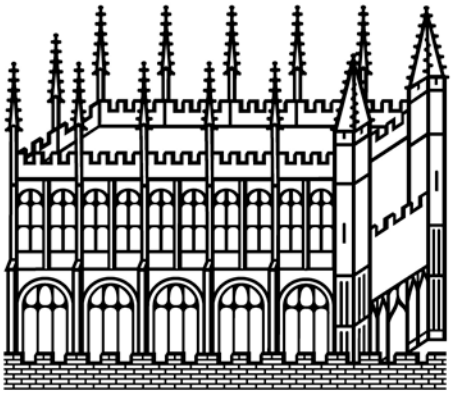

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JACOB FAITHFUL

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"PETER SIMPLE," "THE KING'S OWN," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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JACOB FAITHFUL.

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Turnbull finds out that money, although a necessary evil, is not a source of happiness; the Domine finds out that a little calumny is more effectual than Ovid's Remedy for Love; and I find out that walking gives one a good appetite for fillet of veal and bacon—I set an example to the clergy in refusing to take money for a seat in church.

"And now you see, Jacob, what a revolution has taken place; not very pleasant, I grant, but still it was very necessary. I have since been paying all my bills, for the report of my being in difficulty has brought them in fast enough;

and I find that in these last five months my wife has spent a whole year's income, so it was quite time to stop."

"I agree with you, sir; but what does Mrs. Turnbull say now—has she come to her senses?"

"Pretty well, I expect, although she does not quite choose to acknowledge it. I have told her that she must dispense with a carriage in future; and so she shall, till I think she deserves it. She knows that she must either have *my company* in the house, or none at all. She knows that the Peterses, of Petercomb Hall, have cut her, for they did not answer a note of hers, sent by the gardener; and Mr. Smith has written a very violent answer to another of her notes, wondering at her attempting to push herself into the company of the aristocracy. But what has brought her to her senses more than all, is the affair of Monsieur Tagliabue. The magistrate, at my request, gave me the note of Lord Scrope, and I have taken good care that

she should read the police report as well; but the fact is, she is so much mortified, that I say nothing to her. She has been following the advice of these French swindlers, who have led her wrong, to be able to cheat her of her money. I expect she will ask me to sell this place, and go elsewhere; but at present, we hardly exchange a word during the whole day."

"I feel very sorry for her, sir, for I really believe her to be a very good, kind-hearted person."

"That's like you, Jacob—and so she is. At present she is in a state to be pitied. She would throw a share of the blame upon other people, and cannot—she feels it is all herself. All her bubbles of grandeur have burst, and she finds herself not half so respectable as she was before her vanity induced her to cut her former acquaintance, and try to get into the society of those who laughed at her, and at the same time were not half so creditable. But it's that cursed money which has proved her unhappiness—and I may add, mine."

"Well, sir, I see no chance of its ever adding to my misfortunes, at all events."

"Perhaps not, Jacob, even if you ever should get any; but at all events, you may take a little to-morrow, if you please. I cannot ask you to dine here, it would not be pleasant to you, and show a want of feeling to my wife; but I should like you to come up with the wherry to-mor row, and we'll take a cruize."

"Very well, I shall be at your orders—at what time?"

"Say ten o'clock, if the weather is fine; if not, the next day."

"Then, sir, I'll now wish you good-bye, as I must go and see the Domine."

Mr. Turnbull shook my hand, and we parted. I was soon at Brentford, and was continuing my course through the long, main street, when I met Mr. and Mrs. Tomkins, the former head clerk, who had charge of the Brentford Wharf.

"I was intending to call upon you, sir, after I had paid a visit to my old master."

"Very well, Jacob; and recollect, we dine at half-past three—fillet of veal and bacon—don't be too late for dinner."

I promised that I would not, and, in a few minutes more, arrived at the Grammar School. I looked at its peaked, antiquated front, and called to mind my feelings, when, years back, I had first entered its porch. What a difference between the little, uncouth, ignorant, savage, tricked out like a harlequin, and now the tall, athletic, well dressed youth, happy in his independence, and conscious, although not vain, of his acquirements; and I mentally blessed the founders. But I had to talk to the Domine, and to keep my appointment with the veal and bacon at half-past three, so I could not spare any time for meditation. I therefore unfolded my arms, and making use of my legs, entered the wicket, and proceeded to the Domine's room. The door was ajar, and I entered without being perceived. I have often been reminded by Flemish paintings which I have

seen since, of the picture which then presented itself. The room was not large, but lofty. It had but one window, fitted with small, diamond-shaped panes, in heavy wood-work, through which poured a broad, but subdued stream of light. On one side of the window was an ancient armoire, containing the Domine's library, not gilt and lettered, but well thumbed and worn. On the other his huge chest of drawers, on which lay, alas! for the benefit of the rising generation, a new birch rod, of large dimensions. The table was in the centre of the room, and the Domine sat at it, with his back to the window, in a dressing-gown, once black, having been a cassock, but now brown with age. He was on his high and narrow-backed chair, leaning forwards, with both elbows on the table, his spectacles on his luxuriant nose, and his hands nearly meeting on the top of his bald crown, earnestly poring over the contents of a book. A large bible, which he constantly made use of, was also on the table, and had apparently been

shoved from him to give place to the present object of his meditations. His pipe lay on the floor, in two pieces, having been thrown off without his perceiving it. On one side of him was a sheet of paper, on which he evidently had been writing extracts. I passed by him without his perceiving me, and, gaining the back of his chair, looked over his shoulder. The work he was so intent upon was "Ovid's Remedy of Love."

It appeared that he had nearly finished reading through the whole, for in less than a minute he closed the book, and laying his spectacles down, threw himself back in his chair. "Strange," soliloquized the Domine. "Yet verily, is some of his advice important, and I should imagine commendable, yet I do not find my remedy therein. '*Avoid idleness*,'—yes, that is sage counsel—and employment to one that hath not employed himself, may drive away thought; but I have never been idle, and mine hath not been love in idleness.

'*Avoid her presence*,'—that I must do; yet doth she still present herself to mine imagination, and I doubt whether the tangible reality could be more clearly perceptible. Even now doth she stand before me in all her beauty. '*Read not Propertius and Tibullus*,'—that is easily refrained from; but read what I will, in a minute the type passeth from my eyes, and I see but her face beaming from the page. Nay, cast my eyes in what direction I may wist, it is the same. If I look at the stained wall, the indistinct lines gradually form themselves into her profile; if I look at the clouds, they will assume some of the redundant outlines of her form; if I cast mine eyes upon the fire in the kitchen grate, the coals will glow and cool until I see her face; nay, but yesterday, the shoulder of mutton upon the spit, gyrated until it at last assumed the decapitated head of Mary. '*Think of her faults, and magnify them*,'—nay, that were unjust and unchristian. Let me rather correct mine own. I fear me,

that when Ovid wrote his picture, he intended it for the use of young men, and not for an old fool like me. Behold! I have again broken my pipe—the fourth pipe that I have destroyed this week. What will the dame say? already hath she declared me demented, and God knows she is not very far from the truth;" and the Domine covered up his face in his hands. I took this opportunity to step to the door, and appear to enter it, dropping the latch, and rousing the Domine by the noise, who extended to me his hand. "Welcome, my son—welcome to thine old preceptor, and to the walls which first received thee, when thou wert cast on shore as a tangle weed from the river. Sit, Jacob; I was thinking of thee and thine."

"What, sir! of old Stapleton and his daughter, I suppose."

"Even so; ye were all in my thoughts at the moment that thou madest thy appearance. They are well?"

"Yes, sir," replied I. "I see but little of them; the old man is always smoking, and as for the girl—why, the less one sees of her, the better, I should say."

"Nay, Jacob, this is new to me; yet is she most pleasant."

I knew the Domine's character, and that if any thing could cure his unfortunate passion, it would be a supposition on his part, that the girl was not correct. I determined at all events to depreciate her, as I knew that what I said would never be mentioned by him, and would therefore do her no harm. Still, I felt that I had to play a difficult game, as I was determined not to state what was not the fact. "Pleasant, sir; yes, pleasant to every body; the fact is, I don't like such girls as she is."

"Indeed, Jacob; what, is she light?" I smiled, and made no answer. "Yet I perceived it not," replied the Domine.

"She is just like her mother, sir," observed I.

"And what was her mother?"

I gave a brief account of her mother, and how she met her death in trying to escape from her husband. The Domine mused. "Little skilled am I in women, Jacob, yet what thou sayest not only surpriseth, but grieveth me. She is fair to look upon."

"Handsome is that handsome does, sir. She'll make many a man's heart ache yet, I expect."

"Indeed, Jacob; I am full of marvel at what thou hast already told me."

"I have seen more of her, sir."

"I pray thee tell me more."

"No, sir, I had rather not. You may now imagine all you please."

"Still she is young, Jacob; when she becometh a wife she might alter."

"Sir, it is my firm opinion, (and so it was,) that if you were to marry her to-morrow, she would run away from you in a week."

"Is that thy candid opinion, Jacob?"

"I would stake my life upon her so doing, although not as to the exact time."

"Jacob, I thank thee—thank thee much; thou hast opened mine eyes—thou hast done me more good than Ovid. Yes, boy; even the ancients, whom I have venerated, have not done me so kind an act as thou, a stripling, whom I have fostered. Thou hast repaid me, Jacob—thou hast rewarded me, Jacob—thou hast protected me, Jacob—thou hast saved me, Jacob,—hast saved me, both from myself and from her; for know, Jacob—know—that mine heart did yearn toward that maiden; and I thought her even to be perfection. Jacob, I thank thee! Now leave me, Jacob, that I may commune with myself, and search out my own heart, for I am awakened—awakened as from a dream, and I would fain be quite alone."

I was not sorry to leave the Domine, for I also felt that I would fain be in company with the fillet of veal and bacon, so I shook hands, and thus ended my second morning call. I was in good time at Mr. Tomkins's, who received me with great kindness. He was well pleased

with his new situation, which was one of respectability and consequence, independently of profit; and I met at his table one or two people, who, to my knowledge, would have considered it degrading to have visited him when only head clerk to Mr. Drummond. We talked over old affairs, not forgetting the ball, and the illuminations, and Mr. Turnbull's *bon-mot* about Paradise; and after a very pleasant evening, I took my leave, with the intention of walking back to Fulham, but I found old Tom waiting outside, on the look out for me.

"Jacob, my boy, I want you to come down to my old shop one of these days. What day will you be able to come? The lighter will be here for a fortnight at least, I find from Mr. Tomkins, as she waits for a cargo coming by canal, and there is no other craft expected above bridge, so tell me what day will you come and see the old woman, and spend the whole day with us. I wants to talk a bit with you, and ax your opinion about a good many little things."

"Indeed!" replied I, smiling. "What, are you going to build a new house?"

"No, no—not that; but you see, Jacob, as I told you last winter, it was time for me to give up night-work up and down the river. I'm not so young as I was about fifty years ago, and there's a time for all things. I do mean to give up the craft in the autumn, and go on shore for a *full due;* but at the same time, I must see how I can make matters out, so tell me what day you will come."

"Well, then, shall we say Wednesday?"

"Wednesday's as good a day as any other day; come to breakfast, and you shall go away after supper, if you like; if not, the old woman will sling a hammock for you."

"Agreed, then; but where's Tom?"

"Tom, I don't know; but I think he's gone after that daughter of Stapleton's. He begins to think of the girls now, Jacob; but as the old buffer her father says, 'it's all human natur.' Howsomever, I never interferes in these mat-

ters; they seems to be pretty well matched, I think."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, as for good looks, they be well enough matched, that's sure; but I don't mean that, I mean, he is quite as knowing as she is, and will shift his helm as she shifts hers. 'Twill be a long running fight, and when one strikes, t'other won't have much to boast of. Perhaps they may sheer off, after all—perhaps they may sail as consorts. God only knows; but this I knows, that Tom's sweetheart may be as tricky as she pleases, but Tom's wife won't be,—'cause why? he'll keep her in order. Well, good night; I have a long walk."

When I returned home, I found Mary alone. "Has Tom been here?" inquired I.

"What makes you ask that question?" replied Mary.

"To have it answered—if you have no objection."

"O no! Well, then, Mr. Jacob, Tom has been here, and very amusing he has been."

"So he always is," replied I.

"And where may you have been?" I told her. "So you saw old Domine. Now, tell me, what did he say about me?"

"That I shall not tell," replied I; "but I will tell you this, that he will never think about you any more; and you must not expect ever to see him again."

"But you recollect that he promised."

"He kept his promise, Mary."

"O he told you so, did he? did he tell you all that passed?"

"No, Mary, he never told me that he had been here; neither did he tell me what had passed; but I happen to know all."

"I cannot understand that."

"Still it is true; and I think, on the whole, you behaved pretty well, although I cannot understand why you gave him a kiss at parting."

"Good heavens! where were you? you must have been in the room. And you heard every word that passed?"

"Every word," replied I.

"Well," said Mary, "I could not have believed that you could have done so mean a thing."

"Mary, rather accuse your own imprudence; what I heard was to be heard by every one in the street as well as by me. If you choose to have love scenes in a room not eight feet from the ground, with the window wide open, you must not be surprised at every passer-by hearing what you say."

"Well, that's true; I never thought of the window being open; not that I would have cared if all the world had heard me, if *you* had not."

It never occurred to me till then, why Mary was annoyed at my having overheard her, but at once I recollected what she had said about me. I made no answer. Mary sat down, leaned her forehead against her hands, and was also silent; I therefore took my candle and retired. It appeared that Mary's pride was much mortified at my having heard her confession of being partial

to me—a confession which certainly made very little impression on me, as I considered that she might a month afterwards confess the same relative to Tom, or any other individual who took her fancy; but in this I did not do her justice. Her manners were afterwards much changed towards me; she always appeared to avoid, rather than to seek, further intimacy. As for myself, I continued, as before, very good friends, kind towards her, but nothing more. The next morning I was up at Mr. Turnbull's by the time agreed upon, but before I set off, rather a singular occurrence took place. I had just finished cleaning my boat, and had resumed my jacket, when a dark man, from some foreign country, came to the hard, with a bundle under his arm.

"How much for to go to the other side of the river—how much pence?"

"Two-pence," replied I; but not caring to take him, I continued, "but you only pay one penny to cross the bridge."

"I know very well, but suppose you take me?"

He was a well-looking, not very dark man; his turban was of coloured cloth—his trowsers not very wide; and I could not comprehend whether he was a Turk or not; I afterwards found out he was a Parsee, from the East Indies. He spoke very plain English. As he decided upon crossing, I received him, and shoved off; when we were in the middle of the stream, he requested me to pull a little way up. "That will do," said he, opening his bundle, and spreading a carpet on the stern flooring of the wherry. He then rose, looking at the sun, which was then rising in all its majesty, bowed to it, with his hands raised, three times, then knelt on the carpet, and touched it several times with his forehead, again rose on his feet, took some common field flowers from his vest, and cast them into the stream, bowed again, folded up his carpet, and begged me to pull on shore.

"I say my prayers," said the man, looking at me with his dark piercing eye.

"Very proper; whom did you say them to?"

"To my God."

"But why don't you say them on shore?"

"Can't see sun in the house; suppose I go out, little boys laugh and throw mud. Where no am seen, river very proper place."

We landed, and he took out three-pence, and offered it to me. "No, no," said I, "I don't want you to pay for saying your prayers."

"No take money?"

"Yes, take money to cross the river, but not take money for saying prayers. If you want to say them any other morning, come down, and if I am here, I'll always pull you into the stream."

"You very good man, I thank you."

The Parsee made me a low salaam, and walked away. I may here observe, that the man generally came down at sun-rise two or three days in the week, and I invariably gave him a pull off into the stream, that he might pursue

his religious ceremony. We often conversed, and at last became very intimate.

Mr. Turnbull was at the bottom of the lawn, which extended from his house to the banks of the river, looking out for me, when I pulled up. The basket with our dinner, &c. was lying by him on the gravel-walk.

"This is a lovely morning, Jacob; but it will be rather a warm day, I expect," said he; "come, let us be off at once; lay in your sculls, and let us get the oars to pass."

"How is Mrs. Turnbull, sir?"

"Pretty well, Jacob, more like the Molly Bacon that I married, than she has been for some years. Perhaps, after all, this affair may turn out one of the best things that ever happened. It may bring her to her senses—bring happiness back to our hearth; and if so, Jacob, the money is well spent."

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Turnbull and I go on a party of pleasure—It turns out to be an adventure, and winds up with a blunderbuss, a tin box, and a lady's cloak.

We pulled leisurely up stream, talking, and every now and then resting on our oars, to take breath; for, as the old captain said, "Why should we make a toil of pleasure? I like the upper part of the river best, Jacob, because the water is clear, and I love clear water. How many hours have I, when a boy on board ship, hung over the gunwale of a boat, lowered down in a calm, and watched the little floating objects on the dark blue unfathomable water be-

neath me; objects of all sizes, of all colours, and of all shapes—all of them beautiful, and to be admired; yet of them, perhaps, not one in hundreds of millions ever meet the eye of man. You know, Jacob, that the North Seas are full of these animals—you cannot imagine the quantity of them; the sailors call them blubbers, because they are composed of a sort of transparent jelly, but the real name I am told is Medusæ, that is, the learned name. The whale feeds on them, and that is the reason why the whale is found where they are."

"I should like very much to go a voyage to the whale fishery," replied I; "I've heard so much about it from you."

"It is a stirring life, and a hard life, Jacob; still it is an exciting one. Some voyages will turn out very pleasant, but others are dreadful, from their anxiety. If the weather continues fine, it is all very well; but sometimes when there is continuance of bad weather, it is dreadful. I recollect one voyage which made me

show more grey hairs than all the others, and I think I have been twenty-two in all. We were in the drift ice, forcing our way to the northward, when it came on to blow—the sea rose, and after a week's gale, it was tremendous. We had little daylight, and when it was daylight, the fog was so thick that we could see but little; there we were tossing among the large drift ice, meeting immense icebergs which bore down with all the force of the gale, and each time we narrowly escaped perishing: the rigging was loaded with ice; the bows of the ship were cased with it; the men were more than half frozen, and we could not move a rope through a block, without pouring boiling water through it first, to clear it out. But then the long, dreary, dreadful nights, when we were rising on the mountain wave, and then pitching down into the trough, not knowing but that at each send we might strike upon the ice below, and go to the bottom immediately afterwards. All pitchy dark—the wind howling, and as it

struck you, cutting you to the back-bone with its cold searching power, the waves dancing all black around you, and every now and then perceiving, by its white colour and the foam encircling it, a huge mass of ice borne upon you, and hurled against you as if there were a demon, who was using it as an engine for your destruction. I never shall forget the *turning* of an iceberg, during that dreadful gale, which lasted for a month and three days."

"I don't know what that means, sir."

"Why you must know, Jacob, that the ice-bergs are all fresh water, and are supposed to have been detached from the land by the force of the weather and other causes. Now although ice floats, yet it floats deep: that is, if an ice-berg is five hundred feet high above the water, it is generally six times as deep below the water—do you understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Now, Jacob, the water is much warmer than the air, and, in consequence, the ice under the

water melts away much faster; so that if an iceberg has been some time afloat, at last the part that is below is not so heavy as that which is above; then it turns, that is, it upsets and floats in another position."

"I understand you, sir."

"Well, we were close to an iceberg, which was to windward of us, a very tall one indeed, and we reckoned that we should get clear of it, for we were carrying a press of sail to effect it. Still all hands were eagerly watching the iceberg, as it came down very fast before the storm. All of a sudden it blew twice as hard as before, and then one of the men shouted out—'*turning, turning*,'—and sure enough it was. There was its towering summit gradually bowing towards us, until it almost appeared as if the peak was over our heads. Our fate appeared inevitable, as the whole mountain of ice was descending on the vessel, and would, of course, have crushed us into atoms. We all fell on our knees, praying mentally, and watching its awful

descent; even the man at the helm did the same, although he did not let go the spokes of the wheel. It had nearly half turned over, right for us, when the ice below being heavier on one side than on the other, gave it a more slanting impetus, and shifting the direction of its fall, it plunged into the sea about a cable's length astern of us, throwing up the water to the heavens in foam, and blinding us all with the violence with which it dashed into our faces. For a minute, the run of the waves was checked, and the sea appeared to boil and dance, throwing up peaked pointed masses of water in all directions, one sinking, another rising; the ship rocked and reeled as if she were drunk; even the current of the gale was checked for a moment, and the heavy sails flapped and cleared themselves of their icy varnishing—then all was over. There was an iceberg of another shape astern of us, the gale recommenced, the waves pressed each other on as before, and we felt the return of the gale, awful as it was, as a reprieve.

That was a dreadful voyage, Jacob, and turned one-third of my hair grey; and what made it worse was, that we had only three fish on board on our return. However, we had reason to be thankful, for eighteen of our vessels were lost altogether, and it was the mercy of God that we were not among the number."

"Well, I suppose you told me that story to prevent my going a voyage?"

"Not a bit, Jacob; if it should chance that you find it your interest to go to the North Pole, or anywhere else, I would say go, by all means; let neither difficulty nor danger deter you; but do not go merely from curiosity, that I consider foolish. It's all very well for those who come back, to have the satisfaction to talk of such things, and it is but fair that they should have it; but when you consider how many there are who never come back at all, why then it's very foolish to push yourself into needless danger and privation. You are amused with my recollections of arctic voyages, but just call to

mind how many years of hardship, of danger, cold, and starvation, I have undergone to collect all these anecdotes, and then judge whether it is worth any man's while to go for the sake of mere curiosity."

I then amused Mr. Turnbull with the description of the pic-nic party, which lasted until we had pulled far beyond Kew Bridge. We thrust the bow of the wherry into a bunch of sedges, and then we sat down to our meal, surrounded by hundreds of blue dragon-flies, that flitted about as if to inquire what we meant by intruding upon their domiciles. We continued there chatting and amusing ourselves till it was late, and then shoved off and pulled down with the stream. The sun had set, and we had yet six or seven miles to return to Mr. Turnbull's house, when we perceived a slight, handsome young man, in a small skiff, who pulled towards us.

"I say, my lads," said he, taking us both for watermen, "have you a mind to earn a couple of guineas, with very little trouble?"

"O yes," replied Mr. Turnbull, "if you can show us how. A fine chance for you, Jacob," continued he, aside.

"Well then, I shall want your services, perhaps, for not more than an hour, it may be a little longer, as there is a lady in question, and we may have to wait. All I ask is, that you pull well and do your best. Are you agreed?"

We consented; and he requested us to follow him, and then pulled for the shore.

"This is to be an adventure, sir," said I.

"So it seems," replied Mr. Turnbull; "all the better. I'm old now, but I'm fond of a spree."

The gentleman pulled into a little boat-house by the river's side, belonging to one of the villas on the bank, made fast his boat, and then stepped into ours.

"Now, we've plenty of time; just pull quietly for the present." We continued down the river, and after we had passed Kew Bridge, he directed us in-shore, on the right side, till we

came to a garden sweeping down to the river from a cottage *ornée*, of large dimensions, about fifty yards from the bank. The water was up to the brick wall, which rose from the river about four or five feet. "That will do, st- - st—, not a word," said he, rising in the stern sheets, and looking over. After a minute or two reconnoitring, he climbed from the boat on to the parapet of the wall, and whistled two bars of an air which I had never heard. All was silent. He crouched behind a lilac bush, and in a minute he repeated the same air in a whistle as before; still there was no appearance of movement at the cottage. He continued at intervals to whistle the portion of the air, and at last a light appeared at an upper window; it was removed, and re-appeared three times. "Be ready now, my lads," said he. In about two minutes afterwards, a female, in a cloak, appeared, coming down the lawn, with a box in her hand, panting with excitement.

"Oh! Edward, I heard your first signal,

but I could not get into my uncle's room for the box; at last he went out, and here it is."

The gentleman seized the box from her, and handed it to us in the boat.

"Take great care of that, my lads," said he; "and now, Cecilia, we have no time to lose; the sooner you are in the boat, the better."

"How am I to get down there, Edward?" replied she.

"O, nothing more easy. Stop, throw your cloak into the boat, and then all you have to do is, first to get upon the top of the wall, and then trust to the watermen below and to me above for helping you."

It was not, however, quite so easy a matter; the wall was four feet high above the boat, and, moreover, there was a trellised work of iron, about a foot high, which ran along the wall. Still she made every effort on her own part, and we considered that we had arranged so as to conquer the difficulty, when the young lady gave a scream. We looked up and beheld a third

party on the wall. It was a stout, tall, elderly man, as far as we could perceive in the dark, who immediately seized hold of the lady by the arm, and was dragging her away. This was resisted by the young gentleman, and the lady was relinquished by the other, to defend himself; at the same time that he called out,

"Help, help! Thieves, thieves!"

"Shall I go to his assistance?" said I, to Mr. Turnbull, "one must stay in the boat."

"Jump up, then, Jacob, for I never could get up that wall."

I was up in a moment, and gaining my feet, was about to spring to the help of the young man, when four servants with lights and with arms in their hands, made their appearance, hastening down the lawn. The lady had fainted on the grass; the elderly gentleman and his antagonist were down together, but the elderly gentleman had the mastery, for he was uppermost. Perceiving the assistance coming, he called out, "Look to the watermen, secure

them." I perceived that not a moment was to be lost. I could be of no service, and Mr. Turnbull might be in an awkward scrape. I sprang into the boat, shoved off, and we were in the stream and at thirty yards distance before they looked over the wall to see where we were.

"Stop in that boat! stop!" they cried.

"Fire, if they don't," cried their master.

We pulled as hard as we could. A musquetoon was discharged, but the shot dropped short; the only person who fell was the man who fired it. To see us he had stood upon the coping bricks of the wall, and the recoil tumbled him over into the river: we saw him fall, and heard the splash; but we pulled on as hard as we could, and in a few minutes the scene of action was far behind us. We then struck across to the other side of the river, and when we had gained close to the shore, we took breath.

"Well," said Mr. Turnbull, "this is a spree I little looked for; to have a blunderbuss full of shot sent after me."

"No," replied I, laughing, "that's carrying the joke rather too far on the river Thames."

"Well, but what a pretty mess we are in: here we have property belonging to God knows whom; and what are we to do with it?"

"I think, sir, the best thing we can do is, for you to land at your own house with the property, and take care of it until we find out what all this is about; and I will continue on with the sculls to the hard. We shall hear or find out something about it in a day or two; they may still follow up the pursuit and trace us."

"The advice is good," replied Mr. Turnbull, "and the sooner we cut over again the better, for we are nearly abreast of my place."

We did so; Mr. Turnbull landed in his garden, taking with him the tin-box, (it was what they call a deed box,) and the lady's cloak. I did not wait, but boating the oars, took my sculls and pulled down to Fulham as fast as I could. I had arrived, and was pulling gently in, not to injure the other boats, when a man with a lantern came into the wherry.

"Have you any thing in your boat, my man?" said he.

"Nothing, sir," replied I. The man examined the boat, and was satisfied.

"Tell me, did you see a boat with two men in it as you came along?"

"No, sir," replied I, "nothing has passed me."

"Where do you come from now?"

"From a gentleman's place near Brentford."

"Brentford; O then you were far below them. They are not down yet."

"Have you a job for me, sir?" said I, not wishing to appear anxious to go away.

"No, my man, no; nothing to-night. We are on the look-out, but we have two boats in the stream, and a man at each landing-place."

I made fast my boat, shouldered my oars and sculls, and departed, not at all sorry to get away. It appeared that as soon as it was ascertained that we were not to be stopped by being fired at, they saddled horses, and the distance by the road being so much shorter,

had, by galloping as hard as they could, arrived at Fulham some ten minutes before me. It was, therefore, most fortunate that the box had been landed, or I should have been discovered. That the contents were of value was evident, from the anxiety to secure them; but the mystery was still to be solved. I was quite tired with exertion and excitement when I arrived at Stapleton's. Mary was there to give me my supper, which I ate in silence, complained of a headache, and went to bed.

CHAPTER III.

The waterman turns water knight—I become chivalrous, see a beautiful face, and go with the stream —The adventure seems to promise more law than love, there being papers in the case, that is, in a tin box.

THAT night I dreamed of nothing but the scene, over and over again, and the two bars of music were constantly ringing in my ears. As soon as I had breakfasted the next morning, I set off to Mr. Turnbull's, and told him what had occurred.

"It was indeed fortunate that the box was landed," said he, "or you might have now been in prison. I wish I had had nothing to do with it; but, as you say, 'what's done can't be

helped.' I will not give up the box, at all events, until I know which party is entitled to it, and I cannot help thinking that the lady is. But, Jacob, you will have to reconnoitre, and find out what this story is. Tell me, do you think you could remember the tune, which he whistled so often?"

"It has been running in my head the whole night, and I have been trying it all the way as I pulled here. I think I have it exact. Hear, sir." I whistled the two bars.

"Quite correct, Jacob, quite correct; well take care not to forget them. Where are you going to day?"

"No where, sir."

"Suppose then you pull up the river, and find out the place where we landed, and when you have ascertained that, you can go on and see whether the young man is with the skiff; at all events, you may find out something—but pray be cautious."

I promised to be very careful, and departed

on my errand, which I undertook with much pleasure, for I was delighted with any thing like adventure. I pulled up the river, and, in about an hour and a quarter came abreast of the spot. I recognized the cottage *ornée*, the parapet wall, even the spot where we lay, and perceived that several bricks were detached and had fallen in the river. There appeared to be no one stirring in the house, yet I continued to pull up and down, looking at the windows; at last one opened, and a young lady looked out, who, I was persuaded, was the same that we had seen the night before. There was no wind, and all was quiet around. She sat at the window, leaning her head on her hand. I whistled the two bars of the air. At the first bar she started up, and looked earnestly at me as I completed the second. I looked up, she waved her handkerchief once, and then shut the window. In a few seconds she made her appearance on the lawn, walking down towards the river. I immediately pulled in under the

wall. I laid in my sculls, and held on, standing up in the boat.

"Who are you? and who sent you?" said she, looking down on me, and discovering one of the most beautiful faces I had ever beheld.

"No one sent me, ma'am," replied I, "but I was in the boat last night. I am sorry you were so unfortunate, but your box and cloak are quite safe."

"You were one of the men in the boat. I trust no one was hurt when they fired at you?"

"No, ma'am."

"And where is the box?"

"In the house of the person who was with me."

"Can he be trusted? for they will offer large rewards for it."

"I should think so, ma'am," replied I, smiling; "the person who was with me is a gentleman of large fortune, who was amusing himself on the river. He desires me to say that he will

not give up the box until he knows to whom the contents legally belong."

"Good heavens, how fortunate! Am I to believe you?"

"I should hope so, ma'am."

"And what are you, then? You are not a waterman?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am."

She paused, looking earnestly at me for a little while, and then continued, "How did you learn the air you whistled?"

"The young gentleman whistled it six or seven times last night before you came. I tried it this morning coming up, as I thought it would be the means of attracting your attention. Can I be of any service to you, ma'am?"

"Service—yes, if I could be sure you were to be trusted—of the greatest service. I am confined here—cannot send a letter—watched as I move—only allowed the garden, and even watched while I walk here. They are most of them in quest of the tin-box to-day, or I should

not be able to talk to you so long." She looked round at the house anxiously, and then said, "Stop here a minute, while I walk a little." She then retreated, and paced up and down the garden walk. I still remained under the wall, so as not to be perceived from the house. In about three or four minutes she returned and said, "It would be very cruel—it would be more than cruel—it would be very wicked of you to deceive me, for I am very unfortunate and very unhappy." The tears started in her eyes. "You do not look as if you would. What is your name?"

"Jacob Faithful, ma'am, and I will be true to my name, if you will put your trust in me. I never deceived any one that I can recollect; and I'm sure I would not you—now that I've seen you."

"Yes, but money will seduce every body."

"Not me, ma'am; I've as much as I wish for."

"Well, then, I will trust you, and think

you sent from heaven to my aid; but how am I to see you? To-morrow my uncle will be back, and then I shall not be able to speak to you one moment, and if seen to speak to you, you will be laid in wait for, and perhaps shot."

"Well, ma'am," replied I, after a pause, "if you cannot speak, you can write. You see that the bricks on the parapet are loose here. Put your letter under this brick— I can take it away even in day-time, without being noticed, and can put the answer in the same place, so that you can secure it when you come out."

"How very clever! Good heavens, what an excellent idea!"

"Was the young gentleman hurt, ma'am, in the scuffle last night?" inquired I.

"No, I believe not much, but I wish to know where he is, to write to him; could you find out?" I told her where we had met him, and what had passed. "That was Lady Auburn's," replied she, "he is often there—she is our cousin;" but I don't know where he lives, and

how to find him I know not. His name is Edward Wharncliffe. Do you think you could find him out?"

"Yes, ma'am, with a little trouble it might be done. They ought to know where he is at Lady Auburn's."

"Yes, some of the servants might—but how will you get to them?"

"That, ma'am, I must find out. It may not be done in one day, or two days, but if you will look every morning under this brick, if there is any thing to communicate you will find it there."

"You can write and read then?"

"I should hope so, ma'am," replied I, laughing.

"I don't know what to make of you. Are you really a waterman?"

"Really, and——" She turned her head round at the noise of a window opening.

"You must go—don't forget the brick;" and she disappeared.

I shoved my wherry along by the side of the

wall, so as to remain unperceived until I was clear of the frontage attached to the cottage; and then, taking my sculls, pulled into the stream; and as I was resolved to see if I could obtain any information at Lady Auburn's, I had to pass the garden again, having shoved my boat down the river instead of up, when I was under the wall. I perceived the young lady walking with a tall man by her side; he speaking very energetically, and using much gesticulation, she holding down her head. In another minute they were shut out from my sight. I was so much stricken with the beauty and sweetness of expression in the young lady's countenance, that I was resolved to use my best exertions to be of service to her. In about an hour and a-half, I had arrived at the villa, abreast of which we had met the young gentleman, and which the young lady had told me belonged to Lady Auburn. I could see no one in the grounds, nor indeed in the house. After watching a few minutes, I landed as near to the villa

as I could, made fast the wherry, and walked round to the entrance. There was no lodge, but a servant's door at one side. I pulled the bell, having made up my mind how to proceed as I was walking up. The bell was answered by an old woman, who, in a snarling tone, asked me "what did I want?"

"I am waiting below, with my boat, for Mr. Wharncliffe; has he come yet?"

"Mr. Wharncliffe! No—he's not come; nor did he say that he would come; when did you see him?"

"Yesterday. Is Lady Auburn at home?"

"Lady Auburn—no; she went to town this morning; every body goes to London now, that they may not see the flowers and green trees, I suppose."

"But I suppose Mr. Wharncliffe will come," continued I, "so I must wait for him."

"You can do just as you like," replied the old woman, about to shut the gate in my face.

"May I request a favour of you, ma'am, be-

fore you shut the gate—which is, to bring me a little water to drink, for the sun is hot, and I have had a long pull up here:" and I took out my handkerchief and wiped my face.

"Yes, I'll fetch you some," replied she, shutting the gate, and going away.

"This don't seem to answer very well," thought I to myself. The old woman returned, opened the gate, and handed me a mug of water. I drank some, thanked her, and returned the mug.

"I am very tired," said I, "I should like to sit down and wait for the gentleman."

"Don't you sit down when you pull?" inquired the old woman.

"Yes," replied I.

"Then you must be tired of sitting, I should think, not of standing; at all events, if you want to sit, you can sit in your boat, and mind it at the same time." With this observation she shut the door upon me, and left me without any more comment.

After this decided repulse on the part of the old woman, I had nothing to do but to take her advice, viz. to go and look after my boat. I pulled down to Mr. Turnbull's, and told him my good and bad fortune. It being late, he ordered me some dinner in his study, and we sat there canvassing over the affair. "Well," said he, as we finished, "you must allow me to consider this as my affair, Jacob, as I was the occasion of our getting mixed up in it. You must do all that you can to find this young man, and I shall hire Stapleton's boat by the day until we succeed; you need not tell him so, or he may be anxious to know why. To-morrow you go down to old Beazeley's?"

"Yes, sir; you cannot hire me to-morrow."

"Still I shall, as I want to see you to-morrow morning before I go. Here's Stapleton's money for yesterday and to-day, and now good night."

I was at Mr. Turnbull's early the next morning, and found him with the newspaper before

him. "I expected this, Jacob," said he; "read that advertisement." I read as follows: "Whereas, on Friday night last, between the hours of nine and ten, a tin box, containing deeds and papers, was handed into a wherry, from the grounds of a villa between Brentford and Kew, and the parties who owned it were prevented from accompanying the same, This is to give notice, that a reward of twenty pounds will be paid to the watermen, upon their delivering up the same to Messrs. James and John White, of No. 14, Lincoln's Inn Fields. As no other parties are authorized to receive the said tin box of papers, all other applications for it must be disregarded. An early attention to this advertisement will oblige."

"There must be papers of no little consequence in that box, Jacob, depend upon it," said Mr. Turnbull; "however, here they are, and here they shall remain until I know more about it, that's certain. I intend to try what I can do myself with the old

woman, for I perceive the villa is to be let for three months—here is the advertisement in the last column. I shall go to town to-day, and obtain a ticket from the agent, and it is hard but I'll ferret out something. I shall see you to-morrow. Now you may go, Jacob."

I hastened away, as I had promised to be down to old Tom's to breakfast; an hour's smart pulling brought me to the landing-place, opposite to his house.

CHAPTER IV.

A ten-pound householder occupied with affairs of state—The advantage of the word "implication"—An unexpected meeting and a reconciliation—Resolution *versus* bright black eyes—Verdict for the defendant, with heavy damages.

THE house of old Tom Beazeley was situated on the verge of Battersea Fields, about a mile and a half from the bridge bearing the same name; the river about twenty yards before it—the green grass behind it, and not a tree within half a mile of it. There was nothing picturesque in it but its utter loneliness; it was not only lonely but isolated, for it was fixed upon a delta of about half an acre, between two creeks, which joined at about forty yards from

the river, and ran up through the fields, so that the house was, at high water, upon an island, and at low water was defended by an impassable barrier of mud, so that the only advances to it could be made from the river, where a small *hard*, edged with posts worn down to the conformation of decayed double teeth, offered the only means of access. The house itself was one story high; dark red bricks, and darker tiles upon the roof; windows very scarce, and very small, although built long before the damnable tax upon light, for it was probably built in the time of Elizabeth, to judge by the peculiarity of the style of architecture observable in the chimneys; but it matters very little at what epoch was built a tenement which was rented at only ten pounds per annum. The major part of the said island was stocked with cabbage plants; but on one side, there was half a boat set upright, with a patch of green before it. At the time that old Beazeley hired it, there was a bridge, rudely constructed of old

ship plank, by which you could gain a path which led across the Battersea Fields; but as all the communications of old Tom were by water, and Mrs. Beazeley never ventured over the bridge, it was gradually knocked away for firewood, and when it was low-water, one old post, redolent of mud, marked the spot where the bridge had been. The interior was far more inviting; Mrs. Beazeley was a clean person and frugal housewife, and every article in the kitchen, which was the first room you entered, was as clean and as bright as industry could make it. There was a parlour also, seldom used; both of the inmates, when they did meet, which was not above a day or two in three weeks, during the time that old Beazeley was in charge of the lighter, preferring comfort to grandeur. In this isolated house, upon this isolated spot, did Mrs. Beazeley pass a life of almost isolation.

And yet, perhaps, there never was a more lively or a more happy woman than Mrs. Beazeley, for she was strong and in good health, and

always employed. She knew that her husband was following up his avocation on the river, and laying by a provision for their old age, while she herself was adding considerably to it by her own exertions. She had married old Tom long before he had lost his legs, at a time that he was a prime active sailor, and the best man of the ship. She was a net-maker's daughter, and had been brought up to the business, at which she was very expert. The most difficult part of the art, is that of making large *seines* for taking sea-fish; and when she had no order for those to complete, the making of casting-nets beguiled away her time as soon as her household cares had been disposed of. She made money and husbanded it, not only for herself and her partner, but for her son, young Tom, upon whom she doated. So accustomed was she to work hard and be alone, that it was difficult to say whether she was most pleased or most annoyed when her husband and son made their appearance for a day or two, and the latter

was alternately fondled and scolded during the whole of his sojourn; Tom, as the reader may suppose from a knowledge of his character, caring about as much for the one as the other.

I pulled into the *hard*, and made fast my boat. There was no one outside the door when I landed; on entering, I found them all seated at the table, and a grand display of fragments, in the shape of herring-bones, &c. "Well, Jacob, come at last—thought you had forgot us; piped to breakfast at eight bells—always do, you know," said old Tom, on my making my appearance.

"Have you had your breakfast, Jacob?" said Mr. Beazeley.

"No," replied I, "I was obliged to go up to Mr. Turnbull's, and that detained me."

"No more sodgers, Jacob;" said Tom, "father and I eat them all."

"Have you," replied Mrs. Beazeley, taking two more red herrings out of the cupboard, and

putting them on the fire to grill; "no, no, master Tom, there's some for Jacob yet."

"Well, mother, you make nets to some purpose, for you've always a fish when it's wanted."

I dispatched my breakfast, and as soon as all had been cleared away by his wife, old Tom, crossing his two timber legs, commenced business, for it appeared, what I was not aware of, that we had met on a sort of council of war.

"Jacob, sit down by me; old woman, bring yourself to an anchor in the high chair; Tom, sit any where, so you sit still."—"And leave my net alone, Tom," cried his mother, in parenthesis.—"You see, Jacob, the whole long and short of it is this, I feel my toes more and more, and flannel's no longer warm. I can't tide it any longer, and I think it high time to lie up in ordinary and moor abreast of the old woman. Now, there's Tom, in the first place, what's to do with he? I think that I'll build him a wherry, and as I'm free of the river, he can finish his apprenticeship with my name on the

boat; but to build him a wherry would be rather a heavy pull for me.'

"If you mean to build it yourself, I think it will prove a *heavy pull* for me," replied Tom.

"Silence, Tom; I built you, and God knows you're light enough."

"And Tom, leave my net alone," cried his mother.

"Father made me light-fingered, mother."

"Aye, and light-hearted too, boy," rejoined the dame, looking fondly at the son.

"Well," continued old Tom, "supposing that Tom be provided for in that way; then now I comes to myself. I've an idea that I can do a good bit of work in patching up boats, for you see I always was a bit of a carpenter, and I know how the builders extortionate the poor watermen when there's a trifle amiss. Now, if they knew I could do it, they'd all come to me fast enough; but then there's a puzzle; I've been thinking this week how I can make them know it.

I can't put out a board and say, Beazeley, *Boat-builder*, because I'm no boat-builder, but still I want a sign."

"Lord, father, hav'n't you got one already?" interrupted young Tom; "you've half a boat stuck up there, and that means that you're half a boat-builder."

"Silence, Tom, with your frippery; what do you think, Jacob?"

"Could you not say, 'Boats repair'd here?'"

"Yes, but that won't exactly do; they like to employ a builder—and there's the puzzle."

"Not half so puzzling as this net," observed Tom, who had taken up the needle, unobserved by his mother, and began to work; "I've made only ten stitches, and six of them are long ones."

"Tom, Tom, you good for nothing—why don't you let my net alone?" cried Mrs. Beazeley, "now 'twill take me as much time to undo ten stitches as to have made fifty."

"All right, mother."

"No, Tom, all's wrong; look at these meshes?"

"Well, then, all's fair, mother."

"No, all's foul, boy; look how it's tangled."

"Still, I say, all's fair, mother, for it is but fair to give the fish one or two chances to get away, and that's just what I've done; and now, father, I'll settle your affair to your own satisfaction, as I have mother's."

"That will be queer satisfaction, Tom, I guess, but let's hear what you have to say."

"Why, then, father, it seems, that you're no boat-builder, but you want people to fancy that you are—a'n't that the question?"

"Why, 'tis something like it, Tom—but I do nobody no harm."

"Certainly not; it's only the boats which will suffer. Now, get a large board, with 'Boats *built to order*, and boats repaired, by Tom Beazeley.' You know if any man is fool enough to order a boat, that's his concern, you didn't say you're a boat-builder, although you have no objection to try your hand."

"What do you say, Jacob?" said old Tom, appealing to me.

"I think that Tom has given very good advice, and I would follow it."

"Ah! Tom has a head," said Mrs. Beazeley, fondly. "Tom, let go my net again, will you? what a boy you are! Now, touch it again if you dare," and Mrs. Beazeley took up a little poker from the fire-place and shook it at him.

"Tom has a head, indeed," said young Tom, "but as he has no wish to have it broken, Jacob, lend me your wherry for half an hour, and I'll be off."

I assented, and Tom, first tossing the cat upon his mother's back, made his escape, crying

"Lord, Molly, what a fish,"

as the animal fixed in its claws to save herself from falling, making Mrs. Beazeley roar out and vow vengeance, while old Tom and I could not refrain from laughter.

After Tom's departure, the conversation was renewed, and every thing was finally arranged between old Tom and his wife, except the building of the wherry, at which the old woman shook her head. The debate would be too long, and not sufficiently interesting to detail; one part, however, I must make the reader acquainted with. After entering into all the arrangements of the house, Mrs. Beazeley took me up stairs to show me the rooms, which were very neat and clean. I came down with her, and old Tom said, "Did the old woman show you the room with the white curtains, Jacob?"

"Yes," replied I, "and a very nice one it is."

"Well, Jacob, there's nothing sure in this world. You're well off at present, and 'leave well alone' is a good motto; but recollect this, that room is for you when you want it, and every thing else we can share with you. It's offered freely, and you will accept it the same. Is it not, old lady?"

"Yes, that it is, Jacob; but may you do

better—if not, I'll be your mother for want of a better."

I was moved with the kindness of the old couple; the more so, as I did not know what I had done to deserve it. Old Tom gave me a hearty squeeze of the hand, and then continued; "But about this wherry—what do you say, old woman?"

"What will it cost," replied she gravely.

"Cost; let me see,—a good wherry with sculls and oars, will be a matter of thirty pounds."

The old woman screwed up her mouth, shook her head, and then walked away to prepare for dinner.

"I think she could muster the blunt, Jacob, but she don't like to part with it. Tom must coax her. I wish he hadn't shied the cat at her. He's too full of fun."

As old Beazeley finished, I perceived a wherry pulling in with some ladies. I looked attentively, and recognized my own boat, and Tom pulling. In a minute more they were at the

hard, and who, to my astonishment, were there seated, but Mrs. Drummond and Sarah. As Tom got out of the boat and held it steady against the *hard*, he called to me; I could not do otherwise than go and assist them out; and once more did I touch the hands of those whom I never thought to meet again. Mrs. Drummond retained my hand a short time after she landed, saying, "We are friends, Jacob, are we not?"

"Oh, yes, madam," replied I, much moved, in a faltering voice.

"I shall not ask that question," said Sarah, gaily, "for we parted friends."

And as I recalled to mind her affectionate behaviour, I pressed her hand, and the tears glistened in my eyes as I looked into her sweet face. As I afterwards discovered, this was an arranged plan with old and young Tom, to bring about a meeting without my knowledge. Mrs. Beazeley curtesied and stroked her apron—smiled at the ladies, looked very *cat*-tish at Tom, showed the ladies into the house, where old Tom assisted to do

the honours after his own fashion, by asking Mrs. Drummond if she would like *to whet her whistle* after her *pull.* Mrs. Drummond looked round to me for explanation, but young Tom thought proper to be interpreter. "Father wants to know, if you please ma'am, whether, after your *pull* in the boat, you wouldn't like to have a *pull* at the brandy bottle?"

"No," replied Mrs. Drummond, smiling, "but I should be obliged for a glass of water. Will you get me one, Jacob?"

I hastened to comply, and Mrs. Drummond entered into conversation with Mrs. Beazeley. Sarah looked at me, and went to the door, turning back as inviting me to follow. I did so, and we soon found ourselves seated on the bench in the old boat.

"Jacob," said she, looking earnestly at me, "you surely will be friends with *my* father?"

I think I should have shaken my head, but she laid an emphasis on *my*, which the little gypsey knew would have its effect. All my re-

solutions, all my pride, all my sense of injury vanished before the mild beautiful eyes of Sarah, and I replied hastily, "Yes, Miss Sarah, I can refuse *you* nothing."

"Why *Miss*, Jacob?"

"I am a waterman, and you are much above me."

"That is your own fault; but say no more about it"

"I must say something more, which is this: do not attempt to induce me to leave my present employment; I am happy, because I am independent; and that I will, if possible, be for the future."

"Any one can pull an oar, Jacob."

"Very true, Miss Sarah; and is under no obligation to any one by so earning his livelihood. He works for all, and is paid for all."

"Will you come and see us, Jacob? Come to-morrow—now do—promise me. Will you refuse your old playmate, Jacob?"

"I wish you would not ask that."

"How then can you say that you are friends with my father? I will not believe you unless you promise to come."

"Sarah," replied I earnestly, "I will come; and to prove to you that we are friends, I will ask a favour of him."

"O Jacob, this is kind indeed," cried Sarah, with her eyes swimming with tears. "You have made me so—so very happy!"

The meeting with Sarah humanized me, and every feeling of revenge was chased from my memory. Mrs. Drummond joined us soon after, and proposed to return. "And Jacob will pull us back," cried Sarah. "Come, sir, look after your *fare*, in both senses. Since you will be a waterman, you shall work." I laughed, and handed them into the boat. Tom took the other oar, and we were soon at the steps close to Mr. Drummond's house.

"Mamma, we ought to give these poor fellows something to drink, they've worked very hard," said Sarah, mocking. "Come up, my

good men." I hesitated. "Nay, Jacob, if to-morrow, why not to-day? the sooner these things are over the better."

I felt the truth of this observation, and followed her. In a few minutes I was again in that parlour in which I had been dismissed, and in which the affectionate girl burst into tears on my shoulder, as I held the handle of the door. I looked at it, and looked at Sarah. Mrs. Drummond had gone out of the room to let Mr. Drummond know that I had come. "How kind you were, Sarah!" said I.

"Yes, but kind people are cross sometimes, and so am I—and so was——"

Mr. Drummond came in, and stopped her. "Jacob, I am glad to see you again in my house; I was deceived by appearances, and did you injustice." How true is the observation of the wise man, that a soft word turneth away wrath; that Mr. Drummond should personally acknowledge that he was wrong to me—that he should confess it—every feeling of resentment

was gone, and others crowded in their place. I recollected how he had protected the orphan —how he had provided him with instruction— how he had made *his* house a home to me— how he had tried to bring me forward under his own protection. I recollected—which, alas! I never should have forgotten—that he had treated me for years with kindness and affection, all of which had been obliterated from my memory by one single act of injustice. I felt that I was a culprit, and burst into tears; and Sarah, as before, cried in sympathy.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Drummond," said I, as soon as I could speak; "I have been very wrong in being so revengeful after so much kindness from you."

"We both have been wrong—but say no more on the subject, Jacob; I have an order to give, and then I will come up to you again;" and Mr. Drummond quitted the room.

"You dear, good boy," said Sarah, coming up to me. "Now I really do love you."

What I might have replied was put a stop to, by Mrs. Drummond entering the room. She made a few inquiries about where I at present resided, and Sarah was catechizing me rather inquisitively about Mary Stapleton, when Mr. Drummond re-entered the room, and shook me by the hand with a warmth which made me more ashamed of my conduct towards him. The conversation became general, but still rather embarrassed, when Sarah whispered to me,—"What is the favour you would ask of my father?" I had forgotten it at the moment, but I immediately told him that I would be obliged if he would allow me to have a part of the money belonging to me, which he held in his possession.

"That I will, with pleasure, and without asking what you intend to do with it, Jacob. How much do you require?"

"Thirty pounds, if there is so much."

Mr. Drummond went down, and in a few minutes returned with the sum, in notes and

guineas. I thanked him, and shortly afterwards took my leave.

"Did not young Beazeley tell you I had something for you, Jacob?" said Sarah, as I wished her good-bye.

"Yes; what is it?"

"You must come and see," replied Sarah, laughing. Thus was a finale to all my revenge, brought about by a little girl of fifteen years old, with large dark eyes.

Tom had taken his glass of grog below, and was waiting for me at the steps. We shoved off, and returned to his father's house, where dinner was just ready. After dinner, old Tom recommenced the argument. "The only hitch," says he, "is about the wherry. What do you say, old woman?" The old woman shook her head.

"As that is the only hitch," said I, "I can remove it, for here is the money for the wherry, which I make a present to Tom," and I put

the money into young Tom's hand. Tom counted it out before his father and mother, much to their astonishment.

"You're a good fellow, Jacob," said Tom; "but I say, do you recollect Wimbledon Common?"

"What then?" replied I.

"Only Jerry Abershaw, that's all."

"Do not be afraid, Tom, it is honestly mine."

"But how did you get it, Jacob?" said old Tom.

It may appear strange, but impelled by the wish to serve my friends, I had asked for the money which I knew belonged to me, but never thought of the manner in which it had been obtained. The question of old Tom recalled every thing to my memory, and I shuddered when I recollected the circumstances attending it. I was confused and did not like to reply.

"Be satisfied, the money is mine," replied I.

"Yes, Jacob, but how?" replied Mrs. Beazeley; "surely you ought to tell how you got so large a sum."

"Jacob has some reason for not telling, missus, depend upon it; mayhap Mr. Turnbull, or whoever gave it to him, told him to hold his tongue." But this answer would not satisfy Mrs. Beazeley, who declared she would not allow a farthing to be taken, unless she knew how it was obtained.

"Tom, give back the money directly," said she, looking at me suspiciously.

Tom laid it on the table before me without saying a word. "Take it, Tom," said I, colouring up. "I had it from my mother."

"From your mother, Jacob!" said old Tom. "Nay, that could not well be, if my memory sarves me right. Still it may be."

"Deary me, I don't like this at all," cried Mrs. Beazeley, getting up, and wiping her apron with a quick motion. "O Jacob, that must be—not the truth."

I coloured up to the tips of my ears, at being suspected of falsehood. I looked round, and saw that even Tom and his father had a melancholy doubt in their countenances; and certainly, my confused appearance would have caused suspicion in any body. "I little thought," said I, at last, "when I hoped to have so much pleasure in giving, and to find that I had made you happy in receiving the money, that it would have proved a source of so much annoyance. I perceive that I am suspected of having obtained it improperly, and of not having told the truth. That Mrs. Beazeley may think so, who does not know me, is not to be wondered at; but that you," continued I, turning to old Tom, "or you," looking at his son, "should suspect me, is very mortifying; and I did not expect it. I tell you, that the money is mine, honestly mine, and obtained from my mother. I ask you, do you believe me?"

"I, for one, do believe you, Jacob," said young Tom, striking his fist on the table. "I

can't understand it, but I know you never told a lie, or did a dishonourable act, since I've known you."

"Thank you, Tom," said I, taking his proffered hand.

"And I would swear the same, Jacob," said old Tom; "although I have been longer in the world than my boy has, and have therefore seen more; and sorry am I to say, many a good man turned bad, from temptation being too great; but when I looked in your face, and saw the blood up to your forehead, I did feel a little suspicious, I must own; but I beg your pardon, Jacob, no one can look in your face now, and not see that you are innocent. I believe all you say, in spite of the old woman and—the devil to boot—and there's my hand upon it."

"Why not tell—why not tell?" muttered Mrs. Beazeley, shaking her head, and working at her net faster than ever.

But I had resolved to tell, and did so, nar-

rating distinctly the circumstances by which the money had been obtained. I did it, however, with feelings of mortification which I cannot express. I felt humiliated—I felt that, for my own wants, that money I never could touch. Still my explanation had the effect of removing the doubts even of Mrs. Beazeley, and harmony was restored. The money was accepted by the old couple, and promised to be applied for the purpose intended.

"As for me, Jacob," said Tom, "when I say I thank you, you know I mean it. Had I had the money, and you had wanted it, you will believe me when I say that I would have given it to you."

"That I'm sure of, Tom."

"Still, Jacob, it is a great deal of money; and I shall lie by my earnings as fast as I can, that you may have it in case you want it; but it will take many a heavy pull, and many a shirt wet with labour, before I can make up a sum like that."

I did not stay much longer after this little fracas; I was hurt—my pride was wounded by suspicion, and fortunate it was that the occurrence had not taken place previous to my meeting with Mrs. Drummond and Sarah, otherwise no reconciliation would have taken place in that quarter. How much are we the sport of circumstances, and how insensibly they mark out our career in this world! With the best intentions we go wrong; instigated by unworthy motives, we fall upon our feet, and the chapter of accidents has more power over the best regulated mind, than all the chapters in the Bible.

CHAPTER V.

How I was revenged upon my enemies—We try the bars of music, but find that we are barred out—Being *no go*, we *go* back.

I SHOOK hands with Tom, who perceiving that I was vexed, had accompanied me down to the boat, with his usual sympathy, and had offered to pull with me to Fulham, and walk back; which offer I declined, as I wished to be alone. It was a fine moonlight night, and the broad light and shadow, with the stillness of all around, were peculiarly adapted to my feelings. I continued my way up the river, revolving in my mind the scenes of the day: the reconcilia-

tion with one whom I never intended to have spoken to again; the little quarrel with those whom I never expected to have been at variance with, and that at the time that I was only exerting myself to serve them: and then I thought of Sarah, as an oasis of real happiness in this contemplated desert, and dwelt upon the thought of her as the most pleasant and calming to my still agitated mind. Thus did I ruminate till I had passed Putney Bridge, forgetting that I was close to my landing-place, and continuing in my reverie to pull up the river, when my cogitations were disturbed by a noise of men laughing and talking, apparently in a state of intoxication. They were in a four-oared wherry, coming down the river, after a party of pleasure, as it is termed, generally one ending in intoxication. I listened.

"I tell you I can spin an oar with any man in the king's service," said the man in the bow. "Now look."

He threw his oar out of the rollocks, spun it in the air, but unfortunately did not catch it when it fell, and consequently it went through the bottom, starting two of the planks of the fragile built boat, which immediately filled with water.

" Hilloa ! waterman," cried another, perceiving me, " quick, or we shall sink." But the boat was nearly up to the thwarts in water, before I could reach her, and just as I was nearly alongside, she filled and turned over.

" Help, waterman ; help me first, I'm senior clerk," cried a voice which I well knew. I put out my oar to him as he struggled in the water, and soon had him clinging to the wherry. I then tried to catch hold of the man who had sunk the boat by his attempt to toss the oar, but he very quietly said, " No, damn it, there's too many, we shall swamp the wherry ; I'll swim on shore,—and suiting the action to the word, he made for the shore with perfect self-

possession, swimming in his clothes with great ease and dexterity.

I picked up two more, and thought that all were saved, when turning round and looking towards the bridge, I saw resplendent in the bright beams of the moon, and "round as its orb," the well-remembered face of the stupid young clerk who had been so inimical to me, struggling with all his might. I pulled to him, and putting out my oar over the bow, he seized it after rising from his first sink, and was, with the other four, soon clinging to the sides of the wherry.

"Pull me in—pull me in, waterman," cried the head clerk, whose voice I had recognized.

"No, you will swamp the boat."

"Well, but pull me in, if not the others. I'm the senior clerk."

"Can't help that, you must hold on," replied I, "while I pull you on shore; we shall soon be there." I must say that I felt a pleasure in allowing him thus to hang in the water. I

might have taken them all in certainly, although at some risk, from their want of presence of mind and hurry, arising from the feeling of self-preservation; but I desired them to hold on, and pulled for the landing-place, which we soon gained. The person who had preferred swimming, had arrived before us, and was waiting on the beach.

"Have you got them all, waterman?" said he.

"Yes, sir, I believe so; I have four."

"The tally is right," replied he, "and four greater galloots were never picked up; but never mind that. It was my nonsense that nearly drowned them; and therefore I'm very glad you've managed so well. My jacket went down in the boat, and I must reward you another time."

"Thank you, sir, no occasion for that, it's not a regular fare."

"Nevertheless, give us your name."

"O you may ask Mr. Hodgson, the senior

clerk, or that full-moon faced fellow—they know my name."

"Waterman, what do you mean?" replied Mr. Hodgson, shivering with cold.

"Very impudent fellow," said the junior, of the round face.

"If they know your name, they won't tell it," replied the other.

"Now I'll first tell you mine, which is Lieutenant Wilson, of the navy; and now let's have yours, that I may ask for it; and tell me what stairs you ply from."

"My name is Jacob Faithful, sir," replied I; "and you may ask your friends whether they know it or not when their teeth don't chatter quite so much."

At the mention of my name the senior and junior clerk walked off, and the lieutenant telling me that I should hear from him again, was about to leave. "If you mean to give me money, sir, I tell you candidly I shall not take it. I hate these two men for the injuries they

have heaped upon me; but I don't know how it is, I feel a degree of pleasure in having saved them, that I wish for no better revenge. So farewell, sir."

"Spoken as you ought, my lad—that's glorious revenge. Well, then, I will not come; but if ever we meet again, I shall not forget this night and Jacob Faithful." He held out his hand, shook mine warmly, and walked away.

When they were gone, I remained for some little time quite stupified at the events of the day. The reconciliation—the quarrel—the revenge. I was still in thought when I heard the sound of a horse's hoofs. This recalled me, and I was hauling up my boat, intending to go home to Stapleton's; but with no great eagerness. I felt a sort of dislike to Mary Stapleton, which I could not account for; but the fact was, I had been in company with Sarah Drummond. The horse stopped at the foot of the bridge; and the rider giving it to his servant, who was mounted on another, to hold,

came down to where I was hauling up my boat. "My lad, is it too late for you to launch your boat? I will pay you well."

"Where do you wish to go to, sir? It is now past ten o'clock."

"I know it is, and I hardly expected to find a waterman here; but I took the chance. Will you take me about two miles up the river?"

I looked at the person who addressed me, and was delighted to recognize in him the young man who had hired Mr. Turnbull and me to take him to the garden, and who had been captured when we escaped with the tin-box; but I did not make myself known. "Well, sir, if you wish it, I've no objection," replied I, putting my shoulder to the bow of my wherry, and launching her again into the water. At all events, this has been a day of adventure, thought I, as I threw my sculls again into the water, and commenced pulling up the stream. I was some little while in meditation whether I should make myself known to the young man; but I

decided that I would not. Let me see, thought I, what sort of a person this is; whether he is as deserving as the young lady appeared to consider. "Which side, sir?" inquired I.

"The left," was the reply.

I knew that well enough, and I pulled in silence until nearly up to the wall of the garden which ran down to the bank of the river. "Now pull in to that wall, and make no noise," was the injunction, which I obeyed; securing the boat to the very part where the coping bricks had been displaced. He stood up, and whistled the two bars of the tune as before, waited five minutes, repeated it, and watched the windows of the house; but there was no reply, or signs of any body being up or stirring. "It is too late, she is gone to rest."

"I thought there was a lady in the case, sir," observed I. "If you wish to communicate with her, I think I could manage it."

"Could you?" replied he. "Stop a moment, I'll speak to you by and by." He

whistled the tune once more, and after waiting another ten minutes, dropped himself down on the stern sheets, and told me to pull back again. After a minute's silence he said to me, "You think you could communicate with her, you say. Pray, how do you propose?"

"If you will write a letter, sir, I'll try to let it come to her hand?"

"How?"

"That, sir, you must leave me to find out, and trust to opportunity; but you must tell me what sort of person she is, that I may not give it to another; and also, who there is in the house that I must be careful does not see me."

"Very true," replied he. "I can only say, that if you do succeed, I will reward you handsomely; but she is so strictly watched, that I am afraid it will be impossible; however, a despairing, like a drowning man, will catch at a straw, and I will see whether you will be able to assist me."

He then informed me, that there was no one

in the house except her uncle and his servants, all of whom were spies upon her; that my only chance was watching if she were permitted to walk in the garden alone, which might be the case: and perhaps by concealing myself from eight o'clock in the morning till the evening, under the parapet wall, I might find an opportunity. He directed me to be at the foot of the bridge next morning, at seven o'clock, when he would come with a letter written for me to deriver, if possible. We had then arrived at Fulham; he landed, and putting a guinea in my hand, mounted his horse, which his servant walked up and down, waiting for him, and rode off. I hauled up my boat, and went home, tired with the manifold events of the day. Mary Stapleton, who had sat up for me, was very inquisitive to know what had occasioned my coming home so late, but I evaded her questions, and she left me in any thing but good humour; but about that I never felt so indifferent.

The next morning, the servant made his appearance with the letter, telling me that he had orders to wait till the evening; and I pulled up the river. I placed it under the loose brick, as agreed upon with the young lady, and then shoved off to the other side of the river, where I had a full view of the garden, and could notice all that passed. In half an hour the young lady came out, accompanied by another female, and sauntered up and down the gravel walk. After a while she stopped, and looked on the river, her companion continuing her promenade. As if without hope of finding any thing there, she moved the brick aside with her foot; perceiving the letter, she snatched it up eagerly, and concealed it in her dress, and then cast her eyes on the river. It was calm, and I whistled the bar of music. She heard it, and turning away, hastened into the house. In about half an hour she returned, and watching her opportunity, stooped down to the brick. I waited a few minutes, when both she and her companion

went into the house. I then pulled in under the wall, lifted up the brick, took the letter, and hastened back to Fulham, when I delivered the letter to the servant, who rode off with it as fast as he could, and I returned home quite pleased at the successful issue of my attempt, and not a little curious to learn the real facts of this extraordinary affair.

CHAPTER VI.

The Domine reads me a sermon out of the largest book I ever fell in with, covering nearly two acres of ground—The pages not very easy to turn over, but the type very convenient to read without spectacles—He leaves off without shutting his book, as parsons usually do at the end of their sermons.

THE next day, being Sunday, as usual, I went to see the Domine and Mr. Turnbull. I arrived at the school just as all the boys were filing off, two and two, for church, the advance led by the usher, and the rear brought up by the Domine in person, and I accompanied them. The Domine appeared melancholy and out of spirits—hardly exchanging a word with me during our walk. When the service was over,

he ordered the usher to take the boys home, and remained with me in the churchyard—surveying the tombstones and occasionally muttering to himself. At last the congregation dispersed, and we were alone.

"Little did I think, Jacob," said he, at last, "that when I bestowed such care upon thee in thy childhood, I should be rewarded as I have been. Little did I think that it would be to the boy who was left destitute, that I should pour out my soul when afflicted, and find in him that sympathy which I have long lost, by the removal of those who were once my friends. Yes, Jacob, those who were known to me in my youth, those few in whom I confided, and leant upon, are now lying here in crumbling dust, and the generation hath passed away, and I now rest upon thee, my son, whom I have directed in the right path, and who hast, by the blessing of God, continued to walk straight in it. Verily thou art a solace to me, Jacob, and though young in years, I feel that in thee I

have received a friend, and one that I may confide in. Bless thee, Jacob! bless thee, my boy, and before I am laid with those who have gone before me, may I see thee prosperous and happy. Then I will sing the *Nunc dimittis*— then will I say, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace."

"I am happy, sir," replied I, "to hear you say that I am of any comfort to you, for I feel truly grateful for all your kindness to me; but I wish that you did not require comfort."

"Jacob, in what part of a man's life does he not require comfort and consolation; yea, even from the time, when as a child, he buries his weeping face in his mother's lap, till the hour that summons him to his account? Not that I consider this world to be, as many have described it, a 'vale of tears.' No, Jacob, it is a beautiful world, a glorious world, and would be a happy world, if we would only restrain those senses and those passions with which we have been endowed, that we may fully enjoy

the beauty, the variety, the inexhaustible bounty of a gracious Heaven. All was made for enjoyment and for happiness, but it is we ourselves who, by excess, defile that which otherwise were pure. Thus, the fainting traveller may drink wholesome and refreshing draughts from the bounteous overflowing spring, but should he rush heedlessly into it, he muddies the source, and the waters are those of bitterness. Thus, Jacob, was wine given to cheer the heart of man, yet didst not thou witness me, thy preceptor, debased by intemperance? Thus, Jacob, were the affections implanted in us as a source of sweetest happiness, such as those which now yearn in my breast towards thee; yet hast thou seen me, thy preceptor, by yielding to the infatuation and imbecility of threescore years, doat, in my folly, upon a maiden, and turn the sweet affections into a source of misery and anguish." I answered not, for the words of the Domine made a strong impression upon me, and I was weighing them in

my mind. "Jacob," continued the Domine, after a pause, "next to the book of life, there is no subject of contemplation more salutary than the book of death, of which each stone now around us may be considered as a page, and each page contains a lesson. Read that which is now before us. It would appear hard that an only child should have been torn away from its doting parents, who have thus imperfectly expressed their anguish on the tomb; it would appear hard that their delight, their solace, the object of their daily care, of their waking thoughts, of their last imperfect recollections as they sank into sleep, of their only dreams, should thus have been taken from them; yet did I know them, and Heaven was just and merciful. The child had weaned them from their God—they lived but in him, they were without God in the world. The child alone had their affections, and they had been lost, had not He in his mercy removed it. Come this way, Jacob." I followed the Domine till

he stood before another tombstone in a corner of the churchyard. "This stone, Jacob, marks the spot where lie the remains of one who was my earliest and dearest friend—for in my youth I had friends, because I had anticipations, and little thought that it would have pleased God that I should do my duty in that station to which I have been called. He had one fault, which proved a source of misery through life, and was the cause of an untimely death. He was of a revengeful disposition. He never forgave an injury, forgetting, poor sinful mortal, for how much he had need to be forgiven. He quarrelled with his relations—he was shot in a duel with his friend. I mention this, Jacob, as a lesson to thee, not that I feel myself worthy to be thy preceptor, for I am humbled; but out of kindness and love towards thee, that I might persuade thee to correct that fault in thy disposition."

"I have already made friends with Mr. Drummond, sir," answered I; "but still your admonition shall not be thrown away."

"Hast thou, Jacob? then is my mind much relieved. I trust thou wilt no longer stand in thine own light, but accept the offers which, in the fulness of his heart to make redress, he may make unto thee."

"Nay, sir, I cannot promise that; I wish to be independent and earn my own livelihood."

"Then hear me, Jacob, for the spirit of prophecy is on me; the time will come when thou shalt bitterly repent. Thou hast received an education by my unworthy endeavours, and hast been blessed by Providence with talents far above the situation in life to which thou wouldst so tenaciously adhere; the time will come when thou wilt repent, yea, bitterly repent. Look at that marble monument with the arms so lavishly emblazoned upon it. That, Jacob, is the tomb of a proud man, whose career is well known to me. He was in straitened circumstances, yet of gentle race—but like the steward in the scripture, 'work he could not, to beg he was ashamed.' He might have pros-

pered in the world, but his pride forbade him. He might have made friends, but his pride forbade him. He might have wedded himself to wealth and beauty, but there was no escutcheon, and his pride forbade him. He did marry, and entail upon his children poverty. He died, and the little he possessed was taken from his children's necessities to build this record to his dust. Do not suppose that I would check that honest pride, which will prove a safeguard from unworthy actions. I only wish to check that undue pride which will mar thy future prospects. Jacob, that which thou termest *independence* is nought but pride."

I could not acknowledge that I agreed with the Domine, although something in my breast told me that he was not wrong. I made no answer. The Domine continued to muse—at last he again spoke.

"Yes; it is a beautiful world; for the Spirit of God is on it. At the separation of chaos it came over the waters, and hath since re-

mained with us, every where, but invisible. We see his hand in the variety and the beauty of creation, but his Spirit we see not; yet do we feel it in the still small voice of conscience, which would lead us into the right path.—Now, Jacob, we must return, for I have the catechism and collects to attend to."

I took leave of the Domine, and went to Mr. Turnbull's, to whom I gave an account of what had passed since I last saw him. He was much pleased with my reconciliation with the Drummonds, and interested about the young lady to whom appertained the tin box in his possession. "I presume, Jacob, we shall now have that mystery cleared up."

"I have not told the gentleman that we have possession of the box," replied I.

"No; but you told the young lady, you silly fellow; and do you think she will keep it a secret from him?"

"Very true, I had forgotten that."

"Jacob, I wish you to go to Mr. Drum-

mond's and see his family again; you ought to do so." I hesitated. "Nay, I shall give you a fair opportunity without wounding that pride of yours, sir," replied Mr. Turnbull; "I owe him some money for some wine he purchased for me, and I shall send the cheque by you."

To this I assented, as I was not sorry of an opportunity of seeing Sarah. I dined with Mr. Turnbull, who was alone, his wife being on a visit to a relation in the country. He again offered me his advice as to giving up the profession of a waterman; but if I did not hear him with so much impatience as before, nor use so many arguments against it, I did not accede to his wishes, and the subject was dropped. Mr. Turnbull was satisfied that my resistance was weakened, and hoped in time to have the effect which he desired. When I went home, Mary told me that Tom Beazeley had been there, that his wherry was building, that his father had given up the lighter, and was now on shore very busy in getting up his board to attract

customers, and obtain work in his new occupation.

I had not launched my wherry the next morning, when down came the young gentleman to whom I had despatched the letter. "Faithful," said he, "come to the tavern with me; I must have some conversation with you." I followed him; and as soon as we were in a room, he said, "First let me pay my debt, for I owe you much;" and he laid five guineas on the table. "I find from Cecilia that you have possession of the tin case of deeds which have been so eagerly sought after by both parties. Why did you not say so? And why did you not tell me that it was you whom I hired on the night when I was so unfortunate?"

"I considered the secret as belonging to the young lady, and having told her, I left it to her discretion to make you acquainted or not, as she pleased."

"It was thoughtful and prudent of you at all events, although there was no occasion for

it. Nevertheless I am pleased that you did so, as it proves you to be trustworthy. Now tell me, who is the gentleman who was with you in the boat, and who has charge of the box? Observe, Faithful, I do not intend to demand it. I shall tell him the facts of the case in your presence, and then leave him to decide whether he will surrender up the papers to the other party, or to me. Can you take me there now?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, "I can, if you please; I will pull you up in half an hour. The house is at the river's side."

The young gentleman leaped into my wherry, and we were, in less than the time I had mentioned, in the parlour of Mr. Turnbull. I will not repeat the conversation in detail, but give the outline of the young man's story.

CHAPTER VII.

A long story, which ends in the opening of the tin box, which proves to contain *deeds* much more satisfactory to Mr. Wharncliffe than *the deeds* of his uncle—I begin to feel the blessings of independence, and suspect that I have acted like a fool—After two years' consideration I become quite sure of it, and, as Tom says, "No mistake."

"THE gentleman who prevented my taking off the young lady is uncle to both of us. We are therefore first cousins. Our family name is Wharncliffe. My father was a major in the army. He died when I was young, and my mother is still alive, and is sister to Lady Auburn. The father and mother of Cecilia are both dead. He went out to India to join his brother, another uncle, of whom I shall speak directly. He has now been dead three years,

and out of the four brothers there is only one left, my uncle, with whom Cecilia is living, and whose christian name is Henry. He was a lawyer by profession, but he purchased a patent place, which he still enjoys. My father, whose name was William, died in very moderate circumstances; but still he left enough for my mother to live upon, and to educate me properly. I was brought up to the law under my uncle Henry, with whom, for some years, I resided. Cecilia's father, whose name was Edward, left nothing; he had ruined himself in England, and had gone out to India at the request of my uncle there, whose name was James, and who had amassed a large fortune. Soon after the death of Cecilia's father, my uncle James came home on furlough, for he held a very high and lucrative situation under the Company. A bachelor from choice, he was still fond of young people; and having but one nephew and one niece to leave his money to, as soon as he arrived with Cecilia, whom he brought

with him, he was most anxious to see me. He therefore took up his quarters with my uncle Henry, and remained with him during his sojourn in England; but my uncle James was of a very cold and capricious temper. He liked me best because I was a boy, and one day declared I should be his heir. The next day he would alter his intention, and declare that Cecilia, of whom he was very fond, should inherit every thing. If we affronted him, for at the age of sixteen as a boy, and fourteen as a girl, worldly prospects were little regarded, he would then declare that we should not be a shilling the better for his money. With him, money was every thing: it was his daily theme of conversation, his only passion; and he valued and respected people in proportion to what they were supposed to possess. With these feelings he demanded for himself the greatest deference from Cecilia and me, as his expectant heirs. This he did not receive; but on the whole he was pleased with us, and after remain-

ing three years in England, he returned to the East Indies. I had heard him mention to my uncle Henry his intention of making his will, and leaving it with him before he sailed; but I was not certain whether it had been done or not. At all events, my uncle Henry took care that I should not be in the way; for at that time my uncle carried on his profession as a lawyer, and I was working in his office. It was not until after my uncle James returned to India that he gave up business, and purchased the patent place which I mentioned. Cecilia was left with my uncle Henry, and as we lived in the same house, our affections, as we grew up, ripened into love. We often used to laugh at the threats of my uncle James, and agreed that whoever might be the fortunate one to whom he left his property, we would go halves, and share it equally.

"In the mean time I still followed up my profession in another house, in which I at present am a partner. Four years after the return

of my uncle James to India, news came home of his death; but it was also stated that no will could be found, and it was supposed that he died intestate. Of course, my uncle Henry succeeded as heir-at-law to the whole property, and thus were the expectations and hopes of Cecilia and of myself dashed to the ground. But this was not the worst of it: my uncle, who had witnessed our feelings for each other, and had made no comment, as soon as he was in possession of the property, intimated to Cecilia that she should be his heiress, provided that she married according to his wishes; and pointed out to her that a fortune such as she might expect would warrant the alliance of the first nobleman in the kingdom; and he very plainly told me that he thought it advisable that I should find lodgings for myself, and not be any longer an inmate in the same house as was my cousin, as no good would result from it. Thus, sir, were we not only disappointed in our hopes, but thwarted in our affections, which had

for some time been exchanged. Maddened at this intimation, I quitted the house; but at the same time the idea of my uncle James having made a will still pressed upon me, as I called to mind what I had heard him say to my uncle Henry previous to his sailing for India. There was a box of deeds and papers, the very box now in your possession, which my uncle invariably kept in his bed-room. I felt convinced that the will, if not destroyed, (and I did not believe my uncle would dare to commit an act of felony,) was in that box. Had I remained in the house, I would have found some means to have opened it; but this was no longer possible. I communicated my suspicions to Cecilia, and begged her to make the attempt, which would be more easy, as my uncle would not suspect her of being bold enough to venture it, even if he had the suspicion. Cecilia promised, and one day my uncle fortunately left his keys upon his dressing-table when he came down to breakfast, and went out without missing them. Ce-

cilia discovered them, and opened the box; and amongst other parchments found a document labelled outside as the will of our uncle James; but women understand little about these things, and she was in such trepidation for fear that my uncle should return, that she could not examine very minutely. As it was, my uncle did return for his keys just as she had locked the box, and placed the keys upon the table. He asked her what she was doing there, and she made some excuse. He saw the keys on the table, and whether suspecting her, for she coloured up very much, or afraid that the attempt might be made at my suggestion, he removed the box and locked it up in a closet, the key of which, I believe, he left with his banker in town. When Cecilia wrote to me an account of what had passed, I desired her to find the means of opening the closet, that we might gain possession of the box; and this was easily effected, for the key of another closet fitted the lock exactly. I then persuaded her to put her-

self under my protection, with the determination that we would marry immediately; and we had so arranged, that the tin box was to have accompanied us. You are aware, sir, how unfortunately our plan turned out—at least, so far unfortunately, that I lost, as I thought, not only Cecilia, but the tin box, containing, as I expect, the will of my uncle, of which I am more than ever convinced from the great anxiety shown by my uncle Henry to recover it. Since the loss, he has been in a state of agitation which has worn him to a shadow. He feels that his only chance is, that the waterman employed might have broken open the box, expecting to find money in it, and being disappointed, have destroyed the papers to avoid detection. If such had been the case, and it might have been, had it not fallen into such good hands, he then would have obtained his only wish, that of the destruction of the will, although not by his own hands. Now, sir, I have given you a full and honest account of the affair, and leave you to decide how to act."

"If you leave me to decide, I shall do it very quickly," replied Mr. Turnbull. "A box has fallen into my hands, and I do not know who is the owner. I shall open it, take a list of the deeds it contains, and advertise them in the Times and other newspapers. If your dead uncle's will is in it, it will of course be advertised with the others, and after such publicity, your uncle Henry will not venture, I presume, to say a word, but be too glad not to be exposed."

Mr. Turnbull ordered a locksmith to be summoned, and the tin box was opened. It contained the document of the uncle's purchase of the patent place in the courts, and some other papers, but it also contained the parchment so much looked after—the last will and testament of James Wharncliffe, Esq., dated two months previous to his quitting England. "I think," observed Mr. Turnbull, "that in case of accident, it may be as well that this will should be read before witnesses. You observe, it is wit-

nessed by Henry Wharncliffe, with two others. Let us take down their names."

The will was read by young Wharncliffe, at the request of Mr. Turnbull. Strange to say, the deceased bequeathed the whole of his property to his nephew, William Wharncliffe, and his niece, Cecilia, provided they married; if they did not, they were left £20,000 each, and the remainder of the fortune to go to the first male child born after the marriage of either niece or nephew. To his brother, the sum of £10,000 was bequeathed, with a liberal arrangement, to be paid out of the estate, as long as his niece lived with him. The will was read, and returned to Mr. Turnbull, who shook hands with Mr. Wharncliffe, and congratulated him.

"I am so much indebted to you, sir, that I can hardly express my gratitude, but I am still more indebted to this intelligent lad, Faithful. You must no longer be a waterman, Faithful," and Mr. Wharncliffe shook my hand. I made

no answer to the latter observation, for Mr. Turnbull had fixed his eye upon me. I merely said that I was very happy to have been of use to him.

"You may truly say, Mr. Wharncliffe," observed Mr. Turnbull, "that your future prosperity will be through his means, and, as it appears by the will that you have £9,000 per annum safe in the funds, I think you ought to give a prize wherry, to be rowed for every year."

"And I will take that," replied I, "for a receipt in full for my share in the transaction."

"And now," said Mr. Turnbull, interrupting Mr. Wharncliffe, who was about to answer me, "it appears to me that it may be as well to avoid any exposure—the case is too clear. Call upon your uncle—state in whose hands the documents are—tell him that he must submit to your terms, which are, that he proves the will, and permits the marriage to take place imme-

diately, and that no more will be said on the subject. He, as a lawyer, knows how severely and disgracefully he might be punished for what he has done, and will be too happy now to accede to your terms. In the mean time, I keep possession of the papers, for the will shall never leave my hands, until it is lodged in Doctors' Commons."

Mr. Wharncliffe could not but approve of this judicious arrangement, and we separated; and not to interfere with my narrative, I may as well tell the reader at once, that Mr. Wharncliffe's uncle bowed to circumstances, pretended to rejoice at the discovery of the will, never mentioned the loss of his tin-box, put the hand of Cecilia into that of William, and they were married one month after the meeting at Mr. Turnbull's, which I have now related.

The evening was so far advanced before this council of war was over, that I was obliged to defer the delivery of the cheque to Mr. Drummond until the next day. I left about eleven

o'clock, and arrived at noon; when I knocked at the door the servant did not know me.

"What did you want?"

"I wanted to speak with Mrs. or Miss Drummond, and my name is Faithful."

He desired me to sit down in the hall, while he went up; "and wipe your shoes, my lad." I cannot say that I was pleased at this command, as I may call it, but he returned, desiring me to walk up, and I followed him.

I found Sarah alone in the drawing-room.

"Jacob, I'm so glad to see you, and I'm sorry that you were made to wait below, but ——if people who can be otherwise, will be watermen, it is not our fault. The servants only judge by appearances."

I felt annoyed for a moment, but it was soon over. I sat down by Sarah, and talked with her for some time.

"The present I had to make you was a purse of my own knitting, to put your—earnings in," said she, laughing; and then she held up her finger in mockery, crying, "Boat, sir;

boat, sir. Well, Jacob, there's nothing like independence, after all, and you must not mind my laughing at you."

"I do not heed it, Sarah," replied I; (but I did mind it very much;) "there is no disgrace."

"None whatever, I grant; but a want of ambition which I cannot understand. However, let us say no more about it."

Mrs. Drummond came into the room and greeted me kindly. "When can you come and dine with us, Jacob? Will you come on Wednesday?"

"O mamma! he can't come on Wednesday; we have company on that day."

"So we have, my dear, I had forgotten it; but on Thursday we are quite alone: will you come on Thursday, Jacob?"

I hesitated, for I felt that it was because I was a waterman that I was not admitted to the table where I had been accustomed to dine at one time, whoever might be invited.

"Yes, Jacob," said Sarah, coming to me,

"it must be Thursday, and you must not deny us; for although we have greater people on Wednesday, the party that day will not be so agreeable to me as your company on Thursday."

The last compliment from Sarah decided me, and I accepted the invitation. Mr. Drummond came in, and I delivered to him Mr. Turnbull's cheque. He was very kind, but said little further than he was glad that I had promised to dine with them on Thursday. The footman came in and announced the carriage at the door, and this was a signal for me to take my leave. Sarah, as she shook hands with me, laughing, asserted that it was not considerate in them to detain me any longer, as I must have lost half a dozen good fares already; "So go down to your boat, pull off your jacket, and make up for lost time," continued she; "one of these days, mamma and I intend to go on the water, just to patronize you." I laughed, and went away,

but I was cruelly mortified. I could not be equal to them, because I was a waterman. The sarcasm of Sarah was not lost upon me; still there was so much kindness mixed with it that I could not be angry with her. On the Thursday I went there, as agreed; they were quite alone; friendly and attentive; but still there was a degree of constraint which communicated itself to me. After dinner, Mr. Drummond said very little; there was no renewal of offers to take me into his employ, nor any inquiry as to how I got on in the profession which I had chosen. On the whole, I found myself uncomfortable, and was glad to leave early, nor did I feel at all inclined to renew my visit. I ought to remark, that Mr. Drummond was now moving in a very different sphere than when I first knew him. He was consignee of several large establishments abroad, and was making a rapid fortune. His establishment was also on a very different scale, every department being appointed with elegance

and conducive to luxury. As I pulled up the river, something within my breast told me that the Domine's prophecy would turn out correct, and that I should one day repent of my having refused the advances of Mr. Drummond—nay, I did not exactly know whether I did not, even at that moment, very much doubt the wisdom of my asserting my independence.

And now, reader, that I may not surfeit you with an uninteresting detail, you must allow nearly two years to pass away before I re-commence my narrative. The events of that time I shall sum up in one or two pages. The Domine continued the even tenor of his way—blew his nose and handled his rod with as much effect as ever. I seldom passed a Sunday without paying him a visit, and benefiting by his counsel. Mr. Turnbull was always kind and considerate, but gradually declining in health, having never recovered from the effects of his submersion under the ice. Of the Drummonds I saw but little; when we did meet, I

was kindly received, but I never volunteered a call, and it was usually from a message through Tom, that I went to pay my respects. Sarah had grown a very beautiful girl, and the well-known fact of Mr. Drummond's wealth, and her being an only daughter, was an introduction to a circle much higher than they had been formerly accustomed to. Every day, therefore, the disparity increased, and I felt less inclined to make my appearance at their house.

Stapleton, as usual, continued to smoke his pipe and descant upon *human natur*. Mary had grown into a splendid woman, but coquettish as ever. Poor Tom Beazeley was fairly entrapped by her charms, and was a constant attendant upon her, but she played him fast and loose—one time encouraging and smiling on him, at another rejecting and flouting him. Still, Tom persevered, for he was fascinated, and having returned me the money advanced for his wherry, he expended all his earnings on dressing himself smartly, and making presents

to her. She had completely grown out of any control from me, and appeared to have a pleasure in doing every thing she knew I disapproved; still, we were on fair friendly terms as inmates of the same house.

Old Tom Beazeley's board was up, and he had met with great success; and all day he might be seen hammering at the bottoms of boats of every description, and heard, at the same time, lightening his labour with his variety of song. I often called there on my way up and down the river, and occasionally passed a few hours, listening to his yarns, which, like his songs, appeared to be inexhaustible.

With respect to myself, it would be more a narrative of feelings than of action. My life glided on as did my wherry—silently and rapidly. One day was but the forerunner of another, with slight variety of incident and customers. My acquaintance, as the reader knows, were but few, and my visits occasional. I again turned to my books during the long

summer evenings, in which Mary would walk out, accompanied by Tom, and other admirers. Mr. Turnbull's library was at my service, and I profited much. After a time, reading became almost a passion, and I was seldom without a book in my hand. But although I improved my mind, I did not render myself happier.—On the contrary, I felt more and more that I had committed an act of egregious folly in thus asserting my independence. I felt that I was superior to my station in life, and that I lived with those who were not companions—that I had thrown away, by foolish pride, those prospects of advancement which had offered themselves, and that I was passing my youth unprofitably. All this crowded upon me more and more every day, and I bitterly repented, as the Domine told me that I should, my spirit of independence—now that it was too late. The offers of Mr. Drummond were never renewed, and Mr. Turnbull, who had formed the idea that I was still of the same opinion,

and who, at the same time, in his afflicted state, for he was a martyr to the rheumatism—naturally thought more of himself and less of others, never again proposed that I should quit my employment. I was still too proud to mention my wishes, and thus did I continue plying on the river, apathetic almost as to gain, and only happy when, in the pages of history or among the flowers of poetry, I could dwell upon times that were past, or revel in imagination. Thus did reading, like the snake who is said to contain in its body a remedy for the poison of its fangs, become, as it enlarged my mind, a source of discontent at my humble situation; but, at the same time, the only solace in my unhappiness, by diverting my thoughts from the present. Pass, then, nearly two years, reader, taking the above remarks as an outline, and filling up the picture from the colours of your imagination, with incidents of no peculiar value, and I again resume my narrative.

CHAPTER VIII.

A chapter of losses to all but the reader, though at first Tom works with his wit, and receives the full value of his exertions—We make the very worst bargain we ever made in our lives—We *lose* our fare, we *lose* our boat, and we *lose* our liberty—All loss and no profit—Fare very unfair—Two guineas worth of argument, not worth two-pence, except on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war.

"JACOB," said Tom to me, pulling his wherry into the *hard* alongside of mine, in which I was sitting, with one of Mr. Turnbull's books in my hand; "Jacob, do you recollect that my time is up to-morrow? I shall have run off my seven years, and when the sun rises, I shall be free of the river. How much more have you to serve?"

"About fifteen months, as near as I can recollect, Tom.—Boat, sir?"

"Yes; oars, my lad; be smart, for I'm in a hurry. How's tide?"

"Down, sir, very soon; but it's now slack water. Tom, see if you can find Stapleton."

"Pooh! never mind him, Jacob, I'll go with you. I say, Jones, tell old '*human natur*' to look after my boat," continued Tom, addressing a waterman of our acquaintance.

"I thought you had come up to see *her*," said I to Tom, as we shoved off.

"See *her* at Jericho first," replied Tom; "she's worse than a dog vane."

"What, are you *two* again?"

"Two indeed—it's all two—we are two fools. She is too fanciful, I am too fond; she behaves too ill, and I put up with too much. However, it's all *one*."

"I thought it was all *two* just now, Tom."

"But two may be made one, Jacob, you know."

"Yes, by the parson; but you are no parson."

"Any how, I'm something like one just now," replied Tom, who was pulling the foremost oar; "for you are a good clerk, and I am sitting behind you."

"That's not so bad," observed the gentleman in the stern sheets, whom we had forgotten in our colloquy.

"A waterman would make but a bad parson, sir," replied Tom.

"Why so?"

"He's not likely to practise as he preaches."

"Again, why so?"

"Because all his life he looks one way and pulls another."

"Very good—very good indeed."

"Nay, sir, good in practice, but still not good *in deed*—there's a puzzle."

"A puzzle, indeed, to find such a regular chain of repartee in a wherry."

"Well, sir, if I'm a regular chain to-day, I shall be like an irregular watch to-morrow."

"Why so, my lad?"

"Because I shall be *out of my time.*"

"Take that, my lad," said the gentleman, tossing half-a-crown to Tom.

"Thanky, sir; when we meet again may you have no more wit than you have now."

"How do you mean?"

"Not wit enough to keep your money, sir—that's all?"

"I presume you think that I have not got much."

"Which, sir, wit or money?"

"Wit, my lad."

"Nay, sir, I think you have both: the first you purchased just now; and you would hardly have bought it, if you had not money to spare."

"But I mean wit of my own."

"No man has wit of his own; if he borrows it, it's not his own; if he has it in himself, it's *mother* wit, so it's not his."

We pulled into the stairs near London Bridge, and the gentleman paid me his fare. "Good bye, my lad," said he to Tom.

"Fare you well, for well you've paid your fare," replied Tom, holding out his arm to assist him out of the boat. "Well, Jacob, I've made more by my head than by my hands this morning. I wonder, in the long run, which gains most in the world."

"Head, Tom, depend upon it; but they work best together."

Here we were interrupted—"I say, you waterman, have you a mind for a good fare?" cried a dark looking, not over clean, square built, short young man, standing on the top of the flight of steps.

"Where to, sir?"

"Gravesend, my jokers, if you a'n't afraid of salt water."

"That's a long way, sir," replied Tom, "and for salt water, we must have salt to our porridge."

"So you shall, my lads, and a glass of grog into the bargain."

"Yes; but the bargain a'n't made yet, sir. Jacob, will you go?"

"Yes, but not under a guinea."

"Not under two guineas," replied Tom, aside. "Are you in a great hurry, sir?" continued he, addressing the young man.

"Yes, in a devil of a hurry; I shall lose my ship. What will you take me for?"

"Two guineas, sir."

"Very well. Just come up to the public-house here, and put in my traps."

We brought down his luggage, put it into the wherry, and started down the river with the tide. Our fare was very communicative, and we found out that he was master's mate of the Immortalité, forty-gun frigate, lying off Gravesend, which was to drop down the next morning, and wait for sailing orders at the Downs. We carried the tide with us, and in the afternoon were close to the frigate, whose blue ensign waved proudly over the taffrail. There was a considerable sea arising from the wind meeting the tide, and before we arrived close to her, we had shipped a great deal of water; and when

we were alongside, the wherry, with the chest in her bows, pitched so heavily, that we were afraid of being swamped. Just as a rope had been made fast to the chest, and they were weighing it out of the wherry, the ship's launch with water came alongside, and, whether from accident or wilfully I know not, although I suspect the latter, the midshipman who steered her, shot her against the wherry, which was crushed in, and immediately filled, leaving Tom and me in the water, and in danger of being jammed to death between the launch and the side of the frigate. The seamen in the boat, however, forced her off with their oars, and hauled us in, while our wherry sank with her gunnel even with the water's edge, and floated away astern.

As soon as we had shaken ourselves a little, we went up the side, and asked one of the officers to send a boat to pick up our wherry.

"Speak to the first lieutenant—there he is," was the reply.

I went up to the person pointed out to me: "If you please, sir——"

"What the devil do you want?"

"A boat, sir, to——"

"A boat! the devil you do!"

"To pick up our wherry, sir," interrupted Tom.

"Pick it up yourself," said the first lieutenant, passing us, and hailing the men aloft. "Maintop there, hook on your stays. Be smart. Lower away the yards. Marines and after-guard, clear launch. Boatswain's mate."

"Here, sir."

"Pipe marines and afterguard to clear launch."

"Aye, aye, sir."

"But we shall lose our boat, Jacob," said Tom to me. "They stove it in, and they ought to pick it up." Tom then went up to the master's mate, whom we had brought on board, and explained our difficulty.

"Upon my soul, I dar'n't say a word. I'm

in a scrape for breaking my leave. Why the devil didn't you take care of your wherry, and haul a-head when you saw the launch coming!"

"How could we, when the chest was hoisting out?"

"Very true. Well, I am very sorry for you, but I must look after my chest." So saying, he disappeared down the gangway ladder.

"I'll try it again any how," said Tom, going up to the first lieutenant. "Hard case to lose our boat and our bread, sir," said Tom, touching his hat.

The first lieutenant, now that the marines and afterguard were at a regular stamp and go, had, unfortunately, more leisure to attend to us. He looked at us earnestly, and walked aft to see if the wherry was yet in sight. At that moment up came the master's mate, who had not yet reported himself to the first lieutenant.

"Tom," said I, "there is a wherry close to, let us get into it, and go after our boat ourselves."

"Wait one moment to see if they will help us—and get our money, at all events," replied Tom; and we both walked aft.

"Come on board, sir," said the master's mate, touching his hat with humility.

"You've broke your leave, sir," replied the first lieutenant, "and now I've to send a boat to pick up the wherry through your carelessness."

"If you please, they are two very fine young men," observed the mate. "Make capital foretopmen. Boat's not worth sending for, sir."

This hint, given by the mate to the first lieutenant, to regain his favour, was not lost. "Who are you, my lads?" said the first lieutenant to us.

"Watermen, sir."

"Watermen, heh! was that your own boat?"

"No, sir," replied I, "it belonged to the man that I serve with."

"O! not your own boat? Are you an apprentice, then?"

"Yes, sir, both apprentices."

"Show me your indentures."

"We don't carry them about with us."

"Then how am I to know that you are apprentices?"

"We can prove it, sir, if you wish it."

"I do wish it; at all events, the captain will wish it."

"Will you please to send for the boat, sir? she's almost out of sight."

"No, my lads, I can't find king's boats for such service."

"Then we had better go ourselves, Tom," said I, and we went forward to call the waterman who was lying on his oars close to the frigate.

"Stop—stop—not so fast. Where are you going, my lads?"

"To pick up our boat, sir."

"Without my leave, heh!"

"We don't belong to the frigate, sir."

"No; but I think it very likely that you will, for you have no protections."

"We can send for them, and have them down by to-morrow morning."

"Well, you may do so, if you please, my lads; but you cannot expect me to believe every thing that is told me. Now, for instance, how long have ye to serve, my lad?" said he, addressing Tom.

"My time is up to-morrow, sir."

"Up to-morrow. Why, then, I shall detain you until to-morrow, and then I shall press you."

"If you detain me now, sir, I am pressed to-day."

"O no! you are only detained until you prove your apprenticeship, that's all."

"Nay, sir, I certainly am pressed during my apprenticeship."

"Not at all, and I'll prove it to you. You don't belong to the ship until you are victualled on her books. Now I sha'n't *victual* you to-day, and therefore you won't be *pressed*."

"I shall be pressed with hunger, at all

events," replied Tom, who never could lose a joke.

"No, you sha'n't; for I'll send you both a good dinner out of the gun-room, so you won't be pressed at all," replied the lieutenant, laughing at Tom's reply.

"You will allow me to go, sir, at all events," replied I; for I knew that the only chance of getting Tom and myself clear was my hastening to Mr. Drummond for assistance.

"Pooh! nonsense; you must both row in the same boat as you have done. The fact is, my lads, I've taken a great fancy to you both, and I can't make up my mind to part with you."

"It's hard to lose our bread this way," replied I.

"We will find you bread, and hard enough you will find it," replied the lieutenant laughing; "it's like a flint."

"So we ask for bread, and you give us a stone," said Tom; "that's 'gainst Scripture."

"Very true, my lad; but the fact is, all the

Scriptures in the world won't man the frigate. Men we must have, and get them how we can, and where we can, and when we can. Necessity has no law; at least it obliges us to break through all laws. After all, there's no great hardship in serving the king for a year or two, and filling your pockets with prize-money. Suppose you volunteer?"

"Will you allow us to go on shore for half an hour to think about it?" replied I.

"No; I'm afraid of the crimps dissuading you. But I'll give you till to-morrow morning, and then I shall be sure of one, at all events."

"Thanky for me," replied Tom.

"You're very welcome," replied the first lieutenant, as, laughing at us, he went down the companion ladder to his dinner.

"Well, Jacob, we are in for it," said Tom, as soon as we were alone. "Depend upon it, there's no mistake this time."

"I am afraid not," replied I, "unless we can get a letter to your father, or Mr. Drummond,

who, I am sure, would help us. But that dirty fellow, who gave the lieutenant the hint, said the frigate sailed to-morrow morning; there he is, let us speak to him."

"When does the frigate sail?" said Tom to the master's mate, who was walking the deck.

"My good fellow, it's not the custom on board of a man-of-war for men to ask officers to answer such impertinent questions. It's quite sufficient for you to know that when the frigate sails, you will have the honour of sailing in her."

"Well, sir," replied I, nettled at his answer, "at all events you will have the goodness to pay us our fare. We have lost our wherry, and our liberty, perhaps, through you; we may as well have our two guineas."

"Two guineas! It's two guineas you want, heh?"

"Yes, sir, that was the fare agreed upon."

"Why, you must observe, my men," said the master's mate, hooking a thumb into each arm hole of his waistcoat, "there must be a little

explanation as to that affair. I promised you two guineas as watermen; but now that you belong to a man-of-war, you are no longer watermen. I always pay my debts honourably when I can find the lawful creditors; but where are the watermen?"

"Here we are, sir."

"No, my lads, you are men-of-war's men now, and that quite alters the case."

"But we are not so yet, sir; even if it did alter the case, we are not pressed yet."

"Well, then, you will be to-morrow, perhaps; at all events we shall see. If you are allowed to go on shore again, I owe you two guineas as watermen; and if you are detained as men-of-war's men, why then you will only have done your duty in pulling down one of your officers. You see, my lads, I say nothing but what's fair."

"Well, sir, but when you hired us we were watermen," replied Tom.

"Very true, so you were; but recollect the

two guineas were not due until you had completed your task, which was not until you came on board. When you came on board you were pressed, and became men of war's men. You should have asked for your fare before the first lieutenant got hold of you. Don't you perceive the justice of my remarks?"

"Can't say I do, sir; but I perceive that there is very little chance of our being paid," said Tom.

"You are a lad of discrimination," replied the master's mate; "and now I advise you to drop the subject, or you may induce me to pay you 'man-of-war fashion.'"

"How's that, sir?"

"Over the face and eyes, as the cat paid the monkey," replied the master's mate, walking leisurely away.

"No go, Tom," said I, smiling at the absurdity of the arguments.

"I'm afraid it's *no go* in every way, Jacob. However, I don't care much about it. I have

had a little hankering after seeing the world, and perhaps now's as well as any other time; but I'm sorry for you, Jacob."

"It's all my own fault," replied I; and I fell into one of those reveries so often indulged in of late, as to the folly of my conduct in asserting my independence, which had now ended in my losing my liberty. But we were cold from the ducking we had received, and moreover very hungry. The first lieutenant did not forget his promise: he sent us up a good dinner, and a glass of grog each, which we discussed under the half-deck between two of the guns. We had some money in our pockets, and we purchased some sheets of paper from the bum-boat people, who were on the main-deck supplying the seamen; and I wrote to Mr. Drummond and Mr. Turnbull, as well as to Mary and old Tom, requesting the two latter to forward our clothes to Deal, in case of our being detained. Tom also wrote to comfort his mother, and the greatest comfort which he could give was, as he

said, to promise to keep sober. Having entrusted these letters to the bumboat woman, who promised faithfully to put them into the post-office, we had then nothing else to do but to look out for some place to sleep. Our clothes had dried on us, and we were walking under the half-deck, but not a soul spoke to, or even took the least notice of us. In a newly-manned ship, just ready to sail, there is a universal feeling of selfishness prevailing among the ship's company. Some, if not most, had, like us, been pressed, and their thoughts were occupied with their situation, and the change in their prospects. Others were busy making their little arrangements with their wives or relations; while the mass of the seamen, not yet organized by discipline, or known to each other, were in a state of disunion and individuality, which naturally induced every man to look after himself, without caring for his neighbour. We therefore could not expect, nor did we receive, any sympathy; we were in a scene of bustle and noise,

yet alone. A spare topsail, which had been stowed for the present between two of the guns, was the best accommodation which offered itself. We took possession of it, and tired with exertion of mind and body, were soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER IX.

There are many ups and downs in this world—We find ourselves in the Downs—Our Captain comes on board, and gives us a short sermon upon antipathies, which most of us never heard the *like* of—He sets us all upon the *go*, with his *stop* watch, and never calls the *watch* until the *watch* is satisfied with *all hands*.

At daylight the next morning, we were awakened with a start by the shrill whistles of the boatswain and his mates piping all hands to unmoor. The pilot was on board, and the wind was fair. As the frigate had no anchor down, but was hanging to the moorings in the river, we had nothing to do but to cast off, sheet home, and in less than half an hour we were under all sail, stemming the last quarter of the flood tide.

Tom and I had remained on the gangway, watching the proceedings, but not assisting, when the ship being fairly under sail, the order was given by the first lieutenant to coil down the ropes.

"I think, Jacob, we may as well help," said Tom, laying hold of the main tack, which was passed aft, and hauling it forward.

"With all my heart," replied I, and I hauled it forward, while he coiled it away.

While we were thus employed the first lieutenant walked forward and recognized us. "That's what I like, my lads," said he; "you don't sulk, I see, and I sha'n't forget it."

"I hope you won't forget that we are apprentices, sir, and allow us to go on shore," replied I.

"I've a shocking bad memory in some things," was his reply, as he continued forward to the forecastle. He did not, however, forget to victual us that day, and insert our names in pencil upon the ship's books; but we were not put into any mess, or stationed.

We anchored in the Downs on the following

morning. It came on to blow hard in the afternoon, and there was no communication with the shore, except by signals, until the third day, when it moderated, and the signal was made, "Prepare to weigh, and send boat for captain." In the mean time, several boats came off, and one had the postman on board. I had letters from Mr. Drummond and Mr. Turnbull, telling me that they would immediately apply to the Admiralty for our being liberated, and one from Mary, half of which was for me, and the rest to Tom. Stapleton had taken Tom's wherry and pulled down to old Tom Beazeley with my clothes, which, with young Tom's, had been despatched to Deal. Tom had a letter from his mother, half indited by his father, and the rest from herself; but I shall not trouble the reader with the contents, as he may imagine what was likely to be said upon such an occasion.

Shortly afterwards our clothes, which had been sent to the care of an old shipmate of Tom's father, were brought on board, and we hardly

had received them, when the signal man reported that the captain was coming off. There were so many of the men in the frigate who had never seen the captain, that no little anxiety was shown by the ship's company to ascertain how far, by the "*cut of his jib*," that is, his outward appearance, they might draw conclusions as to what they might expect from one who had such unlimited power to make them happy or miserable. I was looking out of the maindeck port with Tom, when the gig pulled alongside, and was about to scrutinize the outward and visible signs of the captain, when I was attracted by the face of a lieutenant sitting by his side, whom I immediately recognized. It was Mr. Wilson, the officer who had spun the oar and sunk the wherry, from which, as the reader may remember, I rescued my friends, the senior and junior clerk. I was overjoyed at this, as I hoped that he would interest himself in our favour. The pipe of the boatswain re-echoed as the captain ascended the side. He appeared on the quarter-

deck—every hat descending to do him honour; the marines presented arms, and the marine officer at their head lowered the point of his sword. In return, the omnipotent personage, taking his cocked hat with two fingers and a thumb, by the highest peak, lifted it one inch off his head, and replaced it, desiring the marine officer to dismiss the guard. I had now an opportunity, as he paced to and fro with the first lieutenant, to examine his appearance. He was a tall, very large boned, gaunt man, with an enormous breadth of shoulders, displaying Herculean strength, (and this we found he eminently possessed.) His face was of a size corresponding to his large frame; his features were harsh, his eye piercing, but his nose, although bold, was handsome, and his capacious mouth was furnished with the most splendid row of large teeth that I ever beheld. The character of his countenance was determination rather than severity. When he smiled, the expression was agreeable. His gestures, and his language, were emphatic,

and the planks trembled with his elephantine walk.

He had been on board about ten minutes, when he desired the first lieutenant to turn the hands up, and all the men were ordered on the larboard-side of the quarter-deck. As soon as they were all gathered together, looking with as much awe of the captain as a flock of sheep at a strange, mischief-meaning dog, he thus addressed them. "My lads, as it so happens that we are all to trust to the same planks, it may be just as well that we should understand one another. I *like* to see my officers attentive to their duty, and behave themselves as gentlemen. I *like* to see my men well disciplined, active, and sober. What I *like*, I *will have*—you understand me. Now," continued he, putting on a stern look—"now just look in my face, and see if you think you can play with me." The men looked in his face, and saw that there was no chance of playing with him; and so they expressed by their countenances. The

captain appeared satisfied by their mute acknowledgments, and to encourage them, smiled, and showed his white teeth, as he desired the first lieutenant to pipe down.

As soon as this scene was over, I walked up to Mr. Wilson, the lieutenant, who was standing aft, and accosted him. "Perhaps, sir, you do not recollect me, but we met one night when you were sinking in a wherry, and you asked my name."

"And I recollect it, my lad; it was Faithful, was it not?"

"Yes, sir." And I then entered into an explanation of our circumstances, and requested his advice and assistance.

He shook his head. "Our captain," said he, "is a very strange person. He has commanding interest, and will do more in defiance of the rules of the Admiralty, than any one in the service. If an Admiralty order came down to discharge you he would obey it, but as for regulations, he cares very little for them. Besides,

we sail in an hour. However, I will speak to him, although I shall probably get a rap on the knuckles, as it is the business of the first lieutenant, and not mine."

"But, sir, if you requested the first lieutenant to speak?"

"If I did, he would not, in all probability; men are too valuable, and the first lieutenant knows that the captain would not like to discharge you. He will therefore say nothing until it is too late, and then throw all the blame upon himself for forgetting it. Our captain has such interest, that his recommendation would give a commander's rank to-morrow, and we must all take care of ourselves. However, I will try, although I can give you very little hopes."

Mr. Wilson went up to the captain, who was still walking with the first lieutenant, and touching his hat, introduced the subject, stating, as an apology, that he was acquainted with me.

"Oh, if the man is an acquaintance of yours, Mr. Wilson, we certainly must decide," replied the captain, with mock politeness. "Where is he?" I advanced, and Tom followed me. We stated our case. "I always like to put people out of suspense," said the captain, "because it unsettles a man—so now hear me; if I happened to press one of the blood royal, and the king, and the queen, and all the little princesses were to go down on their knees, I'd keep him, without an Admiralty order for his discharge. Now, my lads, do you perceive your chance?" Then turning away to Mr. Wilson, he said, "You will oblige me by stating upon what grounds you ventured to interfere in behalf of these men, and I trust your explanation will be satisfactory. Mr. Knight," continued he, to the first lieutenant, "send these men down below, watch, and station them."

We went below by the gangway ladder, and watched the conference between the captain and Mr. Wilson, who we were afraid had done

himself no good by trying to assist us. But when it was over the captain appeared pleased, and Mr. Wilson walked away with a satisfied air. As I afterwards discovered, it did me no little good. The hands were piped to dinner, and after dinner we weighed and made sail, and thus were Tom and I fairly, or rather unfairly, embarked in his majesty's service.

"Well, Tom," said I, "it's no use crying. What's done can't be helped; here we are, now let us do all we can to make friends."

"That's just my opinion, Jacob. Hang care, it killed the cat; I shall make the best of it, and I don't see why we may not be as happy here as any where else. Father says we may, if we do our duty, and I don't mean to shirk mine. The more the merrier, they say, and I'll be hanged but there's enough of us here."

I hardly need say, that for the first three or four days we were not very comfortable; we had been put into the seventh mess, and were stationed in the fore-top; for although we had

not been regularly bred up as seamen, the first lieutenant so decided, saying, that he was sure that, in a few weeks, there would be no smarter men in the ship.

We were soon clear of the channel, and all hands were anxious to know our destination, which, in this almost solitary instance, had really been kept a secret, although surmises were correct. There is one point, which by the present arrangements invariably makes known whether a ship is "fitting foreign," or for home service, which is, by the stores and provisions ordered on board; and these stores are so arranged, according to the station to which the vessel is bound, that it is generally pretty well known what her destination is to be. This is bad, and at the same time easily remedied; for if every ship, whether for home service or foreign, was ordered to fit foreign, no one would be able to ascertain where she was about to proceed. With a very little trouble, strict secrecy might be preserved, now that the Navy Board

is abolished; but during its existence that was impossible. The Immortalité was a very fast sailing vessel, and when the captain, (whose name I have forgotten to mention, it was Hector Maclean,) opened his sealed orders, we found that we were to cruise for two months between the Western Isles and Madeira, in quest of some privateers, which had captured many of our outward-bound West Indiamen, notwithstanding that they were well protected by convoy, and, after that period, to join the admiral at Halifax, and relieve a frigate which had been many years on that station. In a week we were on our station, the weather was fine, and the whole of the day was passed in training the men to the guns, small arms, making and shortening sail, reefing topsails, and manœuvring the ship. The captain would never give up his point, and sometimes we were obliged to make or shorten sail twenty times running until he was satisfied.

"My lads," he would say to the ship's company, sending for them aft, "you have done

this pretty well, you have only been two minutes; not bad for a new ship's company, but I *like* it done in a minute and a half. We'll try again." And sure enough it was try again, until in the minute and half it was accomplished. Then the captain would say, "I knew you could do it, and having once done it, my lads, of course you can do it again."

Tom and I adhered to our good resolutions. We were as active and as forward as we could be, and Mr. Knight, the first lieutenant, pointed us out to the captain. As soon as the merits of the different men were ascertained, several alterations were made in the watch and station bills, as well as in the ratings on the ship's books, and Tom and I were made *second* captains, larboard and starboard, of the fore-top. This was great promotion for so young hands, especially as we were not bred as regular sailors; but it was for the activity and zeal which we displayed. Tom was a great favourite among the men, always joking, and ready for any lark or

nonsense; moreover he used to mimic the captain, which few others dared do. He certainly seldom ventured to do it below; it was generally in the foretop, where he used to explain to the men what he *liked.* One day we both ventured it, but it was on an occasion which excused it. Tom and I were aft, sitting in the jolly boat astern, fitting some of her gear, for we belonged to the boat at that time, although we were afterwards shifted into the cutter. The frigate was going about four knots through the water, and the sea was pretty smooth. One of the marines fell overboard, out of the forechains. "Man overboard," was cried out immediately, and the men were busy clearing away the starboard cutter, with all the expedition requisite on such an occasion. The captain was standing aft, on the signal chest, when the marine passed astern; the poor fellow could not swim, and Tom turning to me, said, "Jacob, I should *like* to save that Jolly," and immediately dashed overboard.

"And I should *like* to help you, Tom," cried I, and followed him.

The captain was close to us, and heard us both. Between us, we easily held up the marine, and the boat had us all on board in less than a minute. When we came up the side, the captain was at the gangway. He showed his white teeth, and shook the telescope in his hand at us. "I heard you both; and I should *like* to have a good many more impudent fellows like you."

We continued our cruise, looking sharp out for the privateers, but without success: we then touched at Madeira for intelligence, and were informed that they had been seen more to the southward. The frigate's head was turned in that direction until we were abreast of the Canary Isles, and then we traversed east and west, north or south, just as the wind and weather, or the captain's *like*—thought proper. We had now cruised seven weeks out of our time without success, and the captain promised five guineas to the man who should discover the

objects of our search. Often did Tom and I climb to the mast head and scan the horizon, and so did many others: but those who were stationed at the look-out were equally on the alert. The ship's company were now in a very fair state of discipline, owing to the incessant practice, and every evening the hands were turned up to skylark, that is, to play and amuse themselves. There was one amusement which was the occasion of a great deal of mirth, and it was a favourite one of the captain's, as it made the men smart. It is called "Follow my leader." One of the men leads, and all who choose, follow him; sometimes forty or fifty will join. Whatever the leader does, the rest must do also; wherever he goes they must follow. Tom, who was always the foremost for fun, was one day the leader, and after having scampered up the rigging, laid out on the yards, climbed in by the lifts, crossed from mast to mast by the stays, slid down by the backstays, blacked his face in the funnel, in all which mo-

tions he was followed by about thirty others, hallooing and laughing, while the officers and other men were looking on and admiring their agility, a novel idea came into Tom's head; it was then about seven o'clock in the evening, the ship was lying becalmed, Tom again sprung up the rigging, laid out to the main yard-arm, followed by me and the rest, and as soon as he was at the boom iron, he sprung up, holding by the lift, and crying out, "Follow my leader," leaped from the yard-arm into the sea. I was second, and crying out, "Follow my leader" to the rest, I followed him, and the others, whether they could swim or not, did the same, it being a point of honour not to refuse.

The captain was just coming up the ladder, when he saw, as he imagined, a man tumble overboard, which was Tom in his descent; but how much more was he astonished at seeing twenty or thirty more tumbling off by twos or threes, until it appeared that half the ship's company were overboard. He thought that

they were possessed with devils, like the herd of swine in the Scriptures. Some of the men who could not swim, but were too proud to refuse to follow, were nearly drowned. As it was, the first lieutenant was obliged to lower the cutter to pick them up, and they were all brought on board.

"Confound that fellow," said the captain to the first lieutenant, "he is always at the head of all mischief. Follow my leader, indeed! Send Tom Beazeley here." We all thought that Tom was about to catch it. "Hark ye, my lad," said the captain, "a joke's a joke, but every body can't swim as well as you. I can't afford to lose any of my men by your pranks, so don't try that again—I don't *like* it."

Every one thought that Tom got off very cheaply, but he was a favourite with the captain, although that never appeared but indirectly. "Beg pardon, sir," replied Tom, with great apparent humility, "but they were all so dirty —they'd blacked themselves at the funnel, and

I thought a little washing would not do them any harm."

"Be off, sir, and recollect what I have said," replied the captain, turning away, and showing his white teeth.

I heard the first lieutenant say to the captain, "He's worth any ten men in the ship, sir. He keeps them all alive and merry, and sets such a good example."

CHAPTER X.

"To be, or not to be," that is the question—*Splinters* on board of a man-of-war, very different from *splinters* in the finger on shore—Tom prevents this narrative from being wound up by my going down—I receive a lawyer's letter, and instead of being annoyed, am delighted with it.

In the mean time Tom had gone up to the fore-royal yard, and was looking round for the five guineas, and just as the conversation was going on, cried out, "Sail, ho!"

"Strange sail reported."

"Where?" cried the first lieutenant, going forward.

"Right under the sun."

"Mast-head there—do you make her out?"

"Yes, sir; I think she's a schooner, but I can only see down to her mainyard."

"That's one of them, depend upon it," said the captain. "Up there, Mr. Wilson, and see what you make of her. Who is the man who reported it?"

"Tom Beazeley, sir."

"Confound the fellow, he makes all my ship's company jump overboard, and now I must give him five guineas. What do you make of her, Mr. Wilson?"

"A low schooner, sir, very rakish indeed, black sides. I cannot make out her ports—but I should think she can show a very pretty set of teeth. She is becalmed, as well as we."

"Well, then, we must whistle for a breeze. In the mean time, Mr. Knight, we will have the boats all ready."

If you whistle long enough the wind is certain to come. In about an hour the breeze did come, and we took it down with us; but it was too dark to distinguish the schooner, which

we had lost sight of as soon as the sun had set. About midnight the breeze failed us, and it was again calm. The captain and most of the officers were up all night, and the watch were employed preparing the boats for service. It was my morning watch, and at break of day I saw the schooner from the foretop-sail-yard, about four miles to the N.W. I ran down on deck, and reported her.

"Very good, my lad. I have her, Mr. Knight," said the captain, who had directed his glass to where I pointed; "and I will have her too, one way or the other. No signs of wind. Lower down the cutters. Get the yards and stays hooked all ready. We'll wait a little, and see a little more of her when it's broad daylight."

At broad daylight the schooner, with her appointments, was distinctly to be made out. She was pierced for sixteen guns, and was a formidable vessel to encounter with the boats. The calm still continuing, the launch, yawl and

pinnace, were hoisted out, manned, and armed. The schooner got out her sweeps, and was evidently preparing for their reception. Still the captain appeared unwilling to risk the lives of his men in such a dangerous conflict, and there we all lay alongside, each man sitting in his place with his oar raised on end. Cat-paws of wind, as they call them, flew across the water here and there, ruffling its smooth surface, portending that a breeze would soon spring up, and the hopes of this chance rendered the captain undecided. Thus did we remain alongside, for Tom and I were stationed in the first and second cutters, until twelve o'clock, when we were ordered out to take a hasty dinner, and the allowance of spirits was served out. At one, it was still calm. Had we started when the boats were first hoisted out, the affair would have been long before decided. At last, the captain perceiving that the chance of a breeze was still smaller then, than in the forenoon, ordered the boats to shove off. We were still about the

same distance from the privateer, from three and a half to four miles. In less than half an hour we were within gun-shot; the privateer swept her broadside to us, and commenced firing guns with single round shot, and with great precision. They *ricochetted* over the boats, and at every shot, we made sure of our being struck. At this time a slight breeze swept along the water. It reached the schooner, filled her sails, and she increased her distance. Again it died away, and we neared her fast. She swept round again, and recommenced firing, and one of her shot passed through the second cutter, in which I was stationed, ripping open three of her planks, and wounding two men besides me. The boat, heavy with the gun, ammunition chests, &c., immediately filled and turned over with us, and it was with difficulty that we could escape from the weighty hamper that was poured out of her. One of the poor fellows, who had not been wounded, remained entangled under the boat, and never rose again. The remainder

of the crew rose to the surface and clung to the side of the boat. The first cutter hauled to our assistance, for we had separated to render the shot less effectual, but it was three or four minutes before she was able to render us any assistance, during which time the other two wounded men, who had been apparently injured in the legs or body, exhausted with loss of blood, gradually unloosed their holds and disappeared under the calm, blue water. I had received a splinter in my left arm, and held on longer than the others who had been maimed, but I could not hold on till the cutter came; I lost my recollection and sank. Tom, who was in the bow of the cutter, perceiving me to go down, dived after me, brought me up again to the surface, and we were both hauled in. The other five men were also saved. As soon as we were picked up, the cutter followed the other boats, which continued to advance towards the privateer. I recovered my senses, and found that a piece of one of the thwarts of the boat, broken

off by the shot, had been forced through the fleshy part of my arm below the elbow, where it still remained. It was a very dangerous as well as a painful wound. The officer of the boat, without asking me, laid hold of the splinter and tore it out, but the pain was so great, from its jagged form, and the effusion of blood so excessive after this operation, that I again fainted. Fortunately no artery was wounded, or I must have lost my arm. They bound it up, and laid me at the bottom of the boat. The firing from the schooner was now very warm, and we were within a quarter of a mile of her, when the breeze sprang up, and she increased her distance a mile. There was a prospect of wind from the appearance of the sky, although, for a time, it again died away. We were within less than half a mile of the privateer, when we perceived that the frigate was bringing up a smart breeze, and rapidly approaching the scene of conflict.

The breeze swept along the water and caught the sails of the privateer, and she was again, in

spite of all the exertions of our wearied men, out of gun-shot, and the first lieutenant very properly decided upon making for the frigate, which was now within a mile of us. In less than ten minutes the boats were hoisted in, and the wind now rising fast, we were under all sail, going at the rate of seven miles an hour; the privateer having also gained the breeze, and gallantly holding her own.

I was taken down into the cockpit, the only wounded man brought on board. The surgeon examined my arm, and at first shook his head, and I expected immediate amputation; but on re-examination he gave his opinion that the limb might be saved. My wound was dressed, and I was put into my hammock, in a screened bulk under the half-deck, where the cooling breeze from the ports fanned my feverish cheeks. But I must return to the chace.

In less than an hour the wind had increased; so that we could with difficulty carry our royals; the privateer was holding her own about three

miles right a-head, keeping our three masts in one. At sun-set they were forced to take in the royals, and the sky gave every prospect of a rough gale. Still we carried on every stitch of canvass which the frigate could bear; keeping the chace in sight with our night glasses, and watching all her motions.

The breeze increased; before morning there was a heavy sea, and the frigate could only carry top-gallant sails over double-reefed topsails. At daylight we had neared the schooner, by the sextants, about a quarter of a mile, and the captain and officers went down to take some repose and refreshment, not having quitted the deck for twenty-four hours. All that day did we chace the privateer, without gaining more than a mile upon her, and it now blew up a furious gale: the top-gallant sails had been before taken in; the topsails were close reefed, and we were running at the speed of nearly twelve miles an hour; still, so well did the privateer sail, that she was barely within gun-shot,

when the sun went down below the horizon, angry and fiery red. There was now great fear that she would escape, from the difficulty of keeping the glasses upon her during the night, in a heavy sea, and the expectation that she would furl all and allow us to pass her. It appeared, however, that this manœuvre did not enter into the head of the captain of the privateer; he stood on under a press of sail, which even in day-time would have been considered alarming; and at daylight, owing to the steering during night never being so correct as during the day, she had recovered her distance, and was about four miles from us. The gale, if any thing, had increased, and Captain Maclean determined, notwithstanding, to shake a reef out of the topsails.

In the morning, as usual, Tom came to my cot, and asked me how I was? I told him I was better and in less pain, and that the surgeon had promised to dress my wound after breakfast, for the bandages had not been removed since I had

first come on board. "And the privateer, Tom, I hope we shall take her; it will be some comfort to me that she is captured."

"I think we shall, if the masts stand, Jacob; but we have an enormous press of sail, as you may guess, by the way in which the frigate jumps; there is no standing on the forecastle, and there is a regular waterfall down in the waist from forward. We are nearing her now. It is beautiful to see how she behaves: when she heels over, we can perceive that all her men are lashed on deck, and she takes whole seas into her fore and aft mainsail, and pours them out again as she rises from the lurch. She deserves to escape, at all events."

She did not, however, obtain her deserts, for about twelve o'clock in the day we were within a mile of her. At two, the marines were firing small arms at her, for we would not yaw to fire at her a gun, although she was right under our bows. When within a cable's length we shortened sail, so as to keep at that distance astern,

and the chace, after having lost several men by musketry, the captain of her waved his hat in token of surrender. We immediately shortened sail to keep the weather gage, pelting her until every sail was lowered down: we then rounded to, keeping her under our lee, and firing at every man who made his appearance on deck. Taking possession of her was a difficult task: a boat could hardly live in such a sea, and when the captain called aloud for volunteers, and I heard Tom's voice in the cutter as it was lowering down, my heart misgave me lest he should meet with some accident. At last I knew, from the conversation on deck, that the cutter had got safe on board, and my mind was relieved. The surgeon came up and dressed my arm, and I then received comparative bodily as well as mental relief.

It was not until the next day, when we lay to, with the schooner close to us, that the weather became sufficiently moderate to enable us to receive the prisoners and put our own men

and officrs on board. The prize proved to be an American built schooner, fitted out as a French privateer. She was called the Cerf Agile, mounting fourteen guns, of nearly three hundred tons measurement, and with a crew of one hundred and seventy men, of which forty-eight were away in prizes. It was, perhaps, fortunate that the boats were not able to attack her, as they would have received a very warm reception. Thus did we succeed in capturing this mischievous vessel, after a chace of two hundred and seventy miles. As soon as all the arrangements were made, we shaped our course, with the privateer in company, for Halifax, where we arrived in about five weeks. My wound was now nearly healed, but my arm had wasted away, and I was unable to return to my duty. It was well known that I wrote a good hand, and I volunteered, as I could do nothing else, to assist the purser and the clerk with the ship's books, &c.

The admiral was at Bermuda, and the frigate

which we were to relieve had, from the exigence of the service, been despatched down to the Honduras, and was not expected back for some months. We sailed from Halifax for Bermuda and joined the admiral, and after three weeks, we were ordered on a cruize. My arm was now perfectly recovered, but I had become so useful in the clerk's office, that I was retained, much against my own wishes—but the captain *liked* it, as Tom said, and after that, there was no more to be said about the matter.

America was not the seat of war at that period, and, with the exception of chasing French runners, there was nothing to be done on the North American station. I have, therefore, little to narrate during the remainder of the time that I was on board of the frigate. Tom did his duty in the foretop, and never was in any disgrace; on the contrary, he was a great favourite both with officers and men, and took more liberties with the captain than any one else dared to have done; but Captain Maclean

knew that Tom was one of his foremost and best men, always active, zealous, and indifferent as to danger, and Tom knew exactly how far he could venture to play with him. I remained in the clerk's office, and as it was soon discovered that I had received an excellent education, and always behaved myself respectfully to my superiors, I was kindly treated, and had no reason to complain of a man-of-war.

Such was the state of affairs, when the other frigate arrived from the Honduras, and we, who had been cruizing for the last four months in Boston Bay, were ordered in, by a cutter, to join the admiral at Halifax. We had now been nearly a year from England without receiving any letters. The reader may, therefore, judge of my impatience when, after the anchor had been let go and the sails furled, the admi ral's boat came on board with several bags of letters for the officers and ship's company. They were handed down into the gun-room,

and I waited with impatience for the sorting and distribution.

"Faithful," said the purser, "here are two letters for you."

I thanked him, and hastened to the clerk's office, that I might read them without interruption. The first was addressed in a formal hand quite unknown to me. I opened it with some degree of wonderment, as to who could possibly write to so humble an individual? It was from a lawyer, and its contents were as follow:—

"Sir,—We hasten to advise you of the death of your good friend Mr. Alexander Turnbull. By his will, which has been opened and read, and of which you are the executor, he has made you his sole heir, bequeathing you, at the present, the sum of 30,000*l.*, with the remainder of his fortune at the demise of his wife. With the exception of 5,000*l.*, left to Mrs. Turnbull for her own disposal, the legacies do not amount to more than 800*l.* The jointure, arising from

the interest of the money, secured to Mrs. Turnbull during her life, is 1,080*l.* per annum, upon the 3 per cent. Consols, so that at her demise you will come into 36,000*l.* consols, which at 76 will, be equal to 27,360*l.* sterling. I beg to congratulate you upon your good fortune, and with Mr. Drummond have made application to the Admiralty for your discharge. This application, I am happy to say, has been immediately attended to, and by the same mail that conveys this letter, is forwarded an order for your discharge and a passage home. Should you think proper to treat our firm as your legal advisers, we shall be most happy to enrol you among our clients.

"I am, sir,

"Your's very respectfully,

"JOHN FLETCHER."

I must leave the reader to judge of this unexpected and welcome communication. At first I was so stunned, that I appeared as a statue with the letter in my hand, and in this condi-

tion I remained until roused by the first lieutenant, who had come to the office to desire me to pass the word for "letters for England," and to desire the sail-maker to make a bag.

"Faithful—why what's the matter? Are you ill, or ——?" I could not reply, but I put the letter into his hand. He read the contents, expressing his astonishment by occasional exclamations. "I wish you joy, my lad, and may it be my turn next time. No wonder you looked like a stuck pig. Had I received such news, the captain might have hallooed till he was hoarse, and the ship have tumbled overboard, before I should have roused myself. Well, I suppose, we shall get no more work out of you ——"

"The captain wants you, Mr. Knight," said one of the midshipmen, touching his hat.

Mr. Knight went into the cabin, and in a few minutes returned, holding the order for my discharge in his hand.

"It's all right, Faithful, here is your dis-

charge, and an order for your passage home."

He laid it on the table and then went away, for a first lieutenant in harbour has no time to lose. The next person who came was Tom, holding in his hand a letter from Mary, with a postscript from his mother.

"Well, Jacob," said he, "I have news to tell you. Mary says that Mr. Turnbull is dead, and has left her father 200*l.*, and that she has been told that he has left you something handsome."

"He has, indeed, Tom," replied I; "read this letter."

While Tom was reading, I perceived the letter from Mr. Drummond, which I had forgotten. I opened it. It communicated the same intelligence as that of the lawyer, in fewer words; recommended my immediate return, and inclosed a bill upon his house for 100*l.* to enable me to appear in a manner corresponding to my present condition.

"Well," said Tom, "this is, indeed, good news, Jacob. You are a gentleman, at last, as you deserve to be. It has made me so happy; what do you mean to do?"

"I have my discharge here," replied I, "and am ordered a passage home."

"Better still. I'm so happy, Jacob; so happy. But what *is* to become of me?" And Tom passed the back of his hand across his eyes to brush away a tear.

"You shall soon follow me, Tom, if I can manage it either by money or any influence."

"I will manage it, if you don't, Jacob. I won't stay here without you, that I am determined."

"Do nothing rashly, Tom. I am sure I can buy your discharge, and on my arrival in England I will not think of any thing else until it is done."

"You must be quick, then, Jacob, for I'm sure I can't stay here long."

"Trust to me, Tom; you'll still find me

Jacob Faithful," said I, extending my hand. Tom squeezed it earnestly, and with moistened eyes turned away, and walked forward.

The news had spread through the ship, and many of the officers, as well as the men, came to congratulate me. What would I have given to have been allowed only one half hour to myself—one half hour in which I might be permitted to compose my excited feelings—to have returned thanks for such unexpected happiness, and paid a tribute to the memory of so sincere a friend. But in a ship this is almost impossible, unless, as an officer, you can retreat to your own cabin; and those gushings from the heart, arising from grief, or pleasure, the tears so sweet in solitude, must be prostituted before the crowd, or altogether repressed. At last the wished-for opportunity did come. Mr. Wilson, who had been away on service, came to congratulate me as soon as he heard the news, and with an instinctive perception of what might be my feelings, asked me whether I would not like

to write my letters in his cabin, which, for a few hours, was at my service. I thankfully accepted the offer, and when summoned by the captain, had relieved my overcharged heart, and had composed my excited feelings.

"Jacob Faithful, you are aware there is an order for your discharge," said he, kindly. "You will be discharged this afternoon into the Astrea; she is ordered home, and will sail with dispatches in a few days. You have conducted yourself well since you have been under my command, and, although you are now in a situation not to require a good certificate, still you will have the satisfaction of feeling that you have done your duty in the station of life to which you have, for a certain portion of it, been called—I wish you well."

Although Captain Maclean, in what he said, never lost sight of the relative situations in which we had been placed, there was a kindness of manner, especially in the last words, "I wish you well," which went to my heart.

I replied that I had been very happy during the time I had been under his command, and thanked him for his good wishes. I then bowed, and left the cabin. But the captain did not send me on board the Astrea, although I was discharged into her. He told the first lieutenant that I had better go on shore, and equip myself in a proper manner; and, as I afterwards found out, spoke of me in very favourable terms to the Captain of the Astrea, acknowledging that I had received the education of a gentleman, and had been illegally impressed; so that when I made my appearance on board the Astrea, the officers of the gun-room requested that I would mess with them during the passage home.

I went on shore, obtained the money for my bill, hastened to a tailor, and with his exertions, and other fitting-out people, procured all that was requisite for the outward appearance of a gentleman. I then returned to the Immortalité, and bade farewell to the officers and seamen with whom I had been most intimate. My

parting with Tom was painful. Even the few days which I had been away, I perceived, had made an alteration in his appearance.

"Jacob," said he, "don't think I envy you; on the contrary, I am as grateful, even more grateful than if such good fortune had fallen to my own lot; but I cannot help fretting at the thoughts of being left here without you: and I shall fret until I am with you again."

I renewed my promises to procure his discharge, and forcing upon him all the money I thought that I could spare, I went over the side as much affected as poor Tom. Our passage home was rapid. We had a continuance of N.W. winds, and we flew before them, and, in less than three weeks, we dropped our anchor at Spithead. Happy in the change of my situation, and happier still in anticipation, I shall only say, that I never was in better spirits, or in company with more agreeable young men than were the officers of the Astrea; and although we were so short a time together, we separated with mutual regret.

CHAPTER XI.

I interrupt a matrimonial duet and capsize the boat—Being on dry land, no one is drowned—Tom leaves a man of war because he don't *like* it—I find the profession of a gentleman preferable to that of a waterman.

My first object, on my return, was to call upon old Tom, and assure him of his son's welfare. My wishes certainly would have led me to Mr. Drummond's, but I felt that my duty required that I should delay that pleasure. I arrived at the hotel late in the evening, and early next morning I went down to the steps at Westminster Bridge, and was saluted with the usual cry of "Boat, sir." A crowd of recollections

poured into my mind at the well-known sound, my life appeared to have passed in review in a few seconds, as I took my seat in the stern of a wherry, and directed the waterman to pull up the river. It was a beautiful morning, and even at that early hour almost too warm, the sun was so powerful. I watched every object that we passed with an interest I cannot describe; every tree,—every building,—every point of land; they were all old friends, who appeared, as the sun shone brightly on them, to rejoice in my good fortune. I remained in a reverie too delightful to wish to be disturbed from it, although occasionally there were reminiscences which were painful; but they were but as light as clouds, obscuring for a moment, as they flew past, the glorious sun of my happiness. At last the well-known tenement of old Tom, his large board with "Boats built to order," and the half of the boat stuck up on end, caught my sight, and I remembered the object of my embarkation. I directed the waterman to pull to the hard,

and paying him well, dismissed him, for I had perceived that Old Tom was at work stumping round a wherry, bottom up, and his wife was sitting on the bench in the boat-arbour, basking in the warm sun, and working away at her nets. I had landed so quietly, and they both were so occupied with their respective employments, that they had not perceived me, and I crept round by the house to surprise them. I had gained a station behind the old boat, where I overheard the conversation.

"It's my opinion," said old Tom, who left off hammering for a time, "that all the nails in Birmingham won't make this boat water-tight. The timbers are as rotten as a pear, and the nails fall through them. I have put in one piece more than agreed for, and if I don't put in another here, she'll never swim."

"Well, then, put another piece in," replied Mrs. Beazeley.

"Yes, so I will, but I've a notion I shall be out of pocket by the job—*7s.* *6d.* won't

pay for labour and all. However, never mind," and Tom carolled forth

"Is not the sea
Made for the free,
Land for courts and chains alone;
There we are slaves,
But on the waves
Love and liberty's all our own."

"Now, if you do sing, sing truth, Beazeley," said the old woman. "A'n't our boy pressed into the service—and how can you talk of liberty?"

Old Tom answered by continuing his song:

"No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us,
All earth forgot, and all heaven around us."

"Yes, yes," replied the old woman, "no eye to watch, indeed; he may be in sickness and in sorrow—he may be wounded, or dying of a fever,—and there's no mother's eye to watch over

him. As to all on earth being forgot, I won't believe that Tom has forgotten his mother."

Old Tom replied,

"Seasons may roll,
But the true soul
Burns the same wherever it goes."

"So it does, Tom, so it does, and he's thinking this moment of his father and mother, I do verily believe, and he loves us more than ever.',

"So I believe," replied old Tom, "that is, if he hasn't any thing better to do; but there's a time for all things, and when a man is doing his duty as a seaman, he mustn't let his thoughts wander. Never fear, old woman, he'll be back again.

There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To take care of the life of poor Jack."

"God grant it, God grant it!" replied the old woman, wiping her eyes with her apron, and then resuming her netting. "He seems," con-

tinued she, "by his letters, to be overfond of that girl, Mary Stapleton, and I sometimes think that she cares not a little for him, but she's never of one mind long. I didn't like to see her flaunting and flirting so with the soldiers, and at the same time Tom says that she writes that she cares for nobody but him."

"Women are—women! that's sartain," replied old Tom, musing for a time, and then showing that his thoughts were running on his son, by bursting out,

"Mary, when yonder boundless sea
Shall part us, and perchance for ever,
Think not my heart can stray from thee,
Or cease to mourn thine absence,—never!
And when in distant climes I roam,
Forlorn, unfriended, broken-hearted,—

"Don't say so, Tom—don't say so," interrupted the old woman.

Tom continued:

"Oft shall I sigh for thee and home,
And all those joys from which I parted."

"Aye, so he does, poor fellow, I'll be bound to say. What would I give to see his dear, smiling face," said Mrs. Beazeley.

"And I'd give no little, Missus, myself. But still it's the duty for every man to serve his country, and so ought Tom, as his father did before him. I shall be glad to see him back, but I'm not sorry that he's gone. Our ships must be manned, old woman, and if they take men by force, it's only because they won't volunteer, that's all. When they're once on board, they don't mind it. You women require pressing just as much as the men, and it's all much of a muchness."

"How's that, Tom?"

"Why when we make love, and ask you to marry, don't you always pout and say, no? You like being kissed, but we must take it by force. So it is with manning a ship, the men all say no; but when they are once there, they like the service very much, only you see, like you, they

want pressing. Don't Tom write and say that he's quite happy, and don't care where he is so long as he's with Jacob?"

"Yes, that's true; but they say Jacob is to be discharged and come home, now that he's come to a fortune, and what will Tom say then?"

"Why, that *is* the worst of it. I believe that Jacob's heart is in the right place, but still, riches spoil a man; but we shall see. If Jacob don't prove 'true blue,' I'll never put faith in man again;" but there be changes in this world, that's sartain."

"We all have our taste of the ups and downs,
As Fortune dispenses her smiles and frowns;
But may we not hope if she's frowning to-day
That to-morrow she'll lend us the light of her ray?"

"I only wish Jacob was here; that's all."

"Then you have your wish, my good old friend," cried I, running up to Tom, and seizing his hand; "but old Tom was so taken by

surprise that he started back, and lost his equilibrium, dragging me after him, and we rolled on the turf together. Nor was this the only accident, for old Mrs. Beazeley was so alarmed that she also sprang from the bench fixed in the half of the old boat stuck on end, and threw herself back against it. The boat, rotten when first put up, and with the disadvantage of exposure to the elements for many years, could no longer stand such pressure. It gave way to the sudden force applied by the old woman, and she and the boat went down together, she screaming and scuffling among the rotten planks, which now, after so many years' close intimacy, were induced to part company. I was first on my legs, and ran to the assistance of Mrs. Beazeley, who was half smothered with dust and flakes of dry pitch, and old Tom coming to my assistance, we put the old woman on her legs again."

"O deary me!" cried the old woman, "O

deary me! I do believe my hip is out. Lord, Mr. Jacob, how you frightened me!"

"Yes," said old Tom, shaking me warmly by the hand, "we were all taken aback, old boat and all. What a shindy you have made, bowling us all down like nine pins! Well! my boy, I'm glad to see you, and notwithstanding your gear, you're Jacob Faithful still."

"I hope so," replied I; and we then adjourned to the house, where I made them acquainted with all that had passed, and what I intended to do relative to obtaining Tom's discharge. I then left them, promising to return soon; and hailing a wherry going up the river, proceeded to my old friend, Domine, of whose welfare, as well as Stapleton's and Mary's, I had been already assured.

But as I passed through Putney bridge I thought I might as well call first upon old Stapleton, and I desired the waterman to pull in. I hastened to Stapleton's lodgings, and went up

stairs, where I found Mary in earnest conversation with a very good-looking young man, in a serjeant's uniform of the 93rd regiment. Mary, who was even handsomer than when I had left her, starting up, at first did not appear to recognize me, then coloured up to the forehead as she welcomed me with a constraint I had never witnessed before. The serjeant appeared inclined to keep his ground, but on my taking her hand and telling her that I brought a message from a person whom I trusted she had not forgotten, he gave her a nod and walked down stairs. Perhaps there was a severity in my countenance as I said, "Mary, I do not know whether, after what I have seen, I ought to give the message; and the pleasure I anticipated in meeting you again is destroyed by what I have now witnessed. How disgraceful is it thus to play with a man's feelings—to write to him, assuring him of your regard and constancy, and, at the same time, encouraging another."

Mary hung down her head. "If I have done wrong, Mr. Faithful," said she, after a pause, "I have not wronged Tom; what I have written, I felt."

"If that is the case, why do you wrong another person? why encourage another young man only to make him unhappy?"

"I have promised him nothing; but why does not Tom come back and look after me? I can't mope here by myself; I have no one to keep company with; my father is always away at the alehouse, and I must have somebody to talk to. Besides, Tom is away, and may be away a long while, and absence cures love in men, although it does not in women."

"It appears, then, Mary, that you wish to have two strings to your bow in case of accident."

"Should the first string break, a second would be very acceptable," replied Mary. "But it is always this way," continued she, with increasing warmth; "I never can be in a situa-

tion which is not right. Whenever I do any thing which may appear improper, so certain do *you* make your appearance when least expected and least wished for—as if you were born to be my constant accuser."

"Does not your own conscience accuse you, Mary?"

"Mr. Faithful," repeated she, very warmly, "you are not my father confessor; but do as you please—write to Tom if you please, and tell him all you have seen, and any thing you may think— make him and make me miserable and unhappy—do it, I pray. It will be a friendly act; and as you are now a great man, you may persuade Tom that I'm a jilt and a good-for-nothing."

Here Mary laid her hands on the table, and buried her face in them.

"I did not come here to be your censor, Mary; you are certainly at liberty to act as you please, without my having any right to interfere; but as Tom is my earliest and best friend,

so far as his interests and happiness are concerned, I shall carefully watch over them. We have been so long together, and I am so well acquainted with all his feelings, that I really believe that if ever there was a young man sincerely and devotedly attached to a woman, he is so to you; and I will add, that if ever there was a young man who deserved love in return, it is Tom. When I left, not a month back, he desired me to call upon you as soon as I could, and assure you of his unalterable attachment, and I am now about to procure his discharge, that he may be able to return. All his thoughts are upon this point, and he is now waiting with the utmost impatience the arrival of it, that he may again be in your company; you can best judge whether his return will or will not be a source of happiness."

Mary raised her head—her face was wet with her tears.

"Then he will soon be back again, and I shall see him. Indeed, his return shall be no

source of unhappiness, if I can make him happy —indeed it shall not, Mr. Faithful; but pray don't tell him of my foolish conduct, pray don't —why make him unhappy?—I entreat you not to do it. I will not do so again. Promise me, Jacob, will you?" continued Mary, taking me by the arm, and looking beseechingly in my face.

"Mary, I never will be a mischief-maker, but recollect, I exact the performance of your promise."

"Oh! and I will keep it, now that I know he will soon be home. I can, I think I can—I'm sure I can wait a month or two without flirting. But I do wish that I was not left so much alone. I wish Tom was at home to take care of me, for there is no one else. I can't take care of myself."

I saw by Mary's countenance that she was in earnest, and I therefore made friends with her, and we conversed for two hours, chiefly about Tom. When I left her, she had recovered her

usual spirits, and said at parting, looking archly at me, "Now you will see how wise and how prudent I shall be."

I shook my head, and left her that I might find out old friend Stapleton, who, as usual, was at the door of the public-house, smoking his pipe. At first he did not recognize me, for when I accosted him, he put his open hand to his ear, as usual, and desired me to speak a little louder, but I answered, "Nonsense, Stapleton, that won't do with me." He then took his pipe out of his mouth, and looked me full in the face.

"Jacob, as I'm alive! Didn't know you in your long togs—thought you was a gentleman wanting a boat. Well, I hardly need say how glad I am to see you after so long, that's no more than human natur. And how's Tom? Have you seen Mary?"

These two questions enabled me to introduce the subject that I wished. I told him of the attachment and troth pledged between the

two, and how wrong it was for him to leave her so much alone. The old man agreed with me, and said, that as to talking to the men, that was on Mary's part nothing but "human natur;" and that as for Tom wishing to be at home and seeing her again, that also was nothing but "human natur;" but that he would smoke his pipe at home in future, and keep the soldiers out of the house. Satisfied with this assurance, I left him, and taking another wherry, went up to Brentford to see the Domine.

CHAPTER. XII.

All the little boys are let loose, and the Domine is caught—Anxious to supply my teeth, he falls in with other teeth, and Mrs. Bately also shows her teeth—Gin outside, gin in, and gin out again, and old woman out also—Domine in for it again—More like a Whig ministry than a novel.

I found the worthy old Domine in the school-room, seated at his elevated desk, the usher not present, and the boys making a din enough to have awaked a person from a trance. That he was in one of his deep reveries, and that the boys had taken advantage of it, was evident. "Mr. Dobbs," said I, walking up close to the desk, but the Domine answered not. I repeated his name in a louder voice.

"Cosine of $x+a\ b-x-\frac{1}{2}$; such must be the result," said the Domine talking to himself. "Yet it doth not prove correct. I may be in error. Let me revise my work," and the Domine lifted up his desk to take out another piece of paper. When the desk lid was raised, I removed his work and held it behind me.

"But how is this?" exclaimed the Domine, and he looked every where for his previous calculations. "Nay," continued he, "it must have been the wind;" and then he cast his eyes about until they fixed upon me laughing at him. "Eheu! what do my eyes perceive?—It is,—yet it is not,—yes, most truly it is, my son Jacob. Welcome, most welcome," cried the old man, descending from his desk, and clasping me in his arms. "Long is it since I have seen thee, my son, *Interea magnum sol circumvolvitur annum.* Long, yes long, have I yearned for thy return, fearful lest *nudus in ignota arena*, thou mighest, like another Palinurus, have been cast away. Thou art returned, and

all is well; as the father said in the Scripture, I have found my son which I had lost, but no prodigal thou, though I use the quotation as apt. Now all is well; thou hast escaped the danger of the battle, the fire, and the wreck, and now thou mayst hang up thy wet garment as a votive offering; as Horace hath it, *Uvida suspendisse potenti vestimenta maris Deo.*"

During the apostrophe of the Domine, the boys perceiving that he was no longer wrapt up in his algebra, had partly settled to their desks, and in their apparent attention to their lessons, reminded me of the humming of bees before a hive on a summer's day.

"Boys," cried the Domine, "*Nunc est ludendum*, verily ye shall have a holiday; put up your books, and depart in peace."

The books were hastily put up, in obedience to the command; the depart in peace was not quite so rigidly adhered to—they gave a loud shout, and in a few seconds the Domine and I stood alone in the school-room.

"Come, Jacob, let us adjourn to my sanctum, there may we commune without interruption. Thou shalt tell me thine adventures, and I will communicate to thee what hath been made known to me, relative to those with whom thou wert acquainted."

"First let me beg you to give me something to eat, for I am not a little hungry," interrupted I, as we gained the kitchen.

"Verily shalt thou have all that we possess, Jacob; yet now I think, that will not be much, seeing that I and our worthy matron did pick the bones of a shoulder of mutton, this having been our fourth day of repast upon it. She is out, yet I will venture to intrude into the privacy of her cupboard, for thy sake. Peradventure she may be wroth, yet will I risk her displeasure." So saying, the old Domine opened the cupboard, and, one by one, handed to me the dishes with their contents. "Here, Jacob, are two hard dumplings from yesterday. Canst thou relish cold, hard dumplings?—but, stop,

here is something more savoury—half of a cold cabbage, which was left this day. We will look again. Here is meat—yes, it is meat; but now I do perceive it is a piece of lights reserved for the dinner of the cat to-morrow. I am fearful that we must not venture upon that, for the dame will be wroth."

"Pray put it back, sir; I would not interfere with Puss on any account."

"Nay then, Jacob, I see naught else, unless there may be viands on the upper shelf. Sir, here is bread, the staff of life, and also a fragment of cheese; and now, methinks, I discern something dark at the back of the shelf." The Domine extended his hand, and immediately withdrew it, jumping from his chair, with a loud cry. He had put his fingers into a rat gin, set by the old woman for those intruders, and he held up his arm, and stamped as he shouted out with the pain. I hastened to him, and pressing

down the spring, released his fingers from the teeth, which, however, had drawn blood, as well as bruised him; fortunately, like most of the articles of their ménage, the trap was a very old one, and he was not much hurt. The Domine thrust his fingers into his capacious mouth, and held them there some time without speaking. He began to feel a little ease, when in came the matron.

"Why, what's all this?" said she in a querulous tone. "Jacob here, and all my cupboard on the table. Jacob, how dare you go to my cupboard?"

"It was the Domine, Mrs. Bately, who looked there for something for me to eat, and he has been caught in a rat-trap."

"Serve him right; I have forbad him that cupboard. Have I not, Mr. Dobbs?"

"Yea, and verily," quoth the Domine, "and I do repent me that I took not thine advice, for look at my fingers;" and the Domine extended his lacerated digits.

"Dear me! well I'd no idea that a rat-trap pinched so hard," replied the old woman, whose wrath was appeased. "How it must hurt the poor things—I won't set it again, but leave them all to the cat, he'll kill them, if he only can get at them." The old lady went to a drawer, unlocked it, brought out some fragments of rags, and a bottle of friar's balsam, which she applied to the Domine's hand, and then bound it up, scolding him the whole time. "How stupid of you, Mr. Dobbs; you know that I was only out for a few minutes. Why didn't you wait—and why did you go to the cupboard? Hav'n't I always told you not to look into it? and now you see the consequences."

"Verily my hand burneth," replied the Domine.

"I will go for cold water, and it will ease you. What a deal of trouble you do give, Mr. Dobbs; you're worse than a charity-boy;" and the old lady departed to the pump.

"Vinegar is a better thing, sir," said I, "and

there is a bottle in the cupboard, which I dare say is vinegar." I went to the cupboard, and brought out the bottle, took out the cork and smelt it. "This is not vinegar, sir, it is Hollands or gin."

"Then would I like a glass, Jacob, for I feel a sickening faintness upon me; yet be quick, peradventure the old woman may return."

"Drink out of the bottle, sir," said I, perceiving that the Domine looked very pale, "and I will give you notice of her approach." The Domine put the bottle to his mouth, and was taking a sufficient draught, when the old woman returned by another door which was behind us; she had gone that way for a wash-basin. Before we could perceive her, she came behind the Domine, snatched the bottle from his mouth with a jerk that threw a portion of the spirits in his eyes, and blinded him.

"That's why you went to my cupboard, is it, Mr. Dobbs?" cried she, in a passion. "That's it, is it? I thought my bottle went very fast;

seeing that I don't take more than a tea-spoonful every night, for the wind which vexes me so much. I'll set the rat-trap again, you may depend upon it; and now you may get somebody else to bind your fingers."

"It was I who took it out, Mrs. Bately; the Domine would have fainted with pain. It was very lucky that he has a housekeeper who is careful to have something of the kind in the house, or he might have been dead. You surely don't begrudge a little of your medicine to recover Mr. Dobbs?"

"Peace, woman, peace," said the Domine, who had gained courage by his potation. "Peace, I say: I knew not that thou hadst in thy cupboard either a gin for my hand, or gin for thy mouth; since I have been taken in the one, it is but fair that I should take in the other. In future both thy gins will not be interfered with by me. Bring me the basin, that I may appease my angry wounds, and then hasten to procure some viands to appease the

hunger of my son Jacob; lastly, appease thine own wrath. *Pax.* Peace, I say:" and the old woman, who perceived that the Domine had asserted his right of dominion, went to obey his orders, grumbling till she was out of hearing. The application of the cold pump-water soon relieved the pain of the good old Domine, and with his hand remaining in the basin, we commenced a long conversation.

At first I narrated to him the events which had occurred during my service on board of the frigate. When I told him of my parting with Tom, he observed, "Verily do I remember that young Tom, a jocund, pleasant, yet intrusive lad. Yet do I wish him well, and am grieved that he should be so taken by that maiden, Mary. Well may we say of her, as Horace hath of Pyrrha—'*Quis multâ gracilis te puer in rosâ, perfusis liquidis urgit odoribus, grate Pyrrha sub antro. Cui flavam religas comam, simplex munditiis.* I grieve at it, yea, grieve much. *Heu quoties fidem, mutatosque Deos flebit!* Verily, Jacob,

I do prophesy that she will lead him into error, yea, perhaps into perdition."

"I trust not, sir," replied I; but the Domine made no answer. For half an hour he was in deep and serious thought, during which Mrs. Bately entered, and spreading a cloth, brought in from the other room some rashers of bacon and eggs, upon which I made a hasty and hearty meal. The old matron's temper was now smoothed, and she welcomed me kindly, and shortly after went out for a fresh basin of cold water for the Domine to bathe his hand. This roused him, and he recommenced the conversation.

"Jacob, I have not yet congratulated thee upon thy accession to wealth; not that I do not sincerely rejoice in it, but because the pleasure of thy presence has made me unmindful of it. Still, was it fortunate for thee that thou hadst raised up such a friend as Mr. Turnbull, otherwise what would have been the result of thy boasted independence? thou wouldst probably have remained many years on board of a man-

of-war, and have been killed, or have returned mutilated, to die unknown."

"You were right, sir," replied I, "my independence was nothing but pride; and I did bitterly repent, as you said I should do, even before I was pressed into the king's service—but Mr. Drummond never repeated his offers."

"He never did, Jacob; but as I have since been informed by him, although he was taken by surprise at thy being forced away to serve thy country, still he was not sure that you would accept them; and he, moreover, wished you fully to feel thine own folly. Long before you had made friends with him, he had attested the will of Mr. Turnbull, and was acquainted with the contents. Yet did he watch over thee, and had he thought that thy way of life had led thee into that which was wrong, he would have interfered to save thee—but he considered with Shakspeare, that 'sweet were the uses of adversity,' and that thou wouldst be more schooled by remaining some time under her

unprepossessing frowns. He hath ever been thy friend."

"I can believe it. I trust he is well, and his family."

"They were well and prosperous but a little while ago, Jacob; yet have I seen but little of them since the death of Mr. Turnbull. It will pain thee to hear, that affliction at thy absence hastened his dissolution. I was at his death-bed, Jacob; and I verily believe he was a good man, and will meet the reward of one; yet did he talk most strangely, and reminded me of that remnant of a man you call old Tom. 'It's no use, old gentleman,' said he, as he laid in his bed supported by pillows, for he had wasted away till he was but a skeleton, having broken a blood-vessel with his violent coughing. 'It's no use pouring that doctor's stuff down my throat; my anchor's short stay a-peak, and in a few minutes I shall trip it, I trust for heaven, where I hope there are moorings laid down for me.' 'I would fain comprehend thee,' replied

I, 'but thou speakest in parables.' 'I mean to say that death has driven his harpoon in up to the shank, and that I struggle in vain. I have run out all my line. I shall turn up in a few minutes—so give my love and blessing to Jacob—he saved my life once—but now I'm gone.' With these last words his spirit took its flight; and thus, Jacob, did your benefactor breathe his last, invoking a blessing on your head."

I remained silent for a few minutes, for I was much affected by the Domine's description; he at length resumed the conversation.

"Thou hast not yet seen the Drummonds, Jacob?"

"I have not," I replied, "but I will call upon them to-morrow; but it is time that I should go, for I have to return to London."

"Thou needest not, Jacob. Thine own house is at hand."

"My own house!"

"Yes; by the will of Mr. Turnbull, his wife has been left a handsome jointure, but for rea-

sons which he did not explain, the house and furniture are not left to her, but, as residuary legatee, belong to thee."

"Indeed—then where is Mrs. Turnbull?"

"At Bath, where she hath taken up her residence. Mr. Drummond, who hath acted in thy behalf, permitted her to take away such articles as she might wish, but they were but few, chiefly those little objects, which filled up rather than adorned the drawing-room. The house is all ready for thy reception, and thou mayst take possession this evening."

"But why did not Mr. Turnbull leave it to his widow?"

"I cannot exactly say, but I think he did not wish her to remain in this place. He therefore left her 5,000*l.*, at her own disposal, to enable her to purchase and furnish another."

I then took my leave of the Domine, and it being rather late, I resolved to walk to the house and sleep there.

CHAPTER XIII.

In which I take possession of my own house, and think that it looks very ill furnished without a wife —Tom's discharge is sent out, but by accident it never reaches him—I take my new station in society.

On my arrival, the front gates were opened by the gardener's wife, who made me a profound courtesey. The gardener soon afterwards made his appearance, hat in hand. Every thing was neat, and in good order. I entered the house, and as soon as possible rid myself of their obsequious attentions. I wished to be alone. Powerful feelings crowded on my mind. I hastened to Mr. Turnbull's study, and sat

down in the chair so lately occupied by him. The proud feeling of possession, softened into gratitude to Heaven, and sorrow at his death, came over me, and I remained for a long while in a deep reverie. "And all this, and more, much more, are mine," I mentally exclaimed: "the sailor before the mast, the waterman on the river, the charity-boy, the orphan, sits down in quiet possession of luxury and wealth. What have I done to deserve all this?" My heart told me nothing, or if any thing, it was almost valueless, and I poured forth my soul in thanks to Heaven. I felt more composed after I had performed this duty, and my thoughts then dwelt upon my benefactor. I surveyed the room—the drawings, the furs and skins, the harpoons and other instruments, all remaining in their respective places, as when I last had an interview with Mr. Turnbull. I remembered his kindness, his singleness of heart, his honesty, his good sense, and his real worth; and I shed many tears for his loss. My thoughts then

passed to Sarah Drummond, and I felt much uneasiness on that score. Would she receive me, or would she still remember what I had been? I recollected her kindness and good will towards me. I weighed these, and my present condition, against my origin and my former occupation; and could not ascertain how the scale might turn. I shall soon see, thought I. To-morrow, even, may decide the question. The gardener's wife knocked at the door, and announced that my bed was prepared. I went to sleep, dreaming of Sarah, young Tom, the Domine, and Mary Stapleton.

I was up early the next morning, and hastened to the hotel; when having arranged my person to the best of my power, (but at the same time never so little to my satisfaction,) I proceeded to the house of Mr. Drummond. I knocked; and this time I was not desired to wait in the hall, but was immediately ushered up into the drawing-room. Sarah Drummond was sitting alone at her drawing. My name was announced

as I entered. She started from her chair, and blushed deeply as she moved towards me. We joined hands in silence. I was breathless with emotion. Never had she appeared so beautiful. Neither party appeared willing to break silence: at last I faltered out, "Miss Drummond,"—and then I stopped.

"Mr. Faithful," replied she; and then after a break—"How very silly this is: I ought to have congratulated you upon your safe return, and upon your good fortune: and indeed, *Mr.* Faithful, no one can do so more sincerely."

"Miss Drummond," replied I, confused, "when I was an orphan, a charity-boy, and a waterman, you called me Jacob: if the alteration in my prospects induces you to address me in so formal a manner—if we are in future to be on such different terms—I can only say, that I wish that I were again—Jacob Faithful, the waterman."

"Nay," replied she, "recollect that it was your own choice to be a waterman. You might

have been different—very different. You might at this time have been partner with my father, for he said so but last night, when we were talking about you. But you refused all: you threw away your education, your talents, your good qualities, from a foolish pride, which you considered independence. My father almost humbled himself to you—not that it ever is humiliating to acknowledge and attempt to repair a fault; but still he did more than could be expected from most people. Your friends persuaded you, but you rejected their advice; and, what was still more unpardonable, even I had no influence over you. As long as you punished yourself, I did not upbraid you; but now that you have been so fortunate, I tell you plainly—"

"What?"

"That it is more than you deserve, that's all."

"You have said but the truth, Miss Drummond. I was very proud and very foolish; but I had repented of my folly long before I was

pressed; and I candidly acknowledge that I do not merit the good fortune I have met with. Can I say more?"

"No: I am satisfied with your repentance and acknowledgment. So now you may sit down and make yourself agreeable."

"Before I do that, allow me to ask, as you address me as Mr. Faithful, how am I to address you? I should not wish to be considered impertinent."

"My name is Miss Drummond, but those who feel intimate with me call me Sarah."

"I may reply that my name is Faithful, but those who feel intimate with me call me Jacob."

"Very true; but allow me to observe that you show very little tact. You should never force a lady into a corner. If I appear affronted when you call me Sarah, then you will do wise to fall back upon Miss Drummond. But why do you fix your eyes upon me so earnestly?"

"I cannot help it, and must beg your pardon; but you are so improved in appearance

since I last saw you. I thought no one could be more perfect, but—"

"Well, that's not a bad beginning, Jacob. I like to hear of my perfections. Now follow up your *but*."

"I hardly know what I was going to say, but I think it was, that I do not feel as if I ought or can address you otherwise than as Miss Drummond."

"Oh! you've thought better of it, have you? Well, I begin to think myself that you look so well in your present dress, and have become so very different a person, that I ought not to address you by any other name than Mr. Faithful. So now we are agreed."

"That's not what I mean to say."

"Well then, let me know what you did mean to say."

This puzzling question fortunately did not require an answer, for Mr. Drummond came into the room and extended his hand.

"My dear Jacob," said he, in the most

friendly manner, " I'm delighted to see you back again, and to have the pleasure of congratulating you on your good fortune. But you have business to transact which will not admit of delay. You must prove the will, and arrange with the lawyers as soon as possible. Will you come now? All the papers are below, and I have the whole morning to spare. We will be back to dinner, Sarah, if Jacob has no other engagement."

" I have none," replied I; " and shall be most happy to avail myself of your kindness. Miss Drummond, I wish you a good morning."

" *Au revoir*, Mr. Faithful," replied Sarah, courtesying formally, with a mocking smile.

The behaviour of Mr. Drummond towards me was most kind and parental, and my eyes were often suffused with tears during the occupation of the morning. The most urgent business was got through, and an interview with Mr. Turnbull's solicitor put the remainder in progress; still it was so late when we had ac-

complished it that I had no time to dress. On my return, Mrs. Drummond received me with her usual kindness. I narrated, during the evening, my adventures since we parted, and took that opportunity to acknowledge to Mr. Drummond how bitterly I had repented my folly, and I may add ingratitude, towards him.

"Jacob," said he, as we were sitting at the tea-table with Mrs. Drummond and Sarah, "I knew that at the time that you were toiling on the river for shillings, that you were the inheritor of thousands; for I not only witnessed but read the will of Mr. Turnbull; but I thought it best that you should have a lesson which you would never forget in after life. There is no such thing in this world as independence, unless in a savage state. In society we are all mutually dependent upon each other. Independence of mind we may have, but no more. As a waterman, you were dependent upon your customers, as every poor man must be upon those who have more means; and in refusing

my *offers*, you were obliged to apply for employment to others. The rich are as entirely dependent upon others as the poor: they depend upon them for their food, their clothes, their necessities, and their luxuries. Such ever will be the case in society, and the more refined the society may be—the more civilized its parts—the greater is the mutual dependence. Still it is an error originating in itself from high feelings, and therefore must be considered as an error on the right side; but recollect how much you might have thrown away, had not you, in the first place, secured such a friend as Mr. Turnbull; and secondly, if the death of that friend had not so soon put you in possession."

I was but too ready to acknowledge the truth of these remarks. The evening passed away so rapidly that it was midnight before I rose to take my leave, and I returned to the hotel as happy in my mind, and as grateful as ever any mortal could possibly be. The next day, I removed to the house left me by

Mr. Turnbull, and the first order I gave was for a wherry. Such was the force of habit, I could not do without one; and half my time was spent upon the river, pulling every day down to Mr. Drummond's, and returning in the evening, or late at night. Thus passed away two months, during which I occasionally saw the Domine, the Stapletons, and old Tom Beazeley. I had exerted myself to procure Tom's discharge, and at last had the pleasure of telling the old people that it was to go out by the next packet. By the Drummonds I was received as a member of the family—there was no hindrance to my being alone with Sarah for hours, and although I had not ventured to declare my sentiments, they appeared to be well understood, as well by the parents as by Sarah herself.

Two days after I had communicated this welcome intelligence to the old couple, as I was sitting at breakfast, attended by the gardener and his wife, (for I had made no addition to

my establishment,) what was my surprise at the appearance of young *Tom*, who entered the room as usual, laughing as he held out his hand.

"Tom!" exclaimed I, "why, how did you come here?"

"By water, Jacob, as you may suppose."

"But how have you received your discharge? Is the ship come home?"

"I hope not: the fact is, I discharged myself, Jacob."

"What! did you desert?"

"Even so. I had three reasons for so doing. In the first place, I could not remain without you; in the second, my mother wrote to say Mary was taking up with a sodger; and the third was, I was put into the report for punishment, and should have been flogged, as sure as the Captain had a pair of epaulettes."

"Well, but sit down and tell me all about it. You know your discharge is obtained."

"Yes, thanks to you, Jacob; all the better,

for now they won't look after me. All's well that ends well. After you went away, I presume I was not in the very best of humours; and that rascal of a master's mate who had us pressed, thought proper to bully me beyond all bearing. One day, he called me a lying scoundrel; upon which I forgot that I was on board of a man-of-war, and replied that he was a confounded cheat, and that he had better pay me his debt of two guineas for bringing him down the river. He reported me on the quarter-deck for calling him a cheat, and Captain Maclean, who, you know, won't stand any nonsense, heard the arguments on both sides; upon which he declared that the conduct of the master's mate was not that of an officer or a gentleman, and therefore *he* should leave the ship; and that my language to my superior officer was subversive of the discipline of the service, and therefore he should give *me* a good flogging. Now, Jacob, you know that if the officers don't pay their debts, Captain Maclean always does, and with in-

terest into the bargain; so finding that I was in for it, and no mistake, I swam ashore the night before Black Monday, and made my way to Miramichi, without any adventure, except a tussle with a serjeant of marines, whom I left for dead about three miles out of the town. At Miramichi, I got on board of a timber ship, and here I am."

"I am sorry that you deserted, nevertheless," replied I; "it may come to mischief."

"Never fear: the people on the river know that I have my discharge, and I'm safe enough."

"Have you seen Mary?"

"Yes, and all's right in that quarter. I shall build another wherry, wear my badge and dress, and stick above bridge. When I'm all settled, I'll splice, and live along with the old couple."

"But will Mary consent to live there? It is so quiet and retired that she won't like it."

"Mary Stapleton has given herself airs enough in all conscience, and has had her own

way quite enough. Mary Beazeley will do as her husband wishes, or I will know the reason why."

"We shall see, Tom. Bachelor's wives are always best managed, they say. But now you want money to buy your boat."

"Yes, if you'll lend it to me; I don't like to take it away from the old people; and I'll pay you when I can, Jacob."

"No; you must accept this, Tom; and when you marry you must accept something more," replied I, handing the notes to him.

"With all my heart, Jacob. I never can repay you for what you have done for me, and so I may just as well increase the debt."

"That's good logic, Tom."

"Quite as good as independence; is it not, Jacob?"

"Better, much better, as I know to my cost," replied I, laughing.

Tom finished his breakfast, and then took his leave. After breakfast, as usual, I went to the

boat-house, and unchaining my wherry, pulled up the river, which I had not hitherto done; my attendance upon Sarah having invariably turned the bow of my wherry in the opposite direction. I swept by the various residences on the banks of the river, until I arrived opposite to that of Mr. Wharncliffe, and perceived a lady and gentleman in the garden. I knew them immediately, and, as they were standing close to the wall, I pulled in and saluted them.

"Do you recollect me?" said I to them, smiling.

"Yes," replied the lady, "I do recollect your face—surely—it is Faithful, the waterman!"

"No, I am not a waterman; I am only amusing myself in my own boat."

"Come up," replied Mr. Wharncliffe; "we can't shake hands with you at that distance."

I made fast my wherry and joined them. They received me most cordially.

"I thought you were not a waterman, Mr. Faithful, although you said that you were," said Mrs. Wharncliffe. "Why did you deceive us in that way?"

"Indeed, at that time I was, from my own choice and my own folly, a waterman: now I am so no longer."

We were soon on the most intimate terms, and I narrated part of my adventures. They expressed their obligations to me, and requested that I would accept their friendship.

"Would you like to have a row on the water? It is a beautiful day, and if Mrs. Wharncliffe will trust herself—"

"Oh! I should like it above all things. Will you go, Henry? I will run for a shawl."

In a few minutes we were all three embarked, and I rowed them to *my villa*. They had been admiring the beauty of the various residences on the banks of the Thames.

"How do you like that one?" inquired I of Mrs. Wharncliffe.

"It is very handsome, and I think one of the very best."

"That is mine," replied I. "Will you allow me to show it to you."

"Yours!"

"Yes, mine: but I have a very small establishment, for I am a bachelor."

We landed, and after walking about the grounds, went into the house.

"Do you recollect this room?" said I to Mr. Wharncliffe.

"Yes, indeed I do; it was here that the box was opened, and my uncle's—But we must not say any thing about that: he is dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes; he never held his head up after his dishonesty was discovered. He pined and died within three months, sincerely repenting what he had attempted."

I accepted their invitation to dinner, as I rowed them back to their own residence; and afterwards, had the pleasure of enrolling them among

my sincerest friends. Through them I was introduced to Lady Auburn and many others; and I shall not forget the old housekeeper recognizing me one day, when I was invited to Lady Auburn's villa.

"Bless me! what tricks you young gentlemen do play. Only to think how you asked me for water, and how I pushed the door in your face, and wouldn't let you rest yourself. But if you young gentlemen will disguise yourselves, it's your own faults, and you must take the consequences."

My acquaintances now increased rapidly, and I had the advantage of the best society. I hardly need observe that it was a great advantage, for, although I was not considered awkward, still I wanted that polish which can only be obtained by an admixture with good company. The reports concerning me were various, but it was generally believed that I was a young man who had received an excellent education, and might have been brought forward, but that I had

taken a passion for the river, and had chosen to be a waterman in preference to any other employment; that I had since come in to a large fortune, and had resumed my station in society. How far the false was blended with the true, those who have read my adventures will readily perceive. For my part, I cared little what they said, and I gave myself no trouble to refute the various assertions. I was not ashamed of my birth, because it had no effect upon the Drummonds, still, I knew the world too well to think it necessary to blazon it. On the whole, the balance was in my favour; there was a degree of romance in my history, with all its variations, which interested, and, joined to the knowledge of my actual wealth, made me to be well received, and gained me attention wherever I went. One thing was much to my advantage—my extensive reading, added to the good classical education which I had received. It is not often in society that an opportunity occurs when any one can prove his acquisitions; but when it does come,

they always make an impression; and thus did education turn the scale in my favour, and every one was much more inclined to believe the false rather than the true versions of my history.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Domine proves Stapleton's "human natur" to be correct—The red-coat proves too much of a match for the blue—Mary sells Tom, and Tom sells what is left of him, for a shilling—We never know the value of any thing till we have lost it.

I HAD often ruminated in what manner I could render the Domine more comfortable. I felt that to him I was as much indebted as to any living being, and one day I ventured to open the subject; but his reply was decided.

"I see, Jacob, my son, what thou wouldst wish: but it must not be. Man is but a creature of habit: habit becomes to him not only necessity but luxury. For five-and-forty years have I toiled, instilling precepts and forcing

knowledge into the brains of those who have never proved so apt as thou. Truly, it hath been a painful task, yet can I not relinquish it. I might, at one time, that is, during the first ten years, have met the offer with gratitude; for I felt the humiliation and annoyance of wearying myself with the rudiments, when I would fain have commented upon the various peculiarities of style in the ancient Greek and Latin authors; but now, all that has passed away. The eternal round of concord, prosody, and syntax has charms for me from habit: the rule of three is preferable to the problems of Euclid, and even the Latin grammar hath its delights. In short, I have a *hujus* pleasure in *hic, hæc, hoc;* [*cluck, cluck;*] and even the flourishing of the twigs of that tree of knowledge, the birch, hath become a pleasurable occupation to me, if not to those upon whom it is inflicted. I am like an old horse, who hath so long gone round and round in a mill, that he cannot walk straight forward; and, if it please the Almighty, I

will die in harness. Still I thank thee, Jacob; and thank God that thou hast again proved the goodness of thy heart, and given me one more reason to rejoice in thee and in thy love; but thine offer, if accepted, would not add unto my happiness; for what feeling can be more consolatory to an old man near unto his grave, than the reflection that his life, if not distinguished, has at least been useful?"

I had not, for some time, received a visit from Tom; and, surprised at this, I went down to his father's, to make inquiry about him. I found the old couple sitting in-doors; the weather was fine, but old Tom was not at his work; even the old woman's netting was thrown aside.

"Where is Tom?" inquired I, after wishing them good morning.

"Oh! deary me," cried the old woman putting her apron up to her eyes; "that wicked good-for-nothing girl!"

"Good heavens! what is the matter?" inquired I of old Tom.

"The matter, Jacob," replied old Tom, stretching out his two wooden legs, and placing his hands upon his knees, "is, that Tom has 'listed for a sodger."

"'Listed for a soldier!"

"Yes; that's as sartain as it's true; and what's worse, I'm told the regiment is ordered to the West Indies. So, what with fever o' mind and yellow fever, he's food for the land crabs, that's sartain. I think now," continued the old man, brushing a tear from his eye with his fore finger, "that I see his bones bleaching under the palisades; for I know the place well."

"Don't say so, Tom; don't say so!"

"Oh, Jacob! beg pardon if I'm too free now; but can't you help us?"

"I will if I can, depend upon it; but tell me how this happened."

"Why, the long and the short of it is this: that girl, Mary Stapleton, has been his ruin. When he first came home, he was well received, and looked forward to being spliced and living

with us; but it didn't last long. She couldn't leave off her old tricks; and so, that Tom might not get the upper hand, she plays him off with the sergeant of a recruiting party, and flies off from one to the other, just like the ticker of the old clock there does from one side to the other. One day the sergeant was the fancy man, and the next day it was Tom. At last, Tom gets out of patience, and wishes to come to a fair understanding. So he axes her whether she chooses to have the sergeant or to have him; she might take her choice, but he had no notion of being played with in that way, after all her letters and all her promises. Upon this she huffs outright, and tells Tom he may go about his business, for she didn't care if she never sees him no more. So Tom's blood was up, and he calls her a d—n jilt, and, in my opinion, he was near to the truth; so then they had a regular breeze, and part company. Well, this made Tom very miserable, and the next day he would have begged her pardon, and come to

her terms, for you see, Jacob, a man in love has no discretion; but she being still angry, tells him to go about his business, as she means to marry the sergeant in a week. Tom turns away again quite mad, and it so happens that he goes into the public-house, where the sergeant hangs out, hoping to be revenged on him, and meaning to have a regular set-to, and see who is the best man; but the sergeant wasn't there, and Tom takes pot after pot to drive away care; and, when the sergeant returned, Tom was not a little in liquor. Now, the sergeant was a knowing chap, and when he comes in, and perceives Tom with his face flushed, he guesses what was to come, so, instead of saying a word, he goes to another table, and dashes his fist upon it, as if in a passion. Tom goes up to him, and says, 'Sergeant, I've known that girl long before you, and if you are a man, you'll stand up for her.' 'Stand up for her; yes,' replied the sergeant, 'and so I would have done yesterday, but the blasted jilt has turned me

to the right about and sent me away. I wont fight now, for she won't have me—any more than she will you.' Now when Tom hears this, he becomes more pacified with the sergeant, and they set down like two people under the same misfortune, and take a pot together instead of fighting; and then, you see, the sergeant plies Tom with liquor, swearing that he will go back to the regiment, and leave Mary altogether, and advises Tom to do the same. At last, what with the sergeant's persuasions, and Tom's desire to vex Mary, he succeeds in 'listing him, and giving him the shilling before witnesses: that was all the rascal wanted. The next day Tom was sent down to the depôt, as they call it, under a guard; and the sergeant remains here to follow up Mary, without interruption. This only happened three days ago, and we only were told of it yesterday by old Stapleton, who threatens to turn his daughter out of doors."

"Can't you help us, Jacob?" said the old woman, whimpering.

"I hope I can; and if money can procure his discharge it shall be obtained. But did you not say that he was ordered to the West Indies?"

"The regiment is in the West Indies, but they are recruiting for it, so many have been carried off by the yellow fever last sickly season. A transport, they say, will sail next week, and the recruits are to march for embarkation in three or four days."

"And what is the regiment, and where is the depôt?"

"It is the 47th Fusileers, and the depôt is at Maidstone."

"I will lose no time, my good friends," replied I; "to-morrow I will go to Mr. Drummond, and consult with him." I returned the grateful squeeze of old Tom's hand, and, followed by the blessings of the old woman, I hastened away.

As I pulled up the river, for that day I was engaged to dine with the Wharncliffes, I re-

solved to call upon Mary Stapleton, and ascertain by her deportment whether she had become that heartless jilt which she was represented, and if so, to persuade Tom, if I succeeded in obtaining his discharge, to think no more about her. I felt so vexed and angry with her, that after I landed I walked about a few minutes before I went to the house, that I might recover my temper. When I walked up the stairs I found Mary sitting over a sheet of paper, on which she had been writing. She looked up as I came in, and I perceived that she had been crying. "Mary," said I, "how well you have kept the promise you made to me when last we met! See what trouble and sorrow you have brought upon all parties except yourself."

"Except myself;—no, Mr. Faithful, don't except myself, I am almost mad—I believe that I am mad—for surely such folly as mine is madness." And Mary wept bitterly.

"There is no excuse for your behaviour,

Mary,—it is unpardonably wicked. Tom sacrificed all for your sake,—he even deserted, and desertion is death by the law. Now what have you done?—taken advantage of his strong affection, to drive him to intemperance, and induce him, in despair, to enlist for a soldier. He sails for the West Indies to fill up the ranks of a regiment thinned by the yellow fever, and will perhaps never return again—you will then have been the occasion of his death. Mary, I have come to tell you that I despise you."

"I despise and hate myself," replied Mary, mournfully; "I wish I were in my grave.—O Mr. Faithful, do, for God's sake, do get him back. You can, I know you can—you have money and every thing."

"If I do, it will not be for your benefit, Mary, for you shall trifle with him no more. I will not try for his discharge unless he faithfully promises never to speak to you again."

"You don't say that—you don't mean that," cried Mary, sweeping the hair with her hand

back from her forehead,—and her hand still remaining on her head—"O God! O God! what a wretch I am! Hear me, Jacob,—hear me," cried she, dropping on her knees, and seizing my hands; "only get him his discharge—only let me once see him again, and I swear by all that is sacred, that I will beg his pardon on my knees as I now do yours. I will do every thing, any thing, if he will but forgive me, for I cannot, will not, live without him."

"If this is true, Mary, what madness could have induced you to have acted as you have?"

"Yes," replied Mary, rising from her knees, "madness indeed,—more than madness to treat so cruelly one for whom I only care to live. You say Tom loves me, I know he does; but he does not love me as I do him. O my God, my heart will break!" After a pause Mary resumed. "Read what I have written to him—I have already written as much in another letter. You will see that if he cannot get away, I have offered to go out with him as his wife,

that is, if he will have such a foolish, wicked girl as I am."

I read the letter, it was as she said, praying for forgiveness, offering to accompany him, and humiliating herself as much as it was possible. I was much affected. I returned the letter.

"You can't despise me so much as I despise myself," continued Mary; "I hate, I detest myself for my folly. I recollect now how you used to caution me when a girl. O mother, mother, it was a cruel legacy you left to your child, when you gave her your disposition. Yet, why should I blame her—I must blame myself."

"Well, Mary, I will do all I can, and that as soon as possible. To-morrow I will go down to the depôt."

"God bless you, Jacob; and may you never have the misfortune to be in love with such a one as myself."

CHAPTER XV.

I am made very happy—In other respects a very melancholy chapter, which, we are sorry to inform the reader, will be followed up by one still more so.

I LEFT Mary, and hastened home to dress for dinner. I mentioned the subject of wishing to obtain Tom's discharge, to Mr. Wharnchiffe, who recommended my immediately applying to the Horse Guards; and, as he was acquainted with those in office, offered to accompany me. I gladly accepted his offer, and the next morning he called for me in his carriage, and we went there. Mr. Wharncliffe sent up his card to one of the secretaries, and we were immediately ushered up, when I stated my wishes. The re-

ply was, "If you had time to procure a substitute it would easily be arranged; but the regiment is so weak, and the aversion to the West Indies so prevalent after this last very sickly season, that I doubt if his royal highness would permit any man to purchase his discharge. However, we will see. The duke is one of the kindest-hearted of men, and I will lay the case before him: but let us see if he is still at the depôt—I rather think not." The secretary rang the bell.

"The detachment of the 47th Fusileers from the depôt, has it marched? and when does it embark?"

The clerk went out, and in a few minutes returned with some papers in his hand. "It marched the day before yesterday, and was to embark this morning, and sail as soon as the wind was fair."

My heart sunk at this intelligence.

"How is the wind, Mr. G——? go down and look at the tell-tale."

The clerk returned; "E.N.E., sir, and has been steadily so these two days."

"Then," replied the secretary, "I am afraid you are too late to obtain your wish. The orders to the port admiral are most peremptory to expedite the sailing of the transports, and a frigate has been now three weeks waiting to convoy them. Depend upon it, they have sailed to-day."

"What can be done?" replied I, mournfully.

"You must apply for his discharge, and procure a substitute. He can then have an order sent out, and be permitted to return home. I am very sorry, as I perceive you are much interested, but I'm afraid it is too late now. However, you may call to-morrow; the weather is clear with this wind, and the port admiral will telegraph to the Admiralty the sailing of the vessels. Should any thing detain them, I will take care that his royal highness shall be acquainted with the circumstances this afternoon, if possible, and will give you his reply."

We thanked the Secretary for his politeness,

and took our leave. Vexed as I was with the communications I had already received, I was much more so when one of the porters ran to the carriage to show me, by the secretary's order, a telegraphic communication from the Admiralty, containing this certain and unpleasant information, "Convoy to West Indies sailed this morning."

"Then it is all over for the present," said I, throwing myself back in the carriage; and I continued in a melancholy humour until Mr. Wharncliffe, who had business in the city, put me down as near as the carriage went to the house of Mr. Drummond. I found Sarah, who was the depository of all my thoughts, pains, and pleasures, and I communicated to her this episode in the history of young Tom. As most ladies are severe judges of their own sex, she was very strong in her expressions against the conduct of Mary, which she would not allow to admit of any palliation. Even her penitence had no weight with her.

"And yet how often is it the case, Sarah, not perhaps to the extent carried on by this mis-

taken girl; but still the disappointment is as great, although the consequences are not so calamitous. Among the higher classes, how often do young men receive encouragement, and yield themselves up to a passion to end only in disappointment! It is not necessary to plight troth; a young woman may not have virtually committed herself, and yet, by merely appearing pleased with the conversation and company of a young man, induce him to venture his affections in a treacherous sea, and eventually find them wrecked."

"You are very nautically poetical, Jacob," replied Sarah; "such things do happen, but I think that women's affections are, to use your phrase, oftener wrecked than those of men; that, however, does not exculpate either party. A woman must be blind, indeed, if she cannot perceive, in a very short time, whether she is trifling with a man's feelings, and base indeed, if she continues to practise upon them."

"Sarah,"—replied I, and I stopped.

"Well,—"

"I was" replied I, stammering a little, "I was going to ask you if you were blind?"

"As to what, Jacob?" said Sarah, colouring up.

"As to my feelings towards you."

"No; I believe you like me very well," replied she, smiling.

"Do you think that that is all?"

"Where do you dine to-day, Jacob?" replied Sarah.

"That must depend upon you and your answer. If I dine here to-day, I trust to dine here often. If I do not dine here to-day, probably I never may again. I wish to know, Sarah, whether you have been blind to my feelings towards you; for, with the case of Mary and Tom before me, I feel that I must no longer trust to my own hopes, which may end in disappointment. Will you have the kindness to put me out of my misery?"

"If I have been blind to your feelings, I

have not been blind to your merit, Jacob. Perhaps I have not been blind to your feelings, and I am not of the same disposition as Mary Stapleton. I think you may venture to dine here to-day," continued she, colouring and smiling, as she turned away to the window.

"I can hardly believe that I'm to be so happy, Sarah," replied I, agitated. "I have been fortunate, very fortunate, but the hopes you have now raised are so much beyond my expectations,—so much beyond my deserts, that I dare not indulge in them.—Have pity on me, and be more explicit."

"What do you wish me to say?" replied Sarah, looking down upon her work, as she turned round to me.

"That you will not reject the orphan who was fostered by your father, and who reminds you of what he was, that you may not forget at this moment, what I trust is the greatest bar to his presumption—his humble origin."

"Jacob, that was said like yourself, it was

nobly said; and if you were not born noble, you have true nobility of mind. I will imitate your example. Have I not often, during our long friendship, told you that I loved you?"

"Yes, as a child, you did, Sarah."

"Then, as a woman, I repeat it; and now are you satisfied?"

I took Sarah by the hand; she did not withdraw it, but allowed me to kiss it over and over again.

"But your father and mother, Sarah?"

"Would never have allowed our intimacy, if they had not approved of it, Jacob, depend upon it. However, you may make yourself easy on that score, by letting them know what has passed, and then, I presume, you will be out of your misery."

Before the day was over, I had spoken to Mrs. Drummond, and requested her to open the business to her husband, as I really felt it more than I could dare to do. She smiled as her daughter hung upon her neck, and when I met

Mr. Drummond at dinner-time, I was "out of my misery," for he shook me by the hand, and said, "You have made us all very happy, Jacob, for that girl appears determined either to marry you, or not to marry at all.—Come, dinner is ready."

I will leave the reader to imagine how happy I was: what passed between Sarah and me in our *tête-à-tête* of that evening, how unwilling I was to quit the house, and how I ordered a postchaise to carry me home, because I was afraid to trust myself on that water, on which the major part of my life had been safely passed, lest any accident should happen to me, and rob me of my anticipated bliss. From that day, I was as one of the family, and finding the distance too great, took up my abode at apartments contiguous to the house of Mr. Drummond. But the course of other people's love did not run so smooth, and I must now return to Mary Stapleton and Tom Beazeley.

I had breakfasted, and was just about to

take my wherry and go down to acquaint the old couple with the bad success of my application. I had been reflecting with gratitude upon my own happiness in prospect, indulging in fond anticipations, and then, reverting to the state in which I had left Mary Stapleton and Tom's father and mother, contrasting their misery with my joy, arising from the same source, when, who should rush into the dining-room but young Tom, dressed in nothing but a shirt, and a pair of white trousers, covered with dust, and wan with fatigue and excitement.

"Good heavens! Tom! are you back? then you must have deserted."

"Very true," replied Tom, sinking on a chair, "I swam on shore last night, and have made from Portsmouth to here since eight o'clock. I hardly need say that I am done up. Let me have something to drink, Jacob, pray."

I went to the celleret and brought him some wine, of which he drank off a tumbler eagerly. During this, I was revolving in my mind the

consequences which might arise from this hasty and imprudent step. "Tom," said I, "do you know the consequences of desertion?"

"Yes," replied he, gloomily, "but I could not help it; Mary told me, in her letter, that she would do all I wished, would accompany me abroad; she made all the amends she could, poor girl! and, by heavens, I could not leave her: and when I found myself fairly under weigh, and there was no chance, I was almost mad; the wind baffled us at the Needles, and we anchored for the night; I slipped down the cable and swam on shore, and there's the whole story."

"But, Tom, you will certainly be recognized and taken up for a deserter."

"I must think of that," replied Tom; "I know the risk that I run, but, perhaps, if you obtain my discharge, they may let me off."

I thought this was the best plan to proceed upon, and requesting Tom to keep quiet, I went to consult with Mr. Wharncliffe. He agreed with me, that it was Tom's only chance, and I

pulled to his father's, to let them know what had occurred, and then went on to the Drummonds. When I returned home late in the evening, the gardener told me that Tom had gone out, and had not returned. My heart misgave me that he had gone to see Mary, and that some misfortune had occurred, and I went to bed with most anxious feelings. My forebodings were proved to be correct, for the next morning I was informed that old Stapleton wished to see me. He was ushered in, and as soon as he entered, he exclaimed, "All's up, Master Jacob—Tom's nabbed—Mary fit after fit—*human natur.*"

"Why what *is* the matter, Stapleton?"

"Why, it's just this—Tom desarts to come to Mary. Cause why?—he loves her—human natur. That soldier chap comes in and sees Tom, clutches hold, and tries to take possession of him. Tom fights, knocks out sergeant's starboard eye, and tries to escape—human natur. Soldiers come in, pick up sergeant, seize Tom,

and carry him off. Mary cries, and screams, and faints—human natur—poor girl can't keep her head up—two women with burnt feathers all night. Sad job, mister Jacob. Of all the senses love's the worst, that's sartain—quite upset me, can't smoke my pipe this morning—Mary's tears quite put my pipe out"—and old Stapleton looked as if he was ready to cry himself.

"This is a sad business, Stapleton," replied I. "Tom will be tried for desertion, and God knows how it will end. I will try all I can; but they have been very strict lately."

"Hope you will, mister Jacob. Mary will die, that's sartain. I'm more afraid that Tom will. If one does, t'other will. I know the girl—just like her mother, never could carry her helm amidships, hard a port or hard a starboard. She's mad now to follow Tom—will go to Maidstone. I take her as soon as I go back to her. Just come up to tell you all about it."

"This is a gloomy affair, Stapleton,"

"Yes, for sartain—wish there never was such a thing as *human natur*."

After a little conversation, and a supply of money, which I knew would be acceptable, Stapleton went away, leaving me in no very happy state of mind. My regard for Tom was excessive, and his situation one of peculiar danger. Again I repaired to Mr. Wharncliffe for advice, and he readily interested himself most warmly.

"This is, indeed, an awkward business," said he, "and will require more interest than I am afraid that I command. If not condemned to death, he will be sentenced to such a flogging as will break him down in spirit as well as in body, and sink him into an early grave. Death were preferable of the two. Lose no time, Mr. Faithful, in going down to Maidstone, and seeing the colonel commanding the depôt. I will go to the Horse Guards, and see what is to be done."

I wrote a hurried note to Sarah to account for my absence, and sent for post horses. Early in the afternoon I arrived at Maidstone,

and finding out the residence of the officer commanding the depôt, sent up my card. In few words I stated to him the reason of my calling upon him.

"It will rest altogether with the Horse Guards, Mr. Faithful, and I am afraid I can give you but little hope." His Royal Highness has expressed his determination to punish the next deserter with the utmost severity of the law. His leniency on that point has been very injurious to the service, and he *must do it.* Besides, there is an aggravation of the offence in his attack upon the sergeant, who has irrecoverably lost his eye."

"The sergeant first made him drunk, and then persuaded him to enlist." I then stated the rivalship that subsisted between them, and continued, "Is it not disgraceful to enlist men in that way—can that be called voluntary service?"

"All very true," replied the officer, "but still expediency winks at even more. I do not

attempt to defend the system, but we must have soldiers. The seamen are impressed by force, the soldiers are entrapped by other means, even more discreditable; the only excuse is expediency, or, if you like it better, necessity. All I can promise you, sir, is, what I would have done even if you had not appealed to me, to allow the prisoner every comfort which his situation will permit, and every advantage at his court-martial, which mercy, tempered by justice, will warrant."

"I thank you, sir, will you allow me and his betrothed to see him?"

"Most certainly; the order shall be given forthwith."

I thanked the officer for his kindness, and took my leave.

CHAPTER XVI.

Read it.

I HASTENED to the black-hole where Tom was confined, and the order for my admission having arrived before me, I was permitted by the sergeant of the guard to pass the sentry. I found Tom sitting on a bench, notching a stick with his knife, and whistling a slow tune.

"This is kind, Jacob, but not more than I expected of you—I made sure that I should see you to-night or to-morrow morning. How's poor Mary? I care only for her now—I am

satisfied—she loves me and—I knocked out the sergeant's eye—spoilt his wooing, at all events."

"But, Tom, are you aware of the danger in which you are?"

"Yes, Jacob, perfectly; I shall be tried by a court-martial and shot. I've made up my mind to it—at all events, it's better than being hung like a dog, or being flogged to death like a nigger. I shall die like a gentleman, if I have never been one before, that's some comfort. Nay, I shall go out of the world with as much noise as if a battle had been fought, or a great man had died."

"How do you mean."

"Why there'll be more than one *bullet-in*."

"This is no time for jesting, Tom."

"Not for you, Jacob, as a sincere friend, I grant; not for poor Mary, as a devoted girl; not for my poor father and mother—no, no," continued Tom, "I feel for them, but for myself, I neither fear nor care. I have not done wrong—I was pressed against the law and act

of parliament, and I deserted. I was enlisted when I was drunk and mad, and I deserted.—There is no disgrace to me; the disgrace is to the government, which suffers such acts. If I am to be a victim, well and good—we can only die once."

"Very true, Tom, but you are young to die, and we must hope for the best."

"I have given up all hope, Jacob. I know the law will be put in force—I shall die and go to another and a better world, as the parson says, where, at all events, there will be no muskets to clean, no drill, and none of your confounded pipe-clay, which has almost driven me mad. I should like to die in a blue jacket—in a red coat I will not, so I presume I shall go out of the world in my shirt, and that's more than I had when I came in."

"Mary and her father are coming down to you, Tom."

"I'm sorry for that, Jacob; it would be cruel not to see her—but she blames herself so much

that I cannot bear to read her letters. But, Jacob, I will see her, to try if I can comfort her —but she must not stay, she must go back again till after the court-martial, and the sentence, and then—if she wishes to take her farewell, I suppose I must not refuse." A few tears dropped from his eyes as he said this. "Jacob, will you wait and take her back to town?—she must not stay here—and I will not see my father and mother until the last. Let us make one job of it, and then all will be over."

As Tom said this, the door of the cell again opened, and Stapleton supported in his daughter. Mary tottered to where Tom stood, and fell into his arms in a fit of convulsions. It was necessary to remove her, and she was carried out. "Let her not come in again, I beseech you, Jacob; take her back, and I will bless you for your kindness. Wish me farewell now, and see that she does not come again." Tom rung me by the hand, and turned away to conceal his distress. I nodded my head in assent,

for I could not speak for emotion, and followed Stapleton and the soldiers who had taken Mary out. As soon as she was recovered sufficiently to require no further medical aid, I lifted her into the postchaise, and ordered the boys to drive back to Brentford. Mary continued in a state of stupor during the journey; and when I arrived at my own house, I gave her into the charge of the gardener's wife, and despatched her husband for medical assistance. The application of Mr. Wharncliffe was of little avail, and he returned to me with disappointment in his countenance. The whole of the next week was the most distressing that I ever passed; arising from my anxiety for Tom, my daily exertions to reason Mary into some degree of submission to the will of Providence—her accusations of herself and her own folly—her incoherent ravings, calling herself Tom's murderer, which alarmed me for her reason; the distress of old Tom and his wife, who, unable to remain in their solitude, came all to me for

intelligence, for comfort, and for what, alas! I dare not give them—hope. All this, added to my separation from Sarah, during my attendance to what I considered my duty, reduced me to a debility, arising from mental exertion, which changed me to almost a skeleton.

At last, the court-martial was held, and Tom was condemned to death. The sentence was approved of, and we were told that all appeals would be unavailing. We received the news on the Saturday evening, and Tom was to suffer on the Tuesday morning. I could no longer refuse the appeals of Mary; indeed, I received a letter from Tom, requesting that all of us, the Domine included, would come down and bid him farewell. I hired a carriage for old Tom, his wife, Stapleton, and Mary, and putting the Domine and myself in my own chariot, we set off early on the Sunday morning for Maidstone. We arrived about eleven o'clock, and put up at an inn close to the barracks. It was arranged that the Domine and I should

see Tom first, then his father and mother, and, lastly, Mary Stapleton.

"Verily," said the Domine, "my heart is heavy, exceeding heavy; my soul yearneth after the poor lad, who is thus to lose his life for a woman—a woman from whose toils I did myself escape. Yet is she exceeding fair and comely, and now that it is unavailing, appeareth to be penitent."

I made no reply; we had arrived at the gate of the barracks. I requested to be admitted to the prisoner, and the doors were unbarred. Tom was dressed with great care and cleanliness—in white trowsers and shirt and waistcoat, but his coat lay on the table; he would not put it on. He extended his hand towards me with a faint smile.

"It is all over now, Jacob, and there is no hope: that I am aware of, and have made up my mind to die;—but I wish these last farewells were over, for they unman me. I hope you are well, sir," continued Tom, to the Domine.

"Nay, my poor boy, I am as well as age and infirmity will permit, and why should I complain when I see youth, health, and strength, about to be sacrificed; and many made miserable, when many might be made so happy;" and the Domine blew his nose, the trumpet sound of which re-echoed through the cell, so as to induce the sentry to look through the bars.

"They are all here, Tom," said I, "would you like to see them now?"

"Yes; the sooner it is over the better."

"Will you see your father and mother first?"

"Yes," replied Tom, in a faltering tone.

I went out, and returned with the old woman on my arm, followed by old Tom, who stumped after me with the assistance of his stick. Poor old Mrs. Beazeley fell on her son's neck, sobbing convulsively.

"My boy—my boy—my dear, dear boy!" said she, at last, and she looked up stedfastly in his face—"My God! he'll be dead to-morrow!"

Her head again sank on his shoulder, and her sobs were choking her. Tom kissed his mother's forehead as the tears coursed down his cheeks, and motioned me to take her away. I placed her down on the floor, where she remained silent, moving her head up and down with a slow motion, her face buried in her shawl. It was but now and then that you heard a convulsive drawing of her breath. Old Tom had remained a silent but agitated spectator of the scene. Every muscle in his weather-beaten countenance twitched convulsively, and the tears at last forced their way through the deep furrows on his cheeks. Tom, as soon as his mother was removed, took his father by the hand, and they sat down together.

"You are not angry with me, father, for deserting?"

"No, my boy, no. I was angry with you for 'listing, but not for deserting. What business had you with the pipe-clay? But I do think I have reason to be angry elsewhere, when

I reflect that after having lost my two good legs in defending her, my country is now to take from me my boy in his prime. It's but a poor reward for long and hard service—poor encouragement to do your duty; but what do they care? they have had my sarvices, and they have left me a hulk. Well, they may take the rest of me, if they please, now that they—— Well it's no use crying, what's done can't be helped," continued old Tom, as the tears ran down in torrents; "they may shoot you, Tom, but this I know well, you'll die game, and shame them by proving to them they have deprived themselves of the sarvices of a good man when good men are needed. I would not have so much cared," continued old Tom, after a pause,—("look to the old woman, Jacob, she's tumbling over to port)—if you had fallen on board a king's ship, in a good frigate action; some must be killed when there's hard fighting; but to be drilled through by your own country-

men, to die by their hands, and, worst of all, to die in a red coat, instead of true blue—"

"Father, I will not die in a red coat—I won't put it on."

"That's some comfort, Tom, any how, and comfort's wanted."

"And I'll die like a man, father."

"That you will, Tom, and that's some comfort."

"We shall meet again, father."

"Hope so, Tom, in heaven—that's some comfort."

"And now, father, bless me, and take care of my poor mother."

"Bless you, Tom, bless you!" cried the old man, in a suffocating voice, extending both his hands towards Tom, as they rose up, but the equilibrium was no longer to be maintained, and he reeled back in the arms of me and Tom. We lowered him gently down by the side of his wife; the old couple turned to each other, and

embracing, remained sobbing in each other's arms.

"Jacob," said Tom, squeezing me by the hand, with a quivering lip, "by your regard for me, let now the last scene be got over—let me see Mary, and let this tortured heart once more be permitted a respite. I sent out the Domine. Tom leant against the wall, with his arms folded, in appearance summoning up all his energy for the painful meeting. Mary was led in by her father. I expected she would have swooned away, as before; but, on the contrary, although she was pale as death, and gasping for breath, from intensity of feeling, she walked up to Tom where he was standing, and sat down on the form close to him. She looked anxiously round upon the group, and then said, "I know that all I now say is useless, Tom; but still I must say it—it is I who, by my folly, have occasioned all this distress and misery—it is I who have caused you to suffer a —— dreadful death—yes, Tom, I am your murderer."

"Not so, Mary, the folly was my own," replied Tom, taking her hand.

"You cannot disguise or palliate to me, dearest Tom," replied Mary, "my eyes have been opened, too late it is true, but they have been opened, and although it is kind of you to say so, I feel the horrid conviction of my own guilt. See what misery I have brought about. There is a father who has sacrificed his youth and his limbs to his country, sobbing in the arms of a mother whose life is bound up with that of her only son. To them," continued Mary, falling down upon her knees, "to them I must kneel for pardon, and I ask it as they hope to be forgiven. Answer me—oh! answer me! can you forgive a wretch like me?"

A pause ensued. I went up to old Tom, and, kneeling by his side, begged him to answer.

"Forgive her, poor thing—yes; who could refuse it, as she kneels there? Come," continued he, speaking to his wife, "you must for-

give her. Look up, dame, at her, and think that our poor boy may be asking the same of Heaven to-morrow at noon."

The old woman looked up, and her dimmed eyes caught a sight of Mary's imploring and beautiful attitude; it was not to be withstood.

"As I hope for mercy to my poor boy, whom you have killed, so do I forgive you, unhappy young woman."

"May God reward you, when you are summoned before him," replied Mary. "It was the hardest task of all. Of you, Jacob, I have to ask forgiveness for depriving you of your early and truest friend—yes, and for much more. Of you, sir," addressing the Domine, "for my conduct towards you, which was cruel and indefensible,—will you forgive me?"

"Yes, Mary, from my heart, I do forgive you," replied I.

"Bless thee, maiden, bless thee!" sobbed the Domine.

"Father, I must ask of you the same—I have been a wilful child,—forgive me!"

"Yes, Mary; you could not help it," replied old Stapleton, blubbering, "it was all human natur."

"And now," said Mary, turning round on her knees to Tom, with a look expressive of anguish and love, "to you, Tom, must be my last appeal. I know *you* will forgive me—I know you have—and this knowledge of your fervent love makes the thought more bitter that I have caused your death. But hear me, Tom, and all of you hear me. I never loved but you; I have liked others much, I liked Jacob, but you only ever did make me feel I had a heart; and alas! you only have I sacrificed. When led away by my folly to give you pain, I suffered more than you—for you have had my only, you shall have my eternal and unceasing, love. To your memory I am hereafter wedded, to join you will be my only wish—and if there could be a boon granted me from Heaven, it would be to die with you, Tom—yes, in those dear arms."

Mary held out her arms to Tom, who falling down on his knees, embraced her, and thus they remained with their faces buried in each other's shoulders. The whole scene was now at its climax; it was too oppressive, and I felt faint, when I was roused by the voice of the Domine, who, lifting up both his arms, and extending them forth, solemnly prayed, "O Lord, look down upon these, Thy servants, in affliction; grant to those who are to continue in their pilgrimage strength to bear Thy chastening—grant to him who is to be summoned to Thee, that happiness which the world cannot give; and O God most mighty, God most powerful, lay not upon us burdens greater than we can bear. —My children, let us pray."

The Domine knelt down, and repeated the Lord's prayer; all followed his example, and then there was a pause.

"Stapleton," said I, pointing to Mary. I beckoned to the Domine. We assisted up old Tom, and then his wife, and led them away; the

poor old woman was in a state of stupefaction, and until she was out in the air was not aware that she had quitted her son. Stapleton had attempted to detach Mary from Tom, but in vain; they were locked together as if in death. At last Tom, roused by me, suffered his hold to be loosened, and Mary was taken out in a happy state of insensibility, and carried to the inn by her father and the Domine.

"Are they all gone?" whispered Tom to me, as his head reclined on my shoulder.

"All, Tom."

"Then the bitterness of death is passed; God have mercy on them, and assuage their anguish; they want His help more than I do."

A passionate flood of tears, which lasted some minutes, relieved the poor fellow; he raised himself, and drying his eyes, became more composed.

"Jacob, I hardly need tell my dying request, to watch over my poor father and mother, to comfort poor Mary—God bless you, Jacob! you

have indeed been a faithful friend, and may God reward you. And now, Jacob, leave me; I must commune with my God, and pray for forgiveness! The space between me and eternity is but short."

Tom threw himself into my arms, where he remained for some minutes; he then broke gently away, and pointed to the door. I once more took his hand, and we parted.

CHAPTER XII.

In which, as usual in the last chapter of a work, every thing is wound up much to the reader's satisfaction, and not a little to the author's, who lays down his pen, exclaiming, Thank God!

I WENT back to the inn, and ordering the horses to be put to, I explained to all but Mary the propriety of their now returning home. Mary was lifted in, and it was a relief to my mind to see them all depart. As for myself, I resolved to remain until the last; but I was in a state of feverish agitation, which made me restless. As I paced up and down the room, the newspaper caught my eye. I laid hold of it mechanically, and looked at it. A paragraph rivetted

my attention. "His Majesty's ship Immortalité, Chatham, to be paid off." Then our ship had come home. But what was that now? Yet something whispered to me that I ought to go to see Captain Maclean, and try if any thing could be done. I knew his commanding interest, and although it was now too late, still I had an impulse to go and see him, which I could not resist. "After all," said I to myself, "I'm no use here, and I may as well go." This feeling, added to my restlessness, induced me to order horses, and I went to Chatham, found out that Captain Maclean was still on board, and took boat off to the frigate. I was recognized by the officers, who were glad to see me, and I sent a message to the captain, who was below, requesting to see him. I was asked into the cabin, and stated to him what had occurred, requesting his assistance, if possible.

"Faithful," replied he, "it appears that Tom Beazeley has deserted twice; still there is much extenuation: at all events, the punishment

of death is too severe, and I don't *like* it,—I can save him, and I will. By the rule of the services, a deserter from one service can be claimed from the other, and must be tried by his officers. His sentence is, therefore, not legal. I shall send a party of marines, and claim him as a deserter from the Navy, and they must and shall give him up—make yourself easy, Faithful, his life is as safe as your's."

I could have fallen on my knees and thanked him, though I could hardly believe that such good news was true.

"There is no time to lose, sir," replied I, respectfully: "he is to be shot to-morrow, at nine o'clock."

"He will be on board here to-morrow, at nine o'clock, or I am not Captain Maclean. But, as you say, there is no time to lose. It is now nearly dark, and the party must be off immediately. I must write a letter on service to the commanding officer of the depôt. Call my clerk."

I ran out and called the clerk. In a few

minutes the letter was written, and a party of marines, with the second lieutenant, dispatched with me on shore. I ordered post-chaises for the whole party, and before eleven we were at Maidstone. The lieutenant and I sat up all night, and, at daylight, we summoned the marines and went to the barracks, where we found the awful note of preparation going forward, and the commanding officer up and attending to the arrangements. I introduced the lieutenant, who presented the letter on service.

"Good heavens! how fortunate! You can establish his identity, I presume."

"Every man here can swear to him."

"'Tis sufficient, Mr. Faithful. I wish you and your friend joy of this reprieve. The rules of the services must be obeyed, and you will sign a receipt for the prisoner."

This was done by the lieutenant, and the provost marshal was ordered to deliver up the prisoner. I hastened with the marines into the cell: the door was unlocked. Tom, who was read-

ing his Bible, started up, and perceiving the red jackets, thought that he was to be led out to execution.

"My lads," exclaimed he, "I am ready: the sooner this is over the better."

"No, Tom," said I, advancing; "I trust for better fortune. You are claimed as a deserter from the Immortalité."

Tom stared, lifted the hair from his forehead, and threw himself into my arms: but we had no time for a display of feelings. We hurried Tom away from the barracks; again I put the whole party into chaises, and we soon arrived at Chatham, where we embarked on board of the frigate. Tom was given into the charge of the master at arms, as a deserter, and a letter was written by Captain Maclean, demanding a court martial on him.

"What will be the result?" inquired I of the first lieutenant.

"The Captain says, little or nothing, as he was pressed as an apprentice, which is contrary to act of parliament."

I went down to cheer Tom with this intelligence, and, taking my leave, set off for London with a light heart. Still I thought it better not to communicate this good news until assurance was made doubly sure. I hastened to Mr. Drummond's, and detailed to them all which had passed. The next day Mr. Wharncliffe went with me to the Admiralty, where I had the happiness to find that all was legal, and that Tom could only be tried for his desertion from a man-of-war; and that, if he could prove that he was an apprentice, he would, in all probability, be acquitted. The court martial was summoned three days after the letter had been received by the Admiralty. I hastened down to Chatham to be present. It was very short: the desertion was proved, and Tom was called upon for his defence. He produced his papers, and proved that he was pressed before his time had expired. The court was cleared for a few minutes, and then re-opened; Tom was acquitted on the ground of illegal detention, con-

trary to act of parliament, and he was *free*. I returned my thanks to Captain Maclean and the officers for their kindness, and left the ship with Tom in the cutter, ordered for me by the first lieutenant. My heart swelled with gratitude at the happy result. Tom was silent, but his feelings I could well analyse. I gave to the men of the boat five guineas to drink Tom's health, and, hastening to the inn, ordered the carriage, and with Tom, who was a precious deposit, for upon his welfare depended the happiness of so many, I hurried to London as fast as I could, stopped at the Drummonds to communicate the happy intelligence, and then proceeded to my own house, where we slept. The next morning I dressed Tom in some of my clothes, and we embarked in the wherry.

"Now, Tom," said I, "you must keep in the back-ground at first, while I prepare them. Where shall we go first?"

"Oh! to my mother," replied Tom.

We passed through Putney Bridge, and

Tom's bosom heaved as he looked towards the residence of Mary. His heart was there, poor fellow! and he longed to have flown to the poor girl, and have dried her tears; but his first duty was to his parents.

We soon arrived abreast of the residence of the old couple, and I desired Tom to pull in, but not turn his head round, lest they should see him before I had prepared them; for too much joy will kill as well as grief. Old Tom was not at his work, and all was quiet. I landed and went to the house, opened the door, and found them both sitting by the kitchen fire in silence, apparently occupied with watching the smoke as it ascended up the spacious chimney.

"Good morning to you both," said I; "how do you find yourself, Mrs. Beazeley?"

"Ah! deary me!" replied the old woman, putting her apron up to her eyes.

"Sit down, Jacob, sit down," said old Tom; "we *can* talk of him now."

"Yes, now that he's in heaven, poor fellow!" interposed the old woman.

"Tell me, Jacob," said old Tom, with a quivering lip, "did you see the last of him? Tell me all about it. How did he look? How did he behave? Was he soon out of his pain? And—Jacob—where is he buried?"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Mrs. Beazeley; "tell me where is the body of my poor child."

"Can you bear to talk about him?" said I.

"Yes, yes; we can't talk too much: it does us good," replied she. "We have done nothing but talk about him since we left him."

"And shall, till we sink into our own graves," said old Tom, "which won't be long. I've nothing to wish for now, and I'll never sing again, that's sartain. We sha'n't last long, either of us. As for me," continued the old man, with a melancholy smile, looking down at his stumps, "I may well say that I've *two* feet in the grave already. But come, Jacob, tell us all about him."

"I will," replied I: "and, my dear Mrs. Beazeley, you must prepare yourself for different

tidings than what you expect. Tom is not yet shot."

"Not dead!" shrieked the old woman.

"Not yet, Jacob!" cried old Tom, seizing me by the arm, and squeezing it with the force of a vice, as he looked me earnestly in the face.

"He lives: and I am in hopes he will be pardoned."

Mrs. Beazeley sprang from her chair and seized me by the other arm.

"I see—I see by your face! Yes, Jacob, he is pardoned; and we shall have our Tom again."

"You are right, Mrs. Beazeley; he is pardoned, and will soon be here."

The old couple sank down on their knees beside me. I left them, and beckoned from the door to Tom, who flew up, and in a moment was in their arms. I assisted him to put his mother into her chair, and then went out to recover myself from the agitating scene. I remained about an hour outside, and then returned. The old couple seized me by the hands, and invoked blessings on my head.

"You must now part with Tom a little while," said I; "there are others to make happy besides yourselves."

"Very true," replied old Tom; "go, my lad, and comfort her. Come, missus, we musn't forget others."

"Oh no. Go, Tom; go and tell her that I don't care how soon she is my daughter."

Tom embraced his mother and followed me to the boat: we pulled up against the tide, and were soon at Putney.

"Tom, you had better stay in the boat. I will either come or send for you."

It was very unwillingly that Tom consented, but I overruled his entreaties, and he remained. I walked to Mary's house and entered. She was up in the little parlour, dressed in deep mourning; when I entered she was looking out upon the river; she turned her head, and perceiving me, rose to meet me.

"You do not come to upbraid me, Jacob, I am sure," said she, in a melancholy voice; "you are too kind-hearted for that."

"No, no, Mary; I am come to comfort you, if possible."

"That is not possible. Look at me, Jacob. Is there not a worm—a canker—that gnaws within?"

The hollow cheek, and wild flaring eye, once so beautiful, but too plainly told the truth.

"Mary," said I, "sit down; you know what the Bible says,—'It is good for us to be afflicted.'"

"Yes, yes," sobbed Mary, "I deserve all I suffer; and I bow in humility. But am I not too much punished, Jacob? Not that I would repine: but is it not too much for me to bear, when I think that I am the destroyer of one who loved me so?"

"You have not been the destroyer, Mary."

"Yes, yes; my heart tells me that I have."

"But I tell you that you have not. Say, Mary, dreadful as the punishment has been, would you not kiss the rod with thankfulness, if it cured you of your unfortunate disposition, and prepared you to make a good wife?"

"That it has cured me, Jacob, I can safely assert; but it has also killed me as well as him. But I wish not to live: and I trust, in a few short months, to repose by his side."

"I hope you will have your wish, Mary, very soon, but not in death."

"Merciful heavens! what do you mean, Jacob?"

"I said you were not the destroyer of poor Tom—you have not been, he has not *yet* suffered; there was an informality, which has induced them to revise the sentence."

"Jacob," replied Mary, "it is cruelty to raise my hopes only to crush them again. If not yet dead, he is still to die. I wish you had not told me so," continued she, bursting into tears; "what a state of agony and suspense must he have been in all this time, and I—I have caused his sufferings! I trusted he had long been released from this cruel, heartless world."

The flood of tears which followed, assured

me that I could safely impart the glad intelligence. "Mary, Mary, listen to me."

"Leave me, leave me," sobbed Mary, waving her hand.

"No, Mary, not until I tell that Tom is not only alive, but—pardoned."

"Pardoned!" shrieked Mary.

"Yes, pardoned, Mary,—free, Mary,—and in a few minutes will be in your arms."

Mary dropped on her knees, raised her hands and eyes to heaven, and then fell into a state of insensibility. Tom, who had followed me, and remained near the house, had heard the shriek, and could no longer restrain himself; he flew into the room as Mary fell, and I put her into his arms. At the first signs of returning sensibility I left them together, and went to find old Stapleton, to whom I was more brief in my communication. Stapleton continued to smoke his pipe during my narrative.

"Glad of it, glad of it," said he, when I finished, "I were just thinking how all these

senses brought us into trouble, more than all, that sense of love: got me into trouble, and made me kill a man,—got my poor wife into trouble, and drowned her,—and now almost shot Tom, and killed Mary. Had too much of HUMAN NATUR lately,—nothing but moist eyes and empty pipes. Met that sargeant yesterday, had a turn up: Tom settled one eye, and, old as I am, I've settled the other for a time. He's in bed for a fortnight,—couldn't help it,—human natur."

I took leave of Stapleton, and calling in upon Tom and Mary, shaking hands with the one, and kissing the other, I dispatched a letter to the Domine, acquainting him with what had passed, and then hastened to the Drummonds, and imparted the happy results of my morning's work to Sarah and her mother.

"And now, Sarah, having so successfully arranged the affairs of other people, I should like to plead in my own behalf. I think that after having been deprived almost wholly of your dear company for a month, I deserve to be rewarded."

"You do, indeed, Jacob," said Mrs. Drummond, "and I am sure that Sarah thinks so too, if she will but acknowledge it."

"I do acknowledge it, mamma; but what is this reward to be?"

"That you will allow your father and mother to arrange an early day for our nuptials, and also allow Tom and Mary to be united at the same altar."

"Mamma, have I not always been a dutiful daughter?"

"Yes, my love, you have."

"Then I shall do as I am bidden by my parents, Jacob: it will be probably the last command I receive from them, and I shall obey it; will that please you, dear Jacob?"

That evening the day was fixed, and now I must not weary the reader with a description of my feelings, or of my happiness in the preparations for the ceremony. Sarah and I, Mary and Tom, were united on the same day, and there was nothing to cloud our happiness. Tom

took up his abode with his father and mother; and Mary, radiant with happiness, even more beautiful than ever, has settled down into an excellent, doting wife. For Sarah, I hardly need say the same: she was my friend from childhood, she is now all that a man could hope and wish for. We have been married several years, and are blessed with a numerous family.

I am now almost at a conclusion. I have only to acquaint the reader with a few particulars relative to my early friends. Stapleton is still alive, and is wedded to his pipe, which, with him, although the taste for tobacco has been considered as an acquired one, may truly be asserted to be, human nature. He has two wherries with apprentices, and from them gains a good livelihood, without working himself. He says that the boys are not so honest as I was, and cheat him not a little; but he consoles himself by asserting that it is nothing but, human natur. Old Tom is also strong and hearty, and says that he don't intend to follow his legs for

some time yet. His dame, he says, is peaking, but Mary requires no assistance. Old Tom has left off mending boats, his sign is taken down, for he is now comfortable. When Tom married, I asked him what he wished to do: he requested me to lend him money to purchase a lighter. I made him a present of a new one, just launched by Mr. Drummond's firm. But old Stapleton made over to him the 200*l.* left to him by Mr. Turnbull, and his mother brought out an equal sum from her hoards. This enabled Tom to purchase another lighter, and now he has six or seven, I forget which; at all events, he is well off, and adding to his wealth every year. They talk of removing to a better house, but the old couple wish to remain. Old Tom, especially, has built an arbour where the old boat stood, and sits there carolling his songs, and watching the craft as they go up and down the river.

Mr. and Mrs. Wharncliffe still continue my neighbours and dearest friends. Mrs. Turn-

bull died a few months back, and I am now in possession of the whole property. My father and mother-in-law are well and happy. Mr. Drummond will retire from business as soon as he can wind up his multifarious concerns. I have but one more to speak of—the old Domine. It is now two years since I closed the eyes of this worthy man. As he increased in years so did he in his abstraction of mind, and the governors of the charity thought it necessary to superannuate him with a pension. It was a heavy blow to the old man, who asserted his capabilities to continue to instruct; but people thought otherwise, and he accepted my offer to take up his future residence with us, upon the understanding that it was necessary that our children, the eldest of whom, at that time, was but four years old, should be instructed in Latin and Greek. He removed to us with all his books, &c. not forgetting the formidable birch; but as the children would not take to the Latin of their

own accord, and Mrs. Faithful would not allow the rod to be made use of, the Domine's occupation was gone. Still, such was the force of habit, that he never went without the Latin grammar in his pocket, and I have often watched him sitting down in the poultry-yard, fancying, I presume, that he was in his school. There would he decline, construe, and conjugate aloud, his only witnesses being the poultry, who would now and then raise a gobble, gobble, gobble, while the ducks with their *quack, quack, quack,* were still more impertinent in their replies. A sketch of him, in this position, has been taken by Sarah, and now hangs over the mantle-piece of my study, between two of Mr. Turnbull's drawings, one of an iceberg on the 17th of August, '78, and the other showing the dangerous position of the Camel whaler, jammed between the floe of ice, in latitude ——, and longitude ——.

Reader, I have now finished my narrative.

There are two morals, I trust, to be drawn from the events of my life, one of which is, that in society we naturally depend upon each other for support, and that he who would assert his independence, throws himself out of the current which bears to advancement;—the other is, that with the advantages of good education, and good principle, although it cannot be expected that every one will be so fortunate as I have been, still there is every reasonable hope, and every right to expect, that we shall do well in this world. Thrown up, as the Domine expressed himself, as a tangle weed from the river, you have seen the orphan and charity-boy rise to wealth and consideration,—you have seen how he who was friendless, secured to himself the warmest friends, —he who required every thing from others, because in a situation to protect and assist in return—he who could not call one individual his relation,—united to the object of his attachment, and blessed with a numerous family; and to amass

all these advantages and this sum of happiness, the only capital with which he embarked was a good education and good principles.

Reader, farewell!

THE END.

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