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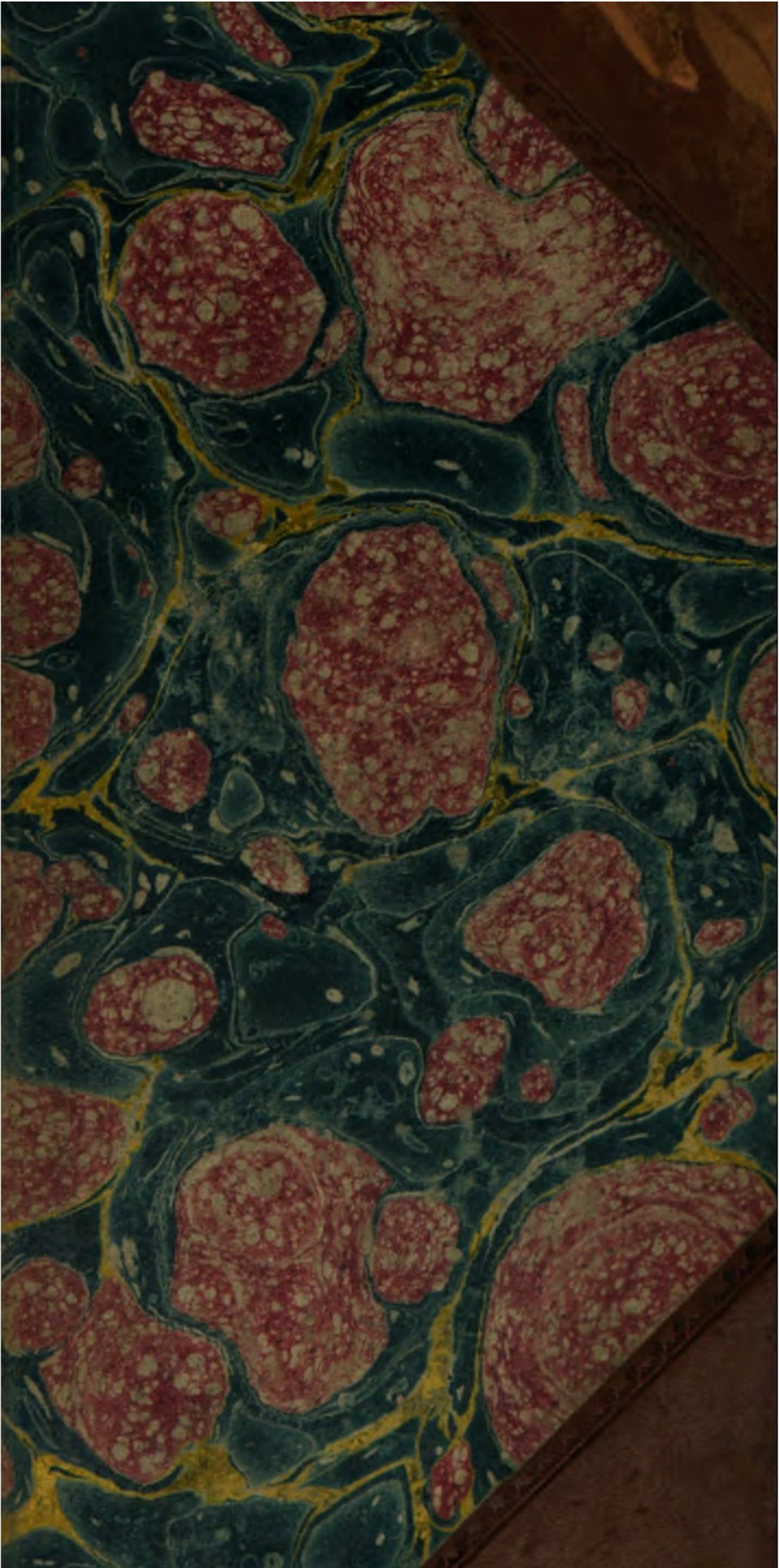
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THE POST-CAPTAIN:
OR THE
WOODEN WALLS WELL MANNED;
COMPREHENDING
A VIEW OF NAVAL SOCIETY AND MANNERS
IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

—
A NEW AND ENLARGED EDITION
BY THE AUTHOR.



“ List, ye landsmen, all to me.”

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR THOMAS TEGG, 73, CHEAPSIDE.

—
1841.



516.

LONDON :
J. HADDON, CASTLE STREET, FINSBURY.

PREFACE

TO THE TENTH EDITION.

NOTWITHSTANDING the great number of naval novels which have followed in the wake of the Post-Captain, there is not one that has surpassed it in genuine sea-humour ; but amidst a fleet of imitators, it still wears a distinguishing pennant. Its characters are hardy tars of the true blue water breed. No marvel that the ladies fall in love with them at first sight. With an unfailing power of diffusing joy around them, they are more captivating in the laughter-loving eyes of the fair sex than Pelham or Tremaine.

In the present edition the work has undergone a thorough overhaul. The lower cordage has been set up, much of the running rigging new rove, and a fresh suit of sails bent to catch the gale of popular favour in going out of port.

NEPTUNE'S INJUNCTION.

Whereas a spurious Post Captain has made its appearance in the Metropolis, torturing the text, and spoiling the spirit of the original work : Now I do by this my proclamation prohibit all my blue-jackets from loading their sea-chests with such lubberly lumber ; and if any captain shall have the temerity to admit the book into the cabin of his hooker, I will harass him regularly once a week with a stark calm, more appalling to the heart of a thorough-bred seaman than a heavy gale of wind.

(Signed) NEPTUNE.

Witness,

AMPHITRITE

+

Her mark.

THE POST-CAPTAIN,

ETC.

CHAPTER I.

She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife :
Who would not brave the battle and the wreck,
To move the monarch of her peopled deck ?

CORSAIR.

THE sun had just streaked the eastern horizon with his rays, when the commander of a frigate, which was cruising in the British Channel, awoke, and giving a monstrous yawn, called to the sentry at the cabin-door to pass the word for the steward. The sentry was walking to and fro under the half-deck, armed with a huge cutlass, which for more than a year had not slept in a scabbard ; and, on hearing the order, he applied his hands to his mouth, vociferating with

the lungs of a stentor, "Pass the word there, for the captain's steward!"

Our captain next took a miniature picture from under his pillow, which he seemed to contemplate with peculiar delight; sighing and soliloquizing as he hung over it enamoured: "Can any face," cried he, "be more angelic? Such top-lights! Or can any form be more ravishing? Such a pair of cat-heads! And, oh! what hair! Why, one might take a sheep-shank in it! Blow, my good breeze! Fill all my sails! Driver and ring-tail — spritsail and spritsail-topsail! Royals and skyscrapers! Flying jib and jib of jibs! Waft me, oh, waft me to the arms of Cassandra!"

The captain now bellowed for the steward. "Sir!" said the steward. "How many knots does the ship go?" "Five, sir." "And how is the wind?" "A little upon the quarter, sir." "Are all the reefs out?" "No, sir, there is one reef in." "What lieutenant has the watch?" "Mr. Hurricane, sir." "Desire him to step below."

Mr. Hurricane, on hearing the summons,

threw off his *grego*, that is, his great-coat, and calling to the quarter-master, told him to take it below. He then went to the compass, and having ascertained the course of the ship, and the direction of the wind, he ordered the helmsman to steer small, dispatched hands aloft to shake out the reefs, and, grasping his speaking-trumpet, descended into the cabin.

“Mr. Hurricane,” said the captain, “I hope all the reefs are out.” “The top-men, sir,” replied the lieutenant, “are aloft shaking them out.” “Is there any land in sight?” added the captain. “The master,” replied the lieutenant, “says he can see land broad upon the bow; but I, sir, am of opinion it is only cape fly-away.” “Well,” said the captain, “make all the sail you can upon the ship, and in a short time we shall be able to determine the fact.”

The lieutenant went upon deck. “Mr. Echo,” said he to the midshipman, “send the after-guard aft here, to hoist the maintopsail.” “Aye, aye! sir,” cried Mr. Echo, who in concert with half-a-dozen other

weekly-account gentlemen, thus vociferated for several minutes at the break of the quarter-deck : “ Boatswain’s mate ! boatswain’s mate ! I say, you boatswain’s mate ! send the after-guard aft here to the main-topsail-haliards ! Corporal of marines ! send the marines aft on the quarter-deck, to clap on the main-topsail-haliards. Master at arms ! go down below and send all the idlers up ! Send all the idlers up ! Do you hear, there, master at arms ? Send all the idlers up ! Stewards and servants, barbers and sweepers, cook’s mates and cook-mate’s ministers ; doctor’s mates and loblolly-boys ! why don’t they come on deck ? ”

The people now came upon deck, the topsails were hoisted, and the walk of the ship was increased through the water. Seven bells were now struck, the hammocks were piped up, and the quarter-master stood at the nettings to receive them from the sailors.—And now came upon deck the doctor, the purser, and lieutenant of marines, bloated with eating, drinking, and sleeping.

“ Good morrow-morning to you, gentlemen,” said the lieutenant. “ How are you all upon an average ? ”

“ The tiller,” said Mr. Nipcheese the purser, “ made such a thundering noise all night, that I could only procure eleven hours’ sleep.”

“ I pity you,” said the lieutenant ; “ you get no more sleep than a ground-tier-butt.”

“ And I,” said Mr. Gallipot, the doctor, “ was obliged to get up in the night to go to the round house.”

“ Shocking ! ” cried the lieutenant, “ to be taken aback, and not able to box your slip off ! ”

“ And I,” said Mr. Easy, the lieutenant of marines, “ was compelled to rise at midnight and drink a glass of cold water.”

“ Diable ! ” said the lieutenant, “ then your coppers were hot ! ”

“ I am getting the better of my sea-sickness,” said the purser : “ Occupation ! occupation ! ‘ throw but a stone, and the giant dies ! ’ ”

“ Yes,” rejoined the lieutenant ; “ and

now you will be occupied *in making dead men chew tobacco.*"

"I am an old voyager!" exclaimed the doctor.

"What!" said the lieutenant; "have you got a timber-head in the ship?"

"I have been at sea before," replied the doctor.

"Yes," said the lieutenant; "you have been at Chelsea, at Battersea; and, I dare say, in the Marshalsea."

The conversation was here interrupted by an uproar in the waist, where Mr. Echo, the midshipman, was menacing death to the boy of his mess, and belabouring him over the shoulders with the end of the topsail-sheet.

"Murder! murder!" cried the boy: "it was not my fault. The ship took a lee-lurch, and the kettle fetched way."

"What's the matter here, Mr. Echo?" cried the lieutenant. "Has the boy forgot to break up the treble-refined sugar; or did he neglect to beat the dust out of the Turkey carpet?"

"His kettle is capsized, sir," replied Mr.

Echo ; “ and we shall be obliged to breakfast upon burgoo, out of the ship’s coppers. Nor is that all : the hawbuck has not rolled up a single hammock.”

“ How could I ? ” said the boy ; “ the gentlemen did not turn out before the bell rung for eight o’clock.”

“ You did not rouse them,” said the midshipman.

“ Yes, sir,” answered the boy, “ I roused them a dozen times. I affronted Mr. Gale. He had turned in all standing with his boots on ; and he swore that if I named him again, he would jump down my throat.”

“ No replies, sir,” said Mr. Echo, “ you are in a king’s ship. Jump down for the tureen, and fill it with burgoo. I saw the doctor’s mates go just now to the coppers : if you don’t bear a hand, there will be none left for the officers.”

“ Faith, sir,” said the boy, “ if that is the case, I must bear a fist indeed. Those doctor’s mates eat more than any men in the ship. I saw Mr. Ipecachuana eat a pound of shark one day before dinner, just by way

of taking the sharp edge off his stomach. Here I go like a rigger !” And, so saying, he started on his errand, singing merrily as he went :

Love dwells on the lip of my Jenny,
She lives in the town of Kilkenny.

Notwithstanding the vivacity of this Irish lad, he was a poor, pale looking creature, and so lean in his person from the bad fare of the midshipman’s table, that his clothes fitted him like a purser’s shirt upon a handspike. When he had occasion to go through the bay on an errand, the seamen, sitting in their berths, were wont in wantonness to start up and secure their biscuit, exclaiming at the same time, “ A hungry marine adrift ! Look out, there, men, fore and aft for your bread bags !” In derision, too, of his gaunt figure they had christened him fat Jack of the bone house, all of which the poor fellow quietly pocketed, because his “ *position in society*” taught him that resistance could effect nothing.

CHAPTER II.

Each to his colours true, with heart as stout,
As ever hauled a weather ear-ring out.

AUTHOR.

CAPTAIN BRILLIANT, having dressed himself, went upon the quarter-deck, where the first lieutenant was walking, in company with the doctor, the purser, the marine officer, and a midshipman. The midshipman, on perceiving the captain, immediately went to leeward.

“A fine morning, Mr. Hurricane,” said the captain.

“Very fine, sir,” answered the lieutenant.

“Well, doctor,” said the captain, “how do you carry on the war? Have you recovered your stomach?”

“Yes, sir,” replied the doctor, “my organs of digestion are restored to their proper tone; and my stomach loathes no longer its diurnal food.”

“Does the doctor eat his allowance, Mr. Nipcheese?” said the captain.

“ Yes, sir,” cried the purser, “ he picked the plums for the gun-room pudding last banyan day, and ate more than half of what I had served out.”

“ When our pudding, sir,” exclaimed the lieutenant, “ was put upon the table, the plums, I will vouch, were not within hail of each other.”

“ Ha ! ha !” laughed the captain ; “ when the doctor again undertakes to pick the plums, you must make him whistle the whole time.”

Mr. Echo, the midshipman, now approached the lieutenant, and bowing obsequiously, acquainted him that it was eight o'clock by the glass. “ Very well, Mr. Echo,” replied the lieutenant ; “ tell the boatswain's mate to pipe to breakfast.”

The bell was now rung for eight o'clock ; the glass was turned ; the quarter-master and the man at the helm were relieved ; the boatswain's mate piped to breakfast, and the air was impregnated with the fumes of burgoo.

The gun-room steward now came up the

companion-ladder to summon the officers to their morning repast; and the doctor, the purser, and the officer of marines, descended into the lower regions. In half an hour more, Mr. Tafferell, the second lieutenant, made his appearance on the quarter-deck; when Mr. Hurricane, together with the midshipman of the morning-watch, accompanied the captain into the cabin, where the breakfast was laid out.

“Mr. Hurricane,” said the captain, “pray take the chair at the end of the table, and Gale, you come to an anchor here. Now, steward, off covers, and let us see our land-fall.”

It consisted of hot coffee, not very fragrant to the smell, and whole ship-biscuit, the *elite* of the purser's bread bag.

The yolk of an egg beaten up, and well diluted with warm water, supplied the place of milk, and for solid food there was a prime piece of cold junk, and the leg of a tough turkey flagrantly be-devilled to render it digestible.

The steward, a middle-aged man, stood

behind the captain's chair, rolling himself mechanically from side to side ; now with a long and then with a short swing of his body, as the emergency required ; and riveting, at the same time, his quick grey eye on the guests in succession. A couple of cabin-boys, each with a waiter in his hand, were seen watching their superior's significant glance, and they ran round the table with the trepidation of frightened rabbits. Our conversation in daily life is supplied by the objects around us, and the mind is a mirror which always reflects them. The table-talk was nautical.

“How many knots, Mr. Hurricane, did she go,” said the captain, “when you hove the log at eight bells?”

“Nine, sir, and the weather-leech of the main-top-sail was lifting when I called out ‘stop’ to Mr. Gale, who held the half-minute glass.”

“I was exact sir to a jiffey,” said the young midshipman.

“How long have you been at sea, Gale?”

“A year and a half, sir. When I shipped

for the *Desdemona* I had just returned from Canton. I was Jack from India when the war broke out."

-- "How did you like the Company's service? Steward, give Mr. Gale some *cream*."

"Under the tyranny of the chief mate, sir, I suffered more than a martyr. When we got into blue water there was nothing going on but mast-heading the midship-men."

"Did you not shovel coals for the cook?" said the lieutenant.

"Yes, sir, that was every day a part of our duty, so that, when after the voyage I was sporting my uniform on shore, and a young lady asked me if the inscription on the gilt button of my blue coat was not a rampant lion,* 'No, miss,' said I, 'it is a midshipman handing coals up out of the fore-scuttle.'"

"Such trifles as these," said the captain, "may be patiently borne. An officer is not the worse because when he was a boy he helped the cook to a few coals. But to be

* In the navy the button of an officer's uniform has an anchor stamped on it; in the Company's service a rampant lion.

mast-headed four hours on a stretch, not for any actual fault, but to gratify the wanton exercise of arbitrary power, is revolting to a heart of feeling. You will experience none of this treatment, Mr. Gale, on board the *Desdemona*."

The lieutenant and midshipman rose from the table with an appetite, a practice recommended by Sir John Sinclair in his code of longevity. The fact is that there was nothing left for them to eat, and their forbearance was involuntary. The look of the steward betrayed his dejection as he replaced the tin covers over the empty dishes, and the two cabin boys exchanged mutually the glance of despair.

Here some person knocked at the cabin door, and the steward going to it, returned to the table with a bundle of papers.

"The gentlemen,* sir," said he, "present

* The midshipmen of a man-of-war are called "the gentlemen." The day's work is another name for the ship's reckoning. Now for the captain to consign the midshipmen's day's works to the round-house and make a *torche-cul* of them, was a shocking indignity offered their mathematical lucubrations.

their compliments, and have sent you their day's works."

"Very well," answered the captain, in a careless tone; "put them in the quarter-gallery."

CHAPTER III.

For England now with favouring gale.—DIEDIN.

The quarter deck of a frigate is the resort, after breakfast, of those officers who have not had over-night two skulks in the lee-scuppers. The first lieutenant had turned into his cot, all standing, in order to fetch up his lee-way, but the other two gay lieutenants of a gallant ship's crew were seen reclining against the bulwark, where the quarter-masters stood receiving the hammocks from the seamen to stow them in the hammock-nettings. There were at least a hundred jolly tars coming up in succession from their respective births, each bearing his sack of war on his shoulder.

And now were seen ascending the companion-ladder, the lieutenant of marines, the doctor, and the purser, to inhale the pure ocean breeze. There is an hilarity of soul felt at sea in fair weather, which the shore has not the power to impart. It is with a

delicious sensation of mingled security and admiration that we contemplate the wilderness of blue waters ruffled uniformly with a light breeze, and here and there abruptly disturbed by the gambols of the finny herds that roam its coral depths ; of the porpoise sporting about the ship, or of the grampus emerging from his unfathomable home, and slowly heaving his huge form above the surface of the sea.

“ A sail on the lee-beam !” cried the man at the mast-head.

“ What does she look like ?” said lieutenant Balcony.

“ A French merchant-man, Sir, with a heavy cargo. When she rolls to leeward, she ships the sea in over her gangway.”

“ Do we fore-reach upon the strange sail ?”

“ Yes, sir, we are coming up with her hand over hand.”

“ Show our colours,” said the captain, “ and get a gun ready on the fore-castle to bring her to.”

“ She has hove her main-top-sail to the mast, sir.”

“ Very well ; come down off the cross-trees.”

The sail in sight was an easy prize. She proved to be an English West-India ship, that had been captured a few hours before by a seventy-four cut down.

Captain Brilliant immediately clapped Mr. Echo, the midshipman, with six hands on board of her, and was about to shape his his course after her, when Mr. Hurricane, who returned with the boat, informed him, there was an old gentleman with a beautiful young wife on board the prize, who entreated to be taken into the frigate ; for the Frenchmen had plundered them of all their fresh provisions, and left nothing but salt junk.

“ Is the lady pretty ? ” said the captain.

“ She is the most beautiful creature, sir,” replied the lieutenant, “ I ever saw with my eyes. The Venus frigate has not got so fair a head.”

“ Then bear a hand,” cried the captain, ‘and bring her on board. In the meantime we will rig out the studding-sail booms. Up there ! topmen ! ”

The boat shoved off again, and in few minutes returned with Mr. Factor and his lady. The husband on the verge of sixty ; the wife about seventeen.

Captain Brilliant stretched out his hand to the lady, and helped her up the side ; when, with much sweetness of manner, she thanked him for his politeness, and congratulated herself upon being emancipated from a barbarous enemy.

The sails were now trimmed fore and aft ; the fore-tack was brought to the cat-head, and the weather clue-garnet of the mainsail was hauled up.

“ There she walks through it ! ” exclaimed captain Brilliant, looking over the side. “ Glory ! glory ! Blow, my sweet breeze ! I never saw a ship yet that could beat her going large.”

In about an hour and a half, a sail was descried from the mast-head ; and preparations were made for action with redoubled energy. The bulk-head of the cabin was knocked down ; the yards were slung with chains, and the surgeon arranged his instru-

ments and dressings in the cockpit. The drummer then beat to quarters.

“Fore topmast-head there!” cried the captain.

“Sir!” replied the man aloft.

“What does she look like?”

“She looks, sir, like a whacking frigate.”

“Can you see her teeth?”

“Yes, sir; she has a very heavy tier of teeth.”

“No near!” cried the captain to the seaman who was steering. “Our leeches are shaking. What are you doing with the ship? Get another pull at the main-top-bowline.”

“Aye, aye, sir.”

It was now time for the young lady to be conducted to a place of safety; an office that lieutenant Hurricane undertook to perform; for Mr. Factor had complained of being unwell, and had already sought the company of the doctor in the lowermost recess of the ship.

“Lieutenant!” cried Mrs. Factor, as he handed her below; “you are going to seek

reputation in the mouth of the cannon !”

“ It is only, madam, my duty.”

“ If prayers, lieutenant, can avert the danger that threatens you, no shot shall come near you. For with uplifted hands I will implore providence to shield you from harm.”

“ Only smile upon me, and I am proof against all shot !”

“ Good heaven ! you talk so carelessly, one would think there was no danger to be apprehended from guns.”

“ There lies more danger in that eye than in the lower-deck, upper-deck, quarter-deck, and fore-castle guns of the largest seventy-four.”

Mrs. Factor made no reply: but she sighed and looked a great deal more. The lieutenant squeezed her fair hand, and returned upon deck.

In another half hour, the *Desdemona* had come within gun-shot of the strange sail ; but the private signal which she made was not answered.

“ She is a very heavy frigate,” said the first

lieutenant. "Fourteen ports of a side besides a bridle-port. See how she shows her teeth. Who can she be?"

"The Nonsuch most probably," answered the second lieutenant. "We shall have hot work. They are taking the tompions out of their guns, to give it us."

"No near, quarter-master. Our leeches are lifting!"

"There will be no fighting," said the captain. "By the proud manner in which he keeps his luff, I suspect it is Commodore Rodgers. Besides, you may easily make the frigate out to be American by her trim. Though upon a bowline, she has no main-top-mast stay-sail set. She is so square-rigged, that it would take all the wind out of her main-top-sail. See, they are hoisting the stars and stripes."

"A Jonathan! by the hookey!" exclaimed the second lieutenant.

"Pork and molasses!" cried Mr. Hurricane. "I thought all fighting had been over in the Jerseys."

Captain Brilliant took his speaking trumpet.

“ Hoay ! the ship a-hoay ! ”

“ Holloa ! ”

“ What ship is that ? ”

“ The Rattlesnake ! United States’ man-of-war ! ”

“ Have you seen any thing of a French seventy-four cut down ? ”

“ Yes ! She is now in chase of a man-of-war brig. She is going large before the wind. ”

“ Thank you ! thank you ! square away the yards here ! Haul the mainsail up ! Give her the helm ! ”

Both frigates cheered, and parted company.

Whether the French ship enjoyed a good pair of heels, or whether the American captain had misrepresented her situation, it is not for the humble historian of this page to determine. But, after a fruitless search of eight hours, no enemy could be found, and only the sea and sky were to be seen, when the hammocks were carried below.

The dejection of the ship’s company from not meeting with an enemy was apparent

fore and aft. A restorative was wanted to raise their drooping spirits, and it was sought not in the medicine-chest of the doctor, but the store-room of the purser. The elixir was supplied by a puncheon of Jamaica rum.

“ Tell the boatswain and his mates,” said the captain, “ to pipe all hands to splice the main-brace.”

The bullying boatswain and his tarry train
Pipe and sing out ;—three mastiffs of the main ;
The leader portly, with his rough breast bare,
The mates bold ruffians with a foremast air.

CHAPTER IV.

Joyous at sea, where lubbers feel deprest,
He, ev'ry inch a sailor, has his jest.

Mr. FACTOR now came upon deck, not supporting, but supported by, his black-eyed spouse, who smiled loves and graces as she ascended the companion-ladder.

Mr. Factor was less indisposed, for the danger was over, but he looked more like a ghost than one of this world.

Lieutenant Hurricane was leaning over the taffarel, watching the ship's wake, and making a guess at her rate of going, when Flora ran towards him.

"Oh, lieutenant," cried Flora; "I am so glad to see you safe! When I was down in the *cellar*, and the surgeon displayed his dressings, I could think of nothing but heads, and legs, and arms, flying about in the air."

"And it is all for your charming sex," said the officer, "that sailors thus expose their lives. Assured that courage alone can

merit the fair, I would fight the ship on my stumps and never strike my colours while there was a shot left in the locker. What a beautiful young woman you are. It does a man good to look in your sweet face. Is all that dark hair your own?"

"I pray you unhand me," whispered Flora: "Mr. Factor is coming this way."

"Flora!" faltered the merchant; "Flora! what are you doing there? Why don't you come and give me your arm? You know that in my weak state, the *rocking* of the ship is almost death to me."

"I am coming, my dear."

"Here; help me below. I want you to put me to bed. Have you hung up the curtains, as I told you?"

"My dear, don't go to bed yet. I imagine tea will be ready soon. A cup of tea will restore you."

"I can't drink tea; it does not agree with me." "Then, I will make you, my dear, a little panado. But don't be fretful."

"What kind of panado?"

"The same kind, my dear, that Quashee-

ba made for me at Martha Bré, when I was seriously ill. You tasted it at my bedside, and said it was excellent."

"Well; help me below." "Yes, my dear."

The happy pair descended.

"A precious husband!" exclaimed captain Brilliant accosting the lieutenant; "there is nothing of him left but the ribs and trucks. His coat fits him like a purser's shirt upon a handspike."

"He told me, sir," said the lieutenant, "that he had been a great traveller."

"Granted!" said the captain. "I dare say he has doubled Cape Horn."

"He tops the officer over his wife, sir."

"A son of a sea-cook! If he was to fall overboard, I would not heave him a rope."

"We shall have yet, sir, perhaps, to sew him up in his hammock."

"The sooner he goes over the standing part of the main-sheet, the better."

The steward, at this juncture came to acquaint the captain that tea was ready.

"Tea!" exclaimed captain Brilliant.

"I wish to make a better land-fall. Stretch

along the eating haliards ! You are determined we shall not escape being raked fore and aft."

The captain and his lieutenant now walked up and down the quarter-deck.

"Hurricane," said the captain, "I am very glad you brought the young lady on board. I hate to see a priest. A ship never gets safe to port that has a priest in her ; but a fine girl is a charming acquisition."

"How fine the lady had rigged herself, when I brought her, sir, on board."

"She was under a press of sail. She had royals set ; sky-scrapers, moon-rakers, and a cursed god above all."

"She has a delicate skin, sir."

"Faith ! she has. She is as fair as driven charcoal."

The steward again appeared, to announce that the cold meat was laid out in the cabin.

"Very well," said the captain. "Get some wine to pass. Come, Hurricane, let us go below."

CHAPTER V.

Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Hark, again the boatswain's call.

OLD SONG.

The captain was fond of the company of his first officer, and, rejecting tea as an insipid beverage, he caroused with him in the cabin over the juice of the grape.

“Another bottle of wine here!” cried captain Brilliant. “You, steward! don't you see, this bottle is a marine? The lights, I suppose, are put out: they are handing up powder out of the magazine. Faith! Hurricane, our lady passenger is a fine girl. She has a good pair of cat-heads!”

“Yes, sir, she is nice and bluff about the bows.”

“It was a great sacrifice in so young a girl, to get spliced to so old a man.”

“Yet, sir, she says she loves him dearly.”

“Avast there! she may tell the marines that; but the sailors will not believe it.”

“I can hardly hoist it in, sir.”

“ Hoist it in ! It would carry away a dozen luff-tackles to hoist it in.”

“ How thin her husband is, sir !”

“ Thin ! He may get under the lee of a rope-yarn.”

“ I think, sir, that already the old man is jealous of me.”

“ As surely as the Desdemona is now going through the water. Why, when you took his wife by the hand, he looked at you marline-spikes.”

“ He changed colour in the face, sir, like a dying dolphin.”

“ Come, Hurricane, drink your wine. Here's to the wind that blows, The ship that goes, and The lass that loves a sailor.”

Here the conversation was interrupted by the ship taking a sudden lee-lurch which seemed to lay her on her beam ends, and at the same time a huge sea was shipped through the cabin windows.

“ There's a heavy squall come on, sir,” said the steward. “ I had better put up the dead-lights. I thought the weather had a rough look when I was last on deck.”

The wind blew from all quarters. I looked at the compass. She was up and off three points, and Mother Cary's chickens were mustering in gangs. Shall I hand you your cloak, sir?"

The captain, without exchanging a word, threw his cloak about him and went on deck accompanied by Mr. Hurricane, where he found the third lieutenant vociferating through his speaking trumpet to the seamen on the main-top-sail-yard.—“Close reef the sail, men!”

“Aye, aye, sir!”

“You have broached to, Balcony?” said the captain.

“Yes, sir, the wind suddenly shifted four points, and took the sails flat aback, canting the helmsman over the wheel.”

“I see our top-gallant-masts are gone smack smooth.”

“There are hands aloft, sir, clearing the wreck.”

“What think you of the weather?”

“Only a touch of the times, sir,”

“It lightens to windward; hark! what a

clap of thunder. Again, it nears us fast. There is a heavy gale coming on. Mr. Balcory, you will take in the top-sails."

The ocean soon exhibited an appalling sight; the waves seemed on fire, and in their deafening turbulence exceeded Etna, Vesuvius, or Hecla in the most outrageous moments of their ravings. But the dimensions of the mighty billows baffle description. They are only to be conceived by the mind, as uplifting their terrific forms, and succeeding each other in awful majesty; they came swelling along nearer and nearer, and higher and higher, the apparent heralds of inevitable doom to the frigate and her crew. All were on the alert. There were four men placed at the wheel, two to windward, and two to leeward; and gangs of hands were busy clapping on relieving tackles to succour the lower rigging. The ship was under a close-reefed main-top-sail and reefed-fore-sail, and when a sea struck her, she not only trembled from stem to stern, but her main-deck vibrated with the shock.

The scud flew wildly over head, and the wind roared through the shrouds? The

captain and his lieutenants took their station on the quarter-deck, visible to each other, in the intense darkness that prevailed, as the forked lightning flashed across the horizon.

“We shall have to scud her, Hurricane,” said the captain, “under bare poles. She is an old ship, though a famous sea-boat. I am afraid to lay her to, for so crazy are her timbers, that in bringing her up in the wind she might part amidships. We may as well haul the fore-sail up.”

“I have seen her lie to, sir, in as heavy a gale as this, before you took the command of her.”

“What weather did she make of it?”

“She rode the gale out, sir, like a duck in a pond.”

“Then we will heave her to.”

“It will be best, sir. She labours so dreadfully in scudding.”

“Agreed. Make her as snug as possible. Take the fore-sail off the ship, and lay her to under the main-stay sail. That sea came heavy on the bow. Ease her, quarter-master.”

“ The day breaks, sir, and there is some blue in the sky to windward.”

“ Devilish little of it, Hurricane.”

“ As much, sir, as would make a Dutchman a pair of trowsers.”

Nothing violent is lasting. With the advance of day, the wind shifted, the fury of the storm abated, and the portly boatswain, standing on the booms, piped the welcome summons of “ All hands to make sail, ahoy !”

The carpenter now come aft, and taking off his tarred hat, while, at the same time, he stroked down the hair of his head in token of respect, acquainted the captain that “ the ship had made no water.”

Ours is a good sea-boat, Mr. Chips,” said the captain addressing the carpenter.

“ An angel of a ship, sir. How nobly she weathered the gale ! At one time, as she was lying to, a tremendous sea rose to strike her that reached higher than our mizen-top ; but at that moment the little Desdemona felt her helm, and gaining head-way, it fell just abaft the rudder-chains.”

“I noticed that sea. I was standing abaft the binnacle, watching the compass to see how she came up, and fell off. If it had struck the ship, it would have swept the deck. I should not be talking to you here, Mr. Chips.”

“God be praised, sir, that it fell where it did. The sea was in his hand—in the hand of Him at whose bidding the tempest is hushed to a calm.”

Mr. Chips touched his hat and withdrew, leaving the captain under the conviction that the only pious man on board his ship, not excepting himself, was the carpenter.

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"... .. Mr. Chips," said
the captain addressing the carpenter.

"... ..



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CHAPTER VI.

Britannia rules the main !

OLD SONG.

THERE being no ship visible, and the cruise of the *Desdemona* having expired, the captain shaped his course for the white cliffs of Albion. Dark, thick weather intimated their approach to the land, and the night before they made it, they found themselves, in a dense fog, surrounded by a large fleet of three deckers, seventy-fours, and frigates.

“ A large fleet in sight,” cried the man at the mast-head.

“ Yes, and close aboard of us.”

The captain and lieutenants had assembled on the quarter-deck, and the crew were crowding up the hatchways.

“ This,” said the captain, as he was in the act of directing his night-glass towards a three-decker—“ this must be the channel fleet. Don’t alter the ship’s course.”

“Better our fleet, sir,” said the second lieutenant, “than the French fleet. We are within range of their lower tiers.”

“That is true,” retorted the captain, and yet I would undertake to run the gauntlet through the half dozen frigates to leeward, and defy their firing, though they blazed away at me all at once. Let go the main-top-bowline. Lay the main-top-sail to the mast. That three decker is edging down to speak us. What a ship! she might hoist us in, and stow us away upon her booms. Fill the main-top-sail. She is ranging up alongside.”

A profound silence predominated on board both ships, when the hailing came on.

“What frigate is that?”

“The *Desdemona*.”

“What line of battle ship is that?”

“The *Queen Charlotte*.”

