

THREE WEEKS IN THE DOWNS.

OR

Conjugal Fidelity Rewarded.

Exemplified in the

NARRATIVE OF HELEN AND EDMUND.

Founded on Fact.

BY AN OFFICERS WIDOW.

LONDON

PUBLISHED BY JOHN BENNETT, THREE-TUN PASSAGE, IVY-LANE  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1829

THREE WEEKS IN THE DOWNS,  
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EXEMPLIFIED IN THE  
NARRATIVE OF HELEN AND EDMUND.  
A TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.  
*BY AN OFFICER'S WIDOW.*

'Tis the day  
On which my father gave my hand to Altamont;  
As such, I will remember it for ever.  
*Rowe.*

London:  
PUBLISHED BY JOHN BENNETT,  
THREE-TUN PASSAGE, IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW;  
AND W. BENNETT, RUSSELL-STREET,  
PLYMOUTH.

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## ADDRESS.

READING is confessedly one of the great pleasures in life, and that of the light and entertaining description, such as the present Work is, if it does not possess the claim of being useful, it at least possesses that of affording pleasure, which is, in fact, being useful in its way; for surely that deserves the appellation, which beguiles us of our cares, and tends to alleviate the troubles and chagrins to which as mortals we are but too much subject.

The reader will, we hope, peruse the work here presented throughout, and will not only find interest in the incidents related, but frequently be entertained with the spirited delineations of scenes and characters which are appositely introduced, in order to illustrate as well as amuse; for which, indeed, it would be an injustice not to acknowledge ourselves indebted to some valuable *Periodicals*, as well as to a recent and excellent work, entitled the *Night Watch*.

Although some ambition might certainly exist within the breast of the writer to obtain literary reputation, yet knowing, that at setting out to detail the incidents which befel the heroine and many of the characters in the work, she did not then conceive the narration would so much interest indifferent readers, as the facts had interested herself; therefore, the stimulus to exertion was mere personal gratification; and as she occasionally laboured under an ill state of health, it was a cheerful resource against *ennui*; hence that which at first consisted but of idle *Scraps*, became at length a *Book*, and if the reader should derive a portion of that solace and amusement in perusing, which the Author felt in writing, she will have obtained as much gratification as she could presume to hope for.

How far the pages thus dedicated by the Author exclusively to her own pleasure, shall hit the mark of pleasing others, which, at the commencement, had not for its design so palpable an object, remains to be tried: too frequently the best intentions are failures, and it would be no wonder, therefore, if the present work should fall short of the Author's wishes, who deems herself inadequate to the great task, of succeeding in pleasing the rather fastidious taste of the present day. Certainly, there would be much satisfaction in obtaining this desire; but, however, she must abide the general issue, and if a juror only be withdrawn, perhaps she may consider it a trial gained.

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### THREE WEEKS IN THE DOWNS.

#### CHAPTER I.

\_\_\_\_\_ Yea 'tis the hand  
Of Death I feel press heavy on my vitals,  
Slow sapping the warm current of existence.  
My moments now are few—the sand of life  
Ebbs fastly to its finish.

*Kirke White.*

“IT is impossible that I can comply with your wishes, sir,” replied Helen Kemp, to the importunities of an admirer in every respect unsuited to her inclinations. “I would rather not marry; indeed, you must excuse my refusing what I have no doubt you conceive, and which I believe to be meant as, a kind offer to me in my present distressing situation.”

“Why, miss, I will make you a good husband. You shall want for nothing in my power to give, and——

“I thank you, sir; but I cannot accede—I am extremely miserable—Oh! my dear Father!”

“Indeed, my dear miss,” said a stout coarse, though apparently good-natured, woman, “I think you act wrong in refusing the gentleman’s offer; consider that your father has but a short time to live, and you know that it is his wish that you should marry him. You will be destitute if you do not; and I am sure that he will do all in his power to make your future life happy.”

“That’s what I will,” interrupted the man; “I have solemnly promised her father to protect her, and may my next voyage be unprosperous, if I do not. I shall never forget the affecting manner in which the poor gentleman thanked me; therefore, my dear little darling, pray consider—place confidence in me, and all will be right.”

Helen sat suffused in tears. The assertion that her father’s dissolution was near, had overpowered her feelings. A bell rung—the female was about to quit the room, when Helen rushed before her, and escaped from the apartment, dreading to remain alone with her *would-be* bridegroom.

“Ah! ah! I see how it is,” said he, “she has some youngster in tow.”

“A fig for that,” replied the woman; “I tell you she has nothing but her squeamishness to get over—try again—her aunts no doubt will assist you.”

“Her aunts! are those ladies her aunts I saw just now enter the sick chamber?”

“Yes; and, I assure you, that to get rid of a poor relation, no efforts on their parts will be spared in your favour.”

During this colloquy, the sick room was a scene of the most heartless contention. When Helen entered, an old maiden aunt, and a married sister, Mrs. Launder, were sitting by the bed-side; Mr. Kemp was sitting up, supported by pillows, wasted by the ravages of disease and anxiety, and suffering the most intense anguish, as he watched the wretched and disconsolate appearance of his beloved and only child.



Mrs. Launder vociferated, "Are you mad, Helen? What! refuse so good a match—in your situation too—a beggar—without a farthing—to be such a fool—I've no patience."

A sigh escaped the unhappy father, and Helen wept and sobbed aloud, when Miss Deborah interfered. "Don't be so harsh with the poor child, sister : marriage is an extremely delicate point—such a child too as Helen is—I do not wonder she weeps."

"My dear sister," replied Mrs. Launder, "God knows it is a delicate point! I myself was five-and-thirty before I gave consent; nay, I even wept the first time my dear Mr. Launder saluted me—I hope, child, the man hasn't kissed you yet?"

"Oh! shocking, sister," cried Miss Deborah; "what! after the lessons of prudence I have given her, as well as those she received from her dear mother."

"Her mother was not half particular enough; both father and mother have spoiled her; no wonder she is so very headstrong and obstinate."

Helen took little or no notice of such improper conversation. She stood at the foot of the bed, eyeing with the keenness of despair the changes which were taking place in the countenance of her father, whom she now believed to be dying: she had hitherto flattered herself with hopes of his recovery, but they were fled. He beckoned for Helen to approach him, which she immediately did. He opened his arms to receive her, pressed her to his bosom, kissed her cheek, and whispered with difficulty to her thus: "My dearest child, I feel that you will soon lose me; save yourself from the dependance of these women; accept the offer of a worthy man; obey me, and smooth the dying pillow of your father."

"Oh! my dearest father! how can I comply—I must see you well first—you must recover; indeed you will."

"That will never be, Helen," interrupted Mrs. Launder, "you must comply. Which is the gentleman?" asked she, of the stout woman before mentioned, who now entered the chamber, and who was the landlady of the Crown-Inn, at Poole, in Dorset.

The attention of Helen was still directed to her father, who, with the very little strength he had left, was urging her compliance to a union so repugnant to her nature; yet less disposed to resist it, as considering her acquiescence more a point of filial obedience than an act tending in the least to her own individual happiness.

The officer now entered, for such he really was, a Lieutenant Rosse, now belonging to his majesty's navy, but brought up in the merchant service, whose history and character will be further developed in the course of our narrative.

"My niece, sir, has thought better of her scruples; and I conceive that you would have no objection to be betrothed immediately," said Mrs. Launder.

"I thank you, madam," he replied, "take the word of a sailor, that every thing I have said shall be done; and extremely grateful am I to the young lady for so happy a change in her resolution."

Miss Deborah had not yet spoken: she was pondering how it was possible for a man, old enough to know better, could think of such a chit as her niece for a wife, when so amiable and interesting a person as herself was still in the state of single blessedness: she had a fortune too to bestow, and the reflection caused the wonder to increase.

The flame of discontent at last broke forth:—"I am a little surprised, sir, at your choice; why Helen is a mere child! a full grown woman would be better calculated to make you happy, I should think."

Rosse looked at the speaker with an elevated brow, and casting a sidelong glance towards the landlady, showed that he perfectly understood the spinster's meaning. As, however, he was not disposed to affront this rosy damsel of fifty, at least, he merely said—"Why as to that, madam, you see, it is the very cause why I like her—so *young*, and so beautiful. She is a nice little girl, and I have no doubt she will like me in time, seeing how kind I shall behave to her."

Mrs. Launder asked when the ceremony should take place.

Helen started, as if awakened from a trance. Her father took her passive hand, and placed it in the officer's, who pressed and kissed it; and thus was the young and lovely Helen Kemp affianced to Lieutenant Rosse, a boisterous son of Neptune. Mrs. Launder assayed to blush; Miss Deborah hung her head and sighed. All power of opposition to this heartless and extraordinary proceeding had ceased on the part of Helen, whose weak frame, exhausted with a long continued attendance on the wants of her father, as well as the repeated persecutions of her aunts relative to this ill-assorted match, was unable to bear up against so many troubles. Her passiveness was therefore readily construed into a willing acquiescence to a proceeding, perhaps but too frequently recurring, for the most sordid and selfish purposes.

"The ceremony had better be performed this evening," said the father, and turning to the officer, I wish to see her yours; for I fear my time is but short here."

"As soon as you please, sir," replied the lover, "and I hope, miss, you will make no more objection."

Helen faintly said "No!" Her hand had been in his from the time her father had placed it there, totally unconscious of it. Having answered in the negative to his question, he ardently pressed her hand, which she hastily withdrew, and burst into a flood of tears.

Thus betrothed to a man, with whose sentiments, feelings and habits she was totally at variance, she submitted to the ceremony rather as an automaton than as a being endowed with rationality to distinguish right from wrong. She had, however, obeyed a father's dying wish, and partially satisfied with the fulfilment of so pious a duty, she resolved to submit with dignity to her unfortunate fate, and support with virtue the character of a wife, though unblessed with a wife's best prerogative—the man of her heart.

The father of Helen, as if wishing nothing more than to see his daughter provided for, rapidly sunk under his disorder, and the next day, from the occurrence we have just related, he expired.

Helen had never quitted him from the time he was evidently dying; and, exhausted with fatigue and anxiety, and miserable from the continued reflection on her unhappy destiny, the shock was too much for her gentle nature to encounter; she fainted; fits succeeded, and a raging fever attacked her; she became delirious, and for three days her life was despaired of by the physician who attended her.

Rosse, whose attentions were unremitted, was inconsolable, now reflecting, that perhaps he was the cause, and upbraiding himself for his precipitancy in marrying at so critical and awful a conjuncture, a being so young and so amiable.

The aunts, those cold calculating beings, had quitted the house immediately on the decease of Mr. Kemp, leaving Helen to the care of her husband and the landlady, Mrs. Gennings, whose well-meant kindness was of essential assistance to her in so forlorn a condition. Indeed, the conduct of this woman, though wanting that refinement which

renders a service doubly valuable, had really acted towards her during her father's illness more as a mother than a stranger; and she now more than ever felt an interest in the welfare of Helen, and was determined to use every effort to accelerate her recovery.

In the meantime the funeral of Helen's father took place, Rosse attending as chief mourner: Mrs. Launder and Miss Deborah had too high notion of their dignity to be so *vulgar*, and accordingly remained in state in the parlour during the sad solemnity.

This, which happened on the third day after the decease of her father, Helen was totally unconscious of; but the next day, some glimpses of returning reason were visible. She observed the landlady and Rosse, whom, however, she did not recognize. "Where am I?" were the first words she uttered. "How came I here? and who is that man?"

Rosse addressed her by the endearing title of—"My dear," and enquired how she was: she appeared partly to comprehend; but the landlady, whom experience had taught to be extremely cautious in such cases, replied, that he was a gentleman and a friend, who came to see her. "Oh, the doctor, I suppose? I am thirsty!" Some liquid was given to her, and she sunk into a quiet slumber.

