyke himself."

"But did Vandyke ever paint miniatures?" Lucia inquired.

"Yes! although it is not generally known—he disliked it; but yielded on several occasions to the importunities of his patrons."

While they were thus conversing an intelligent young soldier made his appearance in the yard, and, as soon as Matthews discovered who it was, requested him to walk into the house. "Saunders! what master executed either of these pictures?" he inquired.

He modestly examined them, occasionally dipping the corner of his handkerchief in warm water and running it over the face and portions of the costume; and, after carefully comparing them, answered promptly, "By Vandyke, sir."

"Are you sure, Saunders? Look again!—the drawing is scarcely accurate enough for his."

"The drawing cannot be seen to advantage," was the reply, "as the shading is so blended with the soil on the outlines, that they can hardly be distinguished from each other."

Saunders, like many other young men who had gone into the army as privates, was a person of good family and excellent education. Having shown a taste for painting, he, in the way of amusement, had cleaned many of the old pictures belonging to his father and other connections; but, in addition to this refined taste, he was fond of company, and, by endeavoring to live in a style that some of his richer associates indulged in, he got into debt, and had no choice between

the Old Bailey and an enlistment in the army; he preferred the latter, and took the tremendous stride from the elegance and comfort of his father's house to the scanty tent and open field.

"Saunders," said Matthews, "do your best upon the pictures, and if you succeed well, you shall have the first warrant that becomes vacant in the company."

The soldier thanked him, and said, "he would do what he could, and hoped that in a few days he would be able to accomplish his undertaking." He then, with the consent of Hannah, took the portrait and carried it to the lawn, (if it deserved that name,) and commenced wiping away the cobwebs.

In a moment after he returned to the room, requesting the privilege of taking the canvas from the frame, as the latter would be useless until his work was finished, besides it would be more conveniently carried. As there could be no objection to the request, it was granted, and he set to work. He had been absent only a short time, when he returned to the room, where the three were now engaged in general conversation, with a piece of paper folded in note form and blackened by time, which he handed to Hannah, accompanied by the remark, that he found it between the frame and canvas. Of course it was a subject of curiosity, and both Miss Arnold and Mr. Matthews stood up, looking over her shoulders as she opened it. The following lines though faded, were sufficiently legible to be read with facility:—

JUNE, ye 13th, Ano Dom., 1645.

TO YE LADYE SAINT JAMES:—

DEAR ANETTE,—Since we had speech and conference together touching youre father's consent, I have been enguaged

with ye King in his miserie: my heart is alwayes youres, whether neere or far of, and God grant it so continue untill ye end. I send this that ye may knowe ye occasion of my absence, and conclude this epistel by ye sentiment that my own hearte uttereth in ye words of another:—

"Eternall God, in his almightie powre,
To make ensample of his heauenly grace,
In Paradise whylome did plant this flowre,
Whence he it fetched out of her native place,
And did in stock of earthly flesh enrace,
That mortall men her glory should admire."

Youres untill death do us part,

BUCKINGHAM.

The letter was no sooner read, than Matthews took the hand of Hannah and kissed it. "This is always a cousin's privilege," said he, "and it has turned out as I expected. Since I first saw you, I felt there was an affinity between us that drew me to you and made me happy."

Hannah looked the impersonation of her noble ancestress, and the tinge came to her cheek at this declaration. She had felt before that she was far from being indifferent to him, but the buoyancy of youth was as yet more powerful than the deeper sentiment that had taken root in her heart, for the spring-time of life was not yet enough advanced to allow it to germinate and overshadow, as thereafter it would do, every other sentiment and passion that her young breast was endowed with.

Lucia, Hannah, and Mr. Matthews, became silent; they were engrossed with the same sentiment, while gazing upon the folded paper, which had been put away so carefully as to elude even the scrutiny of the domestics. It must have been

sacred to have been thus hidden in a place where none but an enamored girl would thought of putting it ; and little did she think that it was to remain there until her descendants should have forgotten her very name. There was a time when that bit of paper was of value ; there was a time when the heart of her who read it throbbed with a new impulse as she conned it o'er and o'er, watching her time in reading it, lest some profane eye should light upon her while engaged in the sacred act ; and the same bit of paper, as if possessed of a talismantic charm, awakened after so many generations, feelings as new and fresh in her descendants as it did in herself, when sent by the noble Buckingham to her, the daughter of the equally noble St. James.

At last Mr. Matthews broke silence, and addressing Hannah, said, "Your branch of the family has not been as particular as mine, in preserving the records and mementoes of our ancestors ; we have preserved them with religious care, as valuable relics of by-gone days." A shudder suddenly came over his frame, as the winds whistled at the corner of the house, and for some time no one spoke. Both the females became impressed, as if moved by a common impulse with the sentiment that seemed to freeze his heart's blood—"the future—shall it, can it be, as transient and unprofitable as the past !"—lingered on his mind. He at length recollected himself, and endeavored to shake off the gloom, that had thus suddenly beset him. "You must excuse me," he said, addressing the young ladies as he tried to smile, while he was almost gasping for breath—"depression of spirits seems to be part of my disease, and it is difficult at times to rally. I had remarked," he continued, "that *my* branch of the family preserved many relics of our ancestors of by-gone days, as heir-

looms to hand over to those who were to succeed them, and among others a reply of Anette St. James to the note now in your possession. When I pay you another visit, I will bring it for you to examine. I must go now, for a very little excitement exhausts me."

Miss Arnold had delayed her departure in consequence of this sudden and extraordinary concurrence of events, which but for the note being taken from its hiding-place, would have been but a speculation that an hour might have been pleasantly beguiled with. Saunders, the soldier, had in the meantime taken the picture to his quarters, quite unconscious of the antiquity of the paper he had found.

Lucia took her leave directly after Matthews had gone, and while she was being driven home in her stately carriage, her mind was engrossed with the incidents that had transpired at the house of Obadiah. The strange orthography as well as wording of the note, seemed to transport her back to the period when it was written, and where she beheld Hannah, in her mind's eye, surrounded by her connections—the noble—the powerful—the beautiful—all that old England should be the proudest of.

She could not divest her mind of the peerless beauty and grandeur of the individual portrayed upon the canvas, as she, in the plenitude of her youth and power, became the object of love and joy to the man who worshiped at her shrine.

These thoughts so possessed her imagination, that the subject of them became a passion, and she burst into tears at the recollection of her father's history—of his probable abandonment by his parents, at an age when life has so feeble a tenure that it can hardly be sustained by the most watchful tenderness—or, perhaps, still worse, an unwelcome stranger

brought into light by a leprous passion, hated, despised, and cast forth upon the world as an unclean thing. The elegance of the carriage in which she rode seemed to mock at her, rendering the degradation she felt entailed as her portion the more intolerable; and when she descended from it, and received the obsequious attentions of the groom, she could hardly refrain from exclaiming, do not insult me by offering services to one whose blood is polluted by the poison transmitted through the ignoble veins of serfs, perhaps for a thousand years!

She felt Percie must have seen through the thin veil of respectability that covered her, and that he presumed upon it, meaning to degrade her to the level of the race from which she had sprung; at the very thought of which her dark eye sparkled, her face reddened, and she felt a hatred for him mingled with a contempt that she had no language to express.

It was her intention to have proceeded directly to her apartments, but she encountered her father at the threshold of the door, who with his keen glance saw that something was the matter: "How now, Lucia?" he exclaimed; "too poor at old Obadiah's to make your visit pleasant, eh?" and then added, "and rather too stiff-laced besides, I suppose, to have given you a hearty welcome. Queer people, these," he continued; "it would take away half the pain of the penalty could they have the privilege of talking with his Satanic Majesty with their hats on, should they unexpectedly find themselves consigned to his superintendence, despite the pious observance of a given number of buttons to their coats, and the precision of their discourses.

After Lucia had excused herself to her father as well as she was able, she proceeded to her room and threw herself upon

the bed. A new but unhappy existence presented itself to her mind, and she wondered how it were possible, with the advantages of education she possessed, that she could have remained so long unconscious of her ignoble origin, despite the luxury with which she was surrounded. She suffered her mind to become agitated to a degree she had before been a stranger to, and when exhausted began to slumber, though her dreams were anything but pleasant.

She awoke in the course of the succeeding hour, refreshed and comparatively tranquil, and commenced consoling herself with the thought it were quite possible that her father's condition in early life might have been the result of accident beyond the control of the most assiduous care or exalted station. Yet she was still engrossed with her visit, and looked upon Hannah and all connected to her, with a degree of deference she had never entertained for any of the mysterious multitude that had since her infancy appeared and disappeared at and from Compton Hall. Knowing nothing of the business of men, or the various means resorted to in procuring riches, she would never have suspected any fraudulent practices on the part of her father, had it not been for the secrecy with which his transactions were conducted. This put her upon the inquiry; but as he was eccentric in his ordinary intercourse with the few intimate friends he had, she thought it would be singular, indeed, if he were not so in his more important affairs.

She thus consoled herself as well as circumstances would permit, but her anxiety to become more intimate with her new acquaintance suffered no diminution by the throng that daily paid her court.

About this time a rumor was set afloat by some of the

gossiping fishermen of the town, that a strange vessel was cruising about in the vicinity of the eastern end of Long Island, sometimes in the Sound, and at others outside, and that so sure as a vessel approached, she would take to her heels and be off in a trice. Some said it was a pirate; others that she was a Yankee cruiser; and then it was insisted she was nothing more than a tender to the French fleet in pursuit of fresh provisions. It was noticed, about the same time, that Mr. Arnold drove in his carriage almost every fair day, to the lower end of the island, and would sit hours together examining objects as they came into sight with his glass; and it was said, whenever observed, he would hide it under the cushion or some other place where it could not be seen. It was also observed, that the strange sail would often come almost within gun-shot of the batteries, and after apparently communicating with some one, "go about," and either "put to sea" or make for some of the numerous inlets that indent the easterly end of Long Island. On one occasion, when the strange vessel had come in close to land, one of the smaller vessels of war belonging to the French fleet, went out in pursuit; but the Frenchman, finding he was no match for her before the wind, soon returned, and, when questioned as to the vessel's character, simply answered, "that she had none."

Suspicious that were rife before the war, in relation to the doubtful manner Mr. Arnold had accumulated his large fortune, and had died away after the English had taken possession of the island, began to be renewed—not by the town's people proper, but by some of the officers of the English army. This coming to the ears of Arnold, he resolved he would face it and put the suspicion down at once. He therefore made

arrangements for a banquet upon a scale far more extensive and magnificent than he had ever made for the like purpose.

He held "a moral inquisition" upon himself and the world at large, and his verdict was, that his character was to be supported by the fear of others to meddle with it. "Bah!" he exclaimed, one evening, as he was watching the smoke ascending the chimney from the fire-place, at a remark made by Lucia in relation to getting the good-will of people, "Men are like bees, child, when swarming—they will suffer themselves to be captured by jingling of bells, frying-pans, kettles, &c. The former are equally docile, by jingling a bag of guineas under their noses. Ah, Lucia!" he exclaimed again, "I know not what will become of you when I am gone. I shall never be able to teach the world to you understandingly. You insist holding up Simon as a model; he is very well in his way, but I despair ever learning him duly to appreciate money."

"But, father," she replied, interrupting him, "he is brave and truthful—they are not qualities to be despised."

"Lucia!" said he, impatiently, "don't talk nonsense to me! there are at least three thousand of the rank-and-file of the English army at this post who are both brave and truthful; their pay is sixpence per day, the estimated value the Government sets upon this kind of commodity, their services included. Now, who doubts that the Commissary General is a rogue? he went into the army poor; he is now worth one hundred thousand pounds sterling; his pay is six hundred a year; he has been in the service three years. Deduct three hundred per annum for his support—that would leave him £900. Where did he get the balance from, eh? Child," he continued, (his face burning with impatience,) "I do not believe my fortune

will last you five years, when you get possession of it—one-half will go for the purchase of morality, the other for the encouragement of some millenium society." Their conversation was interrupted by several gentlemen calling to spend an hour with Lucia. Mr. Arnold as usual in such cases, retired to his closet for the purpose of overhauling and inspecting his accounts, which, one would think, as he was in no ostensible business, would not take up much of his time. Nevertheless, it afforded him occupation for at least four hours every day, although he was considered the best accountant in all New England.

The next day messages were dispatched to almost every officer in the army, to hold themselves in readiness that day-week for a grand ball. The unusual length of time the invitations were out was a sufficient advertisement as to the extent of the entertainment in contemplation, although it was expected hourly the town would be bombarded by Monsieur Le Chevalier de Terney ; yet the most of the ladies who were in preparation had no objections, provided the French Admiral would wait until after the entertainment was over.

The credit and character of Mr. Arnold in the space of three days, rose five hundred per cent., and a desperate man must he have been who now dared to impugn either.

Not only the greater part of the house was thrown open for the reception of the company, but booths and tents covered at least an acre of the lawn, the whole of which was illuminated by variegated lamps. A powerful band was stationed in an alcove, and the full-grown trees being lighted to their very tops by small globular lamps, suspended on each twig strong enough to hold one, appeared at a distance like pyramids of living fire. The present arrangements as far exceeded all

others he had ever made of a like description, as these did of an ordinary entertainment given by the town's people. Everything being prepared, at five o'clock on the day appointed, the whole establishment was thrown open for the reception of the company. Never did grounds of tournament for knights to tilt in, equal the sumptuous brilliancy and magnificent extent of those now ready to receive the chivalry of England. It was estimated by those present, that no less than a hundred servants in livery were stationed in the grounds alone, besides those whose duty it was to attend in the house.

By ten o'clock the house, lawn and groves were filled to their utmost capacity, and the reflection of precious stones worn by the ladies, gave them the appearance of meteors, as they flitted through the thousand lights among which they were involved. But the scene was yet incomplete—Mr. Arnold intended that Lucia should far eclipse the proudest daughter of the proudest dame that old England claimed, and her entre was reserved for the proper time. A little distance from the lawn, and just outside that portion of it which had been lighted with variegated lamps, a long and sombre arbor was observed that ordinarily formed no part in the arrangements of the grounds, but as it was wrapped in nearly total darkness, no one approached it. At a signal given, a blaze of light gushed forth from it so powerful that the other portions of the lighted lawn were lost in its brilliancy.

The guests were surprised to find in the midst of all, the table prepared in every respect, and who, at the sound of a trumpet, were escorted thither by the master of ceremonies and his assistants. A thousand silver covers glittered in the light—white, yellow, green and blue decanters, filled with juice of the Tuscan grape, reflected their rich hues upon the table

Amidst peals from the band, Lucia came forward upon her father's arm. All eyes were directed to her. She literally seemed bathed in a sea of light ! Diamonds sparkled in every portion of her dress. A murmuring sound was heard to run the length of the table, and then succeeded a clapping of hands, "that made the welkin ring." Being so in the habit of appearing at large assemblages that she was nothing daunted, and so accustomed to receive applause she accepted it as a matter of right. Mr. Arnold stood for a moment at the head of his table, a witness to the fallacy that it is "conscience that doth make cowards of us all." He was not as he had been at thirty. His aspect though severe, was compensated for by the courtesy of his manner. He not only looked, but acted, "I am master here, and you, with your ribbons and your garters, must understand it." He politely bowed to the vast assemblage, and then took his seat. The banquet, amidst music from the bands and the flight of rockets, continued until a late hour of the night. In the midst of it a plain though genteelly dressed person of one or two-and-twenty, took his seat beside Lucia, and an inquiry was immediately started, who the handsome young man could be. One said he had just arrived ; another, judging from his familiar manner to Lucia, that he was a relative ; while some of the ladies, jealous of their lords, insisted he was a favorite suitor. The ladies agreed upon one point—that he was the handsomest man in the room. Percie, who was waiting for an excuse to get rid of his *wedded* wife with as much solicitude as she was of him, took the opportunity of leading, upon the removal of the cloth, a handsome young officer to the head of the table, for the ostensible purpose of introducing him to Mr. Arnold, but actually to secure a seat himself by the side of Lucia.

As he approached her he made a low bow, and was about sitting down, but she treated him with so much indifference, that with all his complacency he was thrown off his guard. At this time his attention was arrested by a look given him by the stranger who sat by her side, with a pair of large lustrous eyes, seeming to say, "You have more assurance than generally belongs to merit," which brought out the remark from Percie, with a growl, "Whoever you may be, a want of breeding is more apparent than any other characteristic you possess."

Although Simon felt the necessity of preserving his incognito as well as his temper, he could not restrain himself in replying, "However I may seem in your eyes, I am not guilty of the sin of self-glorification, neither have I the cowardice to insult a prisoner, as you did one Simon Overing, on board of your *master's* ship-of-war, the Lyonel."

Percie trembled with rage, not knowing how to act, when it suddenly occurred to him, that it was Simon himself. He hesitated for a moment, for the purpose of being re-assured, and then feeling convinced of the fact, he seized him by the collar, exclaiming with vehemence, that "he was the rebel who fired the Lyonel. !"

"In mercy, let him go ! my lord, let him go !" exclaimed Lucia, in affright ; "let him go, I pray you !" By this time the table was all in uproar, and an aid of Percie's coming around to assist him, took Simon by the other side of the collar and said, "Submit, sir ! submit, or it will go hard with you. "I demand," exclaimed Percie, "your name !"

"My name is Simon Overing, was the reply, in as confident a tone as if he had been talking to a friend, and at the same moment exerting every muscle in his body, with tremendous

power, hurled them both to the ground, twenty feet apart. "Lay there, friend Percie," said he; "it may be safer than to venture out in the dark!" Simon at the same time had to walk but a few feet, (which he took his own time to improve,) when he would be enshrouded in total darkness, made the more complete by the dazzling light in the alcove.

Percie, stung to the quick with shame, and maddened at his discomfiture, sprang after him with the ferocity of a tiger. The greater portion of the gentlemen followed, but had gone a very little way, when they found it impossible to proceed through the impenetrable darkness.

They waited, expecting his return for nearly an hour, and as they had witnessed the prowess of his enemy, there was much alarm expressed for his safety, by all, except the Lady Percie, who was indiscreet enough to remark, that "the Evil One always takes good care of his own."

At length, a considerable distance away, a groan was heard to proceed from some one in distress, and then it was repeated at short intervals. Several gentlemen volunteered to proceed to the spot, where with the aid of a light, they found Percie upon the greensward, half dead with bruises and the cold. He was conveyed to the hall, where a surgeon attended him throughout the night. He was much better in the morning, but the rough handling he had received from an unseen enemy, taught him that valor in the dark is an indiscretion to be repented of in the day-time.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE party at Compton Hall broke up in great confusion, and the inquiry was general how it happened that Overing the rebel, whose name had been familiar since the destruction of the Lyonel, became one of it; but as no one could give information, he began to be looked upon as a dangerous character, either as a prisoner, or at large; and if anything happened detrimental to the King's servants, they gave him the credit of being at least an accessory, either before or after the fact. Percie, in the meantime, found most comfortable quarters at the hall, having a fine suite of apartments assigned him. At the end of a week he was able to sit up and amuse himself, either by reading or catching a glimpse of Lucia, with whom, since the rebuff she had given him, he was decidedly in love.

When the last of the party had gone, and his lordship had fallen asleep, Lucia was startled by perceiving her father endeavoring to suppress an inclination to laugh, and despite himself he could not avoid an occasional smile. It was the first time in his life that he had been detected in any such weakness, and finding he was committed, he said, "Lucia, I can't help it—it was a ludicrous affair, for Simon was as calm as a moonbeam; but I thought he had more discretion than to risk himself where the chances of escape were certainly against him." He then walked more rapidly to-and-fro; his

mind took another turn, and his countenance assumed its usual austere expression.

In order to gratify him, Lucia at the banquet made her appearance arrayed as heretofore described ; she would rather remained in her chamber, had she not had intimations that Simon would be there as one of the guests in disguise. Since her interview with Hannah, she or her brother had been absent from her mind hardly a moment. She had lost that how-d'ye-do smile, that seemed to be everybody's property, and not enough of any one's to make it valuable. Her beauty and dare-devil spirit, it is true, suited such men as Percie, for the former was an allurements that he was fond of, and the latter pleasant to those who either could not or would not marry.

"The most beautiful flower is often the most poisonous, and the most volatile woman, as a general rule, the most dangerous," were proverbs of which Simon had been often reminded by his mother, as part of his education, to be applicable when his time should arrive to select a wife.

Although Lucia's unquestioned beauty had hitherto attracted him, yet the rules above cited had always been a stumbling-block to his ambition in becoming the son-in-law of Mr. Arnold.

She spent most of her time, in the absence of her father, in overhauling a large chest filled with papers, filed away in regular mercantile order, yet she found nothing there giving her the least hope of ever discovering the names or the characters of those that brought him into the world.

Full of the degrading feeling that assured her it were possible the only parent she ever knew had sprung from the impurities of those moral pest-houses which the old world

abounds in, she became sad, and it was with great difficulty she could dry her tears in time to hide them from her father.

One day he came in after an absence of some hours spent at the southern extremity of the island, where he had been watching the vessels, as was his habit, at certain seasons of the year, and told her that, as Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling had been unable to attend the great dinner, on account of an attack of the gout, he had invited him, his wife and daughter, to breakfast with them the next morning at 11 o'clock, and that he wished everything to be made as pleasant as possible. Arnold now saw that he should very shortly require all the influence he could get from the officers, for, being informed that Castoff would soon be exchanged, he was determined, if possible, that he should be sent home to England for trial for the loss of his ship, if he could effect it indirectly, and thus get him out of the way.

Colonel Sterling had not much influence in the army, for he was one of those old-fashioned veterans who mind their own business and obey orders, no matter whether to garrison a town or storm a citadel. He had often been asked how it was, that, after seeing so much service, he had never been promoted beyond his present station?—to which he would reply, that "he had the consolation of knowing, if he flattered his superiors by returning some of his young noble subalterns as having behaved well in action, when in fact they had run away, he would have long before been a field-marshal."

"If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or, ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame."

His friend Pope had then recently written the above lines,

and the sentiment they expressed, had extinguished the last spark of ambition that lingered in his breast ; after that he would have looked upon promotion as a calamity.

Mr. Arnold next went to the chamber of Percie, to inquire about his health, as he always did when he had been from home any length of time. He found him now very comfortable, and disposed to converse. "How the d——l came Overing to venture in the midst of his enemies?" he inquired. He has impudence enough, it is true, but I doubt much if he is able to play his pranks again in a hurry, for, unless I am mistaken, he felt my steel, notwithstanding for the want of a little day-light he has compelled me to become your guest longer than I fear is agreeable." Mr. Arnold was all this time looking over the top of his spectacles full in the face of Percie, expecting that he was about being called upon to explain how Simon became his guest—but as the latter part of the sentence bore more the character of a general remark than an interrogation, he answered by saying, that "he supposed he did not consider himself in the light of a belligerent, or, properly speaking, a prisoner of war, and thought perhaps he was not of sufficient consequence to attract the attention of the gentlemen present, or if he did, to make his recapture an object of importance."

"Why, Mr. Arnold," replied his lordship, "it is well understood that his capture was made when sailing under the colonial flag, and not only Captain Castoff but all his officers charge him with firing the ship ; and I assure you, sir, I take some merit to myself, that by discountenancing the charge the rumor was suppressed coupling your name with his as *particeps criminis*."

"I regret," was the reply, "that your lordship put yourself

to any trouble, for hitherto Ethan Arnold has never called for assistance in protecting himself, neither is he so old now as to require a substitute in defending his person or his reputation ; and I will tell your lordship further, if you will give me the names of those who asperse me, either they or I shall cry 'craven' before the matter ends."

"What Castoff may have said," Percie replied, "while smarting under the disgrace of losing his ship through carelessness, is of little consequence, for it was certainly reprehensible in him to permit the prisoners to have lights between decks ; but he thought, I suppose, they would hardly risk their own lives for the purpose of destroying the ship's company, or even the frigate itself ; and, as the running away with the prize was a simultaneous act, it was reasonable to suppose the latter was the ulterior object in view ; and as you were the owner of the vessel and cargo, it very naturally pre-supposes that you might not have been averse to a recapture."

"I tell you what, Percie, it was most villainous that Castoff was permitted to libel my vessel and cargo for no better reason than that a hair-brained and irresponsible young man saw fit to amuse himself by sailing under an unrecognized flag, with not a gun on board or any other weapon more formidable than a marling-spike."

"It was the *quo animo* and not his force that constituted the offence," was the response. "From what I have seen and felt of the young man, I will do him the justice to say, that he is not an enemy to be despised—he has the coolness to conceive, the nerve to execute, and strength to prevail, when he has a fair chance."

The conversation was interrupted by a servant tapping at the door for admittance, when, entering with a low bow, he

handed a note to his lordship. Percie opened it deliberately, read its contents, and then carelessly giving a twist, lighted his cigar with it. "You see," said he, "wives are of some use, for I had just been looking for something to answer the same purpose."

"The contents of the note seem less valuable to you than the paper," Mr. Arnold remarked.

"It is only from my lady," replied Percie, "informing me that she is to give a rout to-morrow night, and requesting an order upon my banker for a couple hundred pounds to defray expenses. As this is the first message I have received from her ladyship, I presume her anxiety will not be relieved until she receives the amount, for should I go off suddenly my executors might take their year-and-a-day, and the disappointment, I fear, would be fatal to her—and how dreadful, my friend," continued he, leeringly, "it would be to have my quiet disturbed so soon by her following me. Tell her ladyship," said he, addressing the servant, "that I shall send the order she requests in the course of the day, and (to make her as unhappy as possible) tell her also, I am almost well."

The servant withdrew, half-mystified by the strange language of his lordship, and hurried home with as much of the message as he could remember.

Percie and his host now withdrew to the parlor, where at the request of her father, Lucia accompanied by her harp, sang some of his favorite airs, and although without her usual spirit, yet with so much pathos, that even Percie was touched.

The truth was, the general had been able for several days past to return to his quarters, but he found himself so comfortable where he was, and the pleasure he received in occasionally catching a glimpse of Lucia, that he felt no hurry to

return, more especially as his safety was insured by a strong guard posted around the house. But that evening the surgeon reported him (despite several hints to the contrary) fit for duty, and he had no alternative than to prepare for leaving the next morning, notwithstanding the disappointment it would occasion lady Percie.

As Lucia had lost her spirits, and her father indisposed to talk much to any one except himself, his lordship had no other recourse but to retire as soon as breakfast was over. The weather from being cold and wintry, had assumed a few days before the banquet the temperature of summer.

It so happens on the American continent, between the parallels of thirty-five and fifty, north latitude, and east of the Rocky Mountains, after every appearance of winter having set in, the clouds clear away, and that beautiful season begins called *Indian Summer*. It is occasioned by the southerly winds prevailing from the Gulf of Mexico for several consecutive days, and meeting the cooler currents in a higher latitude, by which the former is condensed, thereby giving a misty, dreamy character to the atmosphere, softening the senses, and imparting a higher and nobler as well as a more joyous sentiment to all coming within its influence.

The town's people as well as the army were in motion, taking advantage of this short-lived and peculiar season so wholly unlike any other, suggesting to those who have the privilege of enjoying it, that the time may come when nature's great designs are accomplished, rendering the atmosphere better adapted to the physical condition of man than it now is, through which a greater degree of health and a more perfect nature will be given.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling, his wife and daughter arrived

about an hour after Percie left. As the morning was delightful, the old gentleman who was near his three-score-and-ten, trudged on foot, delighted with the new atmosphere, so unlike any he had ever inhaled before, for the reason, that in Europe the same causes do not exist to produce it. He was a stout, square-built man and somewhat corpulent, his hair was white without powder, and every step he took caused his queue to bob up and down in consequence of its coming in contact with the collar of his coat, which was unproportionably high for his short neck.

His coat was of most ample dimensions about the skirts, in conformity to the fashion of the day, but somewhat spare in front, being rounded off until it reached his loins, and then bluffing off in hurried amplitude. His hat was smaller than those then in fashion, but he had become attached to it, having sheltered his head in many a storm, and afforded him a pillow when the cold ground was his bed, and his cloak and the sky above him his only covering.

He walked soldier-like, neither looking to the right nor left, and was followed by his wife and daughter some fifty feet in the rear. Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling had for so many years been in the habit of marching at the head of his regiment, that he made it a point when out for a promenade with his friends, to ask the privilege, as a particular favor, to walk in front by himself, lest he might get in the habit of erring in distance when it became his duty to lead a charge.

This peculiarity was so well understood by his wife and daughter, that they always "fell-in" at the proper time, fully apprised if there were a pool in the way, or a gate to open, it would be their duty to follow him through the first and to submit in having to open the latter for themselves,

as he did not consider ordinary obstacles of sufficient consequence to allow of a *halt*.

In this order the little party arrived at the hall at the moment named in the invitation. His calculations of time, distance, and place, were accurately made, and no one knew better than himself, that projectiles independent of resistance, describe parabolic curves, and that a paraboloid is the area of the base by the height and half the product. Possessing these advantages, his opinion at a counsel of war was always treated with great respect, and his combinations on parade were often deemed remarkable. The little party were received by Mr. Arnold with his usual dominant bearing, though mingled with sufficient courtesy to assure his new friends a hospitable welcome. Lucia in due time made her appearance with her usual grace, though not in the best of spirits. They seated themselves beside each other at table, while Mr. Arnold and the lieutenant-colonel amused themselves in general conversation.

The first described the manner the King Philip on one occasion scared a French cruiser, by putting her helm hard-down, laying all a-back forward, shivering her after-sails, and wearing short round on her heel, the enemy supposing that she intended to luff up athwart her bow, filled on the other tack, and was off as fast as his heels could carry him.

The latter dwelt much and long upon the scientific movement of an army on a retreat, and the finesse sometimes used to advantage by the rear appearing always ready to face about, while the main body was moving off the field as fast as possible. The breakfast by no means was confined to coffee, tea, or chocolate; but, in addition to all these, an abundance of the best wines his cellar afforded were on the table, and

there appeared to be a contest going on as to which of the two should empty his last glass first.

The little party were not disposed to separate until nearly two o'clock, and it was afterwards said in a jesting way, that the lieutenant-colonel, notwithstanding his tactics, would hardly have made good his retreat, had not Mr. Arnold insisted upon sending him home in his carriage.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARNOLD and his daughter were sitting one evening, (after several gentlemen had gone who had been visiting them,) looking listlessly at the blazing fire, revolving over and over the thousand things which crowd upon the mind in the absence of external objects to engage its attention, when a gentle knocking was heard at one of the doors of the hall. He started from his seat and said, moodily, "Who can it be, seeking admittance at this quarter of the house at so unseasonable an hour of the night?"

Before Lucia had time to reply, a servant had gone to the door and was returning with a person wearing a broad-brimmed hat and an old gray over-coat, not only exceedingly rusty, but several rents about the skirts told of its hard usage among the brush-wood of the forest. In the appearance of the stranger there was such a combination of the grotesque and the ruffian, that Mr. Arnold put his hand upon his pocket, in which he usually carried a pistol, when his suspicions were allayed by the low and sonorous voice of Simon.

"I would not have disturbed you," he said, "at so late an hour of the night, but in an attempt to visit the cottage; I have been fired upon and wounded by sentinels placed there, probably for the purpose of my capture. Although it is but a scratch, I thought it prudent to have it dressed before joining my comrades, who are poorly prepared with the necessary

requisites." Mr. Arnold made no reply, but went to the door and took a survey around the premises as well as a waning moon floating among the clouds would permit. He was induced to take this precaution, having remarked that for the last two or three days, sentinels were posted in the immediate vicinity of the hall, which inclined him to suspect it were watched since the night Simon was discovered upon the premises. And so in fact it was; for, while Percie's pride would not allow of committing himself, in this particular, yet did never Haman's hate of Mordecai exceed that of the British General towards Simon. But no man could better disguise his feelings when an object was to be attained, and so completely was he master of the art of dissimulation, that he would have thrown almost any one else off his guard, particularly at the time when pronouncing a seeming eulogy upon his character, after the encounter he had had in the dark. But Ethan Arnold was too well versed in the ways of the world to be blinded with sand thrown even by so skillful a hand as that of my Lord Percie.

He had, therefore, instructed Lucia, while Percie was staying at the hall, not to permit him to suspect himself an unwelcome guest, as he wished to give him no advantage in the contest he saw sooner or later was inevitable. "Let him admire you; nay, let him love you at a distance, Lucia—for, depend upon it, were it not for his dreams of possessing you at some future time, I should have been a prisoner before now in the Tower; yet I would far rather be there than to have you in his clutches."

Such had been the instructions of Mr. Arnold to his daughter; and however doubtful this course may appear, when weighed in the nice balance of strict propriety, yet had the

honor of Lucia been assailed, he would as readily have plunged a knife in her bosom as Virginius did in that of his daughter's, to save her from the foul embrace of Appius Claudius—with this proviso, perhaps, that the real culprit was beyond the reach of his steel. Mr. Arnold caused the shutters to be closed and the light extinguished, except sufficient to enable him to make the necessary examination as to the nature and extent of the wound Simon had received.

When all was ready the latter threw off his shabby overcoat, and both father and daughter were astonished when they perceived through the feeble light, that he was clad in a new suit of regimentals, and that a silver epaulette shimmered upon his right shoulder—the latter denoting that he held the rank of *Captain* in the Continental service.

Simon smiled when he saw their amazement, and still more deeply as the expressive eyes of Lucia were delighted at the soldier-like and dashing appearance of her hitherto plain and unpretending friend. His strong and athletic frame was capable of every endurance, and so nicely was it adjusted that his great strength did not seem incompatible with agility. Lucia could not refrain from an exclamation of alarm, upon perceiving, when he unbuttoned his coat, that his shirt bosom was saturated with blood.

"Don't be alarmed," said he; "it is not much, or I should feel it more, for it is nearly an hour since I received the shot." And so it proved; for upon examination it was found to be but a flesh-wound, the ball having struck the top of the shoulder near the neck, without injuring any of the tendons that support it. Lucia wiped the clotted blood from the wound, and after covering it with lint, applied a bandage, carrying it twice under the arm and fastening it there, so

that it would offer no impediment to the sleeve of his coat. When he was about to leave, he drew from his pocket a statement in relation to the King Philip's voyage, which he handed to Mr. Arnold. It appeared that the vessel had been taken to Providence, where the cargo had been sold to considerable advantage, though at a far less profit than could have been obtained prior to the rebellion, and that the proceeds of the sale were in the hands of an agent, subject to the order of Mr. Arnold. Notwithstanding the remonstrance of the latter, Simon refused to accept any portion of the profits of the adventure, alleging that his unwillingness to sail under the English flag had occasioned the trouble and delay that otherwise would have been avoided, and that, in fact, double the amount would have been realized in a foreign market to that which they had been compelled to submit to at home. Simon looked at his watch and said, that "as it was nearly midnight he must go, for his comrades would think that he had been captured by the enemy."

Mr. Arnold went to a closet and procured a bottle of old Port. "Well," said he, "Simon, I always knew you were a brave fellow, and now that you are *in for it*, let them hear from you."

Simon filled his glass and drank it off, then put on his disguise, and as he was about leaving, he took Lucia by the hand and said, "As I am precluded from visiting my father's house, I would ask it as a favor that you would occasionally call upon Hannah;" and then added, "you will excuse a brother's partiality, when he says, that you will find in her truth and cheerfulness, and they embrace so much that I need say no more in her commendation."

Captain Overing, (as we must now call him,) then silently

withdrew to the door, and in a moment, and before Lucia had time to reply, shut it gently after him.

He left so abruptly, that Mr. Arnold had forgotten to caution him against the sentries, whose *hail* were now in hearing, and fearing that he might come in contact with them, proceeded to the door through which he had just passed, to give him a word of caution; but he had gone—and though he listened, nothing could be heard of his footsteps. He suspected, however, he had taken his course across his grounds, to the nearest point of the river, and was in the act of straining his eyes in that direction, when he heard the challenge, rapidly repeated, "Who comes there?" "Who comes there?" "Who comes there?"—and then, as the last demand was made, the report of a musket succeeded. It was instantly answered by the sharp crack of a pistol, when a groan was heard, with the exclamation, "I am wounded!"

Mr. Arnold called up his servants, procured a lantern, and went to the spot whence the report proceeded, where he found an English soldier sitting by the side of a tree, stanching the blood which flowed freely from his thigh. "What is the matter?" Mr. Arnold inquired. "I am wounded, your honor," the man replied, "by one of the enemy's spies who has been shot at once before to-night, as I am informed by the corporal of the guard."

"But," replied Mr. Arnold, "I heard your challenges, and they were so rapid, that one of your own officers might have been shot before he could have had time to reply."

"My orders, sir, were peremptory, to waste no time," he replied, "and to shoot down all who refused to give an account of themselves."

"Pretty piece of business this, for a sentry to shoot down a man because he didn't speak as rapidly as might please the

ear of your officer ; tell him from me, that I will not tolerate cold-blooded murder on my premises."

"I dare not," the soldier meekly replied ; "I would at once be put in the guard-house."

At this moment a file of soldiers came rushing to the place where the parley was going on, with their thumbs upon the locks of their guns, ready to spring them, to see what the firing meant they had heard a short time before. The sentinels were immediately doubled, and the wounded man was carried to the hospital, in order to repair damages.

After having returned to the hall, he remarked to Lucia, with a sarcastic smile, that half the army were kept in a state of alarm through their dread of Simon.

With all the nerve Lucia possessed, she could not conceal the alarm she felt when her father related what had taken place, and only brightened up a little after he stated that he presumed Simon had escaped unhurt, as no blood could be found upon the spot where he stood when fired upon.

Lucia soon retired to bed, and the occurrences of the night were the last things that lingered upon her mind, as she gradually sunk into a state of unconsciousness. She was restless, and unpleasant dreams were the consequence ; she saw Capt. Overing at one moment proudly arrayed in all the pomp and panoply of war, marshaling his men for the conflict, and then the picture would be reversed, and she beheld him a ghastly and bleeding corpse upon the frozen ground. It was a relief when day-light appeared, and her father, when he had arisen, found her in her boudoir an hour earlier than usual, with a book in her hand, trying to divest herself of the apparitions which had disturbed her rest during the night. She continued throughout the day thoughtful and abstracted,

so much so indeed, that he on several occasions inquired if she were ill ?

The following morning, agreeable to the request of Capt. Overing, Lucia proceeded to the house of Obadiah, for the purpose of informing Hannah of what had occurred to her brother. It was an agreeable surprise when she arrived there, to find the picture cleaned and restored to its proper place in the frame. Nothing could be more fresh and life-like than it now was, and no one who was not cognizant of the fact, would have doubted that Hannah was the original. Even her costume was much after the fashion of that portrayed in the picture. The black hair—the large liquid eyes—accompanied by an arch and rich smile, giving life to the expression—all were the counterpart of Hannah when in health.

After the proper time had elapsed, Lucia made known the occurrences that had transpired two evenings before, in which her brother was concerned. It affected her much, though she was successful in concealing her feelings. She gathered confidence, however, from the reflection that he had both ingenuity and strength to defend himself, and in a few moments after was as complacent and cheerful as she had been when Lucia first entered the house. She changed the conversation by remarking, "that Lowther Matthews had returned the picture, and sent with it the reply he had spoken of, when they were all there before," and added, "if thee will wait a minute, I will bring it."

She was gone but a moment when she produced the "epistle," *yellowed* by time, though in a tolerable state of preservation. Lucia took this relic of past ages, and for a moment became perfectly abstracted. The joy—the fears—the hopes, that filled the heart of the fair writer, passed in

solemn review before her imagination, and where and what was that heart now, which felt so much and dilated in her virgin bosom, as the bright future opened its sunny prospect? Lucia could not suppress a sigh, as she became impressed with the thought of the little there is in a life-time in the history of man—a speck upon the horizon that is swallowed in the great sea of time. The note as near as could be deciphered was in the following words and of the like orthography:—

“WYCHERLY CASTLE, June ye 16th, Anno Domini 1645.