“If I mistake not, I have the honour to be accosted by Sir Roger Curtis. You have some noble ships in company.”

“Yes, there are the *Tremendous*, the

Invincible, the Impregnable, the Glory, the Valiant, and the Thunderer, formidable not only in name, but their armament and crews."

"I hope Lord Howe is well."

"His lordship is approaching the bulwark with his speaking-trumpet, to answer for himself."

"What cheer, Brilliant?"

"Hearty, hearty, my lord. I hope your lordship is well."

"A touch of the gout in my lower works."

"The sight of the French fleet would soon cure that, my lord."

"Why yes, it might eradicate it. Have you seen anything lately at sea, Brilliant?"

"Not a single sail of any kind. Nothing but a flock of geese standing to the southward, my lord."

"Why, your journal is as flat as the yankee's. 'Little wind and less weather—caught a dolphin and let him go again hard drops and no rain.'—Farewell, my dear fellow, I am taking the wind out of your frigate's sails. Sir Roger, brace up, and haul aft."

They now separated, the Queen Charlotte forging her way slowly through the water, and the Desdemona, on the other tack, passing rapidly in succession the men of war composing the larboard division of the grand fleet; among which were the Royal Sovereign of a hundred guns, the Barfleur of ninety-eight, the Gibraltar of ninety, and the Leviathan, the Marlborough, and the Culloden, seventy-fours.

The thick weather continued. The wild scud flew past the dark clouds, as the Desdemona stood up channel. She glided by the Start point, under a crowd of canvas, and hauling round Saint Alban's head, ran through the Needles, and let go her best bower at Spithead.

Mr. Factor hired the first wherry that came off. The old gentleman was tired of the open intercourse of a ship, and sighed in secret for the seclusion and sacredness of private lodgings. Not so his young wife. She cast a lingering look around the man of war, and at the man of war's men. He hurried her into the boat, and the boatmen were seen feathering their oars.

“She’s gone!” exclaimed captain Brilliant to the lieutenant. “The old fellow has shoved his boat off!”

“What do you think of her, sir.”

“She’s a good looking piece enough, but rather gay for a married woman.”

“I thought her shy, sir. She resented it as an indignity when I once offered to”—

“See, she has taken off her white kid glove, and is waving her hand to us. She weeps. I never yet knew a woman that had been a month in a ship, but what left it in tears.”

The captain now repaired to his toilette, and appeared again glittering in gold from head to foot, with a tasty cut and thrust at his side ; and, thus arrayed, ordered the first cutter to be tossed out to take him to sally-port.

In the meantime the officers assembled on the quarter-deck, the red-ropes were shipped by the sides-men, and Mr. Strong-lungs, the boatswain, stood at the gunwale with his silver call raised to his teeth, which he melodiously inflated with his powerful breath as the captain descended into the boat.

“Shove off,” cried the coxswain of the cutter, who stood erect as he held the tiller in his hand, a deference always paid the captain of a man of war, but no other officer.

The respect shown the captain on the quarter-deck had been exacted by his rank, but there was a homage in reserve for him extorted by the nobleness of his nature. Its manifestation soon came on in a burst of acclamation from the ship’s company.

No sooner had the cutter got clear of the *Desdemona*, than the crew mounted the rigging, and, lying out on the yards, gave their captain three hearty cheers, while the sailors in their boat tossed their oars, and standing up at the thwarts, joined in the salute of their ship-mates. The captain was a man to be touched more by his affections than his vanity; and in raising his hat he felt less flattered than overcome.

But emotions of a softer kind soon took possession of our naval hero’s breast; the current of his thoughts became changed; and ordering a post chaise at the George,

he set out for Wales. The ostensible motive of his journey was to visit a Cambrian baronet, yclept Sir Hugh Morgan, who always received him under his roof with open arms ; but, in heart-felt truth, he had another mansion in view, where dwelt a maiden, the cynosure of all eyes. Now to my love-episode.

About a mile from Caerfilly dwelt an aged admiral, who, having done with the fatigues of a maritime life, enjoyed both ease and dignity in retirement ; and centred his happiness in the education of a niece, who loved and venerated him with the tenderness of a child.

Cassandra Temple had scarcely seen more than seventeen summers. She was not, perhaps, what is termed a regular beauty ; but her eyes were dark and sparkling ; her form was unobjectionable ; and it was impossible to behold in any maid a finer bosom, a more elegant arm, or a neater foot.

The admiral, her uncle, kept much company ; and a thousand beaux had whispered soft nonsense into the ear of Cassandra ;

but it never reached her heart : and, in fact, it may be said, she did not know she had a heart, till she saw captain Brilliant.

For six months she had now, however, experienced the heart-ache ; and every time the wind blew, she sighed for her absent sailor.

Admiral Roughknot received the papers regularly from London, and he always made it a practice to read the naval intelligence aloud. He alighted one day on a paragraph that made the heart of Cassandra palpitate.

“ Yesterday morning, the *Desdemona*, captain Brilliant, arrived at Spithead.”

“ Captain Brilliant,” said the old man : “ Is not that, Cassandra, the youth who dined with us one day, when sir Hugh Morgan paid us a visit, with his children and grand-children ? I remember the day particularly, for you were taken ill a short time after their departure.”

“ Yes, uncle,” sighed Cassandra ; “ and I too remember the day.”

“ You were very ill, Cassandra.”

“ Yes, uncle, indeed ; I was ill in my heart.”

“ He was a likely young fellow,” added the old man.

Cassandra sighed.

“ He was very officer-like in his manners,” continued the admiral.

Cassandra repeated her sigh.

“ Those long shore men, sir Hugh’s sons, could not hold a light to him where he came. The eyes of Miss Morgan seemed clinched upon the captain. It is a pity that he has only his pay to go on. The baronet thinks well of him as a friend ; but as a candidate for his daughter’s smiles he would not hear him. Sir Hugh, not content with the tough yarn of his sea-fights, would want to overhaul his rent-roll, and that would be throwing the captain’s head-sails aback.”

CHAPTER VII.

“In silent solitude she cherished love! Oh, woman, woman, you alone know the meaning of the word, its thousand concealed tendernesses, its purity of essence, its endless springs of increase!”

CAPTAIN BRILLIANT travelled into Wales, actuated apparently by no other motive than to see his friend, sir Hugh Morgan; but the real object of his journey was to obtain an interview with Cassandra, who dwelt within a mile of the baronet's seat.

Sir Hugh received our hero hospitably, and all the family crowded round him with an animation of pleasure.

The captain found an excuse to make his escape from the hall soon after tea, and pursued his path to the admiral's mansion. He entered the park at the back part of it, through a thick coppice. He had just leaped a brook which rippled as it ran, when he was encountered by the admiral's game-keeper, an old superannuated tar, who had seen much service.

“Holloah, there ! Heave to, stranger, till I overhaul your papers, or I ’ll be —— if I don’t flatten in your jib-sheet with the cudgel I carry in my hand.”

“What Clueline, you old swab-faced dog, is that you ? ”

“Captain Brilliant ! Welcome, sir, ashore.”

“What are you doing here, Clueline ? ”

“Treading as light, captain, as a White-chapel bird-catcher without heels to his shoes. I am out on a cruize, captain, looking sharp round for poachers—and, mayhap, I have found one.”

“Guessed right, Clueline. Where is Miss Cassandra ? ”

“I passed her not ten minutes ago, sitting in the summer-house, and studying navigation. There was a book lying on the table open. It looked like Hamilton Moore.’

The captain resumed his way. It was a beautiful night in summer. The park was filled with moonlight, and the long grass seemed tremulous as it reflected the silver beam.

The large window of the summer-house

looked upon a terrace green as the wing of Thalaba's bird in the region of snow ; from whose cultured border it caught the perfume of the myrtle and the rose. The distant view was soft and soothing. It presented the silvered foliage of a deep wood, over which the large yellow moon was rising.

Cassandra was sitting at the window of her apartment gazing at the constellations of the night, on which she had so often looked in the company of her sailor, and whose aspect seemed to call up every sad and sweet thought which memory had garnered of him.

Suspended from the ceiling, a splendidly cut chandelier threw a graceful light over a large celestial globe, rectified for the sun's place and the hour of the night. It adorned a capacious rose-wood table, where lay the Pastor Fido, and on which also rested a guitar and a vase of roses, red and white intermingled. A little tawny girl, in the oriental costume, with a white turban on her head sparkling with ornaments, was playing on the carpet.

Cassandra was elegantly attired ; for she

was just of that age when love of dress is a passion of the sex. Yet she was not of a gay temper, but in her sprightliest mood a shadow would steal over her spirits like a cloud over the moon, and then it was dangerous for a man to look at her who had a heart in his breast. It was sure to do her fealty.

She sat in maiden meditation, gazing at the bright star of the Harp—her dark glossy hair gathered in a knot over her head, which leant upon her hand ;—a flush of conflicting feelings coloured her cheek, and suffused with a richer glow even the fairness of her forehead.

Roused by a footstep heard distinctly in the calm of the night, Cassandra involuntarily drew back her tall form, when she recognized the welcome voice of Brilliant, who exclaimed, “ You have grown timid since I saw you last—does your sailor’s presence give you fear ? ”

“ Oh ! no,” cried Cassandra, in a soft voice, which, while it charmed the ear, went to the heart—“ Oh ! no, dear Brilliant,

perfect love casteth out fear!" And she fell passive in his arms, her own alabaster arm, decorated with the glittering bracelet, passed fondly round his neck, and her red, luscious lip glued to his, amidst deep-drawn, virgin sighs. The little girl, diverted by them from her pastime on the carpet, could ill brook the cruel treatment which she thought her young mistress was undergoing, and, turning to the captain, she called out, "Have a care you no do my missee any hurt—she good missee, and I lub her."

Cassandra, beautiful and blushing, extricated herself from the arms of the captain, and turned away her face. It cost her a great effort to collect her scattered senses, so much had she been overcome.

"Look up, love," said the captain, "do you see yonder large clear star shining in at the window? It is the bright star of the Harp."

"I shall watch it to-morrow night," replied Cassandra, averting her dark eyes from the impassioned gaze of the captain. "I cannot look at it now."

She was thinking of a passage in Dante, her favourite Tuscan poet, of his mournful episode of the Two Lovers of Rimini ; and she turned pale at her recent peril, recalling the hemistich of most touching interest,

“ That day they read no more.”

The captain held Cassandra's hand in his own, as seated by him, with half-averted eyes, she concealed her blushing face with her snowy kerchief. He gazed on her hand in a kind of transport—he had never before given her hand particular attention, and he now examined it at his leisure.

There is more in a lady's hand, if it be cast in the mould of beauty, than is commonly imagined ; and I have often marvelled that Mr. Moore, who is a metaphysician in these things, has suffered the fact to escape him in his Loves of the Angels ; for his heroes, despite their pinions, alight on earth with no pure intent :—they are, in the main, greater rakes than the lieutenants of a man of war. The fair hand of a beautiful woman ! It often does great

execution ; and Lady Wortley Montague has observed that the face is not the handsomest part of a female.

The beautiful languor of Cassandra had invested her with a charm more inimical to the peace of the captain than the lightning of her eyes. He would have passed his arm again round her slender waist, but she gently repulsed him, still averting her tender eyes.

“ I am afraid, my dear,” said he, “ that I have offended you.”

The delicacy of Cassandra took alarm. With a woman’s wit she broke the chain of thought, and in a voice trembling as she spoke, replied, “ How could I be offended at your glow of fondness in seeing me again. Do you think I wished you to return cold and indifferent ?”

“ Then whence these tears ?”

“ You have a rival !”

Though the captain had suspected this—yet such was the power of the declaration over him that he looked thunderstruck ; for strange as it may seem, it is, however true, that we can endure to think what we cannot

bear to hear uttered. In the thought there is fluctuation ; the speech embodies the apprehended calamity.

“ A rival ! ” exclaimed he. Who ? ”

“ You may recollect, ” resumed Cassandra, “ that one Sunday, when you came late to church, a stranger handed me out of the admiral’s carriage. ”

“ I remember him—a puritanical rascal—he sat in the next pew, during the service. ”

“ He was, indeed, a true Tartuffe. From the first moment he was introduced to me, I suspected that his fidgetty sort of manner had something sinister, and no sooner were you, dear Brilliant, gone to sea, than he professed himself my admirer. ”

“ What did the admiral say to this?—forbid him his house ? ”

“ Nay, dear, the admiral, being credibly informed that he was a gentleman of great landed estates, threw open his doors to him. ”

“ Just like the old avaricious tar. His passion has always been gain. When he was port admiral on board the Royal Billy at Spithead, he rated his coach-horses on

the ship's books. But go on, Cassandra, with your story."

"It is told in a few words. I fled from his presence, as from all that I held most detestable. He was a college pedant—a Latin and Greek simpleton—an odious Wykehamist—he had been a fag and a prefect—I could have spit in his face. My uncle was incensed. He lost no occasion to reproach me for my disobedience, and one day, when I was seeking the lonely oak tree where we first met, to sit sequestered under its foliage, and muse and mourn, he shook the spying-glass at me which he held in his hand, as he passed your poor Cassandra at a distance."

"Did the admiral persist in his resentment?"

"He banished me from his presence, and interdicted me to the summer house, where, indeed, I am not the sole tenant of the lonely roof, for I have little Georgiana to keep me company."

At this revelation, the captain rose involuntarily from his seat, and paced the

room absorbed in thought. Cassandra repaired to her piano forte, and played not one sustained air, but the initial stanzas of half-a-dozen, beginning with "*Will you come to the bower ?*" and ending with the "*Sempre piu t'amo*" of Metastasio. So Ophelia, distracted in mind, but under the predominance of love, sang snatches of amorous ditties.

The captain drew a chair near her, and the agitated creature, by that sense which never fails to instruct a woman beloved, saw at once that *he looked matrimonial*, and anticipated, by his manner, what he was going to propose. He took her hand in his own, and with a sad countenance for the first time of his life, and in an attitude of entreaty, besought the adorable girl to put herself under his protection.

"Yes," cried she, holding her kerchief to her eyes, while her bosom beat up and down with the vehemence of her emotions—"I would rather follow after you a beggar in the wide world, or live a neglected slave at your side, than"—Here a mutual glance in-

terchanged, brief but powerful, suspended her soft voice ; and her eyes rested on his with such an expression of tenderness that he caught her to his breast, where, with many convulsive sobs, she breathed out her entreaty to be taken from the hated haunt of his rival, and be spared the humiliations she endured from her uncle. Her arms were round his neck, she suffered him to revel unreprieved in the bliss of her lips, passive, yielding, and almost unconscious ; when a loud tap at the window of the summer-house fell on her ear, and, startling, made her draw back from the lavish endearments of her naval lover.

“ Who comes there ? ” cried the captain in a hurried voice, advancing to the door, where Cassandra clung to him for succour. “ Who are you,” continued he, fixing his eye sternly on the athletic figure of a man half concealed by the leaf-entwined trellis-work of the porch, “ Stir not, answer for yourself, or by — I’ll run you through the body. Am I watched ? ”

The last words of the captain’s menace

were rendered inaudible by the hoarse and boisterous voice of old Tom Clueline, who had got his grog on board, and chucked at the alarm he had unintentionally occasioned.

“Captain,” said the trusty tar, his small grey eyes twinkling with vivacity, “captain, you will have to haul your wind. Jowler and Keeper have been barking all the night, and the admiral is as restless as the vane at the mast-head. He has turned out. I saw him coming down the stair-case, holding the bannister with one hand, and his broadsword in the other. He looms like Beachy Head in a fog.”

The captain pressed his lips to the hand of Cassandra which he held in his own, while she, in a caressing tone of voice, prolonged their separation to the last, exclaiming :

“ Good night, good night, parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I could say good night until the morrow !”

CHAPTER VIII.

“Marriage is a matter of more worth than to be dealt with by attorneyship.”

So off she goes !

The admiral's house and park looked down on a pleasant hamlet, consisting of several good farms, a few shops, and a respectable inn. It was concerted between the lover and Cassandra, that a chaise and four horses should draw up in the road opposite the summer-house, at nine the following night, the supper hour of the admiral, and Clue-line was to be at hand to convey the luggage to the vehicle.

In the meantime the captain strolled about the village, such was his happy temperament, with an air of indifference and gaiety of manner. It is not in the thoughtful mind that the seeds of earthly enjoyments are sown ; and their flowers flourish best in a light soil.

As he passed through the street, every young female was in a flutter. Some looked

in the glass before they put their heads out of the window—and adjusted the cap, or practised a smile, as though the captain's heart was not proof against such assailants. He passed on with that easy, unembarrassed air, that apparent unconsciousness of being observed, which denotes the man of perfect self-possession ; and his unconstrained walk produced such a contrast with that of the mechanics flinging their arms violently about in all directions, that the gazers were lost in admiration of his graces. “La ! what a sweet man !” exclaimed they, loud enough to be heard from the open casement. The praise of a fool is incense to the wisest of us ; and the captain was not displeased to find himself the idol of the country girls.

In stature the captain was rather above than below the middle size, but he was not one whom you would call a very tall man. He was of a saturnine complexion, dark eyes, hair and whiskers of the same colour, an aquiline nose, and well formed mouth ; and there was an expression in his countenance of great good nature, noble candour,

and high courage; whilst his bearing was frank, open, and manly, displaying itself in a mixture of familiar dialogue and easy authority, such as conveyed in his intercourse with the world the idea of a well-born, enterprising, and agreeable naval officer. He was not much given to reading. His delight in a book ran little higher than a song or an anecdote, but then to make amends, his natural understanding was not *overlaid* by learning, and his disengaged manners made him always welcome to the ladies, who felt his presence a relief in the yawn-exciting company of poets and professors. To sum up his character he was of a humane, frank, and ingenuous disposition; and he had the heart of a gentleman, and of a man of honor.

The captain during the day had with great address made every arrangement to act up to Mr. Moore's droll song of "We fly by night;" he had prevailed on Boniface at the village-inn to supply him with a post-chaise and four; and Miss Cassandra in a stolen, tender interview, had promised to

equip herself for travelling in her velvet pelisse at the hour of nine.

Cassandra was true to the appointed time, for her love was fixed. Apparelled in her riding dress, she had just slipped her Pastor Fido into her reticule, and was casting a complacent glance at her reflected image in the pier glass, which surmounted her piano forte, when poor little Georgiana ran up to her, and clinging fondly to her arm, cried, looking mournfully up at her, "Where Missee going? Missee neber find it in her heart to leeb her littee girl behind."

A tear which she could not repress started into her eye. She raised the child to her bosom, who sobbing nestled there, as she placed herself on a sofa spread with embroidered cushions. She looked around the room, and gave way to a train of thoughts and feelings fraught with salutary counsel—but after-thought acts no better on a transgression, than rain on verdure that has been parched—and at that moment the clock on the chimney-piece told the hour of flight was come; and the sound of the carriage,

and the sudden stop it made in the road, caused the child to start from its deep slumber on her agitated bosom.

It was a beautiful night in September when the carriage drew up to the door, and the rich tints of the autumnal leaf were revealed to view by the full moon, whose jocund face was peeping, as if by stealth, over the brow of the hill on the captain and Clueline encountering one another.

“A fine night, captain,” said old Clueline, who made his appearance succinctly girt in a pea-jacket buttoned up to his chin,—
“wind and tide both in your favour.”

“When did you see the admiral last?”

“A few minutes ago, sir.”

“Where was he?”

“Fast moored in his arm-chair, sir, just waked up from a sleep that lasted the length of a dog watch. He was giving himself a sallad, and stirring a glass of hot rum and water. He likes to take it easy about this time.”

“Was that an owl?”

“No sir. He does not venture out such

a night as this, when 'tis as bright as day. 'Twas the call of the *landrake*. He is hailing you, captain."

"Let him hail till his throat is sore. Come, Clueline, bear a hand."

"Bear-a-hand died in Long Reach, captain."

"Clueline, I am afraid you have bowsing your jib-stay up."

"God bless you, captain, it is all hanging down in a bight."

"The trunks, Clueline, the trunks !"

"The drivers have stowed them away, sir, long ago, and Miss has got her top-sails hoisted, and is only waiting for her sailing orders. I saw the young lady kissing and weeping over little Georgiana."

"Clueline, mind, when we are gone, to cherish that child as you would one of your own."

"Please God, captain, to spare me, she shall not want a father."

"Now, honest Clueline, farewell. The anchor is a-trip."

"I shall see you, sir, get under way."

As the captain assisted the young lady to the carriage, the mounted postilions sat their steeds uncovered, each holding his cap in his disengaged hand, while the rubicund landlord of the village-inn stood restraining the foremost horses pawing impatiently the ground. Old Tom Clueline had closed the door of the vehicle with one hand, and was pressing Georgiana to his hardy breast with the other, when the clamours of the child became so loud, that the thoughtless tar endeavoured to stifle them by covering its mouth with his clumsy fist.

“Clueline,” cried the captain, looking out of the open window of the carriage, “Forbear; hand the child up to me, we’ll take her along with us.”

Cassandra strained the tawny pet to her bosom, who, calm in the assurance of accompanying her mistress, looked up through her tears and laughed in her face. “All right!” cried the landlord, no longer restraining the horses. The postilions cracked their whips, the rumbling of the wheels was heard, and a band of country clowns rush-

ing out from behind a hedge, where they had been grinning in mute concealment for the last hour, united their acclamations with those of Clueline and Boniface.

The marriage ceremony was performed at Bristol, and it was a beautiful sight to see the captain in his gold-laced uniforms leading the bride to the altar with composed bashfulness in a white satin dress, emblematical of her own purity. Kneeling in that spirit of piety which hallows and sanctifies the nuptial vow, holding her velvet prayer book in one hand, the other folding her laced veil partially across her lovely person, she acknowledged, before the ministering priest, the captain as the chosen of her heart and the lord of her affections.

Her gentle bosom was formed for conjugal love—not madding love, fierce and evanescent as the summer’s sultry noon, but soft and lingering as the twilight hour ; and, when, a bride, she leant upon her husband’s breast, and he pressed her forehead with his lips, her face expressed a look which angels only wear.

CHAPTER IX.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE last chapter was eventful ; and it now remains for me to relate that captain Brilliant proceeded with his lady to Portsmouth, where his orders from the Admiralty had fortunately arrived only an hour before.

“Bravo !” cried the captain to his wife.
“Every thing smiles upon our union.
Touch and go is a good pilot.”

“But when do you go on board ?”

“The moment you are ready.”

“I am ready now,” said Cassandra, throwing her arms round his neck.

“Well, then, my love,” cried the captain,
“I will write a note to my first lieutenant,
and tell him to get the whip ready for you.”

“My dear Brilliant !” said Cassandra :—

“surely you are not a Russian. What have I done to deserve the whip?” *

Here the captain laughed heartily, (as I humbly trust my readers will do) when, having explained himself to Cassandra, he wrote his first lieutenant a note.

DEAR HURRICANE,

Get the whip ready. I am spliced.

Yours,

BRYAN BRILLIANT.

The coxswain of the barge returned with the following answer.

DEAR SIR,

So am I ! and a devil of a splice I have made.

I have the honour to be, &c.

HENRY HURRICANE.

Captain Brilliant having dined with Cassandra, at the hotel on the Point, and introduced his bride to lord Fearless, Sir Joshua

* Ladies are hoisted on board in a chair, fastened to a rope on the topsail-yard ; which is called a whip.

Invincible, and the honourable captain Cutwater, who commanded ships lying in the harbour, he embarked, with Cassandra and Georgina, in the barge, and was conveyed to the Desdemona.

But, on ascending the ship's side, our noble captain could not repress his astonishment at the uproar that prevailed on the quarter-deck of the frigate.

There was a young woman leaning against the capstan, stamping her cap under foot, and upbraiding the first lieutenant with every opprobrious epithet that an enraged female could utter.

“ You deceitful man !” cried the lady. “ Was it for this I married you before my last husband was laid in his grave, and put you in possession of a bag full of joes ? * Shame on you, you low fellow !”

“ Indeed, Flora, you are wrong.”

“ What ! have I not the use of my eyes,

* Joes are golden coins, that go in the West Indies ; and would, indeed, I presume, go any where. A bag full would be equivalent to a great fortune, if the bag were pretty large.

that you thus exculpate your conduct. Did I not see the woman take you by the arm? Did you not smile on her? Ha! you thought I was snug on board, and ignorant of your villany. But I suspected your conduct. Put me, I say, ashore! I will not stay another moment on board.

“Avast there! Flora. The boats are all hoisted in. We have got our sailing orders on board. The fore-topsail is loose. Captain Brilliant is come. I must get the ship under weigh.”

Cassandra and Georgina were now hoisted on board; and the former was melted into tenderness on beholding the distraction of a young and beautiful girl.

“What, my dear,” said she to her husband, “is the matter?”

“Faith,” cried the captain, “here is the devil to pay, and no pitch hot. I think I have had the pleasure of seeing that lady before. Mrs. Factor, if I mistake not?”

“Yes, sir,” sobbed the lady; “my name was Factor. You, not long ago, had the goodness to take me and my husband into

your ship. You remember the morning I left you ; Mr. Factor died the same night, of convulsions, in his bed. Not knowing a soul at Portsmouth, I returned on board the ship, and wanted to see you ; hoping you could recommend me to some lady to lodge with. You was gone to your friends : but your first lieutenant received me : and when I told him my tale, he affected to feel for me ; beseeched me not to afflict myself, and immediately accompanied me to Mrs. Read, who accommodated me with a first floor on the Point. At that time, sir, I had no more thoughts of him, than I have now of you ; and I was not a little surprised to receive from him a letter. I will read it to you."

"Avast there!" cried the lieutenant.
"Avast, and spare my blushes."

"This is the letter, sir," said Flora.

"DIVINE FLORA,

"The havoc committed by shells thrown into the seaport of an enemy, is a mere trifle in war time, compared, queen of queens ! to the destruction of my heart

from the fire of your eyes. Yes! goddess of goddesses! a shot from either one or both of those heavenly bow-chasers has raked my heart fore and aft, and knocked it into splinters; splinters that no carpenter can repair but the magic of your smiles. Alack! alack! every time I lie down in my hammock, I fairly make the clues strand, conceiving I hold you, beautiful Flora, in my arms: and if this be not a proof of my most ardent love, I know not in which point of the compass it lies. Lowering my top-galant-sails to you,

“I am your dying lieutenant,

“HENRY HURRICANE.”

“The man who brought the letter was the coxswain of the barge. He had only one eye, but with that one he looked all manner of ways while I was perusing the *billet-doux*; and when I asked him if he would choose a glass of wine, or a glass of grog, — ‘I thank you Ma’am,’ said he, ‘I’ll drink the wine while the grog is making.’”

To be grave on hearing this letter read exceeded all power of face. "Ha! ha! ha!" roared the captain. "Bravo! Hurricane! By the piper that played before Moses in the woods, you went upon the right tack. Ah! let a sailor alone for laying an anchor out to windward of a fair lady."

"Well, sir," continued Mrs. Factor, "the next morning he came ashore in a full suit of uniform, a gold laced hat, and a swaggering sword by his side; and being admitted to my presence, threw himself at my feet. He swore I was more beautiful in my undress (I was in dishabille) than a seventy four gun ship in full sail: and after heaping a thousand praises on what he called my top-lights, he implored I would suffer him to send for a chaplain to splice us together. At first I could with difficulty repress my smiles; but when I saw the man take his handkerchief from his pocket, and cry like a school boy,"—

"I beg pardon for interrupting you, madam," said the captain, "but I suspect Mr. Hurricane had an onion in his pocket."

“ Upon my soul, sir,” answered the lieutenant, “ when I thought she scorned my passion, I wept like a child.”

“ Belay there !” cried the captain ; “ you may tell that to the marines, but the sailors will not believe it.”

“ Well, sir,” resumed Flora, “ beholding a man weep for me, who I knew but a few days before was burning with impatience to encounter the enemies of his country, my heart was melted into tenderness, and I consented to become his wife. We were married the next day.”

“ I hope your husband conducted himself properly in the church.”

“ I behaved in a very officer-like manner, sir. I did not laugh once.”

“ Well, captain,” continued Flora, “ I now thought myself happy ; and I put into the hands of my new husband a bag full of joes. I also accompanied him on board the frigate, and I loved him so in my heart, that I would have gone with him, cheerfully, in a voyage round the world. But I soon found my happiness vanish like a dream. My husband

pretended that he had business at the dock-yard, and desired I would amuse myself with a book till he returned. But suspecting that, in reality, he was tired of my company, I followed in another boat, and popped upon my *dying lieutenant* toying, in the company of some more lieutenants, with several vulgar wenches, whose bold looks would have disgusted a man of the least sentiment."

"Hurricane," said the captain, "here is a grand charge against you. Were you to be tried by a court-martial, where there were a jury of husbands, you would certainly be transferred to the bottom of Hymen's list."

"Indeed, sir," said the lieutenant, "I am an innocent fellow."—"Yes," rejoined the captain, "so it appears."

"Why, sir," said the lieutenant, "the fact was this: having dined at the Blue-Posts, with three or four of my old messmates, in walking down together to the boat at the Point, we passed a house where there were half a dozen young women before the door. They all of them hailed us: but all I wanted

was to luff up, to bear away to keep clear of the fleet ; for I had now got a wife, and had entirely done with drifting. But I was embarrassed in the clinch. For just as I was endeavouring to shove off my boat from them, a girl lays hold of me stock and fluke, and swears I shall not leave her.”

“ Yes,” cried Flora, “ she hanged and lolled upon you ; and you smiled, and was ready to accompany her into the house.”

“ How now ?” rejoined the lieutenant, “ I was trying to get from the house, and had already cleared myself from the arms of the woman, when lo ! my wife appears, and reads the articles of war to me.”

“ Oh !” ejaculated Flora, sinking into a chair which the steward had brought upon deck—“ Oh,” cried she, with a heart swelled almost to bursting—“ indeed, indeed, I had reason for reproof.”

“ Well,” said the captain, “ we will hoist the barge in upon the strength of it.”

The yard and stay-tackles on board the frigate were now overhauled down, and hooked on to the cutter ; the falls were

manned, and the boatswain, together with his three mates, began to tune

“the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd.”

The sailors were making a run of the tackle-falls, and Mr. Hurricane, the lieutenant, was heard to exclaim, “Silence there! Step out, men! step out! Walk away with him, cheerly!”

In one minute the cutter was suspended in the air, between the main and fore-yards. And now were heard the following orders, which had the magic to place the boat upon the booms:—

“High enough with the stays! Avast there! Lower away the yards! Lower away the stays! Let go!”

The ladies now descended the ladder out of the way of the sailors, who were coiling the ropes down on the deck; little Georgiana holding Flora's hand affectionately in her own.

Looking up at her with speaking eyes, the little tawny creature said, “I fraid your liftenny very bad man.”

“ Yes, my dear,” replied Flora, holding her handkerchief to her face, “ I am afraid he is.”

CHAPTER X.

I never saw her match! no ship that glides
O'er sea, e'er cleaved with swifter prow the tides,
Stiff as a church,—however rough the main,
She 'll carry sail till all is blue again.

THE AUTHOR.

“ONCE more upon thy deck, my good ship, Desdemona, I seek again the bosom of my parent ocean, where, a sea-boy on the lofty mast, my young heart beat with the love of enterprise, reckless of repose or toil. Once more upon thy deck, and watching thy canvas-spread yards, and thy tall spars sweeping and tracing, as it were, with their trucks, the golden clouds in the zenith of the sky; I leave the shore behind, and its turmoil of baleful passions and jarring venal interests.”

The orders which captain Brilliant had received commanded him to proceed without delay to the capes of Virginia, where it was suspected there were to be found some of the enemy's cruisers.

The topsails were, accordingly, sheeted home and hoisted ; the capstan bars were again manned ; the anchor the ship rode at was hove up to the bows ; and, being cast by lieutenant Hurricane, the frigate stood out of Spithead on her cruize.

Hotspur exclaimed to his wife, " Kate, you shall see me ride !" But Hurricane, might have said to his wife, " Flora, you shall see me get a ship under weigh."

The sails being trimmed, captain Brilliant accosted the blooming Cassandra, and, saluting her, cried, " Welcome, my sweet love, on board the ship I command. But, alas ! I am apprehensive you will soon wish yourself in Wales, where you were under no fear of bringing your anchors home."

" Indeed, my love," said Cassandra, " your suspicions are unjust. The shore and the sea are alike to Cassandra, provided she is with you."

" You will not," returned the captain, " be without the society of your sex. Though Mrs. Hurricane is somewhat violent, her manners still discover elegance and ease."

“She is indeed,” said Cassandra, “a very pretty young woman. I pray you invite her below.”

“Steward,” said the captain, “go into the gun-room and tell Mrs. Hurricane to come to tea. Little Georgina is already become fond of her.”

Mrs. Hurricane came into the cabin more composed in her aspect.

“My dear madam,” said she to Cassandra, “I hope you will excuse my impetuosity; but I love my husband so passionately, that it made me quite forget myself. Lord! how he contrives to make the ship gallop along with us. Are you not alarmed? And he roars so through his trumpet, that he would deafen a ballad-singer.”

“Your husband, madam,” cried captain Brilliant, “has got a top-chain down his throat. He is a noble sea-officer. I know him on every tack. He was once a midshipman under me, and has risen to his present dignity by his zeal for the service. A better officer never took a speaking trumpet in his hand. If he has any fault, it is, that

there is not a fine girl at the Point whom he has not had in tow."

"My dear Brilliant," said Cassandra, "forbear your strictures. Mrs. Hurricane, you must not mind my husband ; he is only in jest."

"Ah !" sighed Mrs. Hurricane, "I believe many a true word is said in jest. I know Hurricane made the first overture to the wench I caught him with—I know the inconstant did ! I will never have done rating him till I get at the truth."

Mr. Hurricane here came down the ladder to confer with the captain. "It looks black, sir, to windward," said he ; "shall we take another reef in the topsails ?"

"Black !" repeated Flora, disdainfully. "Then it corresponds with your heart."

"Close-reef the pudding-bags, Mr. Hurricane," replied the captain. "Take in the top-gallant-sails, and turn the hands up to reef topsails."

Mr. Hurricane had scarcely left the cabin, when the flag-ship at Spithead fired her evening gun.

" There !" said captain Brilliant, " goes the commodore down the main hatchway."