Rosse, whose blunt sympathies were not easily awakened, arising more perhaps from the dangers he had escaped, and the perils he had encountered, than from any inherent want of feeling, felt extremely vexed and annoyed at the circumstance of Helen's mistaking him for a stranger, and now began seriously to reflect on the situation in which he had placed himself, through his headstrong eagerness to marry a woman with whom he had been acquainted but a few days.

"Poor thing!" said he to himself; and poor devil that I am, to have spliced myself in so —— a hurry to a wench of whom I know so little; I shall be blessed with a mad woman for a wife, and shall become a laughing-stock to my shipmates:" then checking himself at the thought of the miserable situation the poor girl was in, he walked up and down the room in great agitation; that he ardently loved Helen there could be no doubt; and, by degrees, the reflection that he was now her natural and only protector, he became calm and willing to submit to the directions of the landlady, who desired him not to be impatient, but strictly to attend to the suggestions of the physician, whose advice was, that Rosse should not be seen by Helen, and that Mrs. Gennings should gradually make her acquainted with what had taken place.

On the seventh day she became sensible of her deplorable situation, and the dreadful past burst on her view; she wept bitterly for hours, which had the effect of giving relief to her aching heart.

Rosse was impatient to see her, conceiving the scrupulousness of the physician to be, over-nicety; having no doubt, that the kindness he had shown her, and the delicacy which he had observed since their union, had overcome her dislike to him.

Alas! hearts are not so soon taught; neither are their possessors able to make them bend to duties imperatively imposed: it is a great conquest when principle is sufficient to guide the conduct in the right path, in opposition to the softer sensations; for the heart to feel one thing, and duty to direct us to act contrary to it, then is the hour of severest trial—then has a victory to be achieved almost too much for human nature entirely to overcome.

Such now was the case with the orphan Helen: she had, as the circumstances rapidly passed before her, at the time of her betrothment, been by the dying injunctions of a parent whom she tenderly revered and loved, determined on the line of conduct she

intended to pursue: she was now to act on it, and her repugnance was strengthened accordingly; besides, her broken spirits and weak state of body, added to the difficulty of the task, had rendered her fortitude unequal to so powerful an effort; she, therefore, avoided mentioning Rosse, and dreaded that every footstep was his.

Mrs. Gennings observed her eyes continually attracted towards the door, if the least noise occurred, and conceiving she had better at last broach the subject, as two days had elapsed since her evident convalescence.

"My dear Miss Kemp," began the good woman, "I observe that you continue to fix your eye towards the door; now there is one without who is very anxious to enter; he is waiting for you to ask him, and I would put it you, whether it would not be proper to do so? He has been, and will prove to be, your best friend; and, I assure you, he has suffered much for you during your illness."

Helen sighed, and said, "Ah! Mrs. Gennings, would to heaven my father had allowed me to remain single; I could have endured any thing rather than be in my present condition; I could have taken in work, and have maintained myself; but I am now made for ever miserable. I have known this man but a few days; he is old, and otherwise unfit to contribute to my happiness; his manners are repulsive, and I am certain that his birth is mean, and to good society a perfect stranger—so coarse are his expressions, and so unlike the company to which I (perhaps it is my misfortune) have been used."

"My dear young lady, I have listened to what you have said with patience, in order that you may give vent to your feelings; but really now, you are silly, very silly—why, did I not know your dear mother? aye, and lived, when a girl, with your grandmother? I know the ladies, your aunts, and their tempers; the losses and troubles your dear father has lately experienced, and which I feel persuaded broke his heart at last—the death of your excellent mother was the severest stroke;—now, my dear miss, knowing these things, I say, and as the Captain (as I still call him) sometimes told me he had but forty pounds to take you and himself to London; and even then it would be uncertain whether he would be employed; and then the dangers of a hot climate;—but there, it is no use to talk about it, poor gentleman! he is gone; but it was the considering of these things that made me urge you to accept the gentleman's proposals: believe me, my dear child, that you would have been horribly situated under the command of such women as your aunts are, for with them poverty is a crying sin; and as to work, Lord love ye! I am sure it would ill agree with your tender frame and delicate constitution; why the wind even is too rough to blow upon you, and so thought your poor dear unfortunate parents, who are now dead and gone, heaven rest their souls!"

Here the poor creature's sympathy for the forlorn Helen overcame her, and she sobbed aloud in the fullness of her heart.

"No, my dear orphan, you would not, could not stand such drudgery; for the mere earning a bit of bread you must work both morning soon and evening late, and then the contempt with which your acquaintance would look down on you; for, believe me, not one of them did you so small a kindness as to call and enquire for you while your father lay ill; but since your marriage (as I may call it) with the officer Mr. Rosse, the Keppels, the Tomkinses, the Hawkinses, and others have repeatedly addressed me with 'Well, Mrs. Gennings, how is the dear child?—so, we hear she is recovered—aye, and married too—pray do you know what the gentleman is worth?' besides a number of others which I do not recollect; but all showing, that now you are respectably settled, they have altered their

opinion as to your respectability, which also shows what you might have expected, if you had continued poor and dependent.”

Mrs. Genning’s garrulity manifested so much disinterested zeal in behalf of the orphan Helen, blended with a powerful appeal to female pride, of which Helen was by no means destitute, and to which she was subsequently much indebted, that Helen listened with attention to this harangue, and smiled, but not replying, Mrs. Gennings construed it into a sign of approbation, and thus continued:—

“You object that you are not sufficiently acquainted with the man; but this is easily remedied; for I am satisfied in my mind, that the more you see him, the less you will dislike him; you will see in him the rough sailor, but a plain honest mind; to my thinking, he is like a chestnut, a sweet kernel in a rough covering; it is true, he is not so genteel as your father was, but he is of the family of the Rosses that used to visit the mayor, as well as your own grandfather, and though they are now dead, yet they were neither mean nor poor. He has been to sea all his life-time, and hence his manners are rude, and otherwise than what you wish him; therefore, my dear child, use your good sense, and make him your friend while you may—send for him, and treat him kindly.”

Helen could not, seeing how irrevocably her fate was fixed, but partially agree in the truth of what Mrs. Gennings had said, and replied, that she fully appreciated her good intention, and would endeavour to comply with her advice as well as she was able; requested her to dress her, and then present her respects to Rosse, and that he might wait on her.

## CHAPTER II.

*Cal.* I tell thee, Altamont,  
Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above:  
Ill suited to each other: join'd, not match'd;  
Some sullen influence, a foe to both,  
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.  
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,  
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,  
That fills thee with such ecstasy and transport,  
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,  
Or think it better than the day before,  
Or any other in the course of time,  
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.

*Alt.* If to behold thee as my pledge of happiness,  
To know none fair, none excellent, but thee;  
If still to love thee with unwearied constancy,  
Through ev'ry season, ev'ry change of life,  
Be worth the least return of graceful love,  
Then let my Calista bless this day,  
And set it down for happy.

*Rowe.*

MRS. GENNINGS congratulated herself on her persuasive powers, and made as much haste as possible in doing as she was requested.

Helen was seated in a great arm-chair, and Mrs. Gennings left the room on the welcome errand, not however without having repeated sundry argumentations, &c. (so cogent did she now particularly deem her loquacity), as to the proper behaviour of Helen at the intended interview.

When she was gone, Helen sighed repeatedly, and recollecting the words Mrs. Gennings had said to her, viz. 'That love would come in time,' said to herself, 'Never—never for him; yet have I not vowed to love and honor him?' The reflection was sufficient to upset her little acquired composure; she was about to recal Mrs. Gennings, when that personage, and Mr. Rosse entered the apartment.

He was struck with astonishment at her altered appearance. How different from the blooming girl he had previously known her. He had come into her presence with much light-heartedness, pleased that Helen had sent for him, saying to Mrs. Gennings, 'better late than never!' but he was extremely shocked at beholding so pale and delicate a creature as now appeared before him: he hastened towards her and said, "My dear Miss Kemp, I am grieved to see you so ill—I had hoped, my dear little girl, to have been at Portsmouth with you ere this."

Helen blushed, gave him her hand and said, "I hope I shall soon be well, sir, now I am able to sit up again."

She endeavoured to be composed, but in spite of her most strenuous efforts, she trembled, and could not look steadfastly at him.

He observed it, and said, "My dear Helen, you appear to be afraid of me, why should you? Do you doubt that I will behave kind to you?"

"No, sir," stammered Helen; "but—you are so much a stranger to me, and—"

Rosse laughed and said, "true, my dear; but all things must have a beginning, you know; every day will make us better acquainted, and therefore do try and think me to be an old acquaintance—bring yourself to think so, and we shall be so in reality, and the like of like."

Helen could not but smile; the last sentence was generally the closing one of all Rosse's speeches, although totally unconnected in meaning with the previous ones. Helen had, during their short acquaintance, observed this; and now instead of answering his question, she appeared to be in a deep study.

Rosse imagined he had given her offence, and asked her in what respect.

"Oh! I beg your pardon, sir," said Helen; "I was reflecting on your last words; I do not understand them."

"What words?" said Rosse.

Helen repeated them; but he did not recollect having said them. Helen said no more on the subject, imagining, as she afterwards found, that he had acquired this habit of expression, and considering that it was too soon to tell him to avoid the peculiarity.

He continued with her part of the day, and towards the latter part of the week his attendance was unremitting: he endeavoured to entertain her by recounting his adventures, and telling such stories as were current in the sea-service, which to Helen possessed at least the charm of novelty; he would read to her, and though not the best of readers in the world, was not deficient in sense; he had a little taste too for the standard authors; and his conduct both in word and action was modest, except, indeed, that he was too ardent in his profession of admiration towards her.

She and her father had been detained at the inn, he having been taken ill there; she had so arranged it, that as soon as she was able to leave her bedroom, she joined the landlord and landlady as usual. Rosse also attended her; and, to her great mortification, her aunts called, attended by the clergyman, intending to breakfast with them.

The best room in the house was put into requisition. The antique dames appeared to be delighted with the apparent change for the better which had taken place in Helen, and congratulated the bridegroom on it, who expressed himself much obliged to them, and amused them with his delineation of nautical affairs, manners, technicalities, &c. to which he was quite *au fait* of course, and consequently in his element.

There not having been a license to the former ceremony, it was of course not legal, and hitherto Rosse had been content to be without the privileges of a husband. He had, therefore, been instrumental in bringing the clergyman to the party, and had procured the license. Willing, however, not to appear too precipitate in any thing in the eyes of Helen: he had acted with extreme caution; for having previously ventured to hint it to her, her agitation had been so terrible, that he was alarmed lest she should relapse into her former illness. Her aunts, therefore, had been consulted, and they had readily entered into the scheme; for, however unwilling they might be to have had her as a poor dependant on their bounty, yet their notions were high as to the honor of their family; they, therefore, hoped to see their sister's child legally wedded, and also that Rosse

should throw off his suit of black, which, as a compliment to Helen he had put on, and appear in his full uniform.

Things being thus prepared, Rosse had availed himself of the assistance of that indefatigable adviser and general *go-between*, Mrs. Gennings, who had acquired great influence over the mind of Helen, having known her from her infancy.

Whilst, therefore, the aunts, the clergyman, and Rosse were engaged in conversation, previously to tea being brought in, Mrs. Gennings desired to have a little talk with her.

Helen was terror-struck at the information, and began to upbraid Mrs. Gennings as an accessory to the trick, as she termed it, which had been put on her; but the landlady, who expected nothing less, so well expostulated with her, that she consented, though with a heavy heart, to go through the repetition of the ceremony, observing—

“Ah! Mrs. Gennings, I ought to have been consulted. I remember but too well what happened at the close of the first ceremony, and I am fearful that it will be too much for me—it should have been deferred for several days yet.”

