

Seaside Library

THE SEA-KING. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

Each Number contains a Complete Story, Unchanged and Unabridged.

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THE SEA-KING.

By CAPTAIN MARRYATT.

CHAPTER I.

MANY years ago there stood upon the banks of the Schuylkill a mansion, at that time much admired for the beauty and chastity of its construction. It was one of those old-fashioned tenements that may be seen even now in some cities of Virginia and Maryland. It consisted of a main building and two smaller wings; a huge flight of marble steps conducted to the main entrance, and the upper stories were lighted by oriel windows; in front, a long gravelled avenue interspersed with Lombardy poplars, and terminating with an arched gateway at the road side, afforded a passage through the domain; and in the rear, at the foot of the ascent, upon the summit of which stood the dwelling, were situated the barn, stables, and carriage-houses. The grounds in the vicinity were laid out in flower-beds, redolent with all the roses of America, and long arched arbors of blushing grapes flanked the garden on either hand; to the right of the mansion, a beautiful summer house rose from the pinnacle of a steep rock, and round and about its slender columns bloomed the white jessamine, the yellow marigold, and the azure violet; the ivy, too, wound around this fairy bower, as if to assert its native right over the elegant intruders; and here and there a wild rose bloomed in elegant contrast with those that had been transplanted to beautify the locality.

From this site the view was magnificent. On the right, far as the eye could reach, were seen the blue waters of the Delaware stretching away to seaward, broken here and there by headlands, and dotted in many parts of its surface by vessels passing to and from Philadelphia; on the left and in front, on the further side of the further river, were seen the green fields and forests of New Jersey; immediately under your feet flowed the glassy waters of the Schuylkill, and between the two streams rose the city itself, like some vast panorama set in a frame of glittering silver. It was a sunny morning in the loveliest month of the year; a gentle breeze came sweeping along laden with the fragrance of every flower it passed, rippling the waters of the river, and showering its perfume and freshness amid the streets of the city; the grass was yet moist, and the big dew-drops still sparkled upon the odorous lilac; the carol of a thousand birds swelled in the glad air, and the lowing of cattle, and bleating of flocks imparted an animation to the rural life of the scene which was enchanting. All nature seemed alive with joy; the beautiful Schuylkill murmured with a happy sound, as it rushed along its rocky bed, embracing each water lily in its course, and the green leaves of the forest rustled in lively confusion against each other; the earth smiled in its gorgeous

carpeting; the waters sparkled in their beauty; the sun dazzled with superior brilliancy, and not one cloud frowned in all the broad blue of Heaven.

A single individual sat gazing upon the scene from one of the parlors of the mansion, but its harmony seemed to mock him, for there was a deep frown upon his brow, and his eye glowed with rage as it roamed

mildness of old age in his countenance, and it would even be difficult to imagine that those stern forbidding features could ever soften into a smile; time, instead of weakening his vehement energies, had added to them new strength, and the violent impulses of that man were more indomitable at fifty than they had been at fifteen. Though he had already lived to nearly the number of years allotted to man, all his experience had failed in teaching him humility. The sorrows and cares of life, while they affected him perhaps more keenly than other men, had not upon his disposition the same salutary influence that they exercised over every one beside; and like the mountain torrent, his passions gathered strength and fierceness as they rushed onwards to that ocean that would soon close over them in peace and quietude.

It was evident, from the frequent and impatient glances he cast towards the door, that he was in waiting for some one; twice he reached for the bell-string, but as often paused on hearing a noise without; at length, however, when his patience had become well nigh exhausted, the door opened, and a youth of sixteen entered the apartment.

For a moment they mutually observed each other in silence, the father scowling with wrath and the son looking him calmly but not disrespectfully in the eye. Harry Sutherland had viewed the angry cloud upon his parent's brow too often in his life to be wed by the storm it betokened, and he stood up before him collected almost to indifference.

"Did you wish to see me, pa?" asked the boy, with a composure that irritated his sire more than perhaps the offence for which he was arraigned.

"Wish to see you, sir!" repeated the father in a loud, angry, and sarcastic tone; "no, sir, I never wished to see you—never; I would be glad, sir, if you were removed to some remote corner of the earth, where your presence could never offend my eyes, and where reports of your disobedience and bad conduct could never reach my ears."

The son made no reply; for words from him, he well knew, could not assuage the wrath of his exasperated father.

"You are notorious for discreditable actions, sir," resumed the angry parent; "your very name is a synonyme with infamy, you are a disgrace to both yourself and me."

"But, father, I have not disobeyed you in this matter; you accuse me wrongfully this time, for I will convince you, if you will do me the favor to listen dispassionately for a moment, that I am totally innocent."

"I cannot believe you, sir," replied the parent, hastily; "I cannot believe you—no, sir, no, you are guilty, guilty of that offence and a thousand others. Innocence never was with you an attribute; your whole career has been one of insubordination and irregularity."

"But, father, though I may have committed many faults, I may yet be innocent of one," said Harry.



CAPTAIN MANLY.

with more than the insipidity of satiety over the face of Nature. The age of the stranger was nearly half a century; his countenance had evidently been at one time handsome, but fierce and unconquerable passions had planted lines there that left but few traces of former beauty. Increasing years seemed to affect him differently from other men; there was none of the

"Don't attempt to reason with me, sir!" exclaimed the sire. "And hark ye, young man, in after years, when your profligacy shall have involved you in difficulty and disgrace, tell it not that I caused your ruin; recollect, sir, that I have taken with you all the pains a father could bestow upon the most obedient child; and what has been the result—how have you repaid me?"

"But, father, let me explain—"

"Don't father me, sir," interrupted the parent, "you are no son of mine—no son of mine; from henceforth I disclaim you—I disown you—I denounce you; there runs not a drop of my blood in your veins—not a drop, not one drop;" and as he concluded, he sprang from his chair and commenced pacing the apartment, muttering in coherent invectives at every stride.

Harry Sutherland had at first borne the angry tempest of his father's wrath with composure and meekness; but when the sire, inflamed by passion, rejected and denied him, his face turned as pale as death, and he trembled in every limb from excessive agitation, his features twitched convulsively, and the big tears started in his beautiful blue eyes; but with one powerful struggle he mastered his feelings, and though his countenance settled in repose, it was a dreadful stillness, that chased away the color from his cheek until long after that painful interview.

The distress of the son was unperceived at first by the father, who still continued pacing the apartment, and whose spleen had by this time well nigh vented itself; and when he raised his eyes and discovered the emotion which his harsh words had aroused in the breast of his child, he stopped suddenly, and his features waxed into a milder but still repulsive expression. Whether it was that he was softened by an appearance of what he thought penitence, an appearance which his wayward boy had never evinced on any former occasion of the kind, or whether it was that his heart rebuked him for his unnecessary and unfeeling violence, is an enigma that none but he could have solved; but certain it was, that one or the other asserted a powerful and immediate influence over him at the moment.

"You were saying," said he, in a lower tone than he had previously exercised, "that you could explain away your offence of last night; I hope you will be competent to the task—go on, sir."

"I am sorry I cannot oblige you," said the son, with apparent mildness.

"How, sir! did I not understand you to say that you could clear up the matter in a satisfactory manner?"

"I could have done so, had you permitted me when I first proposed it; it would be supererogatory to attempt it now."

"Why so, sir?" demanded the father, sharply; "if it was then in your power, is it not equally so now?"

"It is, sir," replied the son.

"Then why not make the explanation?"

"It is too late now, sir."

"Do you not dread my anger, young man?"

"Very much, when it is justly conceived," replied Harry.

"Convince me then that I have been mistaken."

"It matters not now, sir. I have been rebuked for the offence—it would be unnecessary at this time."

"And you will not undecieve me?"

"No, sir."

The father hesitated a moment, as if in doubt as to the proper course to be pursued. At first, he was disposed to become again enraged; but when he met the calm, bold, blue eyes of his high-spirited son, he became at once convinced that such a measure could be productive of no good consequence.

"Stubborn boy!" said he, at length, biting his lips with vexation, which he vainly endeavored to conceal; "explain to me that matter, and I tender you my sincere forgiveness."

"Forgiveness!" exclaimed the youth, with a cold, ghastly smile upon his lips; "forgiveness, and for what, sir?"

The father could not at that moment have replied to that calm, though withering interrogatory, had his life been dependent upon a response; he was confounded, dispossessed, and the color even came to that cheek, had as it had been by the winds of fifty winters. A minute elapsed, and that painful silence was still reigning—he could not break it—twice he strove, but the words froze upon his lips, and the proud, the haughty, the imperious, the iron-hearted parent was humbled by his own injured son.

Harry saw the anguish of his sire; he felt his own triumph too; and, though it was a proud moment for him, he was too generous to take advantage of his misery. He could not injure the feelings of a father, though that father had never spared him; he was touched, and in mercy he resigned.

"After the acknowledgments you have to-day made, I can no longer remain an inmate of your house. The obligations I am under to you are infinite, and shall never be forgotten, though they can never be repaid. I am not writing in gratitude, sir, though I may have been in recalcitrance; and that my unfortunate, though involuntary errors, may not in future disturb your equanimity, I shall perpetrate them in another sphere. It has been my misfortune to offend you, sir, never my fault; I entreat to please you, I would have ultimately done better; it has long been my study, sir, and if I have often failed, it is not that I am unwilling to succeed; the events of to-day, however, render it unnecessary for me to persist in trying to gratify you. I can have no further claims upon your affection; every tie but the simple feeling that binds one man to another, you have dissolved between us. Farewell, sir!" and as he concluded he suddenly withdrew from the apartment, leaving his father motionless with amazement.

"Come back, my Harry, come back!" exclaimed the miserable parent, when surprised at length permitted him to speak; but no reply broke the dead silence that succeeded. Where were now the violent passions of that proud man? he turned pale, trembled, and a tear moistened his eye; he tottered to the window, raised the sash, and was just in time to obtain a parting glance of his offended boy, as he descended a knoll on his way to the city.

Though Harry Sutherland was but a youth in years and experience, he was a man in feeling and character; his qualities had all been fully developed, and though age might, perhaps, confirm them, it could not change their general character in any other manner. Like all persons who have a restraint imposed upon them, he was mild and irregular when freed from the immediate influence of that thralldom, and had of late indulged in a series of frolicsome and mischievous pranks, one of which gave rise to the scene we have just detailed, and one, too, of which Harry was entirely innocent.

But these erratic practices were more the momentary caprice of a sanguine and happy temperament than the exercise of vitiated and corrupt impulses; and had he been left unchecked in his mad career, he would soon have become tired and satiated with it, and would in all probability have returned with increased avidity to a more exemplary course of life. He had indulged too freely not to have had an eventual surfeit, which must have effected in his habits a complete and entire revolution. His feelings were ardent, and their impulses consequently quick and powerful; and persons of this temperament require something more than the monotonous excitement of every-day life to sustain them. He was not one to be entertained by the insipid enjoyments that gratified the multitude; his taste was of a higher and more fastidious cast, and pursuits or pleasures that were common to all, ceased to be pleasing to him. In fact, there were so many contradictions in the character of Harry Sutherland, that it required a long acquaintance and some penetration to understand him. Though often restless in habits and disposition, there were times when he was settled, thoughtful, and studious; and when he saw or read anything that involved a difficulty, the subject was not thrown aside until every part of it was thoroughly and perfectly understood. It would naturally be supposed that a youth of irregular inclinations would be habitually social and communicative, but with him it was almost the very reverse; he avoided companionship with all, indulged in long and solitary rambles, and was remarkable for taciturnity; nor was he, as would naturally be inferred from these circumstances, selfish, vain, or cold-hearted, for there never existed a more generous, disinterested, or affectionate being, when events transpired to call those virtues into action. If he associated with none, it was not that he was wanting in those feelings of social partiality that endear men to each other, but because he encountered none whose disposition and pursuits harmonized with his own; if he conversed but little, it was not from a dislike to such communion, but rather from a preference to intercourse with his own thoughts, and if he avoided society, it was not that he despised it, but that solitude had more to interest and less to disturb. These may be called nice distinctions; but who that knows aught of human nature will say they do not exist? In short, to sum up this character, he was an anomaly whom none understood, and whom none could, at first, properly appreciate.

Though Harry Sutherland delivered his valedictory speech with an appearance of calmness, it was an assumption of feeling that he was far from experiencing. Ever then the volcano was raging within him, and in a very few moments after he had quitted the presence of his father, it burst forth with additional fury, in consequence of being for a time restrained.

But that overwhelming storm of passion, though heart-rending and violent while it continued, was of short duration; like the whirlwind, it rose loud, violent, and prostrating, but, like the whirlwind, it lasted but a few brief instants, and then subsided in calm.

Sad, silent, and sorrowful, he pursued his way, nor turned his eyes to gaze upon his paternal walls until he had arrived at the opposite bank of the Schuykill; then, indeed, he paused and looked back, long and wistfully, and when he again turned to resume his uncertain course, he sighed; for, though his home had been no home to him, he left it with some such feelings, though with far different inclinations, than our first forefather experienced when ejected from the bowers of Eden.

Ah! to how many pleasing reflections does that one word, Home, give existence! Though it may be humble—though grand—it is still connected with the sweetest associations of our life. It is, indeed, one of the few things that, amidst the revolutions of life, we still remember with joy, and one of the only things whose memory becomes more and more endeared to us as time increases the separation between it and ourselves. The valley we first roamed in—the tree that first shaded us—the brook we first loved, and the landscape that first greeted us, all make their impressions upon us, before our affections become contaminated by selfish intercourse with the world, in colors too bright and pleasing to be ever afterwards erased. Often, often, oh, how often, we pause in the highway of life, and look back to that blessed place, where we were innocent, young, and happy! It is the earliest affection to be received, the very last to leave us; man, though he be a traitor to all the rest, is still faithful there; and when he has acted his part in the game of life, though he may have been successful beyond anticipation, fortunate beyond desire—though he may have won the admiration of the world, the applause of himself, the smiles of beauty—still looks back, and finds no place so like a paradise as his first home, and no moments so productive of happiness as those he spent within its sacred walls.

And Harry Sutherland was about to leave that home forever, to renounce those sweets that flowed Lethal-like, obviating its bitterness; to alienate himself from enjoyments that he would never find on earth again; and to shiver asunder one of the most sacred obligations of the human race—the sympathy between the father and the child. From all these he was rushing to commence a new and a doubtful career, to embark his hopes upon that wild sea where man knows nor feels no mutual sensibility with his fellow-man; where all is uncertainty—where all is selfishness—where all is deceit.

But though that strange youth sallied forth alone, he went not unaided; he was determined, persevering, and ambitious; and these are qualities that befriended us to the last, and that often prove far more successful than personal influence, for the latter but points out the road to fame, while the former, like a faithful guide, accompanies you on to the very goal. He was proud, too, not of anything he possessed in himself over the rest of mankind, but proud of their opinions—proud that his impulses were all honorable—proud that he never had been guilty of anything for which he should feel self-abased. And now he beheld himself thrown entirely upon his own resources, and this in itself inspired him with feelings he had been a stranger to before. He was gratified that it was so; he was conscious that his abilities were more than adequate to the task; the broad world was all before him, and he at liberty to choose his own way through it—to fashion out his own destiny—to emblazon his own name with decorations of honor; he was confident in his energies, and that confidence is the pilot that often guides us half way into the sea of good fortune. It was long after sunset; the pale crescent, and her beautiful attendant,

were bright in the west; but Harry Sutherland still threaded the streets of the city, but it was with the manner of one who walks that he may the better commune with his own fancies; he was alone in that crowd—solitary amidst a multitude.

As he pursued his course, building fancies of hope for the future, a sudden brightness illuminated the sky in a distant quarter of the city, and then followed the startling cry of "Fire!" faint and far off at first, but gradually swelling and disseminating until the alarm had penetrated the most distant streets and avenues of the town; presently the wild, solemn peals of one large bell roused the citizens from their slumbers, and warned them that the fierce element was at its work of ravage; then the ponderous engines were heard rattling over the hard pavements, while those who lent their energies to the task of dragging them encouraged each other in long, loud, and reiterated shouts; instantly the streets, before deserted, became thronged with people, torches flashed in every direction, and wild excitement prevailed where lassitude slept but a few minutes previous.

Meanwhile the atmosphere, from a deep lurid, became brightly red, and as the conflagration increased, huge misshapen masses of black smoke piled itself upwards, studded with sparks that shone like so many glittering stars through a storm-cloud; domes, steeples, and chimney-tops glowed in light, and terror even seemed to lend some beauty to that wild, that haggard scene. The fire first broke forth in the lower apartments of a dwelling-house, and spread in a very brief space with such fearful rapidity that the inmates had scarcely time to save themselves from destruction. The devouring element had raged for some time undiscovered, and when it at last burst from the lower windows of the house, it had taken so great a hold within that all efforts to preserve the moveables were regarded as ineffectual.

While the multitude were yet preparing to extinguish the conflagration, their attention was suddenly and powerfully attracted by a shriek, so wild, so powerful, and so expressive of execrating agony, that all voices were hushed, and all operations suspended as if by magic. That fearful cry sent the life-blood thrilling through the veins of all who heard it, and hushed to deathly silence the hoarse murmur that rose but a moment before, as loud and as angry as the roar of the ocean when chafed by the rude blast of the China seas; again that freezing exclamation rose upon the startled air, and a female voice shrieked out, in accents that when once heard haunt us ever after, "Save, oh, save my child! save her for the love of God! quick, quick, or she will perish!"

An awful pause succeeded this passionate invocation, but it lasted only until men could collect their feelings from the stagnation imparted to them by that rude shock, and then arose a confusion as wild and tumultuous as the calm that preceded was still and terrible. All the lower apartments of the house were now filled with smoke and flame, and the latter was observed mounting upward and spreading in every direction, so that in an incredible space from the breaking out it had extended to every part of the house, and the whole interior, from the roof to the base, was glowing like an over-heated oven, the element roaring this while with a noise that not even the confused hum of the multitude could drown. To ascend to the room which the distracted mother pointed out as the sleeping apartment of her child by the stairways was an utter impossibility, as they were completely enveloped in flame. None had the hardihood to attempt it; but when ladders were brought and placed against the walls, more than twenty intrepid firemen sprang forward to the rescue of the unfortunate little girl; but when they had gauged the windows, they found it impossible to enter, as the smoke was gushing in clouds so thick, so black, and so suffocating, that they deemed it as impossible to exist one moment within the apartment, as it was to recognize objects through the opaque atmosphere. Those who failed in the first attempt were succeeded by others, though with no better success; and the multitude were about relinquishing all hope of the child's salvation, when a youth of slender proportions was seen ascending the ladder with an air of determination that seemed to inspire the crowd with new hope, for all eyes were turned upon him, and a shout of encouragement rose simultaneously around him in a moment he gained the window, turned for one instant to avoid a column of smoke that just then puffed out, and inhaling a mouthful of fresh air, he leaped into the apartment; another and a louder shout attested the increased hope of the spectators, and all became silent again, for men were too much wrought up in dread excitement to attend to anything but their own varying emotions. He remained within the chamber but a very short time, and yet it seemed to those below a long, long while—the pain, the suspense, the hopes, the fears of an age were crowded in that brief moment. At last he reappeared—but alone. He was unsuccessful, and blinded by smoke, and weakened by strangulation, he became dispirited, and could persist no longer in an attempt that appeared like madness, even to those who hoped that his endeavors might have been blessed with success. An exclamation of disappointment ran through the crowd; but before it had died away, another youth, of nearly the same age and size, sprang upon a second ladder, and commenced ascending to the window. The stranger was Harry Sutherland; he had just arrived at the scene of action, and was learning the cause of the deep excitement, when a beautiful female, whose dress was disordered, and whose hair hung dishevelled down her back, seized him suddenly by the arm, and implored him in accents of agony to save her child. The frantic mother had appealed in the same manner to fifty others, but they recoiled from a task that experience had proved impossible, and that reason warned as fraught with danger. "Will you rescue my child?" asked the mother; and observing that Harry hesitated, she bounded wildly forward, and seized the youth with the intention of mounting herself; but the youth caught her as suddenly, and pushing her aside, he rushed up, and leaped into the glowing apartment. Despair had, however, by this time driven hope from the field, and the spectators, though as anxious as ever for the child's preservation, were far less sanguine. Expectation once baffled doubts ever after, and the fire had increased so rapidly that they thought all chances of success improbable; but the increase of the element, instead of building up an obstacle to the rescue of the child, served rather to render it more easy, inasmuch as it destroyed the smoke, which had proved the greater impediment of the two, and to add to the hopes of the

young adventurer, a fresh current of air came streaming in the windows, cooling the atmosphere and enabling him to prosecute his search with additional chances of success.

There succeeded a dead silence, and then a tremendous crash announced that some part of the interior had given way; but the fears of the multitude were in a moment quieted, on perceiving that the floor of the upper apartments was still entire. Another moment elapsed, and then arose one of the longest, loudest, and most exulting shouts that ever rang upon the ears of created man; again that wild burst of delight reverberated on the night air, and again, and again, until the very city trembled beneath the universal jubilation.

The mother, frantic with delight, took her child from the arms of her deliverer, and after gazing for a moment in its beautiful eyes, she clasped the darling to her bosom, and covered its sweet countenance with kisses. After the first violent burst of joy, the enraptured parent cast her eyes upward, and though she uttered not even a whisper, it was evident from the devotion of her manner that she was breathing forth a prayer of silent eloquence to that Just and Omnipotent Being, whose divine will is the prompter of all human agency, and who sometimes, in the profundity of His wisdom, visits us with misfortunes, that we may be better enabled to appreciate the blessings He has often prodigally heaped upon us.

That was the happiest moment of Harry Sutherland's life. He felt then, as he gazed upon the cherub he had snatched from destruction, and the mother he had saved from misery, that it was not in the province of man to enjoy raptures of bliss more divine than those that at that moment thrilled in his veins; but few of the millions who have passed from the cradle to the grave, ever experienced that exquisite sensation of delight—he was himself a stranger to it forever after.

And there was but one in all that vast assemblage of human beings that envied him the happiness of that moment; and that one stood gazing on him with a scowling brow, and an eye flashing with deadly rage. He hated him for his success, and, from the bottom of his soul, wished that the child had perished in the flames rather than Harry Sutherland should have rescued her—and this person was but a boy, young, inexperienced, and handsome; but one whose manner at that time betrayed the fiercest passions of hardened old age. He was Harry's rival in the attempt to rescue the child, and was now his enemy forever.

It was not until the transports of the mother had subsided into a calmer current, that she once thought of him who had rescued her child; then, indeed, she thought that he had been so long neglected rushed painfully upon her mind, and depositing her precious burthen in the arms of one of her household, she took him by the hand, but not finding words to express her gratitude, she fell upon his neck and burst into a flood of tears. "Brave, noble, generous youth!" sobbed she, "it will never be in my power to reward you, but my blessing, a mother's blessing shall attend you wherever you go, and a mother's prayer shall nightly be offered up for you to Him who only can recompense the disinterested act you have just performed."

Harry Sutherland was distressed, and yet he was happy. Tears were in his eyes, but joy was at his heart; and, glad at length to escape from observation, he sought his way out of the crowd, and turned towards another and a more silent quarter of the city. But he was followed by a second person; the strange youth who had also endeavored to save the child, pursued him through every street and lane he traversed for nearly a quarter of an hour. At length the latter hastened his pace, and touching Harry upon the shoulder, the two were confronted face to face.

The stranger, though he had sought an interview, remained silent, as if he had expected the other to address him, and Harry, surprised at length that he spoke not, demanded what he required of him.

"Nothing," replied the strange youth.

"Then why have you stopped me?" asked our hero, somewhat angrily.

"To tell you," replied the other, "that you have robbed me."

"Robbed you! of what, pray?"

"Of the gratification of rescuing that child."

"Are you mad?"

"No, sir."

"Then what is your meaning? I don't understand you. Your language to me is all an enigma."

"You have received approbation to-night which should have been bestowed upon me. I was on the very eve of distinguishing myself, and you came and blasted my hopes."

"Fool!" exclaimed Harry, nettled at the other's inconsistency, "you had abandoned the project in despair before I attempted it."

"I would have tried it again; I would have ultimately succeeded," said the stranger.

"Perhaps so," replied Harry, "but since the child has been saved, what matters it to you?"

"What matters it to me!" said the other, repeating his companion's words in undisguised astonishment.

"Yes."

The stranger spoke not another word, but turning upon his heel, he walked off, leaving Harry Sutherland to resume his way and muse in mute astonishment over that encounter.

CHAPTER II.

It was evening again upon the shores of the Delaware; the last rosy bar of light had sunk down the western heaven, and the young moon was gliding along the sky like a silver bark upon some sleeping ocean; the light airs that stirred the atmosphere, though strong enough to bear over the sweets from the Jersey shore, were far too feeble to ruffle the waters of the river, and the beautiful stream flowed through its channel, as calmly, and as tranquilly, as the current of life through the canals of the human system.

A solitary being, prompted by his own innate love of loneliness and meditation, had sallied out to enjoy the balmy night air, and indulge in the hopes and fears of his wild fevered fancy, and now stood upon a small wharf that jutted into the Delaware, some distance below the city. Here, quieting an imagination too busy before to permit his attention to serve anything but itself, he commenced surveying every object within the range of his vision. The shore beyond, the broad bold river, the shipping above, the silent city, all these he gazed at until at last his eye fell upon a beautiful ship that rode at single anchor not two hundred yards from the platform on which he was standing.

Never before had he seen anything so beautiful; and,

as his eye roamed over each harmonious feature, more than one exclamation of admiration almost involuntarily escaped his lips. Though the moon shed but a feeble light over the scene; it was not so obscure but that he could trace her complete outline, and though he could discern but little beside her long straight hull, her tall tapering masts and her square black yards were sufficiently relieved against the sky to enable him to form an accurate idea of her appearance.

In those days it was not unusual to see whole squadrons of beautiful vessels in all the harbors of the United States, it being then late in the year eighteen hundred and twelve, a period when our seamen, emboldened by the success of the frigate Constitution over her opponent the Guerriere, had commenced fitting out privateers to scour every sea upon the habitable globe; but a more symmetrical and graceful ship than the one that lay upon the water before him, our hero thought he had never seen. Whilst he was yet gazing upon this beautiful specimen of naval architecture, he heard a slight rustle beside him, and on turning to ascertain its cause, he discovered that he was not alone. A tall figure, enveloped in the folds of a Spanish cloak, stood beside him.

"We have a lovely night, sir," exclaimed the stranger, with the easy manner of one who has communed much with the world, and whose address has profited by long experience.

"Charming, indeed, sir," replied Harry Sutherland, taking the stranger's form with a glance. "The mildness of our autumn almost repays us for the severity of our winters."

"I suppose so," said the stranger, "though it is some time since I have spent a winter in this climate; I generally run down between the tropics or south of the Equinox, when your cold season sets in, since I find it always uncomfortable upon the American coast, except when the sun is in his northern declination."

"And more so to you than to myself," remarked our hero, "since you have unaccustomed yourself to its severity."

"Exactly so," said the stranger. "Our comfort depends altogether upon acclimation. An African would freeze in an atmosphere that would roast a Norwegian. But, sir, I think you have a constitution admirably adapted to a warmer climate than this."

"Why so?" asked Harry, somewhat astonished at the asseveration, coming as it did from one whom he had not known nor seen before.

"You bore the heat last night with apparent composure," replied the stranger with a smile, while our hero was somewhat surprised at being recognized.

"Were you not looking at you clipper-built ship when I came up?" asked the former, after a pause, during which Harry Sutherland had more than once observed his companion, hoping to detect in him some acquaintance.

"I was indeed admiring her when you arrived."

"And think her pretty?"

"Beautiful beyond all rivalry; never have I seen a vessel so perfectly symmetrical in every part," said the youth, turning his eyes once more towards the object in question.

"You can form but an imperfect idea of her beauties at this distance, with so little light to aid you," said the stranger; "but if you have a curiosity to examine her more closely, it will make me happy to offer you the opportunity. I commend that ship; my boat will be here in a moment—see, she comes even now—and I will be glad of your company on board."

"Thanks to you, sir, but I am afraid I should put you to some inconvenience."

"Don't deceive yourself, sir," replied the other, "you cannot oblige me more than by your company this evening; it is early yet, and you will have an opportunity of seeing her interior, and of returning home long before the hour of retiring."

"It would be impolite in me now to refuse," said our hero, as he stepped into the stern sheets of the boat, and seated himself beside the stranger.

The latter smiled, gave the order to shove off, and in another moment the boat was sweeping rapidly towards the ship. Nothing further passed between them until their arrival alongside, Harry Sutherland being too much engaged in admiring the delicate beauty of the little vessel, and her commander being too much gratified with that admiration to be for one moment the cause of its interruption. A few strokes of the oar brought the boat under her quarter, when, for the first time, our hero perceived that not a gun was visible along her black sides, although her construction was in every respect that of a man-of-war, and that no sign of a port-hole was perceptible upon her bulwarks, either forward or abaft. Before he could express his astonishment, however, the cutter glided to the side-ladder, and he was bidden to ascend. Gaining the deck, his surprise was still greater, for upon looking around for the battery which he supposed might have been concealed from without, neither cannon, musket, cutlass nor pistol met his eye; but, on the contrary, every part of her internal arrangement displayed the peaceful regulation of an ordinary merchant-vessel. The bulwarks, it was true, were higher and stronger than was necessary to a ship constructed solely for the purpose of transporting merchandise; but this our hero thought the particular fancy of the builder, as neither embrasure nor ringbolt could be seen in any part of it. The deck, too, was almost deserted; but two forms were visible forward; and from the deep and unbroken stillness that prevailed throughout her interior he was induced to believe that he saw the sole occupants of the vessel.

"You appear somewhat astonished, sir," said the captain, after a brief interval of silence on the part of either, and during which he had been assiduously studying the expression of the youth's countenance, as if to learn the thoughts that were passing in his mind. "But I suppose you have not frequently seen a ship in such excellent order; merchant vessels generally have so few hands that they are obliged to neglect the appearance of their decks for the accomplishment of their more essential and important duties."

"You mistake my surprise, sir," said the youth. "I was until now under the impression that this was an armed ship. I thought her a privateer."

"And why so?" asked the commander.

"Because her outward appearance every way betokens it; she is evidently constructed for fleetness, and much too sharp built to be a profitable trader; besides, sir, merchant vessels seldom carry such ponderous armaments."

"Have you ever been on blue water, Mr. — I have forgotten the name."

"Sutherland."

"Have you ever been so far from the land as to be unable to see it, Mr. Sutherland?" asked the stranger, with somewhat more interest than he had before betrayed in the dialogue.

"Twice," responded the youth; "I went from here to Boston, and returned by way of the Atlantic."

"Then you are mariner enough to know the utility of this ship's appearance," replied the commander. "The largest frigate in the king's navy would scarcely run within gun-shot of us without having her maces lighted and her crew at their quarters; and as to her being too contracted to stow a rich cargo, I have only to add that she would carry more bullock than Guatimosin ever possessed, and silks and laces enough to enrich you and me to independence. But walk below, sir; the night air is somewhat chilly, and you will find the cabin much more comfortable."

And as he finished speaking, he ushered our hero into an apartment whose magnificent decorations astonished him even more than the ship's deceitful exterior. The most superb saloon that he had ever beheld on shore was far below comparison with this small but splendid chamber; and as he gazed about him in surprise, all the gilded faucies he had formed of the thrones and palaces of emperors and kings rushed upon his imagination as if they were realized in the place he now occupied.

The panneling of the room was cut from the richest timber of Brazil, and bore a polish almost as bright and beautiful as that of the ocean after a long-continued calm; the curtains that hung in rich festoons between the forward and after cabin were of the most costly damask, with heavy tasselled fringes of gold; the soft, heavy carpet was from the looms of Turkey, the dark blue veined table slabs from the quarries of Egypt, the mirrors from the foundries of Venice, and the elaborately wrought chandelier that swung from the carlines, of a strictly foreign manufacture; every article in that chamber, whether formed for use or ornament, bore a shape suited to the taste of a more voluptuous people than the plain republicans of the United States; and it appeared to Harry Sutherland, as he roamed over the beauties of the place, that extravagance alone was consulted in the decorations around. Satisfied at length with his observation, he turned to his host, who had put aside his cloak and hat, and was seated upon the sofa, running his fingers lightly over the strings of a guitar; and now for the first time he found an opportunity of viewing a countenance which the partial obscurity of the night had previously prevented him from closely examining.

The stranger was perhaps fifty years of age, certainly not more and probably much less; for his was one of those faces so furrowed by thought and hardship that it baffled all judgment. The stilled expression of his features was a deep melancholy, and that particular cast, too, which men sometimes possess without being themselves aware of it; a dull, languid manifestation of sorrow, like to nothing but the fixed, lifeless expression of a statue. He had been handsome, and here and there a partial beauty developed itself, amidst the wreck time had made of his features, like the still gilded remains of some ruined temple, glittering through the decay around. His eye still gazed with the fire of youth, but it was the only lineament that the ruthless destroyer had left untouched, as if indeed it were cruelly preserved to indicate the destruction of all the rest.

"Will you please to seat Mr. Sutherland?" said the commander, when he perceived that his guest had completely noticed each fixture of the apartment; "a little rest is often grateful after an evening stroll." This unlane request was complied with by our hero, and his companion, touching a bell-string, gave some orders in a foreign language, to a servant who entered at the summons.

"You said you had twice navigated the Atlantic, sir," remarked the stranger.

"But a very small portion of it," answered Harry.

"I was but three weeks out altogether."

"Time enough," retorted the other, smiling as he spoke, "to give a more reality than to chance in our mortal life; you were tired enough when you made your port."

"Not so, sir; on the contrary I was more pleased than ever with it."

"Then yours must indeed be a singular taste; I had thought before that another than myself did not exist, to whom the long passage, the continued calm, or the fierce tempest was a source of pleasure rather than disgust."

"And are these indeed agreeable to you?" asked our hero.

"They are, Mr. Sutherland; and could they be combined in one grand evil, that evil would be far more tolerable to me upon the ocean, than a life of ease and indulgence on the shore."

"Ah!" exclaimed the youth, "it is you then who are particular in your fancy, and not I."

"Perhaps so. But tell me, Mr. Sutherland, would you like to go a cruise with me? I dislike entire solitude as heartily as any one, and should be happy if you would become my mesmate for a while; you can then have an opportunity of gratifying your propensity to become a sailor, without having any of his duties to perform."

"Many thanks for your kind intention," said our hero, "which I can't however take advantage of. Much as I am inclined to the sea, the career I would pursue on board of your ship offers but a small share of inducement to gratify that yearning."

"And why so, Mr. Sutherland? There floats not a vessel upon the broad blue ocean that possesses the combined advantages of this ship; never in all my cruising have I met one that could hold her way with her; and as to elegance and convenience, you have already seen enough to convince you that her equal in these respects can nowhere be found. All the luxuries of life here wait upon you, and Italy, India, and America are alike our cruising ground."

"All these are no temptations to me," replied the youth.

"Ah! Mr. Sutherland" said the stranger, after a pause. "I think I understand you; the duties of a merchant ship suit you not—you disdain the trifles that we derive from port to port—your ambition inspires you to something nobler than the petty transactions of commerce—in short, sir, you would follow the sea in another capacity than that of an ordinary merchant sailor."

Harry Sutherland, though somewhat surprised at the speech of his companion, was too candid to deny his

assertions; and though made in a spirit of interrogation, he assented to them with a grave inclination of the head, as if, indeed, he disdained to even soften with words facts that he thought must have sounded harsh upon the feelings of his host; not that he was devoid of that exquisite sense we should entertain for the sensibilities of others, but that he deemed truth too sacred to be profaned by the slightest tinge of false coloring.

"Sir," resumed the commander, after a silence of some moments, during which it was evident he was communing with his own thoughts, though in a spirit that the dubious expression of his countenance failed to convey. "I honor your determination—I glory in your ardor—I rejoice in the ideas that must influence your future destiny. They were mine, sir, at your age—they are mine now, and they will be mine as long as I have strength to wield a cutlass. You, young and inexperienced as you are, detest the man that could waste his prowess, his time and his energies in avaricious pursuits, when America has sent out her cruisers upon the seas, in as just a cause as ever yet prompted one nation to war with another; and so do I, from the bottom of my soul."

Here the stranger rose from his seat, and commenced pacing the narrow limits of the apartment in wild and sudden excitement; not a word was spoken for some minutes, our hero being at a loss how to reply to a speech so inconsistent with the apparent vocation of his companion, and he himself abstracted from other things in occupation with his own fervid thoughts.

"Mr. Sutherland, think me not one of those base spirits that for the sake of gain, would rob their country of their services; for mercy's sake lay that charge not to me. I do not deserve it—I have not deserved it. On the contrary, I was the first to do battle in her cause. With my single ship I spread terror all along the coast of Great Britain. I entered their harbors by night—fired their shipping while riding at the wharves—prevented their outward-bound vessels from putting to sea, and captured and destroyed their returning merchantmen. In vain their cruisers pursued me—in vain they scoured the channel in squadrons; the Sea-King was too fleet of wing for them, and when they returned dispirited and unsuccessful to port, I ran in and issued my proclamation declaring their whole coast in a state of blockade."

Surprise for a moment kept our hero silent; he had heard of the daring exploits of the privateer his companion had just mentioned, but he had not known before that he was then in converse with the famous individual who had so gloriously directed and prosecuted her movements; a feeling of respect almost amounting to awe came over him, and he gazed upon the working brow of the commander with an admiration that for a long time admitted of no other expression. At length, however, his silence grew painful to himself; he felt that he should be the first to speak, and he obeyed the impulse, rather from a sense of duty than of inclination.

"I am happy indeed," said he, "that circumstances should have brought me acquainted with one who has distinguished himself with so much gallantry in the cause of his country as has Captain Manly; and I might add, with more justice than flattery, that a few more such men would teach the English king that America cannot be insulted with impunity, even though it be upon the ocean."

"Mr. Sutherland," replied the other, stopping short in his promenade, while his chest heaved, and his voice grew low and troubled. "I am unworthy of the praise you have just bestowed, at least of part of it; it was not patriotism alone that prompted my actions, nor was it an unholy thirst for gold. No, no, young man, it was a deep-rooted desire for revenge—revenge upon the proud nation that—that—but no matter," added he, as if suddenly recollecting he was about to betray something which should be kept to himself. "No matter, it is all foolish—foolish, too foolish for repetition."

"May I ask Captain Manly where his gallant ship is at present?" said our hero, anxious to turn the conversation from a subject which he saw would be painful to his host.

"You may sir. We are on board of her."

"I have reference to the privateer, sir. She that is called the Sea-King."

The commander made no reply; but smiling, he motioned our hero to follow him, and they both ascended to the upper deck.

But imagine the astonishment of Harry Sutherland, when, on emerging into the open air, he found himself in the presence of a hundred ferocious-looking men, armed with cutlasses, pistols, and boarding-pikes, who had ranged themselves along the bulwarks, and were standing as motionless and as silent as if they were so many petrified warriors. From these he, after a cursory glance, turned to the huge pieces of cannon that thrust their black muzzles out upon the water, rendered terribly conspicuous by the glare of twenty battle lanterns, until, confounded at length he looked up to his companion, as if to demand an explanation of the singular and somewhat startling metamorphosis.

"Be not fearful, Mr. Sutherland," said the commander. "I am not the renowned Vanderdecken, nor this ship the phantom Dutchman, but a veritable Yankee privateer that sometimes exhibits the fancy of the English churchman, who wore the corslet beneath the cowl."

"Sir, you mistake my astonishment," replied our hero, with a smile; "but truly the change that a few moments have wrought upon the deck of this ship seems rather the effect of supernatural than human agency."

"It has been my salvation more than once, young gentleman," resumed Captain Manly. "I have passed through a squadron of twenty men-of-war without suspicion, although at the time they were in pursuit of me. Nor have you yet seen my most complete disguise; in a case of emergency, I could send down my after yards away aloft a gaff topsail, cover my white streak, and otherwise so alter her appearance, as to defy the most practised observer from discovering the identity."

"It is indeed wonderful!" exclaimed Harry Sutherland, gazing once more upon the heavy armament, and the wild forms that crowded about it; and even as he stood looking upon the martial parade, he saw the heavy guns detached from the bulwarks, and transported to that part of the deck between the fore and main masts. When they had all been collected in that spot, a large black cloth was drawn over them, as if it were a launch under cover; the outer ports were let down, false ports were inserted inboard, the battle lan-

terns were unshipped fore and aft, the cutlasses, pistols, pikes and axes sent below, and in a few moments the deck was deserted by all save our hero and his companion, while it again presented the pacific appearance it had discovered when he had first come on board. To render this scene still more imposing, it was conducted in profound silence; not a word was exchanged by the actors, and every disposition was made with an alacrity and regularity that indicated on the part of each man a thorough consciousness of his particular duty, as well as long and continued experience in its performance.

"And now, Mr. Sutherland," resumed the commander. "I hope your objections to accompanying me have all been removed?"

"They have."

"And you will join me?"

"I will. When will you put to sea?"

"On the day that follows the morrow, the wind and tide serving."

"By that time I shall be ready," said our hero; "and as it is now growing late, I will return to the city."

"Certainly, sir, a boat waits upon you when you are ready; but before you go I must request that you will say nothing of what has come under your observation whilst you have been on board this ship. My safety, you must know, depends in a measure upon the secrecy of her internal arrangements."

Our hero promised to divulge nothing he had witnessed or heard, and bidding his host good night, he mounted the gangway and descended into the boat, and a powerful arm pushed her far from the vessel's side ladder, and six athletic seamen swept her in silence to the shore. When she rounded to alongside of the wharf, he sprang upon the platform, and the boat returned to the ship, leaving him to muse in solitude upon the strange events that had that night transpired.

CHAPTER III.

ANOTHER day's reflection found Harry Sutherland troubled and doubtful with respect to the course he should pursue. He had quitted his father's house with a firm determination to enter it no more; but that resolution was formed in a moment of indignant excitement; and now, when that all died away, he became convinced that his feelings would not support him in the measure. There is, after all, no reason so powerful as time, and no argument so effective as reflection; and had it not been for the indomitable pride of the youth, or had he consulted his own inclinations without reference to that spirit which is too often false and unreasonable, he would have at once returned to his parental abode, although confident that he would be happier and better when far away from it. But whatever yearning he might cherish in that way, could not, under the present circumstances, be gratified without a sacrifice which he was far from being prepared to make. He had expressed, or, at least, implied a resolve to leave his home and seek his own fortunes elsewhere, and he could not go back of his word; added to this, he had pledged himself to the commander of the privateer, and here was another formidable obstacle, insuperable indeed, and imperative in demand of its fulfillment.

At length, however, his determination was formed; the vain spirit that lost Heaven to the Angel, lost him his home; and abjuring it altogether, he directed his steps towards the environs of the city, in order to comply with the promise exacted of him by the captain of the privateer. But when he had arrived at the wharf, the ship was nowhere to be seen; the station she had occupied was deserted, and he looked in vain above and below for her tall raking masts and wide spreading yards.

Another individual occupied the wharf, and to him our hero directed himself. The stranger was attired in the garb of a common mariner, a black silk kerchief was knotted loosely about his neck, and a tarpaulin sat carelessly upon one side of his head. He was, perhaps, twenty-five, or at the furthest, not more than thirty years of age.

"When did the privateer go to sea?" asked Harry Sutherland.

The sailor turned sharply about, and eyeing the questioner distrustfully, he exclaimed, "What privateer?"

"She that rode at anchor off here day before yesterday."

"Your eyes must have been in an eclipse when you made that ship out a privateer."

"True, true," rejoined Harry, recollecting his promise to the captain. "I was mistaken. The merchant vessel, I mean, that swung at anchor here two days since."

"If you have reference to a rakish-rigged black ship, she dropped down yesterday in the afternoon."

"That is very strange!" exclaimed Harry in communion with his own thoughts.

"I don't think so," replied the sailor; "she had a leading breeze and plenty of it; the tide was at ebb, too, and there was every indication of fine weather. She couldn't have picked a better time to sheet home and hoist away, if she had waited here a twel' month; so you see, young man, we differ on that point."

"You misunderstand me altogether," said our hero. "Maybe so, maybe not," said the sailor, with a significant smile, and at the same time producing a packet from his bosom, he asked the youth if he knew the person to whom it was directed.

"It is intended for no other than myself," said our hero, glancing at the superscription and breaking the seal.

"Sir—when you receive this epistle, I shall be perhaps beyond the capes of the Delaware. Be not surprised at my sudden departure; after the covenant that was made between us you may consider me unfaithful; it was at first my wish to enlist you in my service, but reflection has since convinced me that you may be better employed elsewhere. I am too much interested in your welfare, Mr. Sutherland, to insist upon the compliance which was indeed partly extorted from you, and the fulfilment of which would serve me but little; not that I mean to disparage your abilities, but that a single arm, however powerful, would count but little in the game I am about to pursue. You are young, fearless, and ambitious; you would be a sailor; the Navy then, is your future field; enter it, and you will yet do honor to your country."

"If you are wanting in influence to procure an appointment, deliver the enveloped letter to the person to whom it is directed. He will do everything to assist you, and but few men in the United States have more authority at the department. Farewell, we may meet

again or we may not; but whether or not, believe me sincerely your very best friend."

Such were the contents of the letter addressed to himself; the other was sealed and directed to William Hamilton, Esq., M— street, Philadelphia.