And now the party sat down to enjoy their tea in the cabin, over which much pleasantry and good humour prevailed. The steward, together with the cabin boys, waited at table ; and the sail-maker was busied in one corner, putting a new pair of clues to the captain's cot.

" Let my gear be strong," said the captain to the sail-maker, " for I expect we shall have some hard squalls in the night. Mrs. Hurricane, how are you, madam ? Do you feel a little sick at stomach ?"

" A little queer, sir."

" Ha, Hurricane, I perceive, has already laid the keel of a young one."

The captain went on deck to see if the wind was coming more aft before he turned in. Nor did the ladies regret his temporary absence. After all a woman is perfectly at ease only in the company of one of her own sex, and with no other does she hold unrestrained communion.

CHAPTER XI.

Night came, and now eight bells had struck,

DIBDIN.

THERE is a subdued tone in polished life ashore which repels the suggestion of natural emotion ; and the conventional mode of speech which prevails in the saloon destroys every peculiarity of original character. But a sailor, rough in his habits, and unchastised in his discourse, resembles a coarse coin whose legend is visible.

The ship's bell having rung for eight o'clock, lieutenant Taffarel went upon deck to relieve lieutenant Hurricane ; when, exchanging a man-of-war's bow, they fell together into the quarter-deck step, and conversed with much gaiety.

“Why! — it, Hurricane,” cried Taffarel, “the captain and you have both gone upon the same tack, and both fetched the same port. His wife is a beauty. But what is it he calls her? Cat-fall-andra? 'Tis a very good name, for she has a noble pair of cat-heads.”

“She seems,” said Hurricane, “to be a nice sea-boat. But as to mine, she ’ll neither stay, nor wear, nor lie too, nor scud.”

“Psha !” said Taffarel, “you don’t know her trim yet.”

“What a passion,” cried Hurricane, “she was in this afternoon, when the captain came along-side. By — ! I was ashamed of myself. The ship is no better than a privateer.”

“She looked very warlike,” said Taffarel. “I thought more than once, she would have flattened your jib-sheet in.”

“It cannot be helped,” retorted Hurricane, “Hard up ! and she cracks.”

“Have you heard the news?” said Taffarel.

“What is it?” cried Hurricane.

“Why, the third lieutenant is on the doctor’s list ; and you and I, this night, must keep watch and watch.”

“It is the same thing to me. The middle watch is mine. It is you who will have two skulks in the lee-scuppers.”

“— all watches ! I would sell mine to any body for a trifle.”

“ 'Tis the fortune of war.”

“ Where's your wife, Hurricane ?”

“ She is in the main-top, picking gooseberries.”

“ You would not let her go ashore !”

“ Yes, I would, if she would have gone upon the sheet anchor.”

“ Ha, ha ! that would be next to heaving her over the standing part of the main-sheet.”

“ What did you think of the letter ?”

“ It was sublime, by heaven ! When Flora read it, I knew it was yours. I knew your style of writing.”

“ I did not think she would overhaul it again. How the captain laughed !”

“ Laugh ! It made all hands laugh. ‘ Your dying lieutenant !’ That was much better than ‘ dying swain,’ for what is a long-shore-man compared to a sailor.”

“ Well, I must go below. I get no more rest than the vane at the mast-head. Taf-farel ! take care the ship does not fall overboard.”

“ Aye ! aye ! sir ! aye ! aye ! But, Hur-

ricane, hark you! you have not told me which way the ship's head is?"

"Her head is between the two cat-heads."

"Well, bear a hand, and get your anchor a cock-bill."

"It already hangs by the stopper. My shank-painter is let go; and I have roused up a good range of cable upon deck."

"Then let go the anchor!"

CHAPTER XII.

Amantium iræ amoris integratio est.

TERENCE.

The quarrels of lovers end in more tender reconciliations.

THE second lieutenant, invested with the charge of the deck, kept pacing it, in his nightly walk, with great glee ; now looking up at the lofty canvas of the ship, and anon instructing the quarter-master at the con.

Mr. Hurricane, having gone below, dispatched the gun-room steward into the cabin, with his compliments to Mrs. Hurricane, and he was going to turn in.

“Carry the message ashore,” said Mrs. Hurricane ; “he does not want me.”

“Indeed, madam, he does,” returned the steward. “Your husband is now walking up and down the gun-room with his hands in his becketts.”

“Ha ! ha !” laughed the captain.

“ Shall I say, madam,” cried the steward, “ that you are coming ? ”

“ No ! I am not married to a fore-mastman. I will not go to bed at eight o'clock. Such an hour only suits the vulgar.”

“ It is almost nine, madam : Mr. Hurricane waited for you till one bell.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ” laughed the captain again.

“ Mr. Hurricane,” cried the steward, “ says he cannot, madam, sleep without you.”

“ His wife,” said Flora, “ will not believe that.”

“ Nor the sailors either,” rejoined the captain : “ It will only do for the marines.”

“ Go, my dear girl,” said Cassandra.

“ Will you come, madam ? ” asked the steward.

“ Let my husband come and attend me,” said Flora.

“ Yes,” rejoined the captain ; “ tell Mr. Hurricane to come and convoy his wife down the ladder.”

“ Aye ! aye ! sir ! ” cried the steward.

In a few minutes lieutenant Hurricane made his appearance, with a lanthorn in his

hand. "My dear," said he, "you are very slack in stays."*

"Slack in stays!" said Flora. "I have no stays on. Go to your wenches, you low fellow."

"Handsomely! handsomely, † Flora," cried the lieutenant. "You forget, that in a short time you will be out of soundings. You forget, madam, that soon I shall have you in blue water."

"Go to the dock again," replied Flora.

"I want to get you into dock," said the lieutenant. "Come! do heave up your anchors. You know, my dear, what a long time it takes you to undress. You are as long rigging and unrigging as a seventy-four gun ship."

"Surprising!" said the captain. "Now, my wife will strip ship in a minute."

"My dear Brilliant!" said Cassandra.

"Pray, Flora, spring your luff," said the

* Slack in stays, is a term applied to a ship that does not tack quickly.

† Handsomely implies gently.

lieutenant. "It takes you half an hour to get on your shifting-backstay-nightcap."

"Good night, Mrs. Brilliant," said Flora.

"Good night, my dear," replied Cassandra.

"Good night, Mrs. Hurricane," said the captain. "Mind you square the yards by the lifts and braces. Hurricane! I suspect we shall have to send down top-gallant yards. There will be some hard squalls before the morning."

Mrs. Hurricane gave her arm to her husband, and they sought their cabin in the gun-room; a wranglesome, but not a fashionable couple, for they did not require separate hammocks.

"A pretty honey-moon this!" cried the lieutenant, turning his eyes up to the carlings, in sign of amazement.

"My dear," replied Flora, in a soothing tone of voice, "a couple that is wise will not repeat old grievances."

CHAPTER XIII.

Unto them,
The billows are wild playmates.

BAILEY.

WHILE the steward was slinging the nuptial cot to the beams in the cabin, our hero went up the ladder with his lady.

When captain Brilliant came upon deck with Cassandra, a more beautiful scene could scarcely be imagined than that which presented itself. The moon was gazing at her face in the water, the sails were reflected on the deep, and the repose of the night was disturbed only by the roar of the ocean, whose talking waves the sea-boy chid as he lolled over the bow.

The bell was now struck four ; the man at the wheel was relieved, and the log was hove.

“She goes eleven knots, sir,” said the master’s mate, addressing the lieutenant with a bowing mien.

“Ha!” cried the captain, “she walks through it indeed.”

“What is a knot?” said Cassandra.

“A knot, my love,” replied the captain, “is a mile.”

“How loud it blows,” said Cassandra.

“Yes, my dear,” said the captain: “the wind whistles through the blocks, as the old fellow observed, when he had only half a sheave at his mast-head.”

“Does it ever blow harder at sea?” said Cassandra.

“Harder! my dear,” replied the captain. “It sometimes blows hard enough to blow the devil’s horns off.”

“My dear Brilliant!” said Cassandra.

“Cassandra,” whispered the captain, “it is too cold for you to be upon deck. Come below and turn in.”

“Let me stay upon deck a little longer,” said Cassandra. “The sea is so awful. It reminds me of a passage in the bible, ‘They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters; these see the

works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep !”

“ Then you read the bible sometimes,” said the captain.

“ Yes, my dear,” replied Cassandra. “ It always makes me cheerful.”

“ And do you believe about Jonah and the whale ?” said the captain. “ That will only do for the marines.”

“ Indeed,” retorted Cassandra, “ I believe it from my heart. What may not be effected by supernatural interposition ?”

“ Mr. Taffarel !” cried the captain, “ the wind is coming aft. Haul in the weather-braces.”

“ Send the after-guard and marines aft, here !” exclaimed the lieutenant, “ to the weather-main-brace ! Up there ! a blue jacket ! and bear those back-stays abreast the top-brim. Where are the main-top-men ? Boatswain’s mate ! start the main-top-men aft here. Haul in the main brace ! Pull together, men ! Mind the weather-roll ! There you are well with the main-

yard! Don't come up any! Belay every inch of that!"

The other yards were now squared in succession, by the watch; and the *Desdemona* urged her course with glory through the wind-obeying deep. Time stole insensibly along; the log was again hove for midnight; the bell was rung, the boatswain's mate was heard to pipe and exclaim thrice, "Starboard watch, ahoy! Starboardlines, ahoy!"

The quarter-master now went below to call the midshipmen, of whom many being old men-of-war's men, stood two calls; and a midshipman descended to wake lieutenant Hurricane, who was snoring by the side of his wife.

"Curse all watching!" cried Hurricane, rising up in his bed. "I wish my mother had sold vinegar, and I had staid at home to bottle it off. I get no more rest than a dog-vane!"

"My dear," said Flora, "if you go upon deck, I will go with you." And so saying, she threw her arms round the neck of lieu-

tenant Hurricane, with such blushing cheeks, that the lieutenant, like a true man-of-war's man, stood a second call before he turned out.

At length Mr. Hurricane came up the companion-ladder, accompanied by Flora, who had wrapped herself in her husband's great-coat.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the captain, "Who have we here? A friend of the baker or a friend of the brewer?"

"She is both, sir, I believe," said Mr. Hurricane. "Here we come, sir, together! Here we come, sir, like a bunch of rope-yarns tied up into granny's knots."

"My dear Flora!" said Cassandra, "what brought you up in the cold?"

"I cannot sleep by myself," replied Flora; "I come to keep watch with Hurricane."

"Bravo!" cried the captain: "you will soon be a sailor. You will soon be able to do your duty in any part of the ship."

"She can already, sir," said Hurricane, "both hand and steer."

“Was there not a heavy squall in the night?” said the captain.

“Yes, sir,” returned the lieutenant. “My poor wife was taken aback ; but she soon boxed her ship off.”

“Come, Cassandra,” said the captain, “let us descend and turn in.”

“Good night, Mrs. Hurricane,” cried Cassandra ; “I hope you will take no cold.”

“Good night, madam,” replied Flora ; “I hope you will sleep well.”

At the moment, however, that the captain had taken the fair hand of his bride to conduct her down the ladder, the sailor on the look out aloft exclaimed in a voice of great trepidation, “A shoal on the larboard bow !”

The lieutenant of the watch ran immediately to the wheel to assist the steersman in putting the helm a port, but the captain, cool and collected, reproved him with saying “Don’t, Taffarel ; throw the sails up in the wind, but keep the ship her course. Who is that at the wheel ?”

“Me, sir, Tom Vane.”

“Steady, Vane, as you go!”

“Steady it is, sir.”

The officers who had rushed forward on the fore-castle to descry the object which had created so great alarm, returned with the intelligence that it was the wreck of a ship drifting with the winds and waves.

“Haul the courses up,” cried the captain, “and stand by to back the main-top-sail. We are ranging up with the disastrous bark. I knew it was no shoal, or we should have changed the colour of our water.”

It was the lamentable wreck of a large ship—dismasted and water-logged in one of those tremendous gales which sometimes visit the Atlantic. The associations produced by the view of it were of a most touching nature. There were to be seen the remains of shawls with which the officers, or some of the crew, had fastened the frantic female passengers to the deck to prevent them from being washed off by the waves as they made a breach over the ill fated hull, the sport and victim of the conflicting elements. The sea-weed had gathered

about the sides, and as the hull rolled with unwieldy motion in the trough of the sea, clusters of shell-fish were seen adhering tenaciously to its bottom.

The frigate's crew looked on in the profound silence of heart-felt sorrow. The ladies on the quarter-deck turned to weep, and Cassandra, with no vulgar grief, uttered in convulsive sobs, looking another Miranda, "Poor souls, they perished!"

CHAPTER XIV.

She hoists her flag—the waters of the deep
Reflect the union at her mizen-peak.

OFF the Azores, or Western Isles, captain Brilliant fell in with, and spoke an English seventy-four gun ship. The private signal being mutually answered, the two ships ranged up alongside of one another, and reciprocal inquiries passed between them.

“What frigate is that?” cried the captain of the seventy-four.

“The Desdemona!”

“The Desdemona! Then how is captain Brilliant?”

“Hearty, at your service. But I declare you have the advantage of me.”

“What! have you forgot the voice of your messmate Tempest?”

“What, is it you, Tempest? How are you? What cheer, my dear friend?”

“Hearty! hearty! How is your first lieu-

tenant? Does he drift as much as ever among the girls?"

"Yes!" exclaimed Flora, "his character is notorious!"

"I have done with blowens, sir," said lieutenant Hurricane; "I am spliced. This lady, who now looks over the rough-tree-rail, has brought me up all standing, with a round turn double bitted. The chaplain at Portsmouth read a page to us out of Hamilton Moore."

"What the devil!" cried the strange captain, "another ship in tow? Why, it was only three weeks ago that I saw the wife you married at Baltimore. I have a letter from her to you in my pocket. She is inconsolable for your departure. She missed stays just after you shoved off your boat. You had laid down the keel of a young luff."

"Great God!" exclaimed Flora, clasping her hands. "What do I hear? Take me! O! take me, sir, into your ship! Snatch me from the presence of the falsest of men!"

"Your eldest boy," resumed the strange

captain, "is the very image of you. He grows rapidly. He is nearer heaven than he was by full half an inch."

"Heavenly God!" exclaimed Flora.

"Believe it not, Flora," said Mr. Hurricane. "I was never married before. I have no son in the world. I am without a heir to my estates."

"Avast there!" replied captain Brilliant. "Heave and paul! You forget the child you had by Quasheba of Port Royal."

"Yes!" cried Flora; "your villany is confirmed. Take me from the ship! Take me from the ship! Oh! you deceiver!"

"Then go!" retorted lieutenant Hurricane. "Your behaviour is so unlike that of an officer's lady, that the sooner you brace up and haul aft, the better. Shall I hoist out the cutter, sir?"

"Yes, Mr. Hurricane," replied the captain, "toss out the boat."

"Yes," said Flora, weeping, "you are all in a league against me. But I don't care. I'll go. And when I leave the ship, I will shake the dust off my feet."

“Hook on the cutter there!” said the lieutenant.

“Avast!” cried the captain. “Detain the cutter and expedite the barge.”

“Barge-men away there!” cried the midship-man. “Coach-horses away there!” echoed the boatswain’s mate. “All hands out barge! ahoy!”

“My dear girl,” said Cassandra to Flora, “let not your suspicions triumph over your judgment. Sailors love to joke; and I would put no other construction upon what has been said. Be pacified by me, and do not mind what they say.”

“You will never, madam,” returned Flora, “convince me I am not deceived. You are not yet acquainted with the character of my husband. I will pack up my clothes. I will go on board the other ship.”

The boatswain and his mate now piped the hands up, to hoist out the barge. “All hands!” exclaimed Mr. Silvercall (having first piped) “out barge ahoy! Come! bear a hand up there, men! Boatswain’s mate!”—

“Sir!”

“Let me know who is last up the main hatchway !”

When Flora came on deck to migrate to the seventy-four, she seemed fitted out rather for a stage-coach journey, than a simple exchange of ships. She was wrapped in a white cachmere shawl with a magnificent border, and her features were concealed from the profane gaze of the officers and crew by an immense straw bonnet, tied down with satin ribbons, exhibiting two bows, the edges of which were cut in vandykes.

She was followed by the captain's steward, who could hardly keep a grave countenance, bearing a portmanteau.

Lieutenant Hurricane, with mock politeness offered to assist her down the ship's side ; but he came very near undergoing the penalty of his rashness. She gave him such a look, that he “back recoiled” three paces on the half-deck, and wanted but little of tumbling over into the waist.

CHAPTER XV.

**Fie ! fie ! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow,
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor !**

SHAKESPEARE.

THE barge having been hoisted out, captain Brilliant went on board the seventy-four, accompanied by Cassandra and Flora, with little Georgina in their train.

The party was received with every elegance of urbanity by captain Tempest, of the Salamander: the cabin-doors were thrown open, and wine, and biscuit, together with the choicest tropical fruits, were placed on the table.

“Faith ! Tempest,” said Brilliant, “this is an excellent land-fall for the ladies.”

The party having refreshed themselves, Cassandra, who had never before visited a line-of-battle ship, was shown every part that could gratify curiosity. Nor was any attention omitted. The marines were under arms ; the lieutenants had dressed them-

selves with studied elegance ; and the midshipmen had pipe-clayed the weekly accounts to their collars.

At length a breeze sprang up ; when it became necessary that the two ships should separate. The boat was ordered to be hauled up alongside. "Desdemona's ! away, there !" vociferated the midshipman of the watch. "Call the sidesmen ! Boatswain's mate ! Tell Mr. Stronglungs to attend the side !"

The visitors got ready to depart.

"Mrs. Hurricane," said captain Brilliant, "allow me to assist you into the boat ?"

"No, sir," replied Flora ; "I will return to England. Captain Tempest will not, I dare say, refuse me a passage."

"But what will my first lieutenant," said captain Brilliant, "do for a wife ?"

"He will find one where he is going," answered Flora.

"Do come," said Cassandra, "I entreat you."

"Indeed, my dear, you must excuse me," returned Flora.

At this period, captain Tempest was reclining on his arm, and whispering tender things in the ear of Mrs. Hurricane. Fragments of his discourse were overheard: "Better accommodations in this ship—the cabin more roomy—all things harmonious—unanimity and tranquillity—officers polished—the yellow fever in America!"

"Come, Tempest," cried captain Brilliant, "don't be talking *sentimental* to Flora. Don't you be laying an anchor out to windward of my first lieutenant."

The *Desdemona* had now filled, and Mr. Hurricane ranged up alongside of the seventy-four.

"*Desdemona*! ahoy!" cried captain Brilliant. "Hurricane!"

"Sir!" replied the lieutenant.

"Get your wife's chest and hammock ready to send on board here," cried captain Brilliant; "she is determined to draw the splice."

"Aye, aye! sir!" replied the lieutenant.

"Adieu, Flora! A pleasant passage back to your friends."

“Monster!” exclaimed Flora.

The barge now conveyed the captain and his lady back to the frigate, leaving Flora on board the seventy-four: who, however inflamed with indignation, could not repress a tear. But when the people reciprocally cheered on board the two ships, and each shaped a different course, the heart of Flora was ready to burst; it was then she bewailed the loss of her lieutenant; it was then she felt his value, which possession did not give her.

“Put me on board the *Desdemona*, I implore you! captain Tempest,” cried Flora. “Restore me! oh, restore me to my best beloved *Hurricane*!”

“My sweet angel,” said captain Tempest, “be not uneasy. You will soon forget your husband. These things are trifles in war-time.”

“Oh! no! oh! no!” exclaimed Flora. “Stop the ship! oh! stop the ship!”

“By heaven!” said captain Tempest, “I must make a signal of distress. Get a gun ready on the fore-castle!”

“All ready with the gun, sir!” cried the gunner.

“Fire away!”

The gun having been fired, the seventy-four hauled up her courses, and backed her main-topsail, while the *Desdemona* hove in stays, and made a stretch under her quarter.

“*Desdemona*! ahoy!”

“Holloa!”

“My new passenger is distracted. She is crying for her lieutenant.”

“Talk to her, Hurricane,” said captain Brilliant.

“Flora!”

“My dear!”

“Then you don’t like to sleep out of your hammock?”

“No, my dear!”

“Well then, I’ll go on board for you.— Jolly-boat boys! away!”

The jolly-boat was lowered down from the davits abaft; lieutenant Hurricane went for his wife. Again the people cheered, and again the two ships separated.

The passage of the *Desdemona* across the

Atlantic was peculiarly favourable, and in a fortnight after speaking the seventy-four, she made the American coast.

A pilot-boat hove in sight off Cape Charles, and running under the frigate's counter, hailed to know if a pilot was wanted for Hampton Roads. The answer was in the affirmative, and to the surprise of the captain and officers, a negro pushed off in the boat. It rained a torrent from a formidable black cloud in the sky, and at the same instant a tremendous peal of thunder burst overhead, and as the pilot ascended the ship's side, the water came down in a deluge.

The old fellow, pulling up the shadow of his check-shirt collar, which was wringing wet, and shaking the drops from his tarred jacket, nodded to the captain and officers with democratic familiarity, distending his mouth, as he surveyed them, into the exaggeration of a smile. He then went to the binnacle, affected to look at the compass, threw his eyes up at the sails, and called to the man at the wheel, "Teady! boy, teady! as you go!"

“Well, pilot,” said the captain, “we have had the devil of a shower.”

“Yes, massa, we hab ’em very hard—a regular sowser, massa, dat go de whole hog.”

“Enough, pilot, to wet the best feathered duck to the skin.”

“Yes, massa, or goose either. By golly, I don’t tink any bird hab jacket tick enough to keep ’em wet out when he come down dashing dat way.”

“It looks black, pilot, to windward. We shall have to stand by the top-gallant haliards and lee-sheets. Was not that a flash of lightning?”

“Massa, he ’fraid of lightning? Suppose you here in hurricane month—den, massa, den you hear tunder after de lightning louder dan if ’em admiral ship fire off de whole of him big gun togeder.”

“How do you feel yourself in such a case?” interrupted lieutenant Balcony.

“De clap shake ’em brain, massa, till he tremble like jelly in a sauce-pan.”

“Brain! how much do you calculate that calabash of yours contains?”

“Double allowance, massa. I tink ’em cull so full dat dere no room for any more. Else, massa, how ’em take man-of-war safe into Hampton Roads.”

“I suppose, then, master blackey, you think yourself no small beer?”

“I like ’em trong drink better; wish I had ’em good drink of your London porter, massa leutenant.”

“I’ll be —— but you’re a knowing one—that was well put in, pilot, but I don’t *take*.”

“Neber mind dat, massa leutenant; suppose you don’t *take*, dat no hinder you to *give*.”

“Why, you beat the very devil!”

“How corpulent you are getting, pilot, you begin to take on.”

“By golly, I always take good ting whenever I can catch ’em.”

“Heave and paul, there. You are returning to the charge!”

“No, massa leutenant, I don’t charge you any ting but for pilotage into Hampton Roads—’em soon be long enough on dis tack, and suppose captain like to give ’em

glass of grog on deck before 'em ship go about, den dat is well and good. By golly, 'em shoal, 'em water. About ship, about ship."

"Heave the lead quick," cried the captain to the leadsman in the chains.

"By the deep nine!"

"Hurricane, we are nearing the land fast. 'Tis time to go in stays."

The lieutenant disengaged himself from Flora, who was fondly holding him by the arm. He snatched up a speaking-trumpet that was lying on the drum-head of the capstan, and vociferated through it to the ship's company, "Ready about! ready about! Helm's a-lee there! Fore-sheet, fore-top-bowline, jib and fore-top-mast-stay-sail-sheet let go!" The frigate answered her helm charmingly, and she was soon trimmed on the other tack.

CHAPTER XVI.

Hope sings along the yellow sand
Their welcome to a friendly land.
MOORE.

THE frigate had made a fine offing towards Cape Charles, and it was evident that on her present tack she would fetch Hampton Roads.

The appropriate chart of Blount's American Coasting Pilot was exposed to view on the capstan, but Cuffey held in contempt what he could not comprehend. "Me best pilot," he cried, "'em no want book—me see de fort on Old Point Comfort—'em steer for dat."

The frigate came to an anchor in the roads a little before sunset. She brought up about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and a pretty little farm house, shaded with Lombardy poplars, overlooked the anchoring. The farm, or rather plantation, called forth the exclamations of the ladies, who viewed it with delight from the quarter-deck ; and

Cassandra, who had made the tour of Europe, compared it to the sweet homesteads that charm the eye in the cantons of Lucerne and Soleure.

On coming to an anchor, the black pilot was landed in the jolly-boat, and not only liberally rewarded for taking the ship into the bay, but presented with a small keg of rum. He stopped at the planter's house. He extolled the captain and officers to the skies—"neber, neber meet with such vebby kind people"—and he added that he had overheard the ladies express a wish to be entertained at the house.

Mr. Keith, the proprietor of the farm, at this information, immediately despatched a very civil letter of invitation to captain Brilliant and the ladies, importuning them to make his house their home. Meantime, his wife, "on hospitable cares intent," stirred up her negro girls, and prepared a sumptuous supper to regale her expected guests.

Captain Brilliant left his first lieutenant in charge of the ship, and, accompanied by the ladies and Georgiana, was not slow in

accepting the invitation of Mr. Keith, who, with his lady, gave the party a very kind reception.

Mr. Keith boasted that his ancestors were from the old country, and his wife, a sweet, unaffected woman, put in the same claim. Every thing about the house wore an air of opulence, and when the seafaring guests adjourned to the supper-room, they found a profusion of good things on the table. The repast consisted of hams, pork-steaks, fried chicken, broiled shad, homony, rice muffins, waffles, cakes, hot bread of maize and wheat, pickles, preserves, and musk and water melons. The tea and coffee pots were of chased silver, and the furniture of the apartment was mahogany. "How I wish," said Flora, "that my beloved Hurricane was here," but, perceiving some pretty mulatto girls waiting at table, she stopped short in her speech, and coloured prodigiously. Jealousy, when deep-seated in the bosom of a wife, is an incurable disease.

After supper the conversation turned on the aborigines of America, and Mr Keith,

who had been made a prisoner by a hostile tribe of Indians, gave the company an account of the hardships he had suffered during his detention among them. His young wife, who had shared in his captivity, sat by his side during the recital.

THE STORY OF MR. KEITH'S CAPTIVITY AMONG
THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

In the month of August, 1790, I proceeded down the Ohio river, in a large boat, with a young wife, to whom I had been married a twelvemonth, and a child of three months old that she carried in her arms.

I was transporting my family and effects from Log's Town to Fishing Creek, where I had purchased a mill, which stood hard by the Falls.

We felt some little regret on leaving our old abode. There is a certain attachment to place and things, by which a town, a house, or a tree, have an influence over the mind. Log's Town is not an enviable place of residence. Yet I doubt whether baron

Trenk left his dungeon without some degree of pensiveness.

Our feet clung to the threshold of the door of our old house. My wife gazed with wildness at the locust-tree, under whose shade she had so often sat with me, and listened to the mocking-bird's song; and I saw a tear fall from her eye upon the child that slept at her bosom.

A couple of negroes, Jack and Cuffey, rowed our canoe, and I undertook to steer her. Towards evening we had reached a broad part of the Ohio; the current ran strong in our favour; and there was less occasion for rowing, than to keep the canoe in the middle of the river.

The moon, in solemn majesty, was rising from the woods; the fire-fly was on the wing, and the banks of the Ohio echoed with the incessant and melancholy cry of the whip-poor-will.

“Massa Keith!” cried the negro Cuffey, “something not aright. Something scare whip-poor-will. She cry like a mother that lose her pickniny.”

I could not forbear smiling at the superstition of the fellow : but my wife drew nearer to me, and hugged the babe closer to her breast.

In a few minutes more, the most lamentable cries that ever were uttered assailed our ears. My wife screamed with affright, and the arms of the rowers were suspended.

I instantly put my fusil upon the whole cock, and kept the canoe in the middle of the stream, ordering at the same time the negroes to pull away.

I directed my eye towards the spot from whence the noise proceeded ; and, being recovered from my emotion, could discern a white man, kneeling at the bank of the river, supplicating me with every gesture and attitude that wretchedness could dictate, to take him into the boat.

I called to Jack and Cuffey to lie upon their oars. The poor wretch repeated his cries. " Oh ! take him on board ! " exclaimed my wife. " His cries pierce my heart."

I steered towards the shore, and told the stranger to get on board.

“ Alas !” faltered the man, “ I have not strength left to move. For five days I have been without food, save now and then an acorn. Oh ! leave me not to perish ; but help me, I beseech you !”

I ordered the negroes to lift the man on board ; but they had scarce jumped on shore, when a dozen of Indians rushed from a wood, yelling out the most diabolical screeches and notes, and surrounded us in a twinkling.

The white man who had thus decoyed us to the shore was a prisoner to the Indians, and was employed by them, under the penalty of death, to ensnare the incautious passenger down the river, by his piercing cries, and lamentable exclamations. Two captives they had dispatched with their war-clubs for refusing to perform the office.

I was quickly disarmed by the Indians, and Cuffey, in his attempt to flee into the woods, was overtaken by a young war-cap-

tain, and tomahawked on the spot. When the Indians had plundered the canoe of my effects, they wantonly set fire to her, and burned her to the water's edge.

Having loaded three horses with plunder, the Indians dragged us to their flying camp, about a mile in the woods, where we found several women and girls stewing venison for supper, in a loblolly-pot.

Perceiving the tenderness I felt towards my wife, they were under no fear that I should attempt to escape ; but entertaining suspicions of negro Jack, they secured him during the night in a very effectual manner. They cut down a sapling the size of a man's thigh, and having made notches in it to receive the negro's legs, placed over each a pole, which they crossed with stakes driven on each side into the ground, and in the crotchets of the stakes placed other poles, or rides. This confined the prisoner on his back ; and, for their greater security, they put a thong of leather round his neck and fastened it to a tree.

I made a bed for Fanny and myself, by

strewing branches on the ground ; and obtained, after much entreaty, a blanket for a covering. It may reasonably be expected that in this melancholy condition sleep was a stranger to our eyelids.

The next morning, the Indians painted my wife red and black, and Jack with the same colour ; but I was smutted over with black only. By this mark I knew they had devoted me to death ; but I carefully concealed my suspicion from my wife.

With the rising sun we jogged forward towards the mountains. The company consisted of twelve Indian warriors, six squaws, three boys of twelve years, five children in arms ; my wife and her child, myself, negro Jack, and Richard Edwards, the white man, who had decoyed us on shore. To this group must be superadded the three horses, loaded with the plunder of my boat.

It was a beautiful sun-rising. All nature seemed refreshed ; and the dew fell drop by drop from the trees of the forest.

We had not proceeded a mile, when an Indian picked up the scalp of a white man,

which he presented to Namasket, the chief of the party.

I could perceive the roses fly the cheek of Fanny, on beholding this spectacle.

Proceeding onward, I eased my wife of the child, and carried it myself. When it was froward, the mother would take him, and give him the breast.

One of the Indian women, who had no milk in her breast, wanted my wife to suckle her child. This I would not suffer. Upon which Squanto, the husband, (the fellow who tomahawked Cuffey,) was so incensed that he not only insulted Fanny, but filled the child's mouth with sand.

I could not contain myself. I snatched a tomahawk from the hand of an Indian, who stood next to me, and called to Squanto to defend himself. He made a vigorous onset at me with his war-club. I evaded it by jumping on one side, and with the tomahawk I struck him a blow on the head which instantly deprived him of life.

On seeing Squanto fall, several of the Indians discovered great rage, and ap-

proached to dispatch me. A mighty strife ensued among them. Some would kill me ; others would prevent it : and thus one Indian was striving with another.

Fanny had clung to me, determined to share my fate. I loved her with all the feelings of a man. And it was not without secret satisfaction, that I reflected, the immortal part of us would both visit the other world together. I therefore suffered her to cling to me, and called to the Indians,—
“ Tapoy ! Tapoy ! Pe quish a con gau mowon ! manitowwhi gau no mun iss e to ta ! ”—“ Indians ! Indians ! Strike us all three ! Let us all die together ! ”

The hand of our destiny interposed to save us. Namasket was disposed in our favour ; in which disposition he was confirmed by the cries of a beautiful Indian girl, whom he had but very lately married.

His voice restrained the arms and fury of the Indians. A kind of debate was held : a grave was dug, the dead Indian interred, and a quantity of stones piled over the spot.

Pocasset was the girl whō had interceded

for us with the chief. She was the most beautiful Indian I ever saw—abounding with wild graces.

In the contention between the Indians, a circumstance happened, which, when they were restored to their reason, not a little disquieted them. My negro, watching the concurrence of opportunity, had taken to his heels; and no sooner was he missed, than the eye of every Indian flamed with indignation.

It was Namasket who regulated their motions. He dispatched six of the fleetest Indians to seek for the negro, in different directions, and halted with the rest under the shade of a cypress. The cypress is the loftiest of the American trees. On its top the eagle builds her nest, and the crane finds a resting-place.

The squaws now kindled a fire, and put some Indian corn down to roast. Of this delicious food Pocasset tendered some to Fanny; and they ran to a spring to fill a gourd with water for her.

Nor were these all her good offices. She

spoke earnestly to Namasket, and obtained from his permission to intermix some red spots with the black that covered my face and arms.

In an hour the Indians returned, but without having found negro Jack.

A profound gravity was now maintained among them for some minutes ; when they jumped from the ground, on which they had formed a circle, and we prosecuted our journey.

I secretly rejoiced that negro Jack had escaped the vigilance of the Indians. I could rely on the fellow's sense, fidelity, and zeal ; and a vision of deliverance took possession of my fancy.

Towards night-fall, the Indians took up their lodgings in a deserted wigwam, covered with bark. Namasket, and three others, then went out fire-hunting ; which is worthy of being described.—

Having set fire to the woods, in a circular direction, the deer assembled instinctively in the middle, to avoid suffocation, puffing and blowing, and writhing their bodies. At

length, oppressed with the increasing volumes of smoke, they hung down their heads, stood motionless, and fell an easy prey to the hunters, who, beating out their brains, dragged them from the flames.

The party revelled on venison, before they lay down to rest ; and I was glad to see Fanny eat with a good appetite.