“Why, my dear madam, (for I must now learn to call you madam and Mrs. Rosse), I have hitherto always looked upon you as my own little pet—I have known you ever since you were no higher than my knee—I think when I saw you first—

“Oh! my dear Mrs. Gennings,” cried Helen, and throwing her arms around her neck, “pray call me what you have hitherto. You have, indeed, been a kind friend to me; I shall always love, esteem, and hope to reward you for your goodness.”

“Well, as I was going to say,” continued Mrs. Gennings, “I really must accuse you of a little affectation in this matter. Have you not kept your room for the last three days, and there has been no occasion for it?”

“Is Mr. Rosse offended at my conduct?” enquired Helen.

“Why, no, my dear; but he does think it strange in you, and said to me, ‘I see, Mrs. Gennings, this dear girl is not so ill as she wishes us to believe: now, I should not wish to frighten her, or do any thing that would annoy her, but I really do wish to rejoin my ship, and therefore I must make an end of this courtship, or rather half-married state:’ this is what he said, and I for my part, think him right; nay, I have wondered at his patience with your little quibbles, and to me, unmeaning ways.”

“Nay, Mrs. Gennings,” replied Helen, “this is too bad; I really suspect you to be at the bottom of this plot to hurry me into a proceeding so unseemly at the present juncture—consider how recent the decease of my dear father has been, and I am sure you will not blame me for at least wishing not to be accused of an unnatural haste to become, what will be imagined independent, but in reality, at least mentally, a slave to policy, in obedience to the wishes of those I have always considered my natural protectors.”

“Indeed, you wrong me,” said Mrs. Gennings, “I have done all in my power to prevent Lieutenant Rosse from using haste in the matter, but you see how it is—they wish the thing to be over; and as it must be done some time or other, why I advise you no longer to hesitate.”

Helen sighing, looked in the glass; she observed how pale and languid she really was, and remarked that no one ought to accuse her of affectation, and that even then she was really ill.



The landlady told her, that it was merely her present agitation of mind which caused her paleness; but at dinner she appeared charming, and that, to tell the truth, she did not imagine that her dislike to Rosse was so much as she really wished her to believe.

“Why,” replied Helen, “as a companion to a person partial to a calm domestic life as I am, I will own, that he is not absolutely disagreeable—he is bearable, and that is all I can say. My fate is linked to his, and gratitude may bend me to him, as if he were a brother; and, indeed, I am glad that I can do that; for I must confess to you, that at first sight I really looked on him with abhorrence, and fancied him truly hideous.”

“Well, well!” quoth the landlady, “I am glad to hear you confess so much: I am sure you will respect him more than a brother, when better acquainted; but come, come, we have staid too long. I hear some one coming; as sure as I am alive, Mr. Rosse; so do pray make haste.”

Rosse entered, and spoke in the kindest manner to her, entreated her to have courage, and introduced her to the company; tea was served, after which, the ceremony was again performed: thus the affianced Helen became irrevocably the partner in the fortunes of Rosse, to whose uncouth and ungracious manners it had for ever become her duty to succumb.

Rosse, at its conclusion, was in raptures; he clasped her in his arms, exultingly rejoiced, that he could now *really* call her his *own*.

Miss Deborah and Mrs. Launder congratulated them both, and earnestly requested a visit before their departure, which Rosse declined, observing, that on the morrow he must prepare for their journey, which would take place on the ensuing morning, hoping that nothing would prevent Helen from accompanying him to Portsmouth; they then departed, leaving the clergyman, who had some business to transact with Helen relative to a small cottage, which was the property of Captain Kemp. who had let it furnished previously to his setting out on his intended journey, and had appointed the clergyman (an old friend) to receive the rent of it during his absence. He was now empowered by Helen and her husband, to continue to do so, Helen not wishing to part with it; Rosse observing, that they might like to occupy it, should he ever retire on half-pay: this, and about forty pounds, was the whole of the property left by Helen’s father. Mrs. Gennings had possession of the latter, which she offered, at the desire of Helen, to Rosse, who, however, refused it, saying that it belonged to Helen, and that he desired her to retain it, adding, that all expences incurred at the inn should be defrayed by himself.

The minister remained to supper with them, and then took his leave; observing, that he should be happy to see them well on their return into Dorsetshire.

This worthy man had been known to Helen from her childhood: she had always respected him, and when the door closed on him, she could not but be affected, separated from kindred and friends, her person and fate fettered to a stranger, the world and its cares suddenly imposed on her at so early an age—called on to sustain the character of wife, perhaps of mother too at no distant period—the tide of thoughts flowed rapidly in upon her conscious imagination, flung as she was into the uncertain stream of life, and now actually left alone with a man with whose character even she was but as yet imperfectly acquainted; and whose conduct might not, as she imagined, be always the same as his present professions would lead her to anticipate and hope.

On the following day the preparations for the journey were duly made.

Mrs. Gennings, however, was outrageous in her clamours against the selfishness of Helen's relations, who had improperly, as she thought, allowed Mr. Rosse to be at the whole expence of their remaining at her house, which, with the physician's bill, funeral and other expences, amounted to nearly a hundred pounds.

Helen offered the money left by her father as part payment, which Rosse, however, would not allow, saying—"No! my dear; whatever has been done for your father or his memory, I take as having been done for me; and I am sorry, Mrs. Gennings, you should have said any thing about it."

"I could not help it, sir," replied the landlady; "because I do not think you ought to pay it. We are not in any hurry for the money—pray let the rent of the cottage run up for it."

"No!" said Rosse; here is a draft for the amount on my agent. I have given the minister orders that the rent of the cottage shall be placed in the bank, that it may accumulate; it will be of service for my dear Helen should she ever want it for any purpose in my absence."

Helen smiled, and took him by the hand, saying, "You are too generous to me: though I have not been an extravagant daughter, may I not prove an extravagant wife?"

Rosse was delighted with her freedom, and answered, that a smile from her was worth to him a hundred pounds at any time.

On the second day after the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Rosse took leave of the landlady, whose tears were many, at parting with one whom she had always loved, and to whom she believed she had, in the late transactions, done the most essential service.

### CHAPTER III..

*Quin.* Is all our company here?

*Bot.* You were best to call them generally,  
man by man, according to the scrip.

*Quin.* Here is the scroll of every one's name.

*Shakspeare.*

HAVING to make a digression from the regular narrative of the interesting events which hereafter befel Helen, arising out of the important *debût* she had just made—the more important from the consequences which resulted to Helen ultimately, as well as those which attended her under the most critical circumstances to which she became accidentally exposed.

This chapter is therefore designed to introduce the reader to the several personages connected with the tale.

Mrs. Gennings was the orphan daughter of the mate of a Newfoundland merchant-ship; he perished at sea, leaving a wife and children to deplore his untimely fate: he was at the time of his death in the employ of Helen's grandfather, whose wife kindly admitted her an inmate of her house as one of the female children thus destitute of their providing parent; she placed her at school, where, remaining a sufficient time to become qualified to fill the situation of domestic milliner, or upper servant, better known in higher circles as a lady's maid, to Helen's grandmother, she became duly instated into that office, and there continued until she was denominated Mrs. Gennings; consequently, being ingrafted, as it were, on the same stem, she was able to appreciate justly the family dispositions, feelings and characters, as far as her limited capacity of making a true estimate of any such thing would allow.

Mr. Brown, the grandfather of Helen, was a Newfoundland merchant, residing at Poole, in Dorsetshire: both he and Mrs. Brown were of very respectable families; they were visited by the gentry of the neighbourhood; he was a man of honor and integrity—had filled the office of mayor twice, and merited and received the approbation of his fellow-townsmen. He had three daughters, two of whom have already been seen acting their parts in our story, viz. Miss Deborah, who was the eldest, Mrs. Launder, and Mrs. Kemp, the mother of our heroine.

They each, at the death of Mr. Brown, received ten thousand pounds. The landed property had devolved on a brother's son, who, however, did not long survive his good fortune, but left two sons to enjoy it.

Miss Deborah in person was never what could be called handsome, neither was she so plain as to merit the epithet of ugly. Previously to her twentieth year she was in shape tolerable; after it she increased extremely in size—a fixed blowsiness of colour, as it is termed, was visible in her cheeks, and, in fact, her outward appearance was altogether the very reverse of any quality denoting neatness or delicacy—yet these words were continually in her mouth: she affected extreme niceness in all things, but which was of no avail; her manners being as repulsive to good sense and real propriety, as her external appearance was forbidding to any pretension of the kind. She never had an offer

of marriage; her ten thousand pounds were insufficient to balance her personal and mental defects, and weighed but as a feather against her corpulency.

The present Mrs. Launder was, in the matrimonial sense, more fortunate; she was also in her person the exact counterpart of her eldest sister—she was a gaunt lean and lank figure; her head appeared to be screwed to her shoulders, so primly was it situated there; her face was pale and deficient of all fulness; her eyes gray, looked spitefully at all things, and was apparently predestined to a life of single blessedness by all who fancied themselves skilled in the least in physiognomical knowledge: she remained a spinster till thirty-five, unasked and unheeded, when necessity, that dire disturber of the natural current of our feelings, bestirred a neighbour's son (per advice of his sinister parent) one *Mister* Launder, to look on the ten thousand pounds with something very like covetousness. He had speculated too far in business—had lost several vessels, and must have become a comparative beggar, unless something was done to retrieve his ill-luck: he hesitated a long time, reflected on the desperate remedy, but there being no alternative, paid Miss Margery Brown a single visit, was accepted of course, and to the surprise and disgust of Miss Deborah's ideas of decorum, and the amazement and envy of a half-a-score other tabbies, she went privately to church, and returned home a bride.

Launder was a lively and gay young fellow, good-natured and honest, and hence was capable of not taking advantage of any want of love on his part, but behaved with kindness to his new companion. He sold out part of her fortune, retrieved his credit, and at the time of Helen's marriage was in affluent circumstances, kept his carriage, and allowed Miss Deborah to abide with her sister, to form one of their domestic coterie, in the absence of children, of which there was no great expectancy.

Helen's mother was the youngest of Mr. Brown's daughters, and far surpassed them in beauty and accomplishments: her modesty, natural timidity, and excellent disposition, rendered her a favourite with all who were capable of appreciating such qualities; but we shall have to speak of her more at large at a further period of our narrative.

Richard Rosse, the grandfather of Lieutenant Rosse, was in rank and station equal to Mr. Brown. He also had been twice honoured with the civic chair: he had three sons, the eldest of whom, Dick, as his father called him, was a spendthrift, idle, and rather profligate; he was, however, at last caught by the God of Love, in the character of a laughter-loving bar-maid of an inn in London, and he, who had often set at defiance the power of the fickle disturber of hearts, acknowledged himself conquered by the fine dark eye of the said damsel—this was not all the accomplishments of this lass; for if young Brown desisted from looking at her face, a pair of well-turned ancles, and a pretty small foot, with an elastic springiness in her heel, met his retiring half-averted half-riveted eye—he struggled to abandon a passion which he knew would bring worldly discredit on him—it was of no avail—his sighs and looks quickly revealed to pretty Bess the state of his heart, and the malady under which he was labouring. The tongue that had hitherto rattled so glibly in making love, was now mute, though for what the tongue had lost, the eloquence of the eye made ample amends: this sort of courtship lasted the enormous duration of twenty-four hours, and the next found him asking, and she refusing; he grew bolder—she slapped his face, and with a coquettish toss of the head, wondered at his assurance.

Dick was now at a non-plus! he knew that his father would never give his consent to a match destitute alike of rank and fortune. Betsy was firm—nothing but to be his lawfully wedded wife would do, she determinedly declared; and he finding or fancying it impossible to live without her, took her one morning early to Mayfair church, and the bonds of matrimony made them one for ever.