Harry Sutherland, after a second perusal of this strange epistle, raised his eyes from the paper to question the bearer, but he had left the wharf unobserved, and our hero was alone. The contents of the epistle, however, determined him to pursue the course they advised, and putting away the document he commenced his return to the city. A half hour's walk brought him to the residence in M— street, and upon inquiry he found that Mr. Hamilton was at home and would see him.

On entering the parlor, he found himself in the presence of a gentleman of perhaps forty years of age, and one whose appearance was noble and dignified, and whose manners were grace and easy; upon ascertaining that he was the person whom he sought, he presented the letter, which the gentleman took with a graceful inclination of the body, requesting our hero at the same time to be seated, while he made himself acquainted with its contents. Harry Sutherland observed that he perused the letter with unusual interest; his brow worked, but not with anger, and he seemed evidently troubled with the perusal.

"Mr. Sutherland," said he, when he had finished, and at the same time extending his hand in confirmation of what he was about to speak; "it will afford me pleasure to aid you in this matter, but first inform me candidly if you know the person who gave you this letter."

"Certainly, sir," responded Harry, astonished at the question. "I could not have obtained a letter of the kind from an utter stranger; my acquaintance, to be sure, was very lately made, and has been of very short duration, but it was sufficient to obtain the confidence of Captain Manly."

At this reply the countenance of Mr. Hamilton at once brightened up.

"Enough, enough, sir," replied he; "your wish in this matter shall be gratified; I will write to the Secretary this very evening in your behalf. How long, Mr. Sutherland, if I may ask you, have you known Captain Manly?"

"But three days ago we were strangers to one another," replied our hero, and he then related all that had passed between him and the commander of the privateer.

With this narrative Mr. Hamilton was evidently gratified; it appeared to remove a mountain of apprehension from his mind, and when our hero informed him that the ship had put to sea the day before, he evinced still greater satisfaction.

The calm, frank manner of the youth won at once the heart of the other; he was highly pleased with the simplicity and beauty of his address, and after numerous protestations of assistance and friendship, he invited him to remain at his house until his appointment was received; this favor our hero at first strenuously declined, but his objections were at length overruled by the earnest solicitations of his new friend, and he finally consented, though with evident repugnance.

"Were I not fearful of offending you, Mr. Hamilton," said he, "I would still refuse your courtesy in this matter. I have already presumed too much in claiming your services by delivering that letter. I come before you an utter stranger, without friends and without recommendation, and without another claim than that to which that letter entitles me, if indeed its writer has any upon you, which is itself a matter wherein I am ignorant."

"He has! he has! Mr. Sutherland; be at ease upon that subject. He has the most sacred claims upon my services; and even had he not, or had you come unrecommended by any one, I should have befriended you."

"Thank you, sir—thank you a thousand times!" said our hero, grateful for the generous sentiment expressed by his companion; "and now, since you have been so kind, I will tell you the circumstances that drove me to seek the assistance of strangers; circumstances which I had before determined to reveal to none."

"Then pray disclose them not to me," interrupted the elder; "let not your generosity get the better of your discretion. I had rather be ignorant upon a subject you had once thought it best to conceal."

"I must tell you, Mr. Hamilton, the relation we at present stand in to each other renders it necessary; it would savor of distrust were I not to make you a confidant in my present situation."

And Harry Sutherland related all that had passed between him and his father, but taking care the while to lessen the injustice of his parent as much as possible: he was too proud of his own feelings to acknowledge all he had suffered, and respected his father too much to indulge in the least censure towards him. So that when he had concluded the narration, its substance led to the belief that he himself had deserved all the blame; but Mr. Hamilton was too much a man of the world, not to perceive the delicacy of the son; and while he respected the nobleness of his motives in glossing over his sire's conduct, he drew a different inference from the detail than that which it was intended to convey. The most perfect confidence suddenly sprung up between the two. Our hero admired his new friend for his disinterested generosity, and Mr. Hamilton was charmed with his new acquaintance for a thousand little sparks which he discovered in his composition. The detail the youth had just made had developed more of his character than a year's companionship would have done; his feelings and principles were discovered in the recital, and they were such as to command admiration from his companion, who being naturally a shrewd observer of human nature, was too acute not to have acquired a perfect knowledge of the character of one whose ideas and impulses were made apparent during that passionate relation of personal circumstances.

Whilst they were yet conversing, the door opened, and a creature in the flower of girlhood entered the apartment. On perceiving a stranger she hesitated, but a smile and a word from the father brought her to his side.

"Anna," this is Mr. Sutherland," said the host; "he is a friend of mine, and will remain with us awhile. You must make his time pass as agreeably as possible."

"I will endeavor to do so," said the little girl, court-seizing to our hero, and blushing beneath his ardent gaze; for her singular beauty had so fascinated him that he continued to look steadfastly upon her a longer

time than was altogether consistent with the rules of propriety.

"And, Mr. Sutherland, you will find my daughter an amusing companion, provided that she will take the pleasure in entertaining you that she does in pleasing me. She is a gay little thing, a little fretful sometimes, but generally good-natured; like the rest of her sex, she must be humored somewhat or she ceases to be agreeable.

"Oh, father, how can you say so?" said the daughter playfully.

"The fact is," said Mr. Hamilton, kissing her pretty lips, "she has been spoiled by some deceitful persons, who have deluded her into the belief that she is handsome; her mirror, I am sorry to say, is consulted with more frequency and attention than her books."

"Now, pa, you know that you do not really think so!" exclaimed the daughter; "and Mr. Sutherland, I hope you will believe he is only jesting, for, to be candid with you, I am sure he takes delight in teasing me before strangers."

"Come, Anna, no appeals to Mr. Sutherland's gallantry! That is unfair, altogether unfair."

"I have made none, father; but were I to do so I am certain he would be more kind and liberal than you. Is it not strange that men become so cold and disobliging with age, particularly when they have been so gallant and courteous in their youth, Mr. Sutherland? now, for example, here is pa, who they say was one of the most devoted beaux of his time—"

"Hush, you saucy fairy!" said the father, interrupting the daughter with a kiss.

"Then a truce to your teasing, sir!" exclaimed she, tossing her head in smiling triumph, and gazing upon our hero with a look that filled him with pleasure.

The few days that our hero spent under the roof of Mr. Hamilton rolled away in ineffable delight, and when his appointment came, he took it with a sadness that he could but ill conceal; during that time he seldom quitted the house, but devoted his whole time and attention to the society of the beautiful daughter of his friendly host. If he was captivated upon first acquaintance, he was trebly enchanted when that acquaintance had become matured; for every day he beheld the development of some new grace or beauty in her character, for in truth it resembled the ever-varying kaleidoscope, that discovers fresh elegancies at every successive view.

She was an only child, and having lost her mother at an early age, was consequently allowed those licenses, by an indulgent father, which might have spoiled another child, but which only tended in her to strengthen and mature her mind, so that Anna Hamilton, though a girl in years, was almost a woman in character. She was frank without being familiar, and modest without that girlish coyness which is too often ridiculous and inconsistent. Her politeness was not that acquired polish of a boarding-school, that sits stiff and incongruous upon the person, but the finished grace of nature, that charms with its ease, and enchants with its softness, and it seemed that it would be as difficult for her to exhibit a want of beauty in any movement as for the most vulgar to perform with proper grace and manner the usages of refined and fashionable life. She was indeed a lady from birth and not from education.

Her features were all strikingly regular; her hair was of a deep auburn, and was worn at all times smooth upon her brow; her mouth small, beautifully chiselled, and wearing the sweetest imaginable expression; her teeth small, uniform and dazzling, and her hazel eyes so brilliant that one might suppose the very soul had established its capital in their flashing depths. In shape she was as lovely as in feature; Nature had not deviated from a single rule in her formation; she was embodied perfection, and though she had not yet developed into the fulness of womanhood, she exhibited all the maturer graces of that season, with the most delicate faultlessness.

No wonder, then, that our hero was enchanted with this fair young being; he walked with her, he conversed with her, he listened to her sweet low voice when she sang, and gazed upon her beautiful little fingers when she played; he dreamed of her by night, he thought of nothing else by day. He beheld with rapture the smile that waked her countenance into exuberant animation; he was himself young, enthusiastic, passionate, and with those dark eyes beaming upon him half the time, how could he refrain from loving her?—a stoic could not have done otherwise.

Mr. Hamilton could not be insensible to the attachment that was growing between his daughter and protégé. It was too evident to be mistaken; he discovered it in the bud and marked its blowing with pleasure; and even then he looked forward to the time when that affection, strengthened by years, and confirmed by experience, should be productive of their union, with something like a prophetic impression. He smiled approval upon their partial intimacy, for he perceived in Harry Sutherland the germs of a noble mind; and, apart from this, there were powerful worldly considerations in favor of our hero, but whether these influenced the feelings of the father or not, others must decide; no doubt, however, but that they threw some weight in the balance.

The peculiar originality of Harry Sutherland's character excited the admiration of Mr. Hamilton, who, being somewhat of a speculator in human nature, thought that he perceived in its composition everything above the generality of mankind; its singularity dazzled him, and, indeed, there was a mystery in it that would fix the attention of the most superficial, and invite them to its examination: an observer might, at first, think him lethargic in disposition, but the thoughtful brow, and the intellectual fire of his wild blue eye, exhibited too striking a contradiction for any one to be deluded long with this impression. The expression of his countenance might be supposed again to have been the effect of sorrow, but that every feature betrayed the utmost calmness and placidity; he spoke but little, and even in his happy communion with the beautiful daughter of his host he was generally the communicant, she the speaker; but when her conversation would sometimes become exhausted, he would fill up the silence with some brilliant remark, that fascinated the more that his observations were infrequent, and that indicated an imagination of the most sparkling order. In conversation he was never the intruder; his words were drawn forth, not emitted voluntarily, and when they were uttered they charmed for their rarity, as well as for their beauty and correctness. His natural taciturnity gave to his mind time and opportunity to form and fashion his thoughts, so that nothing foolish or trivial escaped his lips, and

though he was by no means slow of reply, every idea was well weighed before it was expressed. Those who talk a great deal think but little; the powers of speech and imagination cannot be exercised at the same moment, and we generally find immoderate talkers, at best, but shallow reasoners; profundity is the effect of the mind's research, not of extravagant declamation; and the man who would be superior to his fellows must find more pleasure in communion with himself than with the rest of his species.

Seven days dawned and closed, and Harry Sutherland was still the guest of Mr. Hamilton. Twice he had resolved to proceed to New York, where he was ordered to join the ship for which he had been drafted; but when the appointed moment came, his heart failed him, and he procrastinated the event until another and another day. He was spell-bound, he was enchanted, and the thought that he must leave her, for years perhaps, whose momentary absence rendered him unhappy, was miserable; he could not dwell upon it with equanimity. Sometimes he thought of resigning the appointment, which the kindness of his friend had obtained for him; but a moment's reflection taught him the absurdity of such a measure, and he as often, again rejected it.

Sentiments of filial affection also conspired to render him unhappy; he could not reconcile himself to the idea of embarking in his new profession without seeing his father once more. The naval life was then one beset with peril, and he might, before his return, become the victim of some one of its many casualties; or, perhaps, his sire might be called on to pay the debt of nature, for his constitution was suffering a rapid decay, brought on, as our hero thought, solely by the irritability of his temperament. But, however strong his desires might be in this case, his pride was still superior, and one of the dearest wishes of his heart was crushed by its indomitable spirit.

Meanwhile that father, gloomy and obdurate as he seemed to be, suffered the most acute pangs of remorse at the absence of his son. It was not indeed until then that he learned to estimate him properly; that he acknowledged in him those shining qualities which he before had passed by with cold indifference. The treasure is never so dear as when lost to us; and the old man felt now that he would sacrifice everything to regain the love and duty of his child. Not a day passed but that he despatched persons to search and inquire for him, but they always returned unsuccessful; and after repeated disappointments, the father finally abandoned himself to the resignation of despair.

The time was rapidly approaching when Harry Sutherland must tear himself away from her, whose beauty had already caused him to procrastinate his departure longer than was consistent with his duty to himself and his host; he must leave her; he acknowledged the necessity, and he resolved to go at once.

They sat upon the portico. It was evening, and the last flush of a beautiful day had deepened into the darker hues of night; the lights of heaven were twinkling in their spheres, and the breeze blew cool and fragrant upon the cheek.

"Anna," said our hero, breaking a silence that had existed for some moments between them, "I must leave you, to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" replied she sadly: "Oh! no! not to-morrow, Henry, not to-morrow."

"I must, Anna," said our hero bitterly; "a further delay would ruin me!"

For some time there was a pause; the imagination of both was busy with the future, and beside, there was an almost unconquerable restraint upon the conversation.

"I am sorry that you must go to-morrow," said Anna, mournfully.

The youth looked up at that soft, sad speech, and he saw it confirmed with a tear, and that tear made him happy. O, how happy! And yet he was not selfish; he could have shed multitudes of them himself, but pride was then the master, feeling but the slave. Some of our impulses cannot be gratified in the presence of others; a man is best himself in solitude; after boyhood has passed, we become underlings to the opinions of the world.

"I trust we shall meet again, Anna."

"We will."

"But when I am absent you will forget me!"

"Oh! never," said she; "you, I fear, will forget, not I."

"Anna, if you knew my feelings for you, you would not say so Anna, I—"

He hesitated; he could proceed no further; he trembled; his manliness had all deserted him. That little form had inspired him with an awe that completely unnerved him. He sighed, but left the sentence unfinished.

On the following morning, Harry Sutherland set out for New York; he would not consent to see his father, although urged to do so by Mr. Hamilton, and he left with a heart aching from more than one cause.

At last Mr. Sutherland learned that his son was about to put to sea in a vessel of war, and no sooner had he obtained the information, than he set out for New York; but again he was doomed to disappointment, the vessel had weighed her anchor, and he arrived just in time to see her, like his own hopes, fade and sink before his vision.

CHAPTER IV.

It is not necessary to the order of our narrative that we should follow minutely the incidents that were connected with the career of Harry Sutherland. His services were particularly beneficial to the interests of his country, and a short time before the commissioners were despatched to negotiate the treaty that put a final end to the differences between Great Britain and America, he was advanced to the rank of Post-Captain in the Navy.

Nearly two years had elapsed since his departure from New York, before he again returned to his native city, but to him the events of twenty seemed to crowd themselves in that brief space. Though yet very young, the honorable and important station he filled, and the heavy responsibility that rested upon him, gave a decision and gravity to his character, that not often was found in persons of greater experience in years or action. Other circumstances also contributed to mature a mind naturally precocious, the cares and attentions of a hazardous profession had called his noblest energies into action, and during that eventful period, there was not an officer in the service of the

States whose career had more deservedly merited the approbation of his countrymen.

He had been almost constantly afloat from the date of his entry until his promotion, and had on several occasions distinguished himself in common with those heroes, who, sailing out with their scanty fleets to oppose the armadas of a powerful maritime nation, flushed with the recollection of a thousand victories, and confident in future success, yet taught them as completely as Militaries at Marathon, that victory was not always to the strong, and that a sacred cause is sometimes more effective than a host of men in arms.

When we look back to the events of our last war, we cannot but admire the devotion, the bravery, and the energy, of those men who conducted it to so glorious a close; their high-spirited daring in engaging an enemy long acknowledge the Mistress of the Waters, and the intrepidity which they displayed throughout the contest, surprised even their own sanguine countrymen. Men could not credit their senses when intimation was first given that an English vessel of war had hauled down her colors, after an action of thirty minutes with an American ship of the same class. They could not for a moment imagine that the haughty flag that had been borne in triumph over all the oceans of the world, and that had been, since the days of the mighty Alfred, the very talisman of victory, had at length been torn from its eminence by a nation whose birth was but yesterday, and whose existence was even unknown to more than one dominion of the earth. But so it was; nor was the first glorious precedent without example; another and another, and still another British frigate struck before the thunders of America, until Britannia, at length humbled and dispirited, sought through negotiation what she could not compel by force of arms. It was an illustrious epoch for our country, and a memorable lesson to the nations of the world. Not even Rome could boast a nobler glory, when she fashioned herself a fleet from the wrecked galley of Carthage, and taught the haughty African that the ocean, over which he boasted before to preside invincibly, could not shield him from her vengeance.

And Harry Sutherland had contributed to this glorious result; he that but a little while before wandered from his parental abode, a mere boy, almost friendless and unknown, had now returned with the laurel on his brow, to the shores of that country he so ably defended against her enemies. He had come back to live with those in whose memories he was cherished with honor, and in whose affections he was remembered with gratitude; he had braved the terrors of the battle and the wrath of the tempest, that his native land might be blessed with liberty and peace, and those blessings secured; he had returned to partake of them in common with his countrymen.

It was late in an evening in September when he arrived in Philadelphia. His coming was unexpected, and consequently there were none to receive him. What a contrast with his debarkation at New York but one week before! then the huzzas of a multitude had welcomed him; but now the spot where he was about to land was deserted. He wished it thus; he liked not the vociferous gratulation, however sincere it might be; he chose rather the applause of the heart than that of the tongue; he was satisfied if not tired of the boisterous praise that had been lavished upon him; his was not a mind to delight in such manifestations of approbation, however ably they might have been merited. He stopped upon the wharf amidst a multitude of emotions; all the actions of his past life, all his hopes and fears, all the fancies that his imagination had pictured for years, rushed upon his mind, creating an excitement that grew painful with its intensity. In vain he endeavored to compose his feeling; for a while his thoughts would dwell upon matters of the moment, but in an instant they would revert to the chaos of ideas that, if they were more distressing, bore, at the same time, a hundred fold more interest. How varied were the reflections of his imagination, how evanescent, and yet how perfect while they lasted! He thought of the words that had driven him an exile from his father's house, but he thought not of them with bitterness; he was too old and experienced now; he saw things through a correct medium; he was a man in mind, though scarcely one in years, and he thought of them but to convince himself of his earlier follies. Often, often, he had almost wept at the recollection of that scene; he despised himself when he recurred to it; it was a drawback upon his happiness forever, and he thought of his own career in the service; he mused upon its mishaps and fortunes, and what had appeared common-place in enactment, was romantically interesting in retrospect; he mused upon what had taken place, and speculated upon that which was yet to come; but in this mine of thought there was one bright vein that was visible in all, one dream that never vacated imagination; one hope more bright, more beautiful, and more cherished than the rest, and one that had dazzled and exalted in all the perils, and in all the trials he had overcome. Oh! when afar, how he longed for the moment when he should again behold the fair being that had filled his youthful heart with a rapture that was but increased by time and absence—her whose image was before him in every clime, and in every sea, and her to whom his love had never for one weak moment proved disloyal, though the smiles and blandishments of superior beauty had not been wanting to shake his allegiance. That moment had now almost arrived, and his pulse beat quicker, and his heart heaved rapturously at the thought. How will she receive me? asked he of himself; but conjecture was puzzled for a reply. She was now a woman, he a man, they had not seen each other for years, and time makes sad alterations in feelings and affections; she may have already bestowed her love upon another; but, no, no, hope forbade so cruel a belief; he banished the thought. Will she be as beautiful and as kind as when we first met? As beautiful, certainly, more beautiful, perhaps; but ah! she cannot have preserved the manners she wore then, she cannot be as affectionate, as confiding, as artless; the jealous regulations that society prescribes her votaries must hide, if they have not crushed those impulses; she was then the child of feeling, but now its mistress, and all the most enchanting qualities of her nature, the subordinates of heartless custom.

Such were his musings as he passed rapidly through the streets of the city, nor was he recalled from them, until the waters of the Schuylkill flashed before him; then the contiguity of his early home brought other thoughts, and other recollections; every spot of ground reminded him of some feat or frolic of his boyhood,

every feature of the scene gave birth to some familiar reminiscence of other, and, he thought, of happier days. He crossed the river, the moonlit river, he ascended the further bank, and the mansion of his father broke full upon his eyes: the same picturesque walls—the same venerable trees—the same imposing exterior that had so often greeted his boyhood with a home.

Entering the gate, he passed along the gravelled avenue with a pace somewhat moderated. At the foot of the steps a huge Newfoundland dog was reposing upon a mat—it was his old play-fellow—the companion of all his juvenile expeditions; he called to him, he patted him, but the animal growled at his caresses; he had forgotten the hand that once fed him, and our hero sighed at the circumstance, and ascended the platform.

Without waiting to be admitted, he opened the door, and turning to the right, he entered the sitting-room. A solitary individual occupied a chair in front of the fire, and was seemingly lost in reverie; for he moved not at the interruption; yet he could not mistake the contour of that form, although his face was turned away: it was his sire.

"Father!" exclaimed Harry Sutherland, stretching forth his hand.

The old man started at the sound, rose from his seat, a beam of joy irradiated his countenance, and in another moment he was in the arms of his long-lost boy.

There are periods in our existence when we pause as it were, and look back upon the incidents of other years, as the traveller who stops in the highway, to study out and reflect upon things that he scarcely noticed in his passage; and the few days that our hero spent beneath the roof of his paternal domain, was to him that season of life.

He was now exonerated from the responsibilities of his profession, and being once more established in the affection and friendship of his father, his mind was at ease, and he had ample leisure to examine the circumstances of his past life. But there was nothing in the retrospection to create remorse; on the other hand, there was much to gratify, and the only sighs produced by the reflection were regrets that the many hours of pleasure he had experienced might never occur again.

What an intangible quality is happiness after all our life, our fame, our fortune, is spent in its pursuit—we chase it from life's starting-point to the tomb, and never know that we have once caught it until it is too late to enjoy it; its attainment is imperceptible, and we only become aware of having possessed it after it has passed away; we then grieve over the pleasures that, unlike everything beside in nature, grow plainer to our sight with increasing distance; we then perceive the beauties that we could not appreciate when we called them our own; like the boy who grasps the butterfly, but sees not its gaily coloring, until he suffers it to escape him. Oh! if man would only learn to enjoy the present, without vain hopes for the future, or vainer regrets for the past, how many happier hours might he call his own? But this can never be: the philosopher has never yet existed who lived in that indulgence; such a one would be an anomaly in human nature, for he would exist as the friend of his own happiness, and show us the being replete with human passions and human prejudices, who has ever yet been any other than an enemy to himself.

"Cuan presto se va el placer,
Como despues de acordado,
Dolor!
Como a nuestro parecer,
Cualquiera tiempo pasado,
Fue mejor!"

In the peaceful retirement of his home Harry Sutherland learned to commune with his own thoughts, and in a spirit, too, better suited to contemplation; for his feelings sympathized with the calmness of everything around him, giving to his mental powers a store of additional profundity, as well as a greater degree of application; so that in a little time he relapsed into that meditative and solitary mood that his wild and exciting profession had for a season partially quenched, but never totally extinguished. Old associations brought back early habits: every remembered tree, hill, or stream, exercised its former influence upon his disposition, and in a little time the inveterate characteristics of his boyhood began to be perceptible in all the actions of his life. The solitary ramble, the deep and long-continued reverie, the disinclination to society, and, in short, all the peculiarities of his youth, seemed to return with an additional strength for having been for a season suspended.

But there was one circumstance that at times threw a shade of sadness over his brow, and plunged him into an abyss of distressing reflections, and that was the deep, though silent and somewhat stern grief of his father. The same morbid melancholy that he remembered him to indulge in, still existed in his disposition; and though it was not now attended with the violent bursts of passion that he had so often witnessed when a boy, there was a settled sorrow about it, that rendered him even a more eligible object for commiseration.

The son knew not to what cause this effect could be attributed. His father labored under no embarrassments with respect to future: he was opulent to independence; his health, though not the best, was far from being delicate; he was not ambitious, nor proud, nor avaricious; nor was he really a misanthrope; and to study out the cause of this particularity was often the employment of our hero's thoughts. Could it be the loss of his wife that affected him? but, no! his mother had been dead seventeen years, and the edge of grief, however keen at first, must be dulled long before half that time could expire. There were evidences, however, that seemed to add strength, if not conviction, to the latter belief. Harry Sutherland had more than once observed his father betray the fiercest emotions when some allusion had been made to his mother, and he recollected that her portrait was by his order concealed beneath a curtain; the door of what had been her sleeping apartment was always fastened, and everything that could possibly remind him of her was concealed with a studied scrupulousness, too significant to be mistaken. The father himself never spoke of her, and the son avoided the subject upon all occasions, having had more than one proof that it would be a distressing one; so that all that Harry Sutherland knew of his mother, was that she had been celebrated for beauty and accomplishments, and had eloped to marry his father; but to believe that this lasting grief, this

wasting melancholy, and those tempests of rage, were the result of a bereavement of such long standing was, on the other hand, inconsistent with reason. He knew it was not in the nature of man to exhibit such emotions under such circumstances; and from continually tracing and forming causes, he became at last puzzled, confounded, gloomy, and sometimes even irritable.

Often he thought his father betrayed a want of confidence in him, by not imparting the cause of all this evident unhappiness. He considered himself now sufficiently experienced to be a confidant if not a sympathizer or adviser in the sorrows of his sire, and had more than once resolved to question him upon a subject which he treated with so much secrecy and distrust; there were times, too, when he was induced to believe that his father courted interrogation with regard to the matter, and that he only awaited the moment when an explanation would be solicited, to enter into a full and explicit detail of his grievances; but this supposition, like every other he based upon the subject, was again overturned by appearances too contradictory to suffer it to become firmly established in his mind.

At length he could tolerate the anxiety produced by these causes no longer, and he resolved to broach the subject, at every hazard of consequences.

It was a dull, disagreeable day, the sky was darkened with heavy clouds, and the big drops of rain pattered dismally against the windows. The father and son were the only occupants of the parlor, the former sitting with a gloomy brow gazing abstractedly in the fire, and the latter melancholy and restless from the feverish desire that had of late so unceasingly invaded his imagination.

There had been a long pause; one of those solemn interruptions of silence that sometimes occur when our spirits are depressed, and when thought flits about as it were to find a resting-place; neither had spoken for many minutes, and each seemed to fear the sound of his own voice.

"Father," said the son, at last, pained at the long-continued stillness, "are you unhappy?"

"Unhappy, Henry!" exclaimed the father, in a hollow voice, while he was evidently startled at the question; "yes, my son, I am indeed unhappy, most unhappy—miserable—miserable beyond human suffering."

"May I ask you, father, what has produced this state of feeling?"

The old man made no reply; he seemed suddenly to be absorbed in reflections that gathered cloud after cloud upon his brow; his eye grew bright with sparks of rage, and his lips were compressed with a desperate firmness, as if indeed he was fearful that he would utter something that would betray knowledge he had long concealed.

Harry Sutherland marked the tempest that was brooding in the breast of his father; but he had gone too far for retreat; he had passed the Rubicon, and was determined to invest the capital.

"You will not," continued he, "do me the injustice to attribute my inquiry to an idle sense of curiosity. Nothing but the hope that I might be able to soothe, or perhaps partake, in your sorrows, would have induced me to offer a subject which I know to be distressing by more than one evidence."

"Harry," exclaimed the father, grasping the arm of his son with desperate wildness, "it is enough that one of us is miserable;" he stopped suddenly, rose from his seat, paced the apartment for a while, and, bursting into tears, left his son alone, in mingled grief and astonishment.

Our hero did not see his sire again that evening. He had sought the privacy of his chamber to give vent to those storms of grief that so often clouded his hours; and the son, agitated and disheartened, pursued in solitude a series of reflections, as wild and as violent, if not as distressing, as those that prevailed in the breast of his father.

All hopes of ever discovering the cause of his parent's sorrow by his own agency, were now at an end; and though the words of his father had raised curiosity to a high degree, he felt that he must leave to time and accident the longed for elucidation.

The winds had abated—the rain had ceased—and the vast cloud that had one hour before spanned the whole arch of heaven, had been shattered into ten thousand fragments, through which the pale moon was struggling, brightening and darkening in her march like the fire-fly upon the wing; at one moment she would sail out in some clear spot, and her beams would come down upon the world beautifully bright, and the world seemed to smile upon her splendor; but in the next, some envious cloud would rear up its shaggy battlements to oppose her way, and the silver queen would gather in her rays, like the gallant ship that folds up her wings for contact with the sweeping storm.

"How like the life of man is her career!" mused Harry Sutherland, as he gazed upward from the balcony. "He struggles on through all the ills that rise between his birth and death with the same obstinacy, and often with the same success, through disease, penury, public prejudice, disappointment, and misery, rising at one instant superior to them all, and glittering in the power of his genius, but sinking in the next, until regenerating his resources he once more triumphs for an hour; and thus continues, until his course is done, when like her he sinks down in utter darkness, leaving no vestige behind, except, perhaps the short-lived twilight that attends the death-bed of Fame."

Our hero sighed as these reflections were awakened in his mind; they made him still more unhappy; they were mockeries to human life, to human enjoyment; they tore the painted mask from the features of pleasure, and discovered to him the haggardness it concealed; they were horrid truths that it is well for us all are not often forced upon us.

Indulging in these musings, he passed along the avenue, traversed its extent, and was in a few moments walking the high road leading towards the city; suddenly the figure of a man stood beside him, and Harry Sutherland recognized the features of one whom he had not seen for a long time, but of whom he often thought, and for whom he had as often inquired.

"Captain Manly, if I mistake not?" exclaimed our hero, grasping the proffered hand with a pleasant eagerness.

"Your memory has not deceived you, Captain Sutherland," replied the stranger.

"I hope it never may, when I meet my friends, sir," said Harry; "particularly those to whom I am under obligations, and whom it would be ungrateful to forget."

"To have ever conferred a favor upon Captain Sutherland, must be considered an honor; I hope, sir, you may be always my debtor."

Our hero bowed, and wishing to change the subject, remarked that it was a long time since they had seen each other.

"It is, Captain Sutherland, if you measure time by events," replied the stranger; "you have achieved in that short period more than thousands of others could have accomplished in a lifetime: our country has just reason to be proud of you and of all the gallant fellows that man her navy. By Heaven! were they not sons of the sea, I would be envious of their well-earned reputation!"

"You are pleased to compliment me beyond what we deserve," said our hero; "the distinguished Captain Manly could find many, and amongst the rest myself, who would gladly exchange laurels with him; I question if America does not owe to him a heavier debt of gratitude than to any of her commanders; why, sir, your exploits in the British Channel resembled more the ravages of some invincible spirit of destruction, than the achievements of a human being; a glance at your little ship would strike terror to the souls of our friends across the water, and your name was to them as terribly familiar as was that of John Paul Jones, some years before."

The stranger replied not, and as the moonbeams fell upon his features, they discovered a grim smile upon his lips and a fire in his eye that seemed to have been kindled by some exciting recollection.

"My God!" exclaimed he, at length, giving vent to his feelings, and accompanying his words with a passionate gesture, "how I gloried in that strife! how I delighted in spreading death and dismay amongst the Englishmen! it was the most delightful excitement of my life. And oh! how I deprecated that cursed treaty; we should not have made it, Captain Sutherland; we should have refused all reconciliation, we should have swept their ships from the surface of the ocean, or rather hurled them down into its depths; we should not have left a single stick of sea for their rag to float from; we should have visited them with the vengeance of the Roman Titus. One night, Captain Sutherland, one dark memorable night, I deserted a British frigate off the Irish coast; she had separated from a squadron and was burning signals; I doubled shot of my guns, ran down under her quarter, and poured in a broadside; it was a terrible discharge! all three of her masts went by the board, and that night a gale of wind coming on, she was driven ashore and nearly all hands perished."

Our hero turned to the stranger as he finished, and was startled at the unnatural firmness of his countenance; it seemed indeed as if he fastened upon the recollection of that terrible scene, as if he remembered it with nothing but pleasure, as if he looked back to it with regret that such a one could not retrace; and Captain Sutherland experienced a sensation approaching to disgust towards the man beside him. Neither spoke for many seconds; and when at last our hero broke the silence, it was with a few short words.

"And where?" asked he, "have you been cruising since the declaration of peace? Methinks you have had but an idle time of it."

"A miserable time, Captain Sutherland. I want excitement, I have lived upon it all my life, and it is absolutely necessary to the existence of the few years that yet remain to me. I will seek it in some foreign service, since it is denied me at home; nor care I much whether it be beneath the crescent of the Turks, or the lily of the French."

"America would regret the loss of your services, Captain Manly. There are few men to whom she is more indebted for the peace she enjoys than yourself."

"I shall not test her gratitude, sir," replied the stranger. "We are quits. I ask nothing of her. I have offended, but I have served her also. We are even now, and there is not a single demand that I would urge, except, perhaps, that she might pardon; but no, it matters not; I cannot live in her atmosphere, and heed but little the indulgence of her laws."

There was a hidden meaning in this speech that our hero, from motives of delicacy, declined inquiring into, and yet he could not wholly govern that curiosity which this mysterious declamation had awakened in his bosom.

"It must, indeed, be a request involving immense obligations that would be refused you, Captain Manly," said our hero. "The gratitude she owes you, combined with the influence of one so popular and powerful as your friend, Mr. Hamilton, would, I think, secure to you the most important favors."

The stranger replied not immediately, but turning his dark glowing eyes full upon the face of his companion, he seemed to study the expression of his features, with a scrutiny at once distasteful and severe; but there was nothing in the calm countenance of Captain Sutherland that added fuel to his suspicion, and satisfied, at length, that his ideas, whatever they might have been, were unfounded, he turned his gaze slowly away.

"Have you visited Washington since your return," asked he.

"No; duty to my father rendered my stay with him for a while imperative."

"You will doubtless go there before long."

"Such is my intention at present."

"And will, of course, see William."

"Who?"

"Mr. Hamilton, our mutual friend."

"Certainly, and shall be happy to be the bearer of any message you may have to transmit."

"Thanks! thanks!" replied the stranger. "I have little to say; nothing, in fact nothing; you need not even mention the fact of having seen me. I would have him ignorant of the subject. He is impressed with the belief that I am sojourning in another country, and it is better that he be not deceived. Farewell, Captain Sutherland, it is growing late, and I have yet much to transact before morning;" and turning abruptly away, even before our hero had time to reply to his dictatory, he passed swiftly from his presence, and was soon lost in the gloom of the night.

There was a mystery about the character of the stranger that had long before awakened the interest of Harry Sutherland. He had often recurred to his first interview with the renowned privateer, but that mystery was never before so exciting as at the present moment. His conversation—his manner—his unsettlement—everything was indicative of some imperative control beneath which his bold spirit lashed and foamed, and fretted, like the angry wave against the

firm-set rock; but that restraint, whatever it might be, was not discovered until long afterwards.

CHAPTER V.

In the conflict of political events that characterized the struggle for individual popularity and party ascendancy during the administration of James Madison, the efforts of no one man, at that period of public life, were so completely successful as were those of William Hamilton.

Amongst the variety of theories and opinions, the currents and counter currents of popular spirit, the successes and failures of measures, his course had been so judiciously marked out, as to avoid the evil consequences of every unfortunate manoeuvre, while he received a full share of the approbation elicited from the public by the success of every popular enterprise. During no previous period of our history had the sea of politics been more agitated by petty dissensions; but he, like a skilful mariner, had kept his eye upon every cloud that rose in the horizon, trimming his sail, and disposing his rudder, so as to avoid its effects, long before the storm it portended had burst around him.

There were few of the statesmen of that day more eminently qualified to attain favor with the people. Distinguished as a barrister long before his entry into public life, he had been regarded as a fit star for the political zodiac; admired for the profundity of his learning, the beauty and power of his eloquence; alike invincible and irresistible in argument, courteous in debate, an elegant gentleman, a sincere friend, and a generous enemy, he could not have been other than an object of admiration with a discerning and grateful people.

But it was in his own home, surrounded by his family circle, where those lesser virtues, that in truth indicate the character of the man, were most apparent. In the performance of great duties, we regulate our actions to suit the opinions of men; we act not for ourselves, but for those by whom we are surrounded; in trivial matters our conduct is the result of voluntary impulses, and it is in the private walks of life where man alone is undisguised.

William Hamilton was possessed of immense wealth, and, having both the means and the will, he failed not to dispense the most elegant hospitalities. His house was the resort for all the talent of the land; it was, indeed, the very temple of fashion, the depot of taste and accomplishment, where the young and the old, the grave and the gay, the giddy and the profound could be alike entertained and amused—the more advanced in life by the master of the mansion himself, and the less experienced by his beautiful and highly gifted daughter.

Anna Hamilton was now a woman: a young woman truly in years, but a matron in manner and mind, as perfect a being as man in his wildest dream of beauty could conceive, and as captivating in conversation and address as one could be who possessed grace, loveliness, talent, and virtue. She was, indeed, endowed with all the qualities that adorn the female character, without one of the follies that so often rob it of a partial lustre. There was in it everything to enchant, and not one single feature to displease; and the envious eye that sought to detect a single unharmonious quality in its composition must turn disappointed and dissatisfied away.

She had that fortunate tact of making her attentions general when she wished it. Exclusive devotion is intolerable to all except those upon whom it is lavished, and offence is often taken where none was meant, by those neglected, supposing such indifference a fault, when it was really a misfortune; but when Anna Hamilton parted with her company, it was with the flattering impression on their part that she had been particularly attentive to each of them. Nor was this an affectation of manner calculated for popularity: it was perfectly natural, with nothing studied or forced about it, as was indeed manifested by the perfect ease and self-possession with which she conducted herself during such interviews.

Conscious of her superiority as she must have been, she had the address to hide that consciousness, or rather, the good sense to refrain from exerting herself to display qualities that were too striking to be unnoticed without another aid than their own eloquence. She envied no one, perhaps that she could find no reason to do so, for that vice is too often the product of conscious inferiority; and never withheld praise or admiration when and where it was due.

After all, manner is the life of beauty, and though the latter may enslave us with a glance, it requires the former to render admiration consistent and permanent; the one appeals forcibly to the senses, but the other fixes itself immediately upon the heart. By manner we must be understood to have reference to the mind, for the one is the light of the other, and they possess not in themselves a separate existence. Beauty, it is true, may engender love; but it is mind alone that can build up those feelings and affections that, like the refractive atmosphere, often preserve the image when the object itself has passed away.

And Anna Hamilton was not less beautiful in mind than in person, if, indeed, comparisons may be instituted between apparent and intangible qualities; and cold indeed must have been the heart of him who, possessing the passions and affections of man, could yet look upon her without experiencing some sensations of tenderness, some feeling of adoration, of love, or at least of friendship.

A stranger might have thought that interesting creature in a degree insensible, but in the supposition he would exist in error. The impartiality of her demeanor and the apparently indivisible nature of her attentions were more the effect of politeness, than the impulse of voluntary inclination; and her extreme courteousness and affability to the most uninteresting was perhaps the greatest, and certainly one of the most commendable features of her character. In its exercise she was unexampled. How easy was it then, to mistake motives too rarely put in action to be universally familiar. But the intimate acquaintance thought far better of her: he was enabled to judge and to appreciate, and saw nothing in her dignified self-possession, and sweet, engaging, and yet general freedom, but a disposition to render the time of her visitors as agreeable as possible. Nor was this the assumed deportment of the accomplished coquette; as yet she had sought the love of no man, she endeavored to preserve the esteem so essential to our happiness in society, and if she won a heart in this pursuit, it was on

her part unintentional. She was beautiful but she was honorable.

Perhaps some who read these pages, may find an objection in the character of one who could render herself alike courteous to all; they will say, no doubt, that, like us all, she must have had her prejudices, and to conceal them as she did, was an act of refined dissimulation. And such an assertion would indeed be bright with truth; but there are times when hypocrisy becomes a virtue, and when candor swells almost into a crime: when an exhibition of the latter would cruelly persecute, while a show of the former might mercifully soothe and encourage. It would not be well to tell another that he was disagreeable; it would be cruel, and the very artifice we exercise in pleasing those about us, is not only excusable, but is essential to the address of the well-bred man or the accomplished woman.

It was evening, and the lights had just begun to glimmer along the streets and avenues of the capital city, as Captain Sutherland, accompanied by a single servant, drove up and dismounted at the door of the principal hotel. Entering his name upon the book, he desired to be shown his apartments. The bell rang; the servant, who acted in the capacity of usher, made his appearance, and bowing our hero up two pair of stairs, an elevation he by no means desired, the polite functionary gratified him with a view of his chambers.

"Supper, sir," said the waiter. "Supper," was the laconic response; and in ten minutes from that period the gallant Captain Sutherland was engaged in consuming sundry substances of animal and vegetable matter, with an earnestness that would have befitted the first gastronomist of these United States.

Having satisfied his appetite, he rang for his servant, made his toilet, and sallied forth in search of the dwelling of Mr. Hamilton. With something like instinct he discovered the domicile; ascending the steps, he summoned a servant, who, to his inquiry if the owner of the mansion was within, responded in the affirmative. He had not been long seated before Mr. Hamilton made his appearance. "My dear Harry," said he, clasping both his hands, "the joy I feel in this meeting is greater than I have known before for a long, long time! Sit down, Harry—Heavens! how you have changed! why, you are a man before your time; I would not have recognized you had it not been for the case; what an entire revolution! have you been always well?"

Captain Sutherland replied to these multifarious queries, and propounded by way of return perhaps quite as many; when these little civilities, we must name them, were ended, our hero asked for one in whom he was more interested than any other at that particular moment, and learned to his disappointment that she had just gone to a ball at the house of the French Minister. "We will go, Harry," said the old gentleman, taking, at the same time, his gold-headed cane; and as Captain Sutherland was attired in a becoming manner, he made no objection to this determination.

A few minutes walk brought them to the house, and giving in their names, they were ushered into the apartments crowded with all the wit, beauty, and talent of Washington. Making their way through a crowd of native fair ones and mustachioed foreigners, our hero was presented to the illustrious representative of his most Christian Majesty, who inquired of his health with as much seeming sincerity and interest as if indeed his own life was dependent upon that of his guest. After a few moments' conversation, made up principally of questions in regard to the strength and discipline of the Navy, interspersed here and there with compliments upon the various achievements of our hero and vague speculations upon the proceedings of the last Congress, the Gallic diplomatist turned to receive a tall pale man in green spectacles, when our hero, taking advantage of the circumstance, glided off, leaving even his cicerone of the evening.

In vain he looked upon the fair beings that stood up in the different quadrilles. There many a pair of bright eyes met his glance, but they were not those he sought, and he had almost given up the hope of finding her, when a musical voice fell upon his ear with an intonation that thrilled him with pleasure; it was the melody of other years, too sweet then to be forgotten now; a sound, that when once admitted never afterwards becomes an alien. He turned, and beheld a beautiful creature in earnest and animated conversation with a tall, handsome young man, of about his own age, one of the most prepossessing fellows, as he then thought, that he had ever beheld. As yet he was unobserved by them, and for more than a minute he stood silently gazing upon the face of her, of whom he had dreamed a thousand times, and with whom he had coupled all his fancies of ambition and happiness; for whom he had striven for success, and abstained from temptation, and without whom he deemed his life almost valueless.

There she stood, the same lovely being that had enchanted his affections years before, and it seemed that those years had blessed her with additional loveliness, and that Time had brightened her eye and colored her cheek with the lustre and the bloom he had stolen from the rest.

Captain Sutherland was in love, already in love—could it be otherwise? He adored her as a boy, as a wild, imaginative, enthusiastic boy: he could have worshipped her with the ardor of a fanatic; she was to his young but brilliant imagination the very embodiment of virtue and purity, the personification of everything that was perfect, the prototype of all that was immaculate. Yielding to the mandates of duty, he left her, but his thoughts wandered back, and tended to her as faithfully as the needle that guided him pointed to the Northern Star. Amid the terrors of the tempest, when the wild winds whistled through the cordage, and the angry ocean threatened to engulf all that tossed upon its surface, her image rose in his imagination, and that wild scene, with all its horrors, was forgotten. He paced the halls of beauty, when voluptuous music ravished the ear, and the charms of woman delighted the eye; but his heart withstood all these allurements, and if he smiled, it was at the recollection of one whose loveliness, were she there, would dim the charms of all around, even as the moon's superior brightness hides the feebler light of the most beautiful stars that spangle the immensity of heaven. Day and night, in peril or in pleasure, no hour passed un sanctified by her remembrance; all that was enchanting in nature recalled her to his imagination, and nothing that was terrible or repulsive caused him to forget her; she was the sweet spirit of his dreams,

the bright goddess of every shrine he constructed in his imagining. He loved her, and loved her as no other man on earth could have loved. His was not a passion conceived and nourished by beauty alone, a feeling that time and absence could effectually destroy, and that another's charms might weaken at any moment, but an affection strengthened by reflection, pure as the love the father bears the child, with nothing sensual, and but little selfish in its composition; a love born but for one and transferable to none other; in a word, it was that wild adoration that is but once experienced in the longest lifetime, that is but known in the fervor of youth, and that gradually diminishes as age and experience steal away the brightest parts of our existence; but which, with him, had been so fondly nurtured in the solitude of his thoughts, so kindly cherished with the fancies of a warm imagination, and so flattered by the anticipations of the future, that it had even increased with absence and with years.