Canes were lighted, as an equivalent for candles : and an Indian boy was placed at the corner of the wigwam, to keep watch. Every half hour it was his duty to shout, and to give more horror to the sound he put his finger between his lips. If the boy was remiss in making this clamour, an Indian immediately rose and pommelled him with his fist till he roared with anguish.

At breakfast the following morning, Namasket found something that amused him for an hour. I had taught him to open a tea-chest, that was among our goods in the boat ; and his supreme delight was to lock and unlock it, wondering how such a slight turn of his hand could have such an effect on the lid and the chest.

We prosecuted our journey through spreading forests of oak and hickory, from whose stately trees a long and shining moss depended, as far as the eye could see. The woods rang with the loud and melodious note of the red-bird ; and every where the woodpecker was heard, though he could not be seen.

About noon we reached an Indian town, composed of a few huts ; where we found the chief warrior on his death-bed.

Image to your mind the hoary chief, weighed down with years, indulging the retrospect of the enemy that had fallen into his hands, and triumphing over the recollection of the groans produced by the infliction of slow torture ! His only heaven is the country beyond the hills ; its highest pleasure, food without the toils of the chase. The grounds of his hope are the trophies of his cruelty. He points to the scalps that hang round his wigwam. He charges the youthful warrior to emulate his deeds, and revenge him of his enemies.

In this day's march, Richard Edwards,

in beating for game, had lost his way in the woods. He overtook us at the village, fatigued beyond description ; and the Indians were much delighted at the perplexing situation he had been in. ,

This Edwards was a miserable fellow. The Indian lasses having scorned his addresses, he had married an old squaw, whose decrepit form was disgusting in the highest degree. He was good for nothing but to chop wood, light fires, and fetch water. *

The weather being very hot, and having no salt, our venison soon became putrid, and full of maggots. Yet the Indians and Edwards ate of it without reserve.

I should have mentioned, that on approaching the village, our Indians began their customary whooping, to announce they were coming with prisoners. They issued a dismal yell, to denote that one of their party

* The North American Indians often adopt their captives in the room of those of their families who have been slain. The person adopted always holds, in their estimation, the merits or demerits of the deceased ; nor can the most careful conduct overcome this prejudice.

was slain ; and sent forth two war-whoops, to proclaim they had brought home two captives.

On leaving the village, my wife's feet being sore with walking, Namasket mounted her upon one of the horses ; and I now journeyed forward with a lighter heart.

We had hitherto kept towards the mountains ; but the Indians being of opinion that they had sufficiently eluded pursuit, our party again bent their course towards the river Ohio.

On the evening of the third day, we fell in with a party of Indians, who were conducting a white planter and his negro slave, whom they had made captives, to their town.

It seems, the master, in the insolence of prosperity, had exercised the whip of power over the back of the negro. This tyranny the negro had imparted to the Indians. The Indians, abhorring slavery, turned the tables on the white man. They told the slave to flog his master. Sambo did not want to be conjured nor exhorted. To work the fellow went ; and when we encountered the party,

the planter was roaring like a bull-calf under the stripes of his slave.

Bidding farewell to these Indians, we travelled very hard that day, passing through several swamps, and crossing many brooks. We took up our night's lodging near a river that fell into the Ohio, where, after a poor meal, the Indians would have my wife to sing them a song. The song she sung them was a passage from the Psalms, which made her dearer to me than ever.—

“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down! Yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion! We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof! For they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth!”

The emotions raised in my bosom by Fanny's affecting song, soon gave place to others of a less tender nature. The Indian boys made a drum by covering a deep bowl with deer-skin, and began to beat it with a stick. Another boy accompanied this music with shaking a rattle made of a gourd, put

on a stick with small stones in it. The men set up a hideous howling, and the women began to dance, continuing their pastime till midnight, when they fell asleep.

On approaching the Ohio, the caution of the Indians returned. In extinguishing their fires they covered the ashes with leaves, that the white people might not trace them.

We now fared worse, too, than we had hitherto done. The Indians were afraid to kill game, lest the noise of the guns should alarm the white traveller ; and we fed chiefly on squirrels, hedge-hogs, and opossums.

We encamped the next night at the falls of a small river. The Indian method of encamping is, to light a large fire, around which the party lie upon the grass, wrapped up in blankets, with their feet towards it.

I recollect, under every circumstance of time and place, the evening of our third day's journey. Not a cloud obscured the sun, disappearing among the forests of the west. A cooling air shook the foliage of the trees, and the shrill hissing of the locust echoed from the oak.

Fanny seemed to enjoy the scene. A smile of enchantment graced her cheek as she hung with maternal fondness over her babe: in her looks was placid resignation; and she seemed to hear the voice of God whispering consolation in the evening breeze.

Pursuing our journey, we came next to the Ohio.

The Indians encamped in a wood near the river's bank, and held a consultation, of which I was the subject.

It was concerted that, in the night, on the approach of a boat, I should run to the water, and practise the same arts used by Edwards, to decoy the passengers on shore; when the Indians were to rush from their hiding-place, and massacre the whole, without distinction to colour, age, or sex.

This project appeared to me so abominable, that I told Namasket I would suffer death, rather than execute it. On hearing this, the Indians laughed heartily, and told Edwards to get ready; promising him, in the event of a rich capture, to give him his liberty.

But the miserable jerry, was, it seemed, under the dominion of the old squaw, his red wife ; for he made answer that, having become an Indian by adoption, he abjured the white tribe, and preferred roving in the wilderness to living in a town.

About ten at night, an Indian, who had been placed on the look-out, stole to our encampment, and acquainted his comrades that a boat, with several men and women on board, was coming down the river.

On hearing this intelligence, the colour of poor Fanny went and came, and a convulsive shudder seized her form. I bade her be composed, and remember that the protecting arm of the Almighty Power was extended through universal space to defend the good from the wicked.

At length we could hear the noise of the rowers. The Indians nodded to Edwards, who crawled to the bank of the river, and set up the most dismal cries that human lips could utter.

The people in the boat lay upon their oars.

“Take me! oh! take me on board,” cried he. “Save a poor wretch from famine, and God will reward you all. For five days have I wandered through these woods, wet with the dews of heaven, and clinging to the rock for want of a shelter.”

A debate now arose in the boat, whether they should take him on board or not. Some were for the motion, others against it.

Edwards redoubled his lamentations and entreaties.

He was answered from the boat, by a man in the New England dialect.

“I say, my friend!” cried the man, “if you ever come on board of this boat, you must swim off to her. But I vow the boat shall not go to you. I guess you are an impostor. But be that as it may, I declare you will not easily trick Jonathan Oakes, who was educated at the college of Cambridge, in Massachusetts, and who married a third cousin of Benjamin Franklin.”

“I cannot swim,” cried Edwards. “Nay, I have not strength to move.”

“I will soon see that,” cried the yankee.

And so saying, he discharged a musket loaded with small shot over the head of the kneeling suppliant.

Edwards, on hearing the shot whiz by him, jumped from the ground, and ran precipitately from the river-side.

A hearty laugh ensued among the people on board the boat.

“ Yes, yes ! ” cried Jonathan ; “ I guessed I could give you a dose of my pills, that would soon restore your strength.”

The boat now proceeded down the river amidst the hootings of the boatmen, who called out contemptuously, “ *Uke Tapoy ?* ” “ Where are the Indians ? ”

During this scene the Indians lay so still that not a leaf was heard to rustle. But when the boat was out of hearing, they rose in great wrath, and began to upbraid Edwards for not having practised his arts and stratagems effectually.

Edwards endeavoured to exculpate himself ; but they would not hear his defence. They rose upon him with great fury, and began to beat him with their fists. The fel-

low roared with pain ; and I knew not how far the wrath of the Indians would have carried them, had not the old squaw interposed, and pulled away her husband from their chastisement.

Fearful of a pursuit, the Indians immediately broke up their camp, and took the path towards the mountains, travelling over large creeks, swamps, and rugged hills.

Fanny still rode the horse, and I walked by her side, carrying our child in my arms.

We had travelled about fifteen miles, when the Indians divided into two parties. Namasket continued his course with one division towards the interior ; and the other Indians, five in number, again bent their way towards the Ohio, taking with them Edwards, my wife and her child, together with myself.

The names of the Indians of our party were, Sequassan, the chief ; Matoona, his wife ; Chillaback, Narraganset, and Armonoscoggin.

Sequassan had clad himself in a motley garb, half Indian and half English. He had

on a waistcoat, breeches, shoes, and a hat ; but for a coat he wore a deer-skin ; and his long hair was tied up in a knot behind, somewhat in the fashion of a horse's tail.

It was with regret that Fanny separated from Pocasset, and I took a kind farewell of Namasket, who told me at parting, that he loved the whites, and would always befriend them.

Having taken a circuitous route, and being under no apprehension of alarm, the Indians again approached the Ohio.

They had not been encamped long, when a boat was heard at a distance. It was evening, the bat was wheeling his flight through the air, and the whip-poor-will was welcoming the approach of darkness.

The Indians kept close in a wood adjoining the river, and when the boat got abreast the spot, Edwards threw himself on his knees, and, with uplifted hands, accosted the rowers.

“Have pity !” cried he, “upon an unhappy forlorn wretch, who, for nine long days has been wandering in these woods,

without any shelter but the canopy of heaven, and with scarce enough sustenance to support animal life. Oh ! receive me, or I perish !”

The supplicant was now answered by a man in the boat. “My friend,” said he, “your condition touches my heart. I will take you on board.”

The boat approached the shore.

Edwards, as it had been preconcerted, whistled when she touched the ground. The Indians rushed from their hiding-place, and made a vigorous onset against the whites. But how much were they deceived. The white people, prepared for their coming, met the assault with such determined skill, firmness, and courage, that soon Sequassan fell, Chillaback gnawed the dust, Narraganset measured his length on the ground, and Arnmonoscoggin took to flight ; while a boy of fourteen, boiling with rage, stepped up to Edwards, who was trying to escape, and knocked out his brains with one of the boat’s stretchers.

At this moment the triumph of the boat’s

crew was somewhat damped by the war-whoop of several Indian voices in the woods. I instantly conveyed my wife and child into the boat, and clamoured for a musket. A musket was put into my hands by one of the party, and I got ready to oppose the enemy with the rest.

“Stranger,” said the head of the party, “I love you for your courage, but let us not be indiscreet. The voices are numerous that came from the woods. We are seven only in number. Let us go into the boat, and gain the middle of the stream.”

The advice was approved, and followed. We gained the middle of the river, and lay on our oars. Nor had we been there a minute, when at least fifty Indians came running towards the bank, brandishing their arms and uttering the war-whoop.

Fanny shrieked with affright. But we, levelling our pieces, gave them such a volley, that seven of them fell ; and before we could repeat our fire, the rest ran back howling to the woods.

We now proceeded down the river, and I

was landed by Mr. Thatcher, my deliverer, at the place of my destination.

It seems my negro who had escaped from the party, had reached a town on the Ohio, and put the people on their guard against the tricks of the Indians. Mr. Thatcher had heard of my captivity, and longed to be the instrument of my emancipation. Hence the vigour with which he received the assault of the Indians, and their total discomfiture.

Such was the narrative of Mr. Keith, which, though it detained the guests from their beds, was listened to with great interest.

CHAPTER XVII.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is on the mountain wave,
Her home is on the deep.

CAMPBELL.

THE breakfast of the morrow was a counterpart of the supper over night, and the guests had scarcely concluded their regale, when young Echo, who had come ashore in the jolly boat, entered hastily the room, and acquainted captain Brilliant, with great earnestness of manner, that a large French frigate had been seen on the coast. The captain rose from table, and beckoning the midshipman to follow him, withdrew into the verandah.

“ Who brought the intelligence ? ”

“ The black pilot, sir. He is now on board the *Desdemona*. He says that the French ship carries much heavier metal than we do, and that she is commanded by Jerome Buonaparte.”

“Keep that for the marines. Hark you, Echo. Return on board without delay. Tell the first lieutenant to get the anchor a-trip, and sheet home the top-sails, and, in the meantime you will bring the cutter ashore for me.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” cried young Echo, touching his cap, and running, or rather leaping, all the way to the beach, where the jolly boat was lying. To spring into the stern-sheets and seize the tiller was the work of a moment, and, as he guided the boat towards the frigate’s anchorage in the bay, he vociferated to his juvenile crew, “Stretch out, my souls, stretch out together.”

I shall pass over the affecting separation of the captain and his lady. It was in vain that Cassandra strove with her anguish—she was borne insensible by Mr. and Mrs. Keith to a settee in the room, while Flora, catching the naval hero by the arm, supplicated him to let her accompany him on board and share the perils of the fight with her dear Hurricane, but he only pressed her hand in silence, and, much moved, was rowed off to the frigate.

When the captain got on board, he found the seamen heaving at the capstan, and lieutenant Balcony bantering the black pilot, and laughing so obstreperously that the perspiration stood on his brow.

Lieutenant Balcony was a fine, frank Irishman, of about two and thirty, who delighted in the dash and the rattle. His person was good, his face handsome, and his eye, bright and black as jet, might have been envied by Garrick for the intelligence which it conveyed. He was now in his element, standing on the quarter-deck, kicking up the devil's own delight with the sable pilot of Hampton Roads.

"You have not told me your name," said the lieutenant to the pilot. "May I make so bold as to ask it?"

"Godfather call me Cuff, when he make 'em parson christen me, massa lebtenant."

"What the devil, did they make an anabaptist of you, and pop you in the plunging bath?"

"No, massa lebtenant, they don't make me any baptist, dey only prinkle me upon 'em nose and gills."

“ They watered a fine plant, Cuff, when they watered you. But, see, our anchor’s a-peak, and I must go forward on the fore-castle.”

The *Desdemona* crowded sail out of Hampton Roads. Off Cape Charles she hove to, and the black pilot left her in his small decked-schooner.

The day was closing in. They were becalmed the whole of the night, off the Maryland shore. The crew were ordered down to their hammocks, and slept as undisturbed as though they had been in harbour; the officers kept their accustomed watch.

Philosophy may make sport of omens, and deride the belief in them as superstition; but they come on us full-voiced and supreme, and their suggestions are irresistible. When the quarter-master went below with a lantern into the cabin of lieutenant Balcony, to rouse him at eight bells, to relieve Mr. Hurricane, he found him already dressed, but, that instead of his uniform coat, he had in his haste slipped on a *black* one. Old Tom Vane turned pale on beholding him,

and the lieutenant felt an excruciating shock at the mistake he had made, though it lasted but a moment. He ascended the companion ladder singing—

“ On the wide-wave swelling ocean,
Should we grapple with the foe ;
As to fear 'tis all a notion,
When our time's come we must go.”

The day dawned, and not one alone, but two ships appeared in sight, keeping company together under their top-sails, and hugging the shore. The glasses of the captain and officers were in a moment directed at them. The larger vessel was evidently a frigate, and not having answered the private signal, captain Brilliant immediately went in stays, and made all sail from the enemy on the other tack, keeping good full under his royals. Let it not however be supposed that the *Desdemona* was running away. It was a feint to draw the French frigate off from the neutral coast, and gain such an offing as to preclude her from the succour of a port. Of the smaller ship it was the predominant opinion that she was some captured British merchantman.

The French frigate, separating from her prize, hauled up in pursuit of the *Desdemona*, but having more of the breeze, was constrained to take in her small kites. At the same time she displayed the tri-coloured jack ensign and pendant, and rigged her sprit-sail-yard fore and aft.

The captain ordered the colours to be hoisted.

“The attitude she has taken,” said lieutenant Balcony, “shows that the Frenchmen think themselves no small things. Shall I go forward, sir, and get our sprit-sail-yard fore and aft?”

“Let it remain athwart-ships, Balcony, as it is. We can't spare the sail. I want to get him off from the coast, and go into action without infringing the laws of neutrality. Order, will you, the boatswain to pipe to breakfast, and when the men have had their grub, we'll shorten sail and beat to quarters.”

At this juncture the gunner came aft on the quarter-deck, to obtain an interview with the captain.

The gunner was a man of most athletic frame—the *beau ideal* of a hardy, intrepid tar, of the fore castle hero of a hundred fights. Yet his weather-beaten, scarred face, tempered by a mild smile, was impressively pleasing; and his whole demeanour was free from every kind of excitement. He was about fifty years of age, stood six feet some inches high, and was remarkably powerful in his person. He was habited in a loose flushing jacket, and trowsers of the same, having his broad hairy breast partially exposed through his open chequered shirt.

“ We shall soon be engaged, Mr. Langridge.”

“ Yes, sir, and it is my misfortune that I am not stationed at quarters with the ship’s company, but doomed to the inaction of the gun-room, where nothing will be going on but handing along cartridges. I should like to stand by you, sir, when we fight, or board—”

“ But who is there to take charge of the gun-room, and superintend it ?”

“I have filled, sir, forty rounds, and my mate, Will Wad, can do the rest. Besides, sir, he’s lame of the starboard leg, and could be of little or no service on deck. But he has a good head piece.”

“Agreed, Mr. Langridge. You will take the command of the mid-ship guns on the main-deck. The foremost division devolves to Mr. Balcony, and the aftermost to Mr. Taffarel. But pray put on your hat, Mr. Langridge. I am in pain that so brave a man should stand uncovered before me.”

Both lieutenants seized the gunner’s hand, and shook it heartily. They then all three went down to their guns on the main-deck.

It was about eight in the morning, and the two frigates had gained a good offing, being at least sixteen miles from the shore: The *Desdemona*, taking in her light sails, bore down on her antagonist, who was keeping her luff about three points on the lee-bow. The two ships were soon opposed broadside and broadside, but so great was the disparity of force, that the French frigate

looked down on the *Desdemona* with the haughty mien of a seventy-four, and she soon felt the prowess of the enemy in ports knocked in, yards falling, and sails cut to rags. At this period of the action, the French captain, meditating some manœuvre, put his helm down to go about ; but the breeze being light and baffling, his ship missed stays, and while she hung in the wind, or was what the sailors call in irons, captain Brilliant succeeded in taking a raking position close under her ornamental stern, and poured through her cabin windows a broadside from the whole range of the *Desdemona's* battery. The gilded carved work came tumbling profusely from the French frigate's stern.

“Look, Langridge,” called out lieutenant Balcony, “how we are knocking the Frenchman's gingerbread work about. It was my gun did that !”

But sad to record, as

“A falcon tow'ring in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd,”

so the warm spirits of the lieutenant were

suddenly chilled by a random shot fired from the enemy, who, happening to take a yaw during the exultation of his joke, a ball came through the port where he was standing at the muzzle of his gun, and nearly severed him in two. Mr. Langridge was taking out the bed and coin of his gun to give it more elevation, when, seeing the lieutenant fall, he dropped his handspike, and ran to his succour. He knelt on the plank, and sustained him with great tenderness, but he was bleeding to death. Turning his languid eyes towards the gunner, he faintly said, "That shot, Langridge, has cut my life-lines away, I feel my soul unreeving." He could articulate no more, and expired.

The raking fire from the *Desdemona* had created great confusion throughout the French frigate, and captain Brilliant thought the moment critical. "Hard up with the helm," he cried, "and lay her aboard!" The two ships came in collision. It was not necessary to summon the boarders; they were already at the side of their naval chief, who leaped from the quarter-deck-ham-

mocks of his own frigate on board the enemy, leading his crew on, sword in hand, whose cheering was that of men determined to carry all before them.

Captain Brilliant was encountered, on the spacious quarter-deck of the French frigate, by her exasperated commander, a tall, imposing figure, whose dark whiskers and mustachios encroached on half his face. Exalted in sentiment by the reading of *Corneille*, he fancied himself the *Cid* ; but he had to oppose a Briton, and not a Moor. The conflict was soon ended. A single blow from the well-wielded sabre of our naval hero so discomfited him, that he retreated aft, still facing his foe, but flourishing his sword at random, till at length he dropped insensible on the coil of the main-brace.

The English had now got possession of the after part of the enemy's quarter-deck ; but a troop of marines, under their officer, had formed three deep, in a line with the rough-tree-rail near the main-mast, presenting a phalanx of glittering bayonets. "Come on, my blue jackets," cried lieutenant Hur-

ricane, accompanied by the athletic gunner, Mr. Langridge, who looked round and smiled—"come on, whet your cutlasses on the steel bayonets of these swaddies. If you don't drive them off the quarter-deck, the girls will hoot you when you land again at Portsmouth."

The appeal was irresistible. There was an immediate cheer and rush of the blue jackets on the bayonets of the French soldiers, who were driven down to the lower deck, and the hatches were secured fore and aft over the surviving part of the conquered crew.

In the meantime young Echo, who unbidden had joined the boarders, and gratuitously exposed himself to the pike and pistol of the enemy, contended with his mess-mate Gale for the honour of hauling down the French ensign. They were at very high words; both of them being of fiery tempers, and "sudden and quick in quarrel."

"Look at those youngsters," cried the captain. "They have not had fighting enough, but are stripped—have cleared ship for a

second action. Hurricane, remonstrate with them on the indecency of their conduct, and represent to them that the bitterest animosities cease after an action at sea."

The lieutenant and the gunner approached the wranglers. "Echo — Gale," cried the lieutenant, "what is all this bobery about?"

"Sir," said young Gale, "it was I who hauled down the Frenchman's colours, and Echo swears it was he."

"Who, pray," said Echo, "cast off the haliards?"

"Young gentlemen," said the lieutenant, "put an end to your wrangling, lest you share the fate of Jackson, who got jammed between the fly of the ensign and the mizen shrouds. Get ready to go in the boats."

CHAPTER XVIII.

“ We shall follow, we shall follow,
All beneath the sky is hollow.”

THE French frigate came out of the action comparatively uninjured ; she was in beautiful order, her rigging appearing as perfect as if she had been only exchanging a salute. The *Desdemona*, at the distance of about a mile, lay a wreck on the water, reduced to a naked and unmanageable hull. Her masts were gone, and at every roll she made, she dipped the muzzles of her guns into the water.

The gunner took the wheel of the French frigate, under the conning of captain Brilliant. As he stood with the spoke in his strong grasp, he looked a seafaring Hercules.

“ Run up, Mr. Langridge,” said the captain, “ under the lee-quarter of the *Desdemona*.”

“ I have got the rudder-chains in sight, sir.”

The first kind greetings over from the third lieutenant and carpenter, who stood with care-worn countenances on the gangway of the *Desdemona*, the captain inquired into the condition of the ship.

“I fear, sir,” said the carpenter, “we shall hardly be able to keep her afloat, with the chain-pump going, an hour longer. She has three feet water in the hold. Why, sir, it must be a seventy-four that you have taken. She has the scantling of a line of battle ship.

“We were surprised, Mr. Chips, on getting on board of her, at her breadth of beam and length of keel:”

“What wide main-deck-ports she has, sir, I never before saw such a frigate!”

“Mind your starboard helm, Mr. Langridge,” said the captain.

“Starboard it is, sir.”

After a short interval from speaking, the captain addressed the third lieutenant.

“What, Taffarel, have you done with our dear friend Balcony.”

“We have consigned his body, sir, to the



deep. Never was there seen such a mangled corse. It harrowed up my feelings to look at him, and, if it had not been for the duty of the ship, I could have sat down and wept:—for his wish to please, his kind smile when he had the power of gratifying others, the expression of sorrow in his face when he was conscious of having given offence, all his good qualities crowded on my recollection; and I averted my gaze from that fallen countenance, which, when it was animated by his spirit, made speech almost useless.”

“Have the goodness, Mr. Taffarel, to be very particular in collecting all his private effects—his wardrobe, books, sword, and watch—he had a mother living, whom he supported with his pay—our sympathy is now with her.”

“Heaven help her, sir, to support the loss of so kind a son.”

The breeze was increasing, with a sensible swell of the sea. No time was lost by the boats of the captured frigate, in removing

the effects of the officers and seamen from the *Desdemona*. The pumps were then abandoned, the remainder of the crew taken out of her, and she was left to her fate.

Sailors become endeared to a ship, and doat on it like "a thing of life." The fibres of their hearts are entwined round its timbers. The breeze was freshening into a gale. The *Desdemona*, with no canvas to steady her, was either rolling gunwale under, or pitching her bows into the water. Crazy with the wear and tear of "the battle and the breeze," she found herself the scorn of her native element, and experienced its unkindness. An enormous surge struck her with irresistible force on the chess-trees. The poor ship's pathetic groan was followed by a cry of horror from the manned rigging of the French frigate. The forepart of her hull disappeared, comprehending her fore-castle and spar deck ; and anon, her after part, no longer tenable, vanished for ever.

Old Tom Vane, the quarter-master, blubbered like a child ; while captain Brilliant,

turning round to his gazing officers, exclaimed, "See, gentlemen, the fate of our poor Desdemona!"

All hands were now called to make sail on *Le Sanspareil*, the name of the captured frigate; and when her beautiful, snow-white canvas was trimmed, and the ropes coiled down, captain Brilliant, in a very quiet, easy manner, addressed the crew from the break of the quarter-deck. His speech was a short one. True valour delights more in action than in words. "I feel sensibly indebted to you all," said he, "for putting me in possession of so fine a ship."

"It was you that took her, sir," cried an old tar among the listening crowd of sailors collected on the booms, the gangways, and the lower rigging.

"Silence, men," bawled the boatswain.

"In so nobly performing your duty," resumed the captain, "you have added another sprig of laurel to our naval history. Your deserts are great, and when you are paid your prize-money at Portsmouth, you shall be indulged with three days' liberty

on shore, to keep the fiddles going, and the girls' feet in motion."

The harangue of the captain was received with a universal burst of joy by the assembled crew ; they could hardly contain their hearts of oak within their breasts ; and, to cap the climax, a tub of grog was placed on deck, and the boatswain appeared with his "*music-breathing-face*," holding his silver-call to his full lip, and inviting the jolly tars to partake of it with "Tweet, tweet, tweet, All hands to splice the main-brace, ahoy ! Come tumble up, boys, with your cans. Tumble up, there !"

The Sanspareil, with all her canvas out, steered for Hampton Roads, and she passed between the capes of Chesapeake Bay, under a beautiful rainbow, spanning the heavens with so great amplitude, that one base of it rested on the Virginian, and the other on the Maryland shore. It seemed an arc of triumph spread over the conquering hero and his crew.

As they approached their old anchoring place, the captain directed his glass, from

the quarter-deck, towards Mr. Keith's house, to try if he could not catch a glance of Cassandra looking out of window. He perceived some negroes attempting to launch a large boat on the beach before the door, and presently he distinguished Cassandra and Flora, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Keith, leaving the house to embark. They had the appearance of being in great anxiety, for the tide was ebbing, and the negroes could not, with all their efforts, get the boat to stir.

"Man the frigate's barge," cried the captain.

"Barge-men, away, there!" was the cry fore and aft.

In a few minutes the boat was hauled up alongside, and the crew were at their respective thwarts, when the captain, turning to the first lieutenant, said, "Mr. Hurricane, I am going ashore. You will have the goodness to keep a good look out, that the ship at the turn of tide does not foul her hawse in swinging. I think we shall have a fine night."

"Umph," said Mr. Hurricane, as the

boatswain piped, and the captain descended the frigate's side into the boat. "Umph," said he to himself, and began to ruminare.

"Stretch out," cried the captain to the crew of the barge. She flew through the water, and dashed towards the beach, where, the captain, leaping on the smooth sand, felt Cassandra rushing into his eager arms. There was no fainting on the part of the lady, but she wept as though her heart was bursting—so much does the bliss of poor mortals resemble sorrowing. Flora not only felt disappointed, but chagrined, that her husband did not accompany the captain, and no argument of Mrs. Keith or Cassandra could dissuade her from imputing it to his indifference. She had, however, soon reason to alter her belief.

The night was transcendently beautiful. Poor Flora, incapable of eating any supper, strolled out with little Georgiana, and sought the beach opposite the anchored frigate. There was a group of black girls assembled near the place, dancing to the

sound of a banja, played by an old negro man. It was a ball

‘ Where hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels
Put life and mettle in their heels.’

The man-of-war lay within hail of the shore. The voice of Flora was too subdued with grief to reach it, but she held up her kerchief, and fondly waved it above her head. The officers of the British navy are expert in answering signals. In a minute or two a boat was seen coming to the shore, and who should leap out of her but Flora’s adorable officer. They were soon in one another’s arms; she weeping with tenderness, and he smacking her lips like a lusty lieutenant who received and gave full pay.

Young Mr. Echo had steered the boat, and his messmate, Gale, pulled the bow oar. The sudden landing of the party filled the dancing black girls with affright, and on seeing two handsome young tars about to reconnoitre them, they ran off screaming and laughing into the woods. The middies gave chase, and there is a strong presump-

tion that they *bivouaced* out that night ; for they did not return to the frigate till it was broad day, when they swam off to her, and got on board through the bridle-port.

Lieutenant Hurricane overlooked their insubordination, ordered the remaining hands into the boat, and took Flora with him on board his hooker.

In the meantime little Georgiana ran back to the house, and had hardly breath to tell her story to the supper-party, that a pirate had landed on the beach, wrapped up in his boat-cloak, and carried off Mrs. Hurricane.

The company looked at each other astonished.

“ I think I have seen the corsair,” said the captain. “ He was once my first lieutenant.”

Lieutenant Hurricane having welcomed Flora on board the *Sanspareil*, directed the steward to lay the cloth for supper in the captain's cabin, and leaving her in company with Mr. Taffarel and the gunner, he attended the surgeons in their rounds, who at stated hours inspected the wounded.

In what is called the bay, or “the between deck” of the frigate, there was on one side a range of hammocks tenanted by the pale forms of English seamen almost covered with bandages steeped in gore ; and, stretched on mattresses beneath them, were seen the French, some of whom were undergoing amputation of the limbs, while others in the act of expiring were heard singing the *Marseilles hymn*, and *Ca ira*, exhibiting the ruling passion, the revolutionary rage for liberty, strong even in death.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOSPITABLE PLANTER.—A RAMBLE IN THE
WOODS.—A HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST.

The dwelling of Mr. Keith, situated on a gentle acclivity, commanded a noble view of Hampton roads, and the more remote waters of Chesapeake Bay, resembling the ocean in their enormous expanse. The dwelling-house, surrounded with a verandaz, and shaded with Lombardy poplars, was large and neat ; and the negro-quarter, composed of a dozen or more cabins, associated ideas of an exemption from labour on the part of the whites. The plantation might consist of two hundred acres, seventy of which were under cultivation ; the rest consisted of a vast forest of gigantic timber, which supplied fuel for the homestead. The staple produce of the plantation was wheat and tobacco.

The hospitality of the Virginian planters is proverbial. Mr. Keith invited captain

Brilliant to take up his abode with him while the frigate was undergoing repairs, and Mrs. Keith gave Cassandra and Flora the most tender reception.

Who can paint the delight which our ladies experienced as they strolled round the plantation, enjoying the milder glories of sunset, in a region of luxuriant vegetation, where every tree, shrub, and creeping flower came recommended by the charm of novelty ?

“ We will take a walk,” said Mrs. Keith, one fair evening to her enchanted companions, “ and visit a humming-bird that has built its nest in the woodland, and curious to relate, suspended it to the branch of an oak, the monarch of the forest. As though the pretty creature sought to produce effect by the power of contrast ! The nest, not bigger than a walnut, was discovered by some children sauntering with their satchels to school.

“ What, then, you are not without schools,” said Cassandra, “ in this part of the world. The school master is every where abroad !”

“ Yes, my dear, with a vengeance. A school-master, a yankee, boards with us ; but it being now a month of vacation, he is abroad with his cart, selling gridirons and frying-pans, Jew’s harps and gingerbread, throughout the district.”

“ Why he must be a pedlar,” exclaimed Flora. “ Did you ever know a yankee, my dear,” replied Mrs. Keith, “ who was not a pedlar and a cheat into the bargain ?”*

As they passed along the street of cabins which formed the negro-quarter, Mrs. Keith stopped ever and anon to caress some little ebony child, grinning at her with delight, and accost in kind accents the mother seated at her spinning wheel. Before the door of almost every cabin the slaves had erected a pole, with a hollow gourd suspended to the top of it, for the reception of the purple martin, which pursued its flight smoothly in the air, with little motion of its wings.

“ Shakespeare and the poets of Germany,”

* There is great hostility of feeling between the inhabitants of the Southern States and the yankee’s of Massachusetts.

said Cassandra as she watched the birds flying around her, "attribute to the martin a taste for the temple, as though he delighted in the loftiness of the prospect tower. But in America his habits are less aristocratic, and shunning even the family mansion, he seeks from predilection the obscure dwellings of the negro-quarter."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Keith, "now that you mention Shakespeare, a young lady in our neighbourhood lent me, not long ago, a volume of his plays—it contained Othello—and woe is me, what tears I shed over the fate of Desdemona, so young, so soft, so innocent, so artless! *She saw Othello's visage in his mind.* What purity of sentiment."

"You take a touching interest, madam," said Cassandra, "in the lamentable fate of my favourite character, and there are others that will give you sweet moments of sorrow. You shall accept from me a cabinet edition of the drama of Shakespeare."

They had now approached the woodland.

"Hark!" cried Flora, "what humming sound was that I heard?"

“ There goes the bird,” said Mrs. Keith.

“ What a miracle of beauty,” cried Cassandra. “ Mark the gorgeous plumage of the tiny creature, a throat of flame, and a glossy green back. He suspends his flight beneath a branch of yon huge oak. How his appearance verifies the description of the poet—

‘ The atoms of the rainbow, flutt’ring round.’ ”

The humming-bird seemed to pass the group of gazers with circumspection, but their presence created no serious alarm. So rapid was the movement of its little wings, that it looked suspended in its flight, and the actual progress of the flutterer could only be determined by its approach to the nest.

This nest, scarcely an inch in diameter, and not more in depth, rested on the branch of a towering, massive oak, at a secure part, where a twig forked off from it. The tree was the largest of a grove partially felled. It seemed to have bidden defiance to the woodman’s axe, as if requiring the vigour of Crotonian hands to subdue it.

The humming-bird is migratory. In perseverance of travel he is hardly exceeded by Lewis and Clarke. No toil is too great for him, and his expedition to the westward is circumscribed only by the Rocky mountains.

The ladies, on their return to the house, found the captain reading a printed handbill, importing that the itinerant apostle Lorenzo Dow was to preside at a camp meeting the ensuing night in the location of Rock Fish Gap, and give a shaking to the dry bones. Mr. Keith proposed to conduct his guest thither in his gig. The invitation was cordially accepted on the part of the sea-officer, and all retired at an early hour to rest, that the travellers might be up at peep of day, and seize him of the scythe and hour-glass by the fore-lock.

CHAPTER XX.

PREPARATIONS FOR A JOURNEY—A BREAKFAST
PARTY AND TABLE TALK.

The camp meeting was held at a long day's journey from the plantation, and captain Brilliant was summoned by his host at an early hour of the morning to despatch his breakfast, and be off.

What a glowing climate is that of Virginia when the sun is at the summer-solstice.

Oh ! quis me gelidis ? vibrates on the lips of the thin clad victim, sipping his toddy cooled with ice. Not a cloud to be seen in the sky, but all one blue expanse of firmament. The planet Venus reveals herself to the naked eye in broad day ; the tobacco rollers stop their fainting team to look up at her, and brand her with the opprobrious name of the dog-star.

Mrs. Keith, an exemplary housewife, was already up, and superintending the breakfast, which her negro women were prepar-

ing. It was a regale fit to set before a king. What does the reader think of coffee, tea, eggs, ham, cold neat's tongue, broiled shad, smoking johnny cakes, with the delicacies of the dairy superinduced? It seems that the apparition of the feast had come across the morning dream of the ladies, for Cassandra and Flora were soon seated at the spacious table, one on either side of captain Brilliant, who took that end of it under his *surveillance* where a huge inviting ham was deposited. Negro boys and girls were in attendance, running about with waiters in their hands, and the guests had but fairly made a beginning, when a young man booted and spurred entered the room, of genteel appearance, who, perceiving a seat disengaged near Flora, bowed to her, took possession of it with an easy unembarrassed air, and was soon in his element, showing her every attention. Flora at first involuntarily shrank from him, as young ladies are apt to do in her position; but she soon recovered enough of self-possession to scan the stranger, and make a woman's estimate

of the man. He was a young gentleman of about three and twenty, and in his dress and demeanour might have passed as a cockney in London ; for the species is not confined exclusively to the banks of the Thames ; there are cockneys on the Potomac, cockneys on James' River, and cockneys on the Roanoke. He was a surgeon by profession, and having learned the design of Mr. Keith to visit the camp meeting with a friend in his gig, he had come to join the party in a familiar, friendly manner, *sans ceremonie*, and accompany them to the scene of action on horseback.

Mr. Archer was a graduate of the university of Virginia, and was reputed to be a good classical scholar. But his *forte* lay in chemistry, a science connected with his calling, and in which he was said to beat Dr. Mitchel of New York, Dr. Barton of Philadelphia, and Professor Silliman of New Haven, completely hollow.

It was not long before Mr. Archer found an opportunity for the display of his scientific acquirements. Captain Brilliant having

remarked that he had been restless and uncomfortable in his feelings all the night from the intense heat of the atmosphere, the doctor seized the occasion for lecturing the company.

“Dr. Priestley,” said he, “has demonstrated beyond the power of refutation, that neither man nor beast can live without air.”

“Granted,” said captain Brilliant, “I believe it to be a fact.”

“But what is most astonishing,” resumed the doctor, “though the same argument holds good with respect to trees and plants—such for instance, Mr. Keith, as your oaks and hickories, and your melons and pumpkins; yet the air that imparts vitality to them, is deleterious to us.”

“What, doctor,” said Mr. Keith, who was swallowing attentively the discourse, “what are we to understand by deleterious?”

“Why it means poisonous.”

“Why, then,” said Mr. Keith, “what is food to a plant is poison to a man.”

“A homely, but good illustration,” rejoined the doctor, entering it with a pencil

into his note book. "How the simplest ideas come last into the mind ! Now hark you, sir"—Here the lecturer was interrupted for a moment by a little negro girl, who had been jogging him for several minutes to receive a johnny cake which she held to him on a waiter ; but, abstracted in his mind from the breakfast, he took no notice of the officious attendant, who having placed the plate beside him, with its smoking contents, the Doctor became so animated in his discourse, and the audience so subdued in silence, that one might have heard a pin drop on the floor.

"Soon after dusk," continued the doctor, "the earth, which has been powerfully operated on throughout the day by the sun's rays, gives out a particular kind of gas as an aliment to nourish the oak-trees and hickories, the Indian corn and the tobacco-plants."

"— Injurious, I suppose," said captain Brilliant, "to the lungs."

"Yes," replied the doctor, "to men, women, and children it is the very devil. But the plants drink it up eagerly, just as

the sailors would a glass of stiff grog, and are all the better for it."

"This is, I presume," said Mr. Keith, "what makes the night air so dangerous."

"There," said the doctor, "you show your penetration. To be sure it is. It is nothing more or less than this diabolical gas that makes it so dangerous to walk in the fields, or to be out of doors any where at a late hour; for about midnight the plants drink harder than ever, they then become positively inebriated, and can hardly keep themselves upright."

"I never noticed such proceeding in them," said Mr. Keith.

"No," replied the doctor, "there is a difference between seeing and observing. But I have observed a plant reel, first on one side, and then on the other."

"Do the plants," said captain Brilliant, "all splice the main-brace alike."

"The tobacco-plants," continued the doctor, "are the most given to excess."

"Aye, there it is," cried Mr. Keith, rubbing his hands to the amusement of the

ladies. "Now I am let into the secret. Now I know what it is that gives tobacco its pungent taste. Well, well, there is nothing that can come up to science. Doctor, you never talk but you enlighten. I would board such a man in my house for nothing."

At this juncture lieutenant Hurricane, who had come ashore in the frigate's boat, presented himself at the door of the apartment in an undress uniform, relieved by a dashing hanger depending at his side, and a gold laced fore and aft hat, which he held in his hand as he accosted his captain.

"I am come ashore, sir," said the hardy tar, "to inform you that in overhauling the frigate's masts, we found the cheeks of the fore-mast badly wounded by an eighteen-pound shot."

"My dear husband!" exclaimed Flora, rising from her seat and rushing into the arms of the lieutenant. "And how well he looks. I am sure your cheeks are the picture of health. Heaven bless you, my sweet love."

"You will have to get the top-mast down

on deck, Mr. Hurricane," said the captain. "Lose no time, but set the carpenter and his crew at work."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the lieutenant.

Flora would fain have detained her gallant good man. Duty is ever paramount with a thorough-bred seaman. The lieutenant disengaged himself from her embrace, and hastily sought the man-of-war's boat, humming as he hove ahead:

"A sailor's life's a life of woe,
He works both late and early,
Now up and down, now to and fro,
What then, he takes it cheerly!"

"That was a brave looking man," said Mr. Keith — "square-built, powerful, and active withal. What a sharp eye!"

"Yes," said the Captain, "so great is his strength of muscle, that I have known him to stand in the main-chains and heave the lead over the fore-yard-arm."

The discourse reverted to the camp meeting. "Do you think, doctor," asked Mrs. Keith, addressing the man of medicine,

‘there will be a large congregation at Rock Fish Gap?’”

“There is no doubt, madam,” replied the youth, “but the camp meeting will be a splendid affair. There will be preaching, ranting, scrambling, kicking, screaming, and humbugging.’

“I would not be present for the world,” said Mrs. Keith. “But perhaps you exaggerate.”

“Nay, Madam, it is all matter of fact.”

“Then, in my opinion they are a scandal to religious worship.”

“There I agree with you, Madam.”

“Why does not the state legislature interfere?”

“A bill, Madam, was once brought into the House of Assembly in Richmond, to reform the camp meeting by excluding the pen from the woodland scene of worship, which the member stigmatized as a nuisance, and the abundant source of fraud. But a penal statute recommended against any species of worship was not relished by the house. The assembly shook their heads,

and turned up their lips. It was urged that no one could without impudent assumption undertake to define in what true worship consisted : and it was alleged that there was no religion whatever exempt from the accusation of fraud. The bill was never given a second reading, and the pen has acquired new dignity from the sanction of the legislature."

Mr. Keith, who had gone out of the room, now made his appearance again in his travelling costume, armed with his whip, and acquainted captain Brilliant that the gig was at the door. His bustling deportment indicated there was no time to be lost ; the travellers rose and snatched up their hats, the noble sea-officer smacked heartily his wife's ruby lips, the young doctor, bowing to Flora, looked unutterable things and was on his nag in a trice ; the court gate flew open, and away they all went, "over the hills and far away."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CAMP MEETING.

THERE IS NO constitutional assembly, religious ordinance, or national festival, throughout the towns of the United States, that possesses such attraction, and collects so great a multitude, as a camp meeting held in the profound depth of the lofty forest. Not on account of the preacher — he is some vagabond fanatic, who is often heard and contemned. There is nothing in him to condense the stream of life into the camp, as its chosen reservoir. It is the visible and impressive form of woman, the incantations of the Pythoness of the place, the irresistible influence of her presence, that imparts the impulse ; for woman, like the spirit of poetry, enhances every scene. Without her to put the machinery in action, the camp meeting would have few lookers-on ; and the same assembly that lasts for continuous weeks would be without a bond of union for a single night.

No situation could be better adapted to a camp meeting than the vicinity of Rock Fish Gap, or the defile of the Blue Ridge mountains, where, in the heart of a lofty grove of oak and cedar, an imposing space of several acres had been cleared for the erection of the white tents of religious worship. It was after twilight when Mr. Keith and his companions approached the spot. The full moon, rising over the mountains of the Alpine district, poured its mellow ray upon the tents, pitched in a quadrangular form, remarkable for an immense pen in the open area, surmounted by a preacher's scaffold. The locality of the camp was identified with the main-road, or the ascent to the chief mountain through Rock Fish Gap ; a gradual ascent of three miles, terminating in the lonely magnificence of awful nature, at a summit of the ridge which looked down on scattered plantations, "almost too small for sight," in the sheltered valleys of the expanse below. The multiplied lights of the tents produced the effect of an illumination, and the repose of the spot was

ever and anon disturbed by the out-break of prayer, or the chant of psalmody from the inmates concealed behind the drapery of curtains. At the first impression, fancy speculated on a singular form of devotion, and in deciding on the moral character of the institution, conceived herself to be on heathen ground.

It would seem that those within the tents were a sort of religious exclusives, belonging to the camp communion. They came to pray. But in the vale of the camp, which rose into an amphitheatre on either side, a dense crowd was collecting of lookers-on, one rank swarming above another. Waggon were heard descending the mountain path from Kentucky and Tennessee, and so great was the accession of persons, that, like water rising above the level, the multitude was beginning to ascend on all sides up to the mountain's brow. Pre-eminent on the green sward, the patrician families of Virginia, the the magnates of "the ancient dominion," had taken their stand, for curiosity has its demands in the circles of the wealthy. So

polite were they in their manners that one might have conceived they were assembled to pay each other compliments. Democratic in their political professions, they were rather nice and aristocratic in their habits, and kept aloof from the vulgar crowd. There was the proud and haughty visage of the opulent slave-holder, the beautiful countenance of the southern young lady, the intelligent looks of the seldom gay but always genteel youth, all indicating, by their easy air and graceful intercourse, an order of the highest *caste*. On the lofty brow, where they had assembled, the fire-flies were on the wing, scintillating like bright sparks of fire, in all directions, among the grass, as well as the foliage of the neighbouring trees.

An extraordinary feature in the scene presented itself in the rear of the camp, peculiar to the United States. Horses of all sizes, from the tall hunter to the diminutive pony, were fastened, some by their bridles, and others with rough halters, in one long and irregular row, to the lower branches of

an interminable line of majestic cedars raising their trunks in tall relief above the tents. The horses were generally mean in appearance, and those rode to the camp by the Kentuckians were without any saddles and had only a rope in their mouths to guide them through the woods. Tall, athletic men, in hunting shirts, the forest rangers of the west, with their thoughts abstracted from the worship of the place, were seen handling the mouths of the better looking steeds, and deciding with earnestness on their respective ages. Their wives and children, in gay busy groups, were picking up the nuts that had fallen from the walnut tree and hickory, the rival monarchs of the forest.

As the moon rose, and the splendour of the night increased, the cries of numerous whip-poor-wills, harboured amidst the precipices and crags of the pass through the mountain, made the vale ring and echo. The cry of this nocturnal hawk-owl, or rather his articulation of the compound word whip-poor-will, was made, in contempt of every thing

around, with a disagreeable cluck between the syllables, and a strong emphasis on the last word.*

The open area of the camp, where stood the pen and preacher's scaffold, was a noble space, so completely overlooked by the surrounding and raised multitude, that nothing could be done there without being noticed. The scaffold, or throne of the field orator, was ascended by a flight of rude steps, and the pen, capable of holding a hundred persons, was fenced in, with bars that let down to give the female penitents ingress.

It was not long before a half-starved old negro man, accompanied by several squalid boys huddling up their bundles of rags around them, ran hastily into the area with brooms in their hands, and having swept the pen out with much ado, the venerable woolly-headed leader seized a conch shell which hung suspended over his shoulder, but in raising it to his mouth displayed such a rueful length of countenance, that Mr. Keith

* For the natural history of the whip-poor-will, see Wilson's Ornithology.

and his party could not repress their laughter. No sooner was the blast blown, than the company rushed tumultuously out of the tents, and soon all eyes were riveted on the tall, lank figure of Lorenzo Dow, advancing solemnly towards the scaffold, followed by a train of young fellows in black ; stout, strapping circuit riders, the animation of every love-feast from Passamaquody to the estuary of the Mississippi river.

The stir of human life was now strong in the open space of the camp, till it became crowded almost to suffocation with a motley multitude. Wild backwoodsmen, in hunting shirt and mocassins, carried you forcibly by imagination into log-house life, into the habits and concerns of men who depend for their subsistence on the rifle. The negro and mulatto populace, in groups distinct from the whites, brought a painful throb into the breast, that Christianity could not among these mountains operate as a holy means to great and noble ends—that its divine influence was not felt in establishing one universal brotherhood on the broad basis of equal

rights—and in acknowledging one nature for all mankind. If the aspect of slavery, however, ever put on a careless smile, it was at the camp meeting of the Blue Ridge. The females were studied in their attire. Of the mulatto damsels the chief part wore silks, and the negro girls were nearly all in white muslin dresses, contrasting strongly with the jet of the head and chest, the arms and feet, which were generally bare. The black men, who accompanied them every where about, had on loose white trowsers, and a white shirt very full and open.

By this time an unusual bustle and interest were manifested. Lorenzo Dow, enthroned on the scaffold, was rising to address the multitude. The discourse was such as his appearance warranted. It teemed with that kind of religious enthusiasm which is a complete barrier to reflection ; and his oratory, begun in Moorfields, seemed to have reached its consummation in the forests of America. Towards the close of his address, which had lasted an hour, an extraordinary sensation was produced by a stir among the junior priests, who left their seats beneath

the raised platform where Lorenzo was holding forth, and sought the camp pen, the great theatre of excitement. While they were letting the bars down for the admittance of repentant sinners, Lorenzo became singularly animated, and seemed to conclude his discourse in a rapture of exhortation ; “ Hitherto,” cried he, “ I have been speaking to your heads ; the practical part is yet to come. The pen ! the pen ! thither betake ye, all ye in distress of mind for your sins, and give demonstrative proof of your repentance !”

The exhortation of Lorenzo was not a little powerful in its appeal, for the passions which he excited in the camp broke out into acts of enormity and religious extravagance. On a sudden a female shriek was heard, an agonized cry, so wild and piercing, that the multitude seemed petrified, and lost in the amazement of people who doubt the evidence of their senses. All eyes were directed towards the avenue from whence it issued, and the crowd instinctively opened a passage to make room for a frantic female who ran with mournful distraction in the direction of the pen. Her

form, her voice, her eyes, her soul, were absorbed in the part she played; and her tasteful dress, on this memorable night, set her natural beauty off to great advantage. Her step was light, though rapid, and such was the hush of the camp, that the ear seemed to catch her breathing, till it was lost in convulsive sobs, as rushing into the pen, she threw herself on the ground. Here she was soon surrounded by the band of junior apostles, one of whom, a graceful American youth of nineteen, knelt down, and sustaining the languid beauty with his arm, approached his lips to her fair face, and whispered spiritual comfort; while she, trembling to an excess almost sufficient to expel her grieving spirit from the fine form in which it was enshrined, met the glances of the young officiating priest, with her eye raised sorrowfully towards him, burning through its tears.

Example in all things is contagious. A few minutes only had elapsed, when two other girls rushed out from the concourse of spectators, as if awakened to a conviction of the heinousness of their backslidings; but in throwing themselves on the ground

as they attained the pen, they over-acted their parts—their screams shrill, long, and piercing, were of a suspicious character, for the tones of an overstrained instrument are always false.

The effect of the pen on the serious part of the multitude, the backwoods' people and the coloured lookers-on, was evidently powerful. It was a method of communicating instruction that went to their feelings, and stormed the heart. But the patrician families of Virginia, the exclusives seated on the brow of the hill, gazed only to giggle, and express their contempt of *Lorenzo Dow's decoy ducks*, for with this opprobrious appellation they stigmatized the three prostrate penitents.

Field preachers, like sailors, have nothing to fear so much as a calm, and Lorenzo, feeling conscious that in the night's emergency much more was required from him, descended from the scaffold with his hymn book in his hand, and took his station at the pen ; and, as the petrel, familiar to mariners, riots in the tumult of the hurricane and the raging of the billows, so he seemed

complacently to ride on the moral whirlwind, and direct the storm of the human passions. The moon had climbed the Peak of Otters, the highest mountain of the Blue Ridge, and the forest scenery was slumbering in the calm brilliance of a Virginian night. The silvery light, reflected from the steep precipices and the lofty crags of the sheltered valley, brought out into strong relief the forms and features of the dense assemblage of white and coloured people, and the whole wore an air of solemn romance. Lorenzo Dow had put himself in an attitude for exhortation, and had raised his voice to such a pitch that the babe clung closer to the bosom of its mother—when, at this impressive juncture, a young fellow fashionably attired, but a cripple sustained by a crutch under each arm, sprang with astonishing agility down the avenue from the remote mountain-brow where the Virginian aristocracy sat apart, and placing himself in a reconnoitring posture before the pen orator, fixed on him stedfastly his keen eye, which sparkled from an emaci-

ated visage, and told in every glance what an impudent dog he was.

It was not difficult to ascertain that he was of some condition in society. He wore a new beaver hat, his blue coat was superb, and from a diagonal slit in the left breast hung out a white cambric handkerchief, while his waistcoat, a fine shawl pattern, was splendidly decorated with a festooned guard-chain of guinea gold. Fixing his quick and practised eye on Lorenzo Dow, he accosted him by saying, "I suppose you know me?"

"Not I, who are you?"

"I am no less a personage than Jack Rattle, the eloquent Richmond attorney. I was counsel for Burr, convicted of high treason."

"And what is your errand here?"

"Why, that you will put a stop to your vociferating. It is a horrid bore!"—Here Jack chuckled at his own wit, but encountered such a stern glance from Lorenzo, that the rash cripple recoiled on his crutch. Then raising his stentorian voice, the in-

dignant preacher vehemently denounced him, crying out in an enraged tone : “ Help, men of Israel ! the fences are thrown down—the wild boar has found his way into the vineyard—the devil’s delegate is in the camp ! ”

A loud and inextinguishable shout burst all at once from the multitude, and the intruder was held up to merited execration. The camp was one vast organ of clamour. Every individual was a posture, every face a contortion, and every eye a flash of reproof.

Amidst the appalling uproar and tumult of the crowd, the culprit found himself in a delicate dilemma. He must either be trampled under foot by an army of fanatics, or implore the protection of the man whom he had so grossly insulted. The alternative was too humiliating to his pride, for Jack was by no means deficient in spunk. He had measured the ground with his opponent, and his lameness was not a natural deformity, but inflicted by a pistol-shot in a duel with a naval officer on whom he had

practised a hoax. He, therefore, bethought him of a trick to get out of the scrape. He affected contrition and remorse for his misconduct. He dropped his crutch, and passing his arms round the neck of Lorenzo Dow, exclaimed, "Thy holy indignation was called forth by my impious behaviour, and I feel compunction for its flagrancy. Your presence has wrought a saving change in my heart. Ah, my teacher! ah, my teacher! such a devil once I was!"

The forgiveness of Lorenzo, and his joy at Jack's conversion, were highly exemplary. The popular fury was in a moment allayed. He beckoned to a class-leader, one of the parsons in the pen, to whose religious guidance he consigned the reformed scamp; and Jack walked away, holding his pious conductor by the hand, and singing in concert with him the hymn:

"For this the saints lift up their voice,
For this the hosts above rejoice," &c.

Lorenzo, restored to his equanimity, gave a placid glance into the pen, where the

three damsels sustained by the young local preachers were beginning to make a stir, and, with animated gestures of recovered consciousness, were calling out, "We have sought grace in repentance, and experience a new heart—the new birth!"—"Yes," cried the ghostly father, "it is all true, all that they say!" Then raising his hands with solemn gesture, he earnestly exhorted those females of the crowd who wished for a real renovation of heart, to cast in their lot with the sisters in the pen, and find peace of spirit. In the meantime, one of the junior apostles was heard calling out to the girl he tenderly supported, and who was looking mournfully up at him, "Sister Esther, don't weep!" "Oh, these," cried she, "are tears of joy!" The appeal was irresistible. The moral endemic began. The women assembled around the pen, felt the crisis approaching, and the rush into it of maids and matrons could only be compared to the tumultuous billows of the ocean in a storm.

The wrestling of the penitents with their sins, lying in promiscuous heaps on the

ground, was so enduring, that the interference of Lorenzo seemed to be required. He mounted the platform, and allayed the excitement, as Æolus, in Virgil, reduced the winds to obedience. “ The night,” cried he, “ is wearing apace—the moon, with softer beam, is sinking behind the undying forms of nature, the mountains of the west ; hence, all of ye, to your tents, and may peace minister to your slumbers.”

CHAPTER XXII.

“As the augurs of Rome, when they met together in private, were wont to laugh at the gullibility of the multitude, so, no doubt, Lorenzo Dow and his colleagues chuckled in secret over their cheat and delusion.” Thus spoke young Mr. Archer to his companions as the camp broke up, and the crowd withdrew, some to their tents, and others to bivouac in the forest. Without shelter or refreshment for the night, but wandering woefully about the camp, Mr. Keith could not resist the expression of his regret at having come so far on such an errand. He wished he was again at home. The young doctor seemed disposed to indulge in raillery, but was diverted from his purpose by a poetical recollection. “Your complaint reminds me,” said he, “of a passionate exclamation of the great Roman satirist. I will give it you in the version of *glorious John* :

“ Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it pursue ;
How void of reason are our hopes and fears,
What in the compass of our life appears
So well designed, so happily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone.”

“ That ’s true enough,” said Mr. Keith,
“ and it is so far consoling, that it reminds
us there are others in the same predica-
ment.”

“ On this principle of our nature,” rejoined
Mr. Archer, “ there is less grief where there
is community of suffering.”

“ Agreed,” said captain Brilliant. “ Bligh,
in his open boat, beating day after day to
windward, would have felt more acutely
with two than twelve companions.”

While the three friends were debating
what plan to pursue—whether to travel
homewards in the night, or kindle a fire and
encamp in the woodland, the doctor was
called by name from the overhanging brow
of the mountain, where the patricians of the
state had assembled.

“ That,” exclaimed the doctor, “ is the

voice of a fellow collegian ; our fortune is made ; it is Dick Pendleton who recognizes me ; let us hie to the brow ; we shall there find the accommodation of the tent, and the luxury of the table."

Shaking off their despair, they ascended the hill with alacrity, and were soon in the presence of at least forty persons of distinction, of both sexes ; members of the Virginia senate and assembly, barristers of Richmond and Petersburg, and planters of immense wealth ; all accompanied by their wives and daughters, and attended with such a train of negro and mulatto servants, male and female, that they looked like an emigrating colony.

Of the coloured servants a great number were engaged in laying out a cold, but sumptuous supper on tables borrowed from a neighbouring plantation ; and the company were reposing on a knoll, surmounted by a clump of walnut-trees of lofty stature and spreading foliage.

The doctor, having introduced his companions to the party, approached a young

lady of his acquaintance, and began a chat with her. She was a very pretty creature, and most magnificently appareled ; but so far from being a timid, retiring beauty, as the American girls are represented by English travellers, she was all animation, with a burst of spirits finding relief only in talk.

“ I suppose, doctor,” said she, “ that you have heard of Jack Rattle’s conversion.”

“ I witnessed it,” replied the doctor. “ I was not far from him when he underwent regeneration. I thought at one time he recognized me among the by-standers, and gave me a wicked wink with his left eye.”

“ His conduct,” cried an elderly gentleman, “ was not only profane, but an infringement of the law, which enacts that no religious sect, of whatever denomination, shall be molested in their worship. It was an outrage that called aloud for a warrant ; an outrage of so deep flagrancy, that had the delinquent appealed for leave to be at large upon bail, the recognizance ought to have been refused him.”

“I am of opinion,” said the young lady, “that poor Jack is sufficiently punished. He is doing very severe penance.”

“How so, Aspasia,” cried young Pendleton.

“Why, to be subjected to the importunity of the local preachers, all striving to make him square his conscience according to theirs.”

“Jack,” said the old gentleman, “has no conscience to be squared.”

“Perhaps,” cried young Pendleton, “he will come back to us a shining and burning light.”

“As much as to say,” exclaimed Aspasia, “contaminated with cant.”

“I verily believe,” interrupted Mr. Keith, “that his conversion was sincere. What he said, and did, was too pathetic to be put on. As to winking his eye, a mosquito might have got into it, and they are mischievous things in a hot summer’s night.”

“His singing a hymn,” said captain Brilliant, “argued, I think, that he had gone upon the religious tack.”

“In that,” observed the old gentleman, “Jack took a lesson from the mocking bird of his native state.”

“At the university,” said the doctor, “he was always looked upon as a talented and imaginative youth, and in whatever position he was placed, discovered a great deal of tact. My reminiscence of him is pleasing.”

“Where did you get those words?” cried Aspasia, laughing. “Why you must import the London periodicals—Bentley’s Miscellany, and Colburn’s New Monthly. After reading one of those literary abominations, I fly to an essay of Goldsmith, or his Animated Nature, to recover a pure, unadulterated idiom.”

“Rather say Hume,” exclaimed the old gentleman.

“A hit, uncle,” cried Aspasia. “Yet, after all, Hume is a penetrating writer. But I won’t be a blue. Literature shall not make me digress from Jack Rattle.”

“Here he comes,” exclaimed young Pendleton, “or there are no snakes in Virginia. He has given his jailor the go-by. Look

where he is hopping across the camp. He has gained the ascent unpursued. I will run and assist him in his flight."

"The class-leader is after him," said the doctor.

"No matter, I am a match for a Methodist; if he be rash and quarrelsome, I will soon screw my gouging thumb into his eye, and demolish his vision."

"If you do," said the old gentleman, "I will fine you a hundred dollars."

"A thousand if you choose, uncle."

"Beware of the class-leader," said Aspasia, "he may be armed with a dirk."

"Nay, Aspasia," said the doctor, "he carries with him no carnal weapon, he is the impersonation of meekness."

"I would not trust him," laughed Aspasia. "Cant goes with me for nothing."

"You are reprehensible, Aspasia," said the old gentleman, "as an unqualified censurer. Your discourse is full of bitter sarcasms, and in the absence of all argument, you endeavour to raise prejudices by a ludicrous association of ideas. It were

well for you, if, instead of contemplating your beauty in your chamber mirror, you would look into the gospel glass, and become sensible of your defects."

"To personal beauty," exclaimed Aspasia, "I never made pretensions."

"Oh, yes," cried the doctor, viewing enamoured her fine auburn hair, braided across her alabaster forehead, and sustained in its profusion with a small golden comb—
"*tous ces beaux cheveux, Aspasia, sont ils à vous ?*"

By this time young Pendleton had got to the succour of Jack, whom he found leaning against a persimmon-tree, keeping the class-leader at bay with his crutch, and — him a methodistical son of a —. Jack, at times, was a profane swearer, and now, forgetting his conversion, he had returned to his evil habit. The class-leader was a tall, swarthy, robust man, who had signalized himself in the memorable battle of Tippecanoe, when the Indian prophet, with his forces, stormed in the dead of night the camp of general Harrison ; yet such was

the noble, imposing air of Pendleton, that in his presence he felt himself only a hewer of wood, and a drawer of water.

Pendleton returned in triumph with Jack to the brow of the hill, where he was received by the party with a transport of joy dashed with grief—he looked fearfully pale. A temporary couch was erected for him, fabricated with carriage-cushions, roque-laures, shawls, and pelisses, to which he was assisted by the doctor, who, on feeling his pulse, pronounced him free from fever, but labouring under debility from excess of fatigue and insufficient nourishment. Hot coffee and ham sandwiches were prescribed for him. The company sat down to supper round a well provided table on the sward; and Aspasia, sacrificing etiquette to humanity, waited upon Jack in person, who, viewing her tenderly, addressed her in a beautiful apostrophe from a modern poet :

“ Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light, quivering aspen made :
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel, thou !”

At the breaking up the feast, the chirp of the oriole was heard from the neighbouring clump of trees. The carriages were called for, and Mr. Keith, impatient to be at home, was journeying on his road with the captain and the doctor, just as the Peak of Otters, in its supreme dominion over the mountain scenery, assumed the soft, pale, crimson hue of returning day.

CHAPTER XXIII.

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,
Tendimus in Latium.*

VIRGIL.

THE hour of parting came, and the hospitable Mr. Keith and his wife beheld with poignant grief their guests' large trunks on the floor of the hall, corded and ready to be sent on board the frigate. So great was the emotion of Cassandra and Flora that the breakfast remained almost untouched, notwithstanding the assurances of their kind hostess that the coffee was very good, and the cakes baked on purpose for them, because it was what she had discerned they preferred. The barge was seen from the window approaching the shore, the captain grasped the hand of Mr. Keith, and rather looked than uttered his farewell, while the eyes of the ladies overflowed with tears.

The superb Sanspareil was soon under weigh, and stood out of Hampton Roads, making a gallant stretch over to Cape Charles

under a press of sail. The ladies were on the quarter-deck beneath the awning, conversing with the captain and officers ; the middies, each holding a quadrant in his hand were seen observing the meridian altitude of the sun ; and the master, standing at the binnacle, was busied in determining the bearing of the promontory from which he recorded his departure.

A yankee passage boat was keeping its course across the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, bound into Norfolk, and an incident occurred which amusingly illustrates the American character. It was a lovely day, not a cloud in the sky, and only a light air abroad, now subsiding into a calm, and anon stirring the sea into cat's paws, or gentle ripples. The sloop was of about fifty tons burthen, whose passengers, male and female, were all on deck, gazing at the man-of-war. The American skipper was walking to and fro the deck of the sloop, and, as the frigate got abreast of her, the officers could overhear him say, "She shows her colours, but if we ever go to war with the old country,

as sure as my name is Jedediah, we'll play the devil's game with their rag of a flag. I'll hail them. Hoa the ship ahoy! I say, captain, now that's not fair to go to windward of my sloop, and take all the wind out of her sail. Where might you come from?"

"From Whitehall!"*

"Where are you bound?"

"To Whitehall!"

"Will you shorten sail, and spare me a bottle of rum?"

The monotony of their passage across the Atlantic was relieved in the parallel of forty degrees, by the appearance of several beautiful ice-islands, which had found an egress into the ocean from Davis's Strait. On approaching these stupendous masses floating in mid-sea, a lucid streak was seen spreading along that part of the atmosphere next to the ship, a phenomenon similar to the mirage of the desert, and known to mariners by the name of ice-blink. It pre-

* The ship's company are paid their wages at Whitehall.

sented an exquisite counterpart, or picture-shadow of each island, for a considerable distance before the actual mass became visible. Of the ice-bergs in sight, extending over half the sea, the largest was magnificent. The frigate passed it at about the distance of a mile, glittering in the evening sunshine, and glowing with all the colours of the rainbow.

The forecastle, the gangway, the lower rigging, was crowded with gazers, all looking on in silent admiration.

The captain shaved as close round the rearmost island as the safety of his ship permitted, to indulge the ladies on the quarter-deck with a near survey of it.

Every one compared the floating pile to a Gothic cathedral. Its pointed caverns worn by the hoarse murmuring waves below, yawned, in fancy's eye, like portals and archways. Its splintered projections stood out like buttresses, and their points bristled up into pinnacles. The more dense and elevated masses rose into towers and lanterns ; while the precipitous, glassy walls completed the architectural similitude.

The marine officer amused himself with picking off some noddies, and other silly birds, perched on the crystal cliffs; but his firing was wanton sport, as no boat was sent for them.

The doctor of the frigate, who had in him the elements of a versifier, gave evidence of his talent when the ice-islands hove in sight, and embalmed them in his rhymes. He was invited to read his production to the ladies in the cabin. It was quite a literary *soirée*, any more than that an ugly swell of the sea made the ship roll prodigiously, and more than once, in the enthusiasm of spouting his own poetry, the doctor forgetting to hold on to the table where the party was assembled, he was twice pitched into the lee-scuppers, where, as he lay sprawling with his manuscript in his hand, he heard from his naval audience, who were clinging to the festal board, and humouring the motion of the frigate, a roar of obstreperous laughter, that would have done honour to Homer's gods.

The man of medicine ventured on a re-

monstrance. He cited examples from history of the respect shown poets even among the most barbarous tribes ; he said that there was a society incorporated in London for their relief ; that they were the pets of the public, and led a charmed life every where but on board ship.

“ It however consoles my muse,” added the doctor, “ to know that it is not my heroic verse that you are laughing at, but the discomfiture I have experienced from the lee-lurch of his majesty’s ship, by falling into the lee-scuppers.”

“ Their levity is cruel,” said Cassandra, affecting sympathy.

“ Yes, madam, so Nero fiddled while Rome was burning.”

“ I perceive, sir, in the spirit of a true poet, you are not at a loss for a simile.”

“ Madam, I was bred to poetry. I was educated at Winchester college, metaphorically a nest of singing birds. Did you ever hear me sing, madam ?”

“ I never had that pleasure, sir. ’

“ Well, madam, some day or another, I

will do myself the honour to sing you the transcendent song of *Domum, domum, dulce domum*. Nothing else is tolerated at Winchester."

"Tell that to the marines," cried the pursuer. "It is tolerated only by the Tories. Let us only throw out the rotten-boroughs, and the song with its black coated abettors will be all hove overboard, and not a real man in England left to give them a rope. And now, sir, to be blunt with you, I don't relish your poetry."

"What kind do you like? Are you partial to Moore's verse?"

"I have not given much attention to it. When I looked into his Almanack, it rather was to consult the days of the month, than peruse his doggrel."

The doctor lifted up his eyes, for he was a talented man. "Well, after that," said he, "comes a green bay horse to be shaved."

It was now proposed, and agreed to by all but Mr. Nipchese, that the doctor should have fair play given him; that he should be indulged the liberty of reading

his poem over again ; and that the steward, a man of great muscular energy, should stand by to catch him, if, in a moment of abstraction, he fell out of his chair. He then began as follows :

“ Slow sinks the sun, o'er isles more dazzling white
Than snows on Appennine's aspiring height ;
A realm of rays, a floating crystal shore,
Freed from the icy chains of Labrador.
In crowds the sailors issue from below,
All ages, ranks, their several tasks forego,
No tongue its bursting tribute can restrain,
But shouts involuntary shake the main.
While thus they marvel at the bright display,
As fools behold the pageant of a day,
The wary chief his bark to windward steers,
And whispers counsel in unwilling ears :
' Friends, you have found the things in life you prize
To distance owe enchantment in your eyes,
That when approach'd their splendours disappear,
And leave behind a moral and a tear.
So these fair isles, alluring to the view,
Have ruin spread o'er many a gallant crew,
Startled the shrieking victims from their sleep,
Their shroud the wave, their sepulchre the deep.' ”

The company were profuse in their commendations of the doctor's verse ; all but Mr. Nipcheese, the purser, who dryly re-

marked "that he could not perceive any point in it."

"But it has a moral," cried the doctor, repelling the purser's grin of scorn with a look of indignation. The poet, as his last resource, thought of appealing to posterity, when the ladies consoled him by expressing a desire to procure his autograph, and prevailed on him to write his name in their albums.

In the height of these compliments, the steward entered the cabin, bearing in both hands an immense bowl of grog to enliven the *literary soirée*, and like an old seaman, pausing ever and anon, and inclining his tall form at an angle of forty-five degrees, to encounter in safety the roll of the ship. It was received by the company with three cheers, in which the ladies joined; and the captain undertook to bale out the beverage.

"You promised us a song, doctor," said the ladies.

"I am afraid," replied the doctor, "that it is not adapted to the attainments of the company."

“ Why so ? ”

“ Because it is in Latin. Its burden is *dulce domum* ; the lament of a truant school boy for his home. If, however, I must sing, I will give you a satire I wrote against the head master of a college, who expelled me for a trifling act of insubordination. An usher—a stupid Wykehamite, had reproved me before the whole school for a false quantity. I encountered him the same day in a tart-shop, and made him eat his words in the presence of the pastry-cook and his wife.”

SAPPHICS.

Prime Græcorum, thou rare old Orbilius,
Quem virga circumvolat, dull as dark night,
Te canunt gownsmen giddy, and the grave too,
 All over Winton.

Tu potes proctors, *comitesque* bull-dogs,
Ducere, et truants *celeris morari* ;
 E'en the grave fellows *tibi blandienti*
 Smilingly *cedunt*.

Both dean and warden, *quum vitulosprehendunt*
Singulos eheu, lacerant in pieces ;
Hi tamen mites bow to Orbilius
 Ruler of fags.

When the guests had done with applauding the doctor's song, the lady who presided over the *soirée*, took the liberty to ask him if he had not modelled his sapphics after the "Razor Grinder" of Mr. Southey?

"I confess, madam, I had that great poet in my eye, any more than

"When a naughty joke came pat in,
I wrapp'd it up in college Latin."

"What think you of my chant?"

"You would have given it more effect, if you had sung it in your cap and robe."

"But that," said the purser, "the doctor forfeited by his misconduct. His college robe was torn off his back."

"Mr. Nipcheese," cried the doctor, "the question is about my poetry, and not my conduct."

"Well, then, sir," replied the purser, "your verse has too many puns."

"Puns!" retorted the doctor. "Why Shakespeare overflows with them."

"A pun," said the lady, "was Shakespeare's Cleopatra, and, in bringing our

soirée to a close, I shall introduce one myself, whether applause or censure betide it. Never in my opinion, was there a *soirée* so appropriately attended as ours ; for not only the ladies, but the gentlemen, also, are regular *blues*."

The allusion to the naval uniform was understood by every individual present, except Mr. Nipcheese. It was beyond his *portée*. To him the wit of Cassandra was as obscure as an ancient oracle ; but the captain, the lieutenants, and the man of medicine extolled it to the skies.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ich liebe dich mein Vaterland.

GOETHE.

The superstition which prevails among sailors was exemplified on board the *Sanspareil* in her homeward passage across the Atlantic. It was the topic of all hands, and the belief had taken strong hold in their minds, that the ghost of lieutenant Balcony visited the ship in the night. Tom Vane, the quarter-master, a grave and authentic personage, had seen his lamented officer, as he was standing talking with the look-out-man at the lee cat-head ; the sight of whom almost chilled his senses. After some time, Jack Marlingspike, the man stationed at the cat-head, also discerned the lieutenant, and both, in mute astonishment, beheld him where he stood at the jib-boom-end, casting on them a tender look of recognition. At that moment the light in the binnacle burnt blue, and so perplexed the helmsman, that he did nothing but yaw the ship about.

They could not be deceived in the figure.

He was in his full uniforms, with his cocked-hat rigged fore and aft. He held a speaking trumpet in his hand, and twice made an effort to hail the frigate ; but his noble, sonorous voice was gone, and he could only emit a shrill and inarticulate cry. Vane and Marlingspike, holding one another by the hand, advanced with timid step to the bows of the ship, to get a nearer view of the apparition, when the lieutenant made an emphatic motion with his finger, which so alarmed them, that one ran up the starboard, and the other the larboard fore-shrouds, whence they plainly saw the apparition leap from the jib-boom-end into the salt-sea-wave, making no noise in the plunge, and leaving no impression behind.

When the captain was told the tale, he said it would do for the marines, but the boatswain and the carpenter, less incredulous, kept strict watch for it three nights. One night they fancied they heard the apparition ; but it turned out to be a sailor who had gone over the ship's bows, on an importunate occasion, to the shot-locker before the stem.

After a passage of twelve days, with the wind so fair that the lieutenant of the watch hardly knew on which side to carry his spanker-boom, there were indications one morning at day-break that the English coast was not far distant. A bird alighted on the main-top-gallant-stay, and the wilderness of waves had changed its colour from a dye of deepest blue to a palish green.

The Sanspareil was hove to, and preparations were made for sounding.

“The line,” said a lieutenant, “is passed along!”

“All ready with the lead!”

“Heave away!” cried Mr. Hurricane.

“Watch there!” “Watch!” vociferated the seamen in succession.

“How many fathoms?”

“Fifty! Shells and sand.”

“Land, ho!” cried out a sailor stationed at the man-top-mast cross-trees.

“Oh! word,” exclaimed Cassandra, “to charm an angel from his sphere!”

The landfall was the Land’s End, and though there was little of brightness or

beauty to recommend it, all hands were soon on deck, gazing with interest on the surf-beaten rocks running out from the promontory, on the boldest of which a lighthouse is erected. These rocks are called the Long Ships.

The doctor, pointing to the Land's End, viewed it under the associations of Milton's poetry, and quoted, to the great delight of the ladies, the poet's apostrophe to Lycidas :

“ Or whether thou to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old.”

“ What a sweet tender line the former one is,” said Cassandra, “ but I am not quite *au fait* of the other.”

“ Milton, madam,” answered the doctor, “ alludes to a tradition that the Land's End was once the abode of a Cornish giant called Bellerus.”

“ I can see the rocks distinctly,” said Flora, “ as the day breaks bright—what a perilous reef. See that surge. The spray has struck the topmost lanthorn of the lighthouse, eminent though it be.”

“ They are putting out their lamps,” said

the captain. "It is douse the glim and hustle the corporal."

Making sail on the Sanspareil, they were soon abreast of the Lizard, where some choughs flew off to the ship, but kept so high in the air, over the top-gallant-mast head, that they mocked the aching gaze of the sailors.

The doctor, who was armed at all points, informed the ladies that the chough was very common on the coast of Cornwall, that it was of the same species as the crow, but differed from it in its violet plumage, and red legs and bill.

At this moment the loblolly-boy, a queer looking urchin, came aft, with his hat in his hand, to summon the doctor to the assistance of Sam Slush the ship's cook ; who in hooking a piece of salt pork out of the coppers with his tormentors, had dreadfully scalded himself.

"Tom, Dick, Harry, what's your name?—"

"Bill, sir."

"Bill, run down to my first mate, Mr. Macsycophant, and desire him to come instantly on deck."

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the boy, glad to get away. “Here I go like seven bells half struck.”

Mr. Macsycophant soon made his appearance on the quarter-deck, a tall, raw-boned Scotch candidate for medical fame ; a man little inferior in suppliancy to his prototype of the drama, for, during the *booes* the fellow made, he bustled and pushed *intul* the circle of officers and ladies on the quarter-deck, striving to catch a look or a smile *fra* the captain. At every glance he gave them, there was a *conciliating co-operation of the whole mon*.

“Mr. Macsycophant,” said the doctor, “the ship’s cook has dreadfully scalded himself. You will apply a cataplasm to the part affected, use the lancet freely, and stop his grog.”

“If ye stop his grog, sair,” said the mate, “I’ll nai gi’e a baubee for his life.”

“Joost haud yer tongue, Mr. Macsycophant,” replied the doctor, mimicking his broad, Scotch accent ; “the cook is in a state of nervous irritation ; in such a case

grog is the devil. I am not under-rating **grog**. It exhilarates the spirits, and augments the energy of the heart. But as the case now stands, there must be a total absence of all alcohol."

Reclaimed from this episode, we turn again to the capes, the headlands, and the beacons of the English Channel. The frigate passed with all her speed the Eddystone light-house, and, after rounding the Start, fell in with the grand fleet, under the command of Lord Howe, returning to port after a victorious contest for the empire of the ocean with the French admiral Joyeuse. The morning was fair, the breeze moderate, and the water smooth. The frigate kept company with the conquerors and the conquered during a great part of the day; a noble fleet of line of battle ships, consisting of twenty-four sail of two and three deckers of the English, and six seventy-fours of the French. Our frigate passed them in succession, ship after ship, each borne in silent grandeur on the water, as if the subject element was made to sustain it.

Presently captain Brilliant ranged up gallantly abreast of the Queen Charlotte, when, backing his after sails in order to maintain his position, he called to his crew, "Now, my boys, three cheers for the admiral who directed the thunders of our fleet ; on whose nod hung the destinies of thousands of brave hearts, whose courage it was his to direct."

The frigate's rigging was in an instant manned and from the congratulating crew was heard

" that thrice repeated cry

In which old Albion's heart and tongue unite ;

Whether it hail the wine-cup or the fight,

And bid each arm be strong, or bid each heart be light."

The admiral, who had been walking to and fro the quarter-deck of the Queen Charlotte with Sir Roger Curtis and captain Douglas, was now seen to take a speaking trumpet from a midshipman, and approach the gangway of the three-decker. He was a little, dark-complexioned man, whom the sailors of the fleet nick-named Black-Ned, and might be about sixty years old.

A dead silence ensued, as he raised the trumpet to hail :

“ Is that captain Brilliant ?”

“ At your service, my lord.”

“ By the peak of your mizen, I should take you to be French.”

“ Our ship is French, my lord. We took her not long ago.”

“ Why don't you hoist English colours over French ones, as a symbol of your victory ?”

“ Not in your conquering presence, my lord.”

“ Nay, a frigate action is as tight work as a fleet engagement, only the noise is less. But how is this? if my sight does not deceive me, your top-gallant-masts are fiddled, and you have royal yards rigged across. Be admonished that every novelty is a vanity. Farewell, my dear fellow. Sir Roger, get on board the main-tack.”

Parting company from the Channel fleet, our frigate dropped her anchor the next day at Spithead. The ship was paid off, and the naval party set out from Portsmouth to the metropolis, where they took furnished lodgings in Cavendish Square.

CHAPTER XXV.

Where luxury
In palaces lies straining her low thought
To form unreal wants.

THE morning after their arrival in town, the Captain, attended by young lieutenant Echo, took a hackney coach, and started for St. Paul's Churchyard, where he had an order for some money on a wealthy merchant. He experienced head winds the whole of his passage. In a very narrow part of the Strand they encountered a broad-wheeled road waggon, drawn by no less than eight horses, and in endeavouring to back out, their vehicle was encountered by two coal carts, a waggon laden with iron bars, the Lord Mayor's coach, and a brewer's dray. Then too it was cattle day, and during the time they were retarded in the street, they were saluted with the roaring of oxen, who, but for the yells and shouts of the drovers, and the barking of their dogs, would have thrust their horns in at the carriage windows.

As some consolation, it was what the Londoners call a fineish day, for the fog was not so great but you could see half way across the road; and the Captain and the young lieutenant took the matter easy, sitting silent, with folded arms and outstretched legs.

After a dead halt of an hour they contrived to get on. The hackney coach rattled through Temple Bar, the jaded horses puffing, blowing, and stumbling, and the coachman seeming to wreak his vengeance on them for having been so long blocked up.

The merchant gave the captain and his young companion a polite reception, and invited them to take "pot luck" with his family.

They were shown into the drawing-room, where they found Mr. and Mrs. Million, the two Miss Millions, and a young lady their cousin, assembled to receive them; together with Sir Jacob Stockfish, the Rev. Mr. Cringewell, and the Earl of Bolton.

Of all the young ladies present, Miss So-

phonisba Treadgold was the loveliest. A dress of white satin trimmed with deep blonde developed the symmetry of her exquisite shape, encircled by a band of silver tissue fastened in front by a diamond clasp. She wore a chain of brilliants about her delicately formed neck, terminating in a sparkling cross,

“ Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore ;”

and bracelets of pearl, corresponding to the rings in her ears, enclosed her fair and beautifully blue-veined arms. Her cheek glowed with the rich hue peculiar to the lasses of our western counties, and she was called the Devonshire beauty. As to her face, it was inclining to an oval form, and she had intelligent hazel eyes, and red luscious lips, and her fine auburn hair, with a hue of gold shining through the depth of its darkness, gave an air of luxury to her whole person. In a word, the young lady was the very model of Donne’s dream when he wrote :

“ Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought.”

Captain Brilliant found the visitors gathered round Mrs. Million seated in an arm-chair. Her courtesy to him was of the days of hoops and brocades, and the hero of her discourse was her own son, to which the toadies around her affected to listen with deep attention. The hopeful Cæsar belonged to a company of London Volunteers. The good old merchant concurred in the praises lavished on him by his mother, and whispered smilingly in the ear of the captain.

“Between you and me, he has recruited lately to some purpose; he has enlisted the heart of Miss Treadgold, the young lady who sits next to my eldest daughter. It was his red coat did this. Women, like mackerel, (raising his voice) ha! ha! ha! are caught with a red bait.”

“True, sir,” said captain Brilliant. “The blue jackets stand no chance.”

Sophonisba reddened. It was a blush of inconstancy. Before, the red coat of Cæsar (which had transformed him from a Thersites into an Achilles) made Sophonisba’s heart flutter when he approached

her ; but from the moment the young lieutenant entered the room, the soldier's fate was sealed.

In a few minutes more a servant announced at the door that ensign Cæsar was returned from being reviewed by sir Tottenham Turnstile, which gave immediate rise to the tenderest exclamations.

Mrs. Million. Mary! Mary! make haste with the calf's foot jelly! Cæsar is come.

Mary. Mamma, it is not ready yet.

Mrs. Million. Not ready! Alas! alas! My poor boy will be laid up again! He must be exhausted with marching! Tell John to run over to Pattypan's and get a fresh custard! My poor Cæsar! I know his state! His ambition always makes him over-march himself.

And now entered ensign Cæsar, accompanied by captain Shank. Two such men of war! They held themselves perfectly upright, neither inclining to the right or left, the shoulders square and kept back, the breast advanced, the flat of the hands touching the thighs, the toes turned out; and

they marched to ordinary time, keeping themselves dressed in a line, and both scrupulously observing the same length of pace.

At length captain Shank vociferated, "Halt!" when these warriors stopped and bowed to the company.

Captain Shank approached Miss Million, and Cæsar threw himself into a chair, crossing his arms, and affecting to sleep.

Mrs. Million. My dear boy, you have over-marched yourself. The jelly is not ready, but I have dispatched John, for a custard.

Cæsar, (his eyes shut).—Rear ranks take close order! March! Make ready! Present! Fire!

"Cæsar," said Mrs. Million, you will frighten the ladies with your war-whoop Sophonisba trembles like a leaf."

"Psha!" cried Cæsar. "None but the brave enchant the fair.—Shank! was not our review noble?"

"Sublime! oh! sublime!" cried captain Shank. "But I am hoarse with giving the word of command.—Battalion wheel back

into open column ! The right in front ! Counter-march by files ! Right face ! March ! Officers, dress your companies ! Mr. Million ! Eyes right ! Look less at the girls and more at your men."

"You be —— !" cried Cæsar. "Go to drill ! Go to drill ! Don't you quiz an old soldier."

"Old soldier !" cried captain Shank. "Why powder and ball ! I am twelve years older than you, and I have carried arms from my infancy. My ears have ever been familiar with the rattling drum, and the piercing fife. † When a child, I panted for the musket ; and when an apprentice, after shop-shutting, I learned the manual exercise of our porter, who had been a corporal in the militia."

The footman now came to announce that dinner was on the table : each gentleman seized a lady. The captain became the chaperon of the merchant's eldest daughter, and the lieutenant took the hand of Miss Sophonisba, both of them blushing a deep scarlet.

The company were scarcely seated, when

Cæsar entered the room, and seemed disposed to take his seat at the end of the table; but his mother, worthy woman! thought carving would fatigue, and made him sit next to her, that he might enjoy the benefit of the fire. Cæsar had marched from the Exchange to Hyde Park, and back again, that day.

The guests, whom it is my task to depict at their disgusting dinner, were great gastronomists. It was astounding to see how the city-knight sir Jacob, and the man of the church out of Hampshire, rolled their white eyes, and shook the green fat of their dew-lapped visages, as they guttled down the callipash and callipee of a turtle. And then, too, they would look round at one another—their beastly glances would meet, as if in mutual recognition of their exquisite bliss.

A Cornaro looking on, and seeing them consume at least a gallon of rich turtle-soup, might have conjectured that they were satisfied. Not so. Their plates being changed, the man of the church perceiving that his

host Mr. Million had just made an incision with his carving-knife into a fine leg of lamb, called out to him earnestly, betraying in the tone of his voice that he was apprehensive of being anticipated—"Mr. Million, Mr. Million, do favour me with a cut of that noble leg of lamb, near the pope's eye, and give me with it, if you please, some of the fat of the loin." No sooner was it sent to him, than he emptied a boat of mint sauce over it that stood beside him, and pricked his fork into a huge cauliflower which he deluged with melted butter.

In the meantime the city knight drew a cheque at sight upon a brisket of veal, to which was added an ample slice of ham.

All ate heartily but one, and that was Sophonisba.

"Sophonisba! child," exclaimed Mrs. Million, "you eat like a sparrow! Don't grieve yourself about Cæsar! He is pale only from over-marching himself. Let me give you this wing."

"Indeed, madam," said Sophonisba, "I have no appetite whatever."

“Ha!” cried Mr. Million, with a profound look. “I remember that about this time thirty years—it was in my courtship—my wife could not eat. She lived entirely on love. Cæsar! thou art a type of thy father; thou can’st make an impression!”

Here the old man laughed heartily at his own penetration. Laughing is contagious.

“Ha! ha!” laughed the earl; “Ha! ha!” reiterated the knight; “Haw! haw!” roared captain Shank.

Cæsar, however, had no share in depriving the lady of her appetite—it was not in the nature of things that a calico-skinned dandy of Cheapside could make an impression on the heart of the blooming country lass, when the young lieutenant of a man-of-war was sitting alongside of her, one so handsome that a susceptible girl had only to behold him, and she felt herself all over in love, pale and dejected.

Come, lieutenant Echo, sit to me for your picture. I will make it as endurable as the canvas of sir Joshua, who, they say, by the bye, came off with flying colours.

His appearance was that of a youth of nineteen. His complexion was dark, his auburn locks hung in clusters over his handsome forehead, his red lips were surmounted with a slight down, and his face, almost too beautiful for a boy, would have had an effeminate cast, but for the daring, indomitable glance of his dark eye. He was of a slender make, and his fine flexible figure acquired new grace from his lieutenant's coat, set off with white lappels, and accurately expressing his shape.

When Sophonisba first saw him, it was from the window of the drawing room: He had leapt out of the hackney coach, contemning the steps and when the gallant sailor youth stood erect again on the pavement, arrayed in his foraging cap, with his dainty dirk by his side, her colour went and came.

Lieutenant Echo sat at table between Mrs. Million and Sophonisba.

"Were you in the action, sir," said the good lady, "with captain Brilliant."

"Yes, madam."

"And I dare affirm," said Mr. Million,

“the young man did honour to the wooden walls?”

“He did,” observed captain Brilliant. “He saved the ship from catching fire, by cutting the hammocks overboard on the quarter-deck. He was among the foremost in boarding the enemy’s frigate: he fought full an hour while smarting under his wounds; and it was not till he had hauled down the French colours with his own hands, that he thought of a surgeon.”

“Noble!” said captain Shank. “My heart kindles at the recital! Oh! that I had been there!”

“It would have been hotter work,” said Mr. Million, “than firing with blank cartridges.” And he laughed heartily.

There is something so noble in courage, that no breast can refuse it homage; but it takes particularly with the softer sex, who look to man for protection. While captain Brilliant was pronouncing the panegyric of Mr. Echo, poor Sophonisba cast side glances at the young naval hero, and when his eye accidentally encountered the furtive glance

of the damsel, her cheek became suffused with the deepest crimson.

At length the ladies left the table for the drawing room. Of course the gentlemen rose, that is, all those whom their enormous feeding had not weighed down to their seats ; and when the decantered port and sherry were put on the cleared table, a moral might have been drawn from the effects of what is termed *good living*. The spectre apoplexy, or suffocation, a bloated mass of vision, hovered over the knight of London, and the churchman out of Hampshire. Each, giving out a loud, swinish snore, was seen reposing his chin and face in the palms of his hands, supported in an upright posture by his elbows on the mahogany table. The monsters had fallen asleep.

I have dwelt too long on the remorseless feeding of the banker's guests—compared to which cannibalism is a classic virtue—to descant on the flavour and the variety of the wines ; and, in the toasts proposed and circulated, every one present prostrated himself in adulation to Billy Pitt and the orthodox church.

CHAPTER XXVI.

To you I give myself—
AS YOU LIKE IT.

SOPHONISBA took the first opportunity to steal to her chamber, where she could indulge undisturbed, the emotions raised in her bosom by the young naval hero. Her senses were bewildered; she leaned her glowing cheek upon her hand, and fetched a world of sighs. A miniature picture of Cæsar, dressed in a flaming red coat, lay on her toilet; but she beheld it with scorn, crying, as she looked towards it, “No, no, I love another—one whose image will come to me in the clouds of the air, in the shadows of the waters, and in the dreams of the night. I will be any thing, and all for him; adopt the nautical idiom; circumnavigate the globe with him; feast with him in a Labrador hut, or a Persian pavilion; keep watch with him on the storm-beaten deck of his frigate, or sleep to the soft breathings of the flute in the cinnamon groves of Ceylon.”

Captain Brilliant and lieutenant Echo were the first who retired from the parlour to the drawing-room, the citizens choosing to protract their drinking-bout.

The ladies had not yet descended from their respective chambers ; the captain could, therefore, commune unheard with his young lieutenant.

“Hark you, Echo! If you don’t make your fortune in less than a week, ’tis entirely your own fault. You are a likely fellow ; and if Sopha—Sophonisba—(her name is as long as the fore-top-bowline)—is not in love with you, I am out in my reckoning.

“It is the case by all that’s true! She could not keep her eyes off you at dinner. She looked Cupids at you! I could see her heart move up and down like a brig’s boom in a calm : and when I told the tough story about your courage, the poor girl changed colour in the face like a dying dolphin.”

“She’s a pretty creature, sir! I know she has given me the heart-ache! Such top-lights! such cat-heads! such a clean

run from stem to stern ! I could fight the devil to get spliced to her ! I would battle the watch with fifty of her lobster lovers."

"Hark you ! We are all going to the play. You range up alongside of her, and talk to her like a sailor-man."

"I am a bad hand at fine speeches alongside of a modest girl. I can run stem on upon another, but there's something in the look of a modest girl that takes my sails aback."

"The deuce ! I thought you had read lord Chesterfield ! I am sure you had it in your berth."

"No, sir ; it belonged to the boatswain."

"Well, no matter. You lose no opportunity to board Sophonisba. Board her with sugar-plum phrases. Call her your angel !—your darling—your box of diamonds !—swear you adore her !—swear by your commission, swear it by the god of war !"

"I will, sir ; I will."

"And squeeze her hand. But squeeze it gently—for your hand is hard—it may make her cry out."

“My hand, sir, is as hard as a three-inch plank !”

“No matter ! It is the hand of a man ! the hand of a sailor ! Women love hard hands ! They love a fist that can give a knock-down blow in their defence. And it is not expected from a sailor to have worn chicken-skin gloves. Fear nothing ! Stretch out ! Hard up, and she cracks !”

At this juncture, Sophonisba entered the room, on light fantastic toe ; but she seemed somewhat confused at meeting the captain and his young lieutenant.

Brilliant rose, and seizing the hand of Sophonisba, led her to a chair near the fire. He then seated himself next her.

“Good God !” cried he, “how lovely you look ! I thought my wife handsome ; but you ! you are a goddess ! Oh ! that I were single ! Cæsar should die !”

“Dear me ! captain, I hope you would not kill poor Cæsar.”

“Poor Cæsar !” (eyeing her archly) “a very proper epithet. But, seriously,” (whispering) “do you care for him a stiver ?”

“ Indeed, captain, I do.”

“ You do ! I say, Sophonisba, you may tell that to the marines—but the sailors will not believe it.”

“ Oh ! fie ! captain !”

“ But this backing and filling is nonsense. I say, my angel ! be not captivated with the colour of a coat, but the merit of him who wears it. Now there stands a youth before you ! a blue jacket ; who is neither wanting in merit or accomplishments. He will fight like a Trojan, and can work a ship like a sailor. He did not crawl on board through the cabin-windows ; he came in at the bows. Let me woo for him. I am his friend.”—

“ I have somewhere read, captain, that

‘ Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love ;
Therefore, all hearts in love, use your own tongues !’ ”

“ Bravo !—Echo ! Speak up ! Hang your bashfulness. I ’ll report your conduct to the lords of the Admiralty.”

The young lieutenant plucked up courage, and addressed the laughing lass. “ Miss, what a pretty ear yours is !”

“ And don't you, sir, admire my ear-rings? They are real pearls.”

“ Nay, my angel, you wear your best pearls in your eyes, and more especially on your lips.”

“ You flatter me, sir.”

“ Upon my honour, I do not.”

“ And upon my honour,” said the captain, “ I shall shove my boat off; for I perceive my juvenile lieutenant knows how to get his courting-tacks on board without any instructions from a superior officer. Echo you certainly have ‘*passed*’ for a husband. It was that night, I suspect, when you played the truant on shore in Virginia, and swam off at daylight to the frigate.” So saying, the captain ascended the staircase to the drawing room, to see how the land lay in that quarter.

The young lady, blushing deeply, made an effort to follow the captain, but the lieutenant put on such a look of anguish, that she could not find it in her heart to leave him. He stood the statue of wretchedness, when he thought she was going.

She had, in fact, secretly wished for a private interview with the object of her attachment. She had been wooed by lords and wealthy citizens ; but to her the faith and love of a pennyless sailor youth were far dearer than splendid titles and inexhaustible riches. Her motto was to be found in Pope's Eloisa :

“Fame, wealth, distinction, what are ye to love?”

“Oh, give me one kind look,” said the lieutenant, “before you go.”

“And would you treasure up the glance?”

“Would I not?”

“Be distant, sir. Keep off your hand.”

“I will not harm you, dear.”

“What did you call me? I did not hear you distinctly.”

“I called you dear, and if *you* will call *me* by that name, I'll then suppose you'll share my pay, and swing with me in the same hammock.”

“It is a word, sweet youth, I cannot utter.”

“Then, lady, without bidding, I with a

sailor's boldness, will pluck it from those lips."

No sooner said than done. He wound his arms round her dainty waist. She felt his fragrant breath on her cheek, and as her languishing eyes met his, the glow flew to her face, neck, bosom, and even to her hands and fingers : not a fibre but felt the tingling imparted by his lips.

"Good gracious," cried the young lady, disengaging herself from the warm embrace of the sailor, and going to the pier-glass of the apartment—"I declare that all my ringlets are out of curl, and see, you have torn my Brussels lace lappet with the hilt of your dirk."

The young lieutenant, now that he was on the right tack, keeping his luff, followed Sophonisba to the gilded mirror which reflected her fair form ; where she stood a girl upon whom nature had showered the gifts of loveliness in profusion ; the realization of that ideal beauty which the youthful poet enshrines in his soul. A handsomer couple, perhaps, was never seen—she blooming as

May, and he of a rich dark olive, which might have suited Roman features.

Sophonisba was to the young sailor what poets feign Iphigenia was formerly to Cymon. Her presence made him polite.

She had let fall from her hand a small side comb; he picked it up from the carpet, pressed it to his lips, and then presented it to her with a respectful air.

In accepting the comb, she made a gentle inclination of her head to the lieutenant, and threw a grateful expression into her eyes, fringed with lashes a shade darker than the beautiful auburn hair she had braided on her temples. Whilst she cast on him a look, where tenderness struggled with delight, his own implored a repetition of the favour she had vouchsafed him from her ruby lips.

“Nay, don’t baulk me,” said the enamoured sailor youth.

But this time she was coy.

“You will not,” resumed he. “Then I’ll be content. And, now that you are my sweetheart—”

“ I said not that—”

“ O, confirm it, by giving me your hand.”

She held out her fair hand with a look of inexpressible complacency. He took it in his own, and conducted her to the door of the drawing-room, where he left her, exclaiming, “ Heigh-ho, I wonder where the devil the captain has coiled himself.”

CHAPTER XXVII.

“Then to the tragic stage anon,
If Southern’s melting Muse be on.”

AT an early hour of the evening the carriages were at the door, and a party in high spirits, composed of the two Miss Millions and Sophonisba, under the escort of the captain and his young lieutenant, took their way to the little theatre in the Haymarket, where Mrs. Siddons was to perform the part of Isabella in the Fatal Marriage. Never was the house more fully attended. The long and unbroken line of splendid vehicles extending through the street wore the air of a procession.

Lieutenant Echo, sitting by the side of Sophonisba in the boxes, looked round with astonishment at the gaily dressed lords, and the glittering dames, who formed the audience; the aigrette and the plume, the pearl and the jewel, every where encountered his eye; and he was lost for a time, like some

absorbed reader of a fable of Araby. As he held the betrothed hand of Sophonisba in his own, he felt his ruder senses melt in the combined spells of brightness and beauty, of light and perfume ; and he was glad to take a pinch of snuff from the captain, who sat next him, and had mechanically proffered him his silver-chased box.

In the meantime, so overpowering was the beauty of Sophonisba, that dukes and lords, and even royalty itself, broke through the rules of convention and ceremony, and forgetting to burn the incense of their adoration on the altars of the vanity of the ladies whom they were attending, turned their eyes with eloquent devotion to the country girl out of Devonshire. The size of the theatre was favourable to the exhibition of her form and face, and she fixed the eyes of all the men.

Of her brilliant position she could not be unconscious, for she was a girl of discernment ; but her heart was given to the young lieutenant, and love repressed in it any throb of vanity.

“ See, Sophonisba,” whipered her naval sweetheart, “ how all hands are gazing at you ; but fear nothing, while I am alongside of you.” And, so saying, he put his hand upon the eagle hilt of his dirk.

“ I should not marvel,” said the captain, who overheard him, “ if the men were to rise up, and cheer.”

The ladies were not long in detecting the vision of loveliness which had caused the general desertion. The examination of their rival was brief. We get rid as quick as we can of whatever is humiliating to us ; and the disconcerted beauties, after several bridlings of disdain and indignation, were called off from Sophonisba to Mrs. Siddons, who came on the stage leading her little son by the hand, and followed by Villeroy, whom, adverting to Biron, she addressed with a melancholy sweetness, which the boxes, pit, and gallery, told her by their plaudits was irresistible :

“ Oh, I have heard all this ;

But must no more : the charmer is no more.

My buried husband rises in the face

Of my dear boy, and chides me for my stay.

Canst thou forgive me, child ?”

Sophonisba was so engrossed by the performance of Mrs. Siddons, that she lost not a word, not a whisper of her voice, but hung on them with breathless attention. There was, however, nothing singular in her behaviour. All, to use the Stagyrite's phrase, were purified by the terror and pity excited in Mrs. Siddons's impersonation of Isabella, and no words can describe the strong emotion of the great actress, when in the last act she came on the stage, looking upon the ring on her finger with a kind of shivering doubt and anxiety, uttering with pauses,

“ This ring,
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears ;
Conjured the sense of honour, and of love,
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself.”

And then the pathos she threw into,

“ Biron my first husband died—
Died at the siege of Candy ; there's my *hope*—
Oh, do I live to *hope* that he died there !”

But if the recital of these and other passages drew down plaudits from the audience, they were without any to bestow on

the *laugh*, when, in her distraction, she plunged the dagger into her bosom; they were too much overcome to use their hands in testimony of her extraordinary powers.

In the farce of *No Song No Supper*, Mrs. Jordan came on the stage, as if to dry up the tears which Mrs. Siddons had excited.

Southern's tragedy of domestic woe had, however, left so deep a sympathy in the mind of Sophonisba, that she could only think of Isabella.

On the return of the party to the merchant's house, the captain and lieutenant, when they had conducted the ladies upstairs to the drawing-room, took their leave of Mr. Million and his family, and walked homeward together arm in arm.

The most hurried life has its pauses, and it was now the "witching time of night," when the metropolis was comparatively still. There were but few lights at the windows, yet God knows that many of the hushed and darkened houses might have been the abode of distracting care, for it is the inevitable condition of humanity that

no domestic life is without its own calamities. Be that as it may, the outward seeming was repose.

Notwithstanding the lateness of the hour when they reached their lodgings at the west end of the town, they found that Cassandra, together with lieutenant Hurricane and his wife, had delayed supper until their return.

The captain told them the love adventure of his companion, young Echo ; how he had become the successful chance worshipper of the greatest beauty and heiress in the kingdom, and supplanted a soldier in the affections of his mistress.

The joyousness of lieutenant Hurricane was up. He gave the bride as a toast in a stiff glass of grog ; and the roof of the apartment shook with his hurrah.

To speak in their own nautical idiom, was broad day before they " turned in."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Zanetto, lascia le Donne.

ROUSSEAU, IN THE GONDOLA.

THE naval party, leaving London, took a furnished house at Chelsea, and lieutenant Echo, eager and impatient to obtain tidings of Sophonisba, proposed that Hurricane should accompany him to town; and hiring a boat at the stairs, they were rowed up the river. But they had not proceeded far, when they descried another boat before them, filled with ladies and gentlemen, whose head was turning in every direction, the sail flapping against the mast, and the females screaming with mournful distraction.

“By the heavenly God!” exclaimed Echo, “I hear the voice of Sophonisba! Waterman! clap me alongside of that boat! Pull away, my hearties.”

The breeze was freshening, the cries redoubled. and a youth, who held the helm,

was bawling for help ! He was dressed in a red coat.

“ A marine adrift upon a grating ! ” exclaimed Hurricane. “ Oh, the Tom Bowers of a fellow ! The wind right aft, and his boat yawing about like a dog in a fair ! I ’ll be —, too, if his painter is not on fire ! ”

“ Unrow there ! ” cried Echo to the waterman : “ way enough ! ” And he jumped from the wherry into the large boat, followed by Mr. Hurricane.

Mr. Echo grasped the tiller, Mr. Hurricane trimmed the sail, and, in a moment, the boat stemmed majestically the stream.

“ Harry ! ” cried Echo to his brother lieutenant, “ do steer the boat, while I support that lady. ” And flying to Sophonisba, he took her in his arms.

“ All is well ! my angel, ” whispered Echo.

“ Oh ! I ’m so terrified ! ”

“ Be not scared ; you are safe with me. ”

“ Am I ? ”

“ Yes, indeed ! ” And so saying, he, unobserved by all but Hurricane, glued his

lips to those of Sophonisba, who suffered him to riot in the intoxicating draught of pleasure.

“Bravo!” cried Hurricane. “A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull both together!”

The party was numerous. It consisted of the two Miss Millions, Sophonisba (*place aux dames*, and so I put them first), Cæsar Million, and captain Shank.

The soldiers had dismissed the boatmen, and for some time pulled at the oars; but weary with tugging, they hoisted the sail, and *hinc illæ lachrymæ!* Hence their danger; hence the shrieks of the females, hence the petitions of Cæsar for help.

How unlike the Cæsar of antiquity, who called to his terrified boatman, *Quid times? Cæsarem vehis! et fortunam Cæsaris!*

The boat being righted, lieutenant Hurricane went to the assistance of the eldest Miss Million, who was either fainting, or affected to faint; while Mr. Echo still folded Sophonisba to his arms, who reclined

her head on his shoulder, as if still imploring the succour of her lover.

Cæsar had again taken the helm, and again the boat was up in the wind ; the sail flapped against the mast, the girls screamed, and the lap-dog of Miss Million joined his bark in the uproar.

“ Jump, Harry ! ” cried Echo, “ and put the helm up.”

“ My helm,” rejoined Hurricane, “ is already hard up ! ”—Miss Million had recovered, and had caught lieutenant Hurricane for safety round the middle.

“ Go, sweet ! ” whispered Sophonisba to young Echo ; “ go and direct the boat, I beseech you ! ”

“ Come then, and sit next me.”

“ I will.”

Echo now put the boat's head right, not keeping his eyes off Sophonisba, who had taken a seat next him, and whom he encircled round the waist with his disengaged arm.

Cæsar could not conceal his pique. “ You

need not, sir, give yourself any trouble with *that there* lady. She is engaged, sir, to me. She is under my protection, sir, I say."

"Your protection! Do you carry top or cross-trees above your lower mast-heads?"

"I do not understand your sea-terms. I am," (laying his hand on his heart) "I am a military man!"

"So am I, by —!" cried captain Shank, rising and hectoring.

"Then," said lieutenant Echo, "there is a pair of you!"

"I am a soldier!" responded Shank.

"So am I!" cried Cæsar.

"And I am third lieutenant of the fighting frigate, the *Desdemona*," replied Echo. "Now, sir, let us out swords, and come to the close action."

The girls screamed as he jumped up.

"You are a couple of ignorant quill-drivers," said young Mr. Echo. "Neither of you was ever out of sight of land."

"That's false," rejoined Cæsar, "for I once went from Calais to Dover in the packet."

“ And when you threw up,” said Mr. Echo, “ I dare swear ran right over to windward. Do you know the marks of the lead-line ?”

“ No.”

“ Well I do. Three fathoms black, five white, seven red, ten black, thirteen white, fifteen black, seventeen red, and twenty-two knots.”

The young lieutenant took again his seat next Sophonisba, and wound his arm unreproved round her waist. She could have kissed him for his wit. The finest quotations from Horace or Virgil would have been insipid compared with the enumeration of the marks of the lead-line. Love resumed his empire. They whispered words so very low as not to be overheard.

“ You said you would be mine.”

“ Did I say that ? ”

“ Yes, by my lieutenant’s commission you did.”

Sophonisba smiled, and looking at her repeating gold watch, struck it, to know if its sound answered to the hour its

hand indicated. They were now at the stairs.

“In bow, there, Harry,” cried young Echo, “way enough.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

Vain prattle,
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war.

SHAKESPEARE.

It happened that where the party landed captain Brilliant had come for a stroll with Cassandra and Flora.

“Faith!” exclaimed the captain, “the Miss Millions and Miss Treadgold! Ladies, your humble servant. Ensign Cæsar, how do you do? Captain Shank, I am glad to see you.”

“Captain,” cried Cæsar, “*that there* young midshipman of yours”—

“Midshipman!” roared Hurricane: “he is a lieutenant. Don’t you see his washboards!”*

“That young lieutenant of yours,” resumed Cæsar, “wants to jockey me out of Sophonisba. But I *vont* give her up. I

* Lappels.

vont be done out of twenty thousand pounds!”

“Then it was not my person, Cæsar; it was my fortune at whose shrine you sacrificed the incense of your flattery!”

“All men,” rejoined Cæsar, “marry for money.”

“That’s false,” cried Echo. “I am a man! and I would take this young lady for my wife, if she had only one shift to her back, and was obliged with that one to make a main-topsail-haul!”

This speech was too much for Brilliant. In his composition the weeping muse had no part. And he now laughed to his heart’s content.

“Hang the money!” resumed Echo. “I have more than I know what to do with. I got above five hundred pounds prize-money in the war.—And besides this, I receive a lieutenant’s half-pay.”

“And you rank, Tom,” said Hurricane, “with a captain in the army. You forgot that, messmate.”

“Ladies,” said Cassandra, “will you do

me the honour to visit me at my house. After your excursion you require some refreshment ?”

The party now walked to the house, where Cassandra received them with such fascinating manners, that all animosity was forgotten, and Cæsar and Echo very cordially shook hands. Nay, the ladies agreed to stop and dine, which the soldiers concurred with.

Cæsar and Shank were evidently weary. Each threw himself on a sofa and sunk to slumber.

Echo winked to Hurricane, and they withdrew to the garden.

“ Harry,” said Echo, “ did you ever hear of a place called Gretna Green ?”

“ I have, Tom ; it is the port that brings up the runaways. They go there to get spliced.”

“ Whereabouts is it ?”

“ I cannot exactly tell ; but I think it is in Ireland. However, to be certain, I will go and overhaul my gazetteer.”

While Hurricane was gone, Echo walked

up and down the garden with disordered pace. A sailor never forgets his quarter-deck step.

“I have made the land, Tom,” cried Hurricane, returning. “Gretna Green is in the chops of Scotland. It bears from Chelsea north-west three-quarters north; and it is distant one hundred leagues. With a fair wind you may run it in two days, for the devil’s in it, if a post-chaise cannot sail at the rate of six knots an hour. And you was always a fine fellow to carry a sail.”

“I will carry sail till I run my vessel under water.”

“But will Sophonisba shove her boat off with you?”

“Yes; for when I asked her to shove off her boat with me, she sighed, I thought, consent.”

“When did you ask her?”

“Why, just after I took that swig at her lips.”

“You are a lucky fellow! Sophonisba would, I guess, either sail, scud, or lie-to,

better than Flora. She has a noble pair of cat-heads."

"She is more beautiful than the Venus going large before the wind."

"How nicely she bends her sails !" *

"What a clean run she has from her bows all the way to her counter !"

"What a pair of top-lights, Tom !"

"What head-rails, Harry !"

"You'll be very happy, Tom !"

"She shall go to sea with me, Harry."

"Go from sea, Tom. You are now both at Chelsea, and will leave it, I do not doubt, before the commodore at Spithead tumbles down the main-hatchway."

* Dresses.

CHAPTER XXX.

Arise there, ho! Lights, I say, lights! Raise all the neighbours! Saddle the steeds! Quick, call the watch! Ring, ring the bells! Diablo! ho!

SHAKESPEARE.

AN elegant dinner was provided for the party, and when the ladies withdrew from table, the conversation was unrestrained.

“Shank,” said Cæsar, “I can neither stand nor sit at ease.”

“Whose fault is that?” said Captain Shank.

“Why yours,” replied Cæsar.

“Mine!” rejoined captain Shank.

“Yes!” cried Cæsar. “I say, yours! You have made my waistcoat and pantaloons so tight, that I undergo torture.”

This raised a laugh. It announced captain Shank to be a tailor. But honour and shame, says the poet, from no condition rise. It surely mattered not.

But captain Shank was of a different opinion. He never reasoned abstractedly.

“Cæsar,” said he, “pray sink the shop when you are in company. You hurt my feelings.”

“So did colonel Tub,” said Cæsar, “hurt mine, when last review he trod upon my toe. He takes up as much room as St. Paul’s.”

Captain Brilliant circulated the bottle ; and being called on for a toast, he gave, All hearty fellows !

“With aw-all my heart !” hiccuped Cæsar, who, now exempt from the restraint of his mother, was in the high road to get fuddled.

“Our bottle is out,” cried captain Brilliant. “More wine, hoa !”

“More wine, hoa !” echoed Cæsar.

“Ditto !” bawled Shank.

“— your ditto !” cried Cæsar. “He is still in his counting-house.”

More wine was brought ; more wine was drunk. Cæsar sang the last song he had heard at the opera ; it was highly applauded. Shank was called on in succession. — “Haul your wind,” whispered Hurricane

to Echo. And while captain Shank was chanting "Jemmy Linkhum Feedle,"—the young lieutenant withdrew.

Brilliant, who divined the motive that actuated young Echo to withdraw, engaged his guests in conversation.

"You must see some duty, gentlemen."

"Yes, sir," cried Shank. "No disparagement to your profession; but, no duty will bear, I believe, comparison with ours. We can call no hour of the night our own; the solemn time of midnight is not sacred. If there is a fire in the parish, the drummers beat to arms! Then such marching and counter-marching. Such ranking and flank-ing! such bawling to the troops! Close column of the central company face to the rear! Light infantry wheel backward four paces to the left. Left wheel, and form line! Quick march!"

"Ah! bah!" cried Cæsar. "Shank! no more parade cant. Get rid of your heel-taps."

CHAPTER XXXI.

“ She is won ;

They are gone over brake, bush, and scaur.”

Human nature, in its unperverted condition, is made up of tenderness. There is one predominant feeling, the earliest born of any, and the last that leaves us—and that feeling is the wish to be loved. It evinces itself in many shapes. But whether shadowed out under parental attachment, the intercourse of friendship, or wedded life, or in any other form on earth, the heart is never satisfied ; and this spiritual craving is an argument that the fruition of pure, deep, unmixed love is reserved for another world, undistracted by daily passions and pursuits that divert it.

When young Echo left the room, he hardly knew in what direction to go, and never did an enamoured swain look more forlorn. Sophonisba was in the garden, listening to the thrush singing his carol in the shrubbery. She saw him coming, and concealed herself behind the waving trees.

“She cannot be far off,” said the lieutenant, “for here is the print of her pretty little foot on the dewy grass.”

“I am not far off,” cried Sophonisba, laughing and running into his arms. “But wherefore come you hither?”

“To prevail on you to go with me. I have brought your bonnet.”

“The bonnet is not mine. You have brought a wrong one.”

“’Twill do. I can buy a new one for you on the road.”

“What road.”

“The road, my dear, to Gretna.”

“Our courtship is too brief.”

“Nay, I implore you on my knees.”

“Rise,” said the tender girl, moved by his glance in which he had put all the love of his soul. Her kindness overcame her reluctance. She took his arm. They passed through a wicket that opened into the fields. She cast a farewell look on the house, and dropped some natural tears, but they were not painful. They resembled the soft showers of a fluctuating spring morning,

which announce the brighter beauty of the day.

Lieutenant Echo sought a coach, but there was no coach to be had. It signified not. Sophonisba had often danced till midnight at a ball ; and admitting these premises, it naturally follows that she could walk or run half a dozen miles with a lover. Her feet did not now fail her ; but to town she directed her footsteps, arm in arm with the youth who loved her for herself.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN about half an hour, Sophonisba was missed by the females in the drawing-room, and Miss Million raised the hue and cry after her. She ran into the room where the gentlemen were sitting.

“Brother! brother! What do you think? Sophonisba is missing! I know where she is gone! I’m certain sure I know! She’s gone with the handsome lieutenant!”—

“Madam,” said Mr. Hurricane, “you certainly mistake. I am the handsome lieutenant; and here I am before you at an anchor in my chair.”

This was too much for the risible muscles of captain Brilliant; he laughed, he stamped, he roared.

“Brother!” resumed Miss Million, “instead of tipping more wine, I think you might go and look for Sophonisba. This will be a pretty tale to be told of one of our

family. While you are beating the bush, another runs off with the bird. I know what will be the consequence. Papa will have a return of his gout, and mamma's nervous complaint will come on again. She will have her spasms ; I know mamma will have her spasms !”

“ Let us pursue the fugitives,” cried captain Shank rising from his chair. “ Let us make a forced march after them. Let us march to quick time. We shall soon be up with their rear-guard.”

“ Make yourself easy,” said Cæsar. “ The sailor cannot keep Sophonisba, even if he marries her. Sophonisba is under age. Sophonisba is a ward of chancery. Her husband shall be prosecuted for stealing an infant.”

“ Brother !” cried Miss Million, “ how can you talk so ! You are more plague than enough. The young man is a sailor ; and, before this time to-morrow, I dare say he will be in America.”

“ His ship must sail very fast, then,” said Mr. Hurricane. “ I never heard of so quick a passage before.”

The ladies had now all assembled in the room.

“A mutiny!” cried captain Brilliant. “Four women got together in the same house!”

“Be pacified, Miss Million, I entreat you,” said Cassandra. “It is a fine moonlight night. They are, perhaps, only gone for a walk.”

“No! no!” rejoined Miss Million. “Sophonisba has run away with the young man. Those sailors are such sly fellows; they do not court with fine speeches, but make familiar with you without saying, By your leave. How the lieutenant pulled and hauled our cousin about in the boat! And how the hussy looked at the fellow!”

“Yes! I *see'd* them, sister,” said Miss Mary. “It was quite naisty! Brother has no more heart than a mouse, or he would have resented it. I wish I had been a man! Yes, I wish I had been a man.”

“I, madam,” said captain Shank, “resented it. I obliquely challenged him. I insinuated that I expected the honour of meeting, with slugs, in a sawpit.”

“Faugh!” said Miss Million. “You was upon the high stilts at first, but the lieutenant soon took you down.”

“Madam,” cried captain Shank, “your sex privileges you to talk : but I am sure, no man in company would—ha ! hem ! well ! no matter !”

“More wine !” cried Cæsar.

“Brother !” said Miss Million, “are you not ashamed of yourself ? You are now more than half tipsy.”

“Half tipsy !” cried Cæsar : “indeed I am not half tipsy. Do not think I am half tipsy. This is captain Shank. This is my captain. I am not half tipsy. I am a soldier bold !”

“To arms ! then !” cried Shank. “To arms ! I say ! to arms !”

“To arms !” repeated Cæsar. “We will all of us to arms !”

CHAPTER XXXIII.

He can't flatter, he !

An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth ;
And they will take it so.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE whole family were thus assembled, and all concerting different measures, when such loud and repeated raps were heard at the door, that had it not been formed of strong materials it would certainly have been knocked down. All ran to the passage. The women expected to behold again the fugitives, and Miss Million with her own hands pulled open the bolt.

But what was her astonishment, when the door was opened, to be caught in the arms of a man who with an invincible assurance thus accosted her.

“ The prettiest house-maid I ever saw with my eyes ! Ye gods ! what a clear run along the bends. Ambrosia and apple-dumplings ! what projecting cat-heads ! And how she has dressed ship ! All the

colours of the universe contend for the honour of decorating her rigging ! Smack ! What lips ! They are sweeter than sugar-cane !”

“ Tempest !” cried captain Brilliant, “ or there are no negroes at Jamaica ! Welcome to my house.”

“ Yes, I have found out your rookery house. But I beg pardon. Mrs. Brilliant, your humble servant. Mrs. Hurricane, your most obsequious”—and here let the imagination of the reader supply many bows, many courtesies, many smiles, and much shaking of hands.

Captain Tempest, having discovered his mistake, begged pardon of Miss Million for his abrupt salutations. “ Yet, confess,” said he, “ upon your conscience, now, (whispering) did you not like it when I was after holding you in my arms ?”

“ I was never hugged so before,” murmured Miss Million.

“ No, by Jusus !” said Captain Tempest ; “ because you never had Pat before for a lover.”

Tempest was a man of unsubdued confidence. It was not in the power of female modesty to call a blush into his cheeks or suspend the volubility of his tongue. He was an entire stranger to what my Lord Chesterfield terms *mauvaise honte*.

Captain Brilliant ushered his guests into the parlour. Miss Mary Million had recognised the bonnet of Sophonisba in the passage, and she ran into the room, holding it in her hand.

“Sister!” said she, “you was premature. Sophonisba is not gone. I have found her bonnet.”

“Stuff!” cried captain Shank. “All stuff! She is now on the march. She has brigaded herself with the sailor. She is deploying for town. She has changed her position. She is gone to the right about. She has taken up a new line by the echellon movement. Cæsar! To arms! Recover, comrade, your arms! Oh! gloomy night! Fall, moon and stars! Fulminate, ye heavens! Drop hailstones, ye clouds! Cæsar is conquered!”

“That’s a good one !” cried the young ensign. “Cæ-Cæs-Cæsar conquered ! Don’t you discharge your musket before it is loaded ! Right centre company right face ! By the right counter-march. Remaining companies outward face. Halt ! Front ! Dress ! Column open from the rear ! March ! Gentlemen, I am not drunk. I can march left foot first. Drums beat up ! March !”

“What’s all this ?” cried Tempest. “I thought I had got to Chelsea ; but I find I am at Chatham barracks !”

The evening had now advanced, and the Miss Millions expressed some impatience to get home.

“I know,” said the eldest girl, “mamma will have her spasms again, if we don’t return soon. Brother, get your hat. We will run up stairs for our bonnets.”

“I want coffee !” cried Cæsar. “I am dying for a cup of coffee !”

“Then come up into the drawing-room, rejoined the sister. “Leave, leave your filthy wine.”

Cæsar now ascended into the drawing-room, assisted by the ladies and captain Shank ; the naval heroes keeping below, to confabulate without restraint.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A refined discourse about refinement.

“THE girl I caught hold of,” cried Tempest, “is a pretty figure of a female. You may, however, discern she was bred east of Temple Bar—she is so — ungrammatical.”

“That’s the misfortune,” said Brilliant, “of her education. But I dare say she has good natural parts.”

“No matter,” replied Tempest; “it always shocks my delicacy to talk with a woman who has more curls to her hair than grammar in her noddle. By Jusus! the *laist* brogue in a woman always throws me into a *faiver*.”

“I reckon,” said Hurricane, “she has plenty of bit.”

“Her father,” observed Brilliant, “can give her twenty thousand pounds. He is as rich as a Jew.”

“Ha! ha!” cried Tempest; “say you so? By the hookey, I have a mind to make her a captain’s lady.”

“She appears,” said Hurricane, “to be engaged to a captain already. Shank told me, in secret, after the second bottle, that his father was a rich merchant-tailor, and that the old man had held a council of war with Mr. Million about splicing him to Miss Million.”

“And how soon,” cried Tempest, “I would lay an anchor out to windward of the whole boiling. But the girl is so inelegant and ungrammatical. She does not seem to know the four cardinal points of the compass. We should never square our yards together by the lifts and braces. I require an enlightened woman for my wife; a girl of sentiment and liberal accomplishments; one worthy to sail in company with a first-rate duchess. How the devil could I take a wife to court, who did not know the maintack from the captain’s epaulette?”

“Very just,” said Brilliant. “A refined woman for ever!”

“Oh! refinement is every thing,” exclaimed Tempest.

“But a man of your acquaintance,” re-

plied Brilliant, "might polish a young wife. Your conversation would insensibly improve her."

"True, very true, my dear fellow," said Tempest. "If the girl had any notion of answering her helm, I would soon cultivate her mind. But if a girl does not learn grammar at school, you would not be able afterwards to beat it into her head with a chisel and mallet."

"You could hire a parson," said Brilliant. "A thousand parsons would jump mast-high at a salary of twenty pounds a year, and to be found in his rations."

"Oh, — all parsons!" cried Tempest, "I think it ominous to meet one."

The two Miss Millions, accompanied by the soldiers, now entered the room, wrapped up in their cloaks.

"Arrah! my lasses," cried Tempest; "your fore-topsails are loose, the signal for sailing. But none of you fired a gun."

"Good night, gentlemen," said the ladies.

"Ladies!" cried Brilliant, "before you make sail, let me observe to you, that the

coast every night, from Chelsea to Hyde-Park Corner, is infested with land privateers ; that, after sunset, robberies and murders are not uncommon."

" Good heaven !" exclaimed Miss Million, " we are in danger of our lives. I will never come out no more after this."

" Fear nothing, my charming fair," said captain Shank, taking the hand of Miss Million. " I am your man ! at the crack of your fan, I will defend you with the valour of a man of war. This weapon has never failed me—as the man says in Drury-Lane :

" ' I have seen the day,
That with this little arm, and this little sword,
I've made my way through more impediments,
Than twenty times your stop !'

" Confide in my protection ! Confide in the protection of a man, whom you love for the dangers he has past, and whose recital of hairbreadth 'scapes in the enemy's deadly breach, won first your maiden heart: Come, my intended. Allons ! all along ! as monsieur Toupee says."

" Oh ! I am scared to death !" said Miss

Million. "Captain Brilliant, could I not hire a man to go home with us? I would give him a guinea."

"Here he stands before you!" cried Tempest. "I will take you under my convoy. I have no sword; but I have this little shillela. And if any land-privateer should lay us alongside—by the holy Paul, I would cut him up in junks."

"Indeed, captain," said Miss Million, "your polite offer sets my heart at ease. Indeed, sir, I am very sensible of your goodness."

"Say not a word, honey," replied Tempest. "Come, let us fill and be off."

"I will go with you, captain, Tempest," said Hurricane, "And guard the other young lady."

"My dear Hurricane!" cried Flora.

"If any land-privateer," resumed Hurricane, "should come athwart our hawse, I would soon cut his cable."

"Spring your luff, then," cried Tempest: "I will introduce you to Mrs. Tempest. She is now leaning sentimentally on her

elbow, looking out of the cabin window for me, and dropping a salt-water tear at my absence. Spring your luff, my sea-officer, I will show you sport !”

“ Yes, that I believe,” said Flora. “ Very well, Hurricane : you want to break my heart ! You know the state I am in. You will stay out all night.”

“ Flora !” rejoined Hurricane, “ upon the word of a man, I will return to you in a couple of hours : I will, upon my soul.”

“ That’s a dear creature !” exclaimed Flora, in a rapture. “ Bye, bye, love !”

“ Heave ahead, Jerry ! heave ahead !” said Tempest.

Miss Million now took the arm of Tempest, and her sister accepted that of Hurricane. Many adieus were reciprocated, and away the party marched, Cæsar and captain Shank bringing up the rear, and vociferating a number of phrases which they had acquired at the drill.

CHAPTER XXXV.

When Greek meets Greek, then is the tug of war. 1

No sooner had the party set out, than Satan, or, in language more popular, the devil began to brood mischief in various shapes. The night, awfully dark, facilitated his designs.

The party had walked about half way up Sloane-street, when three footpads attacked them, crying, "Give up your money!"

"Yes!" cried Tempest; "I will give it to you;" and so saying, he began vigorously to cudgel them with his shillela. A battle-royal now ensued, in which there was a disparity; for Tempest and Hurricane had to sustain the onset of the three robbers. Where then was captain Shank? Where ensign Cæsar? Alas! Shank, with commendable prudence, decamped in search of the watch; and Cæsar had vanished like a ghost at the crowing of the cock.

But no matter. Tempest and Hurricane

very soon dispersed the assailants and prosecuted their walk with the ladies.

The devil thus defeated in one purpose, thought of another that was more likely to be attended with success. He whispered Tempest in the ear, and with irresistible eloquence urged him to run away with the banker's daughter! at the same time insinuating his cloven foot into the heart of the damsel.

"Did I not defend you like a man?" whispered Tempest, in the ear of the nymph, squeezing her at the same time significantly by the hand.

"Oh! you are so brave!" said Miss Million.

"And are you of opinion that none but the brave are worthy of the fair?"

"Indeed I think so."

"Then if I am brave and you are fair, our destiny points to a union. Let us part company from Hurricane and your sister; and before two nights more are over, I will make you a captain's lady."

"My dear captain! what would my papa

and mamma say ? There would be such a piece of work ! I could never look them in the face."

"I will look them in the face for you. Let us alter our course. I will charter a chaise for Gretna-Green."

"Oh, dear ! I do so tremble. When Shank offered me marriage, I heard him unmoved ; but I declare you make me shake with fear."

"Arrah ! honey ! cling to my arms ! I will be as tender as a turtle dove."

Oh ! thou tempter of the human race ! whose agency is felt and acknowledged throughout the habitable globe ; thou angel of darkness ! how camest thou to put it into the head of captain Tempest to whisper the tale of love in the ear of Miss Million, and dispose the nymph to hear it ? Alas ! no longer does she dread that mamma will have the spasms ; her visions are now of a more tender nature.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

To Gretna-Green they hurry scurry fly ;
The bridegrooms glow, the tender virgins sigh.

ANON.

LET us now return to lieutenant Echo, and the fair Sophonisba, whom we left together, dancing it away from Chelsea to Hyde-Park Corner. I can now behold the young officer handing the timid maid into a chaise, and the driver pursuing the road that leads towards Scotland. I behold the two pilgrims thus departing at night—not to rob, or steal, or to betray—but to get to Gretna-Green ; a spot more delicious than the feigned gardens of Adonis or Alcinous.

They travelled all night with inconceivable speed ; never was there a quicker succession of chaises on the road. But the next morning, as they were about to enter the little village of Henley, their chaise broke down, and their flight was impeded.

Had the vessel of lieutenant Echo struck

against a rock, he could not have been disposed to swear with more vehemence. I say disposed ; for before he could articulate his first oath, the eye, the smile, the whole animated visage of Sophonisba, soothed the transports of his rage. So true is it, that the presence of the fair sex never fails to soften men's manners.

In this mournful situation, a chaise was discovered behind, scouring furiously along the road, the horses snorting, the dust flying—Sophonisba turned pale.

“Here they overhaul us!” cried Echo. “Here they overhaul us hand over hand!—But no matter. I am ready for action.” And so saying, he put his hand into his pocket, and grasped a pistol, that he had provided for his defence.

The solicitude of Sophonisba very soon subsided. The chaise behind did not contain pursuers, but another tender couple, who were also dancing it away to the hymeneal altar ; namely, William Tempest, esquire, late commander of His Britannic Majesty's ship the Salamander, and Amelia Million, eldest

daughter of Miles Million, esquire, banker, of the city of London.

Miss Million was so wrapped up in a calash and cloak, that Sophonisba, at first, did not recognize her; but the dress of Tempest announced him to be a naval officer.

The road was extremely narrow; and the broken-down chaise of the lieutenant obstructed the passage.

“Chaise, ahoy!” called captain Tempest.
“Holloa!” said Mr. Echo.

“I wish,” rejoined Tempest, “you would not block up the gangway in this manner. It is worse than the Straits of Baffleman, where you cannot square your yards for monkeys.”

“We are clearing the wreck,” cried Echo.

“Dear me!” exclaimed Miss Million, “it is Mr. Echo! And, bless me! I now see Sophonisba. Cousin! Oh! I am so glad to meet you! How do you do, child?” And so saying, she skipped out of the chaise to embrace Sophonisba.

“Heavens !” exclaimed Sophonisba, “My cousin Amelia ! Where are you going ?”

Amelia hung down her head.

“Going !” cried Tempest ; “ arrah ! she is going to the altar before the wind.—She is going to get her marriage-tacks on board.”

“ If that ’s the case, sir,” said the young lieutenant, “ you might as well help us to a passage on board of you. My vessel, you see, is a mere wreck upon the water.”

“ Come on board,” said Tempest. “ Let us stow close. My bride, I presume, has no objection to close stowage.”

Amelia hung down her head.

“ I hope,” cried Tempest, “ before to-morrow night, to be riding the gale out in a white-limed chamber. Driver ! make sail !”

Here the postilion of the discomfited chaise, accosting the young lieutenant, said mournfully, “ I hope, and please your honour, you will not forget the driver. These be hard times, and I have a wife and no less than six children.”

“ There’s money for you, shipmate,” cried lieutenant Echo. “ When the masts went

by the board, 'twas not your fault. You crowded sail by my orders."

"There is another half-crown for you," said the captain.

"God bless both your honours!" resumed the driver. "May you both be as happy in the marriage state as I be!"

Here the other postilion whispered the party, that Stephen made it a practice to thrash his wife, for her quarrelsome conduct, once every day.

They all laughed heartily in concert.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Bring him instantly.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Joyously did our amorous group now jig it away for the temple of Hymen ; nor did the lovers forbear either glance or toy with their fair and willing mistresses.

At length they arrive at Carlisle ; and now they are within one stage of Gretna-Hall. Fresh horses are ordered, and Echo beheld the structure of Gretna rise to his view with not less transport than the mariner descries land. Their errand was divined by the country people on the road ; and they scarcely passed a human face that did not display a broad grin.

The snorting steeds stop at the door of Gretna-Hall. They knew well the place ; they had conveyed many a couple thither before. A curly, red-headed, Scotch boy opens the door of the carriage ; the heroes leap out, they take their brides by the

hand, and lead them, blushing, but nothing loth, to the chamber of wedlock.

“ You boy ! ” vociferated Tempest.

“ Sir ! ”

“ Pass the word for the chaplain ! ”

“ Chaplain, sir ? ”

“ Aye ! the parson. Tell him to bear a hand here. We want him to read a page out of Hamilton Moore to us. We want him to splice us ! Tol de rol ! tol de rol ! ”

A blush burned in the cheek of Amelia ; and the eyes of Sophonisba now sought and now declined the encounter of the young lieutenant's.

While the boy was gone for the blacksmith, the party amused themselves with reading the inscriptions on the wainscot of the room ; inscriptions which sentimental minds would have perused with rapture, but which served only to call forth a loud laugh from the lungs of Tempest.

“ I wonder, ” said the young lieutenant to the captain, “ if it will be long before the parson heaves in sight. ”

“ Here he comes, ” replied the captain.

“and so drunk that he can hardly walk a strait plank.”

Behold the blacksmith, ycleped Parson of Gretna-Green. Lo! he enters the room. What gravity of countenance and solemnity of mien! But see! how he staggers! Wherefore this serpentine motion? Ah! bah! He has only taken his morning glass.

“Hoa!” cried captain Tempest. “Why, I say, Mr. Parson; you have been bowsing up your jib-stay! Come, splice this lady and me, and that gentleman and his lady; and then we will all take a pull at the haliards together.”

“Ring the bell, will you—ring the bell, will you?”

“Yes!” cried Tempest, “I’ll ring the bell, and give such a peal, that I’ll make all sneer again.—But first, I say, splice us!”

Amelia murmured unintelligibly.

“Pull the bell, will you—pull the bell—the young ladies would like a glass of wine.”

“Not any, sir, I thank you kindly,” said Sophonisba.

“Come, parson,” cried Tempest, “do your duty.”

“Softly!” said the parson. “I always come to terms before I marry. My price is twenty guineas for each couple. Nor is it much. When Lord Saddog ran away with Miss Wealthy, the banker’s daughter, he gave me a hundred pound note for marrying them. I am well known. It was I who married Mr. Parry: and I was sent for, at a vast expense, to attend his trial at Bristol. I shall never forget the speech which Erskine made.”

“Well,” replied Tempest, “do your duty, parson: I will give you the twenty guineas.”

“But, captain,” rejoined the parson, “we want somebody to give the young ladies away. Let me see. Joey, the postilion, will do for one father, and Sandy, the ostler, for the other.—Pull the bell, will you; pull the bell.”

The bell was rung, and the boy entered.

“ Archibald,” said the parson ; “ tell Joey and Sandy to come hither.”

Joey and Sandy were both obedient to the call. They came into the room, each grinning and scratching his head, and casting his abashed eyes towards the ground.

“ Joey,” cried captain Tempest, “ we want you to stand father here.”

“ Yes, master,” said the fellow, “ and it bea’nt the first toime. It was I who geave away madam Wealthy to my lord Saddog.”

The brides were led before the Gretna-Green parson by their bridegrooms in the honest jubilation of the heart ; for there was nothing imposing in his speech or manner, and I should mar the idea of the man to compare him with any individual of the cloth. The old man was in the dress of a mechanic. His person was tall, his air vulgar. There was a smirk on his lip, a twinkle in his crossing eyes, and a shuffle about him as he pulled up the waistband of his garment.

Captain Tempest was wedded to Amelia, and lieutenant Echo to Sophonisba. The

parson's bill was paid; the horses were again put to, and back the bridegrooms and brides were conveyed with rapidity to Carlisle, amidst the acclamations of the villagers on the road.

Tempest, under the exterior of a *franc parleur*, concealed a mischievous disposition. He was ever at his pranks, and (will it be credited?) meditated on his return to the tavern the nefarious spree of making young Echo roaring drunk on his wedding night. As to his own match with Miss Million, he had been so often matched to women in one way or another, that when the brides withdrew to their respective chambers, attended by the female servants of the house, he took the matter easy; while young Mr. Echo, on the contrary, in an agony of impatience, was pacing the floor of the apartment at the rate of seven knots an hour.

“Lieutenant,” said Tempest, “calm your unruly thoughts. Bring yourself to an anchor in this empty chair alongside of me.”

“Well, there captain, I am seated.”

“Echo, how old are you?”

“Nineteen.”

“Is this the first time you are married?”

“Always broomstick fashion before.”

“No bigamy, coast all clear. Very good. And now, shipmate, before we turn in and make the clues strand, let us each take a small pull at the haliards to freshen the nip. I wonder that waiter does not heave in sight. I peremptorily ordered the fellow to bring us a bottle of Madeira. Touch the bell, will you, my dear Echo?”

The waiter, upon answering the bell, brought an excuse, instead of a bottle of Madeira.

“My mistress, says, sir—”

“— your mistress, where’s the wine?”

Scrub was about to stammer out a reply, when his mistress appeared at the door, dropping a lady-like courtesy, and looking the picture of good nature itself. She was a woman of about fifty-four years of age, presenting to the view an immense person, appareled in silk, and bedizened with gauze and ribbons ; a moving mass of plethora ; face bloated with red ; eyes blue and sted-

fast ; and a lisp in her speech, which was soft and cajoling. With an easy, unembarrassed air, she addressed her naval guest.

“Extremely sorry, captain, that we are out of wine, and cannot supply you with a bottle, and what is peculiarly unfortunate, there is no other house in the place that keeps it.”

“Well, then, madam, we must put up with spirits. I dare say you have some good smuggled brandy in the cellar. You know what moon-shine is.”

“Not a drop of that either, captain. But we expect a waggon, on its way from Carlisle to Edinburgh, to stop at the door to-morrow with some. It will call about noon.”

“If you have neither wine nor spirits in the house, what the devil have you got?”

“Nothing but ginger beer, captain.”

“Ginger —— ! 'Tis worse than the small swipes served out to the foremast-men in harbour. But it matters not. Now I think of it, I brought a bottle of proof brandy along with me in my portmanteau. Waiter, hand it up here, that I may unlock

it. I should be sorry to disappoint my friend."

In the meantime, the good landlady made a thousand significant gesticulations to young Echo, prompting his escape. He was not without the tact to perceive how the land lay. He stole softly out of the door, where the chamber-maid stood with a light in her hand. She beckoned the young naval bridegroom to follow her up the staircase ; the daughter of the hostess called out from the bar as they passed by, "Mind, Betty, number nine !" The girl conducted the gallant youth to the nuptial chamber—Sophonisba made an attempt to detain her ; but rejecting the virgin entreaties of his bride, he pushed the laughing hussey into the passage, smacked to the room-door, and locked it inside.

The captain having found the bottle of cognac, was turning round to place it on the table, when, to his great surprise, he saw only the landlady in the room.

"Where the devil, madam, is the young lieutenant? He is surely not gone to turn in?"

“Why yes, sir, it is high time for all honest persons to be in bed.”

The captain betrayed no anger at finding himself foiled. He drank a large rummer of grog made half and half, and desired the chamber-maid to light him up to Mrs. Tempest. “And, waiter,” said he, “give this shilling to Boots, and direct him to rouse up the lieutenant at break of day. Tell him to thunder at his chamber door, for the young officer sleeps hard.”

“It shall be done, sir,” said the lying waiter, thrusting his tongue into his cheek.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Some men are to be flattered, some awed into a thing.

CHESTERFIELD.

ON the return of the party to the metropolis, captain Tempest, deriding the repugnance of his bride, with characteristic assurance conducted her to the house of her father. The footman asked his commands.

“Show me up stairs, sirrah !” cried he. The voice and the mien of Tempest awed the servant into submission ; and, contrary to his master’s orders, he conducted our pair into the drawing-room.

Mary Million and Cæsar were sitting by the fire. Mary was knitting ; Cæsar was studying a treatise on fortification.

Mary, on looking up, ran with emotion to the arms of her sister. They both burst into tears.

“ Oh ! Amelia !” cried she, “ how naughty you have been. Mamma has had the spasms. Her numbness has come on again. And

papa has been so afflicted, that he had no appetite at the lord mayor's feast. It was in the papers, Amelia !”

Cæsar, sullen as Ajax in the infernal regions, uttered not a word ; but offered to withdraw.

“ Stripling !” cried Tempest, intercepting Cæsar ; “ where is your urbanity, where your affection ? Trifle not with my feelings, or, by the God that made me—”

“ My dear Tempest,” said Amelia, “ be calm, I beseech you.”

“ Youth !” resumed Tempest, “ go this instant to your sister. Tender her your hand. You wear the dress of a man ; show yourself one.”

Cæsar did as he was bidden.

“ There !” cried Tempest. “ Now go to your father. Make him my compliments. Tell him the husband of his daughter, an officer of the navy—a man that dares do all that does become a man—tell him captain Tempest desires his company.”

“ I go sir,” said Cæsar.

Some men, says lord Chesterfield, are to

be flattered and some threatened into a thing. Tempest understood the last art.

At length Mr. Million, accompanied by his wife, enter the room. Amelia throws herself at their feet, and prays their forgiveness. The parents relent. They lift their child from the ground, and tenderly embrace her.

“Your name, sir,” said the banker, “is I believe Tempest?”

The captain bowed.

“Your fame, sir, is not unknown to me. If I mistake not, you were made post, for heading a party of seamen in storming a fort in the West Indies?”

Again the captain bowed.

“In marrying my daughter, sir, you have done me honour. Her fortune is thirty thousand pounds. The whole shall be made over to you with interest, in four quarterly payments.”

“Sir,” replied Tempest, “your daughter is a fortune in herself. She is virtuous, lovely, amiable! I saw her and was conquered. She was the first woman that ever made a

prize of my heart. Many a woman of quality has eyed me with regard ; but the shot of their glances never reached me. None but the fire of Amelia's eyes could cause me to strike ! To her I hauled down my jack, my ensign, and my pendant !”

Amelia dispatched a glance at Tempest from under her fair eyelashes, and heaving her beautiful bosom, fetched a deep sigh.

“She is a good girl, captain,” said the banker ; “and I lament not her destiny. She is your own.”

“I thank you,” said Tempest. “Nor will you repent the gift. I will take her to court. She shall be introduced to the first chop mandarins. But first, I must buy a coach for my Amelia.”

Amelia looked fondly at her husband.

“Amelia,” said Tempest, “I have business at the admiralty ; so stay with your family till four, when I will call for you.”

Amelia pouted and looked grave.

“She does not like to be from you, captain,” said the banker : “but say you will dine here ; and then she will accede.”

“ I will do myself the honour, sir.” And so saying the captain withdrew, humming the sentimental tune of, “ By the deep nine.”

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Travels by land. A mayor's feast.

CAPTAIN BRILLIANT, having settled his business in town, prepared to depart for Wales, whither Mr. Hurricane and his wife, together with Mr. Echo and his wife, had also resolved to go.

They employed three chaises, for two of the ladies took up a great deal of room ; and they loaded a chaise in the rear with bread and cold meat, and fruit and wine, that such as were faint on the road might eat and drink, and be glad in heart.

With regard to Tempest, he was not a man disposed to retire into Wales ; he loved the city, where he could sport his figure and possessions. Besides he wished much to sentimentalize his young wife ; to grammaticize her English, to give her a taste for poetry, and polish into elegance her city awkwardness. And all this he undertook to do himself ! Oh ! what a delightful task

for a husband to cultivate the mind of his wife ! To spread before her a rich intellectual banquet ! To engraft ideas on her mind, and new combinations of diction on her speech ! To excite her natural susceptibility for all the tender charities ! Sweet ! Oh ! Sweet ! I now behold Amelia sitting at the same table with Tempest, devouring up his belles-lettres instructions with a greedy ear, considering his precepts oracular, and every day acquiring more expression of countenance !

Our party, in their journey to Bristol, took the more circuitous road of Salisbury, desirous to visit that famous city, whose matchless cathedral boasts as many windows as there are weeks, pillars as there are days, and gates as there are months in the year.

It was the day of the mayor's feast, when captain Brilliant entered Salisbury with his wife, and his friends and their wives. The whole city was in motion. The trumpeters were sounding their trumpets at the gates of the council-house. The cooks and cup-bearers, obedient to the sound, were running

from the kitchens and cellars, with dishes and bottles in their hands. The mayor, preceded by the mace-bearers, and followed by the clergy and corporation, were marching in solemn procession to the house of feasting.

Oh! it was a goodly sight! A detachment of the war-captains were drawn up in the market-place, in battle array, ready to defend their bacon. And the nymphs of the city had clambered to their casements, and thrust their heads into the public street; some gazing at the huge feeders, some casting, from beneath their fine eye-lashes, glances at the military, and others recognizing among the men of the gown, the preacher who in exhorting them to repentance had inspired them with tenderness.

Much contention was there that day for the uppermost seats at the feast; and many were the salutations and greetings in the market-place. Like the days, too, that were before the flood, there was much eating and drinking.

After a dinner of peace and quietness and loving kindness, at the White-Hart, our na-

val heroes accompanied their wives in a walk round the city ; and while the mayor and corporation were circulating their bottle, the party subscribed twenty-five pounds to the half-famished prisoners of Fisherton jail.

Sophonisba, who, next to her husband, loved a book, called at a bookseller's shop in Oatmeal-Row, where a little man was standing erect behind his counter, clad in a snuff-coloured coat, and blowing his fingers to keep them warm.

“ Have you any new publications, sir ? ” said Sophonisba.

“ Yes, miss, I have a perfectly new work, on Abstinence from Animal Food.”

“ Is it popular, sir ? ”

“ Not, ma'am, in this city.”

“ I believe you,” cried Brilliant. “ They were piping to dinner here, just as we luffed round the council-house. I should not like to find the inhabitants in their rations.”

Our party passed the night at Salisbury, and early the next morning proceeded to ~~Salisbury~~, where they put up at the Grey-
n Broad-Mead.

CHAPTER XL.

From yonder proudly vaulted hall,
The shouts of festive mirth resound ;
The blazing tapers gild the wall,
And frolic dancers beat the ground.

ANON.

AFTER crossing the little river Severn, a day's easy journey brought our party to Caerfilly, from whence the chaises were dragged by the populace to the house of admiral Roughknot.

The admiral, however *unused to the melting mood*, was wholly overcome by the presence of his niece. Nor was Cassandra without emotion. The white arms of beauty leaned on the shoulder of the worthy man : the tears of Cassandra fell fast ; sighs issued for her heart.

“ Welcome, my child ! ” cried the admiral. “ Welcome to thy home. I forgive thee leaving me ! Thou hast married the man who merits thy affection ! ”

The moon, at this interview, was walking through the cloudless sky ; the sons of the cottage were pursuing their dreams ; and the repose of the night was disturbed only by the bark of the watch-dog.

Yet Fame, swift-winged Fame, flies with unmeasurable speed, by day and by night. The inhabitants of Caerfilly and the neighbouring hills shook off their nightly slumbers, to welcome the heroes of my page to their hospitable soil.

Sir Hugh Morgan and his family were not long absent. Tears ceased to flow, and all was mirth, and joy, and jubilee. The harp was brought ; the Race of Jenkin was played ; and the hall resounded with the steps of the dancers.

CHAPTER XLI.

There was a day
That he did wear a vizard, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear.

SHAKESPEARE.

THE joy of admiral Roughknot, at the safe return of his niece and her gallant captain, was unspeakably great.

“Well, now,” said he, “I am content. I am old, very old. I had the command of a line-of-battle ship in Rodney's action with De Grasse, and that is more than twenty years ago. The last flake of life's coil is now reeved through the block of eternity. But it matters not. I only wished to see Cassandra happily spliced. That wish is granted me, and I care not how soon my life-lines may go ; whether fate snaps them at the standing part, or whether she casts them off, and they run through the sheave.”

“My dear uncle !” cried Cassandra, “I hope you will live many years yet, and be-

hold every year bring more happiness, if it is possible, to Brilliant and myself."

"Captain Brilliant," said the admiral, chuckling, "if this, now, should be a boy; I will turn my pond into a punch-bowl, and invite all the people of Caerfilly to bale it out. There shall be feasting for all hands. Every room in the Boar's Head shall hold as many guests as it will stow. The harp shall be set to work. Old age shall recover its youth.

"I am certain, sir, in my own mind," said Brilliant, "that it will be a son. It was the keel of a boy I laid down; and he shall be called, sir, after you."

"Good!" said the admiral. "If the young dog emulates my deeds, he will not disgrace His Majesty's navy. I had always a zeal for the service. From the time I went on board the Dreadnought, a little midshipman, not bigger than the topsail-sheet knot, till I was made admiral on the East India station, I was never known to fight the old soldier. The doctor never had me on his list, unless, when by drifting, I got athwart the

hawse of a fire-ship. I was never known to skulk, never known to play at Tom Coxe's traverse."

Captain Hurricane now entered the room, accompanied by his teeming spouse: and soon after, lieutenant Echo made his appearance, with his tender bride, smiling loves and graces.

It was the hour of breakfast. The footman had brought the urn, and Cassandra was preparing the oriental beverage.

The old admiral rose from his seat at the entrance of the ladies, and handed them respectively to a chair. He then seated himself between them, and with great gallantry complimented them on the beauty of their looks.

"And so, Mrs. Echo," said admiral Roughknot, "notwithstanding the vaunted powers of a red coat, you preferred a true-blue to it. You chose rather to join hand and heart with a lieutenant on half-pay, who had been all his life afloat, than a union with a quill-driver of extensive fortune."

Sophonisba smiled.

“ And I am positive the young lieutenant is one of the happiest men that ever stepped between the stem and stern of a ship. He is never at rest but when he is sitting alongside of you, or has got you in tow.”

“ And that is my case, too, sir,” said Hurricane. “ I am never satisfied unless Flora is within hail of me.”

“ That will do for the marines,” said captain Brilliant.

“ Yes,” said Flora ; “ but the sailors will never believe it. My husband must not tell that to admiral Roughknot.”

“ Why, madam,” said the admiral, “ it is very credible. You are as full of charms as a ship is of ropes.”

“ So I think, sir,” said Hurricane.

“ A very poor compliment ! ” cried Brilliant. “ There are only nine ropes in a ship—the rest is stays, back-stays, shrouds, and braces.”

“ It matters not,” said Flora, “ I am used to this raillery.”

“ It is a mere trifle in war-time,” returned Brilliant.

“Come, ladies,” said the admiral, “let us talk of something more important. Whose cook-week is it, pray?”

Brilliant attempted to stifle laughing, but it was wholly out of his power. He stamped, roared, and made the room echo with an honest unsophisticated ha! ha! ha!

“My dear,” said Cassandra, “lord Chesterfield says it is not pretty to laugh aloud.”

“Not pretty to laugh aloud!” rejoined Brilliant. “Why, it throws off the spleen, helps digestion, and puts the whole system in better trim.”

“Ladies,” said the admiral, “I beg pardon—but who stands *cater* this week?”

“Permit me, sir,” said Sophonisba. “I will be the cateress. What, sir, would you relish to-day for dinner?”

“I leave that, madam,” replied the admiral, “to your judgment.”

“But, admiral,” said Brilliant, “if the cook, or, more politely, the *caterix*, does not get her coppers well cleaned, and her meat well towed, is she not to be cobbed? Mrs. Echo, you had better keep a sharp look-out.

Depend upon it, I will be more severe than ever your governess was. I'll take some of your sheathing off."

"Sir," said Sophonisba, "whatever a court-martial adjudges, I must submit to. But do not accuse me before I am guilty."

In this manner would admiral Roughnot converse with the inmates of his hospitable mansion, preserving his wit and humour at an age when other men are prone to moroseness and gloomy reflections.

No man forgets ever his original profession. The cask retains the flavour of the first liquor which impregnated it. Once a sailor, always a sailor ; and the admiral still spoke in the ship idiom, still fetched his comparisons from on board, and still pursued the metaphors of his early youth. Indeed the cup of the old gentleman's happiness seemed now full. His face was ever cheerful, and his smile denoted a serenity of mind, and a freedom from perturbation.

All his wishes had been centred in the felicity of his niece, whom he loved with the warmth and tenderness of a father.

That niece was now married to a man who deserved the precious jewel; who had fought his country's battles, and increased the glory of her flag; who was not leading a life of idleness, but reposing on his laurels; and who, when his Sovereign again required his services, would be one of the first at the post of honour.

CHAPTER XLII.

Minstrel ! tune some dulcet lay,
Ever jocund ever gay ;
Strike the harp and fill the bowl,
Wake to rapture every soul.

ANON.

CAPTAIN BRILLIANT and his lady accepted the invitation of the admiral, to make his house their permanent abode ; but lieutenant Hurricane and young Echo, having well considered the affair, hired, for a twelvemonth, ready furnished lodgings in the neighbourhood of Swansea.

Before, however, the gallant tars undertook their journey, they contributed, by their hilarity, to the celebration of an event which increased the happiness of Brilliant.

The lady of this illustrious officer was safely delivered of a son, the pledge of pure and chaste affection.

Before I describe the journey of the two lieutenants towards Swansea, it will be no undelightful task to exhibit the festivity

which reigned under the roof of the admiral, when Cassandra was sufficiently recovered to receive the company of her friends.

In the rustic masquerade given by the admiral to the inhabitants of Caerfilly, there were marshalled the gayest groups of a fairy land. The park and gardens of the naval chief were transformed into a kind of enchanted ground, where the inebriate mob, to the soft music of the harp, drenched themselves in the cup of joy.

To the sound of martial music was opened the masquing scene; and old age, as if feeling a rejuvenescence, exclaimed to the melting fair, in the language of a festive bard,

Braid your locks with rosy twine,
 Dropping odours, dropping wine;
 Rigour now is gone to bed,
 And Advice with solemn head,
 Strict Age and sour Severity,
 With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
 We that are of purer fire,
 Imitate the starry choir,
 Now to the moon in wavering morris move.

This *fête* was directed by the taste of the

admiral. The industry of the town of Caerfilly formed the van-guard in the army of pleasure, and had long since given pleasing "note of preparation."

The whole host of tailors, mantua-makers, and milliners, had been for a month in requisition. Cooks, painters, carpenters, and confectioners, were levied *en masse*, to commemorate the happy day.

To the capacious means which the regular establishment of the admiral's house afforded, were added several temporary accommodations. Of these one was a long and beautiful green walk, extending from the great door of the mansion, in various directions, through an ample and cultivated garden.

It was covered in, and hung with numerous festoons of variegated lamps, and terminated by a transparency of a female figure, representing peace ascending to heaven, after having destroyed war and his officious fiends.

The finest flowers of almost every species, blooming in beds along the sides of

the walk, rose in great abundance ; while the most beautiful shrubs waved their branches to the soft breeze of night, and mingled their odours.

This walk was rendered peculiarly grateful from the freshness of the air, the coolness of the ground, and the fragrance of the flowers ; and consequently afforded a happy retreat to all who, in the course of the night, suffered from the heat of the ball room and interior apartments.

About eight in the evening the company began to assemble, and there was no family of opulence, within twelve miles of Caerfilly, that did not hasten to the spot.

Sir Hugh Morgan appeared in the costume of Fluellen, the brave and loquacious Welshman in Henry the Fifth ; and his accent was highly appropriate, and exquisitely shrewd. The eldest son of the worthy baronet supported the character of a blind Welsh harper, and touched the strings of his instrument with no contemptible skill.

Mr. Jones personated a landlord of a country inn, with characteristic drollery,

and dilated on the commodiousness of his rooms, the abundance of his larder, the excellence of his wines, and the obliging temper of his wife, to the universal mirth and jollity of his hearers.

Captain Morgan acquitted himself with great adroitness in the part of a female barber, a profession common in Wales ; and boasted very eloquently of the softness of his soap and the keenness of his razors.

Colonel Williams was a Turk of solemn and dignified mien ; and the dress of the follower of Mahomet was magnificent beyond description.

Major Parry, lieutenant Evans, and Mr. Ellis, horse-dealers.

Mr. Owens was a corn-cutter.

Captain Hardy personated a Jew.

Old Mr. James Howels was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman ; and he acted up to the character, by smoking his pipe and drinking his gin the whole night. He was, indeed, the most natural character in the whole group.

Mr. Philips was in a domino.

Of the domestic group, I shall be allowed to speak minutely.—The admiral personated the character of a Chelsea pensioner, a most excellent mask.

Captain Brilliant appeared as a waterman, and his muscular form and limbs were well adapted to the character.

Lieutenant Hurricane came forward as Neptune, attended by Mr. Echo as his barber: they acquitted themselves admirably, and provoked considerable laughter.

We now come to the ladies. It would be impossible for the coldest imagination to describe the *ensemble* of this party, without giving an air of extravagance to the picture. Fancy might have regarded the spot as the temple of beauty, where some second Charles had enshrined the loveliest women of the age, as the proudest record of the glory of his reign.

In this most interesting circle, there was a group of fairy queens, composed by the three fair daughters of sir Hugh Morgan, whose ravishing forms excited admiration.

The lovely Miss Williams appeared as an

angel ; dress, white and silver, blue scarf and wings.

Mrs. Morgan personated a ballad-singer, and warbled sweetly several ballads of her own composition. One little song, in particular, was loudly encored.

“ The jutting rocks the ocean laves,
And soon or late the rocks decay,
Until, with liquid shocks, the waves
Sweep every rugged stone away.

“ Not so the seas of tears I pour ;
Ah ! cruel ! while for thee I pine :
Those seas of tears but harden more
That unrelenting heart of thine.”

These verses, sung with corresponding plaintiveness of voice, had a wonderful effect upon the audience.

Miss Evans, the gay, the beautiful, and accomplished, was a gipsy, who told fortunes with great archness. She belonged to a group of gipsies who had pitched their tents, lighted a fire, and put on their pot to boil. They had an ass, with panniers, and two fine chubby children of the Egyptian breed. Many a credulous fair one resorted to these

oracles, to learn their destinies; and many a specious promise was held out of future lovers, husbands, and numerous progeny.

The lovely Sophonisba was the *chief sybil*, who warbled, with exquisite grace, a wild and original catch.

“ Where poplars high waving in air,
 Embower the pool,
 We duly at noon-tide repair,
 For quiet and cool.

“ And do not old Brindle or Pie,
 From the midst of the dell,
 Now tell ye the gipsies are nigh,
 By tinkling her bell ?”

When the plaudits, raised by this simple unaffected ditty, had ceased, Miss Evans sweetly sung,

“ Now eye we the glance of a star,
 Arise in the west,
 To gleam o'er the dell, where afar,
 We seek our night's rest.

‘By the tinklings and brayings more near,
 Our haunt is betrayed,
 And slowly the gipsies appear
 From under the shade.’”

Of the other female masks, the lady of

captain Hardy, and her sister, were flower-girls ; but it would be an endless task to enumerate every character assumed.

Mrs. Brilliant was in an elegant embroidered white and silver dress, attended by Flora, in white satin and pearls.

The dances commenced about one, and the goddess of the fantastic toe was successful in her inspirations. Reels and strachspeys were danced in true style. The band belonged to the Monmouthshire militia, and more animated music was scarce ever heard.

At three the company sat down to a magnificent supper, and it was broad day before they had made their congratulations to captain Brilliant, and called for their carriages.

I have been the more explicit in describing this scene of fashionable gaiety, because every one, as doctor Goldsmith says, however low-minded himself, delights to read of high life, and high-lived anecdotes, and memoirs of lords, ladies, and knights of the garter.

CHAPTER XLIII.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side,
The lowing herd, the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd, dim descried
In the low valley ; echoing far and wide.
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide ;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

BEATTIE.

It was at an early hour of the morning, that the two lieutenants and their lovely spouses bade adieu to admiral Roughknot and their shipmates captain Brilliant and his lady, and began their journey to Swansea.

It was in the fulness of life and self-enjoyment that our party set out. Their spirits predisposed to cheerfulness, and susceptible of agreeable emotions, shed a brightness on every surrounding object, on hill and dale, forest and plain. Their feelings rendered the murmurings of the rivulet, the rushing of the distant torrent, and the wild music of

the woods, a feast of pure, rational, and exquisite delight.

The heart of Sophonisba danced with secret gladness. She loved retirement, but she loved to have an ardent lover in whose ear she could tell the pleasures of retirement, either in the morning, on the mountain-top, at noon, in the shade, or at evening, before the door of her modest villa. Such a lover she had now found under the endearing name of husband, a husband wholly devoted to her, as the fairest being in creation.

Not being restricted with regard to time, but free as the air of heaven, the party took a circuitous route to Swansea, desirous to visit in their journey whatever was remarkable in nature or art.

A few hours travelling brought them to *Pont y Prid*, that is, New Bridge. This bridge is composed of a single arch, whose span is considered the greatest in the world. It exceeds that of the Rialto in Italy.

This bridge crosses the river Taafe. A little higher up is a famous salmon-leap, but the party, in visiting it, could discover no fish.

Having dined at the Bridgewater-arms, an inn delightfully situated on the road, the party, in charming spirits, prosecuted their journey, and reached Merthyr late in the evening.

To behold the town of Merthyr to advantage, it should be entered at night. For what can be conceived more awfully grand than numberless volcanoes vomiting smoke, and furnaces emitting their vivid lights, till the whole country appeared in flames.

The next morning the gentlemen went to inspect an enormous overshot wheel, composed entirely of cast iron. It is fifty feet in diameter, and seven feet broad.

This wheel, in an obscure country, deservedly excites attention. It works many inferior wheels, distributing the air with incredible force through different tubes to the furnaces.

From Merthyr the party pursued the road to Cardiff, a very neat town, affording good accommodations.

At Cardiff they stopped to dine, and proceeded to Cowbridge, a town composed of

a single street ; and where, there being little or no trade, the shopkeepers are continually standing before their doors.

Sophonisba feeling a slight indisposition, her gallant husband ran for the physician, and doctor Bates had the honour of feeling her pulse, and prescribing her regimen.

Doctor Bates is the most intelligent and the best humoured man at Cowbridge. But he is troubled with a gouty affection in his legs, which causes him to walk like a person in fetters.

From Cowbridge the party journeyed forward to Pyle House, a solitary but commodious inn on the road. In their way to it, they passed through Neath, a suffocating place, tolerable only to the Cyclopes. Its venerable abbey is inhabited by the ragged and dirty families of the workmen employed at the copper smelting-houses.

Our party were much pleased with Pyle House, and Mr. Marment's family. His two eldest daughters are comely, well-bred, and amiable girls.

The next day, proceeding on their tour,

they reached Swansea, from whence it was only three miles to their mansion.

Servants had been already hired to prepare the rooms for the reception of our gallant tars. And it was with no small pleasure that they took possession of their castle.

No house could be more happily situated. It was built on an eminence, and commanded the prospect of mountains, on whose grassy sides the goats were browsing in peace ; while through their openings was to be seen the blue expanse of the sea, on whose surface the tall bark was urging her course. Sometimes the water was smooth as a mirror ; when it reflected the colour of the heavens above. Upon the springing up of a breeze it changed to a light blue, which deepened to a fine sky colour as the wind increased—saddened to a deep green in a brisk gale—and in a storm, to a sullen blackness, save where the waves, interspersed with the white heads of foam, added magnificence to the scene.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Here peace is thine, and life that knows no change,
And various wealth in nature's boundless range ;
The grot, the living fount, the umbrageous glade,
And sleep on banks of moss beneath the shade.

THERE is, perhaps, no man who does not image to himself some future period, when, retired from the cares and irritations of his profession, he shall enjoy in the bosom of retirement a freedom from all solicitude.

It was now that era in the lives of our gallant tars. No longer were they summoned on deck by the shrill pipe of the boatswain ; no more did the beat of the drum announce an enemy was near ; but, to appropriate the words of the song, they *sported on down beds*, or, in language more classical, reposed on roses.

They had not taken possession of their house a fortnight, when Mrs. Hurricane presented her husband with a daughter : and the appearance of Sophonisba denoted she

was in a fair way to fulfil the great precept given to the parents of all mankind.

In the meantime, their hours were passed agreeably. Sophonisba was gratified by a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Million, together with their son Cæsar, and a young lady whom he had led to the altar of Hymen.

They were making an excursion into Wales, being at a loss how to fill up their time.

Cæsar presented his spouse to Sophonisba and the rest of the family. She was the daughter of an opulent haberdasher, and had captivated the heart of Cæsar as she one day sold him a pair of gloves, behind her father's counter. Her age was about nineteen ; her person tolerably good, but the structure and phraseology of her sentences denoted that her education was illiberal, and that her reading had been confined to the trash of a circulating library. Yet, in intellect and attainments, she was at least equal to her husband.

“ Well, captain Echo,” said Cæsar, “ you see, the preference which Sophonisba gave to you, did not *totally* break my heart. I

was, to be sure, a little down in the mouth at first. But when I saw Nancy, my heart recovered its jollification, and I took her for a wife, while I found her in the humour to have me."

"I give you joy, sir," said the lieutenant. "I dare say you are both very happy."

"We be, indeed, sir," returned Cæsar: "aren't we, Nancy?"

"Yes," cried Nancy; "when you behave yourself properly. But if ever you call me extravagant again, as you did coming along in the *chay*, I'll give you no rest for a month. Marry! it is a pretty work to come to this. To call me extravagant, because I bought a pair of ear-rings. Men in general delight to see their wives smart, but you,"—

"How long, sir," said lieutenant Hurricane, "have you been married?"

"Almost a month, sir," said Cæsar.

"I give you both joy," rejoined the lieutenant.

"Joy! sir," said Nancy. "He is more plague than enough!"

“Hush! Nancy,” said Cæsar, “*Aren't* you ashamed?”

“I won't hush,” said Nancy. “Where there is no sin, there is no shame. But I will waste no more words with a poor mean fellow that could begrudge the wife of his bosom the cost of a *gownd*. I am sure he can set no store by her.”

“Indeed, Nancy,” said Cæsar, “I do set great store by you. If you want a hundred pounds you shall have it.”

“Very liberal, sir,” said Hurricane. “Come, never mind your wife; leave her with my wife, and Echo's wife. Let us splice the main brace. Let us drink some grog together. Come! heave ahead. How do you like my new ship? What think you of the officers' cabins?”

“Nancy,” said Cæsar, “I am just going to have a little *jollification* with the lieutenant. I shall soon be back.”

“Your absence,” cried Nancy, “is more welcome than your company. A good riddance!”

Cæsar retired with the two lieutenants

into their banqueting room, leaving Mr. and Mrs. Million, together with his own wife, to walk down the garden, and contemplate the sea.

There are many of my readers (particularly those west of Temple Bar) who will consider it very vulgar to drink grog before dinner. But our sailors knew none of this fastidiousness, and never imposed upon themselves the restraints of fashion. They loved grog at sea, and they loved it too on shore.

A bowl of grog was made by lieutenant Echo, and jovially pushed around.

“Come, Hurricane,” said the young tar, “sing us a song. You have a good voice?”

“I have no objection to sing,” said Hurricane ; “and I will give you a song I never heard before. I bought it for a halfpenny, of the ballad-singer, at the admiral’s masquerade. It is called

THE HONEY-MOON.

“Serene and tranquil was the night,
The night that clos’d the summer’s day ;
And brilliant shone the moon, and bright,
And warm and tender was her ray.

“ ‘How like our love!’ the husband cried,
As on his arm Louisa hung :—
Scarce had Louisa been a bride,
And both were fond, and both were young.

“ ‘This moon, how like our love, my dear,’
He said, and clasp’d her round the waist ;
‘Tis pure, and perfect, and sincere,
Tender and true, and warm though chaste.’

“ Time flew—the youthful pair again
Enjoy’d at eve the stilly vale ;
The moon still shone, but in the wane,
Her form less round, her face more pale.

“ This too is like our love, my queen,
For though less radiant and less bright ;
Yet still o’er all this sylvan scene,
She sheds a soft and p’earing light.’

“ Louisa bow’d her beauteous head,
And yet a sigh escap’d her breast ;
Perhaps the fair one would have said,
She lik’d the first bright moon the best.

“ Time linger’d, yet again the pair
The balmy breath of eve imbib’d
And now less perfect, yet still fair,
The moon, alas ! two horns describ’d

“ ‘This too is love ! Louisa says,
‘The love, my dear, that life adorns ;
Perfect at first, it soon decays,
Decays and ends, at last in horns.’ ”

These stanzas, sung with corresponding archness of voice and gesture, provoked the

laughter of Echo, and forced a smile from Cæsar. The glass went round, more songs were sung, and they were high in mirth, when the footman summoned them to dinner.

I pass over the conversation at the dining table. The whole party were very cheerful, and Mrs. Million spoke in raptures of Wales—the high mountains she had ascended—the old castles she had explored—and the romantic prospects she had seen.

They passed another day under the roof of their friends, when they departed for Milford Haven ; purposing to return home by the route of North Wales.

The lieutenants were not a little pleased at the unexpected visit of the banker and his lady. Sophonisba had always entertained a respect for the old lady, by whom she had been treated with maternal tenderness ; and there is something in the face of an old friend that always makes it welcome.

We may now consider our gallant tars and their wives in their rural privacy, possessed of as much happiness as falls to the lot of

humanity. The retrospect of their former days brought with it a self-approving conscience ; and the horizon of their future life was gilded with sunshine, giving them assurance of health, and peace, and competence.