This was truly wonderful to the astonished landlady of the inn, who was the aunt to the new-married lady, and was a thunder-bolt to Dick's captain (for he was then acting as mate of one of his father's vessels, which was at the time lying in the Thames, waiting the delivery of a cargo of timber from Norway): he instantly wrote to the father of the culprit, and shortly came the answer, enclosing a draft for a hundred pounds, his dismissal from the ship, and positively forbidding him ever to enter his father's house more, and, in fact, casting him off entirely.

Poor Dick, thus thrown on the world, went to Liverpool, was appointed mate in a vessel engaged in the African slave-trade, made one voyage, and was appointed captain the next. On his return, however, from the fourth, he died, leaving his widow with a son and daughter, the former of whom was Richard, the present husband of Helen.

The young widow sent the boy to Mr. Rosse, his grandfather, and in a letter to him made her circumstances appear as deplorably as possible.

She had saved a few hundred pounds, and set out part of her house as a lodging-house for the captains of vessels; thus securing a respectable living both for herself and daughter.

At the expiration of three years, one of these lodgers offered her his hand; she accepted it, and became truly miserable. He was a worthless fellow—spent the little money she had saved, behaved brutally towards her and the child, and the little peace she at all enjoyed was only when the wretch was at sea.

The daughter grew up and became attached to an individual connected with the Liverpool docks; was married to him contrary to her mother's wishes, and was in consequence treated harshly.

Mr. Whippel, the husband, returned to the dock-yard at Portsmouth, where his brother held a lucrative post. He received them very kindly, and through his interest with some one in power, he procured Whippel a situation at a salary of eighty pounds per annum, which, however, in the course of a few years, became two hundred: he lived by economy and prudence on this rising salary in decency and reputation, and became the father of six children.

Rosse's mother outlived her second husband, and although repeatedly wooed to make a third trial was obstinate in her refusal ever to re-marry: she, as will hereafter be seen, lived to see her son, to whom we will now pay some little attention.

When he arrived at his grandfather's house with the letter of introduction, as before mentioned, he was about seven years of age; was extremely like his deceased father, and appeared to be an interesting lad: he was dressed in a suit of black, and his appearance was in every respect very creditable, having been duly prepared for the visit by the captain of the vessel to whose care his mother had intrusted him.

The old gentleman was not at home, being engaged in his official capacity as mayor of the town; but Mrs. Rosse, who had tenderly loved her son Richard, and would have interceded for him, had he condescended to have written to her; but his haughty temper could not bend to conciliate a parent for even a parent's forgiveness, nor had the

family heard any thing of him until the child now appeared before them whom she received.

She wept bitterly at the untimely fate of her beloved son, and clasped the boy in her arms, and embraced him with the utmost tenderness.

When the mayor returned to dinner, the little fellow was introduced to him, without informing him who he was: he gazed, sighed, and asked his wife with trepidation whether his countenance did not resemble some one whom she knew? "Yes!" she replied, "of that rebellious boy whom we have both wished to forget;" but when she continued, and informed him, that the child's mother had sent him as the living image of his dead father, for indeed he was no more, the old gentleman sunk into his chair, overcome with grief that he had unblessed and unforgiven died; and with increasing tenderness embraced his grandson, and adopted him in his family immediately.

He then enquired of the boy for his parent, and from him received the letter of introduction, in which his daughter-in-law depicted the prospects of her children as totally ruined by the loss of their father, but trusted his forgiveness and protection would at least be extended to her orphan boy; for the girl and herself she was content to struggle with every difficulty in expiation of the offence she unwittingly was the cause of.

His uncles, however, the two remaining sons, were not so favorably disposed towards him. One was still unmarried, and lived at home; the other had become the husband of a lady older than himself, but rich; he had several sons and daughters, and avarice, that baneful vice, was the cause of the little Richard's being looked on by these parties as an unexpected and unwelcome intruder.

The boy resembled his father in temper as he did in person, and he was easily governed by kindness, but obstinate and sulky if harshly dealt with; he was grateful for favours and willing to oblige; but his other drawbacks, situated as he was, made him, in proportion as he grew older, more enemies than friends.

But a short time had elapsed after his arrival, when it was observed by several lads that he was a new-comer, and consequently fair game for persecution. Some boys, older than himself, induced a party of young ones to bully him, browbeat, tease and follow him.

One day, as he was returning from school, he was attacked by four or five of these little urchins, two of whom were taller and older than himself; they followed—hooted—called him nick-names, and pelted him with missiles of various kinds: being alone, and at some distance from the town, he hesitated what to do, but observing a tolerably large tree, he halted, set his back against the trunk, and defied the whole posse—"I will fight you all," cried he, "only act fairly, and come on one at a time." This proposal was accepted with a shout: the biggest boy declined from real shame, and undertook to form a ring for the fray; Dick objected to the ring, seeing they were all on one side; he said it was not fair, and was afraid of treachery; he, therefore, proposed, that all but he with whom he was to fight should stand back at a given distance; this was agreed to, the boys all roaring out that he was afraid.

The second biggest boy then set-to, his courage being aided by insult and desperation, Dick soon became the conqueror, laid his antagonist sprawling, and eagerly called out for another foe.

The specimen he had already given was sufficient; the boys declared him no flincher—that he was not a coward, and that he had, therefore, gained his freedom.

“What do you mean by that?” said Dick.

“Why every stranger must prove himself no flincher before we admit him among us,” was the reply—“now you are free.”

Dick grunted some expression not understood by the others, and surlily walked off, refusing the proffered friendship of some of the boys.

“If he has *courage*,” said one, “he is a sulky dog.”

“He will be revenged on us,” said a little timid fellow.

“Never mind,” said the eldest boy; “never mind his revenge—I would have served him out, but I did not like to beat him, being taller—let him dare to touch one of you.”

In the meantime, Dick marched home, inwardly triumphing in his victory: he had received what is called a smart facer, and his upper lip was much swollen.

His grandmother cried out that he was hurt as soon as she saw him, whilst his uncle John began to reprove him; but the old Mr. Rosse interfered, and said kindly, “come hither, Dick, tell me how it was? You have been fighting, I presume—a stranger in the place, and—

“It is because I *am* a stranger,” interrupted the boy, rather sulkily, “that it has happened,” and as well as his disfigured mouth would allow him related all the circumstances.

The good old man gave him a shilling, whilst his uncle harshly rebuked him, and said he wished his story might be true.

The boy’s inclination, as he grew up, was the same as his father’s—he would go to sea; and at the age of fourteen, he was placed with a captain to qualify him for the service, who was desired to treat him kindly, and as the grandson of an old merchant.

He went a few voyages to Newfoundland, and also to Norway. His ship was changed at the request of old Mr. Rosse, in order that he might choose what voyages he should prefer: he then sailed to the Mediterranean, and returned laden with the produce of that luxuriant climate. In one of those voyages he became possessed of a young parrot, and took much pains to teach it to talk; but the constant use of sea terms applied by the captain to the men, rendered any other instruction needless. Poll readily caught these, and would scream an oath—call the men land-lubbers, &c. &c. to the amusement of the crew, and all who heard her.

This prattling facility, however, was like to have been the cause of a fatal accident: whilst the ship lay at one of the ports of Norway, the merchant from whom they had purchased the timber was invited on board with his two daughters to dine with the captain; both he and the two ladies had treated the captain with the utmost hospitality, and Dick, who had always attended him, was a partaker in it: the ladies, indeed, were too fond of him, and did all but ask him to have one of them.

When the captain perceived them coming, he bantered Dick, and told him the Misses —— were ready to make another *dead-set* at him; the lad took this in sport, and attended him on deck, to welcome them on board, who were then alongside. They bowed politely to them, and Richard endeavoured, with all his ability, to return their complaisance. After spending an agreeable afternoon, they begged to take their leave; and in order to accommodate the ladies, a large tub was put into requisition, to lower them from the ship into their boat; ropes were fastened to them, and things were almost ready, when the parrot, observing the men prepared to obey the orders for lowering, vociferated—“lower away! d—— you, lower away! lower away, you lubbers!” lower

away, indeed, the men did. In vain did the captain and Dick call to them that the ropes were not tight; Poll kept to her text, and the sailors deeming it to be the captain's orders, the tub was unfortunately upset, and into the sea tumbled the hapless lasses; they were speedily rescued, though much exposed in being taken into the boat.

The father swore it was a trick—refused to receive any apology, though Dick went on shore himself to offer every excuse.

This incident was the cause of much mirth on board; and though the parrot was the real culprit, yet for the stupid obstinacy of the old merchant in refusing to be pacified, he was rather more caressed than otherwise for his ill-timed interference with the duties of his superiors.

The story was retailed at a premium on the return of the ship to England; and a gentleman, whose love of fun and frolic exceeded his love of money, purchased it of Richard, whose propensity to avarice was proverbial, for twenty guineas.

Old Mr. Rosse died in his absence, and Richard having given a loose to some youthful follies, which was made the most of to his disadvantage by his uncles, so that a series of fierce contentions commenced between him and his grandfather; among other disputes, the lad deemed himself competent to take the command of a ship, which the old gentleman had objected to until he had made another voyage; he was forced to obey; but before his return, the decease of his grandfather had taken place, and his will, which had been made immediately after the filial disobedience of Dick's father, had never been altered, and the sum of five hundred pounds, which was left him, combined all Richard's future prospects and present possessions.

His anger was uncontrollable on his return, to find himself thus deceived in his expectations. He charged his uncles with having destroyed a will of subsequent date; but the lawyer being deceased, he could prove nothing. They offered him the command of a ship, but he — them, and declared he would sink her, unless he received her as his own property: this widened the breach, and Rosse left them, and went to Liverpool, where he arrived just in time to see his mother, who shortly after died.

He received a hundred pounds on this event, and immediately procured employment similar to that of his father—was mate for two voyages, and then became master of a fine ship, the *Fame*, in which he continued many years: the destructive climate, however, of the West Indies, had injured his health—he was in fact, from these causes, in a declining state when introduced to our heroine, the latent effects of hard and dangerous service, as well as insalubrity.

Having done some slight service to Sir John C—— (afterwards port-admiral at Pl——) through whose interest a commission in his majesty's navy was obtained, Rosse gladly embraced the opportunity; for having become possessed of property, the ambition of wearing an epaulette, and the desire and vanity to display his skill in nautical affairs, and by his enterprise shine in naval history, wholly engrossed his mind.

The admiral was his only friend; for, in fact, he made none: his temper was bad—he was ever at variance with his brother officers—was extremely fond of money, yet would throw it away in trifles, as it might suit his whims—was sulky and morose—could not bear a joke, and hence was considered fair game for raillery, and was the butt of the mess table.

At the time of his marriage with Helen he was forty-eight years of age; his hair sprinkled with grey, his countenance sallow (indicative of the climate he had been in), his



eyes small with bushy and projecting eyebrows, features tolerably regular, and his smile extremely agreeable, his voice thick and coarse, his form manly, and though rather short, his general appearance was genteel. Such is a brief sketch of the man to whom our heroine was married, at the early age of seventeen years. She was extremely beautiful, and altogether in appearance a very elegant woman.

The father of Helen was superior in rank to either of the personages we have hitherto introduced. His father was a gentleman of fortune, residing at an elegant country seat, a few miles from Poole. James Kemp was the second son, and his early predilections were for the army: these were opposed by his father with whom he was a great favourite, and who was loth to part with him at an early age.

The elder brother, whose mind was tainted with envy and selfishness, persuaded him to acquiesce in his younger brother's desires, inwardly hoping that a friendly bullet might assist him to become the sole possessor of his fortune.