Perhaps he was, in this respect, too much an enthusiast. Perhaps you may think his feelings should have been under more restraint, his impulses less ardent, his devotion less sincere. Well! had he been educated amidst the heartless customs of society, subjected to its dissimulations, initiated in its vices; had he learned to feign the devotion he could not feel, to inspire with love the heart he could not value; to blast the affections he dared to raise but for amusement, or to betray the trembling confidence of the poor deluded girl—had he learned these things, he might have tempered his feelings, he might have been much less sanguine, he might have measured all that was generous in his composition, and dealt it out as the apothecary his similes. But as yet he was un instructed in the mysteries of this sacred school. He had not learned to smile and murder; his home for years had been the quarter-deck; his companions there were heroes, men who were neither capable of giving or receiving lessons in duplicity; and it was amongst such men, and under such circumstances, and with impulses as impetuous and unexpressed as the winds that fanned his own native-ocean, that he nursed upon the sweet being that captivated his boyish heart until his love became too ardent ever to be eradicated. Had he ceased to remember her at their parting, the passion might never have been revived, but he listened to every whisper of hope, and indulged in every suggestion of fancy until it became almost a principle of his existence. The tender plant may be blighted by the slightest frost, the young sapling prostrated by the gentlest gale; but the lofty oak will rear up its green branches in defiance of the rudest storm.

There she stood; he beheld her, a divinity in beauty, but, for the life of him, he could not advance. A thousand tumultuous emotions agitated him—a thousand fears rushed upon him, and hope, the enchantress that had buoyed him up for years, deserted him at last. A moment more elapsed, and he was still unobserved. He felt that his happiness rested entirely upon his reception. A smile, a word, a look would decide everything; and Captain Sutherland, who had braved the wrath of the tempest, and the terrors of the battle, hesitated before the glance of a woman. Another moment's reflection convinced him of his weakness; and blushing to have felt it, he advanced. She raised her eyes; those hazel eyes, beaming with graciousness, met his own; and though they sparkled with pleasure, and though she greeted him with the kindest attention, there was something in her manner that chilled him to the heart. She was easy and dignified, and, though vivaciously courteous, she seemed studiously calm; and he, who had never yet been taught to restrain an impulse, deemed her cold and unfeeling. When, indeed, she was at heart the very child of sensation. Scarcely had the first compliments of meeting passed between them, before she acquainted him with the gentleman beside her; and though this was a necessary politeness, Sutherland foolishly deemed, that, under the existing circumstances, this ceremony should have been forgotten, or at least for a little while postponed. Another circumstance also contributed to strengthen his unfounded suspicion: she had, previous to his arrival, engaged herself for every quadrille that she would remain to dance; and though she acknowledged this with pain, regretted it extremely, and told him that she would have infinite pleasure in dancing with him, he had not the generosity to appreciate her motives, nor the magnanimity to forgive them. Jealousy had at that moment made him what he would have blushed to have thought himself before—a selfish man. The music broke forth, the quadrille began, and Captain Sutherland turned away disappointed and miserable. At that moment he could have wept tears of bitterness, for his heart was bursting with emotion. "And is this," said he, "the woman I have so loved, so adored, so idolized? is this the creature for whom I have denied myself every pleasure that makes life tolerable; for whom I have garnered up more affection than created man ever yet bestowed upon woman; for whom I would have willingly died were it necessary, and on whom all my hopes of happiness were centered, to treat me thus!—unfeelingly, by heavens! unfeelingly! oh, it is too cruel, too cruel!" and he turned to the open window, but though the night breeze cooled his moistened brow, it could not check his agitation.

Ah! Harry Sutherland, you may be skilled in many things, but are you not the veriest tyro in one? Could you but read the gentle thoughts, the tender sentiments, the soft regrets that pervade one fair bosom, you would be the happiest fellow in the world, instead of which you are now fancying yourself the most miserable creature in existence. I am afraid, Harry, that your sincerity will prove no excuse for your foolishness.

Our hero had not perceived that he was an object of general attention, so wrapped up was he in communion with his own thoughts, and the bright glances, the sweet smiles, and the whispered inquiries that followed his appearance, were all lost to him.

"I wonder who it is?" ejaculated Miss Araminta Lovelock. "Cousin Hervey, do ascertain something about him, for I am absolutely expiring with curiosity."

"Beloved fair one," replied the beau, "if you can possibly protract your demise for a few moments, I think that I shall be enabled to prevent a catastrophe that would, in all probability, bathe the world in tears of unutterable woe."

"Then speed thee, my Mercury; let thy transit be the lightnings, and thy return even more brief; and recollect, Hervey, my hero, the advice of the Spartans,

mother to her warrior boy, 'Come back successful or come not at all.'

"My life on my fortune!" exclaimed the dandy. "Oh! adored Araminta, knowest thou not thy Hervey sufficiently to feel assured that he would rather undergo the most excruciating torture than face thee without obtaining the desired information. Light of my eyes, thou hast wronged me in thy suspicions," and herewith Mr. Hervey Fitzbooby, for such was his aristocratic cognomen, departed on his mission extraordinary.

"Minton, can you inform me who it was that came in with Mr. Hamilton to-night?" asked he, addressing an individual attired in the most elaborate style, perfumed with the most delicate essences, and ornamented with the most costly jewelry.

"Dear fellow, no," replied the exquisite, thrusting his small white hand through his mopy hair; "the fact is, my acquaintance is now so extensive, that I have absolutely determined on making a tour in Europe, in order to forget two-thirds of my friends on return—devilish vulgar to be bowing and nodding to everybody you meet; besides, it disarranges one's dress so."

"Ah! Mr. Hamilton, the very person of all the world that I am most happy to meet," the statesman bowed stiffly, having an inveterate antipathy to all coxcombs.

"Pray tell me, my dear sir, who that young fellow is that accompanied you hither this evening?"

"Fellow, Mr. Fitzbooby!" ejaculated Mr. Hamilton. "I believe, sir, that I have always been very select in the choice of companions."

"Young gentleman, I should have said, sir. No offence, I nope. I would not offend, sir, upon any consideration—a lapsus, sir—a lapsus, I assure you."

"The person to whom you allude, Mr. Fitzbooby," said the statesman, with a little emphasis and more irony, "is Captain Sutherland, of the United States Navy—you have heard of him, no doubt?"

"Captain Sutherland—the devil—it is," ejaculated the dandy honoring our hero with some such a stare as a mouse would be supposed to bestow upon a lion; "Captain Sutherland, eh!" and off he darted to lay the information at the feet of Miss Araminta Lovesick.

"The puppy!" exclaimed the old gentleman with honest indignation; "the ignorant dolt! I wonder that the pressure of the external atmosphere don't crush in his brainless noddle."

"Minton, that's Sutherland," said Fitzbooby, as he hurried along, big with the important news.

"Sutherland—what Sutherland?"

"Why, Sutherland of the Navy, to be sure."

"You jest, Fitz?"

"Fact, by all that's immaculate—Hamilton just informed me."

"I'll ask Hamilton to present me," thought the elegant and exclusive Theodor Minton, Esq.

"Why, that duce ails thee, Harry? Here are half the pretty women present annoying me with importunities to introduce you, and you standing here the while, looking as disconsolate and as forlorn as an ancient Briton in the palaces of Rome. Come, sir, I must make amends for my neglect this evening; but the fact is, that my evil genius, Dr. Humbug, seized me by the button, and I found it impossible to extricate myself until I had listened to a very minute dissertation upon the antiquities of Mexico."

"Ah, Mr. Hamilton, glad to see you—well, sir?"

"Very well, I thank you," a pause—the dandy discomfited—the statesman unusually grave—dandy resolved to hazard a subterfuge, in consequence of discovering that he had involved himself in one of those little difficulties, classed under the head of unpleasing situations.

"By the by, sir, I yesterday received a letter from my father, in which he desired to you his best wishes."

"Your father is a very excellent man, sir—I esteem him."

"Mr. Minton, let me introduce Captain Sutherland, of the Navy."

"Captain Sutherland!" exclaimed the exquisite, putting on a look of pleased surprise, and thrusting forward his ungloried right hand. "Really, sir, I am proud of making the acquaintance of so distinguished a gentleman as Captain Sutherland. Our hero bowed.

"How long will you remain in Washington, sir?"

"Perhaps a month, perhaps longer; circumstances may lessen or increase my stay."

"Sir, I hope the latter. I shall be very happy to show you some attention whilst you are with us. Allow me to present my card, sir. No.—, Pennsylvania Avenue, where Captain Sutherland will always be very welcome."

"You are very polite, Mr. Minton. I am at — Hotel, where you will oblige me by dropping in occasionally."

"Whv, Harry, my boy, how are you? Give me your fist, my lad. On my soul, how you've grown! A veritable salt-water plant, Mr. Hamilton, when first he came on board of my ship he wasn't higher than a match-tub—were you, Harry? Well, I'm glad to see you, my boy. Dine with me to-morrow, dine with me, Mr. Hamilton. Mr. Minton, I shall be very happy to have your company at dinner to-morrow—a medium dinner, gentlemen—nothing extra and nothing ordinary—good wine—recommend that. How is your father, Harry?"

"Thank you, commodore, he is well. You, I suppose, have enjoyed your usual good health?"

"Yes, my boy, toujours bien—constitution like a horse—dig at a brickbat in fifteen minutes—less time, if necessary. Here comes that d—d old rubbish hunter," and the trio was augmented by the arrival of a bald-headed little man, in a thread-bare coat and small clothes. To this specimen of the human race was our hero also presented.

"Desirable profession yours, Captain Sutherland," remarked he.

"There are many who like it, doctor, and I amongst that number."

"I should have supposed so—I should have supposed so. Many very great advantages a man has who travels. I have travelled myself, sir—enlarges one's views—multiplies his ideas—robs him in a great measure of national prejudices—enables him to observe things through a proper medium—initiates, and even attaches him to peculiarities that at first sight appear absurd in the extreme—fits him for any society—for any society, sir. Are you an antiquary, Captain Sutherland?"

"I am ashamed to confess that I am not," replied our hero; "and I am surprised, too, that I have never turned my attention that way, since there is no study that interests me so much."

"Are you fond of history, Captain Sutherland?"

asked the doctor, edging up, whilst his face brightened like the morning sun after the dispersion of a November fog.

"Very; it is one of my favorite studies."

"I thought so—I thought so. Antiquarianism and history are so intimately connected, that we cannot conceive a passion for the one without acquiring a partiality for the other. I am very fond of history, sir; I have read all the histories of the world, sir; I have read from Herodotus, who flourished according to Littlebury—nobody gainsays Littlebury—four hundred and thirteen years before Christ, down to David Ramsey—Yes, sir, I have read a great deal of history—a great deal of history, Captain Sutherland."

"I have heard as much before," replied our hero; "and although until to-night I have not had the pleasure of a personal introduction to Doctor Humbug, we have long been acquainted; and more than once have I been gratified, whilst abroad, at hearing the authority of one of my own countrymen brought forward as conclusive and indubitable evidence in matters of antiquarianism."

The little gentleman looked round in triumph, took a pinch of snuff, and good-naturedly offered his box to each of the party.

"The 'act is, and I won't pretend to deny it," said the doctor, "the fact is, I have taken some pains, to say nothing of expense and all that sort of thing, in order to elucidate subjects upon which Grenoville is totally silent—between ourselves, gentlemen, Grenoville is far from being a veritable narrator—have you read Grenoville, Captain Sutherland?—read Grenoville, by all means, for, although he is not to be depended upon in minute matters, his general delineations may be considered correct. I am now engaged upon a work in four quarto volumes, to be entitled 'A General and Comprehensive View of the Remains of Mexican Antiquities, with marginal notes and references.' These volumes, Captain Sutherland, are intended to convey an impartial and correct account of everything of importance, and at the same time to supply the deficiencies of Grenoville, who, by the bye—I must be candid in this matter—had no facilities whatever—I don't wish to disparage Grenoville, gentlemen—far be it from me to assail the reputation of any man, but really he is unpardonably incorrect in many of his statements; now, for instance, he says that the base of the pyramid of Cholula is fourteen hundred feet in length—gentlemen, to my certain knowledge, it is but thirteen hundred and ninety-nine feet two inches and seven-eighths. I measured it twenty-three different times, to satisfy myself of its precise length, took the mean of measurements, and arrived at this conclusion. Then again, speaking of those celebrated ruins, recently discovered in the province of Tabasco—here the doctor paused, and thrusting his hand in his coat pocket, produced a dozen sheets of closely written foolscap. "Speaking of those ruins," continued he, "Grenoville says that, judging from the extraordinary height of each particular stone forming the grand stairway of the palace—"

The antiquarian, much to his discomfiture, was here interrupted by the arrival of the host, who joined the party in company with Mrs. Amelia St. Clair.

"Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Hamilton, I cannot find words to express my disapprobation of your conduct, to be absent from me for a full half hour, after swearing eternal constancy, eternal devotion—Oh, fie upon you—out upon your gallantry—you modern Theusens!"

"I pray you mercy, sweet madam," replied the statesman, "impugn not my motives until you have heard my excuse; and, Oh! if there is one spark of pity in your composition, liken me not to that unfaithful lover, Belve, rather, that, like the Grecian Ulysses, I have encountered obstacles the most insuperable to the completion of my wishes. Be in pity, then, a Penelope."

"Your appeal is irresistible," said the beauty, extending her jewelled hand; "you are forgiven—think you the daughter of Icarus was half as amiable as I?"

"I am certain she was not; and now, Mrs. St. Clair, allow me to present my particular friend, Captain Sutherland, with the request that you take him under your protection for the evening."

"I shall have pleasure in giving my services to Captain Sutherland," replied the lady, curtesying most gracefully, and bestowing on him a glance that at one time might have saved Iliad.

"Your kindness, madam, overpowers me with gratitude," and Harry bowed never so gracefully. "I dared not hope to be so honored," and his arm was offered with the easiest imaginable inclination of the body; "and least of all, by one who is so universally admired as Mrs. St. Clair."

"Well, Captain Sutherland, I vow you are the most consummate courtier I have met for a year and a day." The party moved on; the doctor put up his manuscript; and the diplomatist, accompanied by the commodore and Mr. Hamilton, adjourned to form a table at écarte.

"And now, my dear captain, having volunteered as your chaperone, it devolves upon me, like the man in the show, to explain the genus and species of the animals around us; but before I begin you must do me the favor to tell me fairly and candidly if that thing you denominate your heart is perfectly unscathed by the arrows of the little boy with the wings."

Harry Sutherland sighed; for his life he could not have suppressed that sigh, and for a while he was even pensive.

"Admirably done!" exclaimed the lady; "a more feeling groan could not have emanated from an expiring pair of bellows—pray, sir, did you practice with those instruments?—and the countenance, too—so melancholy—so softly sad—do you ever read the *Sorrow of Werter*?"

"Yes, lady, and sometimes feel them."

"No doubt of it—even now I can fancy you, in my imagination, seated upon a rock, by moonlight, whilst *Love's Young Dream*, and looking most ineffably forlorn. Don't you think Miss Hamilton a charming girl?"

"Very," responded Sutherland, with a heavy heart.

"She is my particular friend, my most especial favorite."

"And the gentleman who is now dancing with her—"

"Is John Montgomery—the idol of our sex, and the envy of his own—one of the most promising young men in Washington, yourself exclusive, my gallant captain."

"And is he attentive to Miss Hamilton?" asked Sutherland, somewhat earnestly.

"Devoted to her," said she; and tapping a gentleman

who stood in their way familiarly upon the shoulder, she introduced our hero to Mr. St. Clair.

"This is the individual," added the lady, "who calls himself my husband."

"Only when you are present, my dear—in your absence I am always unmarried," replied Mr. St. Clair, good-humoredly. "Captain Sutherland, accept my sincere thanks for taking this lady off my hands; I was just fearing that she would be unable to find a beau, in which event she would have most probably defeated a little flirtation which I have in view."

"Off your hands!" exclaimed the beauty; "did ever woman listen to such impudence! but I'll be revenged, I'll make Captain Sutherland shoot you, and marry me afterwards; so, sir, make your will at once."

"I shall, my love, and to my mortal enemy I will bequeath you, a legacy, ha, ha, ha," and bowing to Sutherland the husband passed on, thinking he made a favorable impression by saying what he deemed an excellent thing.

Let me congratulate Mrs. St. Clair upon the possession of so handsome and so amiable a lord—

"Do, my dear captain," interrupted the lady, "do, for really he is the most considerate person in existence; he is so devoted and so studiously attentive to my comfort, that he intrudes his presence about once a week, at least once a week, and then he entertains so nice a regard for my feelings, so kind of him, to endeavor by every possible means to make me forget that I have pledged myself to love, honor, and obey him."

There was something so sarcastic in this reply, uttered as it was in a tone of extreme bitterness, and in a vein totally at variance with her former manner, that Sutherland could not for a moment but believe that truth dictated what pride was struggling to conceal.

Could any man on earth, asked he of himself, be indifferent to so lovely a woman? It seemed impossible; and yet it must be the case, in the present instance. She was evidently unhappy, and her words were surely an allusion to the cause of her distress, too significant to be mistaken. There succeeded then a silence unusually prolonged; Mrs. St. Clair seemed to struggle hard with an agitation she wished to suppress; a tear started in her beautiful blue eyes, and her countenance lost in sadness the animation that had before distinguished it. One of those secret griefs that had long lain dormant in her breast had escaped all mastery, and for a moment she was swept away in its current, like the leaf on the resistless tide of the mountain torrent.

Oh, how often! how very often, does an appearance of gayety conceal the desolation that reigns within, how often is the smile driven to the lip when the heart is breaking with suppressed anguish! And how often, and how truly, and how devoutly does woman struggle to hide from the world the feelings that are day by day, and hour by hour, undermining both health and happiness, and all for the affection she bears him, who won her young love, and vowed at the altar of God to protect and cherish her, and who redeems his pledge, by ruining her hopes forever, without one single sign of remorse, or one little thought of penitence. And one who often returns her gentle reproach with abuse, views her silent tears with indifference, and looks upon her melancholy countenance and attenuated form with barbarian callousness, when a single smile, a single embrace would purchase redemption for past faithlessness, and restore to her sorrowing heart the joy that had long been a stranger to its portals; when a kind word would brighten the faded brow of hope, and bring back to the faded cheek the bloom and beauty that hazzard misery had chased away, and when returning constancy would make her even happier than she had ever been before.

Mrs. St. Clair had betrayed a secret she had confided to none. Sutherland knew this, and under these circumstances durst not offer a word of consolation; his sympathy was not solicited, and he felt that it would be insulting to proffer it to one too proud to let the world into the knowledge of her unhappiness, but who, like the Spartan boy, choose rather to screen the monster that was gnawing at her vitals. Luckily, however, for Sutherland, at the very moment he was about to hazard a remark which must have been painful, as Mrs. St. Clair could not but observe that it was intended to turn a subject which he knew to be disagreeable, and which he must have hoped he had not understood to its fullest extent—luckily for him, at this juncture he was spoken to, and on turning he beheld the benevolent bald head of the antiquarian.

"Pardon this little intrusion," began the doctor; "I will claim your attention, to ask if you will do me the favor to drop in and see me to-morrow, or the next day, or at your earliest convenience. The fact is, Captain Sutherland, I wish to prove to you the flagrant inaccuracy of Grenoville's statement, in relation not only to the ruins of Paliski, but also in regard to the sacrificial stone of the City of Mexico; in his description of this extraordinary relic of antiquity, he says nothing of the canal which is cut through it, for the purpose of carrying off the blood of the victims. Now, there are but two opinions to be inferred from his silence upon the subject; I may say upon this very important subject; the first of which is, that he had never himself seen the stone, and the second, that if he had examined it, he from sheer neglect or carelessness failed to make mention of it; in either case he was highly culpable; now, in this treatise"—and here produced the half quire of foolscap—"in these few remarks, which I will not at present intrude upon your attention, I have not only pointed out the inaccuracies of Grenoville in his description of the ruins of Tabasco, but I have also exposed to the public many of his errors—which were absolutely wilful—absolutely wilful, Captain Sutherland; recollect, I do not mean to disparage Monsieur Le Comte de Grenoville, he is undoubtedly a man of genius—of surprising genius—but inter nos"—and the little man put his right forefinger against the dexter abutment of his nasal organ—"I don't envy his reputation. Ah, my dear sir, poor Goldsmith never said a truer thing, than—but I see I am trespassing upon your patience—good night, don't fail to visit me—always at home," and making a hasty bow, the erudite doctor was, in a moment afterward, swallowed up in the crowd.

"What an amusing thing it is!" said Mrs. St. Clair, with a languid smile, and our hero was rejoiced to observe that she had recovered her equanimity if not her vivacity. "Come," continued she, "the quadrille is ended, and I will now seize the opportunity of introducing you to all the witty and beautiful women present;" and Captain Sutherland was accordingly presented to a host of Hours, as lovely and as captivating

as ever yet enchanted an Oriental paradise. There were present also some old ladies, but of them we will say nothing; they, too, were Houris once, although old ladies now; to them our hero was not wanting in attention; perhaps he forgot what they were, in the remembrance of what they had been.

"Do you know Captain Sutherland, Mr. Minton?" asked a young lady who had just emanated from a boarding school, with a head full of romance, and a heart as susceptible of inflammation as a piece of tinder.

"Sutherland," drawled out the elegant Mr. Minton; "O, yes, we are intimate, very intimate; he is one of the few naval officers that I can at all tolerate; those fellows are generally so very unrefined in their manners. I recollect of seeing one of them devour, at a single sitting, eleven pounds of the most odious sausages I ever beheld."

"Horrible!" exclaimed the lady, for to her enthusiastic imagination a sausage was the most unromantic thing in the world.

"O, despicable!" rejoined Mr. Minton. "But then, Captain Sutherland appears to be all gentility, all politeness. Really, I am in love with him. Now don't tell him, Mr. Minton. I would not have him know it for the world; so handsome, too, and such a hero! I never look at him without thinking of Lord Nelson."

"Ah! Nelson was a devilish clever fellow; I never have met a man I had a greater attachment for than Nelson."

"Were you acquainted with Lord Nelson?" asked the astonished Miss Arabella Fitz Eustis.

"O, very well, very well," replied Mr. Minton, with the utmost nonchalance; "at Naples we played billiards together, every day for a fortnight."

"Played billiards? why, Mr. Minton, didn't he lose an arm somewhere?"

"An arm!" replied the exquisite; "oh, no, not exactly an arm, it was a leg—he lost a leg somewhere—I used to joke him at times about that leg. Devilish good thing I said to him once, in allusion to that leg—long time ago though—forgotten it now."

"Tuant, where have you been wandering?" spoke a sweet voice; and on turning, Captain Sutherland beheld Miss Hamilton leaning on the arm of Montgomery.

"Cousin, you must resign this gentleman to me for a while, I have a great deal to say to him; we are old acquaintances, you know, and not having seen each other for a long, long time, we have to talk over all that has happened since our separation; come, coz, no denial!"

Even as the first ray of the glorious sun melts the frigid snow on the mountain top, so the soft glance that accompanied the words of Anna Hamilton dissolved the unfavorable impressions that our hero in a moment of unreasonable resentment had conceived of her; his eyes sparkled with gratitude, a smile of peculiar beauty played upon his lips, and the gloom that a moment before clouded his brow, vanished as the darkness of the night disappears before the brilliant glare of day.

"Delicious, my sweet friend!" responded Mrs. St. Clair, "I never had one for you; on the contrary, I have long been wishing for an opportunity to serve you at a sacrifice to myself; that moment is now at hand, and I transfer to you one of the most agreeable young gentlemen I have ever encountered."

"Could I be made conscious that I deserve so sweet a compliment from Mrs. St. Clair, I should become the vilest mortal in Christendom," replied Sutherland.

The short half hour that he spent in conversing with Miss Hamilton, was the sweetest period of his life. She was never more beautiful, never more kind; and he was never more susceptible of her influence. Every circumstance of interest that had transpired during his absence was related with accuracy and animation; nothing was omitted; a hundred questions were answered in the softest and most melodious voice in the world, and as many more might have been propounded had their conversation undergone no interruption; but, unfortunately, at the very moment when the lady was engaged in a glowing detail of some important event, Count Sawmynoshoff, the Russian Minister, stepped up, bowed, and reminded her that she had been so obliging as to promise him this quadrille with her.

Gentle reader—all readers are gentle until they become critics—have you ever been interrupted in a tête-à-tête with the woman you love? If such a misfortune has once fallen to your lot, you can appreciate the feelings of Harry Sutherland. He turned away with that emotion of loneliness that sometimes steals over us when surrounded by hundreds, hummed a favorite opera, and, as a last resource from ennui, or something worse, joined a party that were listening to an animated discourse upon the beneficial effects of flannel shirts.

Not being prepared, or rather feeling himself incompetent, to enter into a discussion upon so important and grave a subject, he suffered himself to wander to an adjacent quarter of the apartment, where he had the good fortune to become acquainted with Captain Stanhope, of the Royal Navy.

"I think we have met before," observed that gentleman; "it appears to me that I had the pleasure of meeting you at Port Royal, when I commanded the Thunderer, some six months since, or thereabout."

"I suspect you mistake me for some other person," retorted Sutherland. "I never have been at Port Royal, nor do I recollect ever having had the pleasure of seeing you before."

"Not been at Port Royal? then it must have been at Portsmouth. I recollect pointing you out one day to the admiral. Yes, it was at Portsmouth. I recollect the circumstance now perfectly well. It was just a week or so after the Thunderer was paid off."

Captain Sutherland smiled, but was silent; the other was so positive that he could not find it in his heart to contradict him. A man dislikes being made conscious of his error, when he wishes to be in the wrong.

"A d—d fine ship was the Thunderer!" resumed the Englishman; "d—d fine ship; got fourteen two out of her once, on a taut bowline; told his Majesty of it; Majesty shook his head, laughed, and said, Ah, Stanhope, you are a sad dog! Didn't believe me; invited him on board; got under way; nice to gallant breeze, and by the Lord she went off at the rate of fifteen four."

"Fifteen four!"

"Yes, sir, fifteen four! wouldn't believe it, would you? Well said I to his Majesty, who, by the bye, was perfectly delighted—a d—d clever fellow was his Majesty—said I to him, 'Say nothing to Spencer about this,

and I'll win a wager of him. Spencer first lord, you know—owed him a grudge—d—d wag was Spencer—sent me to the East Indies once to procure a pair of harp-shells for Lady Jane Talbot."

Sutherland could not refrain a laugh.

"Fact, sir, by all the gods celestial—circumstances were these. Lady Jane Talbot, Spencer, and myself, eating sandwiches with the Countess of Cloudestley, conversation turned upon couchology; asked Lady Jane if she had ever seen the lyra or harp-shell; replied she had not; described it to her; Lady Jane in ecstasies with the description; encointe at the time! vowed she'd never rest contented until she procured a pair of them; despatched agents all over England to obtain them; sent to France, none there; informed her ladyship of my ill success; swore at the same time that I would willingly go to India to obtain them for her; first lord heard of it; next day received orders to proceed thither in the Tremendous; amount of my instructions to obtain a pair of shells for Lady Jane Talbot: d—d good joke; never forgive him for it, though. A great wag was Spencer."

At a late hour the assemblage began to dissolve; party after party retired; carriage after carriage whirled from the door; light after light was extinguished; until at last silence composed herself upon the scene where gayety had been exuberant in display, and where mirth ran so wild that her antics cheated even sorrow into forgetfulness.

CHAPTER VI.

WHEN Captain Sutherland awoke, the rays of the morning sun were playing through the blinds of the window-shutters, and the noise of vehicles passing and repassing in the streets below afforded a noisy indication of the advance of the day. Springing from his bed with the celerity of one who discovers he has overslept his proposed time, he went about arranging and preparing himself for the business of the day. A sailor's toilet is soon made, and his breakfast as soon despatched; and in a period of space much less than an exquisite of the present day would occupy in tying his cravat, our hero had finished both of those duties, and sallied out into the open air.

After transacting some official duties with the public departments, he proceeded to the dwelling of Mr. Hamilton. Anna was not alone—as he had expected, Mr. Montgomery was with her. She was as beautiful as ever; as gay, as witty, and as interesting, and he even thought she displayed an unusual flow of spirits. But it was something akin to jealousy that whispered this. She sustained the greater part of the conversation, it was true; but merely because Montgomery and Sutherland evinced a decided disposition towards taciturnity. The former had been talking in a very animated strain until the entrance of the latter, when he ceased almost altogether. There was a restraint upon Sutherland, too, that he could not shake off; and although he endeavored once or twice to become interested and eloquent, he felt at the time inadequate, and so gave it up.

"D—n that fellow, Montgomery!" secretly ejaculated he, as he returned to his hotel, in no very excellent humor with himself or anybody else. And even while he muttered this splenetic sentence, the same benevolent denunciation was as earnestly reciprocated by Mr. John Montgomery.

At half-past three our hero repaired to the quarters of Commodore Transom, where he found at least a dozen of his own species, who had there assembled for the laudable purpose of destroying manifold substances, both animal and vegetable. There was the French Minister, and the English Minister, the Russian Envoy Sawmynoshoff, and the noble Polish exile, Count Pintowhiskey. There was also Major-General Thunderbolt, commander-in-chief of the Army, and Captain St. George St. John St. Vincent Stanhope, of the Royal Navy. Dr. Humbug was also there, but lively engaged in one corner with another fat little gentleman, whom he detained by a button-hole. Mr. St. Clair and Mr. Hamilton entered immediately after Sutherland; and the last guest at length arrived in the person of Mr. Fitzbooby, who had stationed a servant in the street to observe when all had assembled, that he might avoid the unfashionable crime of arriving before any one else.

"Ah, commodore," exclaimed he, apparently out of breath, while he wiped his brow with a handkerchief that dispensed the odors of Araby about the apartment. "Last, as usual—can't help it though—can't help it, your honor—misfortune—great misfortune—in-veterate habit—devilish bad habit too—hope, commodore I have not been the cause of any delay."

"By no means, Mr. Fitzbooby, by no means; dinner has not been announced, and you have yet time to rest from the fatigue you have evidently experienced."

"Ah! glad to hear it—really very glad to hear it; 'pon honor should feel miserably under the consciousness of having been the cause of inconvenience to a friend; fatigued, you say? Yes, quite fatigued—drove with the utmost rapidity—overset one venerable apple-woman, and threw a multitude of dogs and other animals into a fearful state of consternation."

"Something similar to a drive I once took along the Corso, at Rome," remarked Captain Stanhope, who came up in time to hear Fitzbooby's last speech. "I and Lord George Drinkwater, a cousin of mine, and a d—d rum chap, by the bye, fond of a lark, and all that sort of thing, got into a vehicle for the purpose of visiting an acquaintance at the Villa Borghese, when the horses took fright at a red petticoat which a wench was hanging out to dry, and dashed down the Corso at full speed, killing and wounding forty-two children, sixteen lazaroni, and twenty-one of the most respectable citizens of Sicily."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the horror-struck exquisite; "and how did you escape?"

"By the Lord, it was terrible," resumed the captain, continuing his narration in order to gain time for a reply to Fitzbooby's question. "All Rome was in tears for a month afterward, and the holy father told me since that upwards of six thousand seven hundred masses had been said for those who were crushed to death by our horses; poor Drinkwater was thrown out and killed instantaneously, and I only escaped by being tossed up twenty feet into a verandah."

"Great God, how shocking!" interrupted the exquisite.

"So shocking, Mr. Fitzbooby, so truly terrifying, and at the same time so strikingly terrible, that the celebrated artist, Bernardo Tinto, perceiving in it a fit field for the exercise of his extraordinary talent, painted it

on one thousand square feet of canvas, and disposed of the production to the Duke of Modena for the sum of three hundred thousand piastres."

"Dinner, gentlemen!" roared out the major domo. "Dinner, gentlemen!" responded the commodore, while, at the same time, the folding doors were thrown open, exposing to view the table with all its paraphernalia of covers, castors, coolers, glasses, et cetera, et cetera.

The fare was excellent—how could it have been different when cooked under the immediate superintendence, if not with the personal assistance of Monsieur Pierre Fricassee—Monsieur Pierre Fricassee, that prince of the kitchen, that unrivalled master in the art of viand dressing, that distinguished scullion, whose arrival in the United States of America created such extraordinary and tumultuous excitement amongst the gastronomi of the land. It was said that one hundred and fifty of the fat men of New York repaired on board of the ship in order to secure his services, but were disappointed, he having been previously engaged by the Marquis of Bouille for the accommodation of the commodore; one Southerner, not succeeding by bribery, attempted to carry off Monsieur by force, but an individual from Boston, who was in the secret, fearing that the States of the South would obtain by the measure a reputation for cookery, at the expense of their more northern neighbors, informed the commodore of the design, in consequence of which, the plan of the planter proved an entire failure. It would have been well if the matter had ceased here, but not so; the commodore, exasperated by the insidious intentions of the Southerner, publicly proclaimed him "a contemptible scoundrel."

A duel resulted, and the planter fell. Many were the bon vivants that sighed for the possession of Monsieur Pierre de la Roche Fricassee, but the fate of the Southerner deterred them from any attempt to seduce him from his acknowledged allegiance, and the commodore was left in undisputed, if not in unenvied retention of this Knight of the Smoke Jack.

After soup had been taken, the conversation became animated and general; some faint flashes of wit illuminated the table, but many stale jokes were laughed at out of compliment.

"Will Captain Stanhope do me the favor to drink wine with me?" asked Dr. Humbug, peeping through an incision he had made in a haunch of venison, like a sentinel through an embrasure.

"Ah! doctor, you have anticipated me. I was just about to solicit the honor of you—certainly—fill up, sir."

"May I ask Captain Stanhope how long it is since you were in Mexico? I believe you told me that you had visited that country."

"You are right, doctor—perfectly right; I accompanied Sir George Blunderbuss when he went out on his mission extraordinary. Let me see—it has been about three years—yes, about three years ago—certainly not less—I may say three years."

"Do you agree with Grenoville, in the belief that the ancient Mexicans were of a more gigantic formation than their descendants of the present day?" asked Dr. Humbug, clearing his throat and establishing himself with more comfort upon his chair.

"I do," replied the Englishman; "in fact, I know such to have been the case."

"Do you speak from opinion, or have you discovered the proof in the magnitude of their architectural remains? Grenoville, in his work states the fact merely from the extraordinary altitude of the stepping stones at the base of the temple of Cholula; but I cannot think this sufficient authority for the inference. Grenoville has in many instances admitted doubtful evidences."

"But, doctor, I have had irrefragable illustrations of the fact; and have now, in England, more undeniable proofs of it. Lord Henry Fitz Clarence has in his possession a pipe, picked up by me, in or near Tempico, which he uses as a warning pan. And the Countess of Cloudestley makes use of a Mexican thimble I presented her as a water goblet."

"A water goblet!" exclaimed the enlightened Humbug.

"Ay, a water goblet," replied Captain Stanhope. "But, if that astonishes you, what will you say when I tell you that my boat's crew, in digging for sand, discovered a billiard table one hundred feet long by thirty-five broad."

"You jest!" exclaimed Humbug, as if he would not willingly believe what he nevertheless thought the truth.

"Fact, by my hopes of an earldom," resumed the captain; "the balls we could not find, but I towed the cues alongside, and made of them an excellent set of topgallant-studding-sail-booms."

Doctor Humbug made no reply, but, noting the circumstance in his tablets, he came to the disagreeable conclusion, that Grenoville was right in regard to the physical organization of the aborigines of Mexico.

Perhaps too much patience has been exacted of you who are now perusing these pages, and too much time has been wasted by me in the composition of matter irrelevant to the true routine of this narrative. Had that probability occurred to me before arriving thus far, chapter the sixth would most certainly have been devoted to another and perhaps a more interesting purpose. But as I have almost unwittingly dashed into an improper path, I must even make the best of my way out of it; and as the reader has in all probability become somewhat curious as to the cause of this digression, I will avail myself of the following critiques extracted from the leading journals of the day, to convince him that if I scribbled at random, I had at least a motive to palliate, if not to justify the trespass perpetrated upon his forbearance.

From the American Monthly Mercury.

Messrs. Blake & Rottlewasher have just issued from their press Doctor Humbug's long expected work on Mexico, and we are gratified to add that public expectation has not been deceived in regard to this admirable production. The erudite author of this literary desideratum, although a scholar of vast research, and attainments the most profound, has not, like many historians of the day, advanced opinions, or constructed hypotheses, without regard to, and even in total variance with the systems and ideas of all others.

In the compilation of these volumes, Dr. Humbug has evinced a jealousy of his own fallibility which is ever the distinction of a veritable and impartial writer. All authorities upon the subject in question have been assiduously consulted by him. All information that

could be gleaned from the periodicals of the times, has been carefully collected and noted. No effort has been left unmade by which he might become perfectly acquainted with the arduous and complicated duty he had undertaken. The pioneer of antiquity, he labored with an indefatigability that is in itself enough to heap imperishable honors upon his brow, even had it not been attended with such brilliant effects—even had his triumph not been so magnificently complete.

The notes of many of the most distinguished travelers of modern years have been most generously tendered him, and many men of genius have even assisted in the more direct arrangement of the work; amongst the latter, it would be ungrateful were we to omit the name of Captain St. George St. John St. Vincent Stanhope, of the Royal Navy, a gentleman whose knowledge of Mexican antiquities was obtained by the most persevering researches, during a residence of three years in the country, two-thirds of which time he spent in the exploration of the various ruins with which it abounds.

With talents of the highest order, with a zeal well strengthened by difficulties, and an energy too sanguine to be borne down by opposition—with gifts so remarkable as these, combined with all the advantages of the experience of others, Dr. Humbug could not well have written another than a superior work; and whether we consider it as a beautiful specimen of literary composition, or as a faithful history of monumental remains, it is alike entitled to our warmest commendation. And we dare affirm there will be not one dissenting opinion, when we add that while the gifted Humbug was philanthropically enlightening and edifying his fellow-creatures, he was also engaged in constructing a temple to his memory, that will exist in splendor when the most boasted obelisk of Egypt shall have crumbled into dust.

From the American Quarterly Messenger.

Humbug's Mexico has at length made its appearance. Never perhaps in the annals of literature has any work of this kind been looked for with so much avidity. The abilities of its learned author to produce a history of the kind are too well known to the American public to require eulogium from us; at all events, no surer indication of their entire confidence in his talents could be given, than the eagerness they manifested on the morning of its announcement. Nearly five hundred persons had collected about the doors of Messrs. Blake & Bottlewasher, one hour after it was generally known that the work was in the hands of the bookseller; and in less than two days from the time of its publication, the whole edition was disposed of.

Never, perhaps, has such brilliant success attended any publication on this side of the Atlantic; and we may with safety add, that our European friends can boast no event so complimentary to their men of letters. And yet this success is merited; even had its reception been more flattering, it could not have repaid the anxious care, the continued assiduity, the almost superhuman exertion, with which these volumes were compiled. The reward of one who has conferred so signal a benefit upon the human race, is not to be found in the breath of its fame or the glitter of its metal; it is in the hearts of his fellow men that Doctor Humbug must seek the only recompense that can repay his labors; and if he find not there that gratitude which is due so great a benefactor, then have we egregiously mistaken the spirit of the American people.

To Captain St. George St. John St. Vincent Stanhope, of the Royal Navy, the Doctor is particularly indebted for much information of a character highly essential to the form of his work. This gentleman having been attached to the British Legation in Mexico, had ample opportunities to prosecute his researches in that quarter; and antiquarianism being with him a favorite study, it may be supposed that no pains were spared to add to the store of his information. All that he knew upon the subject was freely communicated to Doctor Humbug; which, combined with the experience of many other travellers of distinction, together with his own knowledge of the subject, has produced a work that will fill a niche long vacant in the gallery of our literature.

All the dailies, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies, and semi-annuals of the land, without a single exception, united in bestowing the most ardent praise upon the new production. Nothing was thought of or spoken of but Humbug's Mexico. All ages, sexes, and classes of people, were seized with a most violent desire to become acquainted with its contents. The school-boy neglected his juvenile pastime to peruse it; and the boarding-school miss for awhile ceased to explore the fascinating pages of Ann Radcliffe and Jane Porter. The man of law threw aside his briefs, to gather information of a country he till then was almost ignorant of; and the artisan suffered his hammer to repose in silence, whilst he devoured chapter after chapter of that all-absorbing production. The first, the second, the third, and a part of the fourth edition, was expended in the short space of two months; its contents were then condensed in one small volume, and designed for the use of schools. Blake & Bottlewasher extended their business, admitted a third partner in the concern, and opened another house. Doctor Humbug discarded his ancient raiment, and purchased an entire new suit of black, together with an elegant gold-headed cane. The wonderful success of his Mexico, however, though it rendered him opulent, changed not in the least his native demeanor; in the full tide of his prosperity he was still the same unassuming, benevolent little fat man; and if his eyes sometimes sparkled, and his chest heaved with conscious dignity, when he beheld himself the object of so much attention, it was a triumph so modest, that even the most envious could not scruple to forgive it.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was in the city of Washington one individual who might have worn the brightest chaplet that genius ever yet wrested from the grasp of fame, had his energies been properly directed, or rather had not circumstances operated to crush an ambition naturally as impetuous as the swiftest river of his land.

The very darling of nature, she seemed to have lavished upon him all her most brilliant attributes; but, unhappily, her gifts were of that ferid formation that receives every impulse with a wild alacrity, but that seems to wither and die beneath the force of vexation or disappointment, like the silver streams of the mountain that rushes on, sparkling in sunshine, and creating myriads of diamonds upon everything in its course, leaping madly from rock to rock, varying its

dyes at every pass, and laughing for very joy, until precipitated into the pent-up ravine, when its beauties all decay, its song is all hushed, and its waters creep silently and sluggishly along, or, perhaps, remain motionless altogether.

The pale broad brow of that young man, for scarce had he numbered twenty-three years of time, was the very empire of thought; and it seemed as if the shadow of each brilliant image of his mind could be traced upon it, as plainly as the passing clouds upon the surface of the beautiful moon. His eye was always glowing with expression, deep-settled expression, the result of long and profound self-communion; his cheeks were pale, the pallor not of disease, the wilder hue of mental excitement; and his features austere, always austere, a smile could not rob them of that character, though it might for an instant vary their appearance, even as a ray of the sun will light up the stern rugged rock, without changing its rude shape of altering its adamantine formation.

Although his was that time of life when man seeks the communion of his fellow men, and pursues with avidity all the pleasures of social intercourse, attaching himself to those gayeties that become the young but are absurd in the more advanced; with him such impulses seemed not to exist. Silent and solitary he stood apart from the mass, wrapping himself up in his own deep thoughts, checking familiarity by characteristic haughtiness, and avoiding the haunts of his fellow creatures with a perseverance as assiduous as it was unaccountable. And yet he was ambitious, and yet the happiness of none rested so entirely upon the opinions of the world, of that world he attempted to despise—that world from which he stood aloof in the pride of a mistaken spirit, and of which he in truth, brilliant as were his talents, powerful as was his genius, constituted so inconsiderable a particle.

To win praises from the mouths of men, to extort their adulation, to rise superior in their estimation, had been his study and his task for years. For this he toiled day and night, for this he called forth the treasures of his golden imagination, for this he pondered by his midnight lamp, for this the comforts and luxuries of life were rejected, and even health prejudiced. And in this he was successful; the powerful evidences of his magnificent mind broke forth in everything he wrote; a fancy more sparkling, more varied, and yet more true to nature, never illuminated imagination. His verses seemed the very embodiment of feeling, and in this constituted their charm; not a word, not a line of them all but came home to the heart as its own dictation, and that dictation, harmonized as it was by metaphors the most beautiful, and consecrated by ideas the most sublime, could not but carry captive the minds that received its impression.

And yet, though the darling passion of his heart was gratified, though all men bore testimony to the superiority of his genius, though all admired, though all courted, he was unhappy. His was that diseased mind that covets everything and finds no pleasure in the object when obtained; that morbid, restless spirit to which life seems an interminable ocean, without one single spot of sunny earth on which to rest its pinions. Despairing the gay pursuits of his own class, he even neglected advantages that his immense wealth might have commanded: living in solitude, avoiding ostentation, and seemingly better pleased with the silent communion of his own thoughts than with social intercourse or worldly connection. Or, if he sought out the ideas of men, it was through the medium of books; there, indeed, he had studied human nature, but alas! he learned its frailties by theory, and refused the belief of its virtues, when he might have acquired it by practice.

It was a strange sight to see that man, in the splendor of his genius, in the pride of his beauty, and in the very bloom of his youth, withdrawing himself from that society he was born to adorn, depriving himself of its blessings, and indulging in the dark dreams that belong but to disappointed old age, or confirmed misanthropy. It was a strange sight—it was prostituting a holy shrine to an infernal purpose.

For a long time no temptation could induce that singular being to join in those festivities that are the property of the young, nor could any allurements draw him into the usages of fashionable life; civilities from all were politely acknowledged, and as urbanely refused. All he wanted was their admiration; for this he would have sacrificed even their good opinion, for this he would have experienced their obloquy.

But the day was yet to come when he was to learn how dependent he was upon others for happiness. And it came at last; he acknowledged the error but would not repair it. The stubborn pride that had so long dictated to feeling, though it yielded one point, withheld all the rest, although the single concession refuted the doctrine he had adopted, in defiance of reason and of right.

It was the beauty of a woman that taught the dreamer the fallacy of his life, and that woman was Anna Hamilton. He loved her beyond all that is told of love; he loved her as one who had no other sympathy with his race to weaken the devotion, but who concentrated all the gentler affections of his soul in that one cherished passion.

It was a wild, deep devotion, the love of that lonely man; it glowed with the volcano's ardor, and was as irresistible, as masterless as the hurricane. Conceived in the depth of a heart before barren to all such feelings, and nurtured in the solitude of a gloomy but a grand imagination, it resembled the melancholy flower that blooms in the inhospitable wastes of the cold but starry north.

The partiality of Anna Hamilton for Sutherland filled him with rage. It was not the first time that he had come between him and his hopes; and though it was by the weak and uncertain light of a street lamp, that Montgomery had years before, beheld the features of Sutherland, he had never forgotten them: an incident of an exciting and singular nature had stamped them indelibly upon his memory. That incident has already been given to the reader.

Whenever they met, and their encounters were not infrequent, a restraint was visible in the manner of each to the other. Sutherland had often endeavored to shake it off, but the task was an impossibility. With Montgomery, however, the effort was unmade; he sought not intimacy with those who had been reared with him from boyhood; and his feelings towards his rival were too full of bitter resentment, to permit a display of even the cold courtesy of formal intercourse. They seemed by a tacit agreement studiously to avoid each other's company; yet, when this could not possi-

bly be effected, their communion betrayed none of the feelings that actuated their aversion; they met as men whose variance was still mingled with respect; who, if they hated each other on one hand, were mutually feared on the other.

Captain Sutherland could not but acknowledge the advantages of Montgomery. As beautiful as man could be, and possessing that order of beauty that captivates at a glance, that stern, dignified, yet regular cast of feature that we fancy in our dreams of perfection to belong to the superior beings of a brighter world; with a mind too, brilliant with genius of the highest order, and a taste cultivated by all that was refined in literature, master of all the accomplishments that adorn, and all the graces that embellish, he could not indeed be regarded but as a powerful antagonist in the game of love. His singular mode of life, his austere manner, his lonely inclinations, were all calculated to dazzle the imagination of the softer sex; they sympathized with his apparent unhappiness; they acknowledged and admired his eccentricities; they lingered in raptures over his verses, and many sighed in secret for his love.

No wonder, then, that Sutherland regarded him with jealousy; no wonder that he at times even thought that competition with such a one would be time wasted, and affection thrown away.

But such were not the impressions of Anna Hamilton. She became convinced of Montgomery's attachment with the most profound regret; she esteemed him, she admired him, but she could not love him; she would be his sister, but she would not be his wife. She worshipped him for the superiority of his intellect; but it was with those true and disinterested feelings that spring up in our bosoms when we gaze on some beautiful object of an order of nature that admits of no sympathy with our own—some substance whose loveliness appeals to the eye, but never reaches the heart.

And there was not, perhaps, another woman in the capital city, that would have refused alliance with John Montgomery; not another one, but she whom he alone adored. Nor was it her indifference that piqued him into love; nor was it his love that gave birth to her indifference. The feelings of each were prompted by the innate impulses of the heart; neither wounded pride nor vanity influenced their formation, or combined a part of their composition. Anna Hamilton was too noble to be the plaything of inane caprice or selfishness; and Montgomery too proud to be governed by any motive that might direct the actions of his fellow men.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANOTHER month rolled away, and its progress was almost unobserved by Sutherland; and when love glids our moments, pleasure lends them her pinions. He was happy; no longer the trembling suitor of her he adored, for her smiles had chased away the shades of doubt as the warm sunbeam dispels the mist of the mountain; no longer the jealous lover, for her blushing, half-whispered confession had proved to him how ardently she reciprocated his affection. Experience, too, had shown the fallacy of impressions that once filled him with pain; he a little month before thought her a cold-hearted, unfeeling woman; she to be set down as such, she the very child of sensation, the very slave of feeling. Oh how he wronged her; Oh how unable he was to appreciate the soft emotions that crowded in that snowy bosom! He could not penetrate the veil that the customs of the world threw over the heart; he did not or would not remember that to yield to every impulse was to sin against the dictates of society. He forgot that the ice on the loftiest peak that ever aspired to Heaven, concealed but killed not the verdure that still bloomed beneath.

Nor was it the surpassing beauty of Anna Hamilton that alone captivated him, although such loveliness might well obscure all imperfections, as the dazzling brilliancy of the noonday sun conceals the blemishes upon its surface. It was not that enchantment, for he had gazed coldly upon the most fascinating women of a land where all are beautiful, and where love is the very essence of being. But it was her gentleness, her kindness, her generosity, her rectitude; she never uttered a sentiment that was ignoble, nor conceived an idea that was incorrect; her mind was the fount of chastity, from whence her thoughts flowed pure as the rill of the valley. And to be loved by such a one—O, it was a bliss that the sweetest vision of his dreamy youth had never, never anticipated.

Yes, she loved him—she, the brightest star in the constellation of beauty; she, the connecting link between humanity and divinity; she, whose smile was a blessing, whose affection a consecration, and with a passion, too, as pure as the ray that sparkles from the fresh-fallen dew-drop; and he was proud of that love, and looked out upon the world, and exultingly thought that amongst the myriads and myriads that peopled it, no one of all was happier than he.

There was a gay assemblage at Mrs. St. Clair's; it was one of her anniversary balls, but whether of her birth or her marriage I have forgotten. The parlors were crowded to excess, for her circle of acquaintance was extensive, and she was one who feared not to infringe those rules of exclusion so rigidly adhered to by many whose claims to aristocratic distinctions were far less powerful. Her personal beauty, varied accomplishments, and immense wealth entitled her to more than ordinary consideration in the ranks of society, even if these advantages were not aided by a mind so refined and a manner so captivating. But, combining as she did both wit and loveliness, none could dispute her right to select about her whomsoever she pleased.

"A mob, by all that is immaculate!" exclaimed Fitzbooby, gazing with an astonished he intended for observation; "eh, Minton?"

The second eh! looked about for a moment, but made no reply; he wasted but few words upon Fitzbooby, whom he considered a most unmitigated ass, but whose society he tolerated for two reasons—Fitzbooby was rich, and Fitzbooby thought Minton the most elegant fellow that he had ever seen.

"Now if there is any one situation that displeases me more than another, it is being coerced into an assemblage of this kind. A gentleman may be dancing in the same set with his own tailor or shoemaker.—How d'ye do, Stanhope? Quite a hundred years since we have seen each other; been well?"

"Bad cold, not very; who is that sylph-like creature dancing vis-a-vis with Sawmynohoff?"

"That's oh, that's Miss Hamilton."

"Miss Hamilton! d—n it, so it is; didn't recognize

her at first; charming wench that Miss Hamilton—resembles a cousin of mine very much—Lady Mary Howard, lovely woman, eight of the most illustrious young noblemen of Great Britain died broken-hearted on her account—so extremely beautiful that her father insisted on her using a close-carriage in order to prevent everybody from falling in love with her."

"Gad! how I should have liked to see her! is she still un-marr'd?"

"No; Duchess of Tremaine now—gave her away myself; splendid affair that wedding, nutmegs expended on the occasion, came to exactly one thousand pounds sterling."

"How much I regret that our acquaintance had never commenced earlier!" These words were addressed to Captain Sutherland. "It is strange, but yet true, that the consciousness of having passed a pleasure by unenjoyed, fills us with pain, even though we should look back to it after the lapse of years."

The speaker was a young widow of exceeding beauty, and one whose diplomacies in the Court of Love had attached to her person more admirers than sighed at the feet of any other woman in Washington. The few years that had rolled by since her debut upon the theatre of Fashion had beheld her the conqueror in a hundred conflicts of the heart. She was indeed an accomplished coquette, the master passion of whose soul was the desire to render all subject to her sway; and her blandishments too well seconded her imperious wishes; many a crushed hope, and many a blighted affection marked the path she trod; for she had abused the loveliness that was given to bless, and had rendered those charms a curse, those charms that seemed to all the very attributes of superhuman perfection.

Like all women of surpassing beauty she had married young, and like most of them unhappily. Her vanity, not her affection, was consulted in the choice; and one was selected whose riches alone gave him recommendation. This union, as might be expected, was productive of mutual discontent. The lady grew regardless of her husband; he beheld it!—Oh! what change, however slight, cannot jealousy perceive!—he reproached her with her mercenary motives; she grew angry, wept, fainted, threatened to desert him, but amended not in one particular; and he, at length, when he found remonstrance useless, and when he awoke to the damning truth, that he was despised by her whom he adored, fell sick, lingered, and died of unrequited affection.

Mistress of a large fortune, still beautiful, and still young, she again became the idol of the other sex. But, though she smiled on all, encouraged their advances, and returned their protestations, she withheld her hand, and still maintained her influence.

And she was one every way calculated to lead captive the senses of her admirers. She had, it is true, lost the primeval freshness of her early youth, but silks and jewels were substituted to cheat the eye; and I question if the bloom and simplicity of girlhood was half so intoxicating to the imagination, as the artful mien and dazzling costume of that proud and experienced woman.

She had not met with Captain Sutherland before this evening, and had resolved, even before seeing him, to add him to her train. She had more than one motive for this resolve: she was jealous of the attention lavished upon Anna Hamilton; they were rivals, and Mrs. Trevor was too covetous of homage to share it with one even so beautiful, as her younger and fairer companion. "Oh, if I could but obtain a transfer of his affection, what a triumph it would be! I will attempt it," thought she, "yes, and succeed, cost what it may;" and she, in accordance with this determination, proceeded to undermine and annihilate the holiest attachment that ever sprung from the heart of man.

Sutherland bowed low on receiving her flattering speech, and replied to her philosophical speculation, by observing that it was the nature of man to mourn for every pleasure he did not, or could not enjoy; and that happiness could only exist where we are ignorant of those joys we are forbidden.

"Think you, Captain Sutherland, that true happiness has ever yet existed in the breast of a single representative of the human family?"

"Why, to be candid, Mrs. Trevor, I do not think it has. Real happiness is a nonentity; for the most contented have still some hope ungratified, some fear unallayed; but I believe that there are a few who are more satisfied with existence than the many, and who bear the ills of life with more cheerfulness, and its evils with greater resignation."

"True, I grant you," returned the lady; "but yet I think I can point out one in this assembly who is, or rather who should be truly happy."

"Mrs. Trevor speaks of herself."

"Oh, no, sir; accuse me of anything but egotism—I allude to Miss Hamilton."

"Miss Hamilton!" resumed Sutherland, somewhat seriously; "she, indeed, deserves all the blessings of life. If beauty, virtue, and innocence prove any security against misfortune, she is, and will be always contented; qualities like these could rear a paradise in a desert."

"You speak feelingly, Captain Sutherland, and yet with becoming gallantry."

"It is a subject, madam, that should not be treated with levity, and as to the gallantry of my speech, I have only to add, that I should be extremely sorry if the virtues of my countrywomen were only told by the tinsel tongue of flattery."

"Thank you—thank you a thousand times!" ejaculated Mrs. Trevor, in that soft thrilling half-whisper, that she never assumed without effect, and bestowing at the same time a glance upon Sutherland, that intoxicated almost to love. "Oh, my friend, I owe you much for that kind, that generous sentiment!"

And Sutherland took her small white hand, and there was a slight pressure, and their eyes again met, and Anna Hamilton was for a moment forgotten. Then followed a conversation pursued in low and measured tones; the gentleman's manner was apparently suave and sincere, he seemed to unheed every one in the interest he betrayed in his companion, while she at times averted her head, then again turned her large eyes beaming with tenderness upon him, then spoke for a moment with unwonted animation, then hesitated, blushed, sighed, smiled, and resumed again. The sirn had triumphed; and when at last they parted, it was resolved that Sutherland should see her early on the following day. But there was a spectator who felt as much interest in that scene as those more immediately engaged in it. A fair young creature, exhausted with

the exertion of dancing, had undesignedly seated herself within a few feet, and upon the sofa opposite to that occupied by Mrs. Trevor. She raised her eyes, she gazed a moment in something like wonder, and then her countenance became as pale as the lily; she faltered a few words to the gentleman who attended her, and left the saloon for the remainder of the evening.

Oh, if there is one pang more poignant than another, it is that which jealousy inflicts on the heart that beats with love! We can submit to the reverses of fortune; we can be patient under disappointment; we can bear the world's persecution; we can listen to the voice of censure; we can behold the desertion of friends in whom we have long confided; we can buffet all these evils with something like indifference; but we cannot but weep when the dearest object of affection turns traitor to our hopes.

When Sutherland quitted Mrs. Trevor, his eyes roamed in search of Anna, but she was not to be seen. He passed into another and another apartment, but she was nowhere visible; and a feeling of loneliness came over him, that not even the bright eyes of the beautiful widow could have dispelled.

There was something of reproach, too, in his thoughts, as he remembered that he had that night suffered his heart to disclaim the fond allegiance it had so ardently professed before. But it was the first inconstancy of love; and his affections again flowed back to their wonted course, as the rivulet, whose waters have been dashed up the shore by the force of some counter current, returns with redoubled force to its proper channel.

"The dove has flown, Captain Sutherland," said Mrs. St. Clair, who guessed, from his abstracted manner, the sensations of his mind. "Nor will she return with the branch of olive."

"And why not?" asked he, with a smile.

"Ask your heart, traitor, if it has not beat for another within the last hour."

"Nay, but Mrs. St. Clair, the needle sometimes strays from the star it worships, and yet is not distrusted."

"True, sir; but in love we make no allowance for variation."

"Then I must infer that Anna is no stranger to my—what shall I name it?"

"Faithlessness, or something worse—folly, if you like it better."

"Well, then, call it folly."

"Captain Sutherland, love may be blind, but jealousy is Argus-eyed."

"But I may be yet forgiven; one error cannot surely exclude me from all favor."

"She may excuse your inconstancy; but how can I ever pardon your bad taste? Oh! sir, to desert, even for one moment, such a one for such another one! fie upon you! I thought you an adept."

The lady passed on, and Sutherland sighed, as a comparison between Mrs. Trevor and Anna Hamilton was thus forced upon his mind. The reader can well imagine in whose favor it resulted.

At an early hour he sought his lodgings; for the events of the evening, trifling and unimportant as they seemed to be, were of a nature too dispiriting to permit him to enjoy the gaiety that reigned around.

On the following day he called, but found Miss Hamilton not at home. "Strange!" muttered he, and, in a spirit of pique, he turned his horse's head towards the dwelling-place of Mrs. Trevor.

Seated on the sofa, in the voluptuous light that streamed through the damask curtains from the half-closed windows, sat the lady of the mansion. Never before looked she so enchanting; she had studied to captivate, and her smile, her posture, her array, her voice, were so many irresistible subservients to her wishes.

"Oh! I am so happy," said she, taking the hand of her visitor—"so happy that you have not disappointed me! I was indeed afraid that you would have forgotten to come."

"Then would I have foolishly denied myself a world of pleasure. But, truly, the society of Mrs. Trevor must be too eagerly courted for her to doubt an instant that any who might enjoy it would let the golden opportunity slip unseized."

"Nay, but you know, Captain Sutherland, that the strongest fears surround our brightest hopes. But sit you down; I have much to say to you, and old Time, when I feel gratified, filches from me half my true allotment of moments."

And then the lady assumed that confidential and affectionate manner, that, in a pretty woman, never fails to enslave. Her voice grew low, soft, and thrilling; her smile sweet and dazzling; her eyes sparkled with love; and her sigh seemed but the breathing of happiness. That visit was protracted far beyond the time sanctioned by custom; and when Sutherland took his leave, his ideas were all bewildered, his sense intoxicated, and his mind infatuated, by the blandishments of that too lovely Circe. One thought, one unbidden thought of another, crossed him as he left the threshold, and a pang of reproach he had never known before darted through his bosom. He leapt into his vehicle, and drove on as if he would fain leave conscience and all behind. With a flushed brow he alighted, threw the reins to his servant, and ascended to his own apartment. Here he paced to and fro, giving vent to his feverish thoughts in detached and sententious exclamations. "Great God!" muttered he, "what has possessed me? Have I indeed deserted that fair, virtuous innocent for another? Has my heart turned traitor to my happiness? Am I the man I was, and will I still persist in this faithlessness? No, no! I will tell Anna to-morrow—to-night—I will throw myself at her feet, and confess that I have been dazzled for a moment by the charms of another; but that the illusion is over—that it has vanished—that I adore her even more than ever."

The night came, and he proceeded to put his designs in execution. Anna was at home, but the halls were filled with visitors, and he could not obtain the opportunity. She was paler than usual, but no other change was observable. "She is not aware of what has transpired," thought he, "and why should I make it known to her? Such a measure might give her much pain, and be in the end unprofitable to myself. It would be highly indiscreet. I'll not do it." And he returned home with a firm resolve to tear the image of Mrs. Trevor from the place it had usurped in his bosom. "She is not so beautiful as Anna," muttered he, "nor as amiable, nor as unsophisticated, and yet she is more fascinating. And can this be? Have my senses wandered into infatuation, or is she really as enchanting to all, as to me? It must be so. The love I bore Anna, even when away, fortified me against the blandish-

ments of all other women. And here, even here, almost in her very presence, the greater part of that affection is shared with another. This must cease. Honor, reputation, everything demands it. I will see her but once more, and then we shall be strangers forever."

CHAPTER IX.

MISS HAMILTON was alone in her chamber when the servant informed her that Montgomery was in waiting below. The intimation was received with a blush; but subduing at the instant everything like excitement, she descended to receive him.

"After what has transpired between us," said he, when the compliments of meeting had been interchanged, "this visit cannot, on my part, be but unwelcome. I should have spared it you, and would have done so, but that I am the most abject slave of a passion that I yet believe utterly hopeless."

"Nay, Mr. Montgomery, you do me infinite injustice in supposing that your visits are disagreeable. I shall always be very happy to see you; and when I tell you so, it is not in the language of hollow courtesy—to my society, you will be ever most welcome."

"Thank you, Miss Hamilton, thank you a thousand times! I expected this from your goodness—but oh! I cannot, dare not, remain with you a day longer. In justice to yourself, I must say, Miss Hamilton, that there has been nothing in our intercourse that could have led me to presume that I was for a moment beloved by you; this is the conclusion I have obtained after cool and dispassionate reflection. We have known each other long and well; we have grown up in years together, and we have been friends, and are, and will be always; and I mistook that friendship for another feeling; but the delusion exists no longer; it is over now, and the truth is painful upon me. To say that I love you—nay, Miss Hamilton, hear me out; it is perhaps the last and only favor you can do me—to say that I love you would be to attempt to convey by the feeble eloquence of words a passion too intense for any one's imagination to conceive. I was perhaps infatuated; but oh! it was a sweet delusion, and I hugged it to the last. Heavens! what rapturous scenes I was wont to dream over! what fairy like pictures of happiness! But alas! they were all as the reflections upon the bubble—they have vanished—vanished all, and the little world upon which I had set my heart and soul has crumbled away forever! Nay, don't weep, Miss Hamilton. I did not intend to afflict you, or to censure you. Oh! no, no! I exonerate you from every participation in my unhappiness. It is my own wild, sweeping passion that has made me what I am—feelings that I would not conquer when I could, nor cannot restrain when I would. Oh! calm your grief—calm it, lady, for I would rather die than dim your eye with a tear. But I have been cruel—too cruel! I will cease. I will go no further! Farewell! live and be happy!" And with a heart breaking with anguish, he arose, opened the door, took one last look, and left the apartment.

Never before had Anna Hamilton reproached herself as being the cause of woe to another; and though innocent as an angel in the present case, she could not bring her conscience to her acquittal, but sat pale and miserable, weeping the while, as if every tear sprung from the conviction of some deep sin upon her soul. But virtue is ever too prone to attach blame to itself, while guilt seeks to criminate every one beside. While laboring under this state of feeling, Sutherland called, but she could not see him, nor did she excuse herself under the plea of indisposition. She had never deceived any one by even that petty artifice, and she thought that her lover knew her well enough to make her excuse in his bosom; but he had seen Montgomery quit the house, and being ignorant of what had transpired, attributed her reticence to another than its true cause. It was enough; he was jealous, and resolved at once to forget her in the society of Mrs. Trevor.

Thither he hastened; she was alone, always alone to him; with a smile she met him—it was a sweet smile; and yet there was a melancholy in it that he had not seen there before. Alas! for the frailty of a woman's heart! She that had always been the dictress of passion, had become at last its slave. Yes, she, the proud, the lovely, the courted Mrs. Trevor, adored the man whose affections she had at first thought to tamper with; and he, warmed by the confidence, and enchanted by the devotedness she openly displayed, was led step by step, from the pure shrine of his love's first offering.

The hours fled, and he still tarried; theirs was a dream of joy, and the full moon was high in the heavens when he last tore himself from her presence. His brow was hot, his pulse was quick and hard, and he strode the avenues of the city, unconscious of the path he was taking. Still on he sped, his own fervid thoughts rendering him insensible to everything else. Passion, in its wild sweep, had left him reflection; and when he recurred to Anna Hamilton, his heart sank, as if hope had deserted him forever.

"Stop, Captain Sutherland," exclaimed a human voice, and on looking up, he confronted Montgomery. "Stop, sir," said he; and his tone was solemn, low, and passionate. Without a reply, Sutherland stood still, and there was a silence of some time, during which it was evident Montgomery was preparing his thoughts for the words that were to follow.

"Years ago," said he, "when I was yet a boy, chance gave me an opportunity of gratifying the darling passion of my soul; and I had almost attained the pinnacle of success, when another passed me and snatched the golden prize from before my very vision. To me at present such a disappointment would be but little;—our aims are changed with the increase of time, and the brightest exploit of youth would often be deemed unworthy the attention of manhood. Nevertheless, I have not for a moment ceased to brood over that adventure, and though I do not cherish the same bitter feelings toward him that was successful that I then did, I still must remember that it was a hope blasted by his agency, an aspiration shattered by his rivalry. A long, long time elapsed, and we did not meet again; our careers in the world were widely dissimilar, and we might have lived our lifetimes out without being again brought together; but my unlucky star prevailed; he returned, and returned to ingratiate himself in the affections of the only woman I have ever loved. You are that man, Captain Sutherland!"

Often had our hero thought that he had met Montgomery, before his introduction to him by Miss Hamilton; but he strove in vain to recollect when and where; the countenance was familiar to him, but he could bring to mind no event that might serve to place

it in position; but now he at once remembered him as the youth who had been his rival in attempting to rescue the child.

"That I have opposed you in both the instances you cite," said Sutherland, "I do not pretend to deny; but, Mr. Montgomery, you must certainly be convinced that that opposition was the effect of chance, not of preconcerted resolve. You cannot suppose me so studiously hostile to your welfare as to wish for a moment to frustrate your intentions."

"To your thoughts, Captain Sutherland, I am a stranger—ignorant alike of your desires and your impulses; I but look at circumstances as they exist. Man is not accountable to his fellow for his feelings, be they of any nature; it is alone his actions that incur responsibility. You have injured me, sir, deeply injured me, and must fight me!"

"Fight you!" ejaculated Sutherland, in marked astonishment.

"Ay, sir, fight me! here are weapons, and we have both place and opportunity. Between men of honor, assistants may be dispensed with."

"Are you mad, Montgomery?"

"Captain Sutherland, it is useless to bandy words. I am neither mad nor drunk; you have wronged me, and I demand the only satisfaction that you have in your power to give. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly, sir; give me the pistol."

"Choose."

"Now name your distance."

"That, sir, is your prerogative."

"I know it; but in this instance I will forego its exercise."

"What think you of ten paces?"

"Be it ten paces."

Montgomery wheeled and stepped off the distance.

"Will you give the word, Captain Sutherland?"

"Do you give it, sir."

"Are you ready?"

"Ready," responded our hero, placing himself in position.

"Fire! One—two—three!"

The pistols went off simultaneously, and Montgomery fell.

"You have triumphed," said the fallen man; "fate has declared against me."

Sutherland stooped and examined the wound; it was not mortal; the ball had passed through the hip without coming in contact with the bone. Tearing off his cravat, he bound the limb tightly above the wound, and requesting the sufferer to remain still for a few minutes, he flew to the city for further assistance.

Having procured it, he returned; but Montgomery was not to be found; some unknown hand had borne him away; a carriage had passed them on the road, and Sutherland concluded that the wounded man had been discovered by its inmates and taken to the city.

In a state of feverish excitement he returned to his lodgings. The events of the evening were of so opposite a nature that it was impossible for him to recover anything like equanimity, although he several times attempted to reason himself into calmness.

Upon his table was a letter; hurriedly he broke it open; it was from his father's physician, demanding his presence at home immediately, as his only surviving parent was on the very verge of death.

In an instant his orders were given, and in less than a half hour he was driving furiously towards Philadelphia.

How much had happened during his sojourn in Washington; how much of interest, of excitement, of importance to himself! He entered it a contented, if not a happy man, and he quitted it almost miserable. And then he thought of his love for Anna Hamilton—how pure, how devoted it once was; and he tried to convince himself that it was still the same, that the charms of another had not weakened it. But it was in vain; man may delude the feelings of the world, but how can he deceive his own still-tongued monitor? That early sentiment of the heart, that high-wrought adoration that he had once cherished towards her had ebbed away, and though he still loved her, it was not with the wild, passionate, but holy feeling. "And I have left her without a word at parting," murmured he, "she that was but a month ago the very idol of my soul; she whose presence was then enough to clothe the cold world in the garb of Paradise; she whose smile I once thought would have more than rewarded the toils of Alexander after the conquest of the world! And I have quitted her thus; oh! it is too bad! And why this change? Is she less lovely than she was? Is she less amiable; less charitable; less pure? Oh no, no, no, she is the same; the very same, and it is I who am in fault!" And he whipped his horses, urging them madly on, as if he would have them keep pace with his own sweeping train of thought.

When Captain Sutherland drove up the avenue leading to his paternal door, his horses were covered with foam, and his person and vehicle bespattered with mire. Leaping out he inquired of his father's state, and was told that he had partially recovered, and was then in a deep slumber. Instantly he repaired to the sick-chamber; and there, seating himself beside the bed, he settled himself to await the moment when his father should awake.

At length the sleep of the invalid was broken. He opened his eyes, and discovered his son leaning anxiously over him; and something like a smile played upon his colorless lips, as he stretched forth his hand to greet him.

"Are you better, father?"

"Much better, Harry, much better. But sit you down, my son; I have many things to say to you; many, many things; and I fear there is but little time left me."

"Oh, father, I pray you, cherish not such presentiments! There are many, many years before you yet, years of health, and happiness, I hope."

The old man shook his head mournfully. "My son," said he, "if such is indeed your belief, you deceive yourself most egregiously. I cannot live much longer; nor do I wish a life which has been miserable, prolonged. Death, when he comes, shall bring no terrors to me; I shall welcome him."

"Father, do not speak thus—do not, I conjure you!"

"Nay, Harry; why should I shut my eyes to the truth? But this is idle: lock the door; I have something to relate, and would not be interrupted—there, now resume your seat." The son obeyed in silence; and after a pause the invalid resumed.

"They tell me, you have engaged yourself in marriage with the daughter of Hamilton; does report speak true, or is it but the unfounded rumor of idle

society? You yourself have never informed me of any such circumstance."

The son blushed deeply. Nor was all the abashment he felt caused by the reproof of his father; he was, at that moment, shamed from other recollections.

"Father, you have been correctly informed. We are betrothed, and only await your sanction to consummate the ceremony."

"Harry," said the old man; and he raised himself in the bed, and his lips grew yet paler, and his eyes glowed with fierce excitement. "Harry—my son—my only son; much as I love you—and God who reads the hearts of all men, knows that I have never loved human being half as intensely—much as I honor you, anxious as I am for your happiness, yet would I rather see you struck down a livid corpse where you stand, than behold you connected in marriage with that woman!"

As he finished, he fell back in the bed; that burst of passion was too great a task upon his energies. It completely enfeebled him; and he lay for a moment as powerless as a sick child.

There was a silence—an awful silence; deep as the unbroken stillness upon the solitude of waters; horrible as the dreadful peace that pervades the Egyptian catacombs. So unexpectedly came that wild declaration, so unprepared was the son for its reception; that the cold sweat started from his brow, and his strength gave way, even as a battalion when attacked by some overwhelming force from some unguarded quarter. It completely staggered him; mind, body and all; and it was long before he was enabled to collect his scattered senses.

Slowly they returned, one by one; even as realities steal upon us, after some terrible dream.

"In God's name, my father, tell me your reason! How could such an angle so mortally offend? Speak further, I implore you!"

"Be still, be still; you shall hear all—everything! I had hoped that the grave would close over my sorrows. I never wished to entail my miseries upon you; but circumstances demand that all should be told you. You ask me how the daughter of Hamilton has offended; the blame is not with her, but with a relative; nevertheless, you cannot take her to your bosom; you will not—you dare not. Did you, the memory of my wrongs, of my sufferings, would blast your happiness forever. When at college, I became very much attached to a fellow student of about my own age. He was affable, handsome, and witty. After graduating, we were thrown together in society; he was poor; I was rich, and I befriended him. 'Twas he who introduced me to your mother; I saw her, loved her, and at last addressed her. She accepted me, but her parents refused their consent; they wished her to wed another. After much entreaty, she agreed to elope with me; everything was arranged by him, and we were married. For more than one year, during which time this man had been a constant visitor at my house, we lived together in harmony and happiness. Your mother was gay, fond of society, and was what may be called a fashionable woman; but she was young, very young, and these propensities are the foibles of youth; I never reproved them. After marriage, I shrunk from the dissipations of society. I found greater pleasure in communion with my books, than in this heartless display; this friend, then, was her companion, at all balls, routs, and operas. After a time, business demanded my presence in the south. Thither I went; and when I returned, expecting to clasp my wife to my bosom—but why linger over my disgrace—when I returned, I found she had gone off—eloped with my black-hearted friend, the brother of Senator Hamilton; the uncle of the woman you would have made your wife!"

"God of heaven, support me!" exclaimed the son; and his voice was the speech of anguish. "Oh, father, father! is this true; or is it some horrible stratagem you have invented to prevent a marriage that will not meet your approval? Oh, tell me, tell me, it is not true! Tell me that you have jested with me!"

The sick man shook his head mournfully. "Think you, my son," said he—and his voice was weaker than it yet had been—"think you, that, standing as I do upon the very brink of eternity, my lips at such a moment would be stained with a lie?"

"Then it is true, all true?"

"Yes, my boy; true as the words spoken by that Being you have just invoked."

"Then heaven pity me!" exclaimed Harry Sutherland; and his honors, and his fame, and his pride, were lost to him forever. He saw them break, separate, and vanish like clouds below the horizon.

"And does the fiend still live?" whispered he.

"He does but under a feigned name. In a drunken brawl, he added the crime of murder to the black catalogue of his misdeeds; and was obliged to fly his country to escape the vengeance of her laws."

"His name, father?"

"Hamilton."

"That which he has adopted?"

"Manly."

The horrid truth at once flashed upon the mind of the son; twenty circumstances rushed to his memory to attest the correctness of his suspicions. More than once had he thought that some intimate connexion subsisted between the senator and the privateersman; but as there was an evident aim at secrecy in the relationship, he had always in delicacy forbore to penetrate the mystery. But now all was plain; the letter given him by Manly the perturbation with which it was first received by the father of Anna, and his subsequent satisfaction when he discovered that Sutherland was not aware of the real name of the captain; the wish expressed by the latter that the senator should remain in ignorance of his presence in the United States, and the studied silence maintained by the senator in regard to Manly himself served to corroborate the testimony of the invalid, and convinced him beyond all doubt, that they were brothers in blood, if not in principles and practice.

"For long years," resumed the sick man, "for long, long years I have concealed from every one the bitter cause of my dependency. After that event, the death-blow of my hopes and happiness, I removed hither, and here have I dwelt, and alien from my species, and an exile from the sunny spot that gave me birth; but my pilgrimage is nearly ended, and I shall soon enjoy, in another world, that peace that I have vainly looked for in this. Harry, my son, give me your hand. If, my boy, I have ever treated you with undue harshness, you will forgive me."

"Father, father, I have nothing to forgive. You have been ever kind; and 'tis I who should ask pardon for a thousand offences of my wayward youth."

"God bless you, Harry—God bless you, my son. And

now I have but one favor to ask; bring me hither the portrait of your mother; you will find the key of her chamber in my escruttoire; quick, quick, Harry, quick; boy, I'm dying."

The son left the room, and in a moment returned with the likeness, which he placed at the foot of the bed; the sick man made an impatient gesture with his hand, and he withdrew the curtain which had always screened it. Long and steadfastly did both father and son gaze upon that picture; and when, after the silence had been painfully prolonged, the latter turned, he was struck with the vacant expression and the unearthly color of the invalid's countenance. He drew nearer, he bent over him, he whispered "Father," no answer was returned; he took his hand, it was colder than marble; he kissed his pale forehead, but the death sweat was on it. His career on earth was done forever, and the spirit that lingered there for years had winged its way to God in Heaven.

The son spoke not, moved not, wept not: the rude shock that broke his heart swallowed up the fountain of tears; and he stood gazing upon the features of the dead man with the horrid calmness of unutterable despair. Years of multiplied bliss could not have repaid that moment of misery. He saw his sire and his honor swept away by one rude current, and he felt as desolate as though he stood alone upon a world a thousand times more extended than this. At length that reverend man was ended; he awoke from it, but awoke an altered man. It was long before he again drank the sweet draught of happiness.

About a week after the interment of his father, Harry Sutherland was sitting alone in his chamber; but how different in appearance from what he had been but a short time before! His cheeks were pale and haggard, his eye sunken, his brow contracted, and his dress disordered. He looked out upon the scene, but his gaze was wild, stern, and unmeaning; it conveyed nothing to the imagination, for thought, intense thought, had absorbed every other faculty.

"And I have lived," said he, in monologue, up to the age of manhood, to find myself degraded in the end; yes, even when I was treading in the paths of virtue, and obeying the directions of honor, the foul stigma was upon me, but I knew it not, and I was happy. At first all was prosperous; my little bark set sail, the winds were fair, the skies were clear, hope took the helm, and fortune rewarded the venture. But a storm has arisen; the tempest is fierce in its wrath, and she drives before it now a helpless wreck."

When he again resumed—and it was not until minutes after—his thoughts flowed in another channel, his eye was milder, his brow gave up its frown, and his whole countenance was expressive of sadness.

"Anna, Anna!" exclaimed he, "will you not consider me a perjured wretch: one who has basely won your young affections, and then most dishonorably deserted them; and you? Yes, you will, you must, and it is mine to suffer under that imputation. I dare not attempt to explain all. I cannot point out the impassable gulf that lies between us. I would rather be criminal in her opinion than she should be aware of my hereditary disgrace. O! Merciful God, is there no selace for a soul so injured a mine—must I hence live without the hope of happiness—must I drag out a cheerless existence, while my fellow men are revelling in enjoyments—must I be the proscribed of contentment, while perhaps some successful villain basks in her sunshine?" He paused; a new and terrible thought possessed him: he rose from his seat, he paced the apartment; reflection confirmed him in it; and with a firm hand he unlocked a drawer and drew forth a pistol. With a steady hand he charged it, primed it, cocked it; a knock was at the door, he returned the instrument, and closed the drawer.

"Come in," said he; and a servant entered with a packet. It was a communication from the Secretary of the Navy, requiring him to take immediate command of the sloop-of-war Sparrow Hawk, as the commander who had been appointed to her was dangerously ill, and it was necessary that she should proceed immediately upon her destination. In an instant his mind was made up. Other motives than the desire of serving his country urged him to accept the appointment; he wanted excitement, he wanted occupation; and he fondly hoped, too, that he might sometimes forget the darker passages of his life, even though that oblivion should be found in the terrors of the tempest, or the ardor of the battle.

His arrangements were soon effected; to an agent of tried integrity he left the management of his estate, and bidding adieu to the solitary halls of his paternal abode, he quitted them for the ruder home of his adoption. In a very few days after he was welcomed on board the Sparrow Hawk, and, as all things were in readiness for sea, the ship was got under weigh, and had progressed so far on her course by sunset, that the Highlands of Neversink were no longer seen along the horizon.

CHAPTER X.

The reader must now follow us along the shores of the New World, as far as the twenty-third degree of south latitude. In or about that parallel, a beautiful ship was resting almost motionless upon the water: the sea breeze that had prevailed during the day was dying away as the sun descended, and although she was under a press of canvas, scarcely a ripple was perceptible about her bows. The scene that presented itself from her decks was enchanting. In one quarter the blue ocean stretched as far as the eye could wander, beautifully unfringed; and in the other, the mountains of Brazil, crimsoned by the sunset glow of expiring day, reared themselves up as lovely as though they were the battlements of Heaven; high over their glittering summits, the dim crescent floated through the ambient air; and at their base a single sail dotted the surface of a sea that fancy might believe was melted by the tropic heat from the golden mines of that opulent region. Upon the after part of the quarter-deck stood a solitary individual, gazing out abstractedly on the scene. He was apparently lost in thought, and his clouded brow and dejected mien but too well told that his meditation was of a deep and painful nature. On the opposite side of the deck, the officer of the watch leaned in a musing attitude against the bulwarks; and forward of the mainmast the ship's company were seen, some pacing to and fro, and some reclining upon the guns, or about the boom covers, but all engaged in low and earnest conversation with one another. From the frequent glances cast by them upon the tall upright form of the person who occupied the starboard side of the

quarter-deck, it was evident that he was the subject of their discourse; and from their unusual solemnity of demeanor, one might properly suppose that something was about to transpire of a serious and inordinate nature; there was a gloom upon every countenance, and the gay jest and merry laugh were all unheard; not a smile was seen upon the lips of any, and the bustle that almost always prevails upon a ship's deck was hushed in respectful and imposing stillness.

"Frederick," said Captain Manly, for it was that visionary man, and the vessel was the renowned Sea-King. "I will leave you here; the wind has all died away, and you will not get the land breeze until morning. The mouth of the harbor is not more than seven miles distant, and we can pull thither in less than two hours. You may send the men aft, sir." The officer of the deck touched his hat respectfully; the orders necessary were given, and in a few moments the crew had all assembled about the mizzen mast. While they were collecting themselves, the commander continued walking the quarter-deck; as if to calm an agitation he could scarcely suppress; and even after they had all assembled, he paced to and fro in evident and painful excitement. At length he stopped; his brow was contracted, but it was with that frown that men put on to check the tear that is ready to start to the eye, that unnatural sternness that aids us to keep down the weaknesses of the heart. "My lads!" said he, "my gallant lads! I have called you together for the purpose of bidding you farewell; never, in the whole course of my life, and it has been one fraught with sorrowful events, has a sadder duty devolved upon me. Had our country persisted in the struggle she so ably maintained, this separation should not yet have taken place; but even then, a time would come when we should part; death perhaps would have torn me from you, but would have at least spared me the pangs I now experience. We have been long together, we have been companions in the triumph of victory, and we have stood by one another in the hour of peril. I trusted you in trials of danger, and you nobly repaid my confidence; and when defeat frustrated my schemes, you made not a murmur, but cheerfully went about repairing the errors I had fallen into. Such devotedness may be conceived in the wild dreamings of the enthusiast, but is seldom found in the mutual relations of mankind. I am grateful to you for it; cold indeed must be the heart that would not acknowledge such virtue with gratitude. Would to Heaven that circumstances would permit me to return with you to our happy country; but no, this cannot be, 'twere bootless to tell you why; here I must leave you, and leave you forever. The exile, when he quits his native shore, yet looks forward to the day when he shall again behold it, but in quitting you I have no such hope to cheer me in a few short months you will be scattered through the four quarters of the globe, and though destiny may bring some two or three of us together, she never will restore the gallant phalanx again." The speaker turned away; his emotion was almost masterless; and he abruptly finished a discourse he fain would have prolonged, as he had left many thoughts he wished to communicate, unexpressed.

Then, for a full half-hour he paced the deck, in earnest conversation with the officer of the watch; to him he delegated his authority, instructing him to return to New York, distribute the prize-money equally amongst the crew, and make what disposition he pleased of the ship. When his latest wish had been made known to his successor, a boat was lowered and manned by eight stout rowers; his trunks were then conveyed into it, after which he himself descended and seated himself in the stern sheets. The coxswain gave the order to shove off, and in the next moment the bows of the cutter were rippling the surface of the sleeping ocean.

When nearly a half-mile distant, the rowers suddenly ceased their labor, and the exile stood up to take a last look at his gallant vessel. Long and steadfastly he gazed; but sighing at length, he resumed himself, and the cutter again commenced moving through the water. Two hours afterwards she swept past the Castle of Santa Cruz, into the harbor of Rio Janeiro, and at early daylight she was once more alongside of the Sea-King.

Whatever motive induced that singular man to select that particular country as an asylum was known to none other than himself. Perhaps he thought that the example of the United States of North America would soon be followed by the colonies of the south, and that he might again distinguish himself in the cause of liberty; it may be, that he even then perceived the seeds of that revolution that has since agitated every section of Southern America, and only awaited the hour of its outbreak to take up arms in its support; but whether it was a hatred of oppression, or the love of freedom, or a craving for excitement, that impelled him to so wild and errant a life, is alike a mystery. After he quitted the privateer, but little was ever heard of him by his own comrades; and the only event of importance in any way connected with his name, was the fact, that his ship, after the war was at an end, became a lawless plunderer upon the deep; the wild spirits that he had tutored in a thousand desperate conflicts, could not reconcile themselves to a life of quietude, and they determined, one and all, to hoist the red flag, and oppose every other, but that of their own country. Outlaws as they were, they could not turn their arms against the banner that had floated over them in a hundred victories, even were it not the emblem of their home; and true to this resolve, protection was extended to the ships of the United States, by men who were the very terror of the tropic seas.

CHAPTER XI.

In one of the most delightful provinces of Mexico, there winds a valley of surpassing beauty, from the shores of the Atlantic on one side, to those of the Pacific on the other; from its most northern boundary to Yucatan there is no spot of earth more lovely, although a hundred thousand scenes of enchantment diversify that romantic region. He who has stood upon the elevation that is the present site of Tampico de Tamaulipas, may travel far and gaze upon no fairer scene. It is even before me now; memory, ever faithful to beauty, waves her fairy wand, and the picture springs forth, as impossibly as when it first burst upon my enraptured vision. But a short twelve months since, I clambered to the summit of that hill; beneath me rolled the placid Tamigua, before me rose the majestic peaks that stand like outposts of the mighty Cordillera, the first glittering like a stream of liquid sil-

ver, the latter deepening in the darkness of azure, or brightening with all the most beautiful coloring of the iris. The day was nearly ended, and its light, growing richer and richer as it expired, imparted a feature to the scene that brought to mind the fanciful paradise of the Mahometan infidel; for the foliage and fruits of the trees seemed to bud, bloom, and blossom in gold.

Those who compose works of fiction too often clothe their localities with the hues of their imagination; fancy supplies the place of truth, and a scene is portrayed that rather describes the dream of the enthusiast, than the reality of nature. They think that such deceptions are essential to the interest of their narrations, and they ransack the storehouse of the mind, to plunder and misapply its treasures. Of this transgression I am guiltless; and should any one who shall peruse these pages ever wander through the vales of Mexico, when he looks upon this gorgeous scene, he cannot but bear witness to its pre-eminence loveliness.

A solitary individual looked from that eminence upon the scene below; and within a few feet of him his charger pawed the ground, and champed the bit, as if chiding his master for his unnecessary delay.

The stranger was richly dressed; but apart from this, there was that in his mien that bespoke him one of the higher order of mankind. His brow was gloomy, but the cloud that rested upon it could not conceal the light of genius that flashed from his large dark eye. He was handsome, too, and his features were as soft and as effeminate as those of a woman, although, with a view perhaps to alter their expression, he wore the moustache, and let his hair grow to an inordinate length. No costume could be better suited to display his perfect shape, than that which he appeared in. A round jacket of bright blue cloth trimmed with silver, and turned up with scarlet, formed his nether garment; a black kerchief was knotted about his neck, and his shirt collar was open at the throat; his breeches were of embroidered velvet, and around his legs, as high as the knee, he wore deer skin wrappers gartered with silken cord; beneath these leggings an immense pair of silver spurs with steel rowels jutted out; around his waist was wound a scarlet sash, and his head was protected by a broad-brimmed hat, banded with silver cord, and fastened at each end with a clasp, on which was worn the glittering device of Mexico. The caparison of his steed was even more gorgeous than his own attire. The bit was of solid silver; the stirrups were shaped like coronets inverted, and were composed of the same precious metal; the saddle reposed upon a square of blue cloth, embroidered with gold; and the bridle, the girth, the martingale, and, in short, all the trappings were mounted and ornamented with plates of the purest silver; at the crupper of the saddle, was confined the long lasso, and from its pommel depended a pair of holsters.

Still he looked out upon that fair scene; but as he gazed, his eye settled on vacancy, and his countenance underwent a complete change of expression. Thought, the Pilgrim, wandered to distant shores, and the reminiscences of other days came sadly upon him. At length a tear trickled down his cheek; it awoke him, he dashed it sternly away, and vaulting in his saddle, galloped wildly down the declivity.

Five minutes' ride, and he reined up in front of his dwelling. It was a low square building, with a small court in the centre, and surrounded on all sides by orange trees; throwing the reins upon the neck of his steed, he dismounted, and entering the house, suffered the well-trained animal to proceed unattended to the stable.

The stranger was John Montgomery. After his encounter with Sutherland, he was borne from the field by an acquaintance whom chance directed that way, and in the course of a few weeks his wound was healed, and his health perfectly restored. But he arose from his couch sick at heart; no drugs, no medicines, could bring tranquillity to his mind; his peace had departed for ever; and he sought the balm that might soothe, if not cure its disease, in a land that was foreign to his own, and amongst a race that were aliens in language, in blood, and in affection.

Here, then he dwelt, a solitary man, undisturbed in his seclusion, and enjoying an external quiet that was a mockery to the feelings of his bosom. With his books, his music, and his meerschaum, he whiled away the hours; only varying these pursuits by an occasional expedition in the interior, or a ride along the white sands of the sea-shore. But at such times he was always alone; the stern recluse permitted none to intrude upon his privacy, and many an urbane overture of fellowship was repulsed by the haughty frown of that isolated stranger.

The singular mode of life adopted by El Hermoso Ermitaño, as he was designated by the people of the place, was well calculated to excite public curiosity; but, however great their desires might have been to become acquainted with his history, they never prompted them to pursue their observations beyond the bounds of strict propriety. This statement will no doubt be discredited by many venerable ladies of our own country, as a feature entirely inconsistent with the female character, but I assure them one and all that this thirst for knowledge is not possessed by the Spanish dames; and for corroboration of this testimony, I refer them to Professor Bamboozle, who wrote a pamphlet of sixty pages upon the manners and customs of Spain, and who avers that the women of that country always attend to their own affairs first, and by that process arrive at the conviction, that they have not leisure to direct their attention to the affairs of others.

In this state of seclusion had Montgomery existed for nearly six months from the date of his first settlement in the country, when his refractory was one morning disturbed by the entrance of a stranger. The recluse shut the book he had been perusing, and rising with a scowl on his brow, haughtily responded to his visitor's salutation; the intruder was the Governor of Tampico.

"May I ask what business has honored me with a visit from Don Manuel de Silva?"

"It is not business that brought me hither, Don Juan de Hautville" (for such was the name the exile had adopted), responded the new comer; "but a desire to become acquainted with one whom I respect for his nation's sake, and whom I would willingly serve for his own."

"In the name of my country I thank you," coldly replied Montgomery, "and for your proffers of assistance, I am also grateful; when I need it, I shall perhaps apply to you."

The governor was partially disconcerted by the frigid

manner of his companion, and there was a slight pause of evident uneasiness before he again resumed.

"I am afraid," said he, "that you have mistaken my motive in seeking this interview. I come not here, impelled by idle curiosity, to pry into your affairs; nor is it a custom with me to thrust my acquaintance upon any one. My object was of a nature far more magnanimous; but as my visit has been so unfavorably received, I will withdraw; hoping, however, that you may not continue to misconstrue my intention in making it.—Adios."

"Stop, Don Manuel, I crave your pardon—I was hasty—I was wrong—I was rude, but when I explain—"

"Nay, Don Juan," interrupted the governor, "no apology is necessary; the acknowledgments you have just made amply excuse the past. I have forgotten it!"

Don Manuel de Silva was a man who added to the brightest intellectual qualities, personal accomplishments of the most refined order. Educated in one of the most polished courts of Europe, with a mind improved by travel, and a disposition that appropriated with avidity every advantage that was offered, he became one of the most elegant cavaliers of the day. No wonder then that Montgomery was enchanted with his conversation; that interview was of long duration; and when it was ended, so complete was the influence of the visitor, that he consented to comply with his invitation to spend the day at his mansion.

They crossed the river, and in a short time arrived at the governor's residence. Here he was presented to the wife and daughter of his host; the former a stately dame of thirty-five, and the latter a beautiful, black-eyed scion of seventeen. So pleased was he with their companionship, that he tarried until a late hour; and strange to say, from that time the visits of Montgomery became more and more frequent at the house of Don Manuel.

For the governor he entertained the strictest friendship. His feelings towards Donna Ava were much the same; but for the daughter, La Señorita Carlotta, he conceived at first an affection almost paternal. He taught her English; he fashioned her taste for the love of poetry; he became her instructor in the art of painting; he awakened in her a passion for knowledge; and from his own library he supplied her with books of the most instructive and enlightened character.

The devotion she paid to her studies; the gratitude she evinced towards her preceptor for directing them; her youth, her beauty, her artlessness, captivated by degrees his admiration; until at last he found in an analysis of his feelings that he loved her.

There are some men to whom love is a constitutional necessity; they are miserable unless their affections be fixed upon another of the opposite sex. Such a one was Montgomery; his feelings all tended to the beautiful, and his heart was only at rest when these yearnings were gratified. He had loved once, deeply, devotedly; but that did not incapacitate him from loving again. I am no believer in the theory of first and only love; nor can I cease to think that we may adore the memory of one, whilst we worship at the shrine of another; still must acknowledge that there is a charm breathing around our first passion that we never feel again; but what is it, and why is it? There are none so ignorant but they may answer these queries; and yet there are none who will do it. We are so prone to superstition, or rather we are so fond of deceiving ourselves by a belief in causes and effects beyond our comprehension, that we willingly ascribe that influence to something divine, when it is a consequence perfectly natural to us all. Our first victory in arms; our first triumph in literature; our earliest success of any kind, is to us by far the most gratifying; and though in after years increasing glory should eclipse our first humble essay, yet is it remembered with feelings we never accord to any subsequent good fortune.

And Montgomery loved again. Not with the romance of his first attachment; but with a passion as powerful, though not as poetic. All the most splendid and delicate feelings of his youth had been lavished upon Anna Hamilton, but the sterner sentiments of his nature still remained; even as the broad, rapid river rolls on, though forsaken by the sunbeams that gilded it at morn. He loved as fervently, but not as passionately as before; for the freshness of youthful passion once blossoms, and never blooms again. But he thought, in the wildness of his imagination, that all the happy hopes of his first passion could be transferred to the second; and that the bright anticipations that had once faded, would again return in an iris of hope. Like that which love erst hung out in her heaven, so fast that it left for ever the impress of enchantment; though it dazzled but a moment, and vanished then away.

The feelings of Carlotta towards Montgomery were of a far different nature. She admired him for his brilliant qualities; his immense erudition had captivated her youthful fancy; she even loved him; but there was so much of awe in that passion, so much deepened respect for his indubitable superiority, that it might be likened more to adoration than to any other sentiment. She often had wished in the secrecy of her heart that he was less talented; and as often she sighed with vain, when some brilliant burst of eloquence from his lips taught her the immeasurable distinction that subsisted between them. She thought with sadness that one so highly gifted could not bestow his affections upon one who, in point of intellect, could compete no more than the faint sparkle of the glow-worm with the bright effulgence of the noonday sun; and the reflection, while it made her unhappy, but added to the awe which his qualities had inspired in her bosom. Montgomery, unlike Sutherland, had not the tact of concealing the beauties of his mind when it was his desire to do so; but upon every subject of conversation that might be introduced, his native genius developed itself when he himself was unaware of the display. He could not be common-place; he had suffered and studied too much for that; and added to this, his weakest impulses were almost ungovernable.

"Will you go upon the water, Carlotta?"

"Si, señor," answered the maiden.

"Will the excursion be more agreeable than any other pursuit just now?"

"Si, señor."

And Montgomery, accompanied by his fair companion, proceeded to the river, and they were soon floating upon its placid surface.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed he, paying a just tribute to the scene around him.

"Beautiful!" responded Carlotta.

And indeed so it was. The sun was just sinking through a transparent mass of purple clouds in the far

equal astonishment, surveyed the naked spars of the stranger.

"He's hoisting away his fore-stay-sail!" said he; and as he yet gazed, he beheld her career, until her lower-yards nearly touched the water. Like lightning the truth flashed upon him. He dropped the telescope, seized a deck-trumpet, and raised it to his lips. But it was too late! The fury of the gust burst over him, and his voice was drowned in the crash of falling spars, and the thunder of the rent canvas. The three top-masts, jib, and flying jib-booms, fell over the side, and the Sparrow Hawk was a helpless wreck.

"Cut!" shouted Sutherland, when he could at length be heard; "cut there, for'ard!—cut for your lives!—cut away everything!" The ready seamen leaped into the gangways, and in a moment every piece of standing or running rigging that confined the wrecked masts to the hull of the ship, was severed.

"Hard up your helm! quartermaster—hard up!"

"Does she go off?"

"No, sir!" shouted the man at the wheel. There succeeded a few moments of breathless anxiety. The ship was now in a situation that threatened her immediate destruction. Her whole broadside was exposed to the hurricane, and her only hope of salvation was in getting at once before it. The sea, too, was pouring like a cataract over her lee hammock-cloths, and the starboard gangway was adrift with water.

"Is she going off at all?" inquired Sutherland.

"No, sir; she don't budge an inch!" was the response.

"Come aft here, carpenters; cut away the mizzen-mast!"

The lanyards of the weather rigging were severed, and after a few strokes of the axe, the mast fell, with a heavy plunge, into the sea.

"She's going off!" shouted the quartermaster, almost at the same instant.

"Very well; stand by to meet her with the helm!"—and the bows of the shattered ship tended gracefully to leeward, and recovering her gravity with one deep roll, she began to drive furiously through the boiling ocean.

Until then, not a word had been spoken by any but Sutherland. The attention of every one was riveted upon his own impending danger; but when that terror had been allayed, a universal buzz of admiration burst from the crew, as they beheld the strange ship, with all her yards and masts aloft, sweeping beautifully before the gale under a close-reefed foresail.

CHAPTER XIII.

Not many days after the events of the last chapter had taken place, the Sparrow Hawk swept by the Moro Castle under jury masts, and cast anchor in the harbor of Havana. Here she underwent all necessary repairs, and in less than a fortnight she was again ready to proceed on her cruise.

It was noon; the sun showered down his light in dazzling brilliancy, but the breeze from the sea cooled the ardor of his rays, and rendered the temperature delightful: the air was balmy, as it is always between the tropics, and the clear blue sky smiled away the belief that a cloud had ever darkened its surface.

Mr. Topblock was officer of the deck, and at the time we write was listening with the most profound attention to the first lieutenant, who was relating some extraordinary circumstance that happened under his immediate observation, whilst he was in Germany. Now Mr. Yarnall was a gentleman who nurtured a most inveterate propensity to the marvellous; it seemed, indeed, that he had monopolized the knowledge of all the wonderful events that had happened since the age of miracles. No man could relate a more singular incident than he; and, strange to add, his stories were as numerous and as diversified as they were anomalous. It was not often that Mr. Yarnall detailed any event in which he himself had not been a participant; but such was now the case, for he was informing Topblock of the circumstance of a child having been born with a string of beads about its neck.

"A string of beads!" exclaimed Topblock.

"String of beads," reiterated Yarnall.

"How surprising, extraordinary!" ejaculated Topblock, with a credulous shake of the head, and a look of well-feigned astonishment; for he well knew that to doubt any asseveration coming from Yarnall, was to insult him mortally. Yarnall was besides a regular fire-eater; and he had, on one occasion, shot three Frenchmen, before breakfast, for refusing to believe that he had seen a flying-fish perch upon the main yard, and, whilst there, had heard it imitate all the most beautiful notes of the mocking-bird.

"Not at all extraordinary," rejoined Yarnall; "not at all extraordinary—you've heard of the remarkable birth at Greenwich, I suppose?"

"No, I have not," returned Topblock; "event of a similar nature?"

"Somewhat so," replied Yarnall. "The child, a fine healthy boy, was brought forth with a wooden leg."

Nothing but a thorough knowledge of the irritability of Mr. Yarnall's disposition prevented Mr. Topblock from laughing outright; as it was, he did not give way to his mirth, but merely remarked that it was "most shocking extraordinary."

"Very much so—very much so," rejoined the narrator. "The mother, you see, whilst walking out, one day, was suddenly startled by observing an old tar dancing the sailor's hornpipe, upon a timber toe—which incident, by the bye, most satisfactorily accounts for this extraordinary *humus naturæ*."

"And did the child live?" asked Topblock.

"O! yes," replied Yarnall. "A curious old admiral took a fancy to him, and adopted him. At an early age he placed him on board of a British frigate, in the capacity of a midshipman, and in less than five years from that date he was made a post-captain. But, alas!—and Mr. Yarnall heaved a sigh of the most profound nature—"Alas! poor Singleton is no more. I knew him well, Topblock—excellent fellow—had but one fault, and that his friends always excused; would put too much sweetening in his rum toddies."

"He is then dead, I presume?"

"Yes," returned Yarnall. "The poor fellow sailed from Malta, and was never afterward heard of. Some suppose that his ship foundered at sea, and that all hands perished; others again think that she was wrecked upon the coast of Barbary, and that her people were murdered by the Arabs. I myself am inclined to the latter opinion; for Baron Von Klopsteinsnoffel-grosen, the late eminent traveller, states that he found

a tenpenny nail in the tent of an old Belouja—proof positive, almost, of such being the case."

Here the conversation of these two worthies was interrupted by the quartermaster, who, touching his hat, informed Mr. Topblock that a Spanish barque was standing up for the anchorage. Yarnall, at this juncture, went below, and Topblock continued his promenade, wondering the while whether the practice of lying proceeded from an innate propensity; or whether it was not acquired by early and continued habit. "One thing," said he, soliloquizing, "is certain. Yarnall is either a d—d fool himself, or he considers me one. Well! he may entertain his opinion, and I'll enjoy mine."

Meanwhile the strange barque arrived at the anchorage, clewed up her topsails, hauled down her jib, hauled out her spanker, and came to, within a cable's length of the Sparrow Hawk. It was at this moment that Sutherland came upon deck. He looked at the strange vessel, and as he scanned her admirable proportions, his gaze became more and more intense; he took up the telescope, and when it was withdrawn from his eye, his face was deadly pale, and his whole countenance was expressive of the wildest agitation. Some harrowing recollection aroused his fiercer passions, and a scowl of terrible malignity gathered upon his brow. Years had passed away since he had last seen that little vessel, but he could not have forgotten her. She was stamped upon his memory in characters of fire. "Mr. Topblock have my boat manned," said he, and turning quickly upon his heel, he descended to his cabin.

"The boat is ready, sir," said the officer of the deck, as he reappeared with his side-arms; and Sutherland, responding to his subordinate's salutation, passed over the gangway and seated himself in the boat. "Give way!" said he sternly to the crew; and while his blue eye glowed with frenzy, he muttered in a lower tone, "D—d villain, I have ye at last! murderer of my father, your hour is at hand!"

In a very few moments the gig darted alongside of the barque, and Sutherland, seizing the main-ropes, ascended to her deck. He cast one desultory glance around him; there could be no mistake; he was on board of the Sea-King. Her armament was disguised, and her ports closed up, but he observed that the boat-cover was hauled over with a nicety that did not accord with the confusion everywhere else apparent. Before much time was given him for uninterrupted observation, a young man attired in the ordinary habiliments of a mariner advanced to receive him.

"I would speak a moment with the commander," said Sutherland.

"Walk below, sir," replied the stranger; and they both descended to the forward cabin. The captain of the Sparrow Hawk gazed for one moment around him; and, although the furniture and hangings were concealed, he knew it to be the apartment he had once been in before.

"You wish to speak with me!" commenced the stranger, motioning his visitor to a seat, and drawing another to himself.

"No, sir," replied Sutherland. "My business is with the commander."

"Then sit with me you wish to speak," returned the stranger. "I am master, here."

"You, sir!"

The stranger bowed an assent, and Sutherland for a moment seemed lost in thought. "Where then," at length asked he, "is Captain Manly?"

"I am unacquainted with the person you refer to," replied the addressed; but though he answered the query with promptitude, he could not help exhibiting some uneasiness as well as surprise at the interrogatory.

"Look ye, sir!" rejoined Sutherland; "you may strike your yards, put in your false ports, screen your battery, and deceive your men; but all these precautions will not deceive me. How call you this ship?"

"La Santa Maria."

"Otherwise, the Sea-King!" continued Sutherland, looking sternly into the eye of his companion.

"Otherwise, the Sea-King," repeated the stranger, convinced that deception for the future was useless.

"And Captain Manly?"

"Is in South America," returned the stranger. "But in what part of it I know not; he left us at Rio de Janeiro."

Sutherland heaved a sigh—a sigh of disappointed revenge.

"And now, sir, since I have been explicit with you I have a right to expect that you will deal in the same manner with me. How knew you this ship?"

"It would benefit you nothing to know how I obtained the information," said Sutherland. "You must be convinced that I am better acquainted with her, than you perhaps might wish me to be."

"Sir, you mistake," replied the stranger. "It is to me a matter of no importance whether you are, or you are not ignorant of the internal arrangements of this ship. I believe I have a right to make what dispositions I think proper and suitable on board here."

"True, sir, true!" rejoined Sutherland. "And upon that principle, you have substituted the banner of Old Spain for the flag of your own country."

The countenance of the stranger reddened at this remark, and for a moment he was at a loss for a reply. But recovering his self-possession, he said, that his country had at least no cause to complain of the change.

"That may or may not be," returned Sutherland. "But as there is a mystery hanging about the character of the ship, I feel it my duty to investigate it. Where have you been since the proclamation of peace?"

"As I question your right to make that demand," said the stranger. "I do not consider myself bound to give you a definite reply. I may have been trading to Europe; I may have been slaving on the coast of Africa; I may have been smuggling upon the coast of China—"

"Or you may have been plundering in the Caribbean," interrupted Sutherland.

"Take care, sir!" exclaimed the stranger, with a deep frown upon his brow; "take care, sir, you are on board of my ship now! Be discreet in your language, or you may never quit her; you are my guest, too, sir. I would have you also recollect what is due to the forbearance of a host."

"I never suffer my private relations to interfere with the discharge of my duty," said Sutherland; "and as regards your threat, you must, when you uttered it, have forgotten that you were under the guns of an American ship of war."

The stranger's lip curled with a smile of significance at this remark, but he made no immediate reply.

"I am here," continued Sutherland, "to protect the commercial interests of the United States. If, then, you are disposed to clear up the character of this ship, I am now at leisure to examine your papers. During the war, this vessel was engaged in the privateer service; but since its termination, I suspect the duties she has performed have been of a very different nature. I may wrong you in this suspicion, but it is in your power, if I am in error, to correct me."

"Many thanks, sir, many thanks! but as regards your suspicions, you are at perfect liberty to enjoy any opinion you may form of this ship; for, be assured, I shall not make the slightest endeavor to alter it."

"Enough, sir," said Sutherland, rising from his seat; "were we at sea, I would capture you upon my own responsibility; but as it is, I will be obliged to denounce you to the governor."

"Stop one moment," said the stranger, with a smile half-sarcastic and half-mirthful. "You are so very kind that I will not permit you to take even that trouble. Read that, sir."

Sutherland took the parchment, and read with astonishment a protection, signed by the governor of Havana.

"In other words," said Sutherland, folding and returning it, "a commission to commit rapine and murder, whenever and wherever an opportunity may present."

The stranger smiled again, but was silent. Sutherland sought his boat, and in a few minutes regained the deck of the Sparrow Hawk. Informing Yarnall of the suspicious character of the bark, he desired him to have a strict watch kept on her movements; and furthermore, to leave short, and have everything ready for getting under way at a moment's warning. Agreeably to these instructions, the messenger was passed, the cable shortened in, the cat and fish falls rove, the foot-ropes let down, the running rigging and steering-sail gear sent aloft, and all the machinery of the ship so disposed to facilitate and expedite her movements, that no more time than five minutes would be required to leave up the ponderous instrument that kept her in station, and spread her snowy wings to the influence of the breeze.

Sutherland threw himself upon the cabin ottoman with a gloomy and sullen brow. He had been frustrated in the commission of a crime he had firmly resolved to perpetrate. And high-minded and generous as he was, he vented more than one imprecation upon fate for the disappointment. To take the life of Manly was no consideration of murder with him; the deed he deemed would be but the execution of the fiat of justice; he lived but in the hope of its consummation. He could not for one moment suppose, that to exterminate the man who had blotted the fair fame of the being that gave him birth; who brought down the gray hairs of his father in sorrow to the grave, and who had blighted and blasted all the hopes of his boyhood, and all the achievements of his manhood; he could not think that to exterminate such a one would be the slightest infraction of the social law; his wrongs were mighty, and they blinded him. Then, again, the past rose up before him; he dreamed over his life anew. Thoughts that he had long suppressed, or at least strove never to dwell upon, started in his mind, and held their place there; for he was not now disposed to banish them. As tears sometimes relieve, so reflections the most miserable often alleviate.

There was a knock for admission at the cabin door. Sutherland started to his feet, and Mr. Yarnall entered, and informed him that the barque was heaving up her anchor.

"I'm glad of it; she shall be ours the sooner. Is everything ready for getting under way?"

"Everything."

"Very well! let him clear the Moro, and then we'll follow him."

The two then ascended to the deck; but the barque was already moving through the water, having nothing set, however, save her jib and spanker; under this sail she stood along for some time, and then, contrary to Sutherland's wishes or expectations, she hauled down her jib, and again let go her anchor. Shortly afterwards, men were seen at work upon her yards, and in a little time her courses and topsails were unbent, and every apparent preparation made for a protracted stay in port. This movement at once altered the plan Sutherland had resolved to pursue. It was his primary intention to wait until the stranger had put to sea, and then endeavour to capture her. As it was not in those days an inordinate circumstance for officers high in authority to be connected with piratical cruisers, he did not for one moment doubt but that the governor was interested in the fortunes of the Sea-King, and therefore, at first, thought it unnecessary to make any report to him on the subject; but, upon second reflection, he saw that it was the only recourse he had. The protection shown him by the commander of the barque might possibly be a forgery. He knew many such licenses had been granted to the buccaneers of the West Indies, and it was not at all unreasonable to suppose that others might have substituted false passports, to protect them from the cruisers of Spain. Whether this was or was not the case, he however resolved to wait upon the governor in person, and demand, in the name of the United States, that the character of the barque should be thoroughly investigated.

"Mr. Yarnall," said Sutherland, "I have concluded to inform the governor of my suspicions as regards that barque. It is to effect this purpose that I am now going on shore. Her commander knows very well that I would follow him were he to put to sea, and may have unbent sails for no other purpose than to deceive us; it is my wish, then, that you keep a strict watch upon his movements, and if you perceive the slightest indication on his part to clear out, you will show three lanterns at the peak; it is not probable, however, that he will attempt anything of the kind until after dark."

"Your orders shall be attended to," returned Yarnall. "And as to this manoeuvre, I am inclined to believe with you that it is all a ruse de guerre. I once knew a Spanish pirate to send down lower and topsail yards, house topmast, rig sheers and hoist out his lower masts, to deceive an English frigate. It had the desired effect, too, sir; John Bull became incautious, and the Don that night up sticks and put out. Happened in this very harbor, sir; this very harbor."

Sutherland seated himself in the boat, and was soon swept to the shore. On getting out at the mole, he desired the coxswain to be at that particular place at nine o'clock, and proceeded at once to the quarters of the

governor. It was sunset when he arrived there; and though long beyond the hours set aside for official transactions, he was received by that functionary with all the characteristic courtesy of his nation.

"I am sorry," said Sutherland, "to have intruded myself upon your excellency's attention at this unseasonable hour, but the business I am on is of a nature that will not admit of the least delay."

"Nay, Señor Captain, no apologies, for I assure you that the honor of a visit from you is to me most acceptable at any time. I am very happy to see you."

"Your excellency is very kind," returned Sutherland, "and if your excellency will permit me, I will state the business that has brought me hither."

"I am at your service, Señor Captain."

"Your excellency," resumed Sutherland, "is no doubt aware of the numerous depredations that have been committed upon the commerce of all nations by the piratical cruisers which for years have infested these seas."

"I am, indeed," returned the governor; and, Señor Captain, have for a long time used every exertion in my power to free the coast of these scourges, but, alas! without avail. I have kept the cruisers of Spain continually on the alert; and though this has operated as a partial check upon their proceedings, it has not totally prevented their lawless outrages."

"I am aware," rejoined Sutherland, "that your excellency has exerted every possible means to bring these offenders to justice; and I am also aware of the difficulties your excellency has had to struggle with in the execution of such enterprises."

"They have been many, Señor Captain, very many," resumed the governor, impressively. "So many, that at times I have almost given up in despair; for, like the heads of the fabled Hydra, a dozen appears to spring up where one has been exterminated."

"Your excellency states that which has been proved a melancholy truth," returned Sutherland. "I fear that nothing but a general crusade of the powers of Spain, France, England and America will effect the object you have so much at heart. They have all interests at stake in this quarter, and should at once combine to preserve them from violation."

"They should, indeed, Señor Captain."

"But, sir," resumed Sutherland, "I am intruding upon your time and patience; the object of this visit is to inform your excellency that there is now within the harbor of Havana a vessel of suspicious character. I myself have been on board of her, and can say with certainty that she is no fair trader upon the waters. They call her the Santa Maria."

A close observer might have noticed a slight change in the countenance of the governor, but like a flash it passed all away.

"And has the picaroon had the impudence to pull inside of the Moro?"

"Your excellency might have seen her before sunset with the banner of Old Spain waving from her spanker-gaff; she had unbent sails before I left the Sparrow Hawk, and by this time has no doubt moored ship; for by her movements I should suppose that she was preparing to make a long stay in port."

"Now, by San Pedro, he shall make a longer stay than he himself had anticipated; if you will excuse me one moment, Señor Captain, I will write an order for the immediate arrest of her commander and crew."

Sutherland bowed, and the governor scribbled a few sentences, then folded, sealed, and delivered the document to an officer on guard, with instructions to send it at once to the person indicated by the superscription.

After this, his excellency became extremely communicative. Various subjects were in turn discussed, and the hour-hand of the clock pointed past ten when Sutherland rose to depart. The night was unusually dark, and a light, drizzling rain rendered the light of the street lamps dim almost to obscurity. Sutherland passed hastily to the mole; a crowd of boats surrounded it on every side, and the night was so obscure that it was some time before he could ascertain the precise place that he had appointed for his gig. At length, singling her out, he descended the stairs.

"Sparrow Hawk!" said he.

"Here you are, sir," responded a gruff voice; and Sutherland, stepping lightly in the boat, threw his sword upon the stern-sheets, and took his seat.

"Shove off!" exclaimed he. The oars fell with a common plash, and the gig commenced dashing through the water. Ten minutes' rowing brought them alongside. "Way enough," exclaimed the coxswain; the oars were tossed, and the boat checked beside the accommodation ladder. Sutherland seized the man-ropes, and ascended to the gangway; but his astonishment may well be imagined when, upon gaining the deck, he found himself on board the Sea-King.

"Drop the boat and hook her on," exclaimed a voice from the quarter-deck.

"Stop!" said Sutherland, "here is some mistake."

"No mistake whatever, sir," said the commander of the barque, coming forward, and passing to Sutherland the salutation of the deck.

"What mean you, sir?—this is not my ship."

"No, sir; but you must, for a little time, content yourself on board of her."

The eyes of Sutherland flashed fire at this remark. "No—never—not for one moment!" exclaimed he; and stepping back apace, he felt for his sword hilt, but found that it had been abstracted from the scabbard. "Hell and fury!" muttered he; "and have my own gig's crew aided in betraying me?"

"Captain Sutherland," said the commander of the barque, "it is useless to agitate yourself further; my own safety and the preservation of my ship and crew obliged me to practice this deception upon you. But harm is not intended you; and you are as safe on board here as if you stood upon the quarter-deck of the Sparrow Hawk. I was well assured you would follow me if I attempted to go to sea; and though I have every confidence in the superiority of the Santa Maria as a sailer, still I thought it better to incur no hazard; and, therefore, have adopted the only expedient that can prevent your ship from getting under way at the same time. I am very sorry that circumstances should have rendered this necessary; but the obligations I am under to the gallant fellows I command must, with me, be paramount to every other consideration. Captain Sutherland, I think I am not mistaken in believing that your generosity will excuse me."

The manner of the commander of the barque was respectful and suave, and a little reflection restored the calmness that Sutherland had seldom forgot. "You perhaps are justifiable in the step you have taken to

secure your own safety, although at this moment I am ignorant of what it may be; you prevailed upon my boat's crew to deliver me into your hands, but for what purpose I know not."

"Captain Sutherland, you deceive yourself," replied the stranger; "it was one of my boats that brought you alongside, and your own gig has been at the stern davits of the Sparrow Hawk longer than an hour."

This added yet more to Sutherland's surprise; and now for the first time, he comprehended the full extent of the stratagem. The governor's pretended order for the arrest of the commander of the Sea-King was, he supposed, an intimation of what had passed between them in conversation, and a desire that the Santa Maria should be put to sea immediately. This Sutherland implicitly believed, for he remembered the governor's eagerness to detain him until late, and he attributed this show of extreme courtesy to a wish on the part of his excellency to gain time, in order that her commander should have space and opportunity to mature his plans.

"And my object in effecting this measure," resumed the commander of the barque, "is to detain you on board until we have cleared the harbor and secured an offing. The Sparrow Hawk cannot, I am certain, get under way without an order from Captain Sutherland."

"How long then am I to remain your prisoner?"

"But a few hours; there is a fine breeze blowing now, and I hope before morning to put miles of blue water between my ship and the Island of Cuba. When we have cleared the port, I will send you on board of some entering vessel, and if there should be none without, I will give you my stern boat, and you can come in with the sea breeze to-morrow."

"An excellent arrangement, truly!" returned Sutherland, with sarcastic bitterness, and he turned from the speaker, and folding his arms, stood in a remote corner of the quarter-deck. The commander of the barque strode fore and aft awhile, apparently absorbed in thought; at length he paused directly in front of the other, and renewing his salutation, he said, in a voice that seemed to betray no offence at the abrupt movement of his companion.

"Captain Sutherland, it is not my wish, whatever may be my duty, to put you to the slightest inconvenience. Believe me, I regret, as much as yourself, the necessities of this case; but, sir, there remains a condition, which, if you promise to adhere to, will liberate you at once."

"Name it," said Sutherland.

"Promise me, upon the honor of an American naval officer, that you will not leave the harbor of Havana for thirty-six hours, and I will at once send you on board of the Sparrow Hawk."

Sutherland hesitated for a moment, but conceiving no other alternative, he replied, "I promise; but at the expiration of that time I shall get under way, and proceed in search of you; and whenever I meet you upon the ocean, if I should be so fortunate, remember, I shall take forcible possession of your ship; and furthermore, I shall leave no means untried to find you out."

"As you please," replied the stranger, thoughtfully; "I would rather not encounter you; but if I am so unlucky as to fall in with your ship, I shall most certainly do everything in my power to defend my own."

"It will be a waste of blood to no purpose," returned Sutherland. "The Sparrow Hawk is twice your superior in efficiency."

"Admitted," said the stranger; "but, notwithstanding this, the Santa Maria has engaged her with success."

"When and where?" demanded Sutherland, in astonishment; and even then, a vague suspicion of the circumstance rushed upon him.

"Within the present month, off the Bahamas," replied the stranger.

"It was you, then, who hailed us that night?"

"It was."

"We parted in a squall."

"We did."

Sutherland said no more, and the commander of the barque walked forward, and ordered one of the cutters to be lowered and manned. This was but the work of a few minutes; and when it had been accomplished, he again returned to the place occupied by Sutherland.

"The boat is ready for you, sir, and you will find your sword in the stern-sheets. I hope we part without any feelings of personal enmity."

"We do," replied Sutherland; for the candor and generosity displayed by the stranger had caused him more than once to distrust or rather forget the suspicion that hung around his character. He passed into the boat, seated himself, and was rapidly swept alongside of the Sparrow Hawk. For a half-hour longer Sutherland paced the deck, musing upon the singularity of the incidents in which he had been an actor, varying, however, his meditations with an occasional glance at the barque; during this time no visible preparation had been made by the stranger for getting under way; but she swung at her anchor as silently and as motionless as though she had been there moored for eternity. This inaction, however, endured but a little time further, for men were now seen ascending her rigging, and spreading themselves upon all the yards; then the heavy topsails and courses were swayed slowly aloft, and bent to their respective jack-stays; the cable was then shortened in with a deck tackle, and so silently was this manœuvre performed, that an observer would have been at a loss to guess what they were at, unless, indeed, he could perceive her motion through the water, as she neared her anchor by heaving in. The topsails were now sheeted home, the yards mast-headed, the ponderous iron fastenings hove up to the bows, and the jib run up to its full extent. When these dispositions were at an end, the barque commenced gliding through the water, in a direction that brought her within a few yards of the Sparrow Hawk. As she passed, Sutherland recognized the tall form of her commander in the mizen-rigging. His hat was off, and he was waving it towards the Sparrow Hawk. Sutherland sprang upon a carronade, and responded to the salutation.

"Farewell!" said he; "in thirty-six hours I shall follow you."

"Thirty-six hours, and a fair breeze, will put more than one hundred miles of salt water between us. You must spread out all your canvas if you would overtake La Santa Maria!"

A parting wave of the hand was then given; the barque swept by, and Sutherland retired to his cabin, venting in his descent more than one imprecation upon the duplicity of the governor.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN the time allotted the Sea-King for escape had expired, the Sparrow Hawk's anchor was hove up, and she stood out of the harbor of Havana under a press of canvas. As it was Sutherland's avowed intention to search for her in every port of the West Indies, he shaped his course for the Windward Islands, and touched at them all in succession; but his expedient was ineffective, and the last one of all the group sunk again in the blue waters of the Caribbean without his having obtained any tidings of the vessel in question. Dispirited at such ill success, he put his helm up, and again returned to leeward. For three days the weather continued favorable, the breeze blew fresh and fair, and the sky was without a cloud; but the morning of the fourth dawned loweringly upon the ocean; a fine wind had swept the Sparrow Hawk along through the night watches, but with the first indications of dawn it died away and fell a dead calm, and the air became oppressively hot, and difficult of respiration; cloud after cloud, too, piled upon one another, and the entire mass grew blacker and blacker, until night seemed to triumph over the coming day, and again resume her ebon throne in the concave realm above.

Sutherland came on deck with a countenance unusually anxious. "Mr. Topblock," said he, "give me the trumpet—I fear we've a hurricane brewing about us—the barometer has fallen rapidly within the last half hour, and it still continues to descend." As soon as he finished this remark, he commenced issuing the necessary orders for reducing sail; the topsails were close reefed and the fore and mizzen afterwards securely furled, the topgallant masts, mizzen topmast, and mizzen topsail yard, were then sent on deck, the mainsail was snugly furled, and the foresail close reefed; the flying jib-boom was also rigged in, the jib hauled down, and the fore-storm staysail set with both sheets trimmed flat aft. While these dispositions were going on aloft, the carpenters on deck were batten down the hatches and rigging the pump gear; men were setting up the boats' gripes, the quarter-runners' housing and securing the battery, and all hands, in a word, employed in getting the ship ready to buffet for mastery with those awful blasts, that still at times sweep over the Eden-like islands of the Caribbees, hurling their smiling towns and villas into terrific ruin, and carrying desolation abroad upon their waters, as if they bore indeed upon their wings the curse of an offended Deity. Still, with untiring alacrity, the crew of the Sparrow Hawk continued their labors; but few orders came from the quarter-deck; every man present knew what was to be done in such an emergency, and each of them sprang to execute whatever service had not been commended by another. The sky yet continued to darken, and the lightning now gave out the only brightness that guided the work of the mariners, and as its vivid rays darted along the deck of the ship, the countenances of all on board glowed with a ghastly hue, and they seemed more as demons than as men. The thunder, which at first was but heard in low growls about the horizon, now seemed to have rolled up to the zenith, and there it commenced crashing in awful and rapid explosions.

Still it was calm; not a breath of wind stirred abroad, and the anxious mariner elevated his palm in vain to ascertain the direction of the expected wind. The Sparrow Hawk had not moved a yard in advance during the space of an hour, and her only motion was a wild roll as she obeyed the heave of a sea that seemed to respire in fearful suspense as it awaited the approach of the coming storm.

"Mr. Yarnall, this is terrible!" said Sutherland, turning to his first lieutenant.

"Terrible, indeed!" replied Yarnall; but in that moment none of his characteristic remarks followed the exclamation.

"Do you perceive anything that I have left undone in getting the ship snug?"

"Nothing," responded the first lieutenant.

The lightning now continued to flash incessantly, the whole heavens were illuminated by one extended sheet of electricity, the sea, too, seemed an ocean of liquid fire, and the thunder crashed with a violence that caused the Sparrow Hawk to tremble in every timber; peal succeeded peal in quick succession, and each seemed nearer than its precursor, as if a hundred thousand bars of iron had been launched from the highest pinnacle of heaven upon the surface of the world below. It was, in truth, such a convulsion as the poet in the power of his fancy might have connected with the ejection of Lucifer from the sacred places of paradise. This was nature's last and mightiest effort; the thunder died suddenly away, the lightning gathered itself within the bosom of the clouds, and partial obscurity again fell upon the bosom of the trembling deep.

Still no flaw of wind came from the quarters of heaven; the air was hot to suffocation, and the difficulty of respiration seemed to increase more and more, at each moment; the men fairly gasped for breath, and the perspiration rolled thick and fast from their foreheads.

"Look!" exclaimed Yarnall, seizing Sutherland's arm with one of those powerful grasps that an excited man is apt to use when directing the attention of another to some object of more than ordinary interest. The latter was for an instant startled by so rude and unceremonious an appeal, but turning to the indicated direction he beheld the clouds lifting themselves rapidly from the horizon, and exposing a sky of a bright brazen tinge beyond; then a flood of sickly light poured in upon the waters, and the air became suddenly as cold as the atmosphere of a high northern latitude. "Tis coming," said Sutherland; and he had scarcely time to seize hold of the mizzen rigging, before the hurricane, in all its wrath, was upon them. Instantly the Sparrow Hawk commenced driving through the ocean with a velocity that piled the waters about her bow like a bank of snow, and sent them roaring in foamy furrows astern; the wind howled through the rigging and spars, and so deafening was the chaos, that Heaven's artillery would have been all unheard amidst it.

Sutherland put the bell of the trumpet close to the quartermaster's ear; "Keep her dead before it," shouted he at the top of his voice; the quartermaster nodded assent, and cast his eyes aloft to make the course of the wind-vane.

The power of the hurricane had kept down the sea, and the motion of the Sparrow Hawk was graceful and easy, although the waters swept by her with a rapidity that was truly fearful; so great indeed was

the force of the gale that the fore and main topmasts buckled forward, and threatened at every moment to snap the back-stays that supported them.

"The foresail and main-top-sail cannot stand it much longer," shouted Yarnall. Sutherland acknowledged the truth of the remark with a nod, but he knew it would be useless to attempt hauling them, as the united force of the whole crew would be insufficient to clew up either of the sails after the sheets had been started. In another moment the fears of the first lieutenant were all verified; the main-top-sail was blown out of the bolt-ropes, and whirled away by the force of the tempest, and the foresail burst from its confinement, and lashed and flapped itself to fragments immediately afterwards; but the fore-storm staysail was still entire, as it was so situated as to prevent the gale from acting upon its surface. The speed of the Sparrow Hawk was greatly diminished by the accident; but though she opposed nothing but her naked spars to the wind, she still dashed ahead with terrible rapidity.

The hurricane was at the very height of its power, and when Sutherland again looked abroad upon the ocean, he saw it covered with foam, so that it appeared more like a vast prairie, after the prevalence of a snow-storm, than the wild, unstable world of waters that it really was.

At this moment an exclamation of surprise burst from his lips, for his gaze fell suddenly upon a ship, not more than half a mile distant, driving like the Sparrow Hawk, before the hurricane under bare poles. He needed not a second glance to assure him that it was the Sea-King; he knew her well, and a gleam of satisfaction lighted his countenance, as his eyes took in her dark hull and naked spars, for he now thought that nothing short of the treachery of the elements could prevent her from falling into his hands.

"She shall not escape us this time, Yarnall," said Sutherland; but the lieutenant shook his head with a doubtful signification. "She has her three topsails in snug furled aloft, sir, and we've none but the fore; and as soon as the wind abates a little she'll sheet home and be off."

"But we can bend ours, Mr. Yarnall."

"Not with the same breeze that she can spread hers."

Sutherland in silence acknowledged the truth of his subordinate's remark. For two hours longer both ships continued dashing madly through the water, but it was now observed that the hurricane was gradually losing its power; the clouds overhead began to break and separate, and the clear blue of the firmament was in many places visible; the sea, too, commenced rising as the wind abated, and the Sparrow Hawk pitched and tossed with unwonted violence.

"Set the foresail, Yarnall; that fellow is ranging rapidly ahead."

Up now the topmen; the gaskets were cleared away, the clew-lines started, and the sheets hauled home; but scarcely had it been extended a minute when it split from head to foot, and, like the foresail, lashed itself to fragments.

Sutherland threw down the trumpet with sheer vexation, for with the exception of the mainsail, which was of little or no use in the present case, there was not a square sail aloft. "Mr. Yarnall," said he, "let the sailmaker get up the new fore and main topsails, and foresail—we'll send them aloft as soon as the weather will permit us."

These orders were obeyed with accustomed promptitude; the spare canvas was ranged along the deck; but the gale, although it moderated in a great degree, was still too powerful to suffer it to be bent. This gave rise to much uneasiness in the mind of Sutherland, as he feared that the Sea-King would embrace the earliest opportunity of spreading her sails to the breeze; nor was he mistaken, for, on turning to the stranger, he beheld the clews of her main-top-sail stretching themselves towards the extremities of the yard, while, at the same time, the foresail fell, belled out for a moment, and then extended itself to the fore-castle; in another instant the inequality of the speed of the two vessels was at once perceptible, for the Sea-King commenced driving ahead at a rate that promised to put her bull down before the expiration of another watch.

Sutherland's brow grew black with rage, and after muttering a force invective through his clenched teeth, he ordered the larboard bow chaser to be cleared away, and a shot to be thrown into her hull; the gun rang upon the breeze, but the ball passed harmlessly over her.

"She rolls too much to fire with anything like precision," said Yarnall.

"Yes," replied the commander, "we have no alternative but to permit her to escape—this is the third time she has been under our battery with impunity."

Two hours more passed away, and the sun shone brilliantly from his high place in the heavens; the storm-spirit had vanished, and peace again smiled upon a scene that, but a little while before, might have led one to imagine that she had quitted it forever. The Sparrow Hawk was now sweeping through the ocean under a broad spread of canvas, but a wide waste of water intervened between her and the Sea-King, for the dim outline of the latter was just perceptible on the farthest verge of the horizon.

CHAPTER XV.

It was evening in Tampico; the air was as balmy as the breath of a cherub, for the richest, and rarest, and sweetest flowers of the earth were sending up their incense to the God of their creation. The full moon looked down from the zenith in all the splendor of unscathed brightness, and the light she showered upon the scene was indeed the illumination of loveliness. Tranquillity, too, allured thither by its enchantment, stretched herself to repose; and happiness, if she ever yet sought a human home, would have fixed it forever in that valley, for the scene was indeed lovely beyond all; it was as beautiful as a dream.

And there were two beings who looked out upon its splendor with unusual rapture, for they were lovers, and to the imagination refined by that passion, nature seems ever the most beautiful. None were there save themselves; her soft, fairy-like hand was clasped in his, her head reclined upon him with all the confidence of an artless Spanish girl, and his arm delicately encircled her sylphide form. Montgomery was then happy, happier than he had ever been, and the dreamer forgot his hatred to man, forgot his misfortunes, forgot the past entirely, and thought the world a paradise. But could the veil that enshrouded futurity have been then drawn aside, how different would have been his feelings; it was a blissful hour for him, but it was the last

one he was destined to experience; his heart never afterwards beat with the pulse of joy. It grew late; one kiss, and they parted; he sought the river-bank, his boat awaited him, and he was swept to the opposite shore, dreaming a thousand hopes that were but to be blasted in the end.

When Montgomery awoke on the following morning, he was informed by his servant that an American morning-war was at anchor off the mouth of the river. With a gloomy brow he received the information, for he had in his exile studiously avoided his own countrymen, and more than once, on the arrival of their ships, he was known to quit the sea-board for the interior, until such time as they had departed.

It was noon, when a barge, gayly decorated, and bearing the flag of the United States at her stern, passed swiftly up the river, and landed at the city of Tampico; and in less than an hour afterwards, Montgomery received a note from the governor, soliciting his company at dinner, and informing him at the same time that he would meet with Captain Sutherland, of his country's naval service.

At that name the cheek of the exile grew ashy pale, and staggering to a seat, for an unconquerable weakness came over him. He summoned Antonio, and bade him saddle his horse immediately; this done, he wrote a reply to the governor, stating that it would be impossible for him to accept his invitation, as business of importance called him at once into the interior. The note being sent, he mounted his steed, and was the next moment galloping over the plains like a madman.

Sutherland and Yarnall were well received and hospitably entertained by the governor; every attention was paid them, and every courtesy lavished upon them. The dinner, too, was excellent, and the company all in fine spirits. Doña Carlotta was absent; but that soon wore away, and her dark eyes sparkled with their usual lustre, and the smiles of sweetness came again to her lips. More than once she encountered the gaze of Sutherland fixed admiringly upon her, for with one exception, he thought her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. Yarnall, in the meantime was entertaining the host with a multitude of strange stories, and amongst others he told of an eccentric old uncle who was in the habit of assembling at his table, acquaintances whose names would always afford some ludicrous combination. "I went by invitation," continued Yarnall, "to spend three or four days with him, and, on my arrival, he told me that he expected the beasts to dinner. I of course asked for an explanation; but the old gentleman smiled, shook his head, but said nothing. The dinner hour at length came; the guests were all assembled, utter strangers to one another, all of them; my uncle then rose and went through the ceremony of introduction: 'Mr. Lyon,' said he to a person on his right, 'let me make you acquainted with Mr. Lamb; Mr. Lamb, Mr. Hare; Mr. Hare, Mr. Bull; Mr. Hogg; Mr. Yoe, Mr. Buck; Mr. Buck, Mr. Fawn, take your seats, gentlemen.' The guests were all confounded, you may be sure, but my uncle looked as grave as a stone, and they, one and all, thought it a most marvellous coincidence. Two or three days afterwards, the old gentleman slapped me familiarly on the back, and remarked that we would have the colors to dine. The guests arrived, and my uncle again performed the ceremony of presentation. 'Mr. White,' said he, 'do you know Mr. Green? Mr. Green, Mr. Gray; Mr. Gray, Mr. Black; Mr. Black, Mr. Brown.' Then the old fellow gave what he called a geological entertainment. The visitors were Mr. Hill, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Bush, Mr. Rock, Mr. Mountain, Mr. Forrest, and Mr. Dale. After this he told me that he intended inviting the birds to dine with them; they came, and he introduced them thus: 'Mr. Nightingale let me present my friend Mr. Wren; Mr. Wren, Mr. Robin; Mr. Robin, Mr. Raven; Mr. Raven, Mr. Hawke; Mr. Hawke, Mr. Swan; Mr. Swan, Mr. Crane; Mr. Crane, Mr. Martin.'"

After dinner the party adjourned to the piazza, and Carlotta there informed Sutherland that her mother had issued cards of invitation for a ball that evening, and that he would then have an opportunity of seeing all the beauty of Tampico; "and if the señor chooses," added she, "he can select from amongst them a wife; the señor, I presume, is not married?" "No, thank heaven!" replied Sutherland. "And why thank heaven?" continued the maiden; "the married state is surely the happiest!" "It may be, but indeed, were I now married, I should regret it."

"Why, señor?" "Because I have seen Doña Carlotta De Silva?" "Señor, I am sorry to believe you a flatterer."

"Then banish your regret, for I assure you that you are in error," said Sutherland. "Then, señor, I must thank you for the compliment." The maiden courted gracefully, and Sutherland felt half inclined to love her.

Evening came, and when Yarnall and Sutherland descended to the ball-room, they found the company here all assembled.

"Heavens! how many beautiful women!" exclaimed the latter, paying a just tribute to the loveliness of the fairy-like creatures that crowded the apartment; "Yarnall, did you ever behold such an assemblage of enchantresses?" But that gentleman was not an admirer of the sex; and muttering a complimentary negative, he moved over and stationed his personage behind a large punch-bowl that was reared upon a pedestal in one of the anterooms.

"So, señor captain, you have come at last," said Carlotta, playfully; "is it the custom in your country to delay your appearance until so late an hour?"

"A hundred thousand apologies, my fair friend—but really my time has passed so pleasantly since I have been here, that I am at a loss to keep account of the hours."

A lame excuse, señor, but I suppose I must admit it; and now tell me what opinion you have formed of the ladies of Tampico."

"That they are the most beautiful, the most graceful, and the most captivating creatures beneath the sun; and that they are better suited to the bowers of Paradise than the vales of Mexico!"

"Señor, you are extravagant."

"Then 'tis the witchery of your sex that has made me so."

"Oh, you are incorrigible!" exclaimed Carlotta. "But hark! the music has commenced, and I believe I have promised you this cotillon."

In a moment the sets were formed, and then Sutherland had an opportunity of observing the superior

gracefulness of his fair partner. There was an ease in all her movements that he had never seen surpassed, and more than one involuntary tribute of admiration burst from his lips as he gazed upon her fairy form, gliding through the mazes of the dance.

After the cotillon was ended, Carlotta proposed that they should search for Mr. Yarnall. The gentleman was found after some little difficulty; but found with a punch-ladle in his hand, in earnest conversation with a fat officer of the governor's suite, who seemed to devour every word that he uttered with an eagerness that at once convinced Sutherland and his fair companion that the lieutenant was recounting some extraordinary transaction.

"We'll not interrupt them," said Carlotta, and they returned to the dancing room.

It was gray dawn when the dancing ceased; the guests retired, and Sutherland slept a few hours away in dreams of the beautiful Carlotta. When he awoke, he heard the winds howling in their wrath, and through the casement he saw the sky black with heavy masses of dense clouds. On descending, he was informed by the governor that the Sparrow Hawk had slipped and put to sea. One or two exclamations of regret escaped him, but smiling at length, he remarked that he supposed there was no alternative but to wait until she should return.

The city of Tampico does not afford the protection of a harbor to large vessels; small coasters may cross the bar and anchor in the river, but ships of any size are obliged to come to in the open roadstead, where they are completely exposed to the fury of the North-east; these winds blow with ordinate violence, and as they give no notice of their approach, but come upon you to use a nautical phrase, "butt and foremast," no time is left to heave up the anchor, and ships are compelled to slip their cables, and stand out into the gulf until the gale dies away; such was now the case of the Sparrow Hawk.

"And so, señor captain, you do not leave us as early as you anticipated?" said Carlotta, when she again met with Sutherland.

"Señorita, no; the elements have conceded to me a pleasure that my duty would have prevented me from enjoying."

"Blessed be the norther!" playfully ejaculated the maiden.

"Amen!" responded Sutherland.

"You forgot to add, with all your heart, señor captain—"

"With all—"

"Stop, señor," said Carlotta, interrupting him with as sweet a smile as ever woke to light and love upon the lips of woman; "you've already many peccadilloes for the next confessional—don't, I pray you, increase them."

"Nay, señorita, I must protest against your decision. You would make of me a most confirmed sinner."

"Not at all, señor; on the other hand, if it were not beyond all human agency, I would create you a saint, and give you a fitting place in the calendar."

"Methinks, Carlotta, it were easier to transform you into an angel."

"Or a mermaid!" continued the maiden, glancing at him archly through the long black silken fringes that shaded her beautiful eyes. When Sutherland learned that the lovely daughter of his host was betrothed, a pang of regret agitated him for a moment, although he had not previously wished for more than her friendship. But it is always thus with man; there is a selfishness in his composition that never fails to disturb him, when any object of superior loveliness is bestowed upon another, even though his own hopes were centered in a different quarter.

Now that an insuperable barrier was raised between their affections, he felt that he really loved her, and acknowledged with a sigh the necessity of conquering his feelings, and demeaning himself towards her with even more formality than he had hitherto used. The remembrance of Anna Hamilton, although his love for her was a passion all blasted in its hopes, had heretofore prevented him from cherishing the heart's fondness for woman; but, in the present instance, the spell was broken; for what revolutions will not time, absence, and man's waywardness create?

Seven days passed away, the storm still raged, and the Sparrow Hawk was yet buffeting the angry billows of the Mexican Gulf.

Sutherland's endeavors to assume towards Carlotta an air of courtesy, unmixed with feelings that should appear as anything but those of friendship, were a total failure; not a sentence he spoke but let fall some golden grain of affection; and, though he strove to ride the sentiments that took up their abode in his bosom, and was himself ignorant when they escaped him, she perceived them at once; for what is nicer than the perception of a woman, when she covets the admiration of the man she loves? and that she did love Sutherland was a truth she could no longer save herself from acknowledging.

Reader, if you are tempted to exclaim, "Oh, fickleness, thy name is woman!" recollect that the affection Carlotta once nourished for Montgomery was of a far different nature from the passion she now cherished towards Sutherland. The first was engendered by her admiration of his genius, and was more a feeling of profound respect, and blended awe, than of voluntary love. It was his brilliant attributes that dazzled and captivated her young and ardent imagination. But Sutherland she loved for himself alone; and would have loved if fortune had but ranked him with the meanest peasant of her native land.

Carlotta grew melancholy, but her parents ascribed it solely to the absence of De Hautville, and Sutherland also attributed it to the like cause. At times, her mother would essay to cheer her, with the assurance that her lover would soon return. But such words, instead of whispering comfort to her heart, only agitated her the more. Sutherland, too, became every day more and more pensive. A passion that he knew he must conquer was consuming him; he felt himself in honor bound to secrete it, and he more than once wished that the Sparrow Hawk would return, that he might fly the scene of his enchantment. But she, poor girl, had the severest pangs to suffer. She adored Sutherland, but she was the promised wife of De Hautville. Her own lips had sealed the contract, her parents had approved it, and she shuddered in tears as she felt that she must give her hand to one, while her heart was unalterably fixed upon another. This was indeed heart-rending to the sensibilities of Carlotta, and she felt it the more because she was well aware that Sutherland was profoundly attached to her.

At length the norther died away, and in a few days afterwards the Sparrow Hawk was telegraphed off the mouth of the river. Carlotta's heart sank within her when she received the information, and the feelings of Sutherland were perhaps as agitating.

The hour of separation came. Sutherland took leave of the governor's wife and her lord with a calmness that was well affected; but when he pressed the small white hand of Carlotta, his voice trembled, and he could scarcely master the weakness that threatened to overpower him. She was as pale as death, for one moment, but womanly pride and a sense of duty sustained her, and armed her with a firmness, the exercise of which blinded Sutherland to her love, but nearly broke her own heart.

He entered his barge, and threw himself recklessly in the stern-sheets; she was launched from the shore, and the next moment glided swiftly down the transparent river; once he looked back, a kerchief was waved from the casement of Carlotta's apartment; in agony he returned the salutation, and when a bend in the river shut out the city of Tampico, he folded his arms, and with contrasted brows resigned himself to lonely and embittering reflections.

Yarnall, perceiving the melancholy mood of his commander, suppressed his garrulity, fell fast asleep, nor waked again, until the cry of "in bows!" roused him with the intimation that he was alongside of the Sparrow Hawk.

Sutherland and his first lieutenant ascended the ship's side amidst the smiles and gratulations of the crew. The former paused but a brief space on deck, and then descended to the cabin; but Yarnall had a thousand stories to relate, and the patience of poor Topblock was again subjected to the ordeal. At length the bell struck seven, much to his alleviation; for he knew that Yarnall never permitted that time to pass without commemorating its transit with a whiskey-toddy. The first lieutenant stopped short in his promenade, cast his eyes aloft for a moment, and after informing his companion that the ship would sail the next morning for Key West, sought his own apartment, and commenced the concoction of his favorite beverage.

For hours together, the commander of the Sparrow Hawk paced the limits of his cabin, in sadness and thoughtfulness. The sorrows that Time had partially pent up again burst their flood-gate, and the miseries of other days returned fresh and full upon him. The past was dark enough; and the future was even as dreary, for not a single ray of hope glittered in its gloomy vista to cheer him onward. His first affection had been blighted in its desires, and now the only being upon whom he could bestow his hand and heart, was the destined bride of another. Indeed, so complete a complication of disappointments and misfortunes had surrounded him, that he knew it impossible that he could ever again enjoy tranquillity in life, and in the consciousness of this he looked upon happiness as he did upon the star of the evening: a thing beautiful and bright, but far, far off—that might be worshipped, but that never could be wooed.

The day passed away; the sun sank behind the blue mountains of Mexico, and night flung her spangled curtains over and around the scene. Sutherland was leaning pensively upon the taffrail, Mr. Yarnall was traversing the quarter-deck, and the crew were assembled upon the fore-castle, whiling away the time with the good old songs and stories that still constitute the chief shipboard pastime of poor Jack. Old songs and old stories, because your thorough-bred tar despises everything like innovation in either; and the ditties and ballads that resounded through the decks of Old England's oaken castles, perhaps fifty years before, were now chanted from the fore-castle of the Sparrow Hawk, with all their original beauty and pathos, hot deteriorating one iota from their frequency of repetition, and awaking as much feeling and interest in the weather-beaten breast of the worn-out mariner, as when they first broke upon his ear. As many of our readers may not have had the good fortune to have heard what is called a sea-song, we subjoin a verse extracted from one which their universal suffrage had rendered the most popular.

"It's farewell and adieu to ye, Spanish ladies,
It's farewell and adieu to ye, ladies of Spain;
For we've received orders to set sail from Cadiz,
To hope that short time we may see you again."

Sometimes a musical greenhorn intrudes something of a more modern and fashionable stamp; but as the fluctuations of a bravura, or the trills and cadences of an opera, conveys about as much music to the soul of the sailor as the rattling and clanking of a chain-cable, this style of execution is soon suppressed; and the freshman himself, first from self-defence, and afterwards from a sort of unaccountable taste, gradually forsakes the compositions of Auber, Rossini, Bellini and Von Weber, for the more elegant harmonies of "Billy Taylor," "Young Bung-your-eye," and "The Gosport Tragedy."

This evening the crew were unusually gay; jests and repartees, intermingled with snatches of song and bursts of laughter, were banded from one to another, and Jack seemed to forget the past and the future in the enjoyment of the present. In a little while the confusion was silenced, and a clear voice accompanied the following verses with an air of peculiar sweetness and simplicity. It is unnecessary to add that the performer was a tyro upon the deep:

A son of the ocean stood gazing on high,
Where the tall toppling spars skirted away to the sky,
And the wide-spreading sail caught the breath of the breeze.

That so often had fanned her along the deep seas;
Then his full bosom heaved, and his eye then grew bright,
For his country's gay pennant there greeted his sight,
With its stripes of the moon, and its stars of the night,
An Iris in peace, but a meteor in flight;
And he smiled as he thought how in victory's pride
That banner triumphant was borne o'er the tide;
Though war darted thunders along the free air,
To daunt the proud heroes that lolled it there!

Still dashed the ship on, and the swift winds were free,
And clear was the sky, and calm was the sea;
When "Oh!" cried the sailor, in transports of bliss,
"What object in life is more lovely than this!
The gaudiest warble that sails through the air,
Spreads never such pinions as those which fly there;
And where is the fish in the fishless sea,
That swims through the water as graceful and free!
No steed of the desert, no light-limbed snelle,
No bird of the forest, no boat of the dell,
Ever gladdened the eye, like a ship under sail,
As she bows to the wave, or she bows to the gale!

"There's nothing," he said, "from the Pole's icy chain,
To the shores where the Ganges rolls on to the main,
There's nothing," he said, "that I've ever yet seen,
More lovely in aspect, more graceful in mien;
There's nothing," he said, "but 'ere as he spoke,
A fairy-like touch the fond dreamer awoke:
He turned, and a pair of bright eyes met his own,
That sparkled with love, yet reprovingly shone,
And he smiled a sweet smile, as he caught to his breast
His own dearest Mary, the girl he loved best;
"Oh, forgive me," he cried, and he sank on his knee,
"I was wrong, but oh, never unfaithful to thee!
Forgive me this once, and I promise no more
To forget, for a moment, the girl I adore!"

As the last words died away in cadence upon the air, Sutherland, whose attention had been riveted to the song, heaved a deep sigh and quitted the deck.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE night wore placidly on; the noises were hushed upon the fore-castle, and no sound but the measured tread of the sentinel broke the stillness that prevailed throughout the decks of the Sparrow Hawk. Sutherland was yet awake; he seldom retired before one or two bells in the middle watch, and now he was not in a state of mind to obtain repose, how much soever he might covet it. After traversing his apartment until he had fatigued himself with the exercise, he threw himself upon the sofa, and was about to open the pages of a favorite author, when his attention was suddenly arrested by the quartermaster's hoarse summons of "Boat ahoy!" The response, whatever it might have been, was uttered too faintly to reach his ears; but the rattle of oars, in a moment or two afterwards, convinced him that the boat had been permitted to come alongside. Whilst he yet awaited the official report of the officer on deck, the door was opened, and he was informed by the quartermaster that two persons had come off from the shore, and that one of them desired to speak with him.

"Show him in, Jeer," returned Sutherland. The quartermaster withdrew, and the stranger entered the apartment, but paused, motionless, within a pace of the threshold. The light burned but dimly in the cabin lamp, and the features of the new-comer were besides so effectually screened by the broad brim of a Spanish hat, that Sutherland obtained but an imperfect view of his countenance; but he saw enough to convince him that he was both youthful and beautiful.

His dress, though tastefully fitted and gaudily decorated with trimmings of crimson and silver, was but the attire of a mountaineer; but the feminine delicacy of his form, the exquisite whiteness of his little hand, and the smallness of his foot, ill accorded with the wild and perilous pursuits of that roving tribe; and Sutherland was at once convinced that the habiliments of the person before him were chiefly adopted for the purpose of disguise.

The commander of the Sparrow Hawk was still upon his feet, but the stranger had not yet put aside his sombrero; and though he had been twice requested to seat himself, he returned not a syllable in reply, but stood with downcast eyes and clasped hands, in an attitude that might be one of bashfulness or supplication.

The singularity of the stranger's conduct at first created no other sensation in the breast of Sutherland than that of surprise; but his continued silence, and apparent neglect of everything like courtesy, at length brought the angry spot to the commander's cheek.

"If you have business with me," said he, and his voice sufficiently indicated his displeasure, although he wished it otherwise, "I am awaiting your leisure to make it known."

The new-comer said not a word, but the vexation of Sutherland was changed to astonishment; for a sob that was heart-broken, burst from the bosom of the addressed, and for the first time Sutherland observed that the youth had been weeping. Still more surprised at this sudden ebullition of feeling, and finding his own heart touched by sympathy for the grief of his visitor, he advanced for the purpose of cheering him, but stopped short as a wild and involuntary thought flashed upon his mind. He looked again upon the form of the stranger, and his examination was that of one who endeavors to recognize and identify objects which he had seen and known before. He put his hand upon the other's arm, and he felt that the stranger trembled in every limb, and shrank like the sensitive plant from his touch.

"Nay, fear nothing," said Sutherland, in a voice that was mild as it was respectful; "whoever you may be, you are safe whilst here; and if it is your wish to remain unknown, I shall make no attempt to penetrate your disguise."

But scarcely had he finished when the sombrero fell from the visitor's head and disclosed the beautiful features of Carlotta. The maiden's cheek burnt with the glow of shame; and, screening her face with her small white hands, she wept on, her bosom heaving with anguish, and the tears gushing through her alabaster fingers, like diamond dew-drops along the spotless stem of the snowy jessamine. Sutherland, in his astonishment, saw not, or understood not, the flush of modesty that overspread her countenance; he had suspected that the new-comer was of the opposite sex; but when she proved to be his loved Carlotta, he was completely astounded, and for a moment confused in all his faculties.

"My God!" exclaimed he; "Dofia Carlotta, has anything happened to your father?"

There was a silence of a moment before the maiden replied.

"Señor, no."

"Your mother—" exclaimed he, still mistaking the cause of her grief.

"Is well, señor."

"What then—" but he stopped short, for the truth came upon him like a blessing from Paradise, and he felt ashamed of himself for not having discovered it at first. "Then, sweet Carlotta," resumed he, "dry up those tears; for I am sure you have no cause for this unhappiness. Nay, nay, why give yourself so much pain, Carlotta, when there exists not the shadow of a reason for it? Come now, seat yourself here, and smile away those tears, whose source, my dear Carlotta, would be about as difficult to discover as the prime fountains of the Nile."

But the maiden, though she suffered herself to be conducted to the sofa, made not an effort to suppress her sorrow.

"Carlotta, dearest Carlotta! why do you indulge in this unwarrantable affliction?"

"Señor, I have too much cause for it!" responded she. "I have deceived my father and mother—I have performed that which every maiden should blush to think of, and have forfeited my own will; you esteem ever. And you, señor captain, how will you esteem the woman who forgets the delicacy of her sex, defies the opinions of those that have grown up with her, and throws aside the garb of modesty, in wild obedience to a passion which she is in honor and in duty bound to suppress?"

"Carlotta," said Sutherland, and his voice was the voice of one who is about to utter a grave and impressive truth—it was full of tenderness—it was melodious with affection—and there was in it a feature of deep-toned sincerity that caused the maiden to forget her grief that she might gather every word that fell from his lips—"if for one moment you suppose that my esteem for you is lessened in the least, you most egregiously deceive yourself. But why should I designate my feelings toward you by the cold appellation of esteem, when that sentiment scarcely existed in my breast before it gave way to a far more endearing passion? Yes, Carlotta, I loved you! dearly, devotedly, madly loved you! but I was told you were the promised of another—I was told your affection had been long bestowed upon him—that your parents approved the union, that your relatives desired it; and under these circumstances I was bound to conceal a passion that I thought utterly hopeless. Nor, Carlotta, did I then presume to suppose that a being so surpassingly beautiful as yourself ever gave other than a thought of friendship to me. I dared not aspire to the bliss of being loved by such a one: but now, Carlotta, I may hope that I was then in error; speak, dearest, may I not?"

"Señor, you were!"

"Sweet Carlotta! those words have made me happy beyond all the hopes I ever yet indulged. Yes! were the wild and romantic fancies of my boyhood realized at this moment; or were the graver expectations of manhood all verified, I could not have been more blessed than I am now!"

Sutherland paused, and a smile of irresistible enchantment played upon the maiden's lips; her tears ceased to flow, and her dark eyes sparkled with a brightness more beautiful than the sunshine that follows the showers of April. He took her little hand in his own, and after gazing for a moment in fondness upon her beautiful brow, he again resumed the conversation. He told her of his hopes, and of his fears; he described the agony he suffered, when he was swept by the walls where she dwelt; he recounted the many bitter reflections that followed; he spoke of the misery that had been his throughout the whole of that protracted day; he assured her, again and again, of his devotion, and the assurance was made in all the beauty and all the poetry of the language of the east. To the outpourings of his affection the lovely girl listened with downcast eyes and a beating heart; the smile of happy triumph was on her lips, but the glow of modesty suffused her cheeks, and she dared not raise her dark eyes to encounter his.

Still Sutherland pursued the conversation. Love had made him eloquent and happy. The past he no longer reverted to in bitterness; the present he dwelt upon in terms of joy; and the future he painted with the brightest hues that gild the memory of our forfeited Eden. To all this Carlotta listened with rapture. The beautiful girl was lost to everything in the dreamy bliss of that moment; but when her thoughts wandered back, as that spell was broken, a change came over her features, and a deep, deep sigh escaped her bosom. Sutherland marked the transition, and inquired its cause; and it was then that, with a trembling voice, she reminded him of her engagement to De Hautville.

"Sweet Carlotta," said Sutherland, "let not one thought of that for a moment disturb you. The promise you gave him was made under different feelings from those you now entertain; and if you could not become his wife without a sacrifice of your happiness, you are not in duty bound to fulfill the engagement. De Hautville himself, if he is a man of honor, under these circumstances, would absolve you from its consummation."

"But my parents, señor: my dear, dear, indulgent parents, what will they think of my faithfulness?" and tears again sparkled in her beautiful eyes.

"Sweetest Carlotta, what can they think?"

"Oh! señor, you know not how dear Don Juan is to them!"

"But, my Carlotta, is not your happiness still dearer? Would they shower down misery on the head of their own child to gratify the desire of a stranger? Would they scatter the pathway of the sole daughter of their love with thorns, that another might gather the roses?"

"Oh! no, no, señor, no," answered the maiden, with mournful emphasis, "they have ever been kind and gracious to me; they would compel me to nothing that I was averse to. My welfare is dearer to them than life; and my whims, capricious as they have too often been, were never answered with a denial, or chilled by their reproof. But oh! señor," and a shade of repentance settled upon her brow, "how have I requited all their goodness! how have I repaid their tender anxieties, their watchfulness, and their affection! Señor, I am an ungrateful child! May our holy mother forgive my errors!"

"No, Carlotta," said Sutherland, "it is not in your nature to be ungrateful; and he stooped down and printed a kiss upon her fair forehead—a kiss of profound respect and love. "Listen, Carlotta to-morrow I shall wait upon your father, and demand your hand of him in marriage. I will tell him of your altered feelings, and my own devotion, and I am sure, Carlotta, that he will not withhold his consent. He loves his beautiful daughter too much to reject my suit. He could not surely do it."

"He will not, señor," murmured she, softly; for the words of Sutherland had filled her with joy and a new and a pleasing hope arose in her mind; a hope that brightened her eyes with pleasure, lavished smiles upon her lips, and brought such beauty to her features, that he stood for one moment enchanted, and almost irresistibly impelled to fall down and worship her. Happy indeed were the emotions of that fair girl. She had clandestinely quitted her paternal roof, to throw herself at the feet of a man she adored; Father, mother, home, friends, and all she foresook for his sake. A fair name she jeoparded and that, too, when she knew not how he would receive her. Many a man would have been before her, but these had all been driven

away. The star of hope was bright in her path, and she was as blessed as an angel in the sunshine of Paradise.

"Then, señor," said Carlotta, banishing the dream she had for a moment indulged, "I will return at once to Tampico."

"Certainly," replied Sutherland; "and one of my fastest boats shall take the place of yours, and convey you thither; and I, myself, will accompany you."

"May our gracious Saviour protect you, señor mio," ejaculated the beautiful girl, as she looked up with such love and witchery in her glance, that Sutherland forgot the forbearance he had generously resolved to exercise towards her; and throwing his arms about her waist, kissed the pretty lips that gave forth so pious and affectionate an exclamation. It was at this moment that a knock from without summoned the commander to the cabin door; and he was informed by the quarter-master that the wind had come out from the north, and there was every appearance of a blow. The cheek of Carlotta grew pale at this announcement; but Sutherland partially quieted her apprehensions by assuring her there was little danger of a gale, as the fury of the elements must have been all exhausted in the storm that ceased but three or four days before. Excusing himself for a moment, he then ascended to the deck; but the never-failing indications of a norther soon convinced him that he was mistaken. A current of cool air blew steadily from the quarter whence they arise; and the haze that always accompanies their advent had lifted over the land and shut out the polar star; the spars and the guns were wet with the dews that precede them; and all the minor signs that foretell their approach were abroad in the heavens. He saw at once that it would be impossible for a boat to reach the shore before the full force of the gale would be felt on the waters; and turning to the officer of the deck, he commanded him to have all hands called to heave up the anchor.

The situation of Carlotta now recurred to Sutherland with heartfelt regret. To return to the shore was impossible; no boat could live through the surf on the bar, if the breeze was at all fresh; and as there was every probability of its blowing a gale before the lapse of another quarter of an hour, he saw no alternative she could adopt but to remain on board until the storm had again subsided. But then, when he reflected upon the distress this measure would subject her to—threatening as the appearances around—was strongly inclined to attempt the passage.

"Poor girl!" said he, "what will be her feelings? Young, lovely, and inexperienced as she is, unattended by any one of her own sex, and wearing the apparel that belongs to the other, tossed about by a boisterous sea, and limited to the contracted confines of a rude ship; separated from her parents, too, whilst they must remain a prey to the most torturing anxieties on her account. And how can I tell her that it is impossible to return? Will she not believe that I am deceiving her? will she not suspect the fairness of my intentions? will she not imagine that I am taking an undue advantage of the helplessness of her situation?" And to be an object of suspicion to Carlotta! The thought was maddening; and striding toward the officer of the deck, he was about to command him to hoist out the first cutter, when a cooler and fresher current of air warned him to desist from an enterprise that desperation dare not justify. "There is no resource left her but to stay," muttered he, with a sigh; and casting his eyes around the darkening heavens, he again descended to the cabin. Carlotta, pale and agitated, was seated upon the sofa, but Sutherland stopped short, for she was not alone; another, similarly habited with herself, stood beside her.

"It is only Juanna, señor," murmured the maiden, when she perceived the commander's uncertainty; for he stood with his hand upon the latch of the door, as if he doubted the propriety of his intrusion. Sutherland entered, but there was care and anxiety upon his brow, and Carlotta read in its gloom a full confirmation of her fears. With faltering accents, she inquired if he thought there would be another storm, and before he could reply, the shrill whistle of the boatswain, accompanied with the hoarse cry of "All hands, up anchor!" anticipated the response.

Carlotta's heart sank with despair. "Ah!" said she, "I thought it would be thus! But, señor, there may be yet time for a boat to gain the shore!"

Sutherland shook his head mournfully. "Nay, Carlotta, the fury of the tempest will be upon us in less than ten minutes!—the attempt would involve certain destruction!"

As he finished, an additional shade of grief passed over the features of the maiden; and, leaning upon the shoulder of her attendant, she gave way to a flood of tears. For one moment her lover stood regarding her with feelings of distress as acute as those that were rending her own heart-strings, and then seating himself beside her, he took her hand in his own, and endeavored by every argument to console her; there was nothing he left unsaid that might comfort her. There was no hope he did not whisper; there was no fear he did not essay to eradicate. For a long time the maiden wept on in silence; but at length Sutherland's extreme earnestness, and his apparent uneasiness at her sorrow, called upon her to assume a calmness, though it might be unfelt; and, turning to him with a smile that was even more fascinating for being born in tears, she said, "Señor, since this ill luck cannot be remedied, I will even become a philosopher, and make an effort to forget it. On the morrow you will find me in better spirits, perhaps as gay, indeed, as the butterfly!"

"Sweetest Carlotta, your words have made me very happy," replied Sutherland, "but I must still hope that the sunshine of content will brighten your reflections long before the dawn of the morning illuminates the east. At this moment I would give a universe to see you as joyful as I myself have known you to be."

"Ah, señor!" replied she, and her voice was as sweet as the notes of the nightingale. "You cannot expect me to change from extreme to extreme in the space of a moment. When the storm is done, the sea requires time to lull itself into repose; and when its waters are untroubled, the first sweep of the tempest scarcely agitates them. But I am detaining you, when your presence is required elsewhere. Good-night, señor—may our Holy Father preserve you in his most gracious favor!"

The lover pressed her small white hand in his own, and kissing it with all the homage of devotion and gratitude, left the apartment to superintend the sterner duties of the deck.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN the commander of the Sparrow Hawk emerged from the companion way, he found that the three topsails had been set double-reefed, and that the crew had been sent to the capstern bars, and were heaving up, to the lively tune of "Off she goes," Mr. Yarnall ever and anon accompanying the shrill notes of the fife, with the accustomed "walk away, my boys," "run him up, my hearties," "a few more heaves and he's all your own," "there you have him."

"The anchor's a-weigh, sir!" shouted Mr. Topblock, from the fore-castle. "Very well, sir!" responded the first lieutenant. "Quarter-master, put your helm hard-a-starboard! hoist away the jib, there; for'ad!" and then the gallant vessel fell off, with her head towards the open sea, as if indeed she understood the wishes of the master spirits that guided her along the treacherous waters.

"She's off," said Mr. Yarnall, after the head yards had been braced sharp up, and the bowline hauled well out.

"And in good season, too," continued Sutherland; "for here it comes, stirring up the spray as the blasts of Arabia bear on the sands of the desert."

Yarnall looked aloft, to see that the weather-braces were well taugtened. "We are ready for it," said he; and as he spoke, the full force of the norther burst upon the distended canvas; then the tall spars of the Sparrow Hawk inclined to leeward, until the lower yard arms nearly kissed the water; and for an instant she maintained that recumbent position, as though she feared to oppose her wings to the strength of the tempest. But it was only for an instant, and before either Sutherland or Yarnall spake again, she pointed her slim royal masts higher in the heavens, and commenced buffeting the mad element she had already mastered in a thousand strifes.

It was the wish of Sutherland that his officers and crew should remain in ignorance of the identity of the passengers with Carlotta and her attendant; but as Yarnall was well known to both of them, he was in doubt whether or not he should inform him of the whole truth of the matter. He knew that every confidence might safely be trusted to the first lieutenant, and he was well aware that there were many chances of his detection did he attempt to mislead him; but again, on the other hand, the reputation of Carlotta was so dear to him, that upon further reflection he resolved to say nothing upon the subject. He could not bear the idea of having the slightest suspicion of guilt attached to the character of the woman he loved, and he concluded that by proper management he could prevent their recognition by all on board, not even excepting Yarnall himself.

"We had better give her the courses," resumed the first lieutenant; "she's making too much lee-way; and should the wind chop round more to the eastward, we'll have the devil's own work to claw off the shore!"

"Board the fore and main-tacks," replied Sutherland; and in another moment two broad sheets of canvas were added to the sails that had already been set along the yards.

"She staggers through it like an overlaiden jackass along the defiles of the Sierra Morena," ejaculated the first lieutenant. "The sea is getting up, too, and I shouldn't wonder if we had a rough night of it. By the Lord! how it blackens to wind'ard; depend upon it, we'll be under much shorter sail by daylight."

But the thoughts of Sutherland were now elsewhere, and he made no reply to his subordinate's remark.

"Mr. Yarnall," said he, at length, starting from a reverie he had indulged for some moments; "you have a spare state room in your apartment, I believe?"

"We have, sir."

"Then, as I have given up mine to the passengers, I will be obliged to you for the use of it until such time as they quit the ship."

"Sir, it is at your disposal, and we shall be most happy of your company. You will of course mess in the cabin?"

"No, sir," returned Sutherland; "the strangers would be private, and I am not disposed to interrupt their seclusion; you will see that their wishes on this subject are not thwarted. They must not be liable to the slightest intrusion whilst they may remain on board."

Yarnall bowed in reply, and the commander, after scanning well the appearances of the weather, descended to the ward-room.

"The strangers would be private," muttered the officer of the deck; and, for the first time during the evening, that gentleman commenced a series of reflections upon the probable cause of their coming on board. But from this spirit of inquiry he was quickly aroused by the increasing heaviness of the weather. The sky had assumed a pitchy darkness, and the phosphorescent sparkling of the water seemed to render its blackness more visible; the wind was gradually gathering strength, and the sea had risen to the full tide of its swell. Still the Sparrow Hawk continued plunging and driving through it; at one moment sinking in its boiling depths, as if she was about to succumb to its mastery in despair, but rising in the next, and shaking the spray from her frowning sides, as if she spurned the terrors and the trammels of the angry element.

As it was essential to the safety of the ship that as much canvas should be spread as she could possibly bear, the first lieutenant refrained from shortening sail, until the force of the gale had so augmented that it was dangerous to procrastinate the event any further; he then clewed down and took the third reef in the fore and main-topsails, close-reefed the mizzen, and reefed the courses, hauled down the jib, and run up the fore-topmast staysail; the topgallant yards were then sent on deck, the topgallant masts hoisted, and the flying jibboom rigged in, the battery secured, the gratings and tarpaulins put on, and everything prepared for defence against the powers of the tempest.

At eight bells the other watch was called, and shortly afterwards Mr. Topblock emerged from the wardroom hatch to relieve the deck.

"Glad to see you, Mr. T.," said Yarnall, transferring the trumpet, and abdicating his authority with an amiability and a willingness that not even Charles the Fifth could have emulated with anything like success.

"Ugly night," responded Topblock, whose thoughts were dwelling upon the inconvenience of keeping a mid-watch in such disagreeable weather.

"Very," replied Yarnall; "very ugly night;" and to escape its unpleasantness he quitted the deck, drank a rum-toddy, retired to his oot, and slept as soundly as

if the winds of heaven and the waves of the ocean sympathized with his slumbers.

Daylight came, but brought with it no cessation of the storm; and by eight o'clock Sutherland ordered the ship to be hoisted to under her close-reefed main-topsail, fore storm staysail, and storm mizzen.

Dull, cheerless, and disagreeable was the prospect. The sea had lost its azure beauty, and the music of its waters was changed to the terrific roaring of the tempest; dark clouds shut out the beautiful firmament, and not one spot of blue greeted the eye from the horizon upward. The winds came shrieking over the driving spray, with a strength and steadiness that gave no promise of immediate calm; and the fair proportions of the Sparrow Hawk had been reduced in homage to that mighty power that was still to be dreaded, though many a success over its terrors had attested her mastery in the strife. Her slim royal masts no longer shot up towards the sky in the pride of their loftiness, nor were her hundred wings spread out to woo the kisses of the dancing breeze; she had cast aside her pomp and splendor, as useless and even dangerous appendages, to war with that wild element that was neither to be awed by the one nor dazzled by the other.

Sutherland was melancholy, but his sadness was the result of sympathy for the feelings of Carlotta; he knew that every day she was detained on board, under the present circumstances, would add to her unhappiness; and he saw no prospect of the storm's abating in the many signs that foretell the vicissitudes of the weather.

With a reluctant step he sought the cabin, and with a heart beating with agitation he was admitted; Carlotta was seated upon the sofa, paler than usual, and with an expression of melancholy upon her countenance that it had not often worn; she had resumed the attire of her sex, and with it that dignity and gracefulness of deportment, that she could not, or dared not, have summoned to her aid when attired in the disguise of the night before. With a languid smile she welcomed him to a seat, and sweetly though sadly she responded to all his inquiries; he told that there was as yet no indication of fairer weather, but heid out to her many a hope that the storm would break on the morrow. But that morrow came but to falsify expectation. Another and another succeeded, and still it raged. Seven days passed away, but their termination was attended but with an increase of the fury of the tempest.

"D—n such weather, I say!" exclaimed the first lieutenant, as he strode the quarter-deck, exhibiting an acidity of temper that might have ruined an orange-grove. It was but seldom that Mr. Yarnall indulged in those little outbursts of passion, but when they escaped, their violence amply repaid their infrequency.

"D—n such weather—it's nothing but blow, blow, blow—rain, rain, rain, when a man's on deck; and when he's below, the infernal creaking of the pumps, and the d—nable stench of the bilge-water is enough to make him wish himself in hell—there seems to be an arrangement between the two; one to keep him awake, while the other stinks him to death—I've no doubt it is so; no, I haven't; d—n me if I have!" and the enraged officer paced up and down a moment; but his feelings were entirely too volcanic in their nature to be then smothered in silence, so they exploded in the following beautiful declamation:

"And that demijohn, too! as if their are not curses enough upon us already. That demijohn must turn traitor, to mock my sufferings; who the d—l would have thought that ten gallons of Jamaica could be consumed by me in eight days—nor was it d—n me if it was—no, it couldn't be—the rascally steward lies; but curse him, I'll sweeten him so high, that his taste for saccharine substances will be paralyzed forever!"

"The ship's off, a pint," said Jeer, the quartermaster.

"Silence, you d—d old sarpint!" ejaculated Yarnall. "If I hear another word out of you, I'll beat that binnacle down your guzzle with a top-maul!"

The old tar looked disconcerted, but, touching his hat respectfully, he replied "that he was merely insinuating that the wind had hauled ahead—nothing more."

The first lieutenant perceived that he had wounded the feelings of the tar, but being too much exasperated to evince his repentance, he turned on his heel and walked forward.

"What the d—l are you grinning about, you archangel of Beelzebub! you woolly-headed disciple of Lucifer!" This interrogatory was made to a being of sabbath complexion and snowy teeth, who exercised, with considerable success, the generous functions of ward-room steward.

"Speak, d—n you!" roared Yarnall, for the rage of the officer seemed to have deprived the menial of that faculty. "You won't speak, eh? very well—fore-castle there, get a whip on the fore-yard and stand by to strangle this libel upon the human form!"

But by this time Julius Cæsar had recovered the use of his tongue.

"I found it, sir," said he, looking about him in terror at the ominous preparations that were going forward.

"Found it—found what?" thundered the officer.

"Dat breaker!"

"What breaker?" asked Yarnall, and it was observable that his voice descended several notes, and that it was softer, and by no means as powerful; a change, too, came over his countenance—his eye lost its raging flash, and the frown that darkened his heavy brow was gradually disappearing. Some vague suspicion was stealing upon him with a pleasing influence, and all his features at length relaxed in a grave but not repulsive evenness.

"What breaker, my man?"

"Dat breaker you bought to win'ard—dat breaker of rum you 'sposed was left ashore!"

"All ready with the whip, sir!" sang out a clear voice from the fore-castle.

"Ah, never mind it now. Just belay—unreeve it again, Wilkins."

"And is this breaker full?"

"Chock up to de bung, sir."

"Ah! very well, Cæsar—keep it there—now recollect, I place that breaker under your especial charge. There are not many men, holding your situation, that I would trust in this matter; but you have proved yourself worthy of confidence, and I therefore repose it most unboundedly in you. And, Cæsar, chock it well in the pantry, and see that it is secured so as not to fetch away—do you mind now, bung up and bilge free."

"Yes, sir, I reg'late all dat," and the negro touched his hat.

*A small cask, used for containing liquor.

"And, Caesar, have me a toddy mixed, by the time the watch is relieved!"

"Yes, sir!" and the negro descended the main hatch, while the officer turned to resume his walk. "Faithful creature!" apostrophized he. "Yes, Caesar, they may boast of friendship, and its multifarious endearments; but there is more affection, more generous disinterestedness in the breast of a faithful servant, than ever yet warmed the feelings of that proud race that style themselves your lords and masters—there is, Caesar—depend upon it, there is!"

"The ship has fallen off another point," said the quartermaster, in a tone of evident displeasure, for he was still hurt at the insulting speech of the officer.

Yarnall looked up. "Very well, Jeer," said he, "very well; and look you, Jeer—come to me in the ward-room at eight bells—I've something for you."

The tar touched his hat, and made an awkward bow, and the little anger that remained in his breast was obliterated forever.

It was now more than a week since the Sparrow Hawk stood out from Tampico, and during this time the sun had never for one moment been visible, so that they had no opportunity of obtaining an observation, and were consequently at a loss to determine the latitude or longitude of the ship. A heavy sea had been setting from the northward since the commencement of the gale, and there were many reasons for thinking that a strong current was also running from that quarter. Once during the night of the third day, the wind had increased to a degree that rendered it necessary to put the ship before it for some hours of time; and when she was again brought by, it was still too powerful for any other than her storm-sails, so that she was all the while drifting rapidly to leeward.

Sutherland and his two lieutenants were standing upon the quarter-deck, and it was evident from their manner that their discourse was one of profound interest. A shade of deep anxiety had settled upon the commander's brow, and both Yarnall and Topblock indulged in an unusual seriousness of aspect. The crew of the three had been settled to leeward for many minutes, and as the deep-sea lead was kept going, it was evident that they suspected the vicinity of land, and that the suspicious gave rise to threatening apprehensions. But fathom after fathom of line was paid out, up and down, and no soundings had been obtained; and many now believed that the man at the mast-head had mistaken a cloud for the peak of Orizaba, which he affirmed most strenuously to have seen, notwithstanding the jeers of his messmates, and the doubtful smile with which the officer of the deck received the intimation.

"I can see nothing that bears the least resemblance to the land," said Sutherland, as he lowered the telescope from his eye, "and yet I have not a doubt but that it could be seen, if the weather were clear. My dead reckoning places us nigher Vera Cruz than accords with our safety, under the present circumstances."

"But, Captain Sutherland, do you remember that Orizaba may be seen at eighty miles distance?"

"Not with such a haze as this around us."

"Then I cannot believe that the look-out is correct," returned Topblock. "The Sparrow Hawk could scarcely make so much leeway in so short a time."

"Would to God I could think with you!" resumed Sutherland.

"Or I," exclaimed Yarnall; "the wind has been too violent throughout to allow us to show canvas enough to hold our own, and then again we must have made seventy or eighty, or perhaps a hundred miles on a southerly course, the night we were obliged to up-helm to it."

Topblock made no reply, for he was himself at times inclined to admit what he had but just opposed.

"And this change of wind had not deadened it an iota," resumed the commander. "It blows as fresh now as ever, and the ship wouldn't bear another rag aloft if it were spread there. Our only chance, gentlemen, is to keep as well to windward as possible, until we can get an observation or make out the land, if it be, as I think, close under the lee."

"Yes, that is certainly our only alternative," resumed Topblock.

"And the very moment she'll bear the fore-top-sail close reefed, give it to her, Mr. Yarnall," continued Sutherland; "but, for heaven's sake, don't endanger the spars; our own preservation depends upon theirs."

"I'll look out for them, sir; I'll look out for them."

"And let the look-outs be vigilant at their posts."

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"And station one of them upon the fore-yard, with orders to keep a bright look-out for breakers under the lee bow; and it would be well to place another in the mizen-top to watch for the light of St. Juan de Ulloa. We are in a dangerous predicament, and cannot dispense with any precaution, Mr. Yarnall."

The first lieutenant bowed an assent to the latter remark, and Sutherland, after a long and scrutinizing observation of the hazy horizon to the leeward, left the quarter-deck in possession of the two subordinates.

"Our commander is becoming unusually discreet," said Topblock; "I never have known him to exhibit the slightest uneasiness before in an hour of real, much less one of threatened, peril. There must be some powerful reason for this unwonted change."

"There is," returned Yarnall, with a grave and measured inclination of the head, and a look of intelligence that caused his companion to believe that he was well acquainted with the motives that influenced Sutherland on this express occasion.

"I thought as much," replied Topblock. "He is the last man that personal danger could intimidate."

"The very last," resumed Yarnall.

"I have of late suspected that some great responsibility in connexion with our passengers gave rise to his uneasiness. There is certainly some mystery in that quarter. They have not been on deck since they first came on board; and Sutherland, in his conversation, studiously avoids any allusion to them. Haven't you observed that, Yarnall?"

"Why, yes, but then—" and the speaker paused, as if fearful of communicating something that it were better should be retained in secrecy.

"What?" exclaimed Topblock, his curiosity the more excited by Yarnall's hesitancy.

"Nothing," replied the first lieutenant, somewhat coldly.

"Why, Yarnall, you were about to make some remark—you knew something of the inmates of the cabin?"

"Well, admitted—what then?"

"Nothing further than this; we have been messmates long enough to know one another well, and I think I do not flatter myself when I say that I have always proved myself worthy of your confidence."

"I understand you, Topblock; but the fact is, this is rather a delicate affair; however, I cannot distrust your discretion—you will preserve what I am about to disclose to you an inviolable secret?"

"I will."

"Nor, by the most obscure hint, intimate to Sutherland that you know anything about the strangers?"

"Most certainly."

"You will never even allude to them?"

"Never."

"Then you must know that our passengers are none other than Morelos and one of his aide-de-camps."

"Is it possible?"

"So it seems; he was defeated with terrible slaughter at Guanaxuato, and obliged to seek protection here for his life. Now, not a word of this, Topblock!"

"Oh, no!" returned the other; and he went below a satisfied man. A weight had been removed from his mind; and while he thought the matter over in the gratification of his spirit, his friend Yarnall was chuckling over the deception he had put upon him.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGAIN, that night, the sun set without affording to the storm-tossed mariners a glimpse of his descending orb, whereby to form a judgment of their situation; the wind had continued hauling more and more to the eastward, and the sea ran higher, and with more fearful violence, having a strong set to the south-westward, than at any previous period during the prevalence of the blow.

So dark were the masses of dense, lead-colored cloud, which overspread the whole sky from the horizon to the zenith, that it was only by a trifling difference in the obscurity which pervaded the air and ocean, that the fact was discoverable to the unassisted senses, that the sun had set. No indications of land had as yet been discerned, nor had the lead hitherto given evidence of any undue proximity to the shore; so that it could not be doubted any longer that the distant view of the peak of Orizaba, which had been announced by the look-out, in the morning, was purely delusive and imaginary.

Still the experienced wisdom of the officers of the Sparrow Hawk could not be induced to doubt that the land lay not very far to leeward of the corvette, and that her position was one of considerable, if not imminent danger. The ship, however, rode the seas bravely, nor did she labor so much as might have been expected; being a ship of singular capacities, and famous for looking well up to the weather. She was under snug sail, too, and no seas came on board her so beautifully did she swoop into the trough, and then soar again, as if she were a winged thing, over the crest of the long-succeeding rollers.

Nothing more could be done for the safety of the ship; no further precautions remained to be taken; and, when Sutherland ascended from the ward-room, in which he had now taken up his quarters, in order to see with his own eyes how the night went, before retiring to his wearisome and sleepless pillow, though he saw nothing to reassure him, or to remove his apprehension of perils close at hand, he saw nothing to be done beyond reiterating his former instructions, and desiring that he should be at once awakened, should anything occur unusual during the hours of darkness.

This done, with the usual courtesies, he left the deck in charge of the first lieutenant, and descended the after-companion, in order to pay a momentary visit to his fair passenger, before retiring to his own berth.

To those of the gentler sex, who have braved the dangers of the great deep, and who know what it is to have groaned in the overwhelming agony and helplessness of that most crushing of maladies, sea-sickness, it will not appear wonderful that, from the first day of that wild tempestuous uproar, Carlotta De Silva had no leisure to bestow on mental cares or sorrows, fanciful or real; that the physical sufferings of the body, exhausted and worn out by weariness and pain, had paralyzed the moral sensibilities of a mind, than which none was more awake, when not distorted by the vehement and fiery force of the proverbial Spanish passion, to all the nice and delicate perceptions of feminine propriety.

Suddenly, indeed, was she outdone and overwhelmed by the yearning throes of that annihilating ailment, that she lay unable almost to move hand or head, scarce conscious of her own identity, and wholly careless of the past or future, both of them merged in the intense anguish of the present; so that to have been told that she was about to die, would have been a source to her neither of apprehension nor rejoicing.

And, perhaps, it was well for her that it was so; for of a surety her mental agonies would have been intense had she possessed the power to meditate and brood in almost total solitude—for delicacy, and a tender regard for the reputation of his intended wife, deterred Harry Sutherland from paying her more than short and ceremonious visits—over the consequences to herself and to others, of the disastrous and unmaidenly step which she had taken. Of these things she thought not, however, as she lay fully dressed on the sofa of the inner cabin, with an aching head, a frame dislocated and unnerved, and a mind so enervated and disjointed, that she almost lacked the power of connecting two ideas, much more of deducing effects from causes.

Juanna, fortunately for the good report of all parties, was a stout, healthy maiden from the mountains, who no more yielded to the attacks of sea-sickness than the peaks of her native hills to the puny assaults of any lesser influence than the earthquake; and having by Sutherland's advice retained her masculine attire—which was not ill adapted to her darkly embrowned skin, her lofty and well filled stature, and her strongly marked, though handsome features—was enabled to communicate with the steward and other servants, dispensing with their attendance in the cabin, without betraying her own sex or that of her youthful mistress.

This had, moreover, been facilitated by the absurd invention of Yarnall in relation to the quality and condition of the Sparrow Hawk's passengers, which had been communicated by Topblock, under a pledge of secrecy no less solemn than that which he had himself given in receiving it to his particular crony, Grampus, the ship's surgeon; and by him, on like condition, made known to Starveall, the purser, from whom it speedily percolated, through the medium of the reefers,

to some of the old quartermasters, and through them to the ship's company at large.

Thus it came fully to be believed that the illustrious patriot Morelos was on board; and to the preservation of his safety were attributed all those precautions which were in reality taken for the concealment of Carlotta's sex and the protection of her honor. So that, between the ruse sense of chivalry and honor for which Jack is famous, and his innate love of mystery, no wonder was exhibited by any of the officers or crew at the unusual measures of precaution with regard to the inmates of the cabin; and no more than a knowing wink, accompanied by a thrust of the tongue into the cheek, was interchanged between the old sal's, who, had they known her true sex and quality, would have been all at loggerheads for a kiss when the strapping wench Juanna entered the between decks to obtain some luxury for her mistress; and neither rudeness was offered nor deference shown to her, so that she came and went utterly unconscious that she was figuring as the Conde San Lucar, aid-de-camp to the patriot Morelos.

The visit of Sutherland to the cabin was on this evening unusually brief, and, on the whole, almost painful; for not only was Carlotta far too weak to converse with him, or appreciate his delicacy and generous care of her good repute, but she wandered in her mind, and was perfectly unconscious of his presence; a symptom most incongruous with ordinary sea-sickness, and one which arose, probably, rather from the feverish agitation which her mind had probably undergone than from her present malady. She talked wildly and rapidly in her native tongue, which Sutherland spoke fluently. In the evident conviction that she was at home with her parents; now addressing them with words of love and supplications of pardon for her offence in leaving them; now fancying herself in the presence of De Hautville, the wronged and forsaken, accusing herself of impiety and faithlessness; now imploring him, with sobs and long, shuddering groans, to spare her, and not to kill her, for the love of the Blessed Virgin; for, indeed, indeed, she could not help it. Then she would stretch her arms abroad and call for Sutherland, her best beloved, her only beloved Sutherland, to rescue her from the enraged and vindictive Don Juan.

Could it be that her fears, her visions, were prophetic? After events would have made it appear so, could we believe that such things may be. But at this time it must be remembered that Sutherland knew not who was De Hautville, nor suspected his identity with Montgomery, his ancient rival.

Still it was sadly and with an inquiet conscience, that Harry Sutherland retired to his couch. He could not, strive as he would, disconnect his thoughts from his first love; the pure, the gentle, the delicate, the modest Anna Hamilton; and still, repulse as he might, he could not repress the comparison which would keep constantly recurring to his mind between the calm, serene, and tender affection, tempered ever by a sense of womanly dignity and maidenly timidity of the American maiden, and the violent, impulsive, passionate love of the voluptuous Spanish girl. Still he almost felt that he adored the former now the more, when his voluntary deed was about to set an impassable gulf between them; and that he half shrank from the impetuous temperament of the latter, when he was on the very point of making her his own forever. Anon, he thought crossed his mind, how base, how shameless, how unmanly, how unkind had been his conduct toward Anna Hamilton. He reflected how he had deserted her; deserted his betrothed and acknowledged bride without a hint of apology, a shadow of excuse; without even that courtesy of a last farewell, which is due even to the commonest and least esteemed of his associates. He fancied her now brooding over her disappointed love, now wondering at the causes of his own unaccountable falsehood, now doubting the reality of his alienation from her, and, perhaps, framing excuses for him in her inward heart, which her cooler judgment could scarcely suffice to approve. Thence arose the recollection, how, just previous to his departure, events had so crowded on events; the sudden death of his father, his appointment to the Sparrow Hawk, and precipitate orders to sea; all of them events of which she could, by no means, have failed to hear; that she might well be, even to this moment, entirely unsuspecting of his breach of faith, as she must of necessity be ignorant of the cause of it; that she might well conceive a thousand reasons, apart even from the loss of letters, which should have rendered it impossible for him to convey to her the tidings of his unwelcome but imperative departure; that she might, even now, be looking forward to his return, clad in the laurels of victory, and waited on the wings of love.

And how would she, he thought, bear to look upon him—her affianced lover—the bridegroom of another, far less accomplished, far less lovely, and above all, how immeasurably far less feminine and delicate! How would her father, his benefactor, and the first founder of his fortunes, regard the apostate renegade to his first faith and first affections? How would the proud and stern Montgomery glare with contempt and indignation on the craven and the traitor who had snatched from him those affections which would have rendered him supremely blest, which, perhaps his love might, in the end, have won her mutual love; snatched them from him only to betray, to reject, to repudiate them when won, without the semblance of a cause.

Thereafter, he began to consider what the cause was; whence all this misery, this crime had arisen; and thence to debate within himself on the last words of his father, and to scrutinize their weight, their probability, and their force; until he began to confess to himself that he had acted like a rash, mad boy; and that the evidence was so slight on which he had acted, and the fact itself, if proved evident, so inconsiderable, that neither the world nor his own conscience would excuse him for so violating his own pledged faith, and breaking a pure woman's heart, without further proof and stronger reality.

"Had it been Anna's father," he said to himself, "who was the violator of my father's nuptial bed, the corrupter of my mother's honor, and that, too, long years after I was born into this world of sorrow—that—that indeed had been something. But her uncle, only—and that, too, an uncle who had never known her—an uncle of whose existence she was, it might be, all unconscious! Tush! it is all an error or a dream—a vision or a vanity. I'll none of it."

But then, again, the thought of Carlotta, pure and innocent, indeed, though wild and wayward in her impulses, with her reputation blighted, and her heart-affections blasted, came to his recollection; and he

smote his breast bitterly with his clenched hand, exclaiming, "What must be, must be!—It is done, done forever! and I am damned on earth, as before Heaven—damned, as a double traitor!"

And soon thereafter he sank into a deep and troubled slumber, disturbed by an appalling dream, which shook his mind when he returned to it, unto his dying day.

He thought that he was dead, and in the regions of departed spirits; standing before a judgment seat colossal, on which sat, indistinct and misty, invisible through the glory of its own brightness, the Divine Presence, circled by saints and martyrs, cherubim and seraphim, angels and archangels, dazzling with supernatural whiteness. And, bound like himself with fetters of flame-breathing serpents, Carlotta stood beside him, awaiting the dread doom, from the voice of the Presence, which should condemn them to the fiery lake that yawned and bellowed far beneath them, with infernal thunders. The fiend stood hard by them, impatient of his prey; and that fiend was Montgomery, sneering, in grand but blasted beauty; but the doom was not spoken yet; and while all things appeared to whirl and wheel in dizzy mazes round them, he caught a glimpse of his guardian angel, white-robed and silver-pinioned, but formed and featured like to Anna Hamilton, pleading for him before the throne, to the Divine Presence. Then, again, he seemed to hear the clashing of ten thousand legions of angels proclaiming the glad tidings of a pardoned sinner; but anon a hideous yell burst from the lips of his fiendish rival, answered by a heart broken shriek from Carlotta, as the fiend snatched her in his arms, and plunged with her into the infernal lake, which closed above them, with a roar, to which the loudest thunder was as a tune of summer music.

He started from his horrid slumbers, and Yarnall stood beside his berth, touching his arm respectfully, while the boatswain's shrill pipe was ringing in his ear, and the hoarse summons of "All hands!" above all the crash and creaking of the straining masts and cordage. The roar and reel of the heavy surf, which was thundering on every side around them, and the howling of the giant winds of heaven.

"I have been knocking at your door these five minutes, Captain Sutherland," said Yarnall. "The night has changed, sir. It is quite clear now, with a bright moon."

Ere he had spoken six words, Sutherland was on his feet, and was hurrying on some of his clothes, which he had thrown aside before lying down; but as he did so, he asked hastily, "What then, Yarnall, what then? Is there land in sight, and how near are we in shore?"

The lieutenant shook his head anxiously. "Plenty of land, Captain Sutherland, a d—d sight more of it than ever I wish to see again, anyhow! We are embayed fairly, and within a short mile of the breakers."

At this instant a heavy rumbling sound was heard, succeeded by a great splash, and the quivering of the timbers of the corvette, as the chain-cable ran out, fathom after fathom, from her hause-holes.

The captain turned a quick, inquiring glance on his subordinate, who answered to the mute appeal of his superior's eye, saying, "You will pardon me, Captain Sutherland, for the liberty. But the clouds lifted like a curtain all at once and showed us where we were in an instant. There was no time to wait or ask for orders. The wind, and the drift of the current, were setting us in like a mill-race; it is our only chance of saving the ship, sir."

"You have done very wisely, I doubt not, Yarnall. But the chance, I fancy, is a very slight one."

"There is just a hope, sir; the tide seems to be just on the turn, and these are indications that the north has blown itself out. I think within half an hour we shall have it out of the southwest, if our ground-tackle will only hold so long."

"If, if I say, Yarnall, with an 'if' we can compass everything. The only thing that troubles me is our passengers. We all of us, I trust, know how to meet our fate by water or by fire, be it which it may. But for them I tremble!"

"Why as for that," answered Yarnall gruffly—following up his own preconceived idea, or rather believing now at last that he had at first asserted as a funny quiz, was veritable truth—"I should think they had run their chances by fire often enough, not to make any terrible bobbly about risking the water, too."

Sutherland stared in his face in mute wonder, utterly unconscious of what he could mean; and half suspecting that either the terrors of the night, or the sense of the responsibility he had taken upon himself, had demented the worthy officer, whom he knew to be the strangest conceivable medley of professional matter of fact and imaginative romancing.

He made no answer, however; for he had now reached the deck, and the full aspect of the perils into which they had been driven burst upon him. The sight was, indeed, awful in the extreme. The corvette lay nearly in the centre of a deep bight of the low sandy coast, which might perhaps extend three miles or a little better from point to point of the headlands, which, as could now be seen by the clear moonlight, no longer wading through the clouds, but riding resplendent in an azure sky, ran out at least four points to windward of her, so that there was not a possible chance for her clawing off, as the wind now blew. The whole line of the coast was lashed by as tremendous a surf as the eye of man probably ever witnessed; thundering as it rolled in upon the sand-hills in a huge treble line of snow-white foaming rollers, flashing in spots, when some greater obstruction met it fifty feet in the air, sparkling like a jet of liquid diamonds. It was clear that, once in them, no ship could hold together for ten minutes—no upon boat could live an instant.

Still, as Yarnall said, there was a hope. A second and a third anchor had been got over; and as yet none of the cables had parted, although they showed, like tense bars cast of iron, rigid and horizontal, so great was the strain upon them, as the vessel rose over the succeeding rollers which half submerged her forward, and plunged into the troughs with shocks that made her every bolt and timber groan and quiver, as if she had struck upon a rock. The yards were all down upon the caps, and the active crew had worked so rapidly in furling them, that scarcely any surface, save that of the hull and the bare spars, was now exposed to the north, which was still blowing, though with decreasing violence; for the wind now came only in fierce and sudden gusts, with lulls between of almost absolute calm; and incessantly became apparent that the intervals of lull were growing longer, and the puffs gradually losing their violence. The clouds, moreover, which had lifted suddenly, were already swept out far to seaward,

making it evident that there was an upper stratum of strong wind blowing off shore above, while the sea breeze still prevailed in the lower regions.

"And a half eleven!" sang out the man in the chains, almost as Sutherland reached the deck, while his quick eye was still taking note of all the signs of the weather.

"What was the last cast, Mr. Topblock?"

"A quarter eleven, sir."

"And a half eleven!" sang out the man again.

"She drifts none at present," remarked Sutherland.

"Did she drag much at first?"

"A fathom every cast, sir. But she feels the ebb already, and would swing, if it were not for the butt end of this no'ther."

"She will swing presently. Is not that the day breaking yonder in the east?"

"Yes, sir, we shall have it daylight within the hour."

"See all ready, then, to make sail at the first puff of the land wind. We shall have it so soon as the sun peeps above the sandhills; and we will lose no time in getting off this cursed coast. It is God's mercy, and no less, that we are not rolling in those breakers now, so many corpses! Ten minutes more of that norther, and the flood tide would have done for us, beyond the help of seamanship. See, we are swinging! It has fallen calm already. Heave her up, by and by, closer to her anchors; there is no more danger to her cables."

It was indeed a providential escape; but now all risk was ended, though the ship rolled heavily in the groundswell created by the long tempest.

As the day broke, the land breeze came and freshened; and ere the crew were piped to breakfast, the yards were swayed aloft, the topsails sheeted home, the reefs all shaken out, and the good ship was standing out of the perilous bay, in which she had so nearly laid her bones, amid the hearty self-congratulations of her gallant officers and crew.

At noon an observation was obtained; and the Sparrow Hawk was found to have drifted about two hundred and fifty miles to the south-eastward of the harbor of Tampico; and as the wind was now not only fair and fresh, but promising to hold, the corvette was soon under top-gallant studding-sails, and runni' g gallantly before the wind, in spite of the nasty cross sea, which was still running.

Desiring his subordinates to splice the main-brace, and pipe the men down to breakfast, Sutherland now descended to the cabin, well assured that the intelligence he had got for his fair passenger would do more to allay her ailment than all the medicaments of Dr. Grampus, and all the condiments of Cossar, the steward.

But little did he think, when he assured her that, past doubt or fear, he would place her in her father's arms ere the nightfall of the next coming day, what havoc should be cried, what dogs of war he let slip on the seas which lay all bloodless now and bright between him and the land of promise!

CHAPTER XIX.

We must here call to the minds of our readers, that, immediately on hearing of Sutherland's arrival at Tampico, and previous to our hero's first acquaintance with Carlotta, Montgomery took horse and rode away into the interior, without taking leave of his intended bride, or stating, except in the vaguest and most general terms, to her father, the reasons of his departure.

It now remains for us to state, in order to render intelligible what follows, that which occurred during the interval, in every way so fatal to himself, during which the daughter of Don Silva eloped with Sutherland, who thus unconsciously became, for the third time, his involuntary, but successful rival.

It will be remembered by all readers of South American history, that, up to the year 1820, in which occurred the events we have been relating, the patriot Morelos, striving incessantly for Mexican independence, had sustained himself in arms with invariable success against the Spaniards and the Royalists, and had so nearly conquered the freedom of his country, that a long suspension of arms had ensued, and Mexico was almost considered free and independent. Prompted by that love of liberty, and that propagandizing spirit of freedom which predisposes every American to sympathize with all men and countries struggling against oppression, and to aid them by their individual prowess, no sooner had Montgomery reached the shores of Mexico, whether he repaired immediately on his recovering from the wound he received at the hand of Sutherland, than he joined the patriots under the assumed name of De Hautville, his perfect acquaintance with the French language enabling him to pass himself off without difficulty for a native of France.

In this service, reckless of life, and seeking in warfare rather the repose of death than the renown of military glory, while the former seemed to shun him in the deadliest misdeeds, the latter fell upon him unawares, and he became, in a short space, the holiest and most successful cavalry officer in the service of the patriots, and the bosom friend and counsellor of Morelos. During the suspension of hostilities I have named, during the fight fought, and the price of victory won, I had retired to the neighborhood of Tampico, to the enjoyment of solitude, and the cultivation of his loved letters, and there had friend, had loved, and, as he believed, won the beautiful but false Carlotta.

When he fled like a maniac, or one pursued by the fabled furies of Orestes, from the presence of the only man on earth who he hated with an invincible and deadly hate, as he galloped, he knew not why or whither, madly into the interior, a rumor reached his ears that his old friend and general, hard beset by superior numbers—for the Spaniards had been of late powerfully reinforced—was drawing to a head among the mountains, and preparing to give battle, once more, to the enemies of freedom. At the word, instantly the spirit of the partisan was rekindled in his bosom, as is the fire of the old warhorse at the clangor of the trumpet, etc. Easily learning from the Rancheros, many of whom knew him of old, who were flocking to the standard of Morelos, where that great leader was encamped, he picked on, night and day, until he reached the rendezvous, on the eve of the fatal fight of Guanaxtato; fatal to liberty as that of Caramora. Received with joy, amounting almost to rapture, by his ancient leader, and reinstated in command of his old lance regiment, he had fought even more manly than his wont, for there was a strange foreboding at his heart, and he knew not wherefore, something akin to despair. He fought again, as was his wont, to win a soldier's

death; and though, as usual, death shunned him, he failed this time, at least, to win victory.

Never was there a sterner, never a deadlier defeat, never a more disastrous, a more total rout. The patriot force was scattered to the four winds of heaven, Morelos, playing the part of a soldier, after doing all the devours of a general, was taken prisoner; nor could all Montgomery's charges, pressed home with the disinterested valor of friendship, with the recklessness of despair, avail to break the serrated masses of the veteran infantry of Spain, or to rescue his hapless leader.

In the last onslaught, all his men, save a dozen veteran troopers, broke and fled; and the few that remained faithful, seizing his horse's reins, compelled him, weary and wounded, to accompany them in their flight, for retreat it could not be called, towards Tampico. On the route they were overtaken by a person of commanding stature, and fine martial air, though far advanced in years, like themselves flying from the field, whom Montgomery had seen busy in the heat of the fray, and in the last despairing shock, fighting undaunted to the last, and reckless as himself, though he failed to recognize him as an old acquaintance.

When this stranger overtook them, they had halted by a mountain stream to refresh themselves and recruit their horses, which were almost overdone by the hot speed at which they had ridden; and he, recognizing at once the colors of the patriot cockade, drew his reins and dismounted, claiming his right to do so as a comrade.

It now for the first time struck Montgomery, that he had seen this man before, though he could not remember when or at what time; but what was his surprise when the stranger addressed him in good English, saying:

"We meet again in a bad plight, Mr. Montgomery, but you were in a worse, I think, when we met last."

"Ha! you know me!" exclaimed Montgomery, eagerly: "you know me, and you are an American. Where have we met before? Your face is half familiar, but familiar rather as a dream than a reality. Where have we met before? Speak, I pray you, for memory fails me!"

"In Washington."

"In Washington? I cannot recollect."

"No wonder; you were all but dead when I found you, on the night of your mad duel with Sutherland."

"Curses upon him! ay, ten thousand curses!"

"And you had not recovered sufficiently to know me, when I was forced to set sail," replied the stranger, unheeding his interruption. But in a moment he continued, "He married her then—he married Anna Hamilton, that you so curse him?"

"Who are you, man? who are you, who so dare to torture me?" exclaimed Montgomery, springing to his feet.

"One who is nameless; but one who has a right to ask it of you, for I am her reputed father's brother."

"Reputed father's brother!" cried Montgomery, yet more bewildered by his words—reputed father—and nameless! I knew not ever that she had a reputed father save her own."

"She had. But answer me, I charge you: did he marry her?"

"I cannot answer, until I learn to whom."

"You may call me Captain Manly; men knew me once by that name."

"Manly! the mighty privateer! the captain of the glorious Sea-King! Manly, whom the whole world knows and honors!"

A flash of exultation gleamed over the pale features of the privateer-man.

"The same whom you mean, Montgomery, but captain of the Sea-King now no longer. When the war with England ended, Othello's occupation was no more. The combatant of fifty battles could not descend to be a trading trafficker. The Sea-King flies but an hour his trade now as a chance-man—her whom captain has been for the first time beaten, fighting for liberty and honor. I know now that my time is at hand. Speak to me, therefore, while there is yet time. Did he marry her?"

"He did not. He deserted her as base as he won her traitorously. Ere I left Washington, which I did secretly, the whole town rang with the tale of his desertion and my unaccountable absence. He is on this coast even now unwedded, and it may well be, plotting further treasons. You have tortured me. My heart is on fire! Let us to horse!"

"Pardon me if I hurt you. But this is of strange import to me. Speak, I pray you, what is the cause known wherefore he so deserted her?"

"Ask me no more, then. There were a thousand rumors; his father, the old gloomy hermit, died very suddenly; and it was hinted, with his last breath, forbade the marriage. Certain it is, the old man died, they never met again. He was appointed to the Sparrow Hawk within a week, and sailed, with ut'raque pars or leaving any tidings. Now, then, to horse."

"I understand, I understand! This must be set to rights!" exclaimed the other, gleefully. "She ever leads to sin. Father and son, they must not then both perish. Be it so, Montgomery; to horse, if you will, and away!"

And off they started, and onward they sped, day and night, until, in the grey twilight, they reached the heights above Tampico, and there, in the roadstead, just without the bar, awaiting the land breeze, with her sails braided loosely up in beautiful festoons, lay a large, raking barque at anchor, with a heavy armament, but showing no colors at her gaff, no pennant at her main. Yet evidently she was a man-of-war.

So soon as Manly's eye fell on the shapely spars, it flashed dark fire. "Once more," he cried, "once more, and in good time! My own, my own, my gallant Sea-King! Montgomery, go with me! The cause of freedom here is over for a while; our lives are forfeit to the law, and yonder come the heads of the royal columns!"

And as he spoke, the clang of martial music was heard on the morning air, and at about five miles' distance the serrated masses of the Spanish infantry were seen, with their glittering arms and ensigns, surmounting the dark Sierra.

"Montgomery, I say, come with me!"

"Whither?"

"Wherever the breeze blows and the billow bears us! Whosoever tyrannous rules, and freedom struggles! Come with me. It is no use to die, shot in the back, as traitors by these Spanish bloodhounds. Come, with me. We will fight yet for liberty, and conquer."

"One short half-hour, and I will answer you. I must be

the governor first, and then—if it need be, can you give me place for a passenger, or it may be for two?"

"For twenty! In half an hour, upon the quay. Adios!"

And the privateer galloped down the beach, and firing both his pistols in the air to attract the attention of the ship, drew a small ensign from his bosom, which he waved aloft.

The effect was magical. A heavy gun was fired by the ship, and the faint sound of three distant cheers reached the ears of Manly, while a barge fully manned came duncing over the waters yet ruffled by the dying sea breeze.

As the barge touched the sand, Montgomery joined the privateersman alone, with a brow black as night, and an eye glaring with lurid light.

"Ha, so soon! Do you go with me?"

"To the world's end, so you will give me vengeance!"

"It is her motto now?"

"To whose guff a broad, blood-red ensign rose. 'See you yon ensign? It is her motto now, and mine! Vengeance, and war upon all nations! Are you answered?"

"As I would be. Come on!"

And they sprang on board the barge, and within ten minutes stood on the deck of the gallant Sea-King, amid the cheers and congratulations of her fierce crew.

But while they were yet shaking hands, and renewing old, or commencing new, companionships, a wild cry floated down from the fore-top-sail-yard, with a strange, melancholy sound, ominous of evil.

"Sail, ho!"

"Whereaway?"

"Broad on the weather-beam, sir!"

"What do you make her?"

"A heavy ship, square-rigged. She looms like a frigate!"

In a moment Manly and Frederick, who had instantly surrendered the command to his old leader, mounted to the tops, telescope in hand.

Both gazed for a few seconds steadily on the speck of white in the far offing, which was fast rising into view. Both closed their glasses by a common impulse, and as their eyes met, Frederick exclaimed:

"The ship I fought in the white squall, off the Bahama Banks!"

"The Sparrow Hawk!" responded Manly.

"Great God be praised!" shouted Montgomery, who had followed them aloft. "I have thee, then, mine enemy!"

"We will go to quarters, Frederick," said Manly, coolly. "He is bringing up a spanking breeze with him, and will be upon us within half an hour."

"Shall we keep that rag aloft?" asked Frederick, pointing to the pirate ensign which was still fluttering at the gaff.

"Ay, ay! No use to douse it! There are eyes in that lad's head that we cannot cheat! Now, then, up anchor and make sail; we can claw off with this wind, and we will fight him under sail. And see, there come the Spanish guns down the Sierras. We must not be between two fires. Hark! now, my lads! Three cheers for the sassy Sea-King!"

Three loud mouthed cheers attested the gallantry and good-will of the crew, and as they died away a hoarse voice bellowed out, "And three more for dare-devil Manly!" and the ships timbers literally trembled with the tumultuous cheering which succeeded.

CHAPTER XX.

STILL, certain as it appeared at first sight that an immediate action must ensue between the cruiser of the United States and the pirate, for such she had now in truth become, so many are the changes and the chances of the sea that, although both parties were as anxious to bring on the barren conflict as they could have been had wealth the most unlimited, honors the most exalted, been the prize of victory, whereas, in truth, it was the bare sense of duty, uninfluenced by hopes of profit or by feelings of personal animosity, that prompted the Americans, and a bloody and brutal hankering after carnage and revenge that kindled the breasts of the buccaneers, a longer interval was interposed between their first catching sight of each other and their final conflict than any one on board either vessel had deemed probable, or indeed possible.

When the Sparrow Hawk, which had thus far brought her own spanking breeze down with her, steering right before it with every inch of canvas set that would draw from her royals to her lower studding-sails, was within some three miles of the Rover, the sea-breeze suddenly began to fail; for a quarter of an hour there was a succession of short, irregular puffs and uncertain calms, and then the wind sank altogether; the crisped smiles of the ridgy waves subsided into cool serenity, and a few minutes later the whole surface of the Gulf was shining silvery and bright as a vast mirror, or as the unruffled bosom of an inland lake.

Condemned to inactivity on both sides, the future combatants applied themselves at once to the sternest preparations for a fight which all foresaw must be final and conclusive; but doubly perilous was the need of Manly to provide every resource with which his genius and experience could surround him, since the very calm which prevented him from working off shore manfully under bold sail to meet one enemy, compelled him to await the insidious and almost unseen approaches of another, in the triumphant army of the Spaniards, flushed with their recent victory, whose columns he might already behold entering the gates of the city, and whose artillery he might soon expect to hear thundering from the embrasures of the batteries under whose guns he lay.

"Are they eighteens or twenty-fours, Montgomery," asked the commander of the young man, whose long sojourn might be presumed to render him familiar with all the details of the city and its fortifications, "which form the battery of yon low fleur-de-l'eau fort to the left of the mole?"

"Neither one nor the other, Captain Manly," replied the young man; "there is not a gun there of smaller calibre than a thirty-two. The castle to the right has twenty-fours and eighteens."

"Heavy odds against eighteen-pounder carronades, and that at long bowls, too. We must be moving, if we mean to do anything against that heavy fellow in the offing, for he is a hard match for us at the best; and if these Dons begin to pepper us, as it is like enough they will, at their leisure, if they don't sink us at our anchors, which I would be loth to answer, they will have little work for him to do."

"Mr. Morton," he continued, after a moment's pause,

addressing the officer of the deck, "call all hands, if you please."

The shrill whistle of the boatswain, and the hoarse call repeated everywhere, was followed by the heavy tramping of feet and the simultaneous rush of the crew from all quarters, until an hundred and twenty as stout fellows as ever walked a deck, were mustered about their ancient captain, whose long-relinquished and now reassumed authority they hailed with transport and the fullest conviction of triumph.

"Clear away all the boats, sir, and let the launch and long-boat have their kedges on board—I shall both tow and kedge off shore, as cheerily as we may, for we must put two miles of water between us and those water batteries before they open their fire upon us, which they will do soon, as they know I am aboard you. Look alive, now, my lads; if you do your duty lively, we shall be without the range of their guns before they can train their muzzles upon us; and every mile we make now brings us as much the nearer to yon cruiser, which is our real enemy, as it removes us from these haughty Dons."

The men cheered lustily, the boats were speedily fitted, manned, and lowered, and the ship was about to commence the doubtful experiment of keding out from under the guns of the heavy batteries; the capstan bars being already manned, and the boats carrying out the anchors for the purpose; when suddenly a white flag was displayed on a mast at the mole-head, and immediately afterward a boat was seen pulling out, with its stern sheets filled, as it would seem, with officers of rank, and a similar emblem of pacific intentions floating from a staff at her bows, and the gorgeous blazonry of Old Spain displayed at her stern.

"Ha! they will treat with us!" cried the commander; "It is well so—we shall gain time. Heave her up short to her anchors, but do not trip them till the Dons are well aboard and in the cabin—then heave her adrift, kedge her seaward as steadily and as silently as ye may. Haul down that red ensign, meantime, and set Spanish colors at her gaffs, with a white flag at her fore. We are an American, remember, and with protection from his excellency the governor at the Havana."

In the meantime, the shore boat had come alongside, and the envoys, consisting of two or three subalterns of the Spanish army, accompanying a lieutenant-colonel, who was the governor's *aid-de-camp* likewise, came on board, and were received by Frederick and his other officers, who were now all in full uniform as officers of the United States, with all courtesy and honor.

Their errand was soon told. Information had been given to the royalist general, that two persons most obnoxious to the government, daring partisans of Morelos, and unremitting enemies of Spain, having succeeded in making their escape from the bloody field of Guanajuato, had been received on board the Sea-King, and were now in asylum under the cover of her flag. It would appear that the momentary elevation of the piratical ensign on board the cruiser had escaped the observation of the Spaniards; since they spoke of the Sea-King, and appeared to consider her as a cruiser of the United States; and it was in consequence of the assumed neutrality of that power, and on the faith of treaties, that the surrender of these men was demanded, who had, it was alleged, borne arms against Spain on her own ground, in defiance of the state of amity and peace existing between the two governments.

Frederick was not slow to profit by the advantage which he derived from this error. Professing his willingness to be ruled in all things by the faith of treaties and the national honor, he affected to consider it in some respects doubtful whether the case could be made out against the two American gentlemen, very distinguished gentlemen, too, he said; who, he did not pretend to deny, were on board the Sea-King, and under the protection of the American flag. These gentlemen, he added, were both now well known to himself, and had been so for many years; the one being no other than the very valorous Captain Manly, who had spread such terror and devastation along the coasts of England during the last war, and to whose identity every officer, and many of the crew of the Sea-King could testify, as he had actually, until within a very short space of time, commanded the very vessel in which they were now sojourning. The other, he said, he also well knew to be Mr. John Montgomery, of the city of Philadelphia, of great attainments, and of the highest respectability. Under these circumstances he submitted that he could not surrender persons, whom he knew of his own knowledge to be Captain Manly and Mr. Montgomery; when demanded under the titles, as they now were, of the Señor Hernando de Ribadera, and Monsieur de Hautville; at the same time he invited the Spanish officers below to communicate further on so delicate a question; stating that in all probability a reference to the United States Consu at Tampico would obviate all difficulty in the premises, and either establish the innocence, or lead to the surrender of the fugitives. The deck was left therefore to the officers of the watch and crew; the rowers of the Spanish boat, like their superiors, were soon engaged in discussing the delicacies, edible and potable, which were set before them, in the between-decks; while the anchor of the Sea-King was tripped and secured at her bows, and she herself was steadily moving out to seaward at the rate of some two or three knots an hour, as her kedges were carried out alternately, each a quarter of a mile beyond the last, and the good ship heaved up to them successively by the exertions of the crew, who walked around with the capstan bars gallantly, and with a right good will, but without cheering or singing as they went.

If the Spaniards perceived the motion, suspecting nothing, and being aware that the sea-breeze had ceased and the land-wind not as yet commenced blowing, they were easily satisfied by the reply that the Sea-King was merely shifting her berth, as that in which she lay had become inconvenient; and as, very shortly after, the ship became stationary once more, having dropped her anchor at a full mile beyond the longest range of the batteries, they thought no more of it, until, on coming upon deck towards evening, with a view to return ashore, they found themselves at three miles distance from the sally-port of the batteries at the mole-head, and though all courtesies were still extended to them, could doubt no longer that they had been most egregiously outwitted.

Nothing remained, however, but to return to Tampico, and there procure, if so they might, the authorization of the consul of the United States at that port, for the apprehension of the fugitives, to which the captain of the Sea-King had professed his readiness to defer; and therefore, after all the ceremon-

nials and grimaces of official politeness, with smiles and civilities on every face, and suspicion, distrust, and dislike at every heart, the Spanish officers departed landward, while the bold buccaneers rejoiced at their *rase de guerre*, in having so skilfully carried their ship under cover of a flag from under the yawning guns of a ready and hostile battery, and in the speedy prospect of a combat with a hated enemy, of whom they asked no odds but what they were like to have, a fair field and no favor.

So soon as his unwelcome guests, the Spanish officers, had left the Sea-King, the whole crew of that vessel, after having held some conversation among themselves forward, came aft in a body to the quarter-deck, on which Frederick Atherley and Evan Morton, the second in command, were standing, surrounded by their junior officers; the whole staff of the ship having been assembled to do honor to the Spaniards. Their manner was firm and decided, yet respectful, and they gave no token of any intent to mutiny; for, desperadoes as they were, and something very near akin to pirates, they had all been privateersmen, and many of them men-of-war's men, in their day, and had thus contracted habits of discipline, in no principles of obedience, which are not easily shaken off.

The fact is, that on Manly's leaving the Sea-King, and giving her over as he did a sort of joint-stock association had been formed of the men and officers, share per share, according to rank, and she had been converted into a Guineaman, or coast-trader, alias slaver, alias picaroon—for the most Guinea traders, like the Malek Adhel of well known reputation, and free-traders or smugglers in general, when their cargoes are out and their guns in, will levy tolls on the ocean on vessels slower and weaker than themselves, going on the principle of what Wordsworth calls

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

In the first instance, a fair cargo for the African trade had been taken out, with the intention of bartering it honestly for gold-dust, palm-oil, and other similar productions of the western coast. But the temptation of vast and inordinate gains presented too strong a temptation for minds in which the true ideas of right and wrong the *meum* and the *teum*, had become somewhat confounded by a long course of applying to their own uses the goods of other men, captured on the high seas, under the specious guise of patriotism. As if to render the temptation irresistible, which was already strong, a very fine cargo of slaves having been offered at very low prices, owing to the risk of capture from the combined American, French, and English squadrons on the coast, a Spanish slaver got into the river where they were lying, with great difficulty, so thoroughly crippled by the fire of a British brigantine, for which they had refused to heave to, that all hopes of her obtaining repairs so as to be able to proceed with her voyage, were hopeless. A liberal offer was made of her rice, water-casks, slave-decks, manacles, and all the other hideous apparatus of that most abominable traffic; conditioning a home passage for the crew of the *Santissima Margarita*.

The bargain was soon made; for the votes of some two or three of the officers, who were opposed to the conversion of the late honored and honorable cruiser into one of those lazarus-houses of the ocean, a slaver, were overpowered by the interested majority, and the Sea-King letter of marque was converted into the *Santa Maria* Brazilian slaver; while her American build, with the stars and stripes constantly preserved her from search; and perhaps more than this, her man-of-war rig and heavy battery, which she now took no pains to conceal, caused her constantly to be mistaken for an American sloop of war—to favor which deceit her officers were always provided with the uniform of the United States, her men wore the regular frocks of the service, and she was handled so shipshape and man-of-war fashion that she was actually on more than one occasion saluted as a United States vessel by English and French cruisers on the Cape Coast. Her first essay at buccaneering was accidental; for having fallen short of water and happening to overhaul a large English merchant ship, which was no difficult matter for her to do, since she had the heels of almost anything afloat of her own tonnage, and in light weather would have bothered the fastest frigate, the crew, in virtue of the democratic principle of the rule of the majority, divided against paying for the supplies which they had the power to take; and in consequence, the British master on his return to London entered his complaint that he had been plundered of water, seventy casks of pork, a set of spare sails, besides some old London Lock port wine and genuine cordial gin from the private stores of the captain, by a United States sloop of war of sixteen guns, which had brought her to between Abaco and the Hole in the Wall. But whereas the said worthy master insisted, which was perfectly true, that the aforesaid American sloop of war had no name on her stern, he was dismissed with a flea in his ear by the Secretary, and was ever after suspected by his owners of being a very great rogue, and of having made away with the missing goods for his own advantage; in fact, had he not possessed some trifling share of the vessel, and made good the losses out of his own pocket, it is highly probable that he would have been disgracefully deprived of his command.

With regard to the *Santa Maria*, however, from that time forth it was proved of her how true is the old French saying, *que ce n'est que le premier pas qui compte*; for from that time forth, having once got a taste of the sweets of English plunder, the crew insisted that they had served so long against John Bull, that it came natural to have a shy at him, and consequently poor Johnny was pillaged remorselessly, but, to do the worthy crew of the Sea-King justice, always with the greatest politeness and without any show of violence, of whatever appeared most valuable and least weighty, such as valuable dry goods, choice wines, and above all, specie; and, greatly to the amazement of both governments, constant complaints were made of depredations committed by an American man-of-war on the British commerce. Still, as Manly's skilful system of disguising the ship was persevered in, and as no complaints were made from any ship masters except Englishmen, the complaints were set down by both the governments to the account of the querulous rancor of skippers who had suffered losses from the American cruisers during the late war, and could not lay aside their bitter feelings on the return of peace.

Never as yet had they, however, committed any deed of violence or outrage, nor offered any wrong to any but the one hated flag of Great Britain. Often they

had succored American vessels in distress, and once had done good service in beating off and destroying a genuine Isle of Pines pirate, which was in the act of capturing a New York packet ship, which had got too far to the southward; of which fact they had testimonials and certificates so strong from the master and passengers of the good ship American Eagle, that it was believed they would avail to procure a free pardon for all the crew as regards any ordinary delinquency or crime. But on the unlucky night when she fell in with, and tired into, the Sparrow Hawk, she had a full cargo of slaves on board, and the deck was unfortunately in charge of a junior officer who madly gave the word to fire, without the slightest necessity, since the Sea-King had the heels of the Sparrow Hawk, and could have distanced her without firing a shot.

Now, however, all hands felt that as regarded that particular vessel, and if she should tell the tale as against the United States in general, they had committed the unpardonable crime, and fancying that the halter was already about all their necks, they fancied also that there was nothing left but to fight for it. It was under this hallucination that they committed the egregious error of hoisting the bloody flag, which they had never shown before; though some of the worst fellows on board, who thirsted to become actual pirates, and riot in lust and blood, had prepared one, for any occasion. That occasion was offered by the reappearance of their beloved chief, Manly; and his sanction of it can be accounted for only by supposing him to have been in one of those moods of terrible excitement, bordering upon insanity, into which it is said persecution will drive wise men; owing to the late annihilation of the party with which he had cast his lot, and in some measure to the enthusiastic rapture which he felt as a sailor, on being once again to the deck of the vessel in which he had so often sailed of deeds of honor and of daring, and which he loved with a love passing that which a landsman can conceive one bearing from anything inanimate; perhaps, too, there was connected with this, at first thought, an idea of fighting his ship against the Spanish, and taking vengeance on the *Guacupinas*, for the massacre of Guanaxuato, which he was well aware he could do under no flag of any civilized government.

With quiet, however, cool reflection came; and while Frederick Atherley and his officers were conversing with the Spaniards, Manly, who with Montgomery had been concealed in one of the state-rooms, with injunctions to keep their heads shut, fell into a deep train of musing, and thence into a profound melancholy; as he began to perceive, now that the heat of passion had faded from his mind, the strait into which he had thrust himself. Manly, though a man of tremendous passions, which he lacked at times the power or perhaps the will to govern though he had in many instances, particularly as regards the sex, perverted his great talents to evil ends, was not altogether a bad man, or a man without principles of a certain sort. He would have robbed a friend of a lovely wife, or fair daughter, without a moment's hesitation, and thought he made ample reparation by receiving, without returning as many fires as the gentleman thought proper to demand, but he would not have robbed an enemy of a cent to purchase Paradise. He would have shot his kinsman like a mad dog, in fair duello, on any the merest punctilio; but he would not have raised a weapon against an unarmed person, or stabbed his direst enemy in the dark, to save his own soul. In his code all trade or traffic was dishonorable, and beneath the character of a gentleman; how then could he condescend to become the lowest, basest, and most sordid of all traders, a trader in human flesh? How, to become a wholesale robber of the seas, a general butcher, a promiscuous assassin? All this, and much more, boiled upon his brain, and boiled over on the instant, as soon as he was left to commune with his own thoughts; ay, much, much more! For if there was one thing on earth which he loved more than the fantastical creation of his heated soul, which he chose to call honor, it was his country—the United States, the continent of America, and liberty! Yes, he loved liberty, not for itself, nor that he very clearly knew what he himself understood by the word; but that it was the watchword of his country, the abstraction for which she and all her sons were ever prompt to bleed, and hold their loss of blood a gain to human nature. At the commencement of the war of 1812, being too old to enter the regular service, and yet being a thorough sailor, an art and science which he had acquired as the owner and acting commander of the finest yacht then in America, which he had used not merely in creeping along shore, but in visiting the West Indies, the Spanish Main, the British Isles, the Mediterranean, nay! even the northern seas and the coasts of the Skagerack and Cattegat, he fitted out at his own expense, with the relics of a princely fortune which he had madly lavished in his younger days, the noble bark the Sea-King, which he had himself commanded, being able also to command from his known qualities as a gentleman, as well as a sailor, the assistance of gentlemen for his subordinates, and, by his well-known munificence and success, the ablest mariners as his crew. Unhappily a habit of roving begets a taste for roving, and a habit of blood a taste for blood; so that when the war ceased, and Othello's occupation ended, Hamilton, alias Manly, could not settle down to any peaceful occupation. The immense gains which he had easily acquired during his glorious career as the privateersman, were as easily lavished as acquired. Light winnings are light losses, says the proverb. He was therefore unable, for want of pecuniary means, to resume his station as a gentleman of leisure in his native city, even had there been no other causes to prevent it; but there were other causes.

His seduction of Mrs. Sutherland, who had eloped with him, almost a bride, leaving our hero a mere child, had been what it is the fashion to call a *bad business!* In other words, a case of treachery and domestic base-ness, of the worst and most odious order. The elder Sutherland was a gentle, quiet, shy, secluded scholar, detaching society as much as he adored his beautiful young wife—Hamilton, who, rich as he was, through his careless prodigality and recklessness of character, was often deeply involved, he had befriended in every way. His house had been his friend's house; his purse his friend's purse; and, on one occasion, when, in an affair also about a lady, his friend Hamilton had needed a second, his sword had been his friend's sword. His friend was a man of the world, he was not; of the gay world, he detested the gay world; of society, he eschewed society; but his wife—his beautiful young wife! would it not be cruel, would it not be unjust to deprive

her of society; and society, in her, of its brightest ornament? And who so fit as his friend, whom he would have trusted with his soul, to take charge of his soul's best treasure? His friend did take charge of the treasure, and found it such a treasure, that he converted it to his own use: in other words—though he was a man of honor—*stole it.*

Which was the tempter, which the tempted, 'twere difficult to tell; and, if easy, useless. Probably both! For, in our creed, there is such a majesty, such a might in the innocence of a truly virtuous woman, that the maddest libertine that ever lost his own soul for the pleasure of destroying those of others, would as soon rush voluntarily into the abyss to which his courses are urging him, as meet the ineffable scorn of her calm indignation, were he to dare assay her virtue.

It is said, that a lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity;

and, in our mind, a braver, if brave, and a wickeder if wicked, creature than a lion, even a man, will turn and flee rather than dare attack a holier thing, and a stronger thing in her purity, if pure, than the chariest maid who ever lived—a virtuous and loving wife.

But Hamilton did assay Isabella Sutherland; and therefore, in our creed, it is possible that Isabella Sutherland gave him some encouragement; and he won her, and, and—as I have said, it was a *bad business.* The worse, that it was known that Sutherland was not a fighting man; and therefore, although no one questioned his courage, neither asked nor received honorable satisfaction of the honorable man who had most dishonorably robbed him of his wife.

The worse yet—when it became known why he neither asked nor received that satisfaction—when it was known that on being informed that his honorable friend was ready to give him honorable satisfaction, he exclaimed—“God forbid—God forbid, that I should rob the miserable girl of the only being she has on earth to love or cherish her. He will leave her soon enough without; and she will suffer enough. God forbid!”

It is true that honorable men thought this very odd reasoning, and Mr. Sutherland a very odd and tame individual; but not the less for that did they think it a very *bad business* for Jem Hamilton.

And worst of all did the whole world think it, when it became known that Mr. Sutherland had become a whole misanthrope, and a half maniac, and that, at times ignorant when his wife's infidelity commenced, he doubted his own child's legitimacy, and treated Harry always coldly and morosely, and at times harshly and even cruelly.

This *bad business* it was which led to the yacht, and the far distant voyages; and Isabella Sutherland was the companion of them so long as her life lasted; but she soon pined away, and faded like a flower scorched by too hot a sun. She was not too proud to sin; but, alas! like too many of us, she was too proud to bear the reproach that follows sin.

She died, and the long voyages became longer; the wild courses wilder; and Hamilton, or Manly—for from that day he assumed the name under which we first saw him—became what we find him.

The war followed, and he rushed into it; the war ended, and he rushed into another war—that of the South America; Independence—all to avoid the war which never ends, the war within himself. And when he rushed into that second war, he gave his gallant vessel to his crew; and they, whom he, for his pleasure, had plunged into privateering, having no use to make of the fine vessel which he gave them, plunged, for their own pleasure, into slave trading and piracy. And so—for even thus wonderfully do human consequences result from human causes—because, in the year 1799, Mr. James Hamilton ran away with Mrs. Isabella Sutherland; five or six as good young gentlemen as the general run of young gentlemen are, and a hundred and twenty as noble specimens of seamen as ever stepped from stern to stern, turned slave traders and pirates in the year 1815; and in the summer next ensuing, they and the noble officers and crew of the United States corvette Sparrow Hawk lay about three miles distant from each other, on a lovely calm evening, off the pier of Tampico, only awaiting the next morning to cut one another's throats with all the zest imaginable.

We have digressed a little—but, while these thoughts were passing through the mind of Captain Manly below, it would appear that words and thoughts to nearly the same effect had been passing among the crew on deck.

The Sea-Kings wish to know, in the first place, whether Captain Manly had come to resume his property—for in that case, they wished to say no! It had now become their property, and Captain Manly, though a very worthy man, and most undeniable sea-captain, had neither art nor part in her.

The Sea-Kings wished to know, in the second place, whether Captain Manly had come to resume his command of the Sea-King in her novel career; and whether he would govern them as of old, receiving one-fourth of their gross gains for his share. In that case, they would at once swear obedience to his commands, and follow him, as they said themselves, “into the mouth of—, if he could steer them into it.”

These queries were propounded to Atherley, Morton, and the other subaltern officers, by the crew with all due gravity and respect, and with such received by the same. A brief consultation was then held on the quarter-deck, in which it was agreed among the officers that the advantages to be gained by Manly's resuming the command would be so great as to justify their losing rank to attain that end; and they all agreed each to decline one grade, Frederick Atherley to be first luff in lieu of captain, and all the others so in rotation.

This being duly settled, Atherley descended to the cabin, where he propounded to Hamilton the questions of the crew; Montgomery, who had been as silent as his friend since the arrival of the Spaniards, and as thoughtful, raised his head quickly and looked in his face inquiringly.

“I will speak with you, hereafter, Mr. Montgomery,” said Hamilton, bowing low; “first, I must answer these good fellows. You will allow me to do so myself, and in my own words, Captain Atherley? If so, please lead the way.”

“I follow you,” replied the other, bowing in his turn, and in another moment they stood together on the quarter-deck, whereon Manly had so long ruled supreme.

“And so, my lads,” he said, in his own clear, heart-filling tones, “and so you think so ill of me, your old captain, as to fancy that under any circumstances, by

any possibility, I could prove such a land-lubber as to unsay my say; or like an Indian giver, regret my own gift, and come back to look after it! I am sorry, I say, my lads, that you hold this opinion of me, for I must have done something mean or niggardly while I commanded you, that you should now believe me niggardly or mean!”

“No! no!” from all hands, gradually waxing into a shout—“No! no! Manly—never, never!”

“Be it so! I am glad to hear it. But now to set your hearts at rest forever, the Sea-King is none of mine. To you I gave her when I left you, and yours she is, for me, and shall be forever. Are you satisfied now?”

“Ay! ay! three cheers—”

“No! no!” interposed fifty other voices. “We want you to come back to us. We want that you should never leave us more. We want you to be once more our captain.”

“That, my lads, is a question,” he replied, half doubtfully, and scarce knowing how to answer them—“a question which requires some consideration. You know that if you will make me your captain, your captain I will be—all in all!—all or nothing! No half ways for Jack Manly! No votes of majorities, no caucuses on my ship-board—if I say no, you must—if I say do this, done it must be; or—you understand me?”

“Ay! ay! go on! go on! Manly!”

“You know, also, that if I say, ay! I will do ay! If I say no! I will do no!”

“To be sure we do!—say, ay! say, ay!”

“I must be sure, men, before I say ‘ay!’ that I can do ‘ay!’ and, therefore, my lads, to-night, I will say neither ay nor no; but I will think it over ere I sleep, and so soon as my foot is on this quarter-deck to-morrow, you shall have my answer. Will that suit you?”

“If we can't have no better—but—”

“Taint no use argufying along o' him,” said an old quarter-master, hitching up his waistband. “When he says he'll do a thing, why, he'll do it; and if he says he won't, why all—won't make him!”

“And if that ere bloody cruiser works in and lays us alongside?”

“If any ship that floats lays the Sea-King alongside,” answered Hamilton, the old leaven kindling his heart and flushing to his cheek—“so much the worse for her! I'll fight her till she sinks, or I—”

CHAPTER XXI.

As Manly descended the gun-room companion, followed by Atherley and the other officers, the former said to him somewhat abruptly, “You will wish, I am nearly sure, Captain Manly, to have some private conversation with your friend Mr. Montgomery, whom I recollect very well in Philadelphia, before you decide on this very important question, for very important it indeed is; and after that I am very sure you will do us, who had so long the honor of serving you honorably, the honor of communicating with us before you divulge your intentions to the crew. There are some of us,” he added in a very low tone, “who are not easy at the position we now hold, and who voted against the course we are pursuing, but were overruled by the majority. We all marked what you said about being captain in earnest, and no majorities or caucusing on board, and were glad to hear you say so; for we see in it a chance of getting clear of this accursed traffic we are in. They will swear to do anything if you will be their captain; and as for that cruiser in the offing, I don't care a farthing for her. We can tow off here to the westward in the night and get a better offing than she has against the sea-breeze rising, and we can go five miles to her four any day.”

“How know you that, Atherley?” asked Manly, quickly: “some of these new United States twenties are very fast ships, and carry very heavy armaments.”

“This one is fast,” replied Atherley quietly. “But we can beat her on a wind and off a wind. She is heavier than we, but not so much. She carries eighteen twenty-four pound carronades to our sixteen eighteens; but what is worse, she has two long eighteens on her fore-castle.”

“You seem to know all about her; how?”

“She has chased me twice; and I have fought her once, and had the best of it in both. Her commander, too, has been aboard of us.”

“On board of you! how?”

“As our prisoner, or hostage rather, under the guns of the *Mora*.”

“What ship is she, and her commander?”

“The Sparrow Hawk, and Henry Sutherland.”

“Harry Sutherland? By all the gods!”

“Yes! captain, your old friend.”

“He knows you, then, and the Sea-King?”

“Just so surely as I know you, captain.”

“This alters and complicates matters.”

“As how—for the better or the worse, captain?”

“It is too long to explain now. If he knew you not, all were plain sailing; as it is, I scarce know whether to say better or worse. He owes me some kindness, and I him some reparation. I will think of this; and, Atherley, be sure I will speak to you, and that fully, after I have spoken with Montgomery for I will take your offer.”

“Use my own cabin as your own, then. I will tell Mr. Montgomery, who is in the ward-room, that you wish to speak with him, and I will send you wine—”

“No!” replied Manly, quietly; “no wine till business is over. Then we will join you in the ward-room.”

And with the word he passed into the cabin which had been so long his own abiding place and home; in which she, whom alone of women he had truly loved, had lived—had died. He thought of her, and milder, better thoughts came over him, as they had done on the night when he first saw Harry Sutherland, and, after having determined to make him his own and train him up to his own desperate trade—for her sake relented.

He buried his face in his hands as he sat down in the chair in which he had sat hundreds of times before; and though he did not weep, for he was of too iron a nerve, and of too self-sustained a pride to descend to such a weakness, the tears which scorched his brain coaxed into his eyes, and there swam until the heat of his passions dried them up.

At this moment Montgomery entered the room, still inhabited, as indeed he was himself, in the full costume of Morelos's patriot lancers.

A broad-leaved sombrero hat of long-napped white beaver, with its band adorned with heavy silver ornaments; a tightly fitting jacket of dark blue velvet, ornamented with innumerable hanging bell-shaped buttons of flagree silver; black velvet breeches, with a

double row of the same jingling decorations down the seam; dressed deer-skin leggings, with tremendous silver spurs having rowels two inches long at the heels; a long Toledo rapier, straight-bladed with a cross hilt hanging by a breast-belt richly embroidered on his right hip; a formidable dagger and a brace of silver-mounted pistols at his girdle, completed his dress, which set off his fine figure and singularly martial air to the utmost advantage.

Manly gazed at him, as he entered with a steadfast and half melancholy eye, and asked, as he signed him to take a seat.

"Do you know the character of the ship on which you are aboard, Mr. Montgomery?"

"I can guess at it, at least, Captain Manly, by the ensign I saw flying at its gaff soon after we came on board."

"Ay! indeed!" replied the other, thoughtfully, "that was a blunder. But let me tell you, sir, bad as she may be, she has never sailed or fought under that ensign yet—whatever she may do, hereafter."

"Indeed? what is she, then?"

"She was the finest privateer that ever floated, and I was her commander. She was the Sea-King, known half the world over. She is now the Santa Maria, African, trader, slaver, rover, what you will. She has Brazilian papers."

"And if you take command of her, as I have heard you asked to do, may I inquire, under what flag and what commission she is to sail?"

"You may, if you will answer me one question."

"Ask it."

"Do you intend to remain on board of us?"

"I do."

"She is to sail under my flag, and under a roving commission."

"In other words, to become a pirate?"

"You have said it."

"We are friends, Manly, are we not? You have saved my life: we have fought side by side, in the same good cause; we are here together, fugitives from a certain and cruel fate at the hands of those dastardly Dons, on board this ship through your agency—so that in fact you have a second time saved my life—we are friends, are we not?"

"So far we are, and it shall not be my fault if we continue not so."

"Tell me, then, Captain Manly, what can induce you, you whose great deeds and great glory have never yet been disgraced by any act of darkness, you whose name in our country would be hailed with delight from one end of the Union to the other as the bravest of the sons of liberty, the tamer of the insolent Red-Cross—you, whose recent deeds here would but add to the lustre of your reputation at home—what can induce you, short of madness, to accept the office of a chief of buccaneers, a captain of butchers, robbers, and assassins?"

"Let me reply, Manly, by another question—What can induce you, whose position is at least as enviable as my own at home, to accept the office, not of a chief, but of a private buccaneer—not of a captain of butchers, &c., &c., in the truth of all which very Saxon, if not very polite terms, I fully coincide, but yourself a journeyman, perhaps even an apprentice butcher, &c., &c., as aforesaid?"

He spoke not sneeringly, but sportively; and Montgomery gazed at him wistfully, as if in doubt, before he made answer:

"My question first—yours afterward. What can induce you to become captain? That is my question."

"It is the very same I have been asking myself these two hours; and I can give you no answer, unless it be that I have given myself—Faith, I don't know!"

"Can you avoid it, captain?"

"What should hinder?"

"If we go ashore there," replied Montgomery, pointing to Tampico, "we shall be shot in the back by the Spaniards as traitors, rebels, I care not what. If we go on board yonder, we shall be strung up by the neck to the yard-arm, as coming from on board a notorious pirate."

"Not quite so fast. The captains of American men-of-war know as well as any other man in the world the virtues of 'any port in a storm,' and I doubt not the commander of your tight schooner would go on board a buccaneer himself, to avoid being shot in the back. No, no—there is no talk about hanging. If you and I were to jump into the dingy, how long would it take us to pull, with this ebb tide, to your cruiser?"

"An hour, at most."

"At most. Well, we have been fighting for Morelos and liberty—our uniforms vouch for us—every American knows Morelos; every American loves liberty. We are fugitives from a cowardly and cruel enemy, seeking the protection of our own flag—who shall refuse it to us? We have no explanation to offer, save that we came aboard this ship first, and not wishing to remain on board a Brazilian slaver—that without breach of honor we may call this ship—for there is honor even among thieves, Montgomery—when our own flag is flying within sight, we bought his dingy, and pulled ourselves on board, claiming the protection of our flag?"

"Will they let you have a boat, hence, for such a purpose, Captain Manly?"

"They will, sir. Why not?"

"Will they not fear betrayal, sir?"

"No man, sir, ever feared betrayal at my hands, who knew me; and these men know me to their hearts' cores. Besides, they fear nothing. If they fight that cruiser it will be for fun. They can escape from her as easily as I now speak it. If I leave them they will escape her."

"Then, to return to my old question, why will you not leave them?"

"And again I will answer by another question; why shall we not leave them?"

"I cannot."

"And wherefore?"

Montgomery was silent.

"I answered your question, Montgomery, under an implied promise. Now I ask mine. What can induce you to become a buccaneer?"

"It will be long to tell."

"We have the night before us, and I ask you in your own words, are we not friends?"

"We are," replied Montgomery, cordially, shaking his offered hand; "and you have a right to ask it, and I will answer; but first, do you know who commands your cruiser?"

"I do. Harry Sutherland."

"Even so. Do you know the man? I mean personally."

"I do," answered Manly, gloomily, "and owe him a deep debt."

"Do you—do you? I also. Manly, on your life, what debt?—what sort of debt, I mean?"

"Of penitence," answered the other, "and deepest reparation."

"And I of the deepest, direst, deadliest vengeance. I cannot receive his protection; rather had I be shot coward-like in the back by the Spaniard. I cannot breathe the same air with him; it would stifle me. I cannot eat the bread of his hospitality; it would choke me. Better disgrace, infamy, death on the gibbet—"

"Ah! I remember," replied Manly, interrupting him, "but in a meditative rather than an abrupt manner—I remember. You fought him, and he pinked you. But you are not the fellow to bear a grudge for that. It must be the cause, then—what was it? Speak, Montgomery; tell me. For something tells me here, and he laid his broad hand on his breast, "that the crisis of all our lives is very near at hand. Nay! do not answer; hear me. For I swear by— and he uttered an imprecation too horribly solemn to be here written down, "if you stay on board this ship I stay also! I leave no comrade to such a fate alone. If you have cause to be a buccaneer, I will make that a cause why I will be a captain of buccaneers. Now answer me—why do you so hate this Sutherland?"

"Because throughout my life he has crossed me, thwarted me, conquered me. In the paths of fame, of love, of vengeance, my star has ever paled before his. And yet I know myself the higher mind, the loftier genius; as brave, as handsome, fifty times more accomplished, fifty times more learned, ten thousand times more resolute—for he is weak and fickle, though fierce and hasty as the waves on which we float; while I—I—but psaw! I must not turn braggart."

"But tell me the cause—the cause! I must know all. Our lives, our honors, our souls, perhaps, are at stake on this cast. I must know all, or how shall I decide?"

"You shall know all. Now listen,"—and eagerly, vehemently, he began the recital of their first boyish rivalry; of his own attempt to rescue the child from the burning house; of his failure; of his bitter disappointment; of Sutherland's arrival and success; of the hatred he conceived against him from that moment; of the insult and defiance he then offered him, and of the vengeance he had then resolved to take upon his head. He paused, literally for want of words, but of breath, so fiercely had he spoken, so vehemently had he lashed himself into fury. He paused, and as he did so, Manly interrupted him again:

"Ha! I remember—were you that boy? yes! yes! I remember—that was the first night I ever laid my eyes on Harry Sutherland. It was very gallantly done of you both—of you quite as gallantly as of him, for luck favored him in that as the fire increased the smoke diminished—and so he succeeded where you failed, by fortune's favor. But what would you have? Everyone can't win; there must be some luck in every game one plays; and you will pardon me, my good Montgomery, if I say to you that I consider all this very wrong, very unworthy of you; very unmanly, in a word. I cannot conceive how Sutherland could have fought you on such grounds; and so, if this bit of boyish emulation, which ought to have made you friends, be all that you have against Sutherland—"

"All!" interrupted Montgomery, who now had recovered not his breath only, but his coolness—"all! hear me! only hear me out. He went his way, and I mine. We met no more. In my career I succeeded; he in his. I had forgotten, or, if not forgotten, remembered only to smile at the boyish rivalry, and I not only rejoiced that our paths in pursuit of honor lay diverse, but rejoiced to hear that he in his, as I in mine, was in the ascendant. Years passed, I had achieved reputation, I loved—Oh God! how I loved—I believed that I was loved in return—I was honored, esteemed, all but loved—had he not thrust his cursed presence in, I must, I should have been loved—should have been happy—should have been a man—should have been anything but what I am. He came. It was at Washington—they met, and it appeared, which I knew not before, that they were acquaintances, friends, what knew I—boy and girl lovers, it may be, of old—I saw that she was glad to see him, that she liked him, but I never dreamed she loved him, the rather that he was neglecting her, dancing attendance on every pretty woman in the city, sighing his soul out at the feet of that jilting Jade Trevor, the very night when, for his sake, she refused me."

"Ha!" exclaimed Manly, with deep emphasis "Again—I knew the crisis of our lives was here; strange that their threads should have been so intermingled from the first, and we not dream of it—but go on, though I know what is coming."

"The very night, I say, that Anna Hamilton refused me for his sake, and told me so, as I was going from her house with the agonies of heart at my heart, I met him—ay! him—the preferred above me by that pure angel—descending the steps of Trevor's door, fresh from her wanton company, fresh, perhaps, from her arms. We met—I reproached, defied, challenged him—we fought—you know the rest! Now, have I cause to hate him?"

Manly paused, and mused deeply before he answered. "I cannot say ay!" he replied, at last, "I cannot say no!—for if he wronged you, he intended, nay! he knew it not. It is all a mystery—on the very night when you two first met, we three first met—on that night, I brought Harry Sutherland on board this ship in which we now sit. On the next day I sent him to Anna's father with commendations, which made him at once one of the family."

"You sent him, Manly?"

"Tush! Manly not me. My name is Hamilton, the brother of her—"

"Great God! And the seducer of Sutherland's mother!" exclaimed Montgomery, starting.

Hamilton glared at him for an instant, clinched his right hand, raised it, as if he would have struck him, but after a pause dashed it against his own breast, saying: "Thou hast said it!"

There was a moment's pause, for both were thunder-stricken. Hamilton, for we will call him by his *nom de guerre* no more, recovered himself the first, and continued: "To my certain knowledge they were engaged long before she ever saw you, before she ever heard your name. So, you see he has not wronged you."

"Ha! has he not?" replied Montgomery, fiercely: "nor Anna Hamilton, perhaps; why did he not marry her—why—"

"Did he not marry her?"

"Do you not know he did not?"

"Shortly after your duel, I sailed for this country, and have returned no more, nor sought for any tidings from a land whence I could hope for no good ones."

"On my recovery, Sutherland had disappeared, no one then knew whither, but it soon appeared that he was ordered to that very ship, the Sparrow Hawk. He had left Anna, without a word, without a farewell letter, without a parting token. Every one knew that she was in despair, every one believed that she was dishonored."

"Dishonored! and by him! no! no! Impossible. He is incapable of it. You belie him. No! no! Anna dishonored—no! Impossible!"

"Is he incapable of it? say rather of what is it he is not capable? Hark you! Did you ever hear of a fair girl, Carlotta, the daughter of the governor, yonder?" and he pointed with his hand in the direction of the city.

"Surely; of course; what of her? what do you mean, Montgomery? speak, man!" cried Hamilton, half believing that his companion had lost his senses through the violence of his passions.

"Listen. After I recovered from the wound I received that night, I heard what you have told me, that he was engaged to Anna Hamilton before I ever saw her. Of that wrong, therefore, I acquitted him; though for her dishonor, I was still resolved to call him to account. But her, as a dishonored thing, I plucked from my heart-strings, though I had well nigh plucked them with her. I came hither, joined Morelos, fought, *hooray*, you know, and with what fortune! A year ago I was wounded; and then a long truce, which we all believed would end in a permanent peace, followed. I came hither, was received hospitably, kindly, by the governor, was pleased with Carlotta, loved her, first as an intelligent and artless child; then as a lovely girl, a bewitching woman; then, then as my own—as my promised bride—as my betrothed wife. Again, he came—"

"Who came?"

"Harry Sutherland."

"Ha!"

"Ay! ha! he was invited to dinner at the governor's, and I was asked to meet him. I feigned urgent business at a distance, mounted my horse, and rode away I cared not whither, determined not to return until the Sparrow Hawk should be gone. I know not how long, nor where I tarried; I was half mad between hate and jealousy, and the desire of vengeance! I returned. The Sparrow Hawk was gone. SHE was gone too."

"SHE! who?" exclaimed Hamilton, springing to his feet and laying his hand on his sword's hilt, "who?"

"Carlotta!"

"Whither?"

"She is there, now!" said Montgomery, speaking very slowly through his set teeth, pointing to the quarter where the Sparrow Hawk might be supposed to lie; "on board *his* ship, another of *his* victims!"

"Ha! there is no doubt, then; my own, my adopted daughter; but Piercy, Piercy, Piercy, my oath shall be kept; she *shall* be avenged, since I have failed to keep her pure and happy. Now, sir," he added, turning to Montgomery, who, in his turn, had been gazing on him, as if he thought he was now insane. "Now, sir, I understand you, and I answer you. Vengeance can induce me to become a captain of buccaneers. Now, I can say with you, I cannot breathe the same air with him, it would stifle me; I cannot eat the bread of his hospitality, it would choke me! I ask but one thing more of heaven: place him but once within my sword's length, and if he 'scape me—why—the gibbet!"

He paused, and then called out in tones that made the cabin ring, "On deck, there!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

And in an instant a steward entered.

"Tell Captain Atherley I will be glad to speak with him."

Not a word was interchanged between those two, who remained alone together until Atherley entered. Their hearts were too full for words.

"Atherley, things have come to light this night, which must be avenged; but never revealed. My career must be here, in this ship! must end here, in this ship! I would not give the chance of capturing that cruiser, and slaying her captain with this right hand—no, not to win the crown of the whole universe! Go, commune with your officers; if you agree to fight that ship to-morrow, to the last shot in the locker, beat to quarters and tell the men my terms. If they say ay! I am again your captain!"

Atherley bowed without speaking, and withdrew.

"He does not half like it, Montgomery. If they say no, we will have the dingy, and board the Sparrow Hawk alone, defy him to his teeth, and make him fight us to the death! But, hark! hush! a cheer in the ward-room! They have decided, and for us! They beat to quarters! A pause; Atherley's voice haranguing them; three cheers from all hands! Now, to-morrow! to-morrow! His fate cries out, or mine! Whether of the two, God knows!"

"Amen!" said Montgomery! "But, if he escape thee, he has yet me to deal with, and I have twice to be avenged to-morrow!"

CHAPTER XXII.

It was upon the morning of the day succeeding the end of the northern and the almost miraculous escape of the Sparrow Hawk, that land was made from her tops; and within an hour afterward a strange sail was discovered without the bar of Tampico. Nor were the eyes of Sutherland slower than those of the rovers to detect the ship which had already twice escaped him, though it was not till the ensuing morning, when the calm was succeeded by a brisk sea-breeze, that he was perfectly certain of her identity.

With a sensation akin to rapture he beheld and recognized the Sea-King; for he knew and felt that the advantage was all his own. He had the weather gauge, and held his enemy at bay, with a dead lee shore behind him, so that now he had no chance to escape by dint of his matchless sailing. Sutherland knew, too, by his own personal experience and observation, the superiority of his own armament; the whilom privateer being mounted only with sixteen twenty-four pound carronades, while his own ship, in addition to twenty carronades of the same calibre, carried two long twenty-four pounders on pivots upon the fore-castle, giving him a fair chance of disabling the rover before coming to close quarters.

He beat immediately to quarters; the long guns were cleared away and double shotted, arm-crests were

emptied on the decks, and within twenty minutes of the discovery of the rover, the Sparrow Hawk was prepared for action, and running down at a tremendous rate on her anticipated prey.

When he discovered, however, the red ensign floating at the Sea-King's gaff, the exultation of the young captain was converted into fierce and bitter rage.

"Aloft there!" he shouted.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Shake out your royals, and sheet home! A low and aloft, set the larboard studding sails! so! Mr. Yarnall, show those infernal knaves the stars and stripes! give them an ensign at every mast! three cheers for our country and her flag!"

And as the cheering ended, he ascended the fore-castle and stood by the breech of the long gun, around which were clustered Jack Jeer, the boatswain, and his crew.

"I think, Master Jeer," said Sutherland to the old tar, "we can speak to him now, so that he shall understand our Yankee English. See if your gun cannot do something for the Sparrow Hawk."

"Ay, your honor! That can she—I'll warrant her!" and he stooped over her breech, took a long sight at the rover, and as he arose after elevating her a trifle.

"That'll do. Watch the roll of her—now she rises! fire!"

The heavy piece exploded, and as the white smoke drifted away to leeward the ball was seen to strike the billows a few yards short of her, and ricochetting from the surface, made a great rent in her fore-sail.

Immediately the Sea-King, which was heading towards them braced sharp up on the wind, fell off a little, and simultaneously eight bright flashes burst from her gunwales, with a cloud of white smoke; but the iron hail of the carronades fell short by a cable's length of the corvette, calling forth a derisive cheer from the crew of the Sparrow Hawk.

"A good shot, Jeer!" cried Sutherland, "but we must mend it. Get your foretopsails inboard, Mr. Yarnall. Your main and mizzen-top-sails back. We will hold him there till we have reduced his rags a little. Now, Master Jeer, if that gun's reloaded I'll see if I can't beat you. Try a shot with the other long Tom, Mr. Topblock."

As he spoke he sighted the forward gun carefully, and pulled the lanyard with his own hand, exclaiming "Fire!"

The two guns flashed simultaneously; Sutherland's a second or two the first, and tremendous was the execution done.

Harry's shot took effect in the head of the foremast; and after swaying for an instant to and fro, down crashed fore-topmast, fore-top-gallant mast and fore-royal, with all their pyramidal of snowy canvas, dragging the main-top-gallant-mast, with all its superincumbent spars, and the mizzen-royal-mast after it.

Topblock's shot cut the spanker-gaff asunder, and down went the head of that important sail, with its atrocious blood-red ensign.

Of all the stately spars which had lately stood erect on the rover, the stump of the fore-mast only, the main-mast with the main-sail set, and the mizzen-mast, remained standing; but the Sea-King was, it must be remembered, barque-rigged, and Topblock's shot had deprived her of all her after-sail, so that she now lay virtually a mere wreck on the water.

Three wild, exulting cheers burst from the lips of the crew, as again the Sea-King's broadside was discharged, and again fell short of the corvette.

"Let everything draw now, Mr. Yarnall; lay us across her bows, within half pistol shot. We will rake her till she's sick of showing her red bunting to a cruiser."

And with the word, with her snowy canvas perfect and unspotted, and her three starry ensigns floating sublime from her trucks, she swooped down like her own glorious eagle upon the shattered pirate.

Having now gained what is called the point of impunity, whence her own whole broadside could sweep the decks of the rover from stem to stern with a hurricane of round and grape, while only the bridle port guns of the Sea-King could respond to her devastating fire, the fight might be said to be ended. But the pirates, fighting with halters round their necks, fought indeed the fight of despair. Hoisting three blood-red ensigns on the stumps of their masts, they replied with musketry and hand grenades most ineffectually, but not for that the less resolutely, to the sustained and incessant cannonade of the Sparrow Hawk.

At last their every cannon was dismantled; the very stumps of their masts were shorn away flush with the decks, the blood streamed in torrents from her hawse holes and scuppers, and of her crew, four-fifths lay prostrate on the decks.

"Have you surrendered?" shouted Harry Sutherland, as the last mast toppled overboard, and the last bloody ensign fell.

"Not yet, sir!" answered Manly, in a firm, deep tone.

"You can resist no longer: will you take quarter?"

"Will you give it?" shouted Montgomery, for in the midst of all the havoc these two, bearing, as it seemed, charmed lives, stood un wounded.

"Surely I will. Range alongside them, Mr. Yarnall; heave the grapples in; they have no boats that will swim."

And, obedient to his word, the stately ship ran round her bows, and fell alongside her, their yards interlocking as they came together.

At this instant, however, when the crew of the Sparrow Hawk, supposing the battle won, were entirely off their guard, many of them having cast aside their arms, the surviving pirates poured in, some twenty-five in number, three close volleys with their muskets and pistols, before a shot could be returned, killing Yarnall outright, with about thirty of the Sparrow Hawks, and severely wounding Topblock and many others of the men.

Sutherland, who stood in the very centre of the iron shower, escaped unharmed. Under cover of this treacherous fire, the desperate pirates leaped forward with cutlass and tomahawk, Manly and Montgomery leading; the former intent only on dying by a soldier's weapon, not by the shameful halter; the latter bent on a two-fold bloody vengeance.

The surprise failed, however, for the marines, leveling their arms, poured in a close volley and charged bayonets, followed by the whole crew of the Sparrow Hawk, with the exception of her captain only, who was engaged hand to hand with the pirate chief, who had actually gained his own quarter-deck, though

wounded slightly by the bayonets of the marines. One other of the pirates only succeeded in boarding the corvette. That one was Montgomery; and he was stricken down in the rush by a blow on the head from a marine's musket butt, and fell stunned, and for the moment senseless, close to the hatch of the cabin companion.

Thereupon ensued a strange, and perhaps unparalleled scene. Every man and boy, un wounded and able to ply a weapon, from the second lieutenant down to the ship's cook, who were on deck when that act of deadly treachery was done, dashed forward, madly beating the boarders of the rover back, and following them to their own ship, where they pursued them into every nook and corner of the vessel, slaughtering them with no mercy, even to the wounded or the dying. Meanwhile, on the deck of the victorious corvette, the two captains stood, in deadly duel, with the man at the wheel, and the helplessly wounded, alone looking on as arbiters of that fell contest.

But fierce as it was, it was unequal; for Manly fought to die, only; and, either paralyzed by a sense of guilt, or unwilling to injure further one whom he felt that he had injured deeply, fought but weakly, and on the defensive.

While the duel continued, Montgomery raised his head, dizzily, and gazed about him, scarcely conscious, as it seemed, of what was passing. Suddenly perceiving his proximity to the open hatchway of the companion, and appearing to be possessed with some new and sudden frenzy, he gathered his limbs under him, un sheathed his knife, and plunged head foremost down into the cabin, before any eye perceived him.

Meanwhile the blade of Sutherland had thrice pierced the broad chest of Manly, and he fell severely wounded, but not slain outright, while the young avenger stood erect, gloomy and terrible, above him.

"Hamilton," he exclaimed, "Hamilton, destroyer of my father's peace, despoiler of my mother's honor! Know you by whose hands you have fallen, know you by whom God has avenged your crimes on your own guilty head!"

"It is well, Henry Sutherland! It is well! I know all, I have looked, hoped, and prayed for this. It is well, I say, and one good deed done, I die happy. Let me make you the only amends I can now make for the ruin of your family, the misery of yourself, Anna is not my brother's daughter, is not a Hamilton at all. Nay—hear me—her true name is Piercy, the daughter of a noble English captain who died upon his quarter-deck, which I had with difficulty conquered. Take her. There is no obstacle. None of the guilty blood runs in her veins. I saved her, and he brought her up. My brother has the papers."

"Manly, at such a moment I think you would not lie to me."

"Not for my life. Not for my soul. It is true, Sutherland, as true as that I—I—am dying. For—forgive me, Sutherland."

"As I pray that God may forgive me, Hamilton!"

But, as he spoke, a fearful shriek from the cabin startled him, and these appalling words, the very words of her hideous delirium—"My best beloved, my only beloved Sutherland, save me! save me!"

Sword in hand, he dashed down the companion—the cabin door stood open, but he was too late.

Carlotta lay outstretched in her innocent blood, but her glazing eyes met his with a glance of gratitude, of confidence and pure affection; while over her, with his back toward him, stood her bloodthirsty slayer.

Her lovely eyes closed for a moment, and reopened. She was dead; happy to die unconscious of her lover's changed affection.

Montgomery turned; and, as he turned, was cut down on the instant by Sutherland's avenging weapon, before the avenger of blood had so much as suspected whom he slew.

But, as Montgomery fell, his deep voice filled Sutherland's ears with sudden and most painful recognition.

"Once, twice, thrice, four times, have you conquered me! My curse upon you, Harry Sutherland!"

And at the words, the young conqueror sunk down among the corpses with scarce more life than they, and it was weeks and weeks, and the Sparrow Hawk had sailed leagues on her homeward route, ere he awakened from the stupor into which this shock and horror had plunged him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CONCLUSION.

SUTHERLAND WAS still gazing on the sights of horror which surrounded him on every side, when a tremendous explosion was heard without, louder than the simultaneous discharge of ten thousand pieces of the heaviest ordnance. In an instant the young captain stood upon his blood-stained deck, and, as he surmised instinctively, the Sea-King was no longer to be seen, a vast wreath of smoke black as ink had settled down like a huge funeral pall over the spot where she had sunk, and a few blazing and smoking spars and pieces of timber were still falling here and there into the hissing waters. Fortunately, after the desperate attempt to carry the cruiser by boarding, the last effort of the defeated pirates, the very impetus of the collision with which they came together drove them apart again, and the conflict for a few minutes was so severe on board the Sparrow Hawk that no one thought of looking after the pirate; and the man at the wheel receiving no further orders kept the ship steady, the effect of which was that the ebb tide, which was running strong, carried the pirate well to leeward of the corvette, and dead out of seaward, as the later was standing in with a fresh breeze from the Gulf. The few moments which elapsed after the fight had ended, had been all bustle and confusion; the sound of a woman's shriek from the captain's cabin, where no woman was known to be, and the sound of a fierce conflict succeeding it, had called all the un wounded officers and many of the crew below. This too had accidentally tended to good; for no officer being left on deck of sufficient authority to order the ship about in pursuit of the disabled and drifting pica-roon, she had attained the distance of nearly half a mile from the corvette before she blew up.

The cause of the explosion was never known; but no one doubted that every un wounded pirate had joined in the last desperate charge, and that, seeing all lost, some maimed surviving desperado had fired the magazine, desperate of life, and preferring any fate to the gallows.

Such was the fate of the Sea-King! such the results of James Hamilton's first soft sin—first breach of faith and honor, at which fashionable people half smiled, even while they pronounced it a bad business.

Horror-stricken and wonder-stricken as he was, Sutherland was a thorough seaman; his duty called, and must be obeyed—besides, the dead were the dead, and what was done was done.

The first thing was the care of the wounded; and of his own people, though many had fallen by the close and well-aimed volleys of the pirates' small arms, and many were badly cut by their sabres and gaggled by their long knives, the casualties were few in comparison with the loss inflicted on the pirates; of whom, with the exception of Hamilton, if he were to be accounted one—for he still wore his uniform as a colonel of Morejos' lancers, and no one could account for his presence or that of Montgomery on board—not one was found alive. Two or three who were, but slightly wounded, when they saw that all was lost, had leaped overboard and so perished, and one who was desperately, perhaps mortally maimed, had rolled himself through a port-hole after his companions. The dead of the buccaneers were cast overboard with small ceremony; those of the crew were cared for by their comrades, and decently sewed up in hammocks, ready to be committed with due ceremony to the deep, when the time should come for their interment.

In the meantime, Sutherland had ordered the ship about, and stood out to sea under easy sail to repair damages, wash the decks, bury the dead, and care for the wounded. Several hours elapsed before this melancholy task had been performed, and it was drawing toward sunset when the Sparrow Hawk stood once more into the bay, with a Spanish flag at her fore, and two American ensigns flying but all half-masted, and with minute guns firing. Running as near to the pier as she judged good, she clewed up her sails, and let go her anchor, and immediately after the captain's barge was lowered, and he went on shore in person to account to the authorities for what had occurred within their waters.

Sutherland was a brave man, and in the case of the unhappy Carlotta he felt himself innocent, yet he felt also how difficult it would be for him to prove it to the bereaved and agonized parents, so that it was not a little to his satisfaction, when, on inquiring for the governor, he was informed, that being suspected of *participation*, or, in other words, rebellion, he had fled from Tampico, with his whole family, on the approach of the loyalists.

For the rest, he was referred to the commander of the royalist forces, who was in full command and possession, and up to his ears already in sentences of exile, death, confiscation, and the like. He received Sutherland with all the benign and state dignity of an old Spanish grandee, listened to his explanation in regard to the capture of the pirate attentively; took the deposition of his officers, and declared himself perfectly satisfied. With regard to the fugitives, on being informed that one was dead and the other desperately wounded, he waived his demand for their surrender, which Sutherland did not judge it advisable to tell him, would in no case have been admitted; and lastly, to do the hard and merciless old loyalist justice, when the sad fate of Carlotta was brought before him, he expressed all the sympathy and sorrow which could be expected from a man and a father. At Sutherland's instance, he consented, irregular as it was, to bear evidence in regard to her conduct on board the Sparrow Hawk; and, as it was easy to prove by the officers and men that he had entirely given up his own cabin to the use of the strangers, and by Juana that he had never been once for a moment alone in her young lady's company, it was not difficult to establish the purity of the unhappy maiden, and to preserve her honor, like herself spotless and pure from taint. The Spanish general declared that on the honor of a grandee he believed her to have been as good and pure as his own children, and arm in arm with the young captain followed her to her last home in consecrated ground, while the minute guns of the corvette were answered by those of the castle, in both of which it had been her strange fate to be a while a sojourner.

Nay, more; in token of regard and sympathy the general granted Sutherland's request that Montgomery should be buried on shore and in consecrated ground—but with no military honors, no tap of drum, or toll of bell—but silently, sadly, solemnly, as one who had died guiltily, as in an unjust quarrel. Farther, he promised to exert himself in order to obtain the pardon of Carlotta's father, and subsequent intelligence reached Sutherland that he had kept his promise.

No more time was lost; but on the third day after the action the Sparrow Hawk weighed anchor, sheeted her topsails home, and, her duties accomplished, lay her course with a fair wind for the capes of the Delaware.

It must be remembered, here, that, until Sutherland saw Montgomery in his foreign uniform boarding his ship at the head of the pirates, he had no conception that he was in that part of the world, much less had he a suspicion that the Sieur de Hautville, of whom he had heard as the unloved lover of Carlotta, was identical with his former rival. Had he known that, assuredly he never would have yielded one inch to the charms or blandishments of the hapless young Mexicana—generosity and honor would alike have forbidden him.

And now that he knew the truth—the whole truth—that his whole life had been one chapter of errors—that like Don Quixote he had been ever fighting wind-mills and flying chimeras—that his Anna—how could he dare to call her his, after all his delinquency, all his infidelity?—was of no kin to the betrayer of his mother's honor, the murderer of his father's happiness—how did he curse his precipitancy, how curse his want of courtesy, of faith, of self-respect, in sending her no message, in leaving her without so much as a sign! How did he watch and pray for Hamilton's recovery!

Slow was that recovery, tedious, and oft interrupted, and when it was complete, so far as it could be called complete, the surgeon pronounced, what the patient felt beforehand, that it was but for a time; and, at Hamilton's express desire and entreaty, stated at last that, before the leaves, which were beginning already to grow serene on the woodland shores which they were coasting, should again be green in spring, he would sleep with his fathers.

For a long time Hamilton positively refused to see Sutherland or speak with him; but at length, when the young man, suspecting the cause of his obduracy, opened his heart to the surgeon, in so far as he could do with propriety and honor, and that functionary satisfied the invalid that, in the whole matter of Carlotta, Sutherland was indeed entirely blameless, he began to see that he might have been as much misin-

formed and mistaken in other matters, and took time to consider.

Then, reflecting on the first wrong he had done Sutherland, the most grievous perhaps that can be done to any man, and reviewing the harsh, haughty, unforgetting, and uncompromising character of Montgomery, and remembering, too, that he was nearly approaching to that awful day when he must be judged in the spirit for things done in the flesh, he relented.

Many strange feelings, many strong thoughts, were in the minds of those two men so strangely thrown together, and so fatally thus far for both, as they met, and exchanged forgiveness, and shook hands.

Tears were in the eyes of both, and prayers on their tongues, and perhaps both these for the first time with both.

Long explanations followed, and all that had been dark was made light; and much that had appeared black as night with pestilent guilt was alleviated, if not made white as snow. But the end was not then, nor could be till they lay dead.

For the rest, mutual and entire silence was agreed on. The officers were convinced, the crew persuaded, frightened, and bribed into the belief that silence was the best policy, and at the worst, if talk they would, they knew but little about which to talk.

At length they landed, and to prolong suspense no longer, when the real action and agony is over; all things turned out to have gone better for Sutherland than he had hoped, or than he deserved. From the instant of his abrupt departure, William Hamilton had suspected its reason, knowing it to be in some sort connected with his father's death, and though the whole subject was of such a nature that Anna could not be informed of it, he yet accounted to her for his unaccounted absence, and persuaded her that she was still loved, and he still faithful. Had he been detained a week longer at Tampico, or had he touched at Vera Cruz or the Havana, he would have received letters explaining all, and entreating him to return home as soon as duty would permit.

The meeting between the brothers was most affecting, but both felt that God is wiser than man, and that it was indeed better for James Hamilton to die as he did, before the leaves were green, in penitence and peace; and when the world knew that the debauched and debaucher, the wild, wicked James Hamilton was one and the same with the great Captain Manly, they forgot the vicissitudes of the one in the glories of the other.

James Hamilton died before the leaves were green, but not before he had given his adopted daughter, Anna Hamilton, for she was never suffered to know that she was not the daughter of the good man she had ever loved as a father, to Sutherland, his slayer.

But none, not even William Hamilton, ever knew that it was the sword of Harry Sutherland which led to the disease that cut off his brother; and Anna never was told the sad tale of Carotta; nor yet the lamentable end of the gifted yet perverse Montgomery. But these two were the only concealments, from that day forth, between Harry Sutherland and his beautiful wife. She always said that she was the happiest of wives and he the best of men. But he knew the truth, what indeed he had been; and in that truth, lived and died not a sadder, but a wiser and a better man.

THE END.

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