“MY DEAR DUKE:—I received your most comfortable epystal, just as ye sun was goinge downe, and though my hearte wase to sadnesse that ye Kynge should be so straitened as to take refuge in ye wilderness, whych ye bears and wolves doth inhabit for ye feare whych he doth entertaine of his most undutifull of subjects, as a messenger has just saide; yet youre happiness and love concerneth me much more than ye reverence I beare unto hys most sacred Majestie—ye Lordes annoynted. For ye Scriptures sayethe that woman was ta'en from ye syde of man, whych should be doubted note, for my hearte continueth to remind me of ye greate simpathie there existeth, when youe, my lorde, are in feare of youre safety; or dangers do threaten, whych remindethe me that my existence is now abiding in youe to be perfect in part when we twain shall be one flesh. I cannot indyte what my hearte wouldest, and will conclude by selectinge from ye poet Chaucer a likenesse of thyselke:—

“Whilom as olde stories tellen us,
Ther was a Duk, that highte Theseus,
Of Athens, he was lord and governour;
And in his time suyche a conquerour,
That greter ther was non under the sonne.”

“You will remark, my lorde, that ye spelling of ye verses is not of moderne dayes, but ye meaning is mucche to ye poynt.

“Youre owne,

“ANETTE ST. JAMES.”

Lucia could scarcely refrain from smiling, notwithstanding her mind had before assumed a serious cast, at the child-like simplicity of the epistle, and quaint and self-satisfied air of the old poet, as was mirrored in the quotation of Anette St. James.

“This is proof positive,” said Lucia, as she handed back the paper to Hannah, “that you and Mr. Matthews are distantly connected; and how wonderful it is,” she continued, “after the lapse of so much time, that you should be the image of her! who knows but some fair and pure creature now exists who is as much like our mother Eve as you are like your ancestress?”

“It may be so,” Hannah replied, “for we often see faces of strangers so much alike that one is mistaken for the others, and probably,” she added, “the resemblance I bear to the portrait is ascribable to accident rather than consanguinity.”

While they were thus conversing, Mr. Matthews, as was his habit every fine day, rode to the house of Obadiah. It was apparent he was more feeble than when Lucia had met him there before, yet he smiled when he came in; and as he greeted Hannah, her eyes drooped, and a tinge of red gathered upon her cheek; but when he turned to salute Lucia, she perceived that he trembled with the cold. He remarked, that “it was a trying climate in the winter for an invalid.” He sustained himself for a moment by the back of a chair, and then drew it close to the fire and shrunk into it. He rubbed his hands together while he said, “I wonder what has become of my blood?—the little that is left is chilled into ice;” and he shuddered from head to foot as

he heard the winds from the north and west whistle through the branches of the leafless trees. Hannah in the meantime had disappeared, but soon returned with a pitcher of mulled wine. She poured out a tumbler-full and hastily handed it to him. "Drink that," she said, "it will warm thee, Lowther."

He took the glass in his hand, but it shook so with weakness that it was with difficulty he could convey the contents to his lips. He had no sooner drank it than she placed his feet upon a stool, in order that they might be warmed by the fire.

"Thee sees," she said, addressing Lucia, "that my cousin requires good nursing?"

"Invalid cousins are dangerous relations," she replied, with a view of rallying her—"Sympathy and love are near akin."

Mr. Matthews slowly and tremblingly turned his head towards her, and replied with great solemnity, "Not of this earth; I am going where they neither marry nor are given in marriage—to Him, I trust, whose way is in the sea, whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known."

Lucia felt condemned for what she had said, though it was done with a good motive. The reproof she read in the eyes of Mr. Matthews was withering, for he thought no one should jest with a man who felt that the grave in a few days would be opened to receive him.

Hannah, who was busy in making him as comfortable as possible, and whose anxiety notwithstanding an apparent cheerfulness, could be seen in an uncertainty of movement, had paid no attention to the remark of Lucia. Hercules made his appearance, towering, as crooked as he was, almost to the ceiling, with an arm-full of wood, grumbling, as he laid one stick after another upon the fire, "Wood scarce now—de Britisher of de red coat cut um all down—peoples all friz fore

de noisy fellows go away what beats de drum. Massa Simon catch de rascals, and he gets it, I tink, if he does." The occasion of Hercules' wrath was the fact that Obadiah's farm had suffered severely as well as the whole country for many miles around, by the English cutting off the timber for firewood, including the old ornamental trees which had stood for a century, either as land-marks or mementoes of by-gone days; but they had no other resource, as they were blocked up on every side, and suffered much with the cold. Nothing could have touched the ire of Hercules sooner than the havoc thus made upon the island, for if there was any enjoyment on earth supremely his, it was that kind of somnolence over a huge fire on a winter's night in the kitchen, which divests *affirmatives* of all uncomfortable realities and which kept his favorite *negatives* in their proper places.

Lucia, after inviting both of them to visit her, prepared to return home, satisfied there was such a thing as a deep and abiding *Platonic* affection, holier, purer, and more disinterested than any other; and of such affection Matthews and Hannah were the mutual recipients. The groom with hat in hand, was ready at the gate to receive his mistress, holding Betsey Brown tight by the bridle, who was neighing and pawing the earth, impatient of restraint. Lucia took hold of the horn of the saddle, and placing a foot into the hand of the groom, sprang into her seat. The beautiful animal caprioled at first and then bounded away like a deer—the servant, in the meantime, put spurs to his horse, to enable him to keep within proper distance of the fair equestrian. As Lucia ascended the high grounds, she perceived, just in rear of the town, the whole British army on parade. Their ranks extended from a point upon the hill to the southern extremity of the

island, a distance of nearly two miles. Desiring to witness the display, she reined the mare into a path leading to the right wing of the army, and it was but the work of a moment for her spirited animal to reach it. Drawing near she saw the extent of the whole line, and nothing could be more imposing—the red coats of the men giving them the appearance of unusual size, while their well-burnished arms glittered in the sun. Their ranks stood as immovable as so many statues, while the officers in front upon their noble chargers, were busy with the particular corps to which they belonged. Percie himself rode a milk-white steed, and would have been an Apollo in appearance were it not for a sinister expression that he always wore; he was in a blaze of gold, as well as his horse, for his housings were covered with the same rich material.

Percie's quick eye caught the figure of Lucia as she came dashing up the hill, and he turned and put spurs to his horse, to meet her as she approached;—he took his hat from his head and saluted her while yet upon a gallop.

"Good morning!" he exclaimed, when they met. "This is an honor I did not expect from one who keeps housed of late so much as yourself."

"It is a pleasure, my lord," she responded, "that I did not myself anticipate, but I could not resist the temptation of a clear view of the beautiful display the army presents."

Percie bowed in recognition of the compliment, and then said, without seeming to notice it farther, "I suppose your friend Overing pays you an occasional visit at the hall?"

Lucia gave no reply, but made some further casual remarks in relation to the appearance of the army, and then with a smile and a nod directed to Percie, rode from the field towards her home.

After she left, Hannah informed her parents that Simon had entered the army, and that he actually held a commission from John Hancock, chief rebel at Boston.

Obadiah and Rizpah, as was customary, looked at each other to see who was to begin, having too much good-breeding both to talk at the same time. Rizpah, however, as was her duty, made up her mind to remain silent until her husband had expressed his sentiments in relation to the course their son had seen fit to adopt.

"Wondrous works in the land of Ham, and terrible things by the Red Sea," he at length said; and after a pause added, "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird."

Rizpah, after being convinced that Obadiah had finished, said, with a view of bringing him close to the work, "Simon is not held by the strong arm of reproof, and since he will go his own way, may his enemies be dealt with according to their deeds, and according to the wickedness of their endeavors—give them after the work of their hands—render to them their deserts."

"Thou speaketh by authority," Obadiah replied, "and in that there lieth wisdom." And the more he thought of the subject, the warmer he grew; and after he became full of it, and could no longer withhold himself, he commenced in reply, "Ah, yeah," (which he accented with so decided a nasal sound, mixed with the guttural, that it was as difficult to decide which had the preponderance,) "destroy thou them—eh, ah—and let—eh, ah—them—eh, ah—fall by their own counsels—eh, ah—cast them out in the—eh, ah—multitude of their trangressions—Ah, yeah."

"Ah, yeah!" quickly responded Rizpah, as she was now certain that Obadiah was on her side. "Do unto—eh, ah—them

as—eh, ah—the Midianites—eh, ah—as to Sisera, as to—eh, ah—Jabin at the brook of Kisson—eh, ah—which perished at Endor. They became as dung for the earth—eh, ah—make them like a wheel, as the stubble before the wind—eh, ah—As the fire burneth a wood, and as the flame that setteth the mountains on fire—eh, ah—so persecute them with thy tempest, and make them afraid with thy storm. Fill their faces with shame—ah, eh.”

Obadiah waited for a few moments, intending to rejoin as soon as the spirit moved, but finding Rizpah had covered the whole ground of malediction to Simon's enemies, he rose from his seat and thus broke up the conference.

Eldad sat by and heard all that passed between his parents in relation to his froward brother, and was much surprised at the unanimity they expressed in their anathemas to his enemies, and when he was upon the point of taking the King's part, the handsome present his brother had sent the family a few days before, occurred to him, and he therefore concluded to let Simon and the King settle the difficulties in their own way.

CHAPTER XIX.

MR. ARNOLD had just taken his glass from his eye, as he stood upon a ledge of rocks, at the southern extremity of the island, where he had been watching signals from a vessel standing on and off for the purpose of communicating with him, when a fog sprang up in her vicinity entirely shutting her out of view. It had no sooner closed around, than a small sloop-of-war came bowling down the harbor, under a press of canvas, standing directly for the stranger so soon as having obtained a little sea-room.

Arnold had been so repeatedly seen in the same place, watching a suspicious looking craft of similar size and rig, that the captain of the sloop determined, when an opportunity presented itself, to ascertain more clearly her character. She had on several occasions excited the suspicions of naval gentlemen on that station, who had endeavored to *make her out*, but whenever any of them attempted a near approach, she immediately got upon a tack that her pursuers could not sail on, and would therefore *walk* off with the utmost ease.

The stranger so often played these pranks for his own amusement, that he became exceedingly bold, and on one occasion was nearly captured for his temerity by a King's ship, as good a sailer *upon-a-wind* as herself, and was only saved by finesse. Perceiving it was impossible to get away, she made a parade of clearing for action, by stowing away

her spare sails. She then bore up, and ran off under her topsails and jib, with the wind on her quarter. As this indicated her readiness for a fight, her antagonist disposed also of his spare sails, then set his main-top-gallant sails and foresail, to enable him to get along side, supposing the chase was in earnest; when the latter suddenly hauled aboard her tacks, ran before the wind, and was out of gun-shot before her adversary had effectually recovered from his astonishment.

Mr. Arnold looked on with a good deal of alarm, as it was impossible for her people to see any object out of line of the fog, while the sloop knew that by steering at a certain point, he must bring up very near her.

It was but a short time before the latter entered the mist at a point where the chase was last seen, and a moment after was entirely lost sight of. Arnold was upon the point of returning home, when he perceived in the direction where the vessels probably were, a vibrating light, feebly shining through the dense fog, accompanied by a dull, rumbling noise, so distant as scarcely to be heard.

It was pretty evident now, that the two vessels were engaged, and if so, he knew the sloop would inevitably capture her adversary, as the armament of the latter consisted only of half-a-dozen sixes and a swivel mounted a-mid-ships. His apprehensions were soon realized, for late in the afternoon the two vessels, pretty well cut up, especially in their rigging, were seen beating into the harbor, one a prize to the other. It was rumored throughout the town the next morning, that a pirate brig, under the command of a cut-throat looking fellow, had been captured by his Majesty's sloop *Terrier*, and that she was then anchored in the stream.

Of course the circumstance occasioned much curiosity, when

it was ascertained there were nearly as many women as men on board—young, and exceedingly beautiful. The brig's crew, (if crew it could be called, for they all had the appearance of educated and gentlemanly persons,) were upon terms of intimacy and equality with the officers; their numbers did not exceed twenty-five, of which four or five were wounded slightly in the conflict. She had no place for the storage of cargo except under her splendid cabin, for *it*, with the large state-rooms attached, extended from the stern-post to the foot of the foremast. Enormous mirrors, rich Ottomans, Turkey carpets, sumptuous beds and bedding, formed a portion of the items of furniture; besides, it was decorated by numerous pictures, highly artistical, though voluptuous and sensuous in expression—musical instruments were scattered in every portion of it, and so were cards, dice, and chess-boards. She was also provided with every luxury for the table, and the closets were filled with gold and silver plate. The ladies were richly dressed, elegant in manners, and apparently belonging to all nations, of which English, Spanish, and French predominated. The cabin and state-rooms were wholly unlike what had then been seen, even in the largest ships, and, in fact, they looked more like the interior of a well-appointed mansion, than the generally confined, contracted, and uncomfortable quarters found in the most favorite packets.

The men were disposed to answer no questions, and the women were equally taciturn, and mostly preserved a sober and graceful exterior. As the officers had destroyed her papers before her capture, it was impossible to make her out, and her character was only suspected from her battery on deck her unusual arrangements below, and the strange ap-

pearance of the crew. She was replete with every convenience and luxury of life, and for the most part the sexes so paired off, that they formed a community of themselves, rendering it all but evident that the vessel was the only home those on board either had or desired.

It was not long before Mr. Arnold found means to organize a party who took sides strongly on behalf of the captured vessel, and they began to agitate the question so strenuously, that it was for a time supposed it were possible she would be released from the custody of her captors.

In consequence of the absence of the commanding general, it was undetermined what course to pursue ; they therefore temporarily ordered her up to a small cove, sheltered by high grounds, where she was secure from the north and easterly winds. Since her capture, Mr. Arnold had kept himself mostly in-doors, where he walked the apartments in hasty strides, violently gesticulating and talking to himself.

After the brig had been several days in her new moorings, Lucia and her father took advantage of a full moon, to stroll down to the water's edge—the former unconscious that the vessel had changed her position. They took their seat upon the steps of a large and once elegant mansion, but now desolate and in the last stage of decay, for the purpose of enjoying the evening breeze. While he was lost in mental abstraction, *she* was occupied in contemplating the image of Simon, as she saw it the last time he visited the hall. His character as well as his appearance had taken a new phase—the objectionable in the old had been thrown off, and all that she could desire had taken its place. He had become to her the one idea of her life, and as he was thus exalted, she herself diminished in her own estimation in an inverse ratio, and when

her mind reverted to his noble and beautiful ancestress, Anette Saint James, (who subsequently became the wife of one of England's noblest sons,) and compared her own uncertain and possibly base genealogy, her heart misgave her. The two were thus busy with the train of thought suiting the particular mood in which they were indulging, when a strain of music from a dark-looking object in the shadow of the cove, attracted their attention. It was the voice of a female, and rose clear and distinct upon the night-air, the sentiment of which by a modern bard has been rendered as follows :—

“ Why sitt'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged Carle, so stern and gray ?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away !

“ Know'st thou not me,” (the deep voice cried,)
“ So long enjoy'd, so oft misused—
Alternate in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused !

“ Before thy breath, like blazing flax,
Man and his marvels pass away ;
And changing empires, wane and wax,
Are founded, flourish, and decay.

“ Redeem my hours—the space is brief,
While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
And measureless, the joy or grief,
When Time and thou shall part forever !”

Mr. Arnold started from his seat as the first note struck his ear, and although he listened attentively, his chest rose and fell as if his mind were in conflict with some past event breaking suddenly and painfully upon his memory. As the last

line was concluded, he seemed to brace himself for a struggle, and after a slight trembling of the knees, exclaimed, "Curse her!" then suddenly recollecting that he was exposing himself to Lucia, said, for the purpose of directing her mind another way, "it is a beautiful night—but it is time to go home."

Lucia had listened as attentively as her father, but with very different emotions. "It is a fine voice," she remarked, "but it seemed so full of bitterness, that it chilled me as the last line rang upon the water."

Mr. Arnold continued his gaze upon the vessel for a few moments, as if revolving in his mind familiar events connected with it, or some one on board, when he suddenly arose from his seat, and after giving Lucia his arm, proceeded homeward. They were each engaged in their own reflections, when encountering a small wood two or three acres in extent, instead of going around which, they struck directly for its centre. They had not proceeded far, when they saw a man's shadow projecting from behind a tree. Mr. Arnold immediately drew a pistol, and demanded the person to come forward. A figure promptly stepped from his covert; a heavy claymore hung by his side, and three or four pistols were appended to his belt. Lucia shrunk behind her father, while the latter demanded a surrender. "Well, I do surrender," was the reply, "to all but the enemies of my country." Mr. Arnold immediately recognized the voice of Simon, as the latter had also of the former the moment he spake. "A dark place this," said he, addressing Lucia, "for an honorable man to be caught in. The time will come when I shall not be compelled to hide myself like a criminal;" and then added, "I hope, in the meantime, I may acquit myself so as to meet your approbation." Lucia would have thrown herself into his

arms but for the presence of her father, the sight of whom being sufficient to chill every warm impulse; nevertheless, she could not refrain from applying a handkerchief to her eyes, and in a voice that Simon alone could hear, exclaimed, "God speed you!"

He then addressed Mr. Arnold and said, "We are going to relieve you of some of your obtrusive neighbors. I have with me in the shadow of the trees yonder, twenty men, good and true, who have volunteered for this service; but I am sorry to inform you, that the hour has nearly arrived when we intend to attack the main guard, otherwise I would have much to say that now must be postponed." Simon then offered his arm, saying at the same time, "that he knew the path better than her father." Just before they entered the open field, he pressed her hand, and said, "Lucia, should I fall to-night, remember that you were loved by Simon Overing." Before she could collect her senses, he had withdrawn into the shadows of the wood. Although she dared not express her fears before her father, yet she faltered so much on her way home, that, notwithstanding he had relapsed again into his abstracted state, he could not avoid perceiving she was agitated.

It was evident that Simon was exposing himself to great danger—he being within the lines of the English army. How he and his men got there undiscovered, was a problem, and how he was to get back, a still greater one—her blood froze in her veins as she reflected upon his imminent peril. A few minutes was sufficient with quick walking, to arrive at the hall, which was accomplished a little after the full-moon had reached its meridian.

But recollecting what Simon had said, instead of going

to bed, she took a seat beside a window of her chamber, overlooking the entire grounds, embracing the grove through which they had just passed, and quite down to the water's edge.

Knowing the time for relieving guard was about one o'clock in the morning, she resolved at least to wait until that hour should arrive. Everything was now perfectly quiet, and the bright moonlight lay pillowed upon the smooth surface of the bay, upon which she had been looking so steadily, that a partial drowsiness came over her.

At length she heard the guard advancing at a little distance from the wood—tramp—tramp—tramp—and then suddenly, the word, "Halt!" was given. At that moment there was a heavy discharge of fire-arms, as if the pieces had been fired by a simultaneous effort; and before the echo died away, the guard manfully changed its front, in order to face their enemy and return the fire with effect.

Amidst the smoke and confusion that ensued, Simon and his little band charged from the wood, and taking advantage of the dismay of his enemy at this unexpected attack, succeeded in capturing several of their number, while the rest retreated from the ground, apprehensive they were attacked by a far greater force than actually existed. The whole affair was a matter of but a moment's duration. A considerable force soon collected on the ground, but not in time to prevent the enemy from making good his retreat and carrying off a number of prisoners.

CHAPTER XX.

As Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling relied upon his pay, for the support of himself and family, he had abandoned for many years entertaining his friends at his quarters, and was therefore compelled, or at least his wife and daughter were, to return courtesies when offered, by any little advantage they possessed through his position in the army. Indeed, he had through life been so engrossed with his profession—the breaching of a wall, or the turning of a fortress—that he had neither the time nor the inclination to partake of the hospitalities frequently offered him.

Among the heterogeneous followers of the army was a little lean and crooked old man, named Gipsy John, whose eyes were small and very black, whose hair had once been of that color too, but now white with age. He had hung about the camp for more than half a century, and by far the greater part of that time attached himself to the regiment of Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling; consequently, he became a kind of licensed character, and through grace of the quartermaster received his rations as punctually as if one of the regular rank-and-file. He had a monopoly of the errands of officers' wives and daughters, when the *corporal* was otherwise engaged, from which he pocketed pence enough for a full supply of sugar and tobacco, to say nothing of the shillings he received in the way of repairing unpleasant casualties, by pre-

dicting bright prospects a-head to all disposed to have their fortunes told.

A faithless woman must she have been who would not have given credence to any of his statements, for there was such an absence of humanity in his appearance, that it required but little exertion of the mind to divest him of any of the ephemeral attributes the rest of the world is clothed with; indeed, he was a sort of mummy which father Time had taken leave of, after an unsuccessful attempt to reduce to its original elements. The soldiers always consulted him before entering upon a new campaign, for there was so much *he* could do, *they* could not understand, they came to the very natural conclusion that a conjurer in some things might well be a conjurer in others. He, therefore, was less loved than feared, which latter, after all, has many advantages over the former. Gipsy John had seen enough to know that among the soldiers the most amiable fared the worst—for no sooner were their backs turned than the rest would eat up their rations, for no better reason than that they could do so with impunity.

There are times when the stoutest hearts quail, and although a man when becoming a soldier is bound to look danger in the face, yet he has doubts and fears much after the fashion of others of more pacific vocations. As almost every dark night some of the sentinels were shot at by an unseen enemy, the Gipsy was reaping a good harvest, by repeating certain cabalistic words to render the man invulnerable whose days were supposed to be drawing to a close.

While sitting at her window one pleasant afternoon, Lucia heard a tapping at the door for admittance, and directly after a servant entered the apartment, and with a low bow handed her a note, saying, that the messenger who brought

it, was waiting at the door for an answer. She hurriedly ran her eyes over its contents, and found it was an invitation from Arabella to join a party the next day to visit the captured vessel, a permit having been given for that purpose at the solicitation of her father. She had availed herself of this opportunity to repay the compliment in part they had received at the hands of Mr. Arnold.

The commanding officer had hitherto restricted any except those whose duty it was to visit the vessel from going on board, deeming it necessary that the strictest surveillance over her should be observed.

Lucia, whose curiosity had been excited as to the mysterious appearance of the vessel, (it having been in no wise allayed by the evident sensitiveness her father exhibited whenever she sought an explanation,) gladly accepted the invitation.

She had written a note in reply, and was descending the stair-case with it in her hand, when Gipsy John caught a glimpse of her fair form from the door where he was standing, and without ceremony moved or rather glided towards her. Dried and withered as he was, he seemed to expand like a leafless tree when first feeling the warmth of spring-time, as he peered at her through his filmy eyes.

Lucia stopped short in her descent at the sight of such an unusual looking visitor, when the porter made his appearance for the double-purpose of excusing himself to his mistress for permitting him to enter the house and to eject him forcibly if he persisted in retaining possession. As he was about giving evidence of his determination, the old man flew at him with the ferocity of a hyena. The servant having retreated a little, the Gipsy raised his skinny hands presenting his

hooked fingers upon which the nails had been permitted to grow long after everything else pertaining to his person was in its decadency.

He then commenced repeating one of his incantations, probably with the view of convincing his hearers that they had to deal with a personage of no ordinary power, and in a kind of dolorous monotony he began—

Elf and sprite we knew thy might,
Hither and thither in the bright star-light,
O'er the rolling wave of the sailor's grave;
Hither and thither, both Saint and Knave:
We wander the earth, and know you well.
We know you well, for the tolling bell
Already has sounded your funeral knell.

Lucia stopped him in the midst of his incantation by inquiring in a peremptory tone, his business?

He glared at her for a moment with seeming surprise, that any one should be hardy enough to interfere with a person who claimed the power to control the storm or direct the whirlwind.

The servant who had taken the message informed his mistress that the individual she was talking to, had brought the note which had just been presented her; when, she being a little curious to learn if the strange-looking creature was sane, asked him if it were true that he was the person who had brought the message which she had just received from Miss Sterling?

Instead of giving a direct answer, he replied, "I sometimes do errands—not always paid—I love mysteries—all are mysteries—errands most all done—I love the beautiful—you are beautiful—you are rich—something troubles you—it is a wise

man who knows his father—it is a very wise woman who knows her grandfather—I know what you don't know and what you want to know."

He then, again, peering into her face with a half-malicious look, took the note from her hand she had intended as an acceptance of the invitation, and without the least ceremony, hobbled out of the door—the servant taking good care to bolt it as soon as the Gipsy had got outside.

The morning following was bright and warm, and Lucia ordered her carriage for the purpose of joining the party at the quarters of the lieutenant-colonel. Upon alighting she was pleased to find Hannah among the assembled group, attended by Mr. Matthews, who, though pale and haggard, looked, upon the whole, better than he had when she met him last, and in decided better spirits. Hannah did not seem to be known among most of the ladies and gentlemen there, and whenever an opportunity presented, they inquired who the beautiful girl was, "beneath the uncouth bonnet?" Notwithstanding attention being generally directed towards her in consequence of her simplicity of dress and personal beauty, she was quite at her ease among her new acquaintances; and the red coat trimmed with gold lace, had no more effect upon her, in giving consequence to the wearer, than if the person wearing it had been clad in plain drab, such as her father and Eldad had worn all their lives. Her countenance was lit up with a modest, quiet smile, except when her attention was arrested by a distressing cough from Mr. Matthews, when the whole character of her face would change, and a pensive shade pass over and assume its place. She then, without the least embarrassment, would anxiously offer him some little medicament, which generally had the effect of affording temporary relief.

Matthews had far more consequence in the camp from his ancient pedigree, than from the subordinate rank he held in the army ; and it was no unfrequent occurrence for a poor captain or lieutenant to obtain a more prominent social position in consequence of his lineage, than a field-officer, scarred in a dozen battles, who had no such ties of consanguinity to boast of. While Lucia was sitting near a window, enjoying a fresh breeze then springing up, Percie in passing, catching a glimpse of her face, unhesitatingly entered the house, though he was not one of the party. Relying upon his superior rank and pedigree, he comported himself with a freedom that would not have been expected in one enjoying an inferior rank and more a stranger. He examined critically each of the ladies, but rested his eye longer on Hannah than he did on the others ; and then drawing a chair beside Lucia, familiarly entered into conversation, and among other things, inquired "who the handsome stranger was, under the queer-looking bonnet ?"

"That is no less a personage," was the answer, "than the sister of Captain Overing, and a lineal descendant of the noble house of Saint James."

"Ah !" said he, smilingly, "she certainly is very pretty, whether descended from saint or sinner ;" and added, "I am sure were she to apply for admission to paradise, St. Peter would let her in, unless her eyes should awaken his suspicions." He then, after some general inquiries after her father's health and her own amusements, asked, "who Captain Overing was whom she referred to ?"

"He is the son of Obadiah, the quaker, who lives under the hill," she replied—"he, who so unceremoniously presented himself at the banquet, and whom your lordship *chastized*." Lucia

made use of the last word most wickedly, but so apparently innocent of any unpleasant personality, that his lordship, after choking and swallowing several times, came to the conclusion no offence was meant ; he then said, "he was ignorant *he* had anything to do with the army." Directly after, his suspicions becoming excited, he looked Lucia stedfastly in the face for a moment, to satisfy himself fully whether she had intended her remarks as a sarcasm upon his unfortunate encounter ; and gathering indignation as he went along at the possibility that such might be the case, he remarked, with some bitterness, "that, however base the officers of the provincial army were, he did not before think that a freebooter and a *friend* of freebooters would be deemed capacitated to fill such an office."

While uttering the last sentence, the party had arisen for the purpose of proceeding to the place of their destination, and he was therefore unheeded—Lucia's attention having at the moment been directed to the movement then going forward. Notwithstanding the severity of his remark, his lordship, as a kind of peace-offering, proffered his arm to escort her to the door, which she so graciously affected to accept, that he rejoiced she had not heard him, doubting not that she would have understood the insinuation he had made in reference to her father.

The carriage of Lucia was the only one in attendance, as the party had resolved in consequence of the delightful weather, to make the trip on foot, it being scarcely a mile to the cove where the prize lay. Mr. Matthews had quite overestimated his strength, and as the fever that at least once a day came upon him began to decline, his inability to proceed on foot became quite evident. Lucia therefore in

sisted that he and Hannah should take a seat in the carriage with her, and being seconded by most of the party to whom his inability to proceed in any other way, was apparent, they reluctantly assented, having anticipated a pleasant walk.

Percie was not a little chagrined, when compelled to withdraw. He had heard of the intended visit, and indeed had been solicited to join in the little expedition, but excused himself, on the score of business, being unaware that Lucia was to be one of it, until accidentally seeing her at the window, when it was too late to repent. Having made engagements for the residue of the day, in relation to business of too much importance to neglect, he made the best of the disappointment, and as the horses started, took his beaver from his head, in a most courtly way kissing his hand, and then waving it in token of an adieu.

He then turned towards some military gentlemen who were standing near by discussing the politics of the day, and at the same time noticing the gay and happy party as they departed upon their little expedition. Upon his rejoining the gentlemen referred to, they inquired who his fair friend was, he had just helped into the carriage?

"She is the prettiest girl," he replied, "on the island, as well as the richest, provided," he said with a shrug, "that old Arnold is cunning enough to elude the vigilance of the crown officers."

"I have every faith," replied the eldest of the party, who wore two epaulettes, (with an expression that could either be construed as a good-natured sally, or a hint that a little more caution would be discreet,) "that the old gentleman is safe, so long as your lordship continues, *to harp upon my daughter.*"

"I hope, General," Percie replied, more gravely than the occasion demanded, "that no such sinister motive will ever be suspected by my friends, to influence me in derogation to the public weal, as that which you suggest, and which I beg leave to say is quite unauthorized from any inference fairly deduced from my conduct while I have had the honor of serving his Majesty."

"Why, my lord," the other answered, with the view of carrying on the jest, "I differ with many in these degenerate days, as to the extent the King can reasonably expect his liege subjects to serve him—there was a time when a true knight would even *set* upon his sovereign when his lady-love was in danger, forfeiting all claims to the order had he hesitated which to serve first."

Perceiving his brethren were disposed to be facetious, Percie bid them "a good morning," with as much grace as he could command, and then went to head-quarters to fulfill his engagement.

In order to allow the pedestrian portion of the party time to arrive at the place designated simultaneously with herself, Miss Arnold had taken a circuit of some extent, and so accurately adjudged her time that they all came in within a few moments of each other.

They had not been upon the ground long before those in charge of the vessel in answer to the signals, lowered a boat and put off to receive them; as she lay close in-shore, it was a matter but of a few moments to reach the land and return with their visitors. After getting on board, the first thing that struck the attention of those unaccustomed to the sight of prisoners in custody, were those fine looking fellows walking the deck, ironed and in pairs, with a dozen marines ready to

shoot them down had they showed a disposition to escape, or been detected infringing upon the rules promulgated, when brought upon deck for exercise.

She was the admiration of all those who knew anything of the merits of a fine vessel; everything "alow and aloft" was clean and tidy, and her spars were taper and delicate as a lady's fingers, apparently better adapted to graceful display than buffeting the storm. But it was the exquisite finish that gave them a fragile appearance, rather than the want of superficial quantities. Her hull was light and airy and her tonnage had been sacrificed to fleetness and perfection of proportion. But the great object of their visit was not simply an inspection of the vessel, but to see for themselves that which had been the subject of marvelous tales concerning those on board, and particularly in relation to the beauty and accomplishments of the females. After remaining on deck a little time they descended to the cabin. The immense saloon was gorgeously decorated with a profusion of luxurious and tasteful furniture that none but females could have either designed or arranged. All was silent below; not a soul was to be seen or heard there, though everything around showed that the cabin had just been deserted. In one place was a piece of embroidery thrown down with a needle in the hem: standing upon a table close by was a chess-board with the pieces in their places, demonstrating whosoever might be the players, that it was a contest of skill. Other evidences of a similar nature, proving that the cabin had been occupied a few moments before, lay scattered about from one end of it to the other.

The truth was, the occupants determining not to be seen, had retired to their state-rooms as soon as the party had appeared on deck, in such haste that the amusements in

which they were concerned, had been left in the same state that existed while engaging their attention.

This was a great disappointment, though they had seen enough already to compensate for their trouble, and to prove the strange stories afloat were far from being destitute of truth. After being occupied for upwards of an hour in the inspection of works of rare art that were presented on every side, and giving up all hopes that the females would emerge from their hiding-places, they went upon deck for the purpose of returning home.

As Lucia reached the open air she saw a face that seemed familiar, though unable at the time to tell when or where she had seen it. The individual recognized her at once, and turned away evidently for the purpose of avoiding a recognition. His left-hand was handcuffed to another's right. The latter personage she had not particularly observed, as her attention had been directed to the one before alluded to. They both, however, as if by a simultaneous inclination, moved off in the direction of the fore-castle. This at once excited her curiosity, and determined her, if possible, to have another view of their faces before leaving the vessel. She, accordingly, requested the arm of Mr. Matthews, and followed them so closely that they were compelled to lean upon the bulwarks with their faces weatherward, to avoid the scrutiny so pertinaciously insisted on. At length she obtained a full view of one of their faces as he turned to see if they had gone, when she recognized in him Captain Goff. He wore his enormous whiskers, so nearly covering his face that his features below his eyes, except his stumpy turned-up nose, were out of view, which, with his keen gray eyes laying deep in their sockets, distinguished him from any one else she had seen at Compton

Hall. Had Lucia been as close an observer as Lavater of physiognomy, she would have condemned him at once ; for, by the rules he has laid down, while his brow denoted a great degree of discrimination, the nasal portion of his face bore the unmistakable evidence of vanity and noisy impudence ; yet there was a certain ease about the fellow he had acquired among well-bred people, sufficiently apparent to afford him a passport into the best society.

Lucia and her escort immediately joined their party, the former absorbed in a maze of mystery, yet discreet enough to keep her counsels to herself, while the latter having no object in the discovery, dismissed from his mind the circumstance as soon as he left him.

On their return it was remarked that Lucia's spirits had failed her, but no one suspected the cause. She drove home as hurriedly as she could, after leaving Matthews at his quarters and Hannah at her father's house.

She retired to her room, and after reviewing all that had transpired at the hall since she was old enough to discriminate, the horrible thought now for the first time flashed across her mind, that her father was implicated with Goff. She threw herself upon the bed in despair, as she was irresistibly forced to the conclusion that if one was guilty the other must be also.

CHAPTER XXI.

NOTWITHSTANDING ominous clouds gathered more thickly each day over the head of Mr. Arnold, yet he braced himself for any emergency, and instead of cowering to a seeming necessity, was determined to breast the storm to the last. Instead of a simple groom as usual attending him when he rode out, he now had two, and he caused his servants to throw off their old livery, replacing it with materials so rich that they almost stood in the gold and silver with which they were ornamented. His bearing from day to day became still more imperious to his friends, though evident from his quick glance and rapid survey of those around him, that his mind was ill at ease, apprehensive that an officer of justice might be among the throng that lined the way-side.

While on the one hand he was afraid of making an application for leave to go on board the *Eolus*, on the other he was fearful that Captain Goff would construe his absence into indifference as to his fate, and thus provoked, divulge to the world the part the former had been playing for many years past. In this dilemma he had but one resource appearing at all feasible, and that was, to communicate with Goff through the Orderly, who every morning conveyed orders to the vessel from the officer in town to the one who had temporary charge. As soon as the idea occurred to him, though fraught with danger, he instantly determined to put it into practice. His

first move was to bribe the sergeant, and then make him swear to be faithful. He proceeded to execute his design in the most business-like manner. After ascertaining who he was and where he could be found when off duty, he threw himself in his way, and addressing him carelessly, said, "Five pence a day is poor pay for so brave a looking fellow as yourself—the King can hardly be said in this respect to be liberal, eh, man?"

The sergeant was much surprised to be spoken to thus familiarly by a person of so much consequence, and after touching his cap respectfully, replied, "that it was indeed so; but he had to make the best of it."

Mr. Arnold drew from his pocket a guinea, and, placing it in the soldier's hand, said, "There, drink my health, and swear to be true to your King and all others whose bread and salt you shall eat, and by Jove, every tenth day, as long as you remain on the island, you shall have one of like color, size and value! What say you, my brave fellow? Can I depend upon you?"

The soldier made a low inclination of his body, as his reply in the affirmative, and then said, "As your honor is generous, so I will be faithful, for what greater curse could lay at any man's door than to eat of the bread of another and then betray him into the hands of his enemies?"

"But Judas did," was Mr. Arnold's reply.

"And he met his deserts for his treachery, as I hope I may, should I ever turn Jew and traitor," the soldier answered.

Mr. Arnold then handed another guinea to the man, accompanied by the remark, that, "that was the installment in advance for the next tenth day."

"I know your honor," said the soldier, "to be the richest

man of all the Plantations, and it is not necessary to pay in advance, for I shall be laboring for a dead horse, and he is said to be the poorest pay-master in the world who pays before the work is done, except the man who never pays at all, and that is far from your honor's case, as all the poor men hereabouts can testify."

"I understand, my brave fellow, that you are the Orderly sent on board the Rover every morning for the purpose of communicating with the vessel—am I right?"

The sergeant bowed an assent.

"Do you know Capt. Goff?"

He again bowed affirmatively, accompanied by a respectful touching of his hat.

"I wish a note conveyed to him on private business."

The soldier hesitated.

"I supposed you a brave man—am I mistaken?"

The sergeant colored for a moment at the doubt expressed. "It is positively against orders, and I shall be shot if detected," he at length replied.

Mr. Arnold gave him one of those withering, sardonic looks peculiar to him when he was thwarted in his designs, and had already turned upon his heel in disgust with the man's pusillanimity after all his pretensions, when the sergeant feeling ashamed of having received the money without earning it, said, "he would carry the message let the consequence be what it might."

"Well done! I did not believe you were the man 'to fill a coward's grave,' though you were upon the point of making me doubt my first impressions. I will bring you in person, at ten o'clock to-night, the note I wish you to deliver into the hands of Capt. Goff, and mind you do so when he and his

companion are in a situation that it can be done safely." Mr. Arnold then turned, and in a moment after stepped into his carriage which had been in waiting for him, and directed his postillion to hasten home with as little delay as possible.

Mr. Matthews, who had ventured out that morning, was sitting under the sunny side of a fence unobserved, saw all that was going on between the soldier and Arnold, and having heard for so long a time doubts as to the legitimacy of his business transactions, he deemed it his duty to make known at head-quarters what he had seen. He was at too great a distance to hear any part of the conversation, but the payment of money and the acquiescence to some proposition that was evidently made, was a matter of itself sufficiently important to demand investigation. He therefore committed to paper what he had seen, and forwarded it to the adjutant-general. Means were at once taken to probe the plot, and that the same might effectually be done, orders were given to a subaltern to watch the sergeant day and night, but to avoid arousing his suspicions. Nothing could have occurred during the balance of the day, for he was by far the greater portion of it on parade, in attendance upon his officer, but at tattoo-beat, the sergeant, after possessing himself of the *countersign*, retired to his quarters and extinguished his light. At the time arranged between himself and Mr. Arnold, he was seen to emerge from his tent in a stealthy manner, and after looking carefully around him, proceeded to the place agreed upon. He encountered several sentries on the way, but passed them without difficulty, after the usual demand and reply. The subaltern followed close at his heels, although the darkness of the night prevented the sergeant seeing him, the former having taken the precaution to wrap himself in a black cloak. He had no sooner

arrived at the place of assignation, than a figure was seen to emerge from behind a tree, who, after handing something to him, and making one or two remarks, withdrew as quietly as he had appeared. All that the subaltern could hear of the little that passed, was the word "Goff."

Not half an hour had elapsed before everything was reported at the proper quarter. The misfortunes of the Lyonel and the escape of the King Philip were fresh in the memory of all, and there were none cognizant of the present transaction who had any doubt that similar scenes were to be re-enacted. An hour before day-light, an additional force of marines were thrown on board the prize, with instructions to keep for the present the prisoners as much below as possible, and that their persons be examined three times a day in search for any concealed arms with which they might be clandestinely provided.

The subaltern was directed to precede the sergeant an hour in his morning visit to the vessel, and cause the prisoners to be mustered on deck to allay any suspicions that might be engendered by a change of her police. Everything had been arranged according to orders, and in a short time thereafter the sergeant shoved off in his boat, and in a few minutes after was on board the *Eolus*.

He was far from being at his ease, and looked around suspiciously. He had no sooner delivered his legitimate message than he was observed edging off toward Goff, who had been yoked with a new mate, for the purpose of preventing the perfecting of any plot that he might have concocted with his original companion.

The subaltern took a position where he could see without being seen. The sergeant after again looking around him, put his hands in his pockets and whistling in an affected and list-

less manner, and while in the act of turning his back upon Goff, slipped the note of Mr. Arnold into his hands. A party of marines, who had received their orders before-hand, at the signal agreed upon, sprang upon the prisoner, who threw the message overboard, however, before they could wrest it from him. A man let over the side of the vessel succeeded in saving it, which was forthwith sent to headquarters as a trophy, and at the same time the sergeant was pinioned and conducted back to camp, escorted by four marines detailed for that purpose.

A council of war was ordered forthwith to hear proof of the conspiracy thus detected before it had culminated, and hardly an hour had elapsed ere the guilt or innocence of Mr. Arnold in the premises was not canvassed at all the corners of the streets. By four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day the council had assembled, to decide whether Ethan Arnold should not forthwith be arrested, to answer for the present offence and as many others as could be brought against him.

As Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling was the oldest officer present, the contraband letter was handed to him for the purpose of breaking its seal and reading the contents, for the edification of his brethren in arms.

The old gentleman rose from his seat, and, after putting on his spectacles, opened the letter with great care lest he should tear off a portion of the contents, and thereby render the whole unintelligible. After holding the paper before him for a moment he took his spectacles from his nose, carefully wiped them, and then tried again. He advanced near to a window, and after attentively examining the paper once more, was observed to turn it bottom side up, and then sideways.

In the meantime Percie was exerting himself to the utmost to restrain his laughter at the grimaces the lieutenant colonel was making in the performance of a duty which he always entered upon with alacrity, when the interest of the King was concerned. The task was too much, however, for him in this instance, and he handed it back to Percie, from whom it had been received, with the grave remark, that he believed it to be a "*Chinese document*."

Percie saw at a glance, what he had suspected, while Colonel Sterling was puzzling his brains over it, that it was in cipher, and wholly unintelligible to any of the members present.

The council ended as wisely as it began; and as they were about to retire one remarked, "I thought we had him"—another as he put on his hat, said, "that he was a cunning old fox." Percie was not at all sorry at the failure to fix upon him any overt act. The hall was too pleasant a place to be broken up; besides, Lady Percie had a bad cold, with several physicians in attendance, some of whom were treating her for influenza, others for chronic catarrh, and the rest for pleurisy; he therefore had every reason to suppose her days were numbered. Having a very good voice, and fond of singing, in order to be ready in a reasonable time after her demise, to pay his court to Lucia in the way of serenade, he had committed to memory the old song, commencing,

"A poor soul sat sighing, under a sycamore tree;
O willow, willow, willow!
With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee,
O willow, willow, willow!
O willow, willow, willow!
Sing, O the green willow, shall be my garland.

"My love she has scorn'd, untrue she doth prove,
 O willow, willow, willow!
 She renders me nothing but hate for my love,
 O willow, willow, willow!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 Sing, O the green willow, shall be my garland."

It was the duty of the commanding officer to leave nothing undone to prove a felonious intent upon Mr. Arnold, in the communication he had made to Captain Goff, and after consultation it was agreed to call to their aid a teacher of phonography who resided in town. The letter was accordingly handed over to be deciphered, without acquainting him with any of the facts of the case, nor of the circumstances by which it came into their possession. He, supposing it was a dead letter belonging to some Antiquarian or other literary society, handed him, to gratify an idle curiosity, determined at once to add to his reputation by giving a free translation of the first thing that came into his head, without reference to the hidden meaning of the ciphers. He therefore inclosed the original, with the explanation, to the officers from whom it had been received. He stated that the paper submitted to him, was no more nor less than a short dissertation upon the physical condition of the moon, proving if it had clouds or any indications of atmosphere, that they could not fail to be perceived in the occultations of stars and the phenomena of solar eclipses; that the climate therefore must be most extraordinary, as the sun with equatorial force poured upon one side of it for a whole fortnight, while the other for the same space of time, was exposed to a frost that would freeze an Exquimaux in an hour. Therefore the moisture on the surface beneath the sun would be drawn

on the opposite side by distillation in *vacuo*, where ice accumulated in quantities, as the inhabitants of earth had no conception of, and that the *Sierra Morena* was after all nothing more than hillocks, occasioned by volcanic combustion."

There was a convivial party of a number of the officers, on the evening the professor had dispatched his explanation to head-quarters, and being a matter of importance, it was sent by the adjutant general to the proper officer, who that evening made one of the set. It was no sooner announced that the sequel to the suspected treason had arrived, heretofore locked up in so much mystery, than boisterous mirth gave way to profound silence, and even Percie himself was not without fear that the solution might prove to him an embarrassment in more ways than one.

But allegiance to the King—the honor of the profession—stern necessity—all demanded that blindfolded justice should strike, let the axe fall where it might. The paper was again handed to Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling, for the reason before given. The old gentleman was delighted to find this time that the communication was in a round and plain hand; he therefore read on in a clear voice until he had nearly finished, when to his amazement it was drowned, by a shout as sudden and unexpected as if he had been surprised by a band of the neighboring Narragansettes. The colonel sat down indignant at the affront offered, it never having occurred to him how wide the charge and the evidence he was reading in support of it, lay apart.

Order was at length restored, when he took up the translation where he had left off, and read on until he had concluded, without further interruption. But, then, bedlam itself broke loose; away went decanters, tumblers, and other utensils of

similar materials. Hurrahs and other cries rent the air, and never ceased until they had drank the health of Ethan Arnold in a bumper, and determined to apply for a pension for the Professor of Phonography.

Those, however, who had been most inimical to Mr. Arnold were determined the poor soldier should not escape. He was clearly committed—the town had been declared to be in a state of siege and a willful disobedience of orders could not go unpunished.

Although they had entirely failed to make out a case against Mr. Arnold, the rule does not apply in the camp “that the principal must be convicted before proof can be given against an accessory.” A Court Martial was called for the trial of the sergeant, and he had little or nothing to say in extenuation of the facts charged against him, except the necessities of his wife and children, who had been in want of bread, his scanty pay being altogether insufficient to feed them.

The evidence was soon given, and the soldier seeing his life was in jeopardy, as an appeal to their mercy bared his breast, and pointed to the scars he had received from the French on the Plains of Abraham. He was in the meridian of life, though the exposures of the field had prematurely whitened his locks, giving him a much older appearance. He had held his post of sergeant for many years, it being as high as a modest man in the army ever attains who begins his career in the ranks. Though he was closely pinioned, yet he had enough use of his arms to hold by the hand a little child of some three or four years. Sergeant Middleton, for that was his name, had been remarkable for his cleanly and military appearance, and also for his strict conformity to the orders of his superiors. His character heretofore had been not only

unimpeached but unimpeachable, and he had been selected by the commanding general to attend his person on account of his excellent character and peculiar fitness for that station.

His punishment was, therefore, to be meted out in proportion to his former claims of respectability, as it was through it he had been enabled to gain the confidence of his officer and afterward to betray it.

When the evidence had been reduced to writing by the Judge Advocate, the President of the Court said, addressing the sergeant, “Middleton, whose child is that?”

“It is mine, may it please your lordship!” he replied.

“Have you a wife?”

“Yes; but she is sick, and the children are too young to work—’twas that made me receive the money.”

“But it was a dreadful piece of business for a confidential Orderly to conspire to destroy one of his Majesty’s vessels, and, perhaps by doing so, many valuable lives might have been sacrificed with it.”

“As God is my judge,” replied Middleton, with earnestness, “I neither conspired to destroy the Eolus or any other of his Majesty’s ships, nor did I know for what purpose I conveyed the letter from Mr. Arnold to Capt. Goff. I only knew it was against orders, for which I beg your lordship will pardon me for the sake of this little girl, my sick wife, and the rest of my children, and the boys shall all serve his Majesty as long as they have strength to shoulder a musket or swing a napsack.”

The president’s lip trembled as Middleton finished the sentence, and made it an excuse that the business before the court was finished, to withdraw, lest the culprit should infer from the sympathy exhibited that his case would be reserved for the clemency of the Commander-in-chief.

The sergeant had hardly been remanded to his cell before he was informed that he must prepare for death; for that his execution was to take place a little after day-break the next morning. He heard the sentence, as became his stout heart, with respectful though calm indifference. He fixed his eyes upon the guard, absorbed in contemplating the doom awaiting him. As the cell was damp and cold the child cried to go home. He was so abstracted that he started upon his feet to go with her, and was only reminded of his situation by the cords which bound him and the sentinel at the entrance. The little creature joyously ran to the door, glad to escape from so disagreeable a place, and as she looked around, said, "Come, pappy! mudder is tick, and the fire is all go out."

Middleton summoned resolution enough to ask the sentinel to call a man and take the child home. He did as was requested; but her screams, as the stranger took her in his arms, rang upon her father's ears all that night, imbittering moments that might otherwise have been spent in calm resignation.

This little girl was Middleton's youngest child, and as soon as it could run alone had showed unusual fondness for her father, being perfectly happy as long as she had him by the hand or lay upon his arm, and it was always certain that he was at hand when little Sue had hold of the coat-tail of a sentinel, or was playing with the scabbard of an officer's sword.

As he had nothing to leave his family, he thought it better to let them remain ignorant of his fate until the final scene should be closed. He exacted from some of his comrades, who formed the guard that were to escort him to the place of execution, a promise to assist his wife and children as much as

lay in their power, and to see that they were not left behind when his regiment returned to England.

Mr. Matthews, although hardly able to drag one foot after the other, had been unsuccessfully exerting himself a great part of the night to procure a pardon, and had not abandoned the project until after day-light, when, as he was returning to his quarters, he encountered the prisoner in charge of the guard, proceeding to the place of execution, and little Sue skipping along after them as merry as a bee.

Matthews having often seen the sprightly little creature about the camp before, had partially made her acquaintance; he did not know whose child she was, however, and now calling her to him, patted her on the head and inquired her name.

"Ooky Iddleton," was the prompt reply.

"Where is your father, my dear?" he soothingly said—now suspecting the true state of the case.

"Sue, or Sooky," as the soldiers called her, first gave a skip, and then answered, "He going to die!"

The reply of the child was more startling than if she had been old enough to comprehend what she said and could have realized the dreadful situation of her parent. Matthews took her by the hand, and endeavored to persuade her to accompany him home, intending she should remain with him there until after the execution. But all his persuasions were without effect, and she insisted upon following the guard.

After she had been carried home the night before, finding her father had not come, she was restless during the night, and frequently called for him, and as soon as she could see, slipped out of her bed and ran to the place where she had left him the night before. He had just time to kiss her before he

set out for the place of execution, and in his anguish in bidding her adieu, said, "I am going to die"—the words the child had remembered.

Although such scenes were of frequent occurrence in the camp, and Lieutenant Matthews had himself even been detailed on one or two occasions to see the law executed, yet he never had brought home to his sensibilities so touching a sight as the one now before him. The exact but firm step of the prisoner in time to the mournful dirge, and the soldier-like precision that accompanied his movements, becoming a second nature by years of practice; the gray locks that showed themselves beneath his cap—the care he had taken during the night to burnish the scabbard of his sword, and other metallic portions of his dress, and more than all, his infant child exposing her little bare feet to the cold dews of the morning, happy in the thought, that her father was near, and delighted with the music with which she endeavored to keep time like the soldiers by strides so long that she would often slip and fall to the ground, were sufficient of themselves, sick and sensitive as he was, to almost break his heart, and made him regret most deeply that he had been the instrument of producing so dreadful a catastrophe. But it was too late now; Middleton's destiny was fixed, and he must die. He knew the consequences of his disobedience, and did not therefore complain. It was far less dreadful to him than the reproaches of his wife—that she and her children were starving for bread.

The word "Halt" was given. A few paces in advance was a coarse box intended as a coffin, beside a newly-dug grave. Sergeant Middleton and a man accompanying him proceeded to the spot, and a moment thereafter the regiment to which he

belonged came in sight, solemnly marching to the same music as that which preceded them, to witness the execution. The regiment when they arrived, formed three sides of a square, within which was the sergeant. Six men took their station a little in advance of the inner side. The latter exchanged their own arms and were supplied with others, a portion being loaded with ball and the rest containing blank cartridges. This was a humane provision, prescribed for the purpose of relieving the executioners of the painful conviction which of the party had put an end to the life of their comrade. Mr. Matthews, lost in his own reflections, found himself inside of the parallelogram with little Sue before he was aware of his situation, and then found it too late to retreat, if he would.

As soon as the child saw her father she slipped her hand from out of Matthews' and ran to him, jumped upon the coffin, took his hand and began playfully to swing it to and fro as far as his pinions would permit. In a moment an involuntary movement was made by the grenadiers, and several were seen to wipe away the tears streaming over their sun-burnt faces. The prisoner was directed to "Prepare!" He unbuckled his sword and laid it near him, and then took off his coat, and, kneeling upon his coffin, bared his bosom. The man who had accompanied him from the ranks bandaged his eyes, and then took little Sue by the hand and led her away.

But the child now suspected something was wrong—that some injury was intended her father, and she sobbed most bitterly.

The officer in charge of the execution party, gave the order "Forward!" and they slowly but reluctantly obeyed, and continued to advance until within twelve feet of the prisoner, when they were ordered to "Halt." The rest of the orders

were to be given by motion of the sword, to prevent hearing the precise moment when his death was to occur. The first was given, and their pieces fell to the level of the sergeant's breast—at the same moment a thousand muzzles were pointed upon the party and their officers. Such a thing had never before occurred in the English army. The whole regiment had mutined, threatening instant death to those who were engaged in the execution. The officer in command could hardly believe his senses. He pronounced with emphasis the words, "Shoulder arms!" but not a musket moved until the party against whom they were pointed had shouldered theirs first; when, the command upon being repeated, was instantly obeyed. The party were *signalled* as before, but seeing their wishes sustained by the whole regiment, in their turn refused to obey.

Mr. Matthews, as he was standing near an officer of his acquaintance at the moment the regiment had come upon the ground, had remarked, but so loud as to be heard by an old soldier, that the execution was no better than a murder.

This was enough. The words passed from man to man with almost electric speed, and their determination was taken at the instant, the execution should not take place.

The adjutant was dispatched with a request that a body of men might be sent to suppress the mutiny, and in a very short time a large force was on their way in double-quick time for that purpose.

Sergeant Middleton, in the meantime, was unbound, and had already put on his coat and cap, when the advancing force began to deploy, perceiving which the mutineers faced to the right-about, and formed upon the base of the inner line, fronting their adversaries.

An order was given to ground their arms—but not a man moved; and when told they would be fired upon unless it were obeyed, they answered the summons by carefully examining their pieces to see if the priming was in order. Such being the state of affairs, the men were ordered to their quarters, and the execution was for the present postponed. Prudential considerations rendered such a course obvious, as many desertions were daily occurring, making it impossible to know to what extent the defection had taken place. Little Sue no sooner saw her father put on his coat and cap than she forgot her troubles, and in a short time after the field was cleared, was amusing herself in chasing a butterfly that had been warmed into life by a two-hours' sun.

CHAPTER XXII.

THAT "fortune favors the brave," is a corollary so generally admitted that perhaps the escape from exposure Arnold had so often subjected himself, was nothing but what might have been expected.

He had run the gauntlet so frequently without punishment, that his neighbors began to think him invulnerable, and the last thing they would have thought of succeeding in, was either a physical or mental contest for supremacy in any scheme he had thought fit to embark. But those who will take pains to study the man, will perceive his apparent recklessness was tempered with the elements generally insuring success. In the first place he well weighed the advantages and disadvantages that would result from any contemplated project. If the first but barely preponderated, then he would not commence in its pursuit until he could take it in its way without trouble; if, however, the gain was great, he set himself at work in good earnest, and upon his own responsibility. No one was permitted to be cognizant of the transaction but the actors whose interests he made his own, and *they* were sent in advance as a forlorn hope, for his enemies to expend their energies upon, in case of a discovery.

The more imminent the peril, the more he seemed to invite investigation; and were there any who suspected him, he not only frowned them down but took pains to humble their pride.

He might have been unable perhaps with all these traits to have succeeded, but undaunted courage was superadded, amounting almost to ferocity, and whenever his conduct was questioned he was ever ready to vindicate it by a contest with the sword.

Lucia was the only soul to whom he ever unbosomed himself, and even to her he was a mystery. He had taken an apparent interest in Simon, but he was careful in the transaction to couple with it advantages to himself, and if he extended to him any regard beyond what his interests might have engendered, it was ascribable to eccentricity rather than a spontaneous emanation of philanthropy. Yet he was liberal as a prince, and there were times when his heart was touched with pity—but not for those, who in anywise were in his way—the recipients to his bounty must have been incapacitated by nature from any power over him.

He saw at a glance that Simon's lonely ramblings and apparently idle habits were the offsprings of an active mind, that only wanted a little impetus given at the start, and then of itself would roll on with accelerated power. Mr. Arnold was getting old, and began to feel the necessity of a friend upon whom he might rely when he could no longer depend upon himself. It was therefore with satisfaction he heard how manfully he was behaving, and the laurels he had gathered.

"Lucia," said he, the day after the failure of the court-martial to impeach him, "to guard against accidents, I have thought it prudent to make my will, and have appointed Simon my Executor. I like the sect from which he has sprung, and have no doubt he will manage your estate honestly. Why do you look confused?" he inquired, after watching the workings of her countenance for a moment. "Is there anything re-

markable in making a will, or appointing an executor, that should cause your astonishment?"

She made no answer, nor did he require one; and although he gave a turn to her embarrassment to suit himself, yet there was little that transpired under his eye requiring elucidation, as abstracted as he appeared the most of his time. His further remarks were interrupted by the postboy's well-known rap at the door, and almost simultaneously with it, a servant came in with the "Newport Advertiser;" he was pale and agitated as he laid it upon the table.

"What the d—l is the matter with you, Dick?" exclaimed Mr. Arnold, as the man was about to withdraw. "Can't you bring a paper in the room without trembling like a ship's spanker when going about?"

"Something dreadful has happened, master—the postboy says, that Simon—Mr. Captain Overing, I mean—did it all," was the reply, as he closed the door after him.

"Let us see, master Simon, what is to pay now," said Arnold, musingly, and seeming well pleased as he held the paper before the fire to dry.

So soon as Lucia heard the name pronounced, full of anxiety, but doing what she could to conceal it, took a seat beside her father, to see what it could be that had caused so much uneasiness with the servant. "Don't be in a hurry Lucia!" he said, as she was endeavoring to read it; "these wet papers have a most villainous smell, which would spoil all the interest they contain, if not well dried before read." After turning the side to the fire to smoke, he at length examined it with a degree of complacency and satisfaction she had never seen him exhibit before. His eyesight was not as quick as it had once been; and while he was slowly running down the

column, Lucia's eye caught upon the paragraph he was in search of, when her curiosity and interest combined, got the better of her discretion, and she exclaimed with a short breath, "There it is, father!"

"Don't be excited, child! Let us see what my executor is about." His compressed mouth then for once relaxed into a broad smile, while reading the article in question.

"Capture of Lord Percie—expedition headed by Simon Overing, the son of old Obadiah, under the hill."

The paper then added, "We are under the painful necessity of informing the intelligent reader of the calamity that befell the English army last night.

"About twelve o'clock a gang of men, headed by that vagabond who lately figured as *Supercargo of the King Philip*, succeeded in making their way into our lines, captured his Excellency, my Lord Percie, while in bed, and having neither the decency nor modesty to allow him to put on his clothes, hurried him, in *puris naturalibus*, on board a boat, which escaped, aided by the darkness of the night.

"As his lady is afflicted with a complication of diseases, in relation to which, we are sorry to say, the medical gentlemen do not seem to agree, it was feared at first that the intelligence of her Lord's capture might be attended with unfavorable consequences; but those acquainted with her ladyship's character, and the heroism which has been a predominant trait in her family—having in their veins 'the blood of all the Howards'—had nothing to fear on her account. The result has proved them right. She was informed of the disaster at 9 A. M., while suffering in bed, and true to her instincts, she rose at 10, breakfasted in her chair for the first time in a month, and converses calmly of the mishap.

"P. S. One hour later. Her ladyship is doing well—the rooms are filled with her friends called to condole with her. She received them with sweet resignation. Lady Byerly has just sung an appropriate epicidium, accompanied by the harp, which has had a soothing effect: having just received a copy, it may be interesting to our lady readers to lay it before them:—

" 'They came to us in the night,
And brake my bower, and slew my Knight;
My servants a' for life did flee,
And left us in extremitie.

" 'They slew my Knight, to me sae dear,
They slew my Knight, and drave his gear;
The moon may set—the sun may rise,
But a deadly sleep has closed his eyes.' "

"Well, this is news indeed," thought Lucia. And as she was about retiring to her room to ponder upon the strange events each day produced, her father in a more gentle tone than was his habit, said, "How is it, daughter, that you give me so little of your company of late? You seem to be meditating upon something that disturbs you—is it the loss of your gallant, or is it that you fear Simon will get himself in some scrape through his indiscretions he will find it difficult to free himself from?"

"It is neither the one nor the other," she replied; "for so far as my lord Percie is concerned, I hope he may find comfortable quarters along with the Continentals for some time to come, and as for——" here she hesitated for a moment, and fixed her eyes upon the floor.

"For what, child!" her father inquired, before she had time to proceed, affecting impatience at her delay; "go on."

"Well!" she resumed, "I believe he has courage enough to execute any plan his indiscretions may have led him into."

"I did not know," said he, vexatiously, "that Percie was indiscreet or ever made a plan *to execute*, unless it were in the way of gallantry, eh, Lucia? Pray, speak intelligibly."

Never had Mr. Arnold before been in a mood to hold a playful *tete-a-tete* with his daughter, or with any one else, but things had gone on for several days past so exactly suiting him, that he broke loose from his usual restraint to such a degree she might have supposed he had partaken a little too freely of his Madeira had it been later in the day. She was upon the point of making a reply, but upon turning her head for that purpose, saw him looking her full in the face to catch her expression, which confounded her the more, and after giving him another look said—blushing, and half laughingly—"Father, there are none so deaf as those who wont hear." She then retired to her chamber, pleased with what had happened, though a little vexed with herself for betraying any emotion.

Since Simon had disappeared she had not forgotten his request, and therefore had visited his sister at every convenient opportunity, and the latter presented herself informally at the hall whenever in the neighborhood. Their characters and education contrasted strongly, and each presented to the other an originality, giving a freshness to the acquaintance that a congeniality of tastes and habits never could have afforded, and which might have been insipid and unprofitable. One had learned to love the embellishments that adorned the hall, "where works of art lay thickly strewn," the other, "the naked rock and hillock-side, green pastures and the meadow." Each therefore could point out to the other with the peculiar

excellence of whatever their several habits and tastes had made them familiar.

Having determined to drive over to Obadiah's, at the moment Lucia was about ringing the bell to give the order for her carriage, Hercules himself hove in sight. Evidently looking for something pertaining to the hall, he came towering and limping up to the gate, and after pushing unsuccessfully at the wrong end to open it, his ingenuity at length came to his aid, when he began an escalade very much after the fashion of a benighted turkey looking for a roost, examining and ogling each bar in his ascent.

He succeeded in reaching the top rail, but the hinges being loose and the latch playing freely between the catch and the post, the gate began to vibrate, and while trying unsuccessfully to preserve his equilibrium, he came to the ground within the court. Lucia hurried to the front door, supposing he had broken his neck. In the meantime, getting upon all *fours*, and like a bear in winter quarters, resting upon the top of his head, he was involuntarily looking at what was to be seen in the rear, between his legs.

It has been said that a drunken man never injures himself by falling, and as Hercules' reputation had suffered somewhat from that sin, it is fairly presumable he was indebted for his escape, through a policy of insurance issued by a mythological dignitary, whose classic name it is unnecessary to mention.

As soon as able he gathered himself up from his disreputable posture, and in a grumbling tone endeavored to excuse himself.

"What do you want, Hercules?" Lucia inquired.

"Massa Matthews on plantation, werry sick wid de coughin in de troat, and da want de doctor," was the answer.

"But why do you come here?—the doctors all live in town."

He took a more deliberate survey of the coast, and finding he was mistaken in his reckoning, would have egressed from the domain in the same clumsy way he had entered it, but Lucia directed a servant to let him out and show him to the avenue leading to the main road.

Having now a double object in view, she drove over to Mr. Overing's, and meeting Hannah at the door wearing her usual smile, she inferred that Hercules had made a false report in relation to the extreme illness of Mr. Matthews, but as she was about entering the room, the former said, "Thee will please be a little careful in going in, for Lowther Matthews is dozing from exhaustion, after coughing hard during the night. We thought," she added, "that unless he was speedily relieved, he could not survive the day." Lucia looked at Hannah with astonishment; for she appeared as serene as if speaking of an ordinary and immaterial event of daily occurrence.

"He cannot survive long," she added, without changing her tone of voice, "and we desire that he remain with us until then." They entered the apartment where he lay. He was flushed, and breathed short and quick. Obadiah sat on one side of him and Rizpah on the other, in deep meditation. Hannah set Lucia an example by her light and silent tread upon the floor as she approached the cot; and after placing her hand gently upon his forehead, moved the corner of a handkerchief which had fallen upon his chin, and carefully placed it over his head to prevent any passing current of air from disturbing him. He was almost consumed by a devouring fever—his lips were parted, nostrils contracted, and at short

intervals, turned himself suddenly as if to escape from a place of torture, and after he had thus lain for a moment, would then throw himself back again with like impetuosity.

Lucia could not reconcile the imperturbable state of the old couple, nor the smile and self-possession of their daughter, with the evident danger of the young invalid's speedy demise. For, although gravity is expected in the sick chamber, yet it is supposed that an expression of anxiety will accompany it. She had yet to learn that the teachings of the sect to which they belonged, were to be satisfied with whatever Providence was pleased to direct, and that it were as sinful to complain of the decease of a friend as for the consummation of a law prescribing the different seasons of the year, or the variety of fruit that the same soil and climate brings forth. As the transitions and changes were for the benefit of man while living, it was sufficient proof to satisfy them death would be equally productive of good in the spiritual life that a corporeal death is but the evidence of. Yet with all this faith and this philosophy, there were times when the young heart of Hannah would almost cease its pulsations, especially when a sigh of regret escaped the invalid, or an exclamation of anguish forced by the feeling of suffocation constantly oppressing him.

He continued dozing in this feverish way for an hour—the greater part of the time Hannah was either watching by his side or gently plying a fan, partly relieving him of his labored respiration. Lucia had gone over to Obadiah's for the purpose of conversing freely concerning Simon with those who were supposed to be most interested in his welfare ; but finding them engrossed in the pious occupation of alleviating the sufferings of the sick, she was about taking leave, when the surgeon of

the regiment rode hastily up, and throwing himself quickly from the saddle, entered the cottage.

The noise he made in opening the door awoke the invalid, who raised himself upon his pillow, unconscious at first where he was or who were the persons surrounding his couch ; it was but a momentary hallucination, however, for so soon as he saw Hannah he became conscious of his situation, and falteringly excused himself for the trouble he was giving.

Obadiah as yet had not opened his mouth, but now replied, "I would rather thee would not apologize, Lowther, for it is our duty and pleasure to administer to the necessities of the afflicted ; we are servants sent to serve one Master, and we serve him best by serving those he is calling to himself—and we consider ourselves as objects of Divine favor when permitted to do so."

The sick man feebly nodded an assent to the principles thus briefly expressed, and then reclined again upon his pillow. The fever had now mostly left him, and with it his strength, but he breathed more freely. The doctor, after examining his pulse, shook his head. He then administered a slight narcotic, when the invalid fell again into a listless state, and after that succeeded a refreshing sleep, undisturbed by the fire which before was raging in his veins.

During the morning when the execution of Sergeant Middleton was to have taken place, he had exposed himself at the risk of his life, in endeavoring to avert a calamity he had innocently and in accordance with his duty caused ; and *that*, combined with the unusual incidents attending it, had excited him to a degree beyond his strength, and feeling that a struggle for life was to ensue, he had hurried to the home of Hannah to receive, perhaps, the last smile from her to whom, as

his life was ebbing away, he felt the more attached, and whose lips in case of death, he knew would press upon his cold forehead. Soldier as he was, "whose business 'tis to die;" yet there was something in his nature making his heart quail at the thought that there should be no tear to wet the sod upon his grave, and no sigh when he should be borne thither. The doctor, conscious he had done all in his power, remained a time and retired, after leaving some directions temporarily palliative when his fever should return.

Finding things in this state, and instead of being of service to any one, she was a hindrance, Lucia took leave with new ideas, leading her to canvass the sentiments she had learned from the miscellaneous society visiting at the hall, and to compare them to the more reasonable and touching, because the more simple and natural, hospitality she had just witnessed in the administration of the charities of life.

Although they might seem cold and almost unfeeling to the uninitiated, and rendered more as a duty than an inclination, yet a little observation taught her that both were united at Obadiah's, though divested of the bustling and sorrowing clamor deemed essential by many who mean very well, but who would add to their own respect, in not only cultivating the amenities of life but its humanities, by less display and more philosophy and truth.

"Have I not had a strange life of it?" she began to inquire of herself, as she rode home; and her thoughts became painful as she labored to be satisfied that her father's strange and peculiar temperament was nothing but eccentricity she had so often read and heard of. But, then, there was Capt. Goff, whom she could not mistake, a prisoner on board the Prize,

which every one said was the vessel that several years before had been in the harbor.

The more she thought of these things, small glimmerings of other days presented themselves to her mind. If the yacht was identical with the captured brig, might it not very well be that the company were none else than those who had heretofore staid at the hall, and who came as strangely and unexpectedly as they had departed? and, besides, the voice hovering between pathos and bitterness that had rung upon her ear ever since the evening it rose up from the dark cove over which she and her father had been sitting, seemed to grow upon her recollection, until she fancied having heard it before. "Why was it?" she inquired, "that her father rarely spake of her mother—that no little keepsake had been left when she died, (if such was the case,) and that nothing was said or done at the hall to preserve her memory? Was it, they had been unhappy?—that they had wronged each other? or was it, her memory awakened deeds of darkness that he preferred should be forgotten?"

CHAPTER XXIII.

FULL of the conviction that something was wrong, and that the day was at hand when the veil would be more fully raised, enabling her to see clearly those things she now saw imperfectly, Lucia determined, if the evening was at all pleasant, to venture alone through the fields, and there perhaps discover something that might recall to her recollection with more certainty the personages who had at different periods been guests at the hall; being certain that Capt. Goff was at least one of them, she was irresistibly inclined to think that Eugenia was another.

At tea, she was upon the point of questioning her father in relation to the character of the captured vessel and its occupants, but she had been so often checked when venturing to make certain inquiries, with such a degree of harshness as to cause her curiosity to yield to her fears. Mr. Arnold was silent the most of the time at the table, but it was evident from the working of his features, that some new trouble had obtruded itself upon his restless mind, or that the old ones had come back with more force than otherwise they would, had he not more clearly have seen the peril from which he had just escaped, than at first he was willing to admit.

As his expectations had been more than ordinarily gratified at the turn things had taken, the reaction was great in proportion, when he reflected that the cause still existed, like a

rock hidden in the midst of the sea, whereon his fortunes were liable at any moment to be wrecked. She waited until ten o'clock, and while he was engaged over his papers in the office, withdrew from the servants' hall door, and after going as far as the private grounds would permit, struck into a well-known path, leading to the hill, overlooking the cove where the pirate lay. The moon had hardly risen yet; but as it was clear starlight, she apprehended no difficulty in finding her way, and the only obstacle intervening were the guard, engaged in passing through the fields, relieving each other or posting sentinels in such places as the exigencies of the night demanded. Since the capture of Percie, more caution was observed than before, by changing from time to time the localities of the sentinels, in order that no preconceived plan could be devised to surprise them at their posts or avoid their vigilance. She, however, reached the crown of the hill, and had taken her seat upon the grass in full view of the vessel; but to her disappointment she with her prize-crew was then getting under-way. The wind was gently blowing down the river, and the tide beginning to ebb. The hearty "yeo-heave" was heard at the windlass; everything else was still on board. Swinging around from her moorings, she presented her stern-windows to the spot where Lucia sat at the moment, when the moon had obtained an elevation sufficiently high to dissipate the shadows the hill had cast upon the vessel. A female form was sitting at the window in a contemplative attitude with her eyes fixed upon the shore, now receding from her view as the sails began to fill. Was the form she saw that of Eugenia?—it seemed to possess the same beauty of outline, and the face was marked by a noble sorrowing, giving her so much interest while staying at the hall several years before.

As the vessel glided away, Lucia's mind like a dispersing cloud, began to brighten, and she called to her recollection a thousand acts of tenderness bestowed upon her, at an age when too young to appreciate, but old enough to remember after her curiosity had been awakened.

While thus conjuring up in her own reflections a thousand fancies that might or might not exist, the vessel had got fairly under way, and her black hull stealing fast towards the ocean. The sad reverie she was engaged in was diverted upon hearing from the vessel's cabin-widows a silvery voice, rising upon the night-breeze—it was the same she and her father had heard when the vessel had first arrived, but so far was it from expressing the bitterness and disappointment that pervaded it then, a pathetic appeal, saddened by some recollection of the past, either touched the heart with tenderness or stung it with remorse. She remained upon the spot long after the vessel had disappeared in the dark, nor did she fully awake from her reverie until chilled with cold and wet with the dews falling upon her. She at length rose upon her feet, and after an ineffectual attempt to catch a last glimpse of the prize, turned to go home with a reluctance she had never before felt; it seemed as if she had parted with something essential to her happiness. Fatigued and dispirited, she retired to her apartment, for there was something within telling her that disgrace, misfortune, or at least humiliation was at hand. Unable to sleep, she rose early in the morning, and overhauled drawers, closets, and trunks, in hopes she might find something belonging to Eugenia, but all in vain; being about to abandon the search, she thought she would try once more, and going to a room her father had once occupied, but now deserted, opened a closet, and upon a shelf was a small box, of rosewood, but

so marked with ink, dust, and cobwebs, that its fine material was completely defaced.

It was filled with what appeared to be cast-off buckles, worn-out lather-brushes, broken eye-glasses, card plates, dice, a few playing-cards, and what not, from which spiders crawled when finding their ancient demesne thus disturbed. She poured its contents upon a table, and among them equally soiled was an oval piece of *something*, which from the neglect it had suffered, was difficult at first to discover; but upon wiping it, a beautiful miniature portrait by Shelly, the designer of the poetical picture called "the Hours," revealed itself.

There was no mistaking the original, to be else than Eugenia, though the picture portrayed a young and beautiful girl, of not more than sixteen or seventeen years. Her large dark eye was there—the classic forehead, the pensive cast of features, and the color and wearing of the hair: There could be no mistaking them. True to his genius that great artist had transferred to ivory the very existence of his subject—it breathed—it spoke—it looked familiarly upon the spectator, and it was that which one might commune with, become attached to, and love the more, as we become acquainted with it.

Indeed it was the reverse of those, which, for the most part, are intended to commemorate some one dear to us—enough like the original perhaps to be recognized, but distorted somewhere, leaving upon the mind a painful void or an unsatisfied recollection. She kissed the picture, and placed it in her bosom; it was no sooner there than it seemed a solace to her feelings, and to quiet the agitation that had recently disturbed her. She could not, however, but ask herself, why this hallucination? It was evident her father had thrown it aside, as a worn-out and worthless thing that perhaps he had admired

for its beauty, or for the art which it exhibited; and "was there more cause that it should be valuable to her than him?" she inquired of herself. Her reason answered "No!"—her instincts "Yes!" She withdrew the picture from her bosom and gazed upon it for a moment, when suddenly her father came into the room, and before she had time to return it his eye lit upon the picture, and he said in a fierce and cruel manner, "What! rumaging my closets?—Begun to pilfer, eh!—Twenty times a day you call things to my mind that torment me—I wish you were with her!"

Lucia was frightened at the furious look he darted at her, and almost for the first time in her life, the tears flowed freely. Ashamed of using such language to his daughter, as soon as the first gush of passion had subsided, he conciliatingly said, "Lucia, it seems I am destined to have something or another presented that is disagreeable. I have just heard that Captain Castoff has been exchanged, and is now in camp; that circumstance alone is not calculated to make me amiable." With that he turned upon his heel and retired to his office.

She was now convinced, from what had just fallen from her father, with other circumstances brought to light, that there was something wrong between him and Eugenia; but the true state of the case had never for a moment entered upon her conceptions. Lucia had dispatched several notes, making inquiries after Mr. Matthews, and directly after her father had retired had the satisfaction of receiving intelligence that he was more comfortable, though so weak as hardly to be able to sit up. She then took a seat at the window, being attracted there by the loud talking of several persons, and, upon looking towards the gate, was astonished to find that it

proceeded from Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling and her father, but what it was concerning she had no idea, until the word "Castoff," was pronounced, which, taken in connection with the language which he had a few moments before used, predicted that something unpleasant was about to occur. Directly thereafter she heard a voice utter the emphatic remark, "Then, d—n him! Say from me that I will fight him at a cloth-yard's distance!"

It was now evident that the old difficulties were renewed. The pride of Castoff was touched, for, during the time he had been a prisoner with the rebels, instead of being commiserated by his brethren in arms, he had been laughed at for the manner he had been decoyed.

Captain Castoff had grown gray in the service of two kings, and had never before been subjected to such mortifications as those he had experienced in the loss of his ship, and the manner he had been captured in the valley. He was a brave man, and ingenuous to a fault—a character that anciently belonged to the old *salt* when ships wore sails, honestly gathering up the winds as they went along; but whether, since artifice has been used in these latter days in their propulsion, his character has not changed, is a matter worthy the consideration of the curious.

A good deal of anxiety had been felt at the cottage on account of the absence of Hercules. He had been sent after the doctor the day before, but had not been heard from since by the inmates; and had it not been that the surgeon of the regiment hearing through other channels that Lieutenant Matthews had one of his *bad turns*, he might have died for want of medical aid, for all Hercules had done in procuring it.

Although he was then and had been as useless as the most of

his species, when left to their own option, yet he was one of the family, and had been so to Obadiah's father ; therefore the concern felt for his absence was not inconsiderable. And so soon as Mr. Matthews had been enabled to take a seat in an easy-chair, both father and son went in search, when, after almost despairing of success, they got upon his track through the information of some straggling soldiers they met on their way. They were referred to the sentinel on duty at the General's quarters, who informed them, that "A negro, corresponding to the description they gave, was in the guard-house for being found drunk in the streets, and also for cursing his Majesty's forces." The sentinel also said, "the chances were, he would get a flogging before he got his discharge."

"Surely, they will not chastise a man whose days would have been numbered long ago, if he had gone with his three-score and ten?" replied Obadiah.

"I do not know," replied the sentry, "whether age will excuse a negro. I only know it would not, were he white."

Obadiah no sooner heard the reply to his question than he saw Hercules but a short distance off, towering one or two feet above two soldiers, who having him by either arm were escorting up the hill to a marquee, where several officers were quartered. He was "halted" in front of it, where a drum-head was duly prepared instead of a table, in order to note anything that required recording by the informal court, before which he was to answer for his disorderly behavior. They immediately proceeded to business ; and after giving in his name, they asked him, how old he was ?

Though sobered by a twenty-four hours' confinement, Hercules was at a loss how to answer, but after counting his fingers backwards and forwards several times, at length said,

"Jist tree years, twelve days oler dan ole Joe Smith when him were born."

"Well done," said one of the court, with a laugh ; "that is specific, sure enough."

Hercules looked around with a satisfied air, after the prompt manner he had answered the question, expecting to receive applause from some idle soldiers standing near by. His age not being material to the issue, the inquiry was not resumed, and they proceeded to the next question.

"Where were you born?"

Hercules, after hitching up his breeches, first turned one ear to the interrogator, and then the other, striving to comprehend the question, and at the same time to answer. At last, holding up his head and assuming a consequential air, said, "War I am born, Massa—was dat you say?" And after being informed that it was, he proceeded, "I were born in de kingdom of Gombo, two tousan miles long and tree tousan miles tudder way, sure Massa."

This was enough to put an end to the examination. The officers in charge of the matter were at first disposed to make short work with Hercules, having seen him themselves staggering through the streets, and the drummer stood ready with the cat to apply it at the moment when ordered, but he had put them in good humor, and it was now pretty certain he would escape. Resolving, however, that they would try once more, it was demanded, "if he were a subject of his Majesty?"

This was far more difficult than either the other questions to comprehend, but in imitation of his master, he spent a long time in considering, but becoming more and more bewildered, was then told, "he might go, but if again caught around the camp he would get his *jacket warmed*."

Hercules stood still for a moment, being comforted by the last word, as he was then shivering with the *cold*, having had no fire nor anything to eat for the last four-and-twenty hours. They all three left the camp together, Obadiah taking the lead, Eldad a few feet behind, and Hercules in the rear. Nothing was said until they reached the house, when the latter was reproved for getting drunk, and particularly for being found in bad company.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE lucky star of Ethan Arnold was not yet destined to set, for not the neighborhood only but the whole army were thrown into commotion from demonstrations making by General Sullivan, with a view to attack the English from the north, while the Count D'Estaing was to coöperate with him at the southern extremity of the island by sea.

The services of Capt. Castoff were required, and accordingly he was ordered to repair on board a frigate in the harbor, either to aid in defending the few ships in port considered defensible, or in destroying those likely to fall into the hands of the rebels.

This order necessarily put an end for the present to the duel, which would have taken place at the instant Capt. Castoff had demanded a meeting, had not the misfortunes he had met with before made him cautious in settling the preliminaries. He employed the lieutenant-colonel as his friend on this occasion, to whom he communicated the manner he had been entrapped on a former occasion, and consequently the honor of the *second* as well as his sagacity became involved ; and he, therefore, determined that neither an ambuscade or a *stampede* should befall his principal again.

The lieutenant-colonel's suspicions, from what Capt. Castoff had related, became so aroused, that every proposition suggested by Mr. Arnold, as to time, distance, and place, was

made a subject of grave reflection, which, with the loss of time it occasioned, put Mr. Arnold out of all patience, and had caused the remark overheard by Lucia while sitting at her window. He, as has already been stated, never took others to his counsels in matters of great importance, and, consequently, made it a *sine qua non* that he should have the privilege of negotiating in person, which determination the lieutenant-colonel assented to, but ever after repented, as he could find no precedent on record of any Knight in any period of the world, having engaged in single combat unattended by his Esquire.

Most happy was Lucia to find again a little sunshine lighting up the face of her father, although he would as soon have fought as not, yet he was always elated when his adversaries were frustrated in their designs by a freak of fortune, more especially if he himself had an agency in producing it. He was still enjoying poor Castoff's disappointment when his attention was arrested by preparations going on in camp. Previous to the storm that had nearly destroyed the French fleet, the weather had been dry and the streets dusty, and as the English army were sending out from their lines such troops as could with safety be spared, the commotion showed itself in strong contrast to the idle and gossiping habits characteristic of a garrison when leading an inactive life. The first regiment egressing from the town after the storm to meet the rebels was Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling's, and a fine display they made. They marched in close order; and although it was a hot day in the month of August, their red coats were tightly buttoned, and each man before he started, had been in the hands of the barber, who had taken as much pains in powdering their heads as in embellishing the lieutenant-

colonel himself. That officer was precisely where he should have been. His cocked hat was inclined a little forward, showing he had taken pains in adjusting it in a way denoting that he intended to go a-head. Some of his younger brethren-in-arms had so little taste as to diminish the width of the skirts of their coats, in imitation of the French fashion; but he, with a view of showing his displeasure at this disposition of aping a people whom he heartily despised, had increased his own to almost inconvenient dimensions.

Several regiments followed, and among the rest the shrill clangor of bagpipes denoted that the Highland regiment was following, though they could hardly be seen through the clouds of dust thrown up by those who preceded them. The chief of the clan, or whoever he was who commanded the regiment, was dressed much like the privates, who were uniformly bare-legged. Their heads were covered with blue bonnets—their upper garments consisted of short green coats, trimmed with fringe, and surmounted with tartan plaid. Several squadrons of horse preceded by their videttes, brought up the rear. Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling was ready, and commenced his march the moment the hour arrived mentioned in his orders, but the cavalry not being so prompt, felt themselves a little disgraced in being compelled to fall into the rear, the old lieutenant-colonel utterly refusing to break his line of march or to turn aside to let them pass.

They were joined by other regiments from the different parties on their way, which, when aggregated, made a formidable appearance, as their forests of bayonets and showy banners glittered in the sun. Their march was steady, and bearing manly, strangely contrasting with a body of Hessians that preceded them the day before, who were small, spare men,

stooping in their shoulders, and whose features wore that timid and servile look characteristic of the Continental peasant when in the presence of his lord. After a march of a couple of hours they overtook the rear of Sullivan's army while preparing to withdraw from the island; they made a pitiful appearance in the eyes of the British soldiery, for they wore the same clothes they were in when leaving the plough, a few days before; besides, they had been unsheltered and so pelted with the storm that their fire-locks had become rusty and their ammunition injured.

Generally speaking, they were fine stalwart yeomen, who left their friends either through an invincible dislike to the English character, or for the more ennobling sentiment of resisting imposition, and very often both sentiments were united in the same person. Yet it was very observable that there was a large sprinkling in the ranks of a class of men who either had gone out for excitement or love of adventure.

Intermingled with those just mentioned, were another class, though less numerous—they were the idle and the dissolute, who, regardless of the politics of the day or the rules regulating society, were satisfied if their canteens were filled, not much regarding in other respects the state of the commissariat; they, for the most part, were intolerable cowards, but would fight as bravely as the most of men, when the incentive was either a butt of Bordeaux or a cask of Santa Cruz—with both, it was well known, the English army were well supplied.

Gipsy John was delighted when he found there was a prospect of a battle, for how could there be plunder unless there was an enemy, and so elated was he, that, notwithstanding his age and infirmities, he hobbled on with the van of the army, mumbling to himself in a gibberish that none but his race could

understand, excepting occasionally a fragmentary interlude, such as, "good luck come"—"kill rebel"—"burn house"—and ending with a fiendish rubbing of hands at the delight in store for him. He continued thus to gloat over the bloody prospects, unaware that his enemy individually was as destitute of anything worth stealing as the pay-master department was of a military chest. The officer in command, now came riding up, surrounded by his numerous and dashing staff, the most of whom were generally young men of *family* and fortune, and were sowing their wild oats this way, instead of turning their neighborhood topsy-turvy, in the manly sport of hare-hunting.

A fragment of the rear-guard only being at hand, consisting of two or three hundred men, it was thought best to direct the Hessians to attack this force, either to cause their surrender or drive them back to the main body. Gipsy John was in hearing as the order was given, and being more intent upon robbing the dead than consulting his safety, hobbled on after the Hessians while they were wheeling into line for the purpose of executing the order of the general.

The manœuvres of the Hessians were exact, being little more than machines, and while in order went admirably on, subject, however, to be worse than useless when thrown out of gear.

In chronicling events that then took place, the province of the historian will be no farther invaded than is necessary to illustrate portions of the characters of those who otherwise might be misapprehended. For instance, Ethan Arnold might have enriched himself or won a peerage in time of profound peace, but then it never would have occurred to any one to question his patriotism, as there would have been no issue

for him to decide upon or evade ; and so with Simon—he might have gone on in the school in which he was brought up, had not the times he lived in controlled his destiny, bringing out a passion which might have lain dormant all his life ; and as he had a small command in the rear-guard intended to cover the retreat of the main body, it is necessary to speak of so much of the engagement that followed as to show his behavior in that particular instance. He had learned as much of tactics as could be acquired in so brief a time, but they were nearly useless in the command of a body of men who relied more upon their individual physical strength, than any discipline acquired in that short though not inglorious campaign.

Although nothing actually was attained at the time, except the affright of the English army, whose danger was most imminent before the disaster to the fleet, the demonstration became important, as it was the occasion of their subsequently abandoning the island to their enemies, fearful of a more unsuccessful issue thereafter.

It was the fortune of Simon to be assigned to the command of a company of volunteers, forming a portion of the little guard spoken of, and as soon as the Hessians had delivered their fire, he made a rapid circuit around the brow of a small hill which protected him from being seen, and where his party had an opportunity of taking deliberate aim at their adversaries. This unexpected attack at first staggered the Hessians, but being supported by a small force sent down from the main body, they gathered up new courage, faced about and drove their enemy a little way, who, fortunately for themselves, were also reinforced by a company happening to be near at hand.

A contest then took place, witnessed by both armies while manœuvring against each other, but fearful of endangering their own positions by sparing more men to assist in the combat. The scene that ensued was a kind of tournament, where the prowess of either army was to be decided by a few hundred champions. On one side all was order, steadiness, and precision ; the soldiers well-accoutred and imposing, with a band of music in the rear, playing for their encouragement, "God save the King." On the other side there were perhaps an equal number of men, but in mean attire and badly appointed, in all respects ; their line was anything but a mathematical one, and the first impressions of a stranger would be sympathy for so forlorn a body, having little or no appearance of soldiers, and whose fate appeared certain.

The English expected they would have retired at the first round, but having now stood half-a-dozen without wavering, both armies ceasing to operate against each other, busied themselves by looking on at the contest in the valley below with a national interest. As one party or the other appeared to flag, they were encouraged by the cheers of the main body to which they belonged. The men were falling fast on each side ; and those engaged as they warmed in the contest, advanced nearer to each other, until hardly fifty feet divided the combatants. The Hessians perceiving their firing did not produce the desired effect, fixed their bayonets and advanced to the charge, but before crossing them with their foe, they, discovering the latter were men of too powerful frames for a hand-to-hand conflict, steadily and in good order fell back to their original position.

The commanding generals on each side would have been glad to have supported their respective corps as the battle

assumed a ferocity the more intense, as the pride of the combatants was stimulated by fighting under the eyes of their comrades ; but they were fearful of bringing on a general engagement—a step they were unprepared to risk. A defeat to either party would have been attended with the most fatal consequences, as there was no place of retreat upon the island affording shelter to a defeated body of men in the face of a victorious army. The English were most interested in avoiding a general collision, as there were strong reinforcements on their way from New York, whose arrival were daily expected, which would give such a preponderance in their favor that little would then be risked.

Under these circumstances their policy was to amuse the Americans until the expected aid should arrive, for the confidence in their own power was much shaken, when they saw the bloody contest by a handful of men, raging before them.

The Hessians and their allies were fighting mechanically and in order, but as the passions of their assailants rose in proportion to the obstacles to be overcome, they forgot that "there is strength in unity," and while a knot of a dozen or so had advanced out of line for the purpose of getting surer aim, as many more had fallen back either to carry off some of their wounded brethren from the field, or for the purpose of procuring ammunition. In this manner their line had become confused, and it was difficult to say where was their base of operation. Simon, in the meantime, had retired behind a knoll a little to the right, for shelter, where his men could breathe a moment, safe from the balls of the enemy. Many of them had been carried, either dead or wounded, from the field. The day was sultry, and the heat and fatigue had nearly exhausted the rest of them. One of his men, a stout

burly fellow, whose parents belonged to the Society of Friends, seemed to suffer more than the others ; he was lolling like an ox, and the perspiration streaming down his red cheeks.

"Ephraim !" said Simon, "take off thy coat, for it incumbereth and oppresseth thee ;" and at the same time addressing an Orderly, added, "and thou, Sergeant Delilah, take off thy coat also, and set these men an example of prudence and comfort, which they seem not to understand." The sergeant, who was also a backslider from the faith as well as Ephraim, gave the order to "Off coats," and so incumbered with them had the men been, that the order was instantly obeyed by the entire command, whose numbers had become greatly reduced. The English, fond of *pluck*, even in an enemy, could not avoid giving a cheer when they saw the system with which they stripped themselves, it being the only order received during the day thoroughly understood.

It was said that Sergeant Delilah who had suffered from the heat, was a little irritable, and as he threw his coat upon the ground as if he never wanted to see it again, made use of the following expression : "Lie there, d——n thee !"

It may not be true that he used the language ascribed to him on that occasion, but if he did, considering the cause, though far from being commendable, perhaps the charitable may be inclined to excuse ; and it is to be regretted that he has not as eloquent an apologist as uncle Toby had, when, being peculiarly situated, he made use of similarly unguarded expressions.

The allies who had been enveloped in smoke and unable to see their enemy for some time, took advantage of a gust of wind that had driven it away, to reconnoiter the field, when, perceiving the line of their adversaries broken, as has been

described, charged so suddenly, that they presented in their scattered state but a feeble resistance; the English army cheered, and their bands played the Rogue's March, to tantalize their foe.

Passing Simon's party in their charge, without perceiving him, and in full cry, he took advantage of their disorder, and directed his men forward, who, perceiving the bad effects of scattering their ranks, kept in close order, and after delivering their fire into the rear of their adversaries, broke through their ranks, and threw them into confusion. The retreating party perceiving the tables were turned, faced about—thus hemming in their enemy between Simon and themselves; a portion of them were taken prisoners, while the remainder in utter confusion retreated to their works on Quaker Hill.

It was now the turn of the Americans to cheer their champions, and the air was rent with hurrahs! by more than six thousand voices, when merry Yankee Doodle was struck up—an extraordinary piece of music, originating with the English, but none the worse for that. The conflict was not ended until near night-fall. The sun set that day with a glory peculiarly American, giving a tinge of green and gold to the many islands in the river, and impurpling the waters with the soft shadows of the passing clouds.

Upon going on the field for the purpose of caring for the wounded, Gipsy John was found writhing upon the ground, a bullet having passed through his body. He was occupied, when his spasms would permit, in secreting articles he had stolen from the dead and dying in an old knapsack he carried with him for that purpose. Simon ordered him with others in a similar condition, to be carried to the rear. As he was about to be taken from the field, he crawled towards a dead

officer for the purpose of securing anything that might have been on his person.

Simon looked upon the wretch with a degree of disgust he never before had felt for any human creature, if indeed he could be called such; and as he turned away, the horrible and ludicrous was so blended, that he thought to himself, "that soldiers as well as travelers, sometimes have strange bed-fellows."

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER watch-fires had been kindled, and other apparent preparations for a bivouac, in order to deceive the enemy, the main body of the Americans under cover of the night, took up their line of retreat, after strengthening their rear and directing them to follow, when the field should be cleared.

Those whose wounds were considered mortal were left behind, under the protection of the guard, who, collecting them from the field, placed them in an old stone out-house, where they were made as comfortable as the limited number of blankets that could be spared, would permit.

Gipsy John had crawled to one corner of the room, managing by some means to place his knapsack in the angle. He lay so still that Simon thought him dead, but to be more certain he put his foot gently against him, when the Gipsy, after quivering a moment, as one having received a death-blow, grasped at his treasure, muttering something expressive of fear that it was about being taken from him.

He, at length, for want of strength, rolled upon his back, gasping and struggling for breath, and at the same time picking in the air with his fingers, as if defending himself from some creature hovering over and tormenting him in his last extremity. His limbs at length became inert, his eyes glazed, and he was to all appearance dead, when Simon, or, (perhaps more courteously speaking,) Captain Overing ordered the body

to be carried out. A couple of men immediately came forward to obey the mandate, and as they laid hold of him for that purpose, he again convulsively grasped his knapsack, and uttered a howl so terrific as to cause the men to start from their places. The sound had hardly died away when his head fell upon his shoulder, his limbs were gradually extended, and all was over—Gipsy John was dead; and whatever were his spoils they of right belonged to the victor.

Under ordinary circumstances Captain Overing would have left them upon the field, with others of similar character, but his curiosity had been awakened, and he ordered the knapsack to be thrown into a baggage-wagon containing his own luggage. Shortly after the rear-guard followed the main body, and before day-light had revealed the fact to the enemy, they all had safely crossed over to the main land.

The captain, for several days after effecting his retreat, had been so occupied that he had forgotten the circumstance of the Gipsy's baggage, when one of his corporals entered the tent where he was sitting, looking over a map of the section of country where it was proposed to operate, and requested to know what he should do with it? "Bring it here!—I had forgotten all about it!"

The order was instantly obeyed, and Simon poured the contents upon the ground. A catalogue of the heterogeneous mass will not be attempted to be given, but there were breast-pins, lockets, containing hair, miniatures, watches, both gold and silver, and indeed almost everything else pertaining to a gentleman's toilet, which the Gipsy had taken from his own dead on the field of battle. At the bottom of the whole was a mass of old and filthy papers, tattered, greasy, and torn, almanacs of the time of George the Second, and scraps of pa-

per lying confusedly about the bottom of the sack, without arrangement, and apparently uncared for.

Simon immediately ordered the valuables to be sent to the military-chest for the benefit of whomsoever it might concern and the papers burnt. As his orders were about to be executed, he bethought himself and said, "Leave them," (pointing to the papers,) "I will destroy them myself."

Soon as the soldier had withdrawn, he commenced perusing the first one he laid his hand on. It was a mere scrap, and seemed to be a direction how *two twin boys* should be disposed of. The rest of the paper on that side was too much worn to be read, but on the other was a direction that they were to be left on board of some outward-bound ships on the eve of departure, and the person to whom the anonymous paper was directed being particularly cautioned that they should not be both left in the same vessel. In another place he found the figures 1715.

Such a paper found upon any one else would not have demanded a moment of his time, but the circumstance that it had been preserved so long, by so miserable and demoniacal a creature, and bearing a date so ancient, arrested his attention. Upon turning over other portions of the rubbish, his eye caught upon a paper comparatively clean, and there in a cramped and trembling hand, to his amazement were found memoranda of the following import:—

"Give fifty guinea and I tell who you are—what you are, and where you were born, and who was your father, and who was your mother, and how you went to sea, and who sent you to sea, and the reason that you was sent to sea. I know a great deal—I am very poor—I like money very much—for money I never lie—some call me wizard—I am

no wizard—I can tell you a great many things, so send me fifty guinea "

On another slip the following was scribbled, seemingly in anticipation of a favorable reply ; and if so, that he might not be delayed in receiving the money he demanded for his information :—

"Your name is Arthur St. James—you are Capt. Cast-off's twin—his name is Richard. Your mother died—your father married another—he had by her a son—died rich—step-mother love her son best—give fifty guinea to put both out of way. Dropped you on board Syren, bound Cape Good Hope—put Richard on board Andromeda, bound to India. Sailor think this good luck—take good care of little boys. I put good many little boys out of way—I never kill little boys—I love little boys when they plump and fat—I don't like little boys who arnt plump and fat—You born in Wycherly Manor. Your father owned Wycherly manor—fine old place. All true—never tell lies for money—never tell lies when so much truth to tell.

GIPSY JOHN."

"This is strange," thought Simon, "very strange !" He fixed his eyes unconsciously and vaguely upon an object, lost in his own reflections, and continued his gaze for some time, when at last he aroused himself with the exclamation, "I believe it ; and since my mind is drawn to the subject, Arnold and Castoff do look alike—yes, much alike—enough to be twins ! While engrossed with such an unlooked-for event, the Adjutant entered the apartment, and told him his colonel wished to see him. He then returned the papers to the sack, except those he had perused, which he carefully laid aside.

As a Cartel for the exchange of prisoners was about to be dispatched to the English camp, he resolved he would take ad-

vantage of that opportunity to send all the papers to Mr. Arnold and let him do with them as he pleased.

On the following morning, however, he received notice informing him he was named as one of those commissioners, to proceed to head-quarters of the enemy, for the purpose above mentioned, with power to settle several questions of rank, that had given much trouble in relation to the exchanges of some officers the English had insisted had no legitimate rank. Accordingly, on the day appointed, Simon and his two comrades, much older men and superior in rank to himself, set out on horseback, with their luggage mailed behind their saddles. After they had crossed over to the island, they came upon the different fields upon which the two armies had been operating. Carcasses of horses, broken wagons, dismounted cannon, caps, holsters, broken muskets, and a variety of other things lay scattered about as too worthless or too disgusting to tempt even the cupidity of the followers of a camp. The day however was bright, but they left a scene casting a shadow upon their future progress; it told a sad tale of the consequences that had followed the few days' operations of the two armies. They were gone—not even a patrolling party was in the neighborhood to break the lonely and desolate aspect which the destruction around presented. Simon was young, however, and ardent, and not the less so on account of his gait being slow, and thinking twice upon all matters of importance before he determined upon acting, and therefore the blood shed a few days before was forgotten.

Upon approaching the English camp, he would have been glad to have visited his parent's house, and also to have spent an hour at Mr. Arnold's, but the rules of war would not permit it. The party, therefore, halted, and showed their white

flag, when within a few hundred yards of the lines of the enemy. An officer was dispatched to blindfold and to conduct them to the camp.

They of course were treated with marked respect, but a smile would occasionally escape those whose duty it was to be near them, at the precision and other evidences they exhibited of Puritanical faith and habits.

Captain Overing's fame had preceded him to the English encampment, the most of the army having been witness to the handsome manner he had turned the tables, when the portion of the rear-guard to which he belonged had been routed. He therefore had many complimentary visits made to gratify a curiosity that had been excited on the field. Although the members of the cartel were not permitted to make any examination of the military works, yet they were kept in a situation where the greatest personal freedom could be enjoyed not incompatible with such inspection.

While the commissioners were in the enemy's camp, Simon asked and obtained permission to visit his father's house, and also Mr. Arnold's, urging private business of importance with the latter. He considered the papers of which he had possessed himself after the death of Gipsy John, so important to the parties concerned, that he would not send them by a messenger, but took them himself when he left the camp, as two or three days could make but little difference in the affairs of individuals who had been ignorant of the subject-matter of which they treated, for a period of sixty years.

As soon as it was dark an officer was sent with the captain to accompany him to the house of Obadiah, to prevent his making any inspection on the way, or obtain information in relation to the state of the army. It was done in the least ex-

ceptionable way that so onorous an office could well be performed, and when they arrived at the house the officer insisted upon remaining outside until the visit of the captain was ended.

Simon had become so accustomed to his uniform that the strange sight of a member of his father's family being tricked out in regimentals had not occurred to him.

As there was a light in the parlor, he thought it probable there might be company, and therefore went around to the back-door, opened it, and entered the house. The first object that arrested his attention was Hercules, who, happening to be awake, musing over the danger he had just escaped from in the English camp, no sooner saw the reflection from the bright buttons of Simon's coat, and other trimmings of his dress, than his worst fears were aroused, apprehensive that he had been sent after to go through another edition of the usage he had before experienced. Hercules took a tremendous stride, and disappeared through a door-way leading into the cellar before Simon had time to announce his name. Hearing the kitchen-door open his parents came in from an adjoining room to see what was wanted, supposing, as was usually the case, that Hercules was asleep.

They stopped short upon seeing him, not knowing what it meant, that an officer should be found in that part of the house in the evening. Simon saw their surprise, and as the recognition after a little suspense would be the more acceptable, he resolved not to speak until spoken to.

After they had gazed upon so unusual an apparition for a moment without taking their eyes away, Obadiah spake, and said, "Whence comest thou, stranger, and why is it thou skulkest about the corners of the house at a time when honest people should be at home?"

He replied in a feigned voice, "It is Simon, the rebel, the son of Obadiah, who lives under the hill, that we want."

"Then I can tell thee, he is not here—he has gone out upon the Philistines in Gilgal, whom he has scattered abroad, if the news that has gone throughout the land be correct."

Simon replied in the same feigned voice, "He is an enemy to the King, and stirreth men up to mischief; we therefore desire that he be brought forth from his hiding-place."

"I tell thee," replied Obadiah, "that he has put on his armor and gone forth as did David, to look for his enemies in the valleys and in high places, and as he is young and strong, it will go hard with them whom he encountereth."

"But how is it that you, who are a man of peace, should so bring up your son, that he should rebel against his King? for the proverb saith, '*Bring up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it.*'"

Obadiah could not reply for a few moments, as the proverb seemed conclusive against him; he commenced, however, several times in one of his euphonies, but stopped in the midst, as it did not satisfy him, and he was too honest to use an argument that he disbelieved himself. The mother of Simon saw the dilemma Obadiah was in, and replied for him,—

"Thou seemest to be a man of war, young man, and so was Absolom, who, notwithstanding the precepts his father David taught him, was wayward and exceedingly head-strong—this is thy answer, friend."

"But what comes then of the proverb?" Simon inquired.

"It is very plain; for Solomon said, when the child became *old* he could not depart, &c. Now, I can tell thee, Absolom was a *young* man when he rebelled against his father, and Simon is about his age, and if they had been older, they

would have been wiser, and thus have followed the precepts of their early education."

Simon thought it ungenerous to impose upon his parents any farther; he, therefore, took his hat off, and placed himself in front of them. "Am I so altered that thee does not know thy Simon?" he exclaimed, and then threw his arms around his mother's neck and tenderly embraced her. She returned his affection, and though the discipline of her sect would not allow any extravagant expressions of joy, yet she was a *mother*, the tears started, and choking with emotion, she exclaimed, "Is it thee, Simon?—my poor wayward boy!"

Obadiah could hardly believe his senses, for how he should be there in the Continental uniform, within the lines of the King's troops, he could not understand, until he was informed of his mission, and that he had only come to see them for a few moments, when it would be his duty to return.

"And where is Hannah?" he inquired. "I cannot stay long, but I must see her before I go."

"She is with Lowther Matthews," his father answered; "he is sick, even unto death;—but, Rizpah, call Hannah, and thee can watch until she returns."

Simon's mother did as directed; and immediately Hannah entered the room. She had, as ever, a smile upon her lip, but was pale, and looked worn with care. Notwithstanding she had never appeared more lovely—it was beauty, however, tinged with grief, such as Tintoret might have employed for his Madonna, brightened perhaps a little by the sunshine of youth, which now through a cloud beamed upon it.

"I am glad to see thee, Simon!" she said, taking him by the hand; "will not the King's soldiers make thee prisoner?" she inquired, as she looked upon his uniform—it becometh thee,

Simon; but is it not dangerous to wear it in the face of thy enemy?"

He explained to her the nature of his business, and then inquired for Mr. Matthews. As soon as she ascertained that he was in no danger of being apprehended, Hannah insisted that he should go into the room where the invalid was lying, he being too feeble to sit up more than an hour or two during the day. Simon imitated the noiseless tread of Hannah, as he approached the bed where the sick man lay. He had so changed, that no one would have known him who had not seen him within a month; his cheeks were hollow, but flushed—his eyes sunken, and piercingly bright; he detected in a moment the step of a stranger, and raising himself upon his pillow, looked with surprise at the intruder. After gazing at him for a moment, he sunk back exhausted by the exertion, but rallied a moment after, when he said to Hannah, in a half whisper, "That person once saved me from drowning!" After resting a moment he added, "I saw him a prisoner on board the *Lyonel*—strange, I did not recollect him—how clearly everything seems to me now"—(here he with difficulty caught his breath, but in a moment after proceeded)—"I see the future—Britain defeated—France drenched in blood—the Russian bear hunted—the, the——" He then, without being able to proceed, feebly shook his head, meaning he could say nothing more. He lay as if asleep for a few moments, and directly after motioned Hannah that he wished to speak to her. She put her ear near his mouth, and he inquired in a whisper, "Who is he?" She answered, in a half-audible voice, that he was her brother. The dying man stretched out his hand to Simon, who stood at the foot of the bed, contemplating the mournful scene before him, with feelings of sorrow deeper than

he had felt on the battle-field, when the dead were clustering around him. He advanced to the head of the bed, when Mr. Matthews took him by the hand, and grasping it as firmly as his strength permitted, exclaimed, "How strange!" his strength again gave way, and he continued almost in a listless state during the remainder of his short visit. He occasionally rallied a little, and showed symptoms of uneasiness, but as soon as he saw that Hannah was near, he became satisfied and composed.

Simon, fearful he had exhausted his companion's patience, who was waiting in the yard, took leave of his parents, who counseled him not to run into danger, but to be wise and prudent. Hannah was so absorbed in her duties to her dying kinsman, that she had little heart for any thing else, and it was not until Simon said, "How is it, that my sister is not inclined to take leave of me?—the conflict is not yet over, and it may be that my blanket is to be my winding-sheet." She was sitting when he uttered the reproof, with her hand unconsciously resting upon the forehead of Mr. Matthews, lost in the sad reverie of his coming dissolution. Her heart was his, and if it had been the will of Providence that her soul should take its flight when his should be called away, she would have been relieved of the rugged and cheerless journey she was destined to pursue. She started from her seat as the reproof struck her ear, and embraced her brother, and at the same time said, "Simon! be not angry!—thee knows I love thee, but, but ——" Hannah could articulate no further. Mr. Matthews had been aroused from his lethargy a little by what had been said, and succeeded in partly raising himself from his bed; he again beckoned Hannah to his side, when he whispered something causing her to clasp her hands, and tears to flow Al-

though breathing his last, he perceived Simon was aggrieved that his sister had shown no emotion when he was about departing, and expressed a desire she should acquaint him with the fact, that if Providence had willed his recovery, they were to have been united in marriage. He further desired to be excused for engrossing so much of her attention."

She did as was requested. Simon's heart reproved him for having inadvertently caused an unnecessary pang to afflict the dying man to whom his sister was evidently attached. He took her hand and placed it in the invalid's, saying, "Thou art, or shouldst be a happy man, privileged to go down to the grave soothed and beloved by one whose heart is without guile, and whose soul is in unison with thine own. As a brother I surrender her to thee, and may thy last hours be made happy in contemplating the bright being who shall keep watch by thy side, until thy spirit shall be summoned away."

Mr. Matthews smiled with satisfaction at what had been said, and retained Hannah's hand as an evidence that he received the boon in the spirit it had been offered and yielded. Simon again took leave of his parents, and as he withdrew towards the door, perceived for the first time in his life, that they were agitated when pronouncing their "farewell."

His companion had almost lost his patience by the procrastinated visit, which he was courteous enough to excuse, when the cause of delay had been explained. Simon was silent on his way to the camp, for he was on the same ground that he had played upon in his childhood, wandered over in his youth, and was now traversing in his manhood—and then it

called to his recollection many things for reflection. The scene he had just left was a sad one, and although his stout heart would not allow him to complain, yet it was bleeding at every pore, for his sister, it was evident, had not fully realized the bereavement that a few days at most would befall her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THERE was but little sleep for Simon Overing that night. His mind continually reverted to his sister, and he would have been glad had his duties permitted to have staid at the house until the final scene should close with Lieut. Matthews. He had scarcely finished his breakfast, when, who should walk into his apartment but Captain Castoff. He drew himself up in front of Simon—as much as to say, “Do you recollect me? Do you think I will allow the man who destroyed the *Lyonel*, to go unpunished? Was it not a villainous piece of business to entrap me when I supposed I was settling a matter of honor?” When he had remained in this position for the space of a minute or so, after making a low bow with mock courtesy, he said, “This is Captain Overing, at present of the *Continental Army*, formerly *supercargo* of the King Philip, afterwards an occupant of his Majesty’s frigate, the *Lyonel*?”

Simon bowed an assent.

“When the commission is over,” Captain Castoff said, “I hope I may have the honor to settle some little differences I have with you, prior to which I will have squared my accounts with Ethan Arnold, whose neck *I hope* to save from the halter.” Simon became indignant that such language should be used while he was occupying so sacred a position within the lines of an enemy, and therefore replied, that “It neither betokened courage nor delicacy to go so far out of his way to be

offensive to one who should be protected, not only by the usages of civilized nations, but by the more ordinary laws of hospitality."

Captain Castoff was surprised to be dealt thus plainly with by a person who had been so long his prisoner, and accustomed to an implicit obedience to his commands. After waiting a moment to gather up his thoughts, he said, "As for firing the ship, I do not know of anything to complain, as your life would have been forfeited had you been either detected in the act or recaptured while making your escape; but for that old pirate, Arnold, to arrange with you, to capture me in the manner you did, was an act degrading as it was false and cowardly."

At the last expression, the blood flew to Simon's face, and seizing the hilt of his sword, drew it partly from its sheath, when, perceiving the captain was unarmed, he returned it to its place, and coolly answered, "Your helplessness and age are your best protection."

"Well, young man," replied the captain, cooling down a little, "I like your spirit, a tyro as you are in the etiquette of the camp. If you are excusable in the part you played under the direction of Arnold, he has forfeited all claims to the title of *gentleman*, if any he ever had."

"Would it not be better, Captain Castoff, to acquaint one's-self with facts, before we make assertions? Now let me tell you, that Mr. Arnold entered into no arrangement with me. It was a proposition of my own, and for which I alone am responsible."

"Then certainly I owe the man an apology in that respect, though my opinion of him is unchanged in relation to his general character."

"I am not disposed to play the champion for any one," Captain Overing answered. "He has been a very good friend of mine, and if he has dealt wrongfully with others, it is for them to settle the account with him—not me."

"That is in progress, young man," the captain answered, "and I hope before the sun goes down to-morrow to have the opportunity —"

Before he finished the sentence, Eldad came into the room, and as soon as he had shaken hands with his brother, announced that Lieutenant Matthews had just breathed his last. "Matthews! Matthews! dead!" Captain Castoff exclaimed, and for a moment turned to the window to hide his emotion. He at length said, without appearing to notice any one, "A truer heart never beat in the breast of man, nor a nobler spirit winged its way from a wretched world."

Simon was prepared at any moment to hear of the decease of Mr. Matthews, for he thought he could hardly survive the night when he left him at his father's house. It touched him much to see Castoff so affected at the death of a person whose relations to him in life were but that of an ordinary acquaintance. He immediately changed his tone of defiance, and said, in a soothing way, "Sit down, Captain Castoff! we have lost a mutual friend, and can sympathize in the bereavement."

"Where did you know him?" Captain Castoff inquired, in an abstracted way, as if the words were uttered while his mind was intent upon his deceased friend.

"I first saw him on board the *Lyonel*, when she was on Cormorant Rock some years since, and where I also made your acquaintance."

"Are you the person who came a-board of us in the night,

and whom we landed on Block Island, the next day?" inquired the captain, with much emotion and surprise.

"Yes."

"Then in Heaven's name, my brave fellow, why did you not make yourself known while a prisoner with me?"

"You had specific duties to perform," was the reply. "Your treatment was humane enough; besides, it was from the first my intention to capture or destroy the ship, and was determined to put myself in no position where any confidence reposed in me could be forfeited. You know I was your nation's enemy," he added, "for I announced it by my flag, when I knew that it would be the means of my capture. I never asked a favor; and all the time I remained on board your ship I was either confined or watched. Nothing was left to me as a point of honor, and the destruction of the frigate was the consequence."

"Captain Overing," said Castoff, "I have intruded myself too long upon you. The loss of my friend has sunk deep into my heart"—He faltered, and was about to retire, when Simon said, "It may be, captain, that the sad event just communicated, may furnish the means that will put an end to further misapprehensions, and as soon as you compose your feelings, I would like to see you—to see you privately—as I have that to communicate which interests you and another more than you can well conceive." Simon, after looking at his memorandum-book, said, "Say, to-morrow morning at seven."

"I meet Arnold at that hour on Goat Island," was the reply.

"For what purpose?"

"To settle our disputes."

"A duel?"

"Yes."

"Then, can you make it convenient to meet me here, this afternoon at four?"

"I have no engagement at that hour."

"Do not fail," Simon said, as the captain left the room. "I would have called upon you, being the younger man, but you know I am restricted to the specific duties upon which I have been sent, and should I obtain leave to go out in the day I suppose I should be blindfolded, which would be a little ludicrous, at least."

Castoff assented, and left the room in a far different spirit than he had entered it. He had been very fond of Mr. Matthews, for while a mere child (being then a cadet) the captain had transported him and a portion of his regiment to the Cape of Good Hope, subsequently to the West Indies, and lastly from thence to New York. His health had always been delicate, and he then looked upon Castoff more in the light of a guardian than an official who was merely obeying the orders of his government. He was grateful for any act of kindness shown him, and so often thus expressed himself that Capt. Castoff, finding he was one of the very few who exhibit gratitude for kindness received, felt a pleasure in extending it to him whenever an opportunity presented itself. These mutual feelings had grown, until a lasting attachment had been effected. Matthews' character was a beautiful illustration of the sentiments expressed by a distinguished pathologist when treating of pulmonary complaints—he says, "Whether it is that the delicate organization which predisposes to this destructive disease, contributes to amiability of temper and sweetness of disposition, is doubtful; but certain it is, that the malady in question falls in general on the best as well as the loveliest part of creation."

Even Eldad felt the severe blow that seemed to fall upon all who had had the privilege of Mr. Matthews' acquaintance, and when Simon asked after Hannah's health, he shook his head and only answered, "Bad enough!"

Upon being further questioned, he said, "She had not had her clothes off for a week, and just before he came away, had laid down and, he believed, was dozing."

Simon was shortly after summoned to attend the other members of the Commission, and Eldad retired, promising to see him again in the evening. They were occupied during the morning and up to three in the afternoon, with an equal number of English officers, settling relative rank and arranging for the exchange of prisoners. They then dined together in good fellowship with a much better understanding of the character and feelings of each other, than a dozen hand-to-hand conflicts would have produced.

He had been to his room for a short time when, punctual to the moment, the captain entered; he wore a grave aspect—his eyes were red, and the stains upon his cheeks clearly showed that the true and honest-hearted old tar had been weeping. Simon suspected as much, and he thought the best and most effectual mode of assuaging his grief would be to draw off his attention by proceeding to business. He therefore, in the most respectful manner, said, "Capt. Castoff, you will pardon me for asking, what may seem a rude and irrelevant question in relation to the matter I spoke of this morning—shall I proceed?"

Castoff was evidently still struggling with his emotions in the recollection of his friend, but he motioned him to go on.

"Well then, I will begin by asking, at what age you left your home to go to sea?"

He looked at him for a moment, the tears still swimming in his eyes, and then said, "My young friend, I never had a home or knew a parent;" and added, after a moment's hesitation, "this is a mortifying admission, and I trust it is in full confidence. I cannot perceive the object of your inquiry."

"I have an object, and one that you will understand and appreciate; I will ask you but one more question, and then proceed to business. What ship do you recollect first sailing in?"

The captain again looked with surprise at Simon, wondering what could induce him to pursue such an inquiry, but as he had promised, he answered, "The Andromeda."

With a view to ascertain whether the Gipsy had an opportunity of learning his history, and thereby getting up an imposition to obtain money from Mr. Arnold, he asked, "If he knew by sight an old man—a follower of the camp—whom the soldiers called Gipsy John?"

He replied, "he did—but knew nothing further of him; he appeared a poor inoffensive creature who obtained his living by telling fortunes, running of errands, and writing incantations."

"Capt. Castoff," Simon said, in a serious and feeling manner, "how strangely Providence works in the revelation of her mysteries! I believe that I possess the secret of your early history, and probably I alone—if you wish it to die with me, it shall; if not, then I am ready to put you in possession of what I refer to."

The captain was so astonished at the manner of Simon, that he hardly knew in what way to answer, but at length said, "It was a source of mortification during the early part of my life, and the reflection is still painful, that I should go to my grave ignorant of those, or their history, who brought me into the world—if they were degraded, dishonorable, low-born—

then I would rather die in my ignorance ; if not, however poor or persecuted, it would afford me consolation to know who were the authors of my existence."

Simon then said, "The hour has arrived to meet an engagement in an adjoining room. I shall be engaged not more than half an hour, and will then see you again. In the meantime you can peruse these papers ; I found them in the knapsack of Gipsy John, who, I forgot to mention, was killed in the late action, while engaged in robbing the dead." He then handed to the captain such of the papers he thought were useful in elucidating the matters then under consideration. Overing then excused himself, and left the room, returning just as the last of the papers had been examined by the captain. His mind was in a perfect state of abstraction, and his eyes immovably fixed upon the mass he had been occupied with. At length, arousing himself, he seemed surprised, when he saw that Simon was in the room. Overing felt it indelicate to say anything further upon the subject at that time, and then, as if it were a mere casual remark, asked, "if he could call the next day?" To which Capt. Castoff replied, "if I live until then—I meet in the morning——". Here his utterance failed him, and the grey-haired old seaman who had laid his ship a dozen times along side his enemy without the consciousness of fear, felt that his nerves were giving way under the strange conflict then agitating his breast. Without saying anything farther, Overing sat down at the table, and wrote a note in these words :—

"CAMP GUELPH, SEPT. 12, 1778.

"ETHAN ARNOLD, Esq.

"SIR—I am here under a flag of truce for a few days, upon business in relation to the exchange of prisoners. The object

of this note is to inform you, that I have important business with Captain Castoff early to-morrow morning, and he, therefore, will be unable to keep any appointment with any one else. You will, therefore, be so good as to defer your engagement until you hear further from me. I would like much to see Lucia and yourself, but I feel a delicacy in asking any more favors at head-quarters than I can help, although I am treated with all the courtesy and consideration that could reasonably be expected. I would also deem it a favor, (as your appointment with Castoff must inevitably fall through to-morrow,) that hereafter I may act as your friend in settling further preliminaries.

Your obedient servant,

"SIMON OVERING, Capt. 2d R. C. I."

He showed the note as soon as finished to the captain, who seemed satisfied, and promised to call the next day as requested. He then left the room, engrossed with the strangeness of the position he found himself in, mingled with sincere regret at the loss of his young friend.

A few minutes after a servant announced a gentleman at the door. Overing thought it might be either his father or Eldad, both of whom through courtesy were permitted at all times to visit him, but his astonishment may well be understood when he was met at the door by an elderly gentleman, whom he had never seen before, but who subsequently proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling, holding the note in his hand that Simon an hour before had dispatched to Mr. Arnold.

The colonel took off his hat with great ceremony, filling at the same time the room with powder coming from his periwig, just from the hands of his *friseur*. The lieutenant-colonel's coat and waistcoat appeared to increase in size, as the fashion

diminished the dimensions of others, for his waistcoat now came to his loins, and his coat reached all but to his ancles.

After he was seated, and had offered Simon a pinch of snuff, he said that a servant of Mr. Arnold's had just handed him the note he then held in his hand, with the compliments of his master, and perceiving that it was written by Capt. Overing, 2d R. C. Infantry, which, he presumed, stood for the Second Regiment Continental Infantry, he had done himself the honor to call and see what the d——l it meant."

Simon could not avoid smiling at the abrupt conclusion of the sentence, considering the ceremony with which it was commenced, although he might have expected such a climax, as the colonel began to redden as he drew near its close.

He replied, "The business that would prevent Capt. Castoff from fulfilling his engagement with Mr. Arnold, was private, but imperative, and that he was not at liberty to say anything more upon the subject. With that, the lieutenant-colonel drew from his pocket a small volume, and after turning over the greater portion of its leaves, remarked, that "he did not find it laid down any where in 'Muzlehead's Code of Honor,' that a gentleman had a right to communicate in an affair of honor, unless through the agency of a second."

Simon explained that he himself was not conversant with the etiquette of dueling, and therefore hoped he might be excused from hazarding an opinion. The colonel expressed himself satisfied with this admission of ignorance, and left the room with as much formality as when he entered it, waiting until he had reached the gate before he returned his hat to its place.

Shortly thereafter, Simon received a note from Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling, with the information, that "everything was satisfactory, and therefore the *affair* stood over *sine die*."

In the evening the father of Simon called to inform him that the officers of Lieutenant Matthews' regiment, had made arrangements for the funeral, and that Capt. Castoff had been selected without his privity as chief-mourner. He also stated that it was to take place at the hour of sun-down the next day, and wished he would be there at that time to comfort Hannah, who had refused all nourishment since his death; and although she showed no external signs of grief, yet she looked very pale, and had slept little or none for several days past. "Simon said he would do so if his engagements would permit; and after he had sent a kind message to his mother and sister, Obadiah returned, and notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, could not help backsliding a little in his mind, upon the fine manly appearance of his son in his military dress, and the influence he exercised with the ablest of his coadjutors. Nothing transpired out of the ordinary way during that evening or the next day, and as soon as he had dined, by permission from head-quarters, was conducted to his father's house an hour or so before the funeral was to take place.

There was an air of sadness around the premises, but whether from the reflections of his own mind or the silence which reigned around, (except the monotonous whispering of the wind through the branches of trees,) he could not tell, but it seemed to him he would have known there was death within, even had he not been advised of the fact before-hand. The very clouds in the west, which were usually tinged with the rose as the sun went down, were sombre, and had gathered in folds around the western verge of the horizon so deep and dense that hardly a ray of light could pierce them. Without reflection he entered at the front-door, and the first thing de-

manding his attention was the coffin in the centre of the room, and Hannah leaning upon it, with her eyes immovably fixed upon the corpse.

The smile she always wore still lingered upon her lips, but she was pale as the face she was gazing at, and as statue-like as if she too were dead. She was engaged in her devotions, and for the purpose of joining with his sister, he went to the side of the coffin, when his scabbard accidentally struck it, causing her a slight shudder, being unable yet to disconnect the immateriality of the dead from the feverish and sensitive living. She at length raised her eyes, when she for the first time saw her brother beside her; but she was pensive, and exhibited none of that interest she had heretofore shown when he was near. He spoke kindly, and her lips would part and the smile play around them as if about to reply, but they refused her utterance. Simon laid her head upon his shoulder, and soothingly though solemnly condoled with her upon the irreparable loss they all, and she particularly, had sustained. The tears started, and he gently wiped them away as they fell upon her cheek. At length she was relieved, when, taking her brother by the hand and pressing it, said, "How am I to endure all this? Our faith teaches us that we should yield to Providence without murmuring, whatever it may claim at our hands, but it seems hard that it should exact what we most love, while it giveth to many neither strength nor wisdom to withstand its blow."

Simon was about reminding his sister, it had been observed in all ages, that the good of the earth were early summoned away, to answer some purpose in carrying out the great designs of Providence, and that it was not becoming in us, who could not understand the least of them, to call in question

the wisdom of Him who had planned them, and which in the end would convince us of our short-sightedness.

Captain Castoff at this moment entered the room. The hilt of his sword was covered with crape, and he wore a badge of the same material around his left arm; this was an outward form—but no one who saw his face but was satisfied that he was a mourner at heart, for there was a certain solemnity in the expression that the hypocrite has never yet been able to copy, with any better success in modern than in ancient days. He grasped Simon by the hand almost convulsively, as he looked upon the face of his departed friend. The pressure was returned in the same feeling, and several words of kindness and regard were expressed by both; but as the company then began to assemble, there was but little opportunity for farther conversation. The Sixty-second Regiment of Foot arrived, and were halted a little way from the house, and as everything was ready, immediate preparations were made to proceed to the place of interment. Several families of *Friends*, both male and female, collected at the house for the purpose of attending the funeral, and Hannah, without concert or knowing what they were doing, was ushered into a respectable-looking vehicle with her parents. The line of march was immediately taken up, with reversed arms, and the whole slowly proceeded to the grave, the band playing the usual dirge performed on solemn occasions. It was nearly dark when they arrived there, and before the service was ended, it was almost impossible to distinguish one person from another.

When they came to that part of the service when earth was cast upon the coffin, and the minister with emphasis pronounced the words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust,"

Hannah started from her apathetic posture, with an exclamation and a shudder, and then instantly relapsed into a half-unconscious state. After the service was over, the regiment delivered their fire by platoons over the grave, throwing a fitful and lurid glare upon the assembled multitude, and then returned to their encampment, the band as they went, playing a merry tune, as if the beautiful service just heard had dissipated the solemnity they had exhibited in their march to the place of sepulture.

CHAPTER XXVII.

UPON returning to his apartment, Overing found a note lying upon his table from Mr. Arnold, excusing himself upon the score of business for not attending in pursuance of the request, but stated he would do so at an early hour the coming morning, adding, that "Lucia had for sometime been in the *dumps*, and he inferred she expected he would have called at the hall before his departure from the island." Simon had been so much engrossed that he had forgotten the request he had made, and consequently Mr. Arnold's omission to attend had created no disappointment.

The hour of ten had arrived before he was prepared to retire, and what, with his duties at camp, the mournful scene at his father's house, the sufferings of Hannah, the conflicting emotions he saw were agitating the breast of Capt. Castoff, conspired to keep him wakeful much of the night.

He was up betimes, attending to his business, the surest remedy for ridding one's-self from disagreeable reflections. About eleven o'clock Mr. Arnold's name was announced at the door, when Simon was again compelled to excuse himself to those he was engaged with. They met with a good deal of cordiality, though it was evident there was something more than usual preying upon the mind of the former; he was so absent after the first salutation was over, that he forgot at times where he was or the object of his visit, and partially

exposed the cause of his trouble by involuntarily articulating "One hundred and twenty thousand pounds sterling." He seemed conscious of having exposed himself, and at length said, "It is the town's talk, and I may tell, for you will hear it distorted by some of the half-witted idlers gaping about the streets in search of something to astonish the baker or butcher with, when the one serves his rolls and the other his surloin ;" and, without waiting or caring whether Simon had time to hear his story, he commenced, "A few years ago I fitted out the *Tartarus*, having obtained a roving commission to cruise on the Spanish Main, where she made prizes of half-a-dozen West Indiamen, richly freighted with Peruvian ore, which she brought safely into port, and the prize-money distributed among her officers and crew, after deducting my share of the profits ; and it seems the King of Spain has actually scared his Britanic Majesty by his repeated threats into causing the *Tartarus* to be seized, and also to make other restitution by attaching the whole of my property. This is a fine piece of business," he continued ; "in the first place, to quarrel with the Spaniards, and not having courage to make war, induce his subjects to fight his battles in times of peace at the risk of losing their ships, and then to turn short round and slip out of the dilemma himself by meanly—yes, I say *meanly*, implicating *them*, is rather too much, and I hope you will anoint the fellow's head before you get through with him with *bears' grease*."

"Hush ! hush !" said Overing, in an under-tone ; "the room adjoining is filled with English officers, and some are there, I know, who want but an excuse to prefer charges of high-treason against you."

"Let them prefer," was his reply, with an oath ; "I would

as soon they hang me as to rob me—but," said he, breaking suddenly off from the subject under consideration, "you interfered at an unfortunate time with Capt. Castoff's movements ; the matter would have been settled now, had you postponed your business with him a day or so, eh ! Simon." So much time had been taken up with matters irrelevant to what he intended to introduce, that Overing concluded hardly a more inopportune moment could be seized upon for broaching the revelations of Gipsy John, confident he would pay no attention to anything foreign to the matters then engrossing his attention. Mr. Arnold without thinking to inquire as to the object of his visit, took up his hat and left the room, with half-suppressed anathemas against the King. On his way out, he met Capt. Castoff coming in, who saluted him courteously, but Arnold stopped looking at him threateningly, nor did he take his eyes off until the former entered the house ; then turning short around, hastened home.

About three o'clock Overing received a note from Mr. Arnold, inviting him the day but one after its date, to dinner. The next morning he found the officers very generally with invitations also. He could not avoid smiling at the *ruse* it was evident he was already attempting, either with a view to conciliate the King's officers, who were charged with the execution of the attachment, or getting the principal officers to interpose in his favor.

Being about to decline on the score of want of time, or permission to leave the camp, Overing was importuned by several of the gentlemen of the camp who wanted introductions to Lucia—so successfully, that he promised to make one of the party, provided permission was obtained without any application of his own. An hour afterwards he was handed a

permit, with the compliments of General Piggott, who stated that he would call in person on his way in company with the Earl Stanhope, whose ship had just arrived in port, and would be glad to have the company of Capt. Overing, should it be agreeable to him.

As usual on such occasions, there was much dissatisfaction on the part of those left out and who were supposed to be too unimportant personages to avail the host by any influence they were supposed to possess, and they did not hesitate to say, that "It was strange, gentlemen would accept of invitations from a person who stood charged with mal-transactions little short of piracy!" Their remarks, however, had little effect else than to be laughed at, as every one knew those disappointed would have partaken of his grapes, had they been within reach.

At the appointed hour for setting out for the hall, there was almost as much commotion in camp as there had been when going out to attack Sullivan a few weeks before. General Piggott and the Earl called on their way, as the former had intimated he would do. The latter was a small, young man of twenty-five or twenty-eight years, with a most decidedly vulgar face, strongly marked with sensuality. He was without fortune or fame, except that acquired by leaving the harbor in the night with one companion in an open boat, proceeding through the Sound to New York to acquaint Lord Howe of the invasion of Rhode Island, and to ask for succor. Preparations were made as usual at the hall on a magnificent scale, and Lucia, though pale and more matured, was none the less beautiful. She had but one competitor among the numerous ladies at all vieing with her in the richness of costume or the costliness of her ornaments, and that was

Lady Percie, who seemed twenty years younger, and infinitely more beautiful than before her lord's misfortune.

Overing, who seemed conscious of his own importance and fine person, (after a little confidential aside-conversation with Lucia,) offered his arm, which was most graciously accepted by the right honorable Lady Percie, who seemed to have claims upon his attention, it was thought, either to make amends for being deprived of her lord's society, or because he was younger and handsomer. The young gentlemen, who either enamored with Lucia or desired her fortune, perceived before the evening was half-spent, that the game was up with them, for the confidential look of Overing and herself, when they passed each other in the general promenade, and the apparent delight she exhibited when remarks were made, either as to his appearance or gallantry, was evidence, if any were wanting, that her heart was throbbing for him alone.

He and her ladyship sat opposite to Lucia, and the Honorable Matthew St. Clair, a fine looking young dragoon, who, in the endeavor to make an impression, lost his dinner. The servants were in the act of removing the cloth, when the alarm of "Fire" was given, and the guests had hardly time to leave the table, before the impossibility of suppressing the flames became evident.

Mr. Arnold's gallantry was exhibited on this occasion in strong contrast to the flurry, that would have paralyzed the energies of almost any one else, for, when he saw the impossibility of extinguishing the fire, he coolly directed his servants to desist from attempting it, and to carry the table and its appendages to a grove of trees near by, where he insisted his guests should finish their repast.

The order was obeyed, and the revelry went on with as

little concern by Mr. Arnold as Nero felt when Rome was in flames ; nor had it ended until the walls fell in, and the fire-brands blackening in the smouldering ruins.

It was not until the dews began to fall heavily upon the gossamer apparel of the ladies, that the company began to disperse. Mr. Arnold caused his family to be removed to one of his numerous houses in town. The fire had the effect of creating considerable sympathy for him, and a petition was signed by all the principal officers in garrison, for a commutation of the very heavy and arbitrary demand the King had made in the way of restitution, to satisfy his most Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain. The request was granted ; and the demand reduced to sixty thousand pounds instead of the one hundred and twenty. Mr. Arnold forthwith paid the enormous amount, although the loss he had sustained by the destruction of his princely establishment, and the sum thus liquidated, fell but little short of the original demand.

The very next evening Lady Percie requested the company of Simon to tea, and although he had made arrangements to visit Lucia late in the afternoon, and the evening at his father's, yet in those days it was quite out of the question, and contrary to all preconceived ideas of propriety, to excuse one's-self when invited by a lady ; and he therefore was bound though reluctantly to attend. He accordingly put himself in battle array, as being the best evidence of the respect due so distinguished a personage, and at the appointed hour made his appearance, though less martial than Telemachus of old, who

“ A royal robe did wear with graceful pride,
A two-edged falchion threaten'd at his side,
Embroider'd sandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he moved majestic as a god.”

Nevertheless, his costume was better adapted to modern taste ; and his full coat, powdered hair, and silk small-clothes, were sufficiently captivating to please even the taste of the fastidious lady from whom he had received the invitation.

He was not a little surprised to find himself alone with her in a very luxurious apartment—a kind of semi-lounge—where couches, ottomans, and easy-chairs, were placed in comfortable negligence, while the table, furnished with china cups, little larger than thimbles, with other general accompaniments of that period, stood in the centre. The usual ceremony upon his entrance being passed, she took a seat by his side, (after ordering the shutters closed, and the servants to retire,) and commenced the conversation by complimenting the dress the American army had adopted, expressing her preference to blue over red, and said, that “the latter color was better fitted to please the fancy of a New Zealander than becoming a civilized being, and that she believed the common soldiers were so disgusted that it caused great numbers to desert, who in fact were loyal at heart.”

With her own hands she placed a chair for her guest beside her own, at a small round table, whose dimensions seemed well calculated for the two. The tea smoked from the little silver kettle, and the lights gave a cheerful tinge to the comfortable arrangement of the whole apartment. There were repeated inquiries after her ladyship at the outer-door which were answered by the porter in attendance, “Not at home !”

Simon could scarcely prevent his mind from wandering back to patriarchal days, when the casualties and improprieties of the fair Egyptian came so near ruining a better man than himself, and could not, like him, but feel a little awkward in finding himself thus intimate with so recent a female acquaintance.

The subject seeming to engross her thoughts most, was the probability of an exchange of her lord, and at what period that event would most likely transpire. She managed her inquiries so adroitly that he at one time suspected she was solicitous for his arrival; but was compelled to change his opinion, when, upon answering that the negotiation was concluded which would restore his lordship to her arms, a sudden pallor came over her face.

"Is it possible, my dear captain!" she inquired, and at the same time taking him by the hand and pressing it gently, as much as to say, "alas! alas!" She had made herself thus far interesting, when suddenly a discharge of artillery, shaking the house to its centre, came booming over the harbor, which to the well-practiced ears of Overing sounded like a salute.

"A new arrival! Perhaps his lordship has returned," said he, feeling a little curious to see what effect the announcement would have upon her nerves.

Clasping her hands, and with upraised eyes, without seeming to know what she said or did, exclaimed, "Heaven forefend!" and then sank upon an ottoman, evidently very faint.

Directly after the streets rang with tidings that his lordship had arrived, and in a few minutes would be on shore. Half a dozen kind-hearted ladies rushed unbidden into the apartment where she lay in hysterics, to announce the glad tidings of her husband's safe return after so many escapes by land and by sea. Overing, thinking it would be awkward to encounter his late prisoner at so early a stage of his arrival, upon his own threshold, retired to his quarters. Although there was scarcely an officer or man in the army not regretting Percie's return, yet early the next morning the forts were blazing away with the *glad* tidings of his arrival.

Upon rising the next morning Overing's eye lit upon a paragraph in the morning's paper giving an account of the arrival of the General, which went on to say, that "The event had diffused general joy throughout the island. The first act," it further stated, "this great and good man performed, was to interfere in behalf of Sergeant Middleton, and the mutineers who prevented his execution. The ladies in garrison had felt a very general interest in the sergeant's family, and especially in little Sue, who was petted by the whole regiment to which her father belonged. But," continued the aforesaid Journal, "it is strange that some persons delight in making themselves so officious as to interfere in other persons' affairs, when they had far better be attending to their own. In illustration of this sentiment, (which we have felt it our duty to endeavor to impress upon our readers for the last twenty years—and we are sorry to say without effect)—the Lady Percie has received a severe shock by the indiscretions of several of her female friends who, as soon as they heard of the arrival, rushed to her room, (where she had been entertaining an illustrious visitor with her usual hospitality,) for the purpose of announcing the glad tidings, who very naturally supposing from their anxious and terrified appearance, that either the Rebels were bombarding the town, or, more probably, that some calamity had befallen the object of her adoration, fainted, then went into hysterics, and ever since has refused to be comforted. We hope this will be a warning to those who, having no sensibilities themselves, suppose others may be without them also. Her ladyship's memory appears to be a little deranged at times, which, under the circumstances, is not at all surprising. Her malady appears to be expending itself in calling 'Oh! captain! captain!—help! help!' Vile slander—always

on tiptoe—was venomous enough to report that she referred to Captain Overing, demanding his assistance to protect her from her husband, when in fact her ladyship merely made a mistake of one step in grade, it being very natural, as the first commission her husband held, being that of *Major*, by which title she often addresses him at the present day, having acquired the habit when her young heart *first* responded to the affections of his."

"A very charitable editor, this!" said Overing to himself, with a broad smile, as he laid the paper down. "I certainly ought to feel much obliged to him, whatever her ladyship may think." He could not but reflect upon his singular position since the arrival of his old enemy; and although he had treated him kindly the little time he was his prisoner, yet he thought it quite likely that he would curtail the privileges which had so gracefully and courteously been bestowed since his arrival. While yet engaged in his own reflections, Mr. Arnold presented himself at the door, looking a good deal care-worn and dispirited. After the excitement of the entertainment had passed away, the reaction which followed, aided in giving an aspect to his affairs less flattering than they really were, even after the severe losses he had sustained. He had just made an attempt to see his lordship for the purpose of congratulating him upon his safe deliverance, but in consequence of the vast crowd around the door of his quarters, had found it difficult of approach, and on his return had "dropped in," for a few moments to rest himself. As Overing was not particularly engaged, he thought it a good time to dispose of the business he had before intended to introduce, and as he had nearly got through with his commission, he commenced at once by asking his age, and when he left his parent's house? remarking, at

the same time, that it was a piece of inquisitiveness he hoped would be excused when its object was made known. Mr. Arnold told him, with more frankness than he was in the habit of expressing, that "If he would satisfy him there was good reason for asking the question, he would answer it."

He then handed him the papers he had before exhibited to Capt. Castoff, which, after perusing awhile, appeared to strike him dumb, for he sat in his seat more than a quarter of an hour, apparently wholly unconscious of his existence. His frame at length shook as if his blood was freezing in his veins, when, after sitting silently a few moments more, he rubbed his eyes, as if awaking from a sleep, then taking his hat, left the room without speaking to, or noticing Simon, as he went out.

The latter knew enough of the workings of his mind not to be astonished at his strange conduct. But he did not fathom the *whole* trouble that was agitating him. His losses were great, but not so heavy as to interfere materially with his expensive habits; but his quick-sightedness would not allow him to shut his eyes against the strong probability developing itself daily, that the English army would be unable to maintain its position long upon the island, and in that event his property would be comparatively valueless.

These things were uppermost in his mind, though the extreme plausibility of Gipsy John's story was apparent, and the fact of his ability to state that the Syren was the ship he had left him in, and which Mr. Arnold recollected being on board as early as old enough to recollect anything, was sufficient of itself to give authenticity, or at least great probability, as to the truth of his statement. Besides, he had often been told by Lucia and others, of the strong resemblance be-

tween himself and Captain Castoff, which added strength to the tissue of circumstances thus strongly woven together.

After returning to the house he now occupied, he found it difficult to rally. One thing after another pressed upon his mind in such rapid succession, that before he had time to devise a plan to remedy one evil, he became engrossed with something else. He could not forget the old grudge he bore Castoff, nor could he realize he was anything to him more than he had been, although that fact gave him pain, of which he would have been glad to devise some antidote. Lucia saw that her father's brow was contracted with care, and instead of the strong will he had exhibited hitherto, his manner was mingled with an apparent anxiety for the future, softened with a degree of resignation she had never known him before to exhibit. When formerly being in these moods, she had found by unpleasant experience that it were better to leave him to his own reflections until the current of his feelings had changed.

But now assured that she would not be rebuffed as she had often been when conceiving it her duty to soothe and pacify him, she placed her arm around his neck as he sat near his window wrapped in his own reflections, and seated herself upon his knee. Instead of starting up, as she thought it possible he might do, he placed his arm around her waist, and said, "Lucia, the grayer I get, the more my troubles increase. I begin to feel that I would like to be quiet the rest of my days. I went to the hall early this morning"—He then drew his breath between his teeth, and added, "how dismal it looks!—such is the end of my ambition. This is not all," he continued, "I have heretofore told you as much of my history as I then knew—I have learned more, and if I feel well, will tell

you this evening the strangest part of all. My name, as I said, was assumed. I am now told it is Saint James, and believe it to be true." He then rose from his seat, and instead of the stiff and gruff manner heretofore characterizing him, gently kissed her, and left the house, remarking, as he went, that "he would return when he had settled some business-transactions, and tell her the rest."

Her mind became absorbed at what she had heard the moment before he retired. "Saint James!" said she, half audibly; "Saint James!—what can all this mean? Am I dreaming, or am I yet the sport of fortune?" These reflections, and her father's broken spirit, so soon as she was enabled to arouse herself, gave to her feelings a buoyancy altogether unaccountable, unless it were, that she now discovered his heart was not devoid of the common attributes of his kind, as she sometimes had been led to suppose.

Tea was ready at rather a late hour, and Lucia sat alone by the table waiting his return. At length coming in, depressed, and his nerves unstrung, he sat by her side, and hastened to swallow one strong cup of tea after another, for the purpose of composing himself. At length he said, "My destiny is fulfilled. The great object of my life is accomplished, for its riddle was solved when the mystery of my childhood was explained. But I am old—life is fading—my light has burned almost to its socket—the rest is worthless." Without giving her time to reply, he added, "This discovery is useless to me—the buffeting of my childhood—the contempt of the well-born—all induced me to seek the great lever of defence against their encroachments—riches! riches!—there lies the secret! I have had my revenge—England's proudest families have courted me, and I have made them feel the superior power of present

wealth over the meritriciousness of decayed respectability. You are young, Lucia—the world is before you robed in its tinsel trappings ; but no matter—it has charms for the inexperienced, and that is enough. It is not the province of wisdom to inquire too closely into its solidity, or reveal to the eye the contemptible materials lying beneath its surface. The name that I assumed in my youth has answered me very well—I have abided by it through good and evil report—it has in a measure become historic, and I intend it shall commemorate me upon my tomb when dead. When I am gone, do as you please ; but I hope you will have one so peculiarly your own you will not be pained by throwing off that with which your father has made his way through the world.”

Lucia was affected to tears to see this sudden change in her parent's spirit ; and she arose from her seat, and throwing her arms around his neck, exclaimed, “ *Your name is my name—your happiness, my greatest pleasure,*”—and then pressing his temples with her hand, said, “ Father, you are feverish, and I hope a night's rest will revive you.”

At this moment, a servant ushered Simon into the room, who, while excusing himself for intruding at that time upon their privacy, was interrupted by Mr. Arnold, saying, “ It is all right, for I know Lucia would like to see the papers you showed me, in relation to Capt. Castoff and myself, and which I was about to explain. It is nothing,” added he, “ that I care anything for, but it is quite natural she should.”

“ Without interrupting you,” said Simon, “ I will go—it is but a step—and get them ;” and as he opened the door to do so, he added, “ I saw Castoff an hour ago, and he sent his kindest regards to his “ *niece* ;” so confident is he of the truth of the Gipsy's statement, strengthened as it was, by the many cir-

cumstances that corroborated it.” Lucia found it difficult to control again her emotions. “ Niece,” she repeated, abstractedly ; “ Niece”—and is it true, that I have a connection else than my father ?” A thousand recollections then crowded upon her. She had envied those surrounded by family connections, while she existed apart from all of those attachments, that throw around the heart the evidence of its own merits, by calling from its recesses its best sympathies.

He was gone but a few moments upon his errand, and on his return found Lucia alone, her father having left the apartment, purposely absenting himself from the interview about to follow. She looked confused, astonished, yet excited, and anxious to learn the source from which her father sprung, to assure herself that her generation was not anathematized for the sins of those who had gone before him.

After pausing awhile, she said, “ I saw the strange creature once,” (alluding to Gipsy John,) “ and I then thought he came nearer to a supernatural agent than any being I ever saw, and I recollect him saying, *he* knew what I would like to know, with a kind of tantalizing swing, but to which I paid little or no attention at the time.”

Overing then related to her the fact that Capt. Castoff admitted he knew nothing of his parentage, and that his first distinct recollection was, being at sea, on board the *Andromeda*.”

“ It must be so,” Lucia replied, “ which, with the similarity of age, and the strong resemblance existing between him and my father, renders it conclusive. Exposure to the sea has given,” she continued, “ the former a more hardy and weather-beaten appearance ; nevertheless, their features are too similar to be mistaken. Oh ! how I want to see again,” she added,

"and talk to the honest old sailor, for whom, notwithstanding the difficulties between him and my father, I always had a yearning."

"I will put you in the way of it," said Simon, as he went to the window, "before I leave—there he is now!" he exclaimed, and without saying anything further, sprang to the door, and, as he was passing, called, "Castoff! Castoff!"

The latter heard the voice, and proceeded to the court to inquire what was wanted.

"Come in, captain, come in!"

Not knowing that Mr. Arnold lived there, Castoff did as requested, but perceiving Lucia, he felt somewhat disconcerted at finding himself in the house of his old and implacable enemy, of whom he had spoken more harshly than of any other man. Overing introduced them, though they knew each other by sight before.

She advanced, perceiving his embarrassment, and with a smile upon her lips, said, "We must not be strangers, for I believe you are a near connection."

Capt. Castoff could restrain himself no longer, and said, "I believe so too!" then taking her in his arms, he hid his weather-beaten face, as he embraced her, in the profusion of rich locks that had fallen over her face. "Thank God!" he exclaimed, as he drew himself away, "there is some one I can claim as *bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh*, before I die."

She strove hard to preserve a composed appearance, but the *soul* he threw into the recognition, and his manly and honest way of expressing it, almost overcame her. Some pleasant conversation followed, and Capt. Castoff retired, promising, upon the repeated request of his fair relative, to call again.

Overing's time passed so pleasantly that he remained until a late hour. He had loved Lucia from his boyhood, long before he had a personal acquaintance with her, and before his condition in life would warrant it; but he had felt such an abiding confidence in himself to overcome the obstacles in his way, that he had never doubted his ability to succeed after he had made up his mind to begin.

He had at first doubts, if the daughter of so unscrupulous a man as Mr. Arnold had not acquired some of his traits of character, but since he had gone abroad and become a little acquainted with the world, he had made up his mind that selfishness is the distinguishing feature in most men, and that they escape the odium of their malfesances more in consequence of the petty scale they practice on each other than from any merit of their own. He was satisfied too, that Lucia was as much a child of nature as a girl of her mind could well be; for, reared in the midst of luxury, without a wish ungratified, she had no inducement to learn the subterfuges the poor but proud are compelled to resort, in order to gratify their tastes. He had therefore complacently, (which was a secret of his success,) cultivated the flame he had indulged in, in his boyhood.

It was now understood their troth was plighted, and notwithstanding his willingness to have the ceremony solemnized in the church to which she belonged, yet *she* was desirous that it should be performed after the manner of the Friends, or Quakers, observing, that "when she had made up her mind to become his wife she felt it her duty as well as pleasure to conform in all things to the habits in which he had been educated, and, laughingly and a little wickedly imitating his manner when they first became acquainted, said, "*Thee* used to say, *a*

house should not be divided against itself lest it fall to the ground."

Simon laughed, and said in return, after assuming a countenance of indescribable gravity, and imitating to the life the sect of his father, "'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path,' eh, ah!"

Lucia broke out into one of her most hearty and joyous spells of laughter, and taking him by the hand, said, "Simon, I do love you, bad as you know you are!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HOWEVER inimical Percie might have been towards Overing for past offences, he made the best of them, and acted discreetly, in conceding all the facilities granted prior to his arrival, by allowing him to visit where he pleased, provided it offered no opportunity to inspect the public works.

He therefore availed himself of the first opportunity his engagements would permit, to visit his parents, and felt no little alarm at the sad depression and feeble health of his sister. She was glad to see him, for even among strangers his placid equanimity had a soothing effect upon the spirits of those with whom he communicated. She was pale—her eye languished, and although the smile, still hung upon her lip, giving animation as well as beauty to her expression, yet it seemed like the lingerings of a pleasant dream about yielding to a withering reality.

Simon was affected far more than he had ever been, at this apparent sinking into premature decay, if not into death, of his beautiful and beloved sister. He folded her to his heart, and spake of the bright prospects before them, when the war should be over and he could return home and enjoy with her the scenes of their childhood, the recollection of which freshened the more in his heart as the years stole away. She did the best she could to answer him in the spirit he displayed—but her articulation was weak; and when she

said "yes," it was done with a languor and exertion that betokened her mind was not upon the subject, or that her future was forever blighted. She had a morbid desire to dwell upon little incidents that occurred between Mr. Matthews and herself during the few last days of his life.

As Simon was upon the eve of taking his departure, she expressed a wish to accompany him as far as the place of sepulture, remarking, that "she was too weak to walk so far, and if he would order the wagon, possibly the drive might be of service to her."

The day was pleasant for so advanced a season of the year, and her parents being pleased that their child had an opportunity of having her mind diverted, even for a time, from the subject which of late had so painfully engrossed it, said they would accompany her, not suspecting the errand she designed, when they made the offer.

Among other things that Simon had presented to his father and brother just before he joined the army, was a pair of farm-horses, and as he saw Eldad, who had been threshing in the barn, coming to the house to bid him farewell, he called to him, saying, "Bring out the nags, Eldad; I wish to see if they are fit for light-artillery and will stand fire." The latter was about replying in his usual dogmatical manner, that "he had better uses for his team than to be employed for such carnal purposes," but reflecting who the donor was, contented himself by merely observing, that "the horses were exceedingly *skittish*, and always *shied* at the sight of a red coat." Overing then said, if such were the case they would be of no use, and then added, "See the horses are harnessed to the wagon; I wish to give Hannah a little exercise, for she is much depressed in spirits, and needeth recreation." The order

was obeyed with an alacrity quite unusual with Eldad, being stimulated by the certainty that the horses were to be returned.

When the little party were seated in the vehicle, he presented his hand to his brother, and said, "Farewell, Eldad; look well after the English when I am gone, and when I return, perhaps I will purchase for thee Seth Turner's farm, which will give thee all the land thee wants, and twice as much cider!"

"Success to thee, Simon!" his brother replied—"success to thee, I say, if thy cause be just; and should it not be, then I wish thee a safe deliverance and as much good luck as it would be proper to ask for."

After having driven off, Simon could scarcely help smiling at the ludicrous precision of his brother, notwithstanding the solemnity of the occasion, it being uncertain whether he would ever have the opportunity of visiting his home again; for as humble as it was, his passion for the scenes of his childhood had entwined around his heart a thousand recollections, which the longer he lived the more tightly was held in the grasp of this moral misletoe.

As the distance was short, a fifteen minutes' drive brought them to the church-yard, where the remains of Lieutenant Matthews were interred. Hannah had provided herself before she left home, with a rose-bush and several other flowering plants, for the pious purpose of adorning his grave.

As soon as Simon understood the errand of Hannah, he sprang from the carriage, and assisted her in descending after gathering up in his arms the roots she intended as emblems of her heart, to be dedicated to the memory of the dead. Tottering onward, she took her seat, all but exhausted, upon a step at the entrance of the church-door, near which was the grave, where it can be seen at the present day, and also the

head-stone, which Simon procured at the request of his sister, with this simple inscription :—

LIEUT. LOWTHER MATTHEWS,
62 REGT. OF FOOTE,
DIED JANU 5TH, 1779

Mr. Matthews in his life-time, had often said that he had no ambition for any panegyric, other than the one he hoped to leave in the breast of the pure-minded, simple-hearted, and beautiful Hannah, who loved and sympathized with him and by whom without doubt he would be remembered when dead.

Having rested, Hannah made an attempt to proceed to her task of planting the roots ; but her strength was inadequate to its performance, and her brother came to her assistance. She desired, however, to place them with her own hands into the ground, after he had prepared the place for their reception.

Her parents who still remained in the wagon, would have objected to this kind of idolatry, but Simon was there, who had of late become a sort of mentor, whose sanction was sufficient, at least to prevent them from hazarding an opinion before it was asked.

After having performed this (to her) religious rite, she smiled, and said, "Simon, I feel better than I did ; something tells me there is *that* going on between the living and the dead strange and unaccountable, which we may love and cherish, though the body may be mouldering in the grave. I am better," she continued, "for I am sure his spirit is hovering here, and approving what I have done. Is it not strange," she added, "that some should speak of the body as a worthless thing, as if never to be raised from its sleep?"

"Whenever we pursue the dictates of conscience, Hannah,"

he replied, "we are right, however foolish it may appear to others ; and as you are comforted by this expression of your feelings, it settles the question."

It was now getting cold, and her whole frame shook, as the bleak winds veering to the northward, swept around the corners of the church in solemn cadence.

Simon's breast heaved with emotion as he beheld the fragile form of his sister shrinking from the blast. He silently assisted her back to the carriage, and appearing chilled, he wrapped her in her cloak, and after taking leave of his parents, took her by the hand, and struggling to preserve an unmoved appearance, said, "Farewell, Hannah !—may the God of thy fathers bless thee !"

As they drove off, he continued to watch them until they were out of sight, when the suppression of his feelings proved too much, either for his *nature* or education, and large tears ran down his manly face—for he felt it doubtful whether he should ever see them again.

He retired to his quarters, and made immediate arrangements for his departure, and at the break of day the next morning he and his companions embarked in a river-boat, and with a fair breeze left the harbor, not knowing when he would have another opportunity to visit it again, although with his calculating eye he did not suppose the English could long support their position.

The day after Overing and his party had left the island, while Mr. Arnold was about entering the court-yard of his house, he was again arrested for a large amount, at the suit of the King. While yet in custody, Capt. Castoff, hearing of the circumstance, went directly to the officer who had made the arrest, and said, in the presence of Mr. Arnold, (but with-

out speaking to him,) "Make out the bail-bond, sir, and send it to me—I will sign it." He then walked off. The officer at once discharged his prisoner from custody, leaving him standing in the place where the arrest was made, astonished at this strange interference, by his old enemy.

This was the severest blow his pride had ever received; for the service of the process was public, and several of his old friends standing by when it took place, turned the corner of the street, fearing they would be applied to, to do that which Capt. Castoff had so manfully volunteered.

Having taken it into his head that the act was done with the view rather to humble him than for any other object, he went to his office after being liberated, with a fixed determination to surrender himself, rather than lie under an obligation to any man, and Castoff in particular. Before having time to put his *resolve* into execution he was seized with a severe bilious attack, and, despite the efforts of his physicians and the most assiduous attentions from Lucia, daily grew worse.

Capt. Castoff made several attempts to see him, but he was firm in the resolution he had taken not to admit him to his presence.

While laying in this extremity an order was received from the home-government by the proper officer, directing him to take into custody "Ethan Arnold, and cause him to be transported to London, in the kingdom of Great Britain, to answer for divers felonies by him committed on the high seas, wherein and whereby the property of Spanish subjects, and others at peace with his most Gracious Majesty, George the III., &c., &c., had been *seized, injured, and destroyed.*"

Capt. Goff had no sooner arrived in England than he, with the intention of saving his own life, offered to become a wit-

ness of the Crown, for the purpose of convicting Mr. Arnold. The crown-officer listened so far to his proposition as to cause the aforesaid order to be issued, but had been careful not to commit himself by making promises as to his safety, until he had further opportunity of testing the truth of his statements.

Mr. Arnold was too ill to be removed; but sentinels were posted around his house to insure his safe-keeping, should he become convalescent. Under these afflicting circumstances, Percie on several occasions, under an ostensible desire to visit the sick man, (but in reality as an excuse to visit Lucia,) endeavored to obtain admission to the house; but her father, who at heart disliked him, and believing he had a hand in bringing about his troubles, not only resolved he should not have access to the house, but sent him word that such were his orders to his servants, and also that he believed he was at the bottom of the conspiracy causing his arrest.

But Mr. Arnold was fast wasting away under a new type of his original disease. He lingered several weeks, when at length his hardy constitution gave way. He declined to the last, either to see Captain Castoff or to receive religious consolation, and when the death-rattle became audible, and he could no longer articulate a whole sentence, he held Lucia by the hand, looking her steadily in the face, occasionally pronouncing a portion of Simon's name, and her own in connection.

His voice gradually weakened; his grasp relaxed, and his hand fell beside him; his chest heaved—a gasp followed—and all was over. The *millionaire* was dead. His fame was based perhaps upon no more questionable enterprises, than distinguish many others, but whose history is a sealed book,

covered over so long by the cobwebs and dust of time, that it has passed away from the notice of a later age, becoming of no more consequence than the decayed atoms which hide it.

The death of Mr. Arnold was a severe blow to Lucia. She had been long taught to consider him all but omnipotent, and whatever others might have thought of his eccentricities, or the legitimacy of his transactions, none could question that he spent his money like a gentleman of the age in which he lived; and least of all, could she complain of either the want of parental affection or prodigal expenditures in administering to her happiness.

Although the mode adopted of displaying his wealth was certainly exceptionable, yet much can be said in his defence. It is the most natural thing in the world, (and therefore the most common,) that the gew-gaws of the shop should be sought after with the greatest avidity by those who have been denied such *luxuries* in early life.

As to his eccentric habits and non-confiding disposition, they too can be palliated, when his abandonment in infancy to the charity of strangers is considered, for in avoiding the kicks and cuffs he was exposed to on all sides, and especially from those whom fortune favored most, duplicity was the first lesson the law of self-defence engrafted upon his nature as a consequence, and enmity to his race the next.

His mind was strong, his judgment good, and his will all-powerful; but, for the reasons before stated, the good, the bad, and the indifferent, were so jumbled up in one confused mass, that in after-life he was never able to disengage himself from the web they had effectually woven around him.

As soon as the first shock had subsided, Lucia sent for Captain Castoff as the only friend she could fully confide

in. His countenance was enough to assure her, that she would find in him a second parent. The old tar, notwithstanding her father's continued hostility, looked upon the corpse with a tearful eye, as it lay in state beneath a sombre but rich canopy of velvet, prepared for the occasion.

The powerful will was marked in every lineament of his face as strongly as it had been in his life-time, and the energy of character which had come to its aid also lay grouped in other lines of equal significance.

Misfortunes rarely come single-handed, for spring had hardly set in when orders were issued from the Admiralty, for the arrest of Captain Castoff, with directions that he proceed home the first opportunity, to answer before a court of competent jurisdiction, "for the loss of his Majesty's ship, the *Lyonel*, in the waters of the Rhode Island and Providence Plantations."

Until Lucia had been made acquainted with this second misfortune, she had not fully realized the loss she had sustained in the demise of her father, for the captain had exercised towards her the most considerate attentions. She had shut herself completely from the world, and went out no oftener to exercise than her health absolutely demanded. On such occasions she took her uncle's arm, (as she called Captain Castoff,) covering her face with a veil, and when her walk was over, returned home as stealthily as she had left it.

To all of Percie's inquiries at the door after her health, he had respectful but cold replies from the servants, who—however obtuse such menials may be in other respects—have a peculiar faculty of catching the feelings of their employers toward those who visit them.

A less determined gallant than the general, would have long

before taken the hint to trouble himself no longer on her account—but the excess of spirits which he acquired from day to day in consequence of the reports of the three physicians who were in constant attendance upon Lady Percie, stimulated him to indiscretions that to do him justice, it is no more than fair to say, he would not under ordinary circumstances have committed.

They were shrewd observers, and had for some time distrusted his lordship's anxiety for the recovery of her ladyship's health, and mixing up a little policy with their physic, always dolefully shook their heads when they encountered him on their way from the sick-room, being sure then each to receive his guinea, and a subdued though graceful smile into the bargain. When the captain communicated to Lucia the unpleasant intelligence of his arrest, and the necessity of his proceeding at once to England, she was all but in despair; for whom to look to among the thousands who had partaken of her father's hospitality, she did not know, for the report had gone abroad, that his *estate* was *bankrupt*. With the exception of my lord Percie, not a half dozen of their numerous *friends* had called to condole with her, and it was very well known that he would not, had a feeling of benevolence been the sole consideration actuating him.

She had strong nerves and a will of her own; but thus fallen from her high estate, it was enough to weaken the one and paralyze the other—for she saw at a glance the motives at first creating their friendship as well as those which had destroyed it.

While thus undetermined what course to pursue, she received a letter from Overing communicating the intelligence that Congress, pleased with his negotiations in Rhode Island,

had determined to send him to London under a flag, as commissioner to aid in certain negotiations, the nature of which he was to be advised upon his arrival. But the most pleasing part of all lay in the postscript, informing her he would be in Rhode Island in a few days, having already been provided with a permit for that purpose by the commanding-officer at New York.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EARLY in the morning, and not more than a week before Capt. Castoff was to sail, the servants were aroused from their slumbers by a loud rapping at the door, causing them no little surprise when discovering it was no less a personage than Overing, who had occasioned the alarm.

He had not heard of the death of Mr. Arnold until a few days before leaving the American camp. He then made all the speed he could, intending, as Lucia was without a protector, to hasten his anticipated nuptials, and take her with him to England. She had not yet arisen when her attention was directed to the movements below stairs, but upon ringing the bell for her maid, it was answered by the girl entering into the room, with a good-natured smile, to communicate the pleasing intelligence.

Lucia left her room with all dispatch, and as she descended the stair-case threw herself into the arms of Overing, at the foot of which he was standing ready to receive her.

The recollection of the scenes that had passed since they had met, rushed suddenly upon her mind, and she was enabled to say little else at first, than "Heaven bless you, Simon! Thank God that you have come!" He pressed her to his heart, but it was some time before his emotions would allow him to speak, for she was much changed—she had grown thin—her cheeks were pale, her eyes dim, and her sombre gar-

ments gave an aspect of solemn sadness to her demeanor in strange contrast to the light-hearted girl she had always been before.

After she had become somewhat composed, without any prefatory remarks he made known his errand, and argued his cause so forcibly that he convinced her, under all the circumstances, the sooner their marriage took place the better it would be for all parties.

Capt. Castoff had performed so well the part of parent and friend since the decease of her father, that she reserved her final decision for his judgment, more perhaps as a matter of respect than a determination to be controlled, should it prove adverse to her own. He had for a long time been accustomed to breakfast with his niece, as he persisted in calling Lucia, and as the hour had now arrived at which he usually made his appearance, the two were anxiously awaiting him, when the door was opened and he suddenly and unceremoniously entered the apartment where they were sitting.

He receded back when he first discovered her in company with a gentleman in the undress uniform of an American officer, but another look revealed in the stranger the man for all the world he wished most to see: "How now, Capt. Overing!" he exclaimed, as he grasped him by the hand, and shaking it cordially—"I hope you are not here a prisoner of war, eh?"

"I am unquestionably a prisoner," replied Simon, as he glanced a smile at Lucia; "but I am so far reconciled to the misfortune," he added, "that my greatest apprehension is that she will let me escape unless you interfere and persuade her to detain me in custody."

The captain laughed heartily at the turn he gave his

salutation, and replied, he would do what little he could to prevent his going again at large. Overing made a sign of satisfaction at the captain's overtures, remarking jestingly, that as the Continental Congress had authorized him to wear the title of *Major*, he must insist that *he*, the captain, would commit no more misnomers."

"Ah! promoted? better luck than I ever expect, and shall be thankful, if not cashiered for that night's work of yours, when you sent the old Lyonel down in a blaze—I wish I could say—of glory." Castoff then explained what had just occurred in relation to his arrest and the orders he had received from the Admiralty to return home, and give an account of his stewardship. "But, captain—major, I should say," he continued, "jesting apart—tell me, are you a prisoner on parole? or how the d—l did you get here!"

Overing then related the object of his visit—the appointment that Congress had conferred, and the facilities given him, of coming within the lines of the English army. As soon as breakfast was over, he excused himself, and left the house, to enable Lucia to converse with the captain upon the subject they had been speaking of prior to his arrival, and in the meantime amused himself in once more looking at the harbor and the green and fertile country beyond.

After spending some time in this kind of amusement, he returned to the breakfast-room, where the two were still engaged in conversation. As soon as he came in, he was addressed by the captain, who remarked, "he had just been scolding Lucia, for saying nothing of the letter she had received, until that moment, alleging that as the reason he had been *taken all a-back*, when he had first discovered him." He then added, that "he approved of his proposal, (meaning

that he thought, under the circumstances, there was no impropriety in so speedy a marriage, after the decease of Mr. Arnold.)

As soon as the captain had thus expressed his acquiescence, Simon inquired concerning his parents and their family, but neither could give any account of them, as too many sad occurrences had crowded themselves together to permit either of the parties going abroad; besides, if they had, they were too obscure to be known in town, except by a few young men in the army, who sometimes spake of the "Quaker's pretty daughter," either choosing to designate her by that *soubriquette*, or, who did not in fact know her name.

As the time was drawing near for the ship to sail in which he had taken his passage, he had no time to lose, and after some further discussion, it was arranged the marriage should take place on the Thursday following.

After this he lost no time in procuring a permit to visit his parents, and informing them of what was about taking place. As marrying *out* of the *meeting* was a sin that the Quakers find it most difficult to forgive, yet he knew it would be some relief to them when informed that the ceremony was to be performed in conformity to the rules of their faith.

He therefore, late in the afternoon, accompanied by a young subaltern as before, set out for the farm, and upon his arrival there, took its occupants as much by surprise as he had the captain in the morning when coming to his breakfast. Hannah had just come in from the church-yard, where she had been attending the flowers she had planted the autumn before, and which were giving early promise to blossom upon the little mound, beneath which lay the object of her pious care. He rejoiced to see, though still thin and pale, that she was

better than when he last saw her. As soon as she learned that it was Simon, she came to embrace and welcome him; and although the enthusiasm was wanting, that she used to exhibit upon his return from some of his idle ramblings, before he grew up, yet there was more depth, more sincerity, and more real cordiality. Eldad was threshing rye in the barn, and his father was in the fields; Rispah was engaged in spinning wool upon a great-wheel in her chamber, but notwithstanding its buzzing, she heard the silvery voice of her favorite boy below, and hurried down the stair-way to greet him. "How does thee do, Simon, my son!" his mother exclaimed, as she threw her arms around his neck—"How does thee do!" He affectionately embraced her in return, and their greetings were hardly over when Obadiah came in. He could scarcely believe his senses at first, but having satisfied himself, by a moment's further examination, and without moving a muscle, said, "Art thou delivered into the hands of thy enemies, Simon?"

"Nay, father!" he replied with equal gravity; "there is a path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen."

Obadiah hesitated for a moment, not at first understanding the hidden meaning of the reply, but at length said, "I take it then, that thee has come into the enemy's camp as thee did before, if I divine aright thy meaning, and judging, too, from thee wearing thy armor."

Hannah had sent to Eldad, informing him of the new arrival. He came into the house from his work, with his sleeves rolled up, and greeted Simon by giving him one hand, while he employed the other in wiping from his face the perspiration which percolated through every pore. Whatever might

be said of Eldad's querulous humor at times, no one could dispute his industrious habits, for he had little faith in the honesty of any one who did not earn his bread by sweating more or less, as occasion might require. Although Simon had presented the family with more gifts than they all could earn during their lives, yet the former would shake his head significantly, when his mother spake in his brothers' behalf.

After the first salutation was over, Eldad inquired, "if the buttons on his coat helped him to fight?" and being answered in the negative, then-said, "Why not cut them off? for surely they are no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Simon could not help laughing at the strange conceits running in his brother's head, and when he was through, answered, that "the next coat he got, he would limit the number to suit his taste."

After a few more preliminaries, he explained his errand, also his expected departure for England; and so soon as he had obtained their promise to attend his wedding, he left the house with a light heart, for he had feared when he saw Hannah before, that he would never see her again. But the occupation in which she had been engaged, instead of depressing her mind, had given it a stimulus which, if not altogether a healthy one, was better than brooding inaction. Cultivating her flowers upon the grave, and around it, had created pleasant associations connected with the dead, giving a kind of immortality, applicable to her senses, and a closer and more tangible communion with the object of her affections. But the sad reverses she had experienced had forever changed her tone of mind, imparting to it a degree of melancholy altogether foreign to her education.

It was a source of great mortification to her parents,

that of late she had utterly refused to attend the Friends' house of worship, but pertinaciously insisted upon going to the Episcopal church of which Mr. Matthews in his life-time had been a member.

She usually took a seat near the entrance, in order to be near the grave during her devotions. "His faith is my faith, and his God shall be my God," she would answer, when her parents expostulated with her for forsaking the mode of worship under which she had been reared. But it was of no avail—she was determined; and they were fearful the consequences would be serious should they further endeavor to thwart her.

Rizpah and her husband, after canvassing the propriety of Simon's approaching marriage, made the best of what they could not help, and comforted themselves with the reflection that he had yet some little respect for his sect, the evidence of which he was about to give, by conforming to their mode of performing the marital rite.

In order to get ready for the important occasion, Obadiah and Eldad overhauled their Sunday clothes, and whenever a button was found wanting, the garment was handed over to Rizpah for regeneration. Hercules was set to work, polishing the shoe and knee-buckles of his master, which he accomplished, after half an hour's hard rubbing, with a preparation of chalk and soot.

The appointed day soon came round, and punctual to the moment, the few invited guests assembled together. Colonel Sterling the friend of Captain Castoff, was one of them, and made his appearance in full uniform, with an unusual quantity of powder upon his wig. His shoes were decorated with extra-sized buckles; he wore too his coat with the *broad*

skirt, which he had had made more for the purpose of showing the absurdity of the French narrow *cut*, than any particular predilection he had for unnecessary expenditure. The frill upon his shirt, too, bordered a little upon extravagance, and indeed his whole attire was consistent with that portion which has already been mentioned. He seemed to be almost too solemn for such an occasion, and more so than he otherwise would, had he not imbibed some of it from Obadiah and Eldad, who, with the exception of the captain, formed the entire group then present.

Hannah and Rizpah had been upon their arrival, shown into Lucia's chamber, while the bridegroom had taken possession of one adjoining. The colonel every now and then went to the window in expectation of the coming of the parson, without whose aid the possibility of tying a connubial knot, would no more have occurred to him than the breaching of a citidel without powder and shot, or the validity of a commission without authority of the King.

The room in which the ceremony was to be performed was gorgeously furnished, and its whole aspect rich and imposing, yet it had a certain desolate appearance, for the want of a sufficient assembly to fill it. While the lieutenant-colonel's eyes were intent upon an elegant round table, standing in the centre of the room, furnished with pen, ink, and a beautiful white parchment spread out and ready for use, Captain Castoff was sitting near him absorbed in contemplating the disgrace which possibly he might suffer under the charges preferred against him, while Obadiah and Eldad sat in a corner of the room conversing so low with each other, as neither to disturb the captain in his musings nor assist the lieutenant-colonel in his inward inquiries.

Never had the two former looked more respectable, although their apparel was home-spun and home-wove; the material was fine, and the color drab—the latter giving it an air of independence inspiring admiration, rather than a desire to imitate. At length Simon entered the room, leading his bride by the hand, his mother and sister following close after.

They took their seats in front of the table prepared as has already been described. Lucia had attired herself in plain white in order that she might appear in consonance with the simple rite about to take place. All was silent for the space of a quarter of an hour as the tombs of the desert, when the bride and groom attracted some attention by affixing their names to the parchment, upon which had been written the marriage-contract.

While the rest of the personages present were engaged as witnesses by appending their names to the agreement, Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling was alternately arranging his spectacles, and gazing inquiringly at what was going on, and before he had satisfactorily solved the enigma, Captain Castoff, who had just returned from attaching his own name to the record, invited him to place his there also. Being unwilling to display his ignorance in a matter that appeared so familiar to all the rest of the party, he readily complied, without examining the preamble, or having the most distant idea to what this part of the ceremony alluded.

After the paper had thus been witnessed by all present, a further silence was observed for a few minutes, when the family of the bridegroom arose and shook hands with the wedded pair, and then with each other. They then withdrew from the room, leaving Captain Castoff and Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling the sole occupants. They had no sooner left than the

colonel in a confiding manner inquired of the captain, "if the marriage had been broken off?"

After having explained that it had just taken place, according to the forms the Quakers observe on such occasions, his surprise was only equaled by his indignation; and in the most unqualified terms, he pronounced the whole, "a most damnable heresy." After cooling down a little, he inquired the purport of the paper to which he had affixed his name.

"Why," replied the captain, "that was the marriage-contract."

"The what?" furiously demanded the colonel.

"The marriage-contract."

"You don't mean to say," he said, half out of breath, that they have sold themselves to each other by agreement, such as the Commissary would make for the purchase of a drove of cattle?"

"Precisely," the captain rather wickedly replied.

"Then, d——n me, if my name don't come off!" exclaimed he, in great wrath, and suiting the action to the sentiment, he hurriedly advanced to the table for the purpose of erasing it; but Obadiah, unobserved, had at the request of his son, put the parchment in his pocket, and was now on its way to be locked up in the old oaken-chest, with those of a similar nature, belonging to his ancestors, where some of them had quietly lain for more than a hundred years.

It was not without an effort, that Castoff was enabled to soothe the colonel, when at length, in a subdued and most solemn though forgiving way, he begged the captain "never to mention the *affair*, lest it might be reported in a manner prejudicial to his character."

Overing and his bride immediately left the island, for Norfolk, where they embarked on board a French man-of-war for Europe, for the purpose of entering upon the duties of his mission. Percie was not only astonished but incensed, when, a few days after the marriage had taken place, he was for the first time made acquainted with the transaction.

CHAPTER XXX.

AFTER encountering the usual quantities of fair and foul weather, Overing and his bride arrived on the French coast, and a couple of days more landed them at their port of destination. He found means to communicate with the American Commissioners at Paris who procured him facilities for crossing the channel through the kind offices of the English agent then residing near the French court, for the purpose of resuming diplomatic relations whenever the two belligerents should signify their intention of ceasing hostilities.

A small vessel was procured and placed at Overing's disposal, on board of which he almost immediately embarked, and early the following morning arrived at a small port, without meeting with any incident worth recording. Its green shores reminded them of their native island, and the manners and customs of the *natives* with whom they sojourned, were so like their own people that it was difficult at first to realize they were three thousand miles from home. The sea-voyage had been the means of restoring Mrs. Overing to a considerable degree of health, and the new scenes presenting themselves on every side diverted her mind from the melancholy turn to which it had a tendency. After resting themselves a few days they proceeded to London, where he sought moderate lodgings—his government being poor, and his own purse small, he could not afford to live at the expensive hotels in a fashionable quarter of the

town. After looking some time he found apartments in rather an obscure street, scarcely of sufficient respectability to accord with the preconceived notions of the times, and the dignity of his mission.

The lady in charge interested him, for he thought he discovered in her no ordinary personage. Her age appeared to be thirty-six or eight, and her expression wore a sadness that went at once to his heart. Although there were deep lines of sorrow marking her face, yet, when a little shaded from the light, much beauty still lingered about it. Her voice was clear and silvery, but of mournful melody, melting away as softly as the response to the night-breeze when stealing upon the strings of the harp.

After concluding the arrangement for the rooms, he hurried back to the hotel where he was temporarily staying, and related to his wife the success he had met with, and also of the interest the female who had the letting of them had inspired him. They spent the remainder of the day in visiting the buildings and places formerly occupied by characters who had played prominent parts upon the political stage, in their day and generation.

It is true that merely naked walls or open fields marked the spot where their footsteps once rose and fell, but the associations still lingering around them always afford a repast for the few. Overing and his wife were of that number; and it was well for their intellectual happiness they were capable of such enjoyment, as the land they were now in continually presented such scenes for their contemplation.

As they wandered over the precincts of Tower-Hill their minds reverted to the times when so many victims were led to execution for offences at least doubtful—where judges were

the servile minions of political placemen, and the jurors before whom tried, the judicial slaves of the presiding officer. Denied the aid of counsel in what the judges were pleased to call issues of fact, and only allowed aid where the poor culprit was lawyer enough to point out the judges' blunders, they were hurried to the scaffold, and ended their lives upon the block, by the agency of an executioner of a piece with the rest, who often, after mangling their victim in too shocking a manner to relate, held up by the hair his bloody head, as a terror to those who doubted the divine mission of the King or interfered with his favorites.

Such were the reveries they were engaged in, when Overing observed that his costume attracted some attention, for it was a blending of the military and citizen, and both better calculated for the taste of his own country than the one he was in, and after returning to his lodgings, he hastened to the tailor's to give instructions for a suit of clothes, agreeable to the pattern worn by the more gay and fashionable young Quakers then sporting about the metropolis.

Their costume differed little then from that worn by others. The ruffles of the wrist were not quite so large, and the buttons on the coat's skirt were omitted. With these exceptions no one would have suspected the occupant beneath was not a bona fide worshiper in either of the orthodox churches of Westminster or St. Paul's.

When Overing first made his *entre* in St. James' Park thus remodeled, few men could boast of so imposing an appearance, and a number of the young daughters of the aristocracy committed the impropriety of turning their heads to an important angle, in following his figure as he passed.

Lucia, (as still she had a right to be called, since she had

determined to embrace the faith of her husband,) might, if she had been at all inclined, have been very well jealous, at the numerous bright *eyes* lingering upon *his*, so long as with a proper deference to her, he permitted himself to return the compliment.

On the evening of the following day, he dispatched his luggage to his new quarters, while he and Lucia followed after in a hackney-coach. No one was to be seen about the premises except a single servant assigned them, and an elderly military gentleman whom they met at the door. The furniture of the apartments was faded, though it was neat and cleanly, as the most fastidious attentions could make it.

When returning from a walk, they always found everything put to rights, and a rose or flower of some sort placed either on her pillow in her sleeping apartment, or upon a table beside which she was in the habit of reading. As every one has some peculiarities of taste, she found before she had been there a week, that her's were discovered by her kind hostess who had anticipated many little things, the want of which might have grown into annoyances.

A few days after they had found themselves thus comfortably, though plainly situated, Simon had gone out early in the morning, for the purpose of endeavoring to settle with the first Lord of the Admiralty some contested points, in relation to American seamen taken in privateers, and placing them upon a footing with the regular man-of-war's-men, in order to facilitate their exchange, and thus relieve the former class from their sufferings on board the prison-ships.

Lucia, having been alone the greater portion of the day, and not knowing a soul in this wilderness of houses, became melancholy, and impatiently waited her husband's return—it

then being after nine o'clock. As it has already been stated, the street in which they had their lodgings, was rather an obscure one, and out of the line of any of the great thorough-fares of the city; consequently, at this time of the evening it was quiet as the country, which, superadded to the spectre-like aspect of the endless ranges of houses, casting their long shadows abroad amidst the moon-light, rendered the whole as gloomy a receptacle for the living as could well be conceived.

At length hearing her husband's well-known footsteps upon the stair-case, she ran, and threw herself into his arms, her feelings vibrating between the pleasure his presence created and the portentous imaginings she had indulged in, while looking at the objects already described. Simon, kissing her, explained the cause of his long absence, but it had already been forgiven and compensated for by the delight his return had created. He had during the day accidentally learned there was such a place as Wycherly Manor, in one of the midland counties mentioned by Gipsy John, and which he proposed to visit as soon as the business was through in which he was then engaged.

While occupying themselves in talking over incidents occurring years before, and dwelling upon the letter received by Annette St. James from Buckingham, which had fallen from the picture-frame at Obadiah's, they heard a melodious but suppressed female voice, pouring forth a simple but touching melody. It seemed to proceed from near the steps of an inner room, leading to a little garden in the rear. They had been listening for some time, as it gently swelled upon the night-breeze, when Lucia remarked to her husband, that she had heard a voice enough like it to be the same when in company one evening with her father, which proceeded from a

female on board of the *Eolus*, while that vessel was getting under way, with Captain Goff and his confederates on board.

After the voice had ceased, the conversation took another turn, and Lucia said, "she wondered that the lady of the house never made her appearance." Simon answered, by saying, "Probably it was the custom of the place for such persons to keep to themselves, or, perhaps, their hostess might have seen better days, and therefore held herself aloof from the indignities that the poor too often have to encounter, when coming in contact with those who think that money and feeling take their flight at the same time."

Lucia, upon awaking the next morning, said she had been restless during the night, for the voice she heard the evening before had rung in her ears ever since, and there was something familiar in its tones that haunted her imagination, and which she never could forget.

The morning passed away in reading and conversation; after which Overing went out to take a further look at the city, and had been gone but a short time, when, to the surprise of the plebeian neighborhood, a coroneted carriage drove up before the house. A footman sprang from his perch, and with half a dozen visiting-cards in his hands, inquired at the door for the lady of Major Overing. The servant of all-work conveyed them to Lucia, who, running her eyes over them, found they belonged to no less personages than Lady Evelynd, and her several "Honorable" daughters.

"Show them in!" she said to the servant, with as much composure as she would have done at Compton Hall, in answer to a call from my Lord Percie, or any other magnet, who, like himself, revolved around an exclusive centre. Although courtesy, and perhaps policy, had caused the first

Lord of the Admiralty to allow the female portion of his family to bestow upon the strangers this mark of attention, yet they were nothing loth to avail themselves of the opportunity of beholding for the first time, the representative of a people, whose history was as strange, and country as novel, as their own had been to the Romans prior to establishing themselves in that, then savage and inhospitable island.

The visitors entered the room with a degree of caution, expecting to encounter some strange creature, who might either surprise them or shock their sensibilities; but they were soon relieved of any apprehensions they might have entertained on that score, for they were met by Lucia, more like a princess than one who had the least idea that she was honored by this mark of attention.

She did all that should be done to render their visit pleasant and acceptable. There was nothing in her manner betraying either a want of self-possession or a knowledge of those proprieties which throw around so many enchantments, distinguishing the well-bred from those who only imitate such accomplishments, to be used on special occasions.

The ladies prolonged their visit beyond the hour they had intended, and felt surprised when they retired, that a land whose lords for the most part were savages, could afford wives to them possessing beauty of a very high order and accomplishments so courtly, that they of themselves would form a school worthy of imitation. Their feelings on their return home were much as a vain person's might be supposed, who had mistaken eccentricity in another for absence of intellect, and whose jeers had unexpectedly been met, either by overpowering and sparkling wit or withering sarcasm. Overing soon returned, and when Lucia had related the

little peculiarities of her visitants, as they appeared to her, he remarked, that "he was gratified by this evidence of respect, although he neither desired nor expected much social intercourse during their uncertain sojourn in England." But it never occurred to either that they had been honored by this visit of ceremony.

As he was occupied in his official business, the greater part of his time in another quarter of the city, he left all observances of etiquette discretionary with his wife, and accordingly at a time neither so soon as if impatient to acknowledge the honor or so late as to treat it with disrespect, she returned the visit, and displayed while there, that ease and grace for which she was always distinguished; and there was that *something* in the play of her expression that cannot be described, but leaving behind it an idea of superiority.

Her favorite instrument, the harp, was standing in the corner of the room, upon which one of the young ladies a few minutes before had been practicing, who perceived Mrs. Overing looking admiringly that way, and supposing she was unacquainted with that instrument, asked her, for the purpose of ascertaining if such were the case, whether she played upon it? She answered in the affirmative; and to gratify the young lady who put the question, ran over the strings with so much taste and skill as to satisfy the little party that the American savages after all were more accomplished than they had been represented.

While there many of the young noblemen "about town" came in, and were introduced in their turn, and at the same time given to understand her transatlantic origin.

They were rather inclined to presume upon their "home-made" importance, and were taken by surprise when they in

their turn were treated by Mrs. Overing with a patronizing air, as one who had seen enough of the same class at home to cheapen them in her estimation.

They were piqued that she had considered herself no more honored by the introduction, especially as she was a native of one of his Majesty's colonies—a term of itself implying inferiority—but, philosopher-like, they made due allowance for her want of knowledge of the important place they held in society, which at the same time satisfied their vanity, and brought them within that great and important principle—"Charity."

Mrs. Overing returned home, pleased, though not instructed by her visit, and it was not long after she became the town's talk in "high circles." Her style of beauty was new, and therefore the more fascinating, and all allowed that, with the exception of some peculiarities, her manners were finished. The ice of fashionable punctilio was now broken, and scarcely a day passed without one or more stately carriage or carriages being driven up before the door of their humble lodgings, and their occupants engaged in paying their "respects to Major Overing and his lady"

One rainy day, when unable to go out, he bethought himself of the Gipsy-John papers which he had brought along with him from America; and, having nothing else to do, he amused himself by arranging and putting them in their proper order. While thus engaged his mind was brought strongly to bear upon the possibility of making any further discoveries corroborative of the Gipsy's record; and it now struck him with force that the *Wycherly*, mentioned by him, was the place mentioned in the note of Annette St. James. The whole matter was canvassed again and again by Overing and his

wife, and the more they conversed about it the more her curiosity was excited to see the place whose name had so deeply impressed her in former years, and which now, by a strange coincidence, possibly might be the birth-place of her father. All of her former feelings were aroused; and before the discussion was concluded, they made up their minds to take advantage of the first opportunity to visit it, could it be found.

Accordingly, about a week after their attention had been thus recalled to the subject, they early in the morning set out in a post-chaise in pursuit of the object of their search. They traveled all that day and the next through a beautifully rolling and populous country. Whenever they stopped they made inquiries for Wycherly Manor, and the only replies they got, was either "a-no!—but I will inquire," or a shake of the head.

As the horses were tired, and being fatigued themselves, they did not commence the third day's journey until the morning was considerably advanced, and they had the satisfaction at the inn where they stopped for breakfast, to learn there was such a place *somewhere*; and as they progressed, everybody they inquired of, had heard of it, but no one knew where it was to be found.

At length, as night was approaching, they put up at a comfortable looking inn, situated in a more sequestered spot than any they had seen on their way. They were pleased to learn that the landlord knew something more specific about the place, and upon inquiry informed them it was within a few hours' drive. He was delighted at the information he had been enabled to give, when he saw with what satisfaction it was received; and in the course of the evening entered the

apartment where they were sitting and in a most respectful, though servile manner, apologized for the intrusion, and then proceeded to say, "'Ee 'ad called hin to hinform them that 'ee 'ad been making hinquries, and that no one 'ad lived in the Manor-house for a great many yeurs, except one very hold sercant, and that hevry body said the place was 'aunted.'" He then, after making a very low and formal bow, retired, much more consequently than he had entered, conscious of having performed a very acceptable service.

Simon smiled when the host withdrew, and remarked that if it were his intention to emigrate to the British colonies, he had better take lessons in pronunciation, or the Provincials might never understand him.

"Aunted! Aunted!" repeated Lucia; "what does the man mean by Aunted? Pshaw!" she at length exclaimed, half-vexed; "am I so dull? I suspect he meant to say, the place is haunted."

At this moment the landlord thrust himself into the room a second time, and after bowing as before, said, that "he came in to mend a mistake, that 'ee 'ad meant to say, the 'ouse 'ad been 'aunted, but it warnt so now." He then retired, with the same marks of respect as before.

"Ah!" said Overing, with ridiculous solemnity, "that alters the case."

"The stupid fellow!" said Lucia, a little provoked at his ridiculous pertinacity; "if he attempts to come in again with his nonsense, I will lock the door."

The next morning being bright and pleasant, they were up betimes, traversing the road the landlord had pointed out as nearest to Wycherly Manor. After proceeding a few miles, they struck off upon another apparently but little frequented,

and in many places much out of repair. The country was rolling and dotted with a copse here and a hedge there—the arable fields were either teeming with ripening corn or filled with small stacks of hay temporarily placed where the grass grew, preparatory to being removed to the ample rick. But as they proceeded, this evidence of good husbandry began to decline, although there was no appearance of sterility in the land itself; until at last the whole surrounding country seemed to be deserted, presenting to the eye a waste of brambles, underwood, and noxious weeds, so completely covering the fences that it was only here and there they occasionally showed themselves out of the net-work incumbering them.

The desolate aspect presented on every side had an effect upon the spirits of the travelers, and the buoyancy which the life and cultivated fields they had left behind had created, gave way to a sober feeling.

At length their attention was attracted to an old building of immense size, far-off in the fields, covered with moss, and standing upon a slight eminence; in the rear of which was a forest of ancient trees, extending themselves far away upon the hills, until they became blended and lost in the general aspect of the country. Not a soul could be seen or heard; and had it not been for the great number of noisy rooks apparently having taken entire possession, there would have been nothing but the winds to have broken the witch-spell that fastened upon the place.

Lucia was the first to break silence: "I have never," said she, "seen anything so sublimely desolate in my life. This must be the place; for if there are such things as elves and sprites, I am sure no more fitting abode to hold their moon-

light revelries in, can be found. Wycherly! Wycherly!" she repeated, half-audibly; "it is well named."

When they came opposite to what appeared once to have been a carriage-way, Overing ordered the vehicle to "halt." After some little delay, what had once been a gate, and a stately one too, was cleared from the place where it had fallen among the tall weeds growing over the pathway.

They slowly drove on toward the house. The horses occasionally stopped of their own accord to sniff the air and survey the ground before they proceeded, preserving the instincts found in their race while roaming wild in their native deserts, enabling them, far-off, to scent the lion or the tiger in the jungle or beside the pool, where they await the coming of their prey.

After proceeding on in this manner for some time, they came to what had once been an elaborately-finished Gothic building of gigantic proportions. The most of the pile was of stone; but wherever the wood-work had been exposed to the weather, it was either sodden with moss or fallen into decay. The aspect of things was startling enough, but to put a finish to the whole, a head covered with long white hair, belonging to a strange creature, with a beard reaching almost to his middle, thrust itself through a hole where once had been a window. He uttered a scream, and then a growl, as Overing and his wife approached, which meant, (if anything,) an inquiry, why it was the Manor of Wycherly was thus invaded?

Overing said, "he came to see the place, and obtain information." The aged man, after giving a sort of bark in answer, without saying anything that could be understood, drew in his head, and shortly after made his appearance from the rear of the building, hobbling along with a hitch and jerk, giving him a zig-zag motion that made it uncertain which way

he intended to go. His years could have been little less than an hundred, for he had so far exceeded his three-score-and-ten, a period when human nature is supposed to have exhausted itself, that he had grown into something *else*—adding a new species to created things, to be classified either higher or lower, as the complacency of a Lavater or a Gaul might allow it to range. He appeared at first to have forgotten his native language, but his bleared eyes brightened a little at an inquiry of Overing's into the early history of Wycherly Manor.

He then motioned them to alight, pointing to the door of the house, which they interpreted into an invitation to enter, and of which they gladly availed themselves.

They were surprised, when the old man entered with alacrity upon his duty as Cicerone, for they had supposed him either an idiot or demented by the number of years that had pressed upon him. He proceeded to open the door—the concussion made, came back with a hollow sepulchral sound as if its volume spoke of the years of its desolation !

From the main hall, they entered a large apartment that had been the banqueting-room. There was the table, and the oaken chairs surrounding it, standing as their last owners had left them. A little further on was the library, still stored with ancient but valuable works, mildewed by time, and over which moths were hovering, doing what they could to complete the destruction."

Old portraits were still in their frames, fresh upon the canvas, though their originals had many generations before, paid the last debt of nature. In other rooms there was furniture of old and cunning workmanship. In the sleeping-apartments were beds ready made, matted together by time, and requiring as much care in disengaging one portion from

the other to prevent their destruction, as would be observed in unrolling the scrolls of papyrus, exhumed from the ruins of Pompeii or Herculaneum.

The interior of the house was gloomy beyond their utmost conceptions, and Lucia hastened her husband to return to the open air. After they had finished their survey, Overing offered the old man a piece of money for his services, but he shook his head with indifference, as if he had either forgotten its value or had no occasion for its use.

The afternoon having well set in, they had little time to spare, as he was desirous to go back to the inn where they had staid the night before, and he proceeded at once in his examination of the old butler—for such he afterwards proved to be—to elicit what he could of the history of the place.

The inquiries transferred the old man back a period of fifty or sixty years, when, instantly changing his whole aspect, he appeared to remember events transpiring at that remote era, but all that had taken place since was a blank in his memory. He seemed not to have the remotest glimmering of the age in which he lived. Of those ancient things distinct in his recollection, and in relation to which by a strange idiosyncrasy he preserved his powers of speech, was the history of his master and family.

Simon soon remarked this, and questioned him as to their names. Answering in a tremulous voice, he said, that "his late master was Sir Roswell St. James, and lived upon the manor until he died, but his first wife died some time before him, leaving two little twin boys, and a year after he married again. He then interrogated him as to their names, and he readily answered, that one was called Richard and the other Arthur." With a view of testing Gipsy John's statements further,

Overing inquired which of the two were the eldest? He stated that "Richard was;" and his features lighted up as he went on to tell of the fine times the servants had when the children were born, for the old Baronet had a great horror of dying without leaving a successor. "All the great men," he continued, "came to the feast, which lasted many days."

Overing then asked, how the father knew which of the twins were born first, so as to enable him to inherit in preference to his brother? He at once replied, that "Richard was born first, and that as soon as he came into the world, his father caused him to be marked with the letter R upon his right shoulder with India ink."

After that he began to ramble on, giving an account of other things occurring in his youthful days, when he was asked, "what had become of the boys?"

He then stated, that, "when they were three years old the Baronet died, and their step-mother took them to London where, she said, they were stolen by Gipsies, but the truth of which was doubted by the neighbors, as she had a young son herself."

Simon now inquired, "why the lands were permitted to remain in so neglected a state?" He shook his head—he was lost to the present world, and went muttering off to the rear of the house from which he had at first made his approach.

Overing and his wife took their seats in the carriage, fully convinced that the problems in the lives of Mr. Arnold and Capt. Castoff were solved. The old man had gone to his hole, and with his head protruding from the place where it had at first been seen, was looking at them as they departed, like an aged mastiff with the will but without the power to set upon the intruders. As soon as the carriage had entered the main-

road, Lucia requested that it might be stopped to afford her an opportunity to look back upon the birth-place of her parent. She surveyed it until her eyes moistened. The irregularities of his life passed through her mind, created by the evil influences with which, unhappily, his early days were surrounded.

The whip cracked, and they proceeded onward with a quick pace, and just as the sun had gone down they drove to the door where they were met by their smiling and officious host. They proceeded early the next day on their journey home, and the next but one after arrived there without accident.

The impressions their visit to Wycherly created, continued to occupy their minds for several days after their return, and made them the more anxious for Castoff's arrival. On repossessing themselves of their lodgings, they found upon the table a number of cards from the English officials and others, which had been left during their absence. Many had called out of courtesy, but more to gratify a morbid desire to see a lady whose home, if not at the antipodes, was certainly a very great way off.

Those whose curiosity had been thus excited, were much disappointed at finding them absent, but it was gratified a few days after, when Lucia returned their "calls."

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHILE at the breakfast-table some few days after the return of Overing and his wife from their country-excursion, he was looking in a morning paper, over the current events of the day, when his eye rested upon a paragraph, detailing the proceedings then going on, in which Capt. Thomas Castoff was on trial for the loss of his Majesty's ship, "the Lyonel."

The paragraph further informed the reader, "that the sympathy of the court was with the accused, for he had heretofore enjoyed the reputation of being a good sailor and a brave man, but that the evidence appeared to bear hard upon him, the more to be regretted, as he had worked his way from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck, and that he was now Senior Captain, with the daily expectation of promotion, as rear Admiral Swordfish was lying very low and could not long survive."

Overing pointed out the paragraph, as he handed the paper to his wife, and without making any remark, hastened to the place where the court was sitting. He had several miles to walk, and before he arrived, the room was crowded with spectators, and it was with no little difficulty he was enabled to work his way to a position sufficiently near to hear what was going on. In his immediate vicinity there sat an elderly naval gentleman, altogether too fair to have seen much recent

service at sea, appearing to take more than an ordinary interest in the trial, for whenever the testimony bore hard upon the captain, he exclaimed, audibly enough to be heard all over the room, "Fore George! that was careless," and then would shake his head in the most dolorous manner, as if all was over with Castoff.

Simon at first supposing the apparent sympathy of the stranger was honest, it caused him some uneasiness, but upon a moment's reflection, he was inclined to doubt the sincerity of such extravagant humanity, and therefore inquired of a gentleman sitting next him, who he was?

He was briefly informed, (accompanied with a shrug,) that the officer in question, was cousin to the Premier's wife's aunt, and had been the main instrument in causing the charges to be preferred against the accused, which if successful would place him first among the Post Captains, on the list of promotion.

Overing remained in his position the greater part of the day, watching with anxiety the progress of the case, when at last the presiding-officer inquired of the captain, if he had any further testimony to introduce? He replied in the negative, but in a manner showing he was ill at ease. It was pitiable to see the noble old tar, who had so long independently walked his quarter-deck, amid the perils of the sea, cowed by the leeches with epaulettes, who had hardly ever been out of sight of the treasury-office in their lives.

"Gentlemen will clear the room, as the testimony is closed," said the presiding-officer, in a loud and authoritative tone. The same disinterested personage who had before showed his sympathy, slapped down his hands upon his thighs, rolled up the whites of his eyes, and again exclaimed, "Fore George! it is all over with him."

Overing knowing that his testimony was important, and being unable to advance from his present position, called out to the court in a clear and distinct voice, saying, "he presumed the accused would be glad to have the benefit of his evidence." Captain Castoff started from his seat as if he had received an electric shock when he heard the voice of his friend, and would have gone at once and embraced him, if the propriety of the place had admitted of such a procedure.

"Do you wish the benefit of the person's testimony who has just spoken?" the presiding-officer inquired of Captain Castoff.

"By all means, sir!" he replied; "I supposed he was still in France. He is the person whose testimony I desired to procure when I made the application to postpone the trial, and which your lordship thought it expedient to refuse."

"Come forward, young man!" said that officer, addressing Overing; "come forward, and be sworn." The spectators who were all standing, preparing to obey the order previously given, after making way for the witness, took their seats again to hear what further could be said in favor of the already more than half-condemned captain. Simon calmly advanced to the bar, when a bible was extended by the court for the purpose of swearing him:—

"It is customary," he remarked, "I believe, for an officer to testify in such cases, upon *honor*."

"I was not aware," replied the functionary, "that such was your case. Is it in the army or navy you serve?" at the same time scrutinizing his dress very closely.

"In the army," was the reply.

"In what regiment?" inquired he, in the way of replication, continuing to put down the answers, without raising his head.

"*In the First Regiment of Continental Infantry, in the line of the Rhode Island and Providence Plantations,*" Simon replied, without disturbing a muscle.

The members of the court looked at him with astonishment as the answer was given, and one of them remarked, that "this was quite a new corps in his Majesty's service—pray, explain yourself?"

Captain Castoff could hardly repress a smile, notwithstanding his awkward predicament, at the grave yet lurking pleasantry playing about the corners of Simon's mouth. "The regiment in which I serve," he answered, in the same immovable manner, "makes no pretensions of having rendered the King any service."

If a thunderbolt had broken over the heads of the court and audience, they could not have been taken with more surprise than this declaration created, and the first thing that occurred to them was that he must be a prisoner; but why he was at large, they did not inquire. The chief officer thought himself for a moment, when it occurred to him that possibly he might be Major Overing, of whom he not only had heard much of late, but whom he had called upon while absent upon his visit to Wycherly Manor.

"Is this Major Overing," the president courteously inquired, "who is charged with a commission from the American colonies?"

Simon bowed an assent to the interrogation.

"I beg your pardon, sir!" the officer replied, "for the detention, but I had supposed that an older man had charge of that important mission. Proceed, Major Overing," he continued, "and state what you know of the destruction of his Majesty's frigate, *the Lyonel*."

He accordingly gave a succinct account of all that had fallen under his observation, from the day of his capture until the destruction of the ship, and among other things stated, that no surveillance, however strict, would have prevented the catastrophe that followed.

"Did Captain Castoff," inquired the officer, "permit the prisoners to range at large on board the ship?"

"So far from it, that from the day we were captured until we escaped, we were kept under hatches so much of the time that our sufferings induced us to incur the hazard of our lives in attempting to escape, rather than suffer in this way any longer, and it was only when he saw our healths declining, that a little more fresh air and exercise were allowed, and even then, a marine was at our heels wherever we went."

"Was any person cognizant, not among the prisoners, of your determination to fire the ship?"

"One person only, and he is dead. The prize, called the King Philip, was to be recaptured in the confusion. The enterprize was successful, and succeeded just as it would probably have done had the ship been manned with the most approved materials in his Majesty's navy."

Questions and cross-questions were put to the witness, until a late hour at night, all of which were answered with a clearness that carried with it a conviction of truth.

When the room was ordered a second time to be cleared, there was a buzz of dissatisfaction exhibited by all those in the line of promotion, and particularly by the aforesaid would-be senior captain, who exclaimed, in some wrath, as he went out, "Fore George! a rebel's testimony should not be taken in a court of such respectability!"

As soon as they got out of doors, the captain took Overing

by the arm, and said, "you came in the nick of time, for the interest was so strong to throw me overboard, that I must have gone without your aid."

Castoff then inquired about Lucia, their residence, and how they liked England? and after satisfying himself by the replies elicited, he continued by saying, that "in less than a week after having reported himself, without allowing him time for preparation, and hardly to consult counsel, he was hurried on in his trial, contrary to either precedent or principle."

Overing, in answer said, "it would have mattered little if he had been cashiered, for," he continued, "Lucia and I have been to Wycherly Manor, and beyond all doubt you are the rightful lord of that ancient demesne, in right of your father, Sir Roswell St. James." Simon went on to detail all he had seen and heard during his short visit, and gave it as his opinion that no time should be lost in taking the testimony of the old butler *de benesse*, and also his own, in relation to the circumstances under which the papers of Gipsy John were obtained. When a little more conversation upon the subject had ensued, and after the captain had agreed to call the next day at their lodgings to see Lucia, they parted company for the night, the captain expressing his satisfaction, by a seaman's shake of the hand. Overing hurried home as fast as he could, it then being past two o'clock in the morning, having never before left Lucia alone until so late an hour at night.

He hoped that she had retired early, and lest he should awaken her, crept softly up the stair-way, but as he approached the room a female stepped lightly from it and disappeared in a dark recess a little off to the right.

Upon opening the door he found his wife sitting in a chair, with her head resting in the palm of her hand, lost in thought

so intense that she appeared at first scarcely to notice him ; and not until he had called her by name and inquired the cause of her depression, did she answer, and then only by exclaiming, " Oh, Simon ! Simon ! "

He at first suspected she had been dreaming while sleeping in her chair, and alarmed by suddenly waking at finding herself alone. It was some time before she became sufficiently composed to make her husband understand the cause of this exhibition of her feelings. She succeeded at length in informing him that their landlady was no less a personage than Eugenia, who often came and went to and from Compton Hall, and whom, he might remember, as one of the party the night she (Lucia) leaped her horse across the abyss. Simon was as much surprised as his wife, for he recollected her distinctly on that occasion, as well as on several others.

" I knew I had seen her before," he said, " but when or where, I could not tell. But why, Lucia, do you let this circumstance afflict you ? "

" Because," she answered, " I am now satisfied, my father misused her ; I can recall circumstances that childhood noted, but which it could not understand, now giving me this impression. Besides, I remember her caresses and her constant care of my infancy."

" But, how did you come to recollect her ? " he inquired.

" I saw her in the passage by accident—our eyes met—and as she averted her's, I discovered they were filled with tears. I had seen her weep in my childhood," she added, " and it made such an impression on me then, that I never have forgotten the despair depicted in her features—I knew her at once, and called her *Eugenia*. She then gave way to her feelings, and clasping me in her arms, kissed me as pas-

sionately as a mother would a daughter, upon meeting unexpectedly after years of absence."

" This is all new to me," Simon replied ; " but one thing is certain—she is no ordinary personage. Had she charge of your infancy ?—how come she in your father's house ? " he inquired more rapidly than was his habit.

" I do not know how she came to be an inmate of the hall, nor where she was from, when she came there—I only remember her treatment to me was as kind and considerate as my mother's could have been had she been living. She suddenly disappeared, but I was too young to remember her loss long."

The night was far advanced before they retired, and in the morning Lucia looked grave and thoughtful, and with a view of giving her air and exercise, a carriage was procured immediately after breakfast for the purpose of taking a few hours' drive in the suburbs of the city. They had not proceeded far when their progress was arrested by a dense crowd of men, women, and children, huddling together from all parts of the compass.

Overing was about ordering the coachman to change the direction of the horses' heads to some place less interrupted ; but before he had time to obey the order, a hatless and shoeless boy, with the fragments of a dirty shirt streaming in the wind, came towards the carriage as fast as he could run, with two or three newly printed sheets extended at arm's length, and with a voice as deep as a full-grown sailor's, exclaiming, " Three for a shilling." Then depressing his tone, and at the same time thrusting his hand through an opening of the carriage, said, " *One* for sixpence !—have one, sir ? "

A glance at the pamphlet was enough ; for, beside Goff's,

there were others whose names had been familiar to both Overing and his wife. Their hideous effigies, with halters around their necks, seated upon their coffins, stared them in their faces.

The thoughts of these miserable men, who had so often figured at Compton Hall, and gone down the merry dance as gaily as if no avenging hand was threatening, indisposed Simon to continue the drive, and the coachman was ordered to return to their lodgings. After handing his wife out, he concluded to walk back for the purpose of transacting some not very important business, when he met the captain on his way to see Lucia.

After the usual gratulations were over, he asked Simon, "if he had heard of the executions that were to take place that morning?" He answered that he had, and also said, "there were so many unpleasant associations connected with them, they had given him a turn of the blues." The captain was curious to know what it was in reference to Goff and his confederates that disturbed his mind. Simon then went on to state what he knew of them.

The captain was astonished at the recital, and struck with dismay, that one, connected so nearly to himself as he had reason to suppose the late Mr. Arnold was, should have been concerned with men who were now about paying for their misdeeds with their lives, upon the gibbet.

While thus commenting and reflecting upon the career of these buccaneers, Overing and the captain had been carried on and wedged in by the crowd, unaware of their situation, until they could advance no further, and when they would have turned back found it equally difficult to escape. They were almost stifled by the throng, and as the captain was corpulent his situation was intolerable. Luckily for him, as he was upon

the point of losing his temper, they saw a door at hand labeled "One shilling for a seat." "Let us escape there," said the captain, half out of breath, "or we will suffocate among these dirty vagabonds!"

No sooner had he made the suggestion, than they both made a push for the door, where they found a man in attendance to receive the fee and point out their seats. The house was filled with the lowest class of the populace, who had come thither to witness the executions. The uncomfortable condition of Simon and the captain while in the street was such as not to allow them time to reflect for what purpose the fee was paid, until they found themselves before a window overlooking the space appropriated for the criminals.

They scarcely had been seated when a humming sound was heard among the immense throng, occasioned by a general rush. Upon looking towards the spot from whence the prisoners were expected to proceed, they were seen coming—each felon seated upon a coffin—in a cart, drawn by a single horse, appareled in his grave-clothes, and with a halter coiled about his neck. The mob swayed to and fro like a troubled sea, as they were pushing onward, in comparative silence, except when some luckless wight had been crushed in the struggle, who would then utter a suppressed imprecation, and in a moment after renew his efforts in maintaining his position.

When the people saw there were but *four* to be executed, and had learned that the punishment of the residue had been commuted to imprisonment for life in the Hulks, there was a murmur of disapprobation and disappointment, though not one of a hundred knew anything of the merits or demerits of the convicts' cases.

Simon recollected at once three of them. All but Goff had surrendered themselves to despair; he wore the same thick and sandy whiskers that were his delight when securely sporting amid the bays and inlets of the American coast, and although his face was coarse and vulgar, yet his figure was majestic, and he looked around upon the multitude unblanched and indifferent.

The only consciousness that his companions appeared to have was a feeling of shame and timidity. They would occasionally venture to steal a glance at the spectators, and then tremblingly shrink back again within themselves. The excited mob, gloating for their blood like so many beasts of prey, was more dreadful to their imaginations than the gibbet itself.

Humanity to them had disrobed herself, assuming for the occasion the red falchion, and threateningly swaying it over the necks of its victims, was muttering the malediction of mankind, and proclaiming to the world their unfitness any longer to inhabit it. The criminals felt they were without sympathy or friends, accused by all animated things, and going down to the grave in the meridian of life and the maturity of their faculties, without a commiserating tear.

The carts were at length driven under the gallows—the cords attached by the hangman to the beam, and as the vehicles were about to be removed from under the felons, the captain and Overing simultaneously rose from their seats and left the house; and as the throng had become more condensed at other points, they escaped from the disgusting spectacle, with less trouble than they had apprehended.

They proceeded some distance in silence, when the former said, he would rather engage a ninety gun ship with a single frigate, than stand by and see such cold blooded murders, as

they had been about to witness. Too many thrilling reflections were passing through Overing's mind to make any response, and he keenly felt the disgrace reflecting itself through the miserable associates of his deceased father-in-law; but the captain had seen so little of Mr. Arnold that he could not realize the connection, if in reality there were any, and consequently did not feel the degradation to so great a degree as his companion.

After Overing had partly dismissed the subject from his mind, and while they were slowly making their way to his lodgings, he related to Castoff all that had occurred, so far as he knew, in relation to Eugenia.

A half hour's walk brought them to Simon's lodgings, but even the exercise was not calculated to raise their spirits, or obliterate the horrid sight from their recollections they had witnessed, for their course was through lonely and indifferent streets, which in a city where few are met, except those in the lower walks of life engaged in their several avocations, whose sympathies never extend beyond their work-shops, and whose lives are spent between them and their dwellings, is depressing of itself; and little calculated to make one forget any grief of his own.

As soon as Lucia heard the footsteps of her husband, she ran to meet him, showing feelings of a more serious character than those she had exhibited the night before. "I shall die!" she exclaimed, "if again left alone. See here!" she continued, holding a note in her hand. At this moment, the captain (who had paused a moment at the outer-door, in order to take a survey of the dreamy and half-respectable neighborhood,) came in sight. As soon as they approached each other, without further preliminaries he took her in his arms, and after

kissing her half a dozen times, said, "I do not know how it is, Lucia, but I feel an assurance when I am near my kinswoman, that a seaman feels when he has obtained a sufficient offing, after being threatened for several days with a lee-shore ; there is something in relationship, after all, even if there be a little quarreling occasionally." The captain added the last sentence for the purpose of creating a smile, but she was too sad to comply with what he had intended to call forth, although heartily glad to see him, for there was something in his sun-burnt and honest face, of itself a sufficient assurance of his sympathy and protection ; and she lavished upon him her warmest affections.

Having hesitated a moment whether it were best to expose the note she was about showing her husband when the captain came in, at length concluded she would do so, and in order to prepare them for it, said, "It seems that I am doomed from day to day, to have my eyes opened to new evidences of the situation of my childhood, caused by influences then around me, though too young to be conscious of their fearful threatenings.

While uttering the last sentence, she hid her face in her hands. A sense of shame and remorse, singularly combined, seized upon her senses when the *whole* truth of her father's career flashed across her. "Take this, Simon, and read it—for I cannot ; he must know all !" and then stopping, as a new idea passed through her mind, said, "I wish to know, before you proceed, if the letter R is in India-ink, upon the captain's shoulder."

"Zounds, Lucia ! are you crazy ?" the latter exclaimed in astonishment ; "R stands for Rogue—do you think I am an escaped convict ?"

Neither Simon nor Lucia could avoid smiling at Castoff's odd expression, as well as at her own inopportune introduction of the circumstance related by the old butler.

Simon hastened to make the explanation, as the captain was getting very red, having already swelled out his cheeks and contracted his brows, to resent what from anybody else would have been an insult. He was satisfied with the statement, however, and said that he had never heard of any such mark upon his shoulder, but they might as well settle the question then, as it could be done in a moment. Overing then went with him into another room, when, to the joy of Simon and Castoff's astonishment, behold the letter was there, as distinctly as the day it was made.

"That settles the question," said the former ; "to doubt further would be disbelieving one's senses."

The captain responded, "Amen !—it is so."

When the result of the examination was made known to Lucia, she exclaimed, "Thank God ! the doubt, if there were one, is removed." She embraced her uncle again and again, and said, "Now, sure of sympathy, I can go on where I broke off. Give me back the note—I can now read it myself !" He handed it to her, and she commenced :—

"The night just passed, has been to me a fearful one, such as a mother can only feel, whose shame an accusing spirit mirrors from the offspring she yearns to love, though dares not. I was forced from you by your father in your infancy, and made to live upon a little island in the sea, and only occasionally permitted to see you, for no other crime than endeavoring to escape with and save you from the evil influences surrounding your cradle, and which I was fearful would in time blight the germ of your infancy, and render

your after-life one of regret. But, alas ! I had to yield to a cruel necessity, and the only consolation allowed me, was to hover near you at such times as the uncertain moods of your father, and for your sake, perhaps, I may yet say—my *husband*—might permit ; but with the promise, that you were not to know that I was your mother. Upon this errand of love I was bound, when the Eolus and her bandit crew were captured, and instead of landing me at my dreary abode, the captors insisted upon bringing me here.

“ I left the virtuous, the affluent, and all who loved me most, for your father’s sake, and against their knowledge or consent, and, oh ! the penalty I have paid ! From some circumstances lately falling under my observation, I am in hopes to clear away the seeming blemish from my family’s escutcheon, created not from any wrong of my own, but from being duped by my own credulity and want of knowledge of the world. Your grand-parents are living in this city and are daily consorting with the noble and powerful of the land. I would not meet them, if I dared, until I can explain away the stigma imbittering their lives as well as my own. In the little furniture in this house consists all my worldly goods, and I was in hopes in this obscure quarter of the town, to earn my livelihood and at the same time avoid observation. I go to-morrow in search of *that* which, I trust, may rescue your mother’s name from disgrace. If unsuccessful—then farewell.

EUGENIA.”

So soon as Lucia finished reading she shed a flood of tears, and after becoming partially relieved, addressed herself to the captain, and said, “ My father was your brother, and for the sake of you both, I cannot censure him, especially as he has gone to render his account before a just tribunal.”

“ Cheer up, Lucia !” responded the captain, though his own heart was full—“ cheer up ! brighter days are coming—they will clear like mists that obscure the ocean, when old Sol gets fairly up and under way.”

But the rapid concurrence of events almost breaking her heart, were enough to blanch the faculties of the most obdurate organization, and what must have been their effect upon so young a female in a strange land, who had never been suffered to suspect otherwise than that society was bound to yield up all its pretensions and acknowledge her supremacy ? She remained for some time silent, and then suddenly exclaimed, “ Oh, hide me, Simon !—hide me in some portion of the world where it can taunt me no more of what I was and what I am. Oh, my husband !” she then exclaimed, “ how can you look upon me else than the offspring of the base—the dissolute ?” and then with a hysterical laugh almost frightful, said—“ I am not guilty—I had nothing to do with it ;” then dropping her voice, added, in a slow and touching accent, “ but the sins of the parent are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation, therefore am I and mine accursed.”

Simon took Lucia in his arms to soothe, while the captain went out to look for a carriage for the purpose of taking her to his lodgings. The former said, “ Lucia, all will be well at last, and I think I see glimmerings of brightness already. Your mother, beyond all doubt, is a virtuous, high-minded but broken-hearted woman, and it is our duty to heal her wounds—not let them bleed afresh ; and is not such an employment,” he continued, “ a recompense for much anguish ?”

“ Yes, it is,” she replied, still choking for utterance ; “ and my life shall be employed in that holy office.”

Simon wiped away the tears from her burning cheeks, and as soon as the first gush of feeling was over, she brightened up, and said to him, affectionately, "You are my pilot, dear Simon—I have faith in you; the man must be true to his wife who is true to his country—*false in one, false in all*. Even the rich cargo of the King Philip could not tempt my poor husband to be false when all he had beside in the world was on his back." Lucia kissed him, and then repeated, "Yes, you are my pilot; it is my duty as well as pleasure to follow you, even in paths which, in my poor judgment, may seem devious and rugged."

After a short absence the captain came up stairs quite out of breath, having walked fast and far, to procure a coach. He was much relieved when he saw that his niece had, during his absence, become comparatively composed.

Before they took their departure for the captain's hotel, Simon sat down and wrote a note, directing it to Eugenia Arnold, inclosing a sum beyond the amount, sufficient to cover his indebtedness, and stating where they had gone, and that he hoped the day was not far distant when they would again meet under less restraint. He concluded by saying, "Whatever your success may be in satisfying your mind as to the legality of your marriage, it is enough if you were sincere when you made the contract, to satisfy me. No one who has seen you can doubt it."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Soon as Overing and his wife became settled at their new lodgings, the former endeavored to impress upon Capt. Castoff the importance of at once proceeding to take initiatory measures for testing his rights to Wycherly Manor, but the mind of the latter being so engrossed with his late trial, the consideration of all other subjects were either suspended or forgotten. Although it would have been unpleasant to have seen him degraded from his office, especially at his advanced age; yet, Overing deemed it, if unattended with disgrace, of little importance in comparison to his ability to take his station as heir-at-law of St. James, the right to which he had no more doubt than he had of his own legitimacy.

Therefore, without consulting the captain, he called upon an attorney who had a reputation for sagacity as well as industry, and put him in possession of all the facts of the case. He was glad to learn that he knew something of the history of the Manor, and the proceedings instituted by claimants who were, or pretended to be remote connections of the St. James's.

On his return, Simon informed Capt. Castoff the good fortune he had met with, and after congratulating him upon his prospects, urged the necessity of his accompanying them to the place.

Dispirited and vexed at the persecution of which he was

the subject, he finally acceded to his request, although it was quite evident his assent was obtained more from a spirit to oblige than any particular interest he took in the affair itself.

The third day after Simon had consulted the attorney, all three took their departure in a coach-and-four at day-break, and by breakfast-time had not only cleared the suburbs, but had been rolled into the country so far, that even the people they met had a custom and idiom so much their own, that our tourists were disposed to laugh at the first while they scarcely understood the latter. It appeared strange to Simon that hundreds of little communities could exist in the same empire, differing as much from each other in their characteristics as if the individuals composing them were born and reared in different portions of the globe. This peculiarity was far from being unpleasant, for it presented a panoramic glance at customs and manners altogether novel to a stranger, and almost as much so to those who were in the habit of hearing the chimes of Bow-bells every day in the year. Castoff was disposed to be out of spirits, thinking of nothing but the disgrace attaching to his name, should he be found guilty of any or all the specifications preferred against him, while Simon was delighted at finding the attorney familiar with the history of the country they were traversing.

Overing made the remark, that "the country appeared more as a garden than lands devoted to ordinary culture." To which the attorney said, "We are driving through the district called in history, *the New Forest*. Not content with the forests the old Kings of England possessed, William the Conqueror laid waste the whole district for an extent of thirty miles, and without compensation to its inhabitants, expelled them from

their possessions, after seizing their property, burning their houses, and demolishing the churches and convents within the line of his IMPROVEMENTS. Do you perceive," continued the attorney, "yonder to the right, several acres of ground overgrown with bushes and brambles?" Upon being answered in the affirmative, he added, "Well, then, there is the ruin of an old Monastery, and so huge was the peristyle that the conqueror himself was unable to demolish it, and it remains to this day a witness that he found it easier to overturn the kingdom than this fabric."

The attorney during their journey, pointed out one place after another, as having at some era in the history of England, been either a battle-field, the site of a castle, or the tilting-ground where the knights of old were wont to exhibit their prowess, thus earning the smiles of their *lady-loves*, at the expense, too often, of pericranium, ribs, and such like trifles.

In this way they journeyed on from day to day until arriving within a few miles of Wycherly Castle, or Wycherly Hall, as it was called in the more modern days of George III., when the attorney involuntarily became less loquacious, for the silence and dreariness of the country had the same effect upon him, it had a few weeks before upon Overing and his wife. There was something stupendous in the desolation. The heart was chilled, because it had nothing of life to respond to, the eye was restless, for it gazed upon the unaltered past, and saw nothing it had seen before; the ear was pained for the want of action, and although the winds occasionally moaned through the wild grass, yet it was monotonous and dreary, and palled upon the senses. In this state of feeling the party approached the hall, and the first living thing they

saw was the old butler at his look-out, who commenced a kind of howl as they approached. It was with difficulty this time he was tempted from his den; but Overing, knowing his hyperphysical recollection of past events, asked him, if he recollected Richard St. James? He instantly left the place where seated, and made his appearance from the direction he came when Simon had been there before. He muttered while approaching the party, and constantly repeated the words, "Poor little Richard—poor little fellow."

Upon being questioned as to his size when lost, he answered it by approaching the captain, and crossing his hand a little above his knee. He seemed to enter into the spirit of the inquiry, as if the children were lost but yesterday; and to aid in finding them, he laid his hand upon the attorney's back, and said, distinctly enough to be understood, that Richard was marked with the letter R.

"There it is again," said the captain, with a laugh, calling to mind the occurrence he became so nearly indignant at, when referred to by Lucia.

As Overing and the attorney were curious to see what effect it would have upon the old man, they persuaded the captain to show the mark. He had no sooner acceded to the request than the other started back with an exclamation of surprise, articulating as well as he could, "Richard! Richard!" and then by pointing and other extravagant gesticulations, endeavored to make known that the lost child was found. He seized the captain by the hand, delighted at having found him, chattering all the time, and coaxing him to enter the hall to present him to his friends. All to him was the past—he knew nothing of the present.

"I am satisfied!" the attorney exclaimed; and pointing to

the old butler, added, "there is a record—he is better than all the parchments in the world—an inspiration, defying argument, and upsetting sophistry." The attorney, taking the captain by the hand, said, "I congratulate you, Sir Richard St. James! I congratulate you! If there is justice in England, you shall be put in possession of what is rightfully your own, and as soon as I return to London will commence proceedings. After what I have seen, and the facts of which Mr. Overing is in possession, together with all I heard of the case before I knew you were living—it would be strange indeed, if you did not recover."

The little party left the Manor, and arrived in London without "let or hindrance." As soon as Capt. Castoff and Overing had entered the hotel, Lucia placed a package in the hands of her husband. Her spirits were better than when they set out for Wycherly. She had received some company while they were absent, and returned several *calls* that were due. After some encouraging conversation, he opened the packet, and found it was from his attorney in America. He then proceeded to its examination, when his eye was arrested by an indorsement, conspicuously made in red ink, ("This may be useful.")

After he had run over the paper, he sat meditating for a moment, and then exclaimed, "I have it now! My poor, poor Lucia! here is an antidote for all your ills." She was sitting at the front-window, listlessly looking at the throng passing by, wondering where they all came from, and how they got a living. Her attention was aroused by Simon's exclamation, and she left her seat and approached, him to learn the cause that induced his remark. He handed her the paper without further observation. She carefully read it to the end, and

then dropping it, as if exhausted, clasped her hands, and said, "Thank God! thank God! My poor mother!—where is she?"

As the document was long, and much of it relating purely to matters of business, such portions of it only will be quoted as necessary to an explanation leading Lucia to believe her mother was dead. It was consistent with the character of the strange man to whom it belonged. The scene where it commenced was in the city of London, and explains the destiny of one of the personages on board of the Eolus. It referred to the mother of Lucia, and the lawful wife of Ethan Arnold, whose marriage with him he subsequently induced her to believe was illegal, being unconformable to one of the rituals of the church.

The paper in question was nothing less than a diary of passing events, as follows:—

1760—

May 2d. Saw beautfi Girl in Park—in comp'ny with Mother—very young—followed them home—name on door, "Sir John Malcolm."

" 3d.—Introduced by Lord Joscelind—lent him 50 Guineas for that purpose.

" 6th.—Called—treated politely—all right—name—Eugenia.

" 10th.—Walked in Park with Eugenia—Mother along—Mother thought us too intimate—

" 15th.—Eugenia much in love—good family—rich—

" 20th.—Proposed to Eugenia—accepted—Parents flatly refused.

" 21st.—Ranaway—married in Scotland—Timotheus Welch, Parson.

" 25th.—Sailed for America—Wife home-sick—cried—sorry for her—wished her back.

Apl.30th.—Arrived—Wife wanted to see her Mother—Wife great annoyance—

1761.

Mch.30th.—Wife gave birth to Daught'r.

Apl. 20th.—Christ'nd child Lucia—

May 15th.—Wife nervous—sorry—cant help it.

" 16th.—King Philip arrivd—cargo, Negroes. 100 in good condition.—150 sick, died on passage 200.—Stowed rather close—ship short horse-beef.

June19th.—Wife talks of Aristocratic relations—wants to know about mine—told her to mind her own affairs.—Got angry—called me Plebian. told her we were not married—all sham—Wife took on much.—

July 20th.—Wife tried to leave house surreptitiously with Lucia—caught in act—offered to forgive her—Wife refused to cohabit—glad of it. Scared her—hysterics—Dev'l to pay—

Sep. 12th.—Sent Wife to east end Longisland—arranged with Goff when he came to port to give wife passage to see Lucia—condition that she come and remain incog. while on visit.

The above memoranda are sufficient to show the business-like way in which he viewed the marrital-contract, and also to give a clue to the mysterious silence he always observed when Lucia spoke of her mother

Eugenia's ruling passion was pride and a love for all that was truthful and honorable, and she consequently was so over-

whelmed with indignation, when told that her marriage was illegal, she scarcely knew which passion predominated—dislike or contempt.

She would not have been so easily imposed upon, but her parents were strict members of the Church of England, and she had no idea of any marriage-ceremony that was not performed in accordance to its forms. She had thought at the time that the Scotchman, (who was a Presbyterian,) had a strange method of marrying persons, but she had too much confidence in her husband then to question anything he recommended.

Simon rung a bell, and when it was answered, said to the man, "Go and engage a post-coach ; I wish to go to Scotland to-morrow. See that it is here directly after day-dawn." This command aroused Lucia from the reverie in which she had been indulging since letting the scroll fall upon the floor.

"What did you say?" she inquired, as if unconscious that any one had been in the room. "What did you say?" she listlessly repeated.

"I ordered a servant," he replied, "to engage a carriage to go to Scotland to-morrow."

"To Scotland?"

"Yes! and I wish you to accompany me, if you think the journey is not too long."

"And why, Simon, do you go there?"

"I am going in search of parson Welch—it is possible he may be still living."

Lucia remained silent for a few moments, the tears all the time coursing down her cheeks in big drops, while she was choking in endeavoring to respond to her husband's request. As they heard some one on the stair-case, nothing was said at

the moment, but directly the captain made his appearance in fine spirits, and while he was in the act of saluting Lucia, his eye lit upon a letter lying upon the table, to his address, with the seal of the Admiralty office uppermost. He exclaimed, "by George, major, here is my destiny!"—and as he broke the packet open, it caused a tremor, greater than half a dozen broadsides into the old Lyonel would have done, in her palmy days, from half the ships in the French navy.

He ran over the contents of the letter with such intensity of interest, as to stifle his breath, until satisfied of its contents.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" he at length exclaimed; and was only silenced in his excitement, when he heard the servants inquiring below in some consternation, if the house was on fire?

Overing was pleased to see the old veteran thus giving way to his feelings, triumphing as he was over those who were seeking promotion upon his ruin.

Castoff was certainly one of the oldest and best seamen in his Majesty's navy, and whose only fault consisted in a want of self-reliance in small matters, caused by the way he had been treated in childhood, by those he came in contact with, giving him to understand that everything was wrong he did or undertook.

The captain went out in the evening to convey the glad tidings to some of his old friends, and everybody had retired when he was supposed to have come in; but whoever it was, he or they made a great noise, breaking the banisters on their way up, and giving other indications of having made themselves happier than strict propriety would warrant. Several side-long glances the next day at the captain, from one of the servants, rather gave suspicions a tendency that way.

Long before the rest of the inmates were up, Overing and

his wife were on their way to the confines of Scotland. The day was fine, and the postillion in good spirits—Crack, crack, went the whip, whenever the four stout steeds were inclined to loiter.

Towards the close of the fifth day, a little before sunset, they crossed the Tweed, and shortly after entered upon a road but little frequented, for the purpose of shortening their drive in reaching an inn, where they intended to stay the night; but finding the distance longer than expected, it was dark before they were prepared for it. Besides, the road was in a mountainous district, and their progress necessarily slow. It was also muddy; and to add to the gloominess of the scene, a drizzling cold mountain-rain set in, which in England would be called a "Scotch mist." While winding their way drearily around a hill, the horses jaded and little disposed to mend their pace, either by coaxing or threats, Lucia thought she saw a human form sitting by the wayside, and but little removed from the carriage-track. At that moment the horses stopped, sniffed the air, and pointing their ears toward the object that attracted their attention, shyed off to the opposite side of the road. The form then rose, and seated itself farther away.

"If I mistake not, said Overing, "it is a female. She will perish by remaining there, before morning!" With that he left the carriage and went to see if she wanted assistance.

She answered to his inquiries, that "she had lost her way." The response seemed the last effort of exhaustion and despondency.

"Will you be seated in the carriage, my good woman?—there is no one in it but my wife and myself—there is plenty of room."

"My clothes are wet," was the faint reply; "I can sit here until morning, and then—and then——" Here her voice failed, and her whole frame trembled with the cold.

"This will never do!" exclaimed Overing. He then gently took the poor way-farer in his arms, and conveyed her to the carriage. She had strength enough to hold in her hand a little bundle, of which he took charge.

Lucia wrapped her cloak around the stranger, then placing her cold hand in her own, carried it to her bosom to lend it warmth. All this time she was passive, as if yielding her spirit to the icy grasp holding her life in suspense.

As the horses turned into the road again, the lights from the lamps shone directly into the face of the stranger—She was pale—trembling—her lips livid—despair depicted in her expression, and yet, sensibility was left—for she wept; silent it was, but deep, as the well-springs of the heart.

Overing looked again—Was he mistaken?—yes—no—"Eugenia!" The word was no sooner pronounced, than Lucia clasped her in her arms, and then sunk back, losing her consciousness in the impulse that came over her; it was like a mountain-torrent, sweeping away whatever obstructs its passage.

Overing urged the postillion—Crack went the whip again, and in another half-hour they were at the door of a comfortable inn. The lights shone cheerfully through the windows, and the fire crackled invitingly in the spacious fire-place.

Simon made diversions in the neighborhood from time to time, inquiring among the clergy, whether they knew anything of the "Rev. Timotheus Welch," and at last had the good fortune to learn there was a divine bearing that name, having a small congregation, some twenty miles farther up in the moun-

tain. As he had been absent already from London longer than he intended, soon after sunrise the next morning, he set off with Lucia and her mother, in pursuit of that important functionary, and by one o'clock, notwithstanding the rugged and precipitous country through which the road passed, they began to approach the precincts of his bare-legged congregation, and a further quarter of an hour landed them at the parsonage itself.

Although twenty-two years had elapsed since Eugenia had been there as a bride, yet she recollected distinctly the situation of the place, and also the face of the good old divine, the moment she saw it.

After a little conversation, Mr. Welch brought to his mind the marriage. He excused himself, and in a few minutes brought from his little library a register of marriages, among which, after turning over a few stained leaves, he found the one he was in search of.

He made a fair copy of it at the request of Mrs. Arnold, and as soon as it was presented to her, she clasped her daughter to her bosom in the delight of a mother's love:—"Now, I dare love you, my child! my child!" was her almost frantic exclamation.

The old clergyman was made acquainted with the cause of the inquiry, who seemed to understand the feelings of Mrs. Arnold, and as they were preparing to return, he said, "Bide a wee, bide a wee—why in sic a hurry?"

Overing said they had obtained the object of their visit, and were desirous of returning to the inn before night-fall, as the road was a dangerous one. When he saw they could not be prevailed upon to stay, he ordered some oat-cake and a haunch of venison, which was partaken of freely by the trio,

and the more acceptably too, as he pronounced a blessing with patriarchal solemnity upon his visitors. The carriage was now before the door. They took leave of the old patriarch with feelings of kindness and gratitude, for he had welcomed them with a hearty good-will and offered the best cheer his humble dwelling afforded.

Directly after commencing their descent, the mists began to gather, drawing out from the trees the strong balsamic fragrance peculiar to the mountain-side. Lucia and her mother occupied the same seat, and while one received the strongest maternal affections, the other was held in the embrace of a daughter who had loved her, even when she knew of no such relationship. So perfect was their happiness, and time so rapid, that they were at the place whence they departed in the morning, before they supposed the half of their journey accomplished. In the same state of feeling they commenced their return to London the next morning, and after a pleasant journey arrived at the city with little to hope or wish for—the misfortunes of life had been forgotten in the joy the mother felt in the reflection that a taunting world could cast no stigma upon her offspring. Mrs. Arnold desired to be left at her former abode for a few days, and when she descended from the carriage and turned around to take temporary leave of her daughter, her expression lighted up with a smile of satisfaction in singular contrast to the misery depicted in it when a few weeks before she had left her home, determined to find the person by whom she had been married, or perish in attempting it.

In less than a quarter of an hour after, the carriage drove to the door of the captain's hotel, and while our travelers were proceeding up the stair-way, they heard a terrible

carousing, and then a full choir of a dozen voices singing, as well as can be remembered—

“Laugh on, fair cousins—for to you
All life is joyous yet;
Your hearts have all things to pursue,
And nothing to regret:
And every flower to you is fair,
And every month is May;
You’ve not been introduced to care—
Laugh on, laugh on, to-day.”

No sooner had the song been ended, than three hearty cheers succeeded, ending with, “Hip—hip, hurra!” As they were hesitating at the landing whether to proceed, the captain, looking lugubriously uncertain, came to the door, and said, with a hic-cough, “Simon, fore George! old Swordfish is dead, and I’m a rear-admiral, by Jove!” and then rather huskily exclaimed, “Hurra! hurra!” which was responded to immediately by those in the room. The captain, or rather admiral, after hesitating a moment as to the number of persons in company with Simon, and holding on by the door, swallowing occasionally, and then closing his eyes, at length said, “Walk in, ladies and gentlemen; I have taken the whole house.”

As the Admiral opened the door to return to his companions, there was a view of the entire company. They were all old men, in the naval uniform, the most of whom had lost a leg, or an arm, and one had the end of his nose carried away, which was supplied by a black patch, while others more fortunate, were only a little lame or slightly stiffened in their joints.

Instead of following the captain, Overing and his wife went

to the parlor, and after being comfortably seated, Lucia said to her husband, “Simon, I never knew uncle would get so merry. I wonder if it were he who made so much noise in getting up stairs the other night, and broke the banister?” He laughed, and said, “Very possible. Let him have his frolic out,” he repeated; “let him have his frolic out; it is time he should have a little sunshine, for the most of his life has been spent upon a troubled sea, and to use his own language, ‘drifting on a lee-shore, where little favor would be shown him by its inhabitants, should he be unable to weather its rocks and head-lands.’”

Overing and his wife were fatigued after their eventful tour into Scotland, and retired early. They slept the night out, although there was much complaining the next day by the servants of the admiral’s company, who, they said, were carousing all night.

After breakfast was over, Lucia went to visit her mother, and while the singular incidents developing daily were engrossing Overing’s mind, a servant came hastily into his room, bearing a message from the admiral, the purport of which was, that he was very ill, and wished he would call as soon as possible.

The invitation was instantly complied with. He found him in bed, with a bandana handkerchief tied around his head, to keep it, he said, “from flying to pieces.” He then lay quiet for some time, but afterwards complained of sickness of stomach. After a little, he dozed, when suddenly starting up and looking around him, exclaimed, “How like the devil the ship rolls!—pull taut your weather-braces, there, and ease her off a little!” Simon was enough of a doctor to judge pretty accurately the nature of the admiral’s disease, and enough of a sailor too, to

know there was a calm always after a storm. He therefore left him to manage the ship after his own fashion.

A couple of hours had elapsed since Lucia had gone to see her mother, and Overing had already taken his hat from the table for the purpose of going out to meet her, when he heard footsteps tripping up the stair-case, and directly she came in, with a cheerfulness of expression she had not worn for many a long day. "Oh, Simon!" said she, "I now feel a new existence!—a void filled in the heart, that none but a mother's love can supply!" She recounted to him over and over again, the tenderness that had been lavished upon her. "As broken in health as she is, her smile is as bland and sweet, though tinged with a little melancholy at times, as it was at my first recollections."

Upon the reception of the news of his promotion, the admiral sure enough in his exuberant joy, had taken the whole hotel, but finding it an expensive affair, a few days after canceled the contract, retaining only so much as was necessary for the accommodation of himself and party.

During his illness, he had many calls of condolence and congratulation at the same time, and among the rest was the venerable Sir John Malcolm and lady—the latter intending her visit for Lucia, or, as the inquiry ran at the door, "for the lady of the American Commissioner."

She was a fine-looking, matronly person, of perhaps sixty years, and carried with her a dignity becoming her age, and a little sedateness superadded, showing that the sands of life had not run so long without interruption. She left Lucia with great kindness, and after kissing her, remarked, as she was leaving the room, "You are a stranger here, and must visit us without formality, for we are getting old, and find it an exer-

tion to go out—besides, we are no longer company for the young." Little did Lucia dream when Sir John Malcolm and his lady left, that they were her grand-parents.

Overing's next concern was, that his wife's mother refused to be "cumbersome to him," as she expressed it, and insisted upon remaining where she was, and earn her own living. In endeavoring to dissuade her from her resolution, he soon learned she had a will of her own, and he was compelled to yield, though much against his inclination. As he was constantly in receipt of letters from America, intimating the necessity of his speedy return, he went to work in right good earnest to settle his public business, and then to have his deposition taken as to the knowledge he had of Gipsy John, and the way he became possessed of his papers. This done; he made his arrangements to return home, but such was the pertinacity of the admiral in relation to his niece remaining behind, and the wretchedness that the separation would cause her mother, that he finally yielded, upon the promise that the three would live under the same roof.

A few days after Simon was quietly looking at the blue waves as they rose and fell, satisfied with himself and most of the world. Fair breezes and a staunch ship bore him onward, and at the end of thirty days he was in sight of his native island. There lay the associations of his childhood—scenes of his maturer years—his heart leaped when the gale first bore to his senses the aroma from the shore, for with it came rushing upon his memory the thousand things that still wedded him to the place, and his feelings might well be expressed in the words of one of New England's most gifted sons—

"* * * * hail, sweet spot! my heart's adopted home!

Where'er my feet may rest, my fancy roam;

There's no green isle on all the broad blue sea,
Can win away the love I bear to thee.

* * * * * mm

Go, thoughtless, thankless ones, across the wave,
And *find* a happier home—a greener grave."

Before he slept that night, he was in the house in which he was born. Obadiah and Rizpah were there, and so were Eldad and Hannah, and they each gave him a hearty welcome—even Eldad's countenance relaxed itself into a smile. Hannah was no worse than she had been, though her spirits were still drooping. Hercules looked upon the great man with astonishment, and continued his gaze, until the family were ready to retire for the night.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

AS SIMON OVERING had again taken up a temporary abode with his parents, opportunities frequently were presented by which he was enabled to add to their little domain, and otherwise giving it an aspect of greater respectability than hitherto it had worn. Among other improvements, the house itself was enlarged by several additions which, happening to be finished and furnished a few days before Yearly Meeting, were unceremoniously taken possession of by members belonging to the sect of Obadiah.

Simon was disappointed on coming home late one evening from town, in finding the room he had just fitted up for his own use, occupied by two burly Quakers. Eldad had seen them enter with some satisfaction, which was not at all abated when he perceived the chagrin of his brother upon first discovering this sparrow mode of ejection.

Eldad thought it a good time to pay off some old scores, and calling out to Simon said, "The foremost in the field hath the reaper's reward"—alluding to the loss of the room. "Yes!" replied his brother, more out of patience than he often suffered himself to get, "If the old, saying were true, that 'the devil gets the hindmost,' then thee would have been missing long ago." Eldad stood winking and blinking for some time, intending to retaliate, but his brother had turned an angle of the house before a thought struck him at all applicable, and then it was too late.

The impatience Overing had exhibited so contrary to his character, was excusable, as he saw a little more selfishness in their new visitors than was commendable, for they had never offered themselves to the hospitalities of Obadiah, until everything around the premises presented a comfortable appearance.

The first moneys collected from the estate of his deceased father-in-law, he remitted to Mrs. Arnold, as he had learned enough of her character to be persuaded she would never relinquish the occupation he had found her engaged in, so long as she had no other independent resource to rely upon, however unpleasant it might be to her connections. While thus engaged with the estate, he had the happiness to hear from time to time, the progress the rear-admiral was making in his law-suit, but a greater one awaited him a few weeks after, when it was announced in a London paper, that "an heir-apparent was born to Wycherly Manor." This information not only informed Overing of the birth of a son, but of the easy triumph of the Admiral in the prosecution of his suit. Notwithstanding all that has been said, in relation to the delays of the English courts, one of the greatest glories of that kingdom is, the impartial manner its laws are administered; and when extraordinary procrastination ensues it is rather attributable to a desire to get at the truth, though it should take years to develop it, than to speedily determine a matter before an opportunity is presented of thoroughly investigating the facts. The announcement referred to in the London paper, ran as follows:—

"WYCHERLY MANOR."

"This ancient demesne has at length found an owner in the person of Rear-Admiral Castoff, promoted, upon the demise of

the gallant Rear-Admiral Swordfish. The former commanded his Majesty's ship, the *Lyonel*, for many years, and distinguished himself on several occasions, and particularly by laying her alongside an American three-decker, known as the 'King Philip,' which he captured by boarding, after a short but desperate conflict.

"The trial of this case has brought to light a series of villainies almost incredible. It seems Sir Roswell St. James had been, some time in the year 1742, a widower, and the father of two twin-children; while yet in their infancy he married his second wife, and died directly after she had borne him a son. When the twins were between three and four years of age, they disappeared in a most mysterious manner, and although much apparent pains for their recovery were taken at the time by their step-mother, yet it all proved fruitless. Before a year old the son of the second wife died, and immediately after her ladyship disappeared and has not been heard from since, until after the commencement of this suit by the gallant Admiral. During this long lapse of time, the title and estates have had many claimants, but none were enabled to establish a satisfactory title. A clue as to his birth was first discovered, while the gallant Baronet was serving in America, through oral as well as written disclosures made by a camp-follower, called Gipsy John, upon which, if full reliance could have been placed, would of themselves have been conclusive.

"A great number of witnesses were examined upon the trial, *pro* and *con*, but the most important of all was the testimony of the widow St. James herself, for, while the case was progressing, and still doubtful as to its results, the attorney for the plaintiff was sent to attend her ladyship, who was then

upwards of ninety years of age ; she was living in seclusion, and when he made his appearance pursuant to her summons, laboring under great mental distress. She told him unreservedly all of the facts in relation to arranging with Gipsy John and his gang, to dispose of the children—the mark upon Richard's shoulder, and the stiffening of the first joint of his fore-finger, occasioned by the falling of a sash, just before his father died. She concluded with a deep groan and the remark, 'that she had had the foul deed on her conscience already too long.'

"Her ladyship the next morning was brought into court, and excited much interest, not on account of her rank or age solely, but for the reason that a person of her years and quality should present the extraordinary spectacle of declaring her own guilt before the world. As she left the witness-box, she exclaimed, 'I can now die in peace ! I have repaired the wrong as far as it can be done at this late day !—thank God ! thank God !' She was taken to her lodgings in a state of great exhaustion, where she lingered for a few days, and then expired.

"The trial has excited great interest all over the kingdom. Among the witnesses in attendance was a strange-looking creature, said to be the former butler of the late Baronet, and the most remarkable of all, was the fact that he has lost his recollection of things of recent date, and is quite idiotic, or, more probably, superannuated, but his recollection is most vivid in relation to matters of ancient occurrence.

"Many witnesses were examined as to the genealogy of the family, and it was proved to be one of the most ancient in the kingdom. In this remarkable concatenation of events, the curious fact is elicited that the young heir-apparent is

grandson to Sir Richard's late brother, who died a couple of years since in America. Not knowing his true name, he called himself *Ethan Arnold*, and by means of questionable enterprises, lived in a state of princely splendor.

"His accomplished daughter married Major Overing, who was in this country a year ago as agent of the American government, and who by some process best known to him and the Admiralty, obtained advantages as honorable to his skill in diplomacy, as it was stupidly disgraceful to this country."

This was gratifying news indeed ; besides, it administered a little to Simon's vanity. He could not help smiling, however, at that portion of the account transforming the poor old "King Philip" from a common whaler into a line-of-battle ship. Even Obadiah was caught showing the paper to some of his sober brethren, with evident signs of approval of his son's position in the world ; and as for Rizpah, she did not attempt to disguise her delight, for at a *quilting* where she had been invited, some of the ladies said, ill-naturedly, that "if she had done as much sewing as talking about *her son* Simon, the work would have been finished long before tea time."

Overing had now spent more than a year at his father's house—his wife was becoming impatient for his return—and having finished the business he came to transact, prepared to take his second voyage over the great ocean. Although his absence was only intended as temporary, yet it was felt more keenly by his parents than ever before, when about taking his departure, for they now perceived he was the master-spirit there, and had given them a consequence which otherwise they never could have attained. The evening prior to his departure was a pleasant one—the full-moon loomed up from the ocean—

the tiny waves came in upon the shore with a gentle murmur—the bees were drowsily clustering around the hive, and the cricket beneath had begun his monody. Simon invited his sister to walk with him. She had been silent the most of the day, and her face was ashy pale; her brother, sheltered by the same roof as herself, imparted a genial influence to all beneath it, from which she, broken-hearted as she was, derived a ray of hope that would no longer linger when he was gone. After they had proceeded some little way in silence, she said, “Simon! what shall I do when thou art gone?—no one can cheer me as thou dost—this poor heart of mine—Oh, Simon! Simon!” He took his handkerchief from his pocket, to wipe away the tears he supposed she had shed, but he had no occasion for its use; the fountains of her heart were dried up—her life was fading away for the want of such nourishment. They went on in silence, hardly knowing whither, until intuitively she had conducted him to the church-yard.

“Step lightly, Simon!” she said—“the dead lies here;” and as they advanced to the grave, she took a note from her bosom, and holding it up to the light of the moon, said, “This was from him who sleeps below,” and then read:—“My days are numbered, and my life is fast fading away; but I hear a still voice saying, *there is a life coming, when you twain shall meet face to face—the existence of the one shall be merged in the existence of the other.* I will wait your coming at the church-yard—tarry not.” She then carefully folded up the note, and returned it to her bosom. “See, Simon,” she said, as she touched a flower upon the grave, “how wet it is! Heaven weeps for him, but I cannot weep—tears I have none, else I might be happy; this poor heart has no such springs to freshen and relieve it—it is blanched and will soon crumble

away. Without saying more she occupied herself in pulling up the weeds that had sprung up around her flowers. When she had finished, she gazed in silence upon them for a few moments, and then said, “The dews are falling—thy health will suffer!”

“I think we *had* better go,” he answered, “on thy own account.”

“Not on my account,” she replied. “Three times a week, I visit this place, and have often pillowed my head upon the little mound there till dawn of day, and never have taken cold, though my clothes are often drenched with the damps of the night. It is not so easy a thing to die as I thought, Simon, or surely I should not suffer so long.”

As they turned from the place for the purpose of returning home, he said to her, “Hannah! dost thee love me?”

“Thou knowest,” she replied, “I love thee; and I am sure I shall die when thou art gone. Father and mother are getting old and do not understand my feelings, and as for Eldad, thee knows how he is—he never did sympathize with us; yet he is kind enough, in his way, and it is wrong to blame him for what he cannot help.”

It required all of Overing's philosophy to withstand the touching appeal of his sister; but others then had superior claims upon him, and his heart struggled as it never had before when he turned to her to take his last farewell—she looked so wretched—so pitiful—so desolate—so helpless; and as he receded towards the door, she raised her eyes in silent supplication for his safety. Alas, Obadiah! your creed could never change the nature of your fair daughter—her heart was too generous to be schooled away by cold sectarianism.

The voyage was tempestuous in the extreme; and after being

driven about at every point of the compass, at the end of four months the vessel made a Spanish port in great distress. She had lost most of her spars, was leaky, and worst of all, short of provisions.

Overing had seen too much of a sea-voyage to adventure again at that inclement season of the year; he, therefore, waited until spring, when he again embarked, and arrived in London directly after the Admiral, Mrs. Arnold, her parents, and Lucia, had gone to Wycherly Manor. He followed them immediately; and on the second night lodged at the inn of the officious landlord who had puzzled Lucia so much, two years before, when informing her that "the 'ouse was 'aunted."

He was glad to see his old customer, and had a great many things to tell him about the new lord of Wycherly, and the *fun* that was going on there. At early dawn he was on his way, and by nine o'clock in sight of the old castle. The first thing that struck his attention was five miniature-ships, one after another, fixed in a circular frame, the centre of which run upon a pivot attached to an old turret, high up in the air. The vessels were man-of-war rigged, and as the wind was fresh, they were chasing each other round and round with wonderful earnestness.

Overing could not help laughing at this display of the Admiral's ruling passion. As he approached the hall, he saw a number of men at work—some rooting up the weeds, while others were busy ploughing in the fields, repairing fences, and cutting away young forests of fifty years' growth, now occupying the old plough-lands. Before any of the inmates were aware of his approach, he entered the hall, and was politely shown into a drawing-room by a servant in attendance. A

moment after, Lucia, with her boy, now upwards of a year old, were in Simon's arms.

When the first gush of feelings had passed and after having a little conversation upon general topics she said, "We are all so happy here—I am sure you will enjoy yourself." She then left the room, telling Simon while withdrawing, that she would be absent but for a few moments. He had scarcely returned from the window, where he had been to take a hasty view of the country, when she entered again, followed by her mother and grandparents—Sir John Malcolm and wife. Overing was affectionately greeted by his new connections, and the kindest offices were offered and exchanged, and before they separated, it was arranged that the following week should be spent at Sir John's seat, in the highlands of Scotland.

Three months after Simon had left England, the Admiral had informed the parents of Mrs. Arnold, where she lived, and as soon as a coach could carry them to her lodgings, the lost child was in their embrace, and the old patriot did not evince greater pleasure or more ardent emotions when he found his son in a strange land, than did this aged couple when they folded their daughter to their hearts, after supposing themselves for long years childless. They took her at once to their home, and lavished every tenderness that parental affection could bestow. Lucia, during the absence of her husband, spent much time with them. Little Dick, as the Admiral called him, and who had been christened, "Richard," was born there, and although but an infant, had already been spoiled between his great-uncle and great-grandparents, and as a matter of right, too, for he was heir to all three.

Overing, who had been waiting a long time for his uncle to come in, at last inquired the cause of his absence. Lucia

and the others, who heard the inquiry, laughed, and the former answered by saying, that "the hall was filled with his old comrades, who had a terrible frolic the greater part of the night, and none of them had arisen yet."

Lucia then amused her husband by taking him through the renovated apartments of the hall. The breakfast-table was still standing, and surrounded by a dozen servants waiting their master's and his visitors' advent. They then clambered up the old turrets and looked upon the surrounding country from its battlements and embrasures. But the object of greatest curiosity was the picture-gallery, containing portraits of the family of the St. James's for many centuries, and among them were those of Annette in the different stages of her life, up to perhaps the age of twenty, when she could be traced no farther; and beautiful she must have been, for there was a degree of truth in the expression, giving her fine oval face a charm of surpassing loveliness. The last likeness taken of her seemed an exact copy of the one in the possession of the Overing family. It was difficult to realize then, that this young creature, so fresh and beautiful on canvas, had long years before mouldered away, and that her bright anticipations of the future had floated back into the murky sea of the past, from which nothing can be seen but what the imagination may present, and nothing heard but mutterings from a distant shore.

So still had the room become, and so crowded was the mind with the admonitions of these mentors of other ages, that even a whisper was startling, for it seemed to come back from the pictures themselves, in hollow and chiding notes, as if in mockery of the present, regret for the past, and warnings for the future.

Simon, taking the hand of his young wife, withdrew from this picture-tomb of their ancestors, hardly venturing to breathe in the august assembly. As they were advancing to the door the eyes of the portraits slowly and solemnly followed them, nor ceased to gaze until it was finally closed.

It was some hours before Overing and his wife recovered from the saddening influence the scene of their late visit had produced upon their spirits, and while engaged in their reflections, happily, the "Admiral hove in sight," followed by a few dozen of his friends on their way to the breakfast-table, if breakfast it could be called, for it was now nearly two o'clock in the afternoon. He stopped short when he first saw Simon, looked, and then looked again, and then advancing a little, at length exclaimed, "Fore George, Simon! is that you, old boy? where the devil have you been for the last hundred years?" The admiral seized hold of his hand and continued shaking it until he had introduced him to Lord Tomtit, Capt. Pickerel, and a whole catalogue of names unnecessary to enumerate. They were much of the same set that assisted to celebrate the admiral's promotion in London, and who were mentioned on a preceding page, the most of whom, some time in their lives, had been in the hands of the surgeon.

"Little Dick" had become a great favorite with his uncle, who found he could not get through with his breakfast until he had a laugh at his antics; he accordingly sent for his nurse, and the admiral was soon delighted at his upsetting all that came in his way.

Before he had half got through his breakfast, little Dick plunged his hand into a cup of hot coffee—the uproar that ensued ended his history for that day. Castoff, or St. James, (for he as often went by one name as the other,) was much

alarmed, and the last that was seen of him until evening was his entering the child's chamber, bearing a poultice thither.

The time had now arrived for Sir John and his little party to leave for his highland seat, and after promising the admiral a speedy return they took their departure, and at the end of the sixth day arrived at their place of destination.

Nearly a month had passed without anything occurring at Wycherly to vary the scene, during which time the party in Scotland were enjoying themselves to their heart's content. Sir John and Lady Malcolm had with them their long-lost daughter, Mrs. Overing, and little Dick, "bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh," and upon whom they looked with all but equal affection. Simon was also a great favorite, for after studying his character, they always found something new, either to admire or to amuse. The gambols of the child afforded them more delight than the consequences of his mischief could cancel, and the only check to their happiness was their dread that Overing would return to his own country, although thus far he had given no intimation that he intended it.

Sir John and his party after a two month's sojourn, left for Wycherly, on their way to London. They had promised the admiral to spend a few days with him before they had left the Manor, else they would have continued their journey, as the season was getting late. They were not a little alarmed when they came within sight of the hall, lest it was on fire, for a blaze seemed to be gushing from every window.

Their fears, however, were allayed when they approached, for they heard many voices joined in a song :—

" Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder,
By lightning's vivid powers :
The night, both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark
Till next day, there she lay
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

" Now dash'd upon the billow,
Our opening timbers creak ;
Each fears a watery pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak :
To cling to slippery shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

" At length the wish'd-for morrow,
Broke through the hazy sky ;
Absorb'd in silent sorrow,
Each heaved a bitter sigh :
The dismal wreck to view,
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O.

" Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent,
When Heaven all bounteous ever,
It boundless mercies sent :
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers ;
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O."

The company were too much engrossed to care much who arrived or did not, although the admiral, before he knew who the strangers were, exhibited his hospitality by sending them word, "to make themselves at home."

When he ascertained their names, he showed his good intentions, by endeavoring to go out to the entrance-hall to give them a welcome. The party had already been over their wine for more than six hours, and whether it was that or some other cause, it might seem invidious to determine, yet one thing is certain, *he did not go*. Sir John and Overing good-naturedly excused the omission afterward, having undoubtedly good reasons for so doing.

The admiral next morning gave the new-comers a most hearty welcome; he tried to make friends with "little Dick," but he had not forgotten the hot coffee, and it was a long time before he forgave the offence. The rest of the company were not to be seen, and the house was almost as quiet as when the old butler had sole possession. The reason of the admiral's early rising was in consequence of a hunting-party having been arranged to be given upon his premises that day.

Lord Tomtit had sent for his hounds in a neighboring district, as the admiral had not yet supplied himself with these necessary auxiliaries to rural sports, and while Overing and his wife were at their breakfasts, the "huntsman's horn" was heard afar-off in the hills—the sounds grew nearer and nearer, until at length the whole pack came in sight, yelping their impatience for the sports to begin. This brought below in quick time, all of the admiral's friends, the lame, the halt—the blind, not altogether but partially so.

The sport was expected to be good, for a large portion of the Manor lay yet unreclaimed, where reynard had been

suffered for more than fifty years to roam unmolested. It was wonderful to see how readily these old salts mounted their hunters, and a wooden-leg was sent over the back of the animal with as much celerity as if it had been made for that purpose. Although there were several bridle-arms missing, yet they had others as good as they, and as ample to guide the horses as the others would have been.

Sir John and Simon declined being of the party, and accordingly they, Lady Malcolm, Mrs. Arnold, and Lucia, ascended to the top of the hall to witness the sport, as sport they knew it must be, considering the remarkable character of the party concerned.

It was not long before, at the well-known signal, the huntsmen were on their way, under the direction of that celebrated sportsman, my Lord Tomtit. Their appearance was not unimposing, for what was wanting in skill they made up in daring. And they often turned aside to leap a high wall, when their path would have been unobstructed by keeping straight a-head. Those behind would consider the act as a challenge, when they also followed suit, one after another, until they presented in the distance an undulatory movement, like so many sheep escaping from an inclosure. The dogs had no sooner entered the sporting-grounds than they were in full cry, when such a scampering was there as had rarely been witnessed. It was a long time before Sir John, who in his day had been a good sportsman, knew what to make of it, for they were all pursuing a different course, and in the space of ten minutes there was not a dog within a mile of each other.

It was not long, however, before Captain Pickerel hove in sight, much in the plight of Gilpin *when he rode a race*. It was evident to Sir John that the horse had everything his

own way, particularly after he had thrown up his heels and left the captain at anchor in a sea of brambles.

Simon and the baronet hurried to his relief, and were happy at finding him only badly scratched, which had no worse effect, than to make him curse the "rawboned devil," as he called the horse which had just dismounted him. Several servants were called from the hall, who made a litter, and conveyed him to his apartment. He was soon able to explain, and said, that "directly after they had entered the old field, the foxes and hares by whole dozens sprung up, which so confused the dogs that in a few moments each one was busy on his separate account, and the horses having never seen the like, had all run away."

Sir John was a "gentleman of the old school," and would not for the world have been so indecorous as to laugh at Capt. Pickereel's misfortunes or the mishaps of the others, yet it was most evident that his education was nearly giving way to a seeming necessity. Night came, but no one made his appearance but the *whipper-in*; not a huntsman or hound could be seen or heard—and those in the hall were not without concern lest some accident had befallen them. Their fears were partly relieved, however, during the night, by a number of the party coming in, most of whom were without horses, and badly bruised. When day-light appeared the next morning, the admiral was still missing, and four of the others. Sir John and Simon dispatched messengers to all quarters, and went themselves in search. The day was well nigh spent before the four were found—one was in a ditch badly hurt, another had lost his wooden-leg, and could not make his way on foot, while the two others, one of whom was Lord Tomtit, had injured their horses, and were engaged in endeavoring to get them to

a neighboring farm. But the admiral was nowhere to be found; nor could any tidings be obtained of him. The whole section of country was a-stir, and every ditch and ravine was looked into, and every river dragged for ten miles around. The fourth day was spent in the same fruitless search, but as the sun was going down, their fears were relieved by the arrival of a messenger from London. The following note from the admiral will explain the cause of his disappearance:—

"LONDON, August 17th, 1781.

"MAJOR OVERING :

"*Dear Sir*,—I hasten to relieve you of any anxiety on my account. My horse ran away, and carried me wherever he pleased, until at last he came to, but unshipped me while coming around to the wind. I was badly damaged, and lay under a hedge, when the mail-coach luckily espied me, then luffed up alongside, and took me a-board, and here I am, snugly seated in my old quarters; and, Simon, you may put me down as an ass, if you ever catch me again at so outlandish a place as Wycherly Manor. I have applied for sea-service; for, to tell you plainly, I cannot live in such a fresh-water country as I have been in for the last four months.

"Tell my Lord Tomtit, I wish the devil had him and his dogs, for he and they have nearly been the death of me. The best thing he can do is to ship for a marine, and try if he can't be a more useful subject to his Majesty than he has hitherto been.

"I have this moment been to my attorney, and have directed him to draw up a surrender of my life-estate to you and Lucia, and I hope you will enjoy the d——d dreary desolation, better than I have done.

"I once had a name, but curse me if I now know what it is, nor ever would, should I stay there any longer. Others may call me 'St. James,' or what not, but I now and evermore subscribe myself
Your affectionate Uncle,

"THOMAS CASTOFF.

"N. B. I have just been ordered to the command of a fleet in the Mediterranean—Ah, that means something, Simon!—Off to-morrow—good-by—love to Lucia, and little 'Dick,' my namesake. I now give you all my initials. R. S. T. C."

The astonishment of the parties concerned can better be imagined than described, at this sudden *denouement* of the admiral's, although it was evident from the first that he took no interest in the place. The next day, sure enough, came the surrender, duly executed, with a complimentary letter to Overing from the attorney, soliciting his patronage, and begging he would use his influence in his behalf with the neighboring gentry.

Sir John and Simon now set to work in good earnest to put the place to rights. New orders were given for workmen, and after a few days it was literally swarming with mechanics and others. Even one month's labor gave a new aspect to things; from the late solitary waste went up peals of laughter from the happy husbandmen. The sombre hue of the old time-worn hall gave place to a more cheerful appearance. Fine cattle were purchased and turned into the fields. The admiral's frolicsome companions had gone, and before winter set in there was a life and cheerfulness about the grounds that it possessed, perhaps, when the beautiful Annette was in the height of her beauty, and when gay cavaliers came daily riding up to bask in the sunshine of her smiles.

Sir John had remained all this time, in consequence of the sudden turn things had taken, for the purpose of aiding Overing in the management of the Manor, but the time had come when business demanded his attention in town, and he took his departure, after arranging with Simon to spend the spring months with him. Mrs. Arnold accompanied her father, who wished also that little Dick should go along, but this Lucia would not consent to, as she suspected it would be lonesome enough even with him. The parting was cheered by the prospect of their soon meeting again.

As Sir John journeyed onward the following short dialogue occurred between himself and Mrs. Arnold:—

"I like, daughter, that son-in-law of yours; there is an absence of bustle and flourish about him."

"He has been to me more than a son-in-law. I know but little difference in my affections betwixt him and Lucia."

"He *acts*," replied the father, "and efficiently, too, I perceive, and says but little about it. He seems to possess much of the blood of the St. James's, for in their palmy days poor Charles had no more efficient a subject than the old Earl."

While they were yet upon the road, the parents of Eugenia each held her by a hand, fearful if relaxing their grasp they would never be enabled to regain it; and could it be wondered at? for she was an only child, in whom their existence was renewed by the quickened pulsation her presence created.

Overing had been assiduous in his superintendence at Wycherly Manor, and mid-winter came almost unawares. Although the gentry of the county frequently paid him visits, yet the season of the year brought with it its dreariness.

It was about ten o'clock at night when he and Lucia were

sitting together in the library, talking over the strange incidents of their lives, when the postman rode up, and directly after a servant placed in the hands of Simon a small packet. Upon turning the parcels over he found one indorsed by his father, and another in the handwriting of Hannah. He had hardly commenced reading the former, when Lucia saw from his manner that it contained bad news. After reading a few lines he laid the letter down, and silently wept. It announced the mournful intelligence that Hannah was dead ! It affected Lucia almost as much as himself, and some time was spent in silent grief, and, as if to add to their sadness, the winds moaned around the hall in dirge-like cadences, bringing with them reminiscences of the past—reminiscences which, at such a time, blanches the heart, no matter what its character—for the pall of death covers them alike.

At length Overing summoned sufficient fortitude to read the letter through, as follows :—

“RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS, }
FIRST DAY, FIRST MONTH, ANNO DOMINO 178—.”

“SIMON OVERING, GREETING—

“Thy mother and myself have it to announce that Hannah is no more ; she died on the morning of last first day. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. It may be satisfactory for thee to hear that she died happy, and was anxious for her time to come. She continued her visits to the church almost up to the day of her death, for our counsels to the contrary availed nothing. Death happens to all the sons and daughters of Adam, and we are not to question the Divine Providence by complaining, for it would be folly as well as wickedness. Thy mother sends her remembrance, and thy

brother his. Our crops are as good as can be expected, and we have something to give to the poor.

“Thy Father,

“OBADIAH OVERING.”

The letter from Hannah was written a few hours before her death. It was some time before he could summon resolution enough to read it :—

“FIRST DAY, FIRST MONTH, ANNO DOMINI 178—.

“DEAR BROTHER,—This is the last letter thee will ever receive from thy sister, for I shall soon pass through the valley of death. My extremities are cold and my sight dim. A tolling of bells is ringing in my ears so mournfully, that I thought it real until mother told me it was but my imagination.

“Thou must not mourn for me, Simon, for I go to join him who has been so long waiting for me. He loved me on earth, and I believe will in heaven. In thy greatness, forget not thy God, and remember that it is He who hath been with thee from the beginning, and to whom thou art indebted for thy exaltation. I would say more, but the blood is settling under my nails—my fingers are cold, and their joints so stiffened as scarcely to allow me to use them.

“Farewell, Simon.

“HANNAH OVERING.”

Such was the last effort Hannah made ; for a few hours after she breathed her last.

This was the severest blow Simon had ever received. Although his own senses told him that she had been declining for years, yet such was the nature of her flattering disease, that he had from time to time, suffered himself to hope it had taken a more favorable turn.

It was a long time before he could arouse himself from the gloom this sad intelligence overwhelmed him with, for almost every hour of his youth was in some way connected with his sister ; and when he began to realize that she was no more, those pleasing visions of the past not only lost their charm, but wore a tinge of sadness in their decay, painful to contemplate.

They excluded themselves much from society until the June following, when they were induced by the pressing letters the post brought from day to day, from Sir John and Mrs. Arnold, to fulfill the engagement they had made the fall before, and by the middle of the month they set out for London. It was night before they arrived, and much to their regret, upon driving up before the stately house of the worthy Baronet, they found music and dancing going on there. He had given an entertainment to some of his old friends who had just returned from the war in America.

Upon their arrival, Overing and his wife were conducted to the reception-room, where they awaited the pleasure of Sir John. Directly he, followed by his lady and daughter, came in, and a strife seemed to go on between them who should give Simon and Lucia the most hearty reception. In passing from the saloons an hour or so after, into the supper-rooms, who should they meet face to face, but my Lord Percie, who was dallying and coquetting with a pretty young girl, as light and frivolous as ever ; but he averted his eyes and pushed on as soon as he discovered who his confronters were. In another quarter of the apartments, and lo ! there were Lieutenant-Colonel Sterling and his good lady, looking as prim and quaint as ever, quite happy as their eyes followed Arabella, who had become the wife of Capt. Blonder-

boss ; the latter had much improved in character, for the lieutenant-colonel had convinced him there was neither wit nor valor in breaking the windows of his Majesty's subjects.

Arabella had that happy temperament, enabling her to adapt herself to circumstances, and loved her husband quite as much as he deserved. Simon nor his wife had hearts to engage in the amusement, though their appearance distinguished them from the throng. Their yet beautiful mother gazed upon the pair with a pride and satisfaction that warmed the hearts of those who knew her history. Sir John, and Lady Malcolm in their turn, hardly withdrew their eyes from Eugenia, who, true to her nature, comported herself with queenly dignity, and there were hearts there which would have yielded their treasures at her feet, had they dared to approach such chastened pride—such lofty submission—such prudent affability.

About three o'clock in the morning, the company began to retire, and among the last going away, was my Lady Percie, handed over to her husband by a young Frenchman, who had engaged her attention the most of the evening. The moment she took her husband's arm, her smiles and her playfulness disappeared together.

Overing and his wife had retired to their apartment overlooking a garden in the rear of the house ; everything had become quiet, and the moon was shining clearly upon the flowers, sparkling in the dews of the night, when suddenly there arose from a bower, the same rich voice Lucia had heard in her infancy, in her girlhood, and in her womanhood. She knew it to be her mother's, for none other was so deeply pathetic, so full of volume, and so

rich in the variety of its tones. The words were distinctly pronounced :—

The clouds were dark, the fierce winds howl'd
Upon my home, beside the sea ;
They mocked me when I pray'd for help,
And mutter'd back, " there's none for thee."

A tyrant master drove me there—
Upon an island in the sea ;
The waves which sounded on the shore,
Their vigils kept for only me.

It was a drear and barren shore,
A little island in the sea ;
Where no one lived but I alone,
And screaming sea-birds on the lea.

Long years my home was only on
That little island of the sea ;—
But a Pirate crew came prowling there
In numbers of a score and three.

They took me from my drear abode,
And sailed far beyond the sea ;
Where friends and home is found again,
And a welcome given to me.

Then let the storm now cease its rage,
Over that island in the sea ;
And ne'er the cliff-bird wail again
A hapless mother's destiny.

So soon as the song was ended, Lucia descended the staircase ; and although the sentiment expressed was a censure to the memory of her father, yet it awakened in her breast the

tenderest emotions. She could not forget the indulgence he had ever bestowed upon her ; and although he made war upon the rest of the world, his life would at any time have been surrendered for the preservation of her's.

As she was about going into the garden for the purpose of joining her mother, she met her with her parents returning to the house. They had found the rooms uncomfortably warm, and had gone out to enjoy the cool night-breeze, when Eugenia's thoughts reverted to the days of her misfortunes, and she involuntary gave way to her feelings in the manner described.

Lucia threw herself into her arms, begging her to forget the offences of her father ; she plead his early misfortunes so strongly in his behalf, that Eugenia folded her to her heart, and exclaimed, " I do forgive him, Lucia, and I pray God may forgive him too !"

* * * * *

Some years must now be permitted to intervene. Overing and his wife had returned to their native country, where they became the " strictest of their sect" among the Quakers ; everything and everybody had grown older, but Hercules. He remained as a record of past events ; and whenever he wished to push his own importance among the neighbors, he always contrived to introduce " Massa Simon," who was his Alpha and Omega. Drunk or sober, the Black had the same miraculous tales to tell of his prowess, which never lost by oft repeating. The wealth of Overing gave him great importance, beside the ability to dispense much good. No one attended meeting on Sundays more strictly than did he and his wife, and the only calumny ever uttered against him, if calumny it may be called, was that he on several occasions, broke up the *meeting* by shaking hands too early, and particularly on one

occasion, when Ebenezer Longbow was about commencing a discourse, who although a bad preacher, was said to be a good sort of a man.

Overing's friends tried to ferret out the calumniator, but unfortunately in tracing the slander, they fell foul of Eldad as the sinner who set the ball in motion. The next time Simon met his brother, wishing to amuse himself a little at his expense, he said, "Eldad ! why hast thou slandered me by saying, I break up the meetings before the spirit moveth the members to go ?—is this the return I get for buying Seth Turner's farm for thee ?"

"Truth is mighty, and must prevail," was the reply ; "and I can tell thee what, Simon ! thee better keep still, for I saw thee wink at Lucia just as thee was going to do it. I do believe thee has a grudge against Ebenezer Longbow, because thee lost thy dinner once when he preached ten hours, in telling some wholesome truths about *Friends* turning soldiers, wearing feathers in their hats, pounding sheep-skins, and other fooleries, that *some people* have been guilty of."

Simon interrupted his brother in the midst of his answer, by saying, "Good-morning, Eldad ! I am glad to find thee for once on the right side."

After going home, Simon and Lucia amused themselves upon the ill-humor their brother had shown on this occasion.

We will now cross the ocean only to say that "Little Dick" in process of time became Sir Richard Overing, Baronet, who was said to be the handsomest young man attending at Almacks. The ladies became very generally in love with him, but he was yet too young to get married. He was the pride of Eugenia so long as she lived ; and although he had his frolics, never forgot that he was a gentleman.

A cycle in the lives of Overing and his wife had passed and another begun. Much of their time was spent in each other's society, recounting over the strange incidents having occurred in their eventful lives, for the calm succeeding the turbulent era through which their early years were spent was well calculated for sober meditation.

While they were indulging one bright evening in a stroll by the river-side, an old acquaintance presented itself in the shape of the "King Philip." She lay but a little distance from the shore, and as a boat was at hand, they directly found themselves on her deck ; she was dismantled of her tackling, and even the windows from her cabin, and the doors from their hinges, had been carried away. Her scathed masts unsupported by the rigging, like spectres towered into the clear sky, telling of their grandeur once, but their destitution now. Not a cloud floated above, and the stars shone down into the deep waters, reflecting the blue canopy as distinctly as if it were the substance and not the shadow. The vessel seemed suspended in mid-air over the bright concave world below, looking down upon its spangled floor as the haven where she was about to rest, now that she had been sent adrift in her old age, and left to founder in the dark and troubled ocean.

Before Overing and his wife had reached the shore, they perceived the King Philip drifting seaward—as she glided on, she soon became but a mere shadow in the distance, struggling for existence with one dark wave and then another ; but a few minutes after, as if endued with a knowledge of her helplessness, she plunged beneath one mightier and blacker than the rest, and nothing more was seen where she had been but the dimpling waves softened by the rising moon.

This incident affected the philosophic Overing, for it blot-

ted out one of the many objects that were daily disappearing from the records of the past. Upon entering their house they found Obadiah and Rizpah had come to spend the evening, bringing with them a packet just received from Lucia's mother—among its contents was a letter to her son-in-law, and another to her daughter, also some newspapers. One of them, giving an account of a levee at court, described young Overing as appearing before their Majesties wearing his *hat*—a privilege inherited from Eugenia's father for a particular service his ancestor had rendered King John. Rizpah smiled her satisfaction at this part of the ceremony, and Obadiah responded, in due time—A—MEN.

THE END.