A commission was accordingly purchased, and the young officer set off in high spirits to join his regiment, being then nearly twenty-one years of age.

He served with distinction in America—was frequently wounded, and returned to England with his health much impaired from the fatigues and hardships of an active military life. Having procured leave, he rejoined his friends, after an absence of five years: he had been promoted to a company; and the young Captain Kemp became the theme of praise and admiration among the belles of the neighbourhood.

His brother had in the meantime married; his mother was dead, and his beloved father, though bowed down with infirmities, was cheered with the sight of his darling son, whom he had often deplored as lost to him for ever.

In attending one of the assemblies he became acquainted with our heroine's mother; she was then a young and beautiful girl, and had just come out into fashionable life; he had no recollection that he had ever seen her before; he requested her to honor him with her hand as a partner, which she, with a sweet though timid voice, consented to. He gazed his heart away, and Helen Brown became its possessor: when the dance was concluded, he was surprised to see Miss Deborah Brown come and rudely take her away, scowling fiercely at the young officer, who, however, paid no attention, his eyes being rivetted on the sweet girl of whom he was now so suddenly deprived, whilst she looked at him at parting in a manner that showed she dared not disobey.

He enquired of the master of the ceremonies the name of the lady, and to his astonishment and vexation, found that she was the daughter of the man with whom his father was engaged in a law-suit, and between whose families there had been a kind of hereditary hatred for a series of years. He watched both her and her partner in the next dance; her eyes often met his, and it was evident to him, that she paid but little attention to any thing but himself.

At the commencing of another set, he again solicited her to dance with him in spite of the awful frown on the prim phiz of Miss Deborah, who had heard who he was.—The timid Helen stood irresolute, fearing either to assent or deny; another gentleman came to ask her, and her sister readily undertook to answer for her in the affirmative, when the Captain immediately informed him that he had a prior claim, on which the gentleman bowed and retired, and he at once took her hand and led the blushing, though secretly delighted girl, again into the set. At the conclusion of the dance he contrived to converse with her—that he was not at first aware who she was, having

grown out of his recollection during his absence—lamented the difference between their respective families, and conjured her not to let that circumstance be a bar to their further acquaintance, to which Helen frankly assented; though she reflected with sad emotion on the impossibility of reconciling their parents to such a proceeding.

The original contention between the parties arose from a dispute relative to a piece of land which Mr. Kemp claimed, but which the corporation opposed, and he in particular looked on the Browns and the Rosses as his greatest enemies.—The cause was, and had been of course, a long time in chancery, and pending the settlement of the question, the most bitter acrimony of feeling was from time to time showing itself.

The young Captain, however, would not despair. He, on his return, informed his father and brother that he was enamoured of Helen Brown; who had danced with him at the ball without his recollecting who she was, and hoped, that as he felt his future happiness depended on an alliance with her, that no objection would be made to it; he painted in vivid colours the folly of so obstinately and acrimoniously continuing a hatred which could never tend to any good; but which, without any adequate cause, was the means of embittering the lives, not only of the parties interested, but of a number of individuals who really were even unacquainted with the real cause in dispute.

It was useless; the old gentleman became absolutely furious, which was aided by the intervention of the elder brother, whose animosity against the Browns, &c. was as bitter as the father could wish. He charged his younger son to avoid the young imp, as he called the young lady, assuring him of his irrevocable displeasure if the connection was not immediately dropped.

James sighed, and felt it to be impossible. He was narrowly watched by his elder brother, and for a week he was unable to see or hear any thing of his beloved Helen.

She, on her part, had been the round of a severe lecturing at home; was threatened to be locked up unless she faithfully promised not only never to see the Captain again, but to give her consent to be married to a gentleman whom her father had selected for her, belonging to the neighbourhood, in consequence of the discovery of the intimacy which had arisen between her and the Captain.

This news, on its reaching the Captain, put him to the severest mental tortures, and he even began to despair of being able to counteract the machinations of so heartless a set of persons; when passing through one of the streets of Poole, he met Helen alone; she had been walking with her sister Deborah, who had just stepped in to confabulate with a crony of her own stamp, desiring Helen to pass on to the next place they intended to call. The poor girl was ready to drop with trepidation at this unexpected rencounter.

“Oh! I must not speak nor see you again,” stammered she; “my sister is coming, and if I am seen with you, God knows the consequences.”

He eagerly assured her of his unalterable attachment, and his determination not to leave her, unless she promised to meet him at her own time and place alone: she hesitated; but recollecting that on the next evening her mother and sisters were engaged at a card club, consisting principally of old tabbies, to which delectable coterie Helen was denounced as ineligible, she tremblingly pledged herself to meet him at the end of the next street, which was an unfrequented one; on which they separated; just soon enough to escape the lynx-eyed watchfulness of her spiteful sister, who, intent on a bit of precious scandal which she had just heard, failed (for a wonder!) to notice the alteration which the

unexpected interview had occasioned in the appearance and manner of her timid and frightened charge.

After a sleepless night passed in reflecting on her fancied imprudence, at one time determining to evade her promise, at another recalling to mind the dreadful misery which, on the other hand, she had to expect. She at last resolved to brave every danger to avoid the latter alternative.

The Captain was more determined; he plainly saw all the consequences, and his passion increasing with the difficulties with which he had to contend, he resolved to hazard all to rescue the woman of his heart from a degrading thralldom which would render both him and her miserable for ever.

He accordingly provided a post-chaise and other necessary accompaniments for carrying her off, and privately wedding her, trusting to overcome by his persuasions any repugnance she might feel to so decided a step.

The next evening came, and on his part all was ready.

The night was dark, and it was in the depth of winter: the hour struck when she promised to come, but no Helen! he began to be impatient—after waiting in an agony of wretchedness for more than an hour, he was about to return, when the lady stood before him, trembling with fear, and begging him to desist from his importunities.

He caught her in his arms, vowing that she should never leave him. She wept, called him cruel, &c. but to no purpose. He apologized for any seeming rudeness, and declared that he would insist on accompanying her to her own house, if she refused to elope with him—expostulated with her, and depicted with the warmth of a true lover the wretched fate which awaited her.

Half dead with terror and apprehension, she submitted to be led to the carriage. He assisted her into it; then bidding the postillion use the utmost speed, he jumped into the vehicle, and observed with sincere emotion that his lovely charge had fainted with affright.

The carriage drove rapidly on towards its destination; the lover used every endeavour to restore the sinking spirits of his mistress, which he soon succeeded in doing. He soothed her agonized feelings, and tried to assuage the bitter misgivings she could not but have on perceiving the situation she was now in: he pretending that their parents would readily forgive them, whilst she, looking on the dark side of the picture, felt assured that the contrary would be the result.

Within a few hours from their departure, the fugitives were missed; both parties were so much incensed against them as to decline a pursuit; they were, therefore, left to their fate, with a mutual determination to cast them off for ever.

Old Kemp executed his last will and testament immediately, and disinherited his younger son.

In the meantime the lovers reached the temple of Hymen—the indissoluble knot was tied—their minds were made up for the worst, which too soon unhappily reached them.

The clothes of Helen (now Mrs. Kemp) were sent to her, as also a letter from Deborah, expatiating with much acrimony on the *indelicacy*, as she termed it, of *running away* with a *man*.

In vain they endeavoured, by repentant epistles, to alter the cruel determination of their parents, which were totally disregarded, and to poverty they were obliged to submit; though in the union of two such hearts, it was far from being unhappiness.

The Captain joined his regiment, which was ordered to India; his wife determined to accompany him—his tenderness, she felt assured, would recompense her for any worldly inconvenience she might suffer; and fortunately, another lady, whose circumstances were similar, was also going with the regiment; she was the wife of one of the officers—a plain but kind-hearted creature; and thus the four, by mutually assisting each other, contrived to keep up a respectable and becoming appearance.

Two other ladies, the colonel and major's wives, also accompanied the regiment; they were in affluent circumstances, and associated together; though the elegant manners and amiable conduct of Mrs. Kemp commanded their esteem, whilst the beauty of her person made her the admiration of the officers generally, whose conduct notwithstanding was most respectful towards her—the unremitting kindness of her husband leaving no room for the attention of others.

They were of course compelled to endure many deprivations during their stay in India. Three children were born there, all of whom died.

Shortly after, letters arrived from England, informing Mrs. Kemp of the death of her father, who had died without a will, and announcing, therefore, the happy tidings of her becoming entitled to a fortune of ten thousand pounds.

The same account also informed them of the death of old Mr. Kemp, and of the elder brother's having become possessed of all the property, although the old man, when too late, had shewn regret at his unkind treatment of his younger son.

Thus suddenly raised to affluence, the Captain resolved to return to England the first opportunity. He had been wounded in a recent engagement, which had much distressed his gentle partner; and the colonel, finding it to be his wish to sell out, obtained leave of absence for him on account of his health; they shortly set sail with joyful hearts for their native land, where they happily arrived after a tedious voyage.

Soon after their arrival our heroine was born, to the great joy of both her parents, and when Mrs. Kemp was able to travel they set off for Poole.

At first the sisters fought shy of their ill-used relation; but observing, that the Captain had purchased the neat little cottage we have before mentioned, and that he was received into the best society, principally owing to his refusal to mix himself in the party feuds of the place, they gradually found means to insinuate themselves on terms of intimacy, and having succeeded in effacing, by a few pretended kindnesses, their former unnatural conduct from the minds of the Captain and his lady, they endeavoured to atone for the same by becoming obsequious and obliging in their future conduct towards them.

Thus quietly and comfortably settled, Captain Kemp inwardly promised himself many happy years: his darling little Helen, healthy in the extreme, was an interesting and beautiful child. He was her principal instructor, and made it his aim rather to instil into her mind firmness of purpose, and a truly virtuous principle, than the usual accomplishments, as they are termed, of a female's education; not that these were neglected, but they always formed a subordinate part; the mother's disposition being extremely passive and ill-calculated for the active duties of domestic life.

In this secluded and comparatively happy state they lived, respected and honoured by all who knew them; alloyed only by the declining state of health of Helen's mother,

who had shown symptoms of weakness from the time of her daughter's birth, and which had been caused by her residence in India, as well from the effects of that climate, as the fatigues and hardships she had been compelled to undergo.

When Helen was fourteen years of age the disease put on a more decided form, and in spite of the most active remedies she continued to grow worse; and though she lingered for two years, she finally sunk under her affliction.

This severe and irretrievable loss was severely felt by Helen and her father, but it was rendered bitterly poignant by a further, and in a worldly point of view, more distressing misfortune.

The agent who managed his business, and in whose hands was the bulk of his fortune, absconded, and ultimately became insolvent. Thus suddenly deprived of all future hopes of happiness or independence—the almost broken-hearted gentleman was, therefore, (as before stated) compelled to let the cottage, and having liquidated all claims on him, had determined, with forty pounds, all the money left, to go to some gentlemen with whom he was acquainted connected with the India-house, procure a situation, and go with his daughter again to India.

He had requested her to remain at home, but she had refused to leave her dear father, urging, that as her mother had stood the climate, and that as she was stronger, she should feel no inconveniences from attending him; besides, her conviction that his health was evidently not good, she wished to accompany him, as the most proper person to nurse him, and otherwise administer to his comforts—these, and similar arguments prevailed. Her languid parent smiled—pressed her to his bosom, and acquiesced with reluctance in her resolution.

Having quitted his cottage, he put up for a few days at the inn, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Gennings, previous to his departure; but the double shock of the loss of his beloved partner, and that of his fortune, preyed so deeply on his mind, that nature was totally overcome by it. The third night he was seized violently—he rang the bell, and on Mr. Gennings's answering it, he found him speechless, and to all appearance dying: he hastily called his wife, and immediately sent for the physician, who declared his case hopeless. The anguish of Helen was indescribable—she fell into violent hysterics, and remained in them for a considerable time.

This happened about five weeks previously to the arrival of Lieutenant Rosse in Dorsetshire—who had obtained leave, as his ship was laid up in one of the Portsmouth docks for repair; and having business to settle in town, thither he went, arranged the same; and, on his return, took Poole in his way, wishing to see how things went in the place of his youthful days and follies.

He put up at the same inn, in which were Helen and her father—he recollected perfectly the names of both their families—though Helen Brown and James Kemp were perfect strangers to him; there could, therefore, though each belonged to the opposing families, and the elder brother of the Captain was the boy whom Rosse had fought with, be no animosity between them; “but there,” said he, on recounting his victory to Mrs. Gennings: “the poor Captain is ill, and has been cheated not only by his agent, but by his rascally brother, whom I so well drubbed; let it therefore die away.”

He had heard from his own agent the loss of Helen's property; he himself was now in possession of about three thousand pounds, which he had invested in government securities.

He had never seriously thought of matrimony, till he saw Helen—when struck with her beauty and other excellent qualities, he proposed himself to her father, who, enfeebled by disease, and catching at the offer, as a last hope of rescuing his beloved daughter from penury and wretchedness, urged her with a strange pertinacity to accept the hand of a man, perhaps the least suitable for so interesting a girl, that could be found.

The death of the poor Captain soon occurred, as related in our first chapter.

## CHAPTER IV.

Sure, some ill fate's upon me:  
Distrust and heaviness sit round my heart,  
And apprehension shocks my tim'rous soul.  
Why was I not laid in my peaceful grave  
With my poor parents, and at rest as they are?  
Instead of that, I'm wand'ring into cares.

*Otway.*

HELEN and Rosse having arrived at Portsmouth, immediately went to the house of the sister of Rosse, Mrs. Whippel, where he usually lodged when not at sea.

He had hesitated whilst on the journey respecting the propriety of introducing Helen to the family, which now consisted of several children; some of whom were grown up and married; two only were at home: viz, a son and daughter, the former of whom had a clerk's situation in the dock-yard.

Rosse imagined that his marriage would be disagreeable to them, as they considered, should he remain single, they would become entitled, in case of his death, to the property he possessed.

He determined, however, to make the trial, resolving to resent keenly the least affront that should be offered to his wife, for whom his attachment grew daily more strong and ardent.

Her gentle manners, and interesting conversation (for she had now become more reconciled to her fate, and hence more communicative) were delightful to the rough Lieutenant's feelings; and even Helen, on her part, the unpleasant sensations attendant on her having in so unexpected a manner been committed to the care of an absolute stranger, began to feel something like respect for Rosse, and to treat him with a delicacy she had never expected to be able to do.

It is true that the passion of love was a stranger to her breast, and though his fondness towards her was at all times troublesome, yet she had penetration enough to see, that as her fate was linked to his for ever, it would be prudent, if not absolutely compulsory, to endeavour as much as possible to contribute to his happiness; as, were she to act otherwise, and treat him with indifference, his conduct might change from kindness to cruelty—blunt, coarse, and really of a sulky temper, he would either love or hate; and to rouse the bad passions of such a man, would have been worse than madness, in the case of a young, artless, and unprotected female.

She, therefore, carefully watched his conduct to others, and observed those traits in his character, the opposing of which might render her truly wretched for the remainder of her life.

In one of his conversations, he observed, that he could not brook opposition, and hence, because he was subordinate to his superiors in rank, he disliked the navy.

His previous profession, the captain of a Guineaman, was sufficient to stamp him as one ill-calculated for a display of the softer amenities of our nature, and he had acquired, in consequence, a dictatorial and imperious manner towards his inferiors; his love of money was sufficient, however, to keep him in the profession, and to avail

himself of the influence of Sir J—— C——, though his high notions of his own skill as a sailor, impressed him with the idea that, without it he ought to have been long ago promoted; indeed he had a tolerable stock of self-sufficiency in all things; every thing that belonged to him was of a superior quality—even his wife's beauty had increased since she became Mrs. Rosse, and vanity claimed him as her most devoted admirer.

Observing these things, Helen had squared her conduct accordingly, silently acquiescing in whatever she could not approve, and avoiding any remarks that might tend to disturb the happy elevation of mind, which her husband seemed at present to enjoy.

Rosse's suspicions were but too true relative to the effect which his marriage with Helen would have on his sister's family.

He had written a letter to his sister, apprizing her of that event, the receipt of which was like a spark applied to a barrel of gunpowder; she called her husband and the whole family about her, raved at the folly of her brother, called him a stupid old fool, and applied such other epithets to him as would effectually, had he heard them, have prevented him from re-entering their abode.

Mr. Whippel, however, and two of the children, viz. Fanny and Thomas, acted with more rationality, and after the first exacerbation of Mrs. Whippel's anger, her husband began to endeavour to soften the wrath of his rather untameable spouse.

"My dear," said he, "do not let passion disfigure you so, such conduct is unbecoming; had not your brother a right to marry if he pleased? I do not see that he was obliged to remain single for the benefit of our children."

"Indeed," replied Frances, "I did not wish him to remain single—I hope I shall like his wife; but I suppose she is old enough to be our grandmother, and therefore will be no companion for us."

"No, no! my lass," said the father, "I know Dick's taste better; take my word for it, his wife is both young and handsome—though he is a rough blade, he has not been wanting in making a good bargain where a petticoat is concerned—what will you bet, girls," continued he, laughing, "that I am not right, hey?"

"Why, I think you are right, father," said the son, "and I would as soon take his opinion on a similar subject as any man's."

"Oh!" said the youngest daughter, "I know Uncle values himself on his *penetration*, and I dare say he has been taken in at last, by some one we shall be ashamed of."

"Oh!" screamed the mother, "I shall not be surprised if he bring with him one of his old lasses; and thus, with all his penetration, bring disgrace on us all."

"Pho! pho!" said Mr. Whippel, "however fond Dick may have been of taking other men's wives, I'll be bound for him he has not been so foolish as to marry one that would aid another in a similar way."

"Lord have mercy on both her body and soul," said Thomas, "if she should, for I believe he would treat her with the same humanity he did the slaves, his former cargoes."

"Ah! well!" cried Mrs. Whippel, "I hope she will plague his life out, or that he may lead the life of a dog with her—he had no business to marry at all—he has lived to be nearly fifty without a wife, and I had hoped he would have continued so—the old fool that he is—I could tear out his eyes with vexation."

"Folly, mother, folly," said the son, "I shall receive my aunt with good will, should she prove amiable."



“And so shall I,” said Frances, “besides we shall have a little gaiety on the occasion; and, for my part, I shall do my best to keep in favour with both.”

“Right, girl,” said Mr. Whippel, “and I hope your mother will do the same, otherwise, we shall not only lose your uncle as a friend, but likewise aid our neighbours with two good lodgers instead of ourselves.”

This hint had its proper effect on Mrs. Whippel, which was slyly noticed by the father to his son.

“When are they expected?” said she.

“In about a week from the date of his letter, and two days of that are past.”

“Bless me,” ejaculated Mrs. Whippel, “I shall not have time to get the carpets up, and the curtains clean; we must begin immediately, though I detest the thought for what it should be done.”

Mrs. Whippel, however, had plenty of time, for the illness of Helen detained the Lieutenant longer than he expected, and they travelled slowly to their destination in consequence.

The family were sitting in conversation one evening, when a carriage was driving through the street; Thomas Whippel, to plague his mother and sisters, jumped up at the sound, and bawled, “they’re come, by Jove!” and to his own amazement, he saw his uncle pop his head from the window, and order the driver to stop.

Tom and his father hurried to the door to receive them; they caught a sight of the bride, as Rosse was stepping out of the carriage.

“Just as I thought, Tom,” whispered the father, “young and handsome.”

“I am amazed,” cried Tom, “how did his donship get such a lovely creature?”

There was no time for saying more, for Rosse shook hands with Whippel, saying, “I have brought my little girl at last,” and turning round, assisted Helen to step from the carriage.

“I am glad to see you, madam,” said Whippel, and taking her by the hand led her into the house, Thomas showing the way, and enjoying the mistake his mother and sisters would confess they had made, in their estimation of the bride.

Mrs. Whippel, and the girls, had been peeping through the window curtains, to endeavour to catch a glimpse of the face of Helen, but her veil falling on that side, they were disappointed, until she entered the room.

Time had assuaged the ire of Mrs. Whippel, and she had determined to receive, and to treat with respect, the wife of her brother, whom she in reality regarded with affection.

Her surprise, therefore, on seeing so beautiful and blooming a girl before her, so unlike every thing she had imagined, was stupefying to her senses, and she was unable to utter a compliment on her entry.

Frances had more presence of mind; she went forward, and saluted her respectfully—welcomed her to the house, and introduced her to the other branches of the family, who appeared to be as equally struck with dumb astonishment as the mother.

Rosse thought his sister appeared rather cool, and said, “Betsy, you seem stunned? Why did I not write to you, and request that you might be prepared to receive my wife?”

“Faith, brother,” said she, “why so you did; but I expected to see you bring a lady more suitable in age to yourself, and this lady is surely younger than our——

“Ha! ha! ha!” shouted Rosse, “I dare say you thought I was going to bring one as old as yourself, and you are many years older than me;” and perceiving Helen to be uneasy, he turned the conversation, by asking her what refreshment she would prefer, who answered, that tea would be the most agreeable. This set the whole family in motion: it was quickly prepared, and Helen at once entered into familiar chat with the relations of Rosse, with whom she became as great a favourite, as they had mistakingly anticipated she would be a nuisance.

Frances Whippel, however, attracted the most attention and regard of Helen, and a congeniality of feeling was manifested between them; she was a handsome woman, kind, and amiable; she sympathised with Helen, when she informed her how happy she was to meet at last with one whose age and tastes so agreed with her own, having hitherto been used to the companionship only of an old maiden aunt; that Rosse had given her on the journey an account of the family, in which he spoke of her as his favourite, and she hoped on her part to merit her love and assistance when required.

When Helen retired, Mrs. Hart, the married sister of Frances Whippel, was extremely inquisitive to know why her new aunt wore black?

Frances answered her, that she did not know the reason: “I was fearful to ask, in order not to wound her feelings;” then told her that Rosse had informed them, in her absence, of her loss of fortune and her father’s death, and other things relative to her family.

This was true; and though we have said that he was deficient in delicacy of sentiment, &c., yet in this case he had been both delicate and generous; for on being asked whether any thing at all had been left to Helen, he said yes—some land at Poole, &c., carefully avoiding the circumstance, that in marrying her, he had rescued her from dependence on her aunts.

In having done so, however, it must be confessed, that it was because Helen was young and beautiful; and hence it proceeded from a partly selfish principle—he felt a passion for her, and having determined to marry, he drove nine knots an hour in his career; he was at present a happy man; the altered conduct of Helen on the journey had flattered him with the delusive hope that she loved him as well as he did her, mistaking her merely polite and passive acquiescence in his wishes as an equal return for his ardent professions of the most unbounded attachment.

Helen, on her part, found herself still more at ease in meeting with so agreeable a companion as Frances Whippel, and retired from the party with more pleasurable feelings than her fondest wishes had anticipated.

Helen having recovered the fatigue of her journey, was told by Rosse the next morning, that he should feel proud to introduce her to his brother officers.

“Do not talk of it yet,” said Helen, “neither my health nor my spirits will bear it.”

“I will not hurry you, my dear,” replied Rosse; “but being in the place, it is necessary that I should wait on the captain at his lodgings; the ship, as my brother officers inform me, being still in dock.”

“Suppose,” said Frances, who now interfered, “that Mrs. Rosse makes her first appearance at the dock-yard chapel, on Sunday next, and then it will not be expected she should see any one: this is Thursday, and perhaps the intermediate time will be considered as sufficient rest for my dear aunt.”

“So let it be,” said Rosse, “if Helen is agreeable.” She assented, and Rosse started to visit his captain. He expected to be jeered for his matrimonial speculation; and, therefore, determined to inform them of it, and prepared himself at once for their remarks, which he knew would be far off the wind, as regarded the age and personal qualifications of his bride.

He found the first lieutenant, (Rosse being the second), the purser, and the doctor, with his commander.

They welcomed him heartily on his return; he with an air of the greatest consequence informed them of what had happened in his absence.

They all roared with laughter at this intelligence—“avast there, Rosse,” said the doctor! “tell that to the marines, for the sailors won’t have it, you may lash it alongside, but we cannot take it aboard.”

“If it is true,” said the captain, “you have caught an odd fish like thyself, man; and by G— one was enough for the ship.”

“Why, yes, sir,” said Rosse; “she is very different from the generality of her sex:” enjoying in his mind the surprise which would be occasioned when they found where that difference was.

“Well!” retorted the doctor, “I always thought that if ever thou didst splice thyself, it would be to a most uncommon creature. Come, now, confess, has she a head or a tail? Is she gregarious or omnivorous? Is she within an ace of an Hottentot? What colour is she, black, blue or grey?”

“Is she fair or brown?” said the purser.

“Is she fat or lean?” bawled the doctor.

“In a word,” asked the captain, “is she handsome or ugly?”

“Hurrah!” cried Rosse; “I can stand your jibes on this occasion—I will answer you all in one way—Wait and judge for yourselves, gentlemen. Though I do not grudge being so communicative as to confess, that she is fairish for the wife of Dick Rosse, your most obedient servant, gentlemen. She goes to church on Sunday; after which she will be glad to see you, captain, and those impatient fellows who envy a man because he gets a wife he likes.”

“Why, by G—!” said the doctor, “that is as much as to say, you fell in love with the wench; and surely that was impossible. Where did you pick her up? Whose daughter is she?”

“Come, tell us that, Rosse,” said the captain, “as we ought to know *whom* we visit, before we *do* visit her.”

This demand made Rosse draw himself proudly up, and say, “Sir, I am of no mean family myself, and let Mrs. Rosse have been whom she might, she is now my wife; but I will not be angry, as I do not suppose you mean to insult me—I will, therefore, tell you who and what she was; and he then recounted to them his adventure, steering clear of every thing like opposition to his marriage, and adding (to give something like importance to the worldly pretension of his wife), that though she had lost so much, yet she was not an absolute beggar: he then took his leave, rather annoyed than otherwise at the reception he had met with.

When he was gone, they all continued to roar and joke on the unfortunate Rosse, and blow up the conceited savage, as they called him.

“Did you not observe,” said the captain, “the air of pomposity with which he answered my question? By G—! what, if she had been his wife, I would not have paid her a formal visit, had he not satisfied me of her family and connexions. Did he not tell her age?”

“A d—— old tabby, no doubt,” said the purser.

“D— it, man,” said the doctor, laughing, “how could she have been an old maid— your old maids are generally able to protect themselves; neither are their feelings so acute as to fall ill at the death of a father, just at the moment of making sight of a husband. No, no, no old maid, depend upon that from me.”

“Well, gentlemen,” said the captain, “I really am surprised at the fact; Rosse seems so self-satisfied, I am inclined to think he has a fine girl in tow; and if it be so, how the devil came she to have that black savage?—there’s the wonder.

“The wonder, indeed,” echoed the doctor; “and if it be so, as we’ve some fine fellows on board, I shall not grudge the poor devil his happiness; but really we will say our prayers on Sunday, and have a squint at the prodigy.”

“I doubt, doctor, that thou ever sayest thy prayers!” observed the purser.

“I follow thy example,” replied the doctor.

“But hast not the grace to mend it,” said the other.

“Well, gentlemen,” said the captain, “Rosse is certainly a disagreeable fellow, and a conceited old puppy; but he is a good sailor, and knows and does his duty—

“Of long experience in the naval art,  
Blunt is his speech and naked is his heart:  
Alike to him each climate and each blast,  
The first in danger and retreat the last.”

His new companion, I fear, will need the patience of Job; and should she prove to be of the breed of Zantippe, what the devil shall we do in a calm?”

“Exercise the great guns, to be sure,” said the doctor.

“Well said, scammony and gamboge,” retorted the purser; and they all fell again to laughing at the expence of their unfortunate brother officer.

The captain and first lieutenant were single, and the doctor, purser, and marine officer were married. As the ladies of those gentlemen attended with their husbands at the wedding visit, and all are interwoven with our narrative, we shall have occasion hereafter to introduce them to our readers.

On the Saturday afternoon preceding the Sunday when Helen was to appear at the chapel, Rosse, Helen and Frances were discussing matters relative to their manner of proceeding thither.

“I have no doubt, Helen,” said Rosse, “but you will see several of our officers at church to-morrow. Does Frances go with you?”

“Surely she does; and she attends me every where; and it has been agreed, that she shall act as my bride-maid on all occasions.”

Rosse, smiling, said, “I was sure that you and Fanny would love each other; your tempers are both good, and your dispositions similar.”

They both laughed, and Helen said, "I do not mean, however, to treat Amelia with neglect, but her mother informs me that she has a lover, and of course he prefers her company."

"Right!" said Rosse, "and a good fellow he is too; though I wonder he did not attack you, Fanny; those pretty eyes of yours are preferable surely to Amelia's odd ones."

"Hush! hush!" said Frances, laughing, "if she should overhear you, we will never be forgiven; but to tell the truth, she has carried it triumphantly over me, that she should have got a lover before me, and I will confess, that I have at times been vexed at her fancied superiority."

"Never mind, Fan," said her uncle, "you shall, with my wife, be introduced to good company. Hitherto I have refrained from introducing you to our officers, not being a married man, and consequently there would have been no one to watch over you: it is true, they are not all agreeable fellows, but there is one, the third lieutenant, a quiet well-behaved boy, for he is not above two or three-and-twenty. I wish Mitchell would take a fancy to you, my lass, for he is the only one I think well of on board."

"I wish, uncle, you had preferred the first lieutenant, as he will sooner be a captain."

"A pretty set I am to be introduced to then," said Helen; "do pray give me an account of some of your brother officers, for they must, according to your account, be odd beings, I fancy."

"Odd, indeed," replied Rosse; "I dare say that, as my wife, you will be treated with politeness and civility, even were you not so genteel and ladylike as you are; therefore, I am not uneasy on that score; but, I assure you, the fellows, in my eye, are a set of fools, and I should not care whether you ever noticed them or not."

"To begin, however, with the captain: he is a pale-faced fellow, and his courage is at a low ebb; he takes care to avoid all danger, and detests the smell of gunpowder; yet he is a bully, can growl and show his teeth, but never dare to draw the tompions."

"A genteel fellow, indeed," said Helen; "but go on."

"The first lieutenant is an honourable, his father being a lord, and his mother a countess in her own right, I think they say, (for I am not up to these matters); he is as proud as Lucifer—the deck is not good enough for the puppy to walk on, and even the haughty captain bows down before him, in hopes of preferment through his interest; and, for that matter, so do the rest of the officers, except myself, who will not stoop to such a degradation."

"Well, but what is he in person?" asked Frances.

"Oh, he's a likely fellow enough, some think. The girls all say he is handsome, though I cannot see it; he is too effeminate—in fact, a dandy; he goes over the ship like a dancing dog, with his fripperies, and so on. They say he is a sailor, but I do not believe it; he is, however, new to the ship, and we shall soon sound him on that tack."

"Well, uncle," said Frances, "the next is your honourable self, *quite* a sailor of course, you have mentioned Mr. Mitchell, and now go on with the rest."

"Oh, bother them! I can't go through all—but the doctor is an Irishman, he thinks himself a witty fellow, he talks away like a parrot, and worse; for I can't understand him, and you know I am a good judge of parrots."

Then there is the purser, who is always playing at chess with the doctor, and ever quarrelling with him: they are both married men."

“Then you need say no more about them,” said Frances.

“But their wives,” said Helen, “you may describe, as that will affect me particularly.”

“I am not acquainted with them. The officers are mostly new to the ship; and, to tell you the truth, I have but little liking for any of them.”

Such was Rosse’s description of his brother officers—a description vague, unmeaning, and prejudiced, partaking of his own really sour temper and disposition, mixed up with his personal dislike of the parties, especially Edmund Daly, the first lieutenant, between whom and Rosse no amalgamation of feeling or sentiment could possibly exist.

Where there was any similarity, it was of course exaggerated, as in the case of the captain, who was not one of the most agreeable men in the world.

## CHAPTER V.

“Love’s something that exists within,  
By pedants construed into sin;  
A subtle particle of fire,  
Which heav’n did with our souls inspire;  
Of such a mixed and doubtful kind,  
It pleases whilst it racks the mind;  
In lightning through our eyes it breaks—  
In blushes glows upon our cheeks—  
Pants in the breast, dilates the heart,  
And spreads its power through every part;  
We feel it throb at every kiss,  
Yet know not why, nor what it is.”

SUNDAY morning came, and Helen and Frances could not avoid recurring to the descriptive talents of Rosse, and each felt inclined to estimate the characters in rather a more favourable light.

There was a dash of the satirical in Helen’s composition, which her father had used much pains in trying to eradicate; she had too much good nature to indulge in the propensity, if, by so doing, it would in the least degree inflict pain. She had been also brought up in the strictest rules of piety and devotion, and recollecting that she was about to attend divine worship, she checked that levity of thought which her husband’s charitable delineation of his brother officers had given too much cause to excite, and said to Frances, “If it were any where but church to which I am going, I should certainly laugh on seeing the precious mortals we have had described to us; for surely they must have been sadly caricatured if they do not deserve to be laughed at.”

“Surely they have,” said Frances; “I know my uncle’s manner,—if he dislikes a person, such is always the case.”

“Now with regard to this honourable first lieutenant, I suppose the young fellow is proud; but so is my uncle in his way, and neither of the two will bend to each other.”

“Well, we shall soon be able to judge for ourselves. Do we sit near them?”

“Oh, you will be taken to the seat reserved for the commissioned officers, where several will no doubt be; but you will not be able to distinguish our set till your introduction to them takes place.”

Helen was now dressed, and as she had the assistance of the first milliner in the place, her beautiful form was set off to the greatest advantage.

Her dress, though a bridal one, was one of half mourning, and elegant in the extreme as to its quality and arrangement: her bonnet, which was white, came pretty far over her lovely face. Rosse also had furnished himself with a new uniform, and had taken peculiar care to endeavour by every means to make himself look as spruce and young as possible, and on beholding his heavenly looking bride, his self gratulation was immense, and his vanity increased, as well from a hope that he should for ever silence the sharp-shooting of those tormentors on board, as from a notion of his own qualifications, both mental and personal, in having succeeded in making her his wife.

Time had effaced from his shallow remembrance the difficulties he had encountered, the opposition he had met with, and the degrading means he had taken to obtain so valuable a prize—the victim of a sordid and unnatural conspiracy.

The captain and lieutenant's curiosity had increased, "for," said the former, "by the fellow's conceited manner in informing us of his marriage, he would make us believe he has done great things; we will, therefore, go early, Daly, and see the parson enter the church, if possible; though depend upon it, we shall have nothing to do but laugh at the beast for a month to come."

"Allons! then," replied Edmund; and accordingly they were nearly the first persons that entered the sacred edifice, on an errand certainly which reflected but little credit on either; but a sailor's notion of religious propriety, seldom squares with the orthodox one, and must be the only excuse for their impropriety.

They had been seated but a few minutes when Rosse and Helen entered the chapel: Daly's astonishment at her appearance was so great that he absolutely stood at the pew-door, and thereby obstructed her entrance into the pew. She was looking on the ground, her bonnet half-hiding her face, but finding some one oppose her progress, she looked up, and met the ardent gaze of admiration from a pair of eyes as beautiful as her own; they met, and for a moment rested on each other.

Helen deeply blushed and looked down, when Rosse, who was immediately behind her, roughly said, "do you mean to keep us here all day, Daly?" and at the same instant, the captain pulled him by the coat—he started, as if awakened from a dream, and with the greatest confusion whispered, "I beg your pardon, madam;" and, with a blush as deep as Helen's, bowed, and retired sufficiently to allow her to pass.

Helen, who had heard Rosse say Daly to him, when seated, ventured to look again; their eyes again met, and Helen's as quickly sought the ground in blushing embarrassment, whilst the thought crossed her mind of the libel Rosse had previously passed on him.

She then looked at the captain, whose pale face, straight hair, grey eyes, and diminutive person were only contributive to heighten the contrast between him and the fine manly and handsome form of his first lieutenant, who, seated opposite to her, was unable to keep his eyes from feasting on her own undisputed loveliness.

Frances Whippel sat next to her, and attracted the attention of the captain and young Mitchell, who had just entered the seat.

Helen's sense of prudence, as well as of religious duty, was sufficient to make her attend with propriety to the solemnity of the occasion, and she accordingly kept her eyes fixed on the minister during the whole of the service; at the same time it must be confessed, that the impression she had received so unexpectedly from the meeting with Daly, was sufficient to obtrude itself frequently in the midst of her devotion.

As for him, he was head and years in love with her from the moment he saw her—it was love at first sight, in the strictest sense of the phrase. Miserable as he was in the reflection that his love was hopeless, yet he felt a secret gratification in beholding at last the woman who was able to impress him with so violent an impulse; yet to behold in the wife of Rosse, the man whom he despised, the only woman he could love, was surely torture sufficient.—Am I awake? thought he, or do I dream? is it possible for me to envy that fellow—that I can envy Rosse? yes, yes, I feel that I do—I would give the world to



be the possessor of so charming a creature. And in this manner continued he mentally to rhapsodize till the dismissal of the congregation.

Rosse could not but avoid observing the uneasiness of Daly, and though anxious to impress him with a favourable opinion of his wife, yet he felt galled at the circumstance. It was his sincere wish to impress Helen with an unfavourable opinion, of Daly, conceiving that he had always been treated by him with contempt, though he himself, was too proud to own it; but alas! if he had designed the contrary, he could not have succeeded more effectually. He was, however, exalted in his own estimation to a towering height, with the evident admiration which his wife excited in all who saw her.

The admiral of the port himself, and another whose ship was in the harbour, sat in the same seat, and old as they were, paid more attention to scanning the beauties of the bride, than the moral discourse which issued from the lips of the chaplain.

The former was so smitten, that on his return, he became quite garrulous in her praise; and, from the circumstance, we suppose, of the rarity of the seat's being graced with so much loveliness, he designated our heroine by the title of the "beautiful vision."

Daly was the only one, however, that was *planet-struck*, as the doctor termed it, though he and the purser, who sat in another seat, confessed after they had been introduced to our heroine, that they had been most confoundedly out in their reckoning; and that they would never prejudge any more the beauty of a man's wife from any knowledge they might have either of the form or visage of her husband.

The service being concluded, a general introduction took place. The captain walked down the aisle by Helen, followed by Daly, who did nothing but admire her graceful and elegant form: he had merely bowed at the introduction, not having spoken, excepting the "I beg pardon" on her entrance into the seat; this Rosse attributed to his pride, instead of the true cause—extreme embarrassment, confusion, and an inexplicable difficulty of the power of utterance.

The captain informed Rosse, that he should wait on him to-morrow; all but Daly crowded round the bridegroom, and congratulated him on his good fortune.

On the return of the parties, the conversation naturally turned on the persons to whom they had been introduced, which Helen commenced, by observing, that Rosse had surely overcharged the picture in his description of most of his brother officers. "How could you, Rosse," said she, "speak so ill of that handsome young man Daly?"

"Oh!" said he, "I see you are like the rest—you fancy him handsome; I maintain that he is a proud puppy. Even this day, he did not deign to speak to you."

"I am sure I thought his behaviour to be respectful, and I endeavoured to observe if there was any appearance of that insolent-bearing you charge him with, but in vain. I will, however, frankly confess, that he has one fault—he kept his eyes so fixed on me, as if I had been some strange personage placed before him to stare at."

"Call you that a fault?" said Frances; "now I think he did nothing but admire you. What say you, uncle?"

"Why he certainly was much struck with Helen's appearance—he did not dream, my love, that I had had the luck to get so sweet a little girl."

"Oh! is that it?" replied she, playfully; "I shall grow conceited then; nay, I too shall become a dancing puppy, for you know there are female puppies as well as male."

"I only wish, my dear, you to continue to act as you have hitherto."

"Indeed," added Frances, "I could not but remark the surprize of Daly; he was so restless, so fidgety—I was often inclined to laugh at the poor fellow's melancholy uneasiness."

"I too enjoyed his queer conduct," said Rosse, "though I still dislike him for not speaking; I doubt whether he will call to morrow; if he does not, I shall set it down for sheer envy of my good fortune, in having so nice a little woman for my wife."

Helen laughed, and thought of the odd ideas poor Rosse entertained, and added, "I should suppose it of no consequence to Mr. Daly what sort of a wife you have, Rosse."

"Oh!" replied he, "you are mistaken: he has been, it is true, but a short time in the ship; we have never been familiar; he looks, I believe, with contempt on me because I am not an *honourable* like himself, and I treat him in a like manner, because I think him a fool."

Helen and Frances exchanged glances, but did not answer.

Rosse asked their opinion of the other officers.

"Oh! the captain is an odd little mortal indeed."

"Yes; and the more you know him, the more you will think so."

"The purser appears to be a pleasant man, and, for his age, is extremely good-looking; but the doctor is a coarse, raw-boned fellow—I hope I shall like his wife: pray when is she expected?"

"Why," answered Rosse, "he has been waiting for her for more than a fortnight, and he is devilishly out of temper, because she has not shown herself more eager to join him; and, indeed, I think him right; for, my dear Helen, were I to put into port, I should feel greatly annoyed if you did not come to me immediately; unless, indeed, severe illness were to detain you."

"A lesson already for me, Rosse; well I will try and attend to it," said Helen laughingly, and continued—"but seriously, I would not slight you in the least degree, if in my power to help it."

"My dear girl, I believe you would not," replied he, pressing the hand that rested on his arm; "I feel assured, that you would not voluntarily give me pain."

"Indeed, uncle," interrupted Frances, "if you do not be a kind husband to my sweet aunt, I shall take up the cudgels against you, for I am sure a more obliging disposition does not exist."

"Do I set off in the matrimonial career," asked Rosse, "as if there was any danger of my treating Helen ill, answer me, Fanny?"

"Oh no, my dear uncle; I did not mean to insinuate that you have hitherto been amiss, I only alluded as to futurity."

"I am very confident, that to Helen I shall ever behave with propriety; because I believe she will continue to act as she has hitherto, and I must be a devil in that case to behave ill to such an angel as she is."

This strange dialogue took place as they were walking from the church; and on their arrival at the door of the house, Frances observed the tears starting in the eyes of Helen, occasioned by the turn the conversation had so unexpectedly taken. She said nothing then, but as Helen retired immediately to her dressing-room, she followed her thither. Helen had thrown herself in a chair, and appeared much distressed.

"My dear, dear friend!" said she to Frances, "I am extremely miserable!"

“Nay, pray what can make you so? surely I have said nothing to disoblige you? or, has my uncle’s observations affected you thus?”

“Yes, indeed, my dear, they have,” sobbed Helen; “do you not observe what a stress he lays on his wishes for me to behave as I do now? good God! but I am suspicious that he will change his conduct towards me. There may be many circumstances in life, continued she, with a sigh, “in which one might act contrary to the strictest rules of propriety; I can with confidence, however, answer for my intentions; but I might do wrong, even with good intentions, in dealing with such a man as Rosse; I am, therefore, fearful of offending him. And do you know now, that I really believe a spark of jealousy lurks in his bosom, for he was evidently displeased because I differed from him in my estimation of Mr. Daly.—Now, I will candidly confess to you, that I was never more struck with the appearance of a man, than with him, particularly after the strange character your uncle had given him; and the force of the contrast has, I have no doubt, had the more effect on me—so elegant, graceful, and really handsome a young fellow,” added she, her eyes brightening as she uttered the words, “I never before beheld; in vain did I look for any sign of that self-conceit or puppyism we had been taught to expect.”

“I think as you do, my dear,” said Frances; “and I admired Daly as much—nay, to you I will confess, for I passed a capital joke on my uncle yesterday, when he was recommending young Mitchell to me, I told him to recommend the first lieutenant. Oh! if such a lovely, captivating young fellow would notice me as he did you, I should certainly be dying in love with him; but there is no danger of that whilst you are by; so, thank heaven! I am safe: but, by the bye, what think you of Mitchell? I saw nothing in him particular.”

“His person,” answered Helen, “is not prepossessing, but he may be very amiable notwithstanding, therefore do not set your mind against him without a further acquaintance. We even may be mistaken as to Daly; but you have not answered my fears relative to my husband’s temper—I really dread to do any thing to offend him, and as you know him of course better than I do, pray befriend me, and tell me how to avoid any act that might be unpleasant to him.”

“Though,” replied Frances, “this is a point on which I would rather be silent, yet from the moment I saw you, you became endeared to me; I will, therefore, be frank and free with you. I know my uncle well, and shall I say, that I, when I heard of your marriage, trembled for your happiness. I have observed his conduct since he has been with us this time, and we have seen with pleasure a change for the better; nay we have attributed to your agency a complete transformation in the man. His disposition was morose, overbearing, and tyrannical; it is now, with the exception of what we have witnessed to-day, obliging and conciliatory: yet, you observe, that the officers and he do not agree; this circumstance annoys me; and even now to be very candid with you, I am fearful that it may cause you much unhappiness.”

“You alarm me, my dear Frances. Why do you think so?”

“Why, you have expressed yourself in favour of Daly; therefore disagreed with him whose self-conceit is monstrously high—he cannot bear to be thwarted in an opinion; besides, I am fearful, that to plague him, Daly and the rest will endeavour to make him jealous; now though you have nothing of the coquet in your nature, and will therefore give him on your part no cause for complaint, yet their united efforts will not be lost upon him, and you will be the only sufferer.”

“Then,” replied Helen, looking upwards, “heaven is my witness, that I shall be more miserable than I had anticipated. But, Frances,” continued she, firmly, and taking her by the hand, “my integrity shall ever be firm, my fidelity unshaken, and though wretched, I will repine in silence.”

Frances threw her arms around her neck and kissed her, saying, “matchless woman! where could my uncle expect to find one like you? but I am glad to see that he has the sense at least to estimate your value at present.”

“That he may continue so to do is my earnest prayer.”

They then retired to dress, having to meet several of the family of Mr. Whippel, to whom Helen had not as yet been introduced.

It may be readily seen, that the heart of our heroine had been attacked in the person of Edmund Daly, and that a reciprocal passion had taken place.—The mysterious power of the mighty archer, who is no respecter of persons, and who is more delighted with his prowess in proportion to the quantum of mischief he occasions, was now commencing its operations, and the sly urchin was revelling in the anticipation of the discord he was about to create. The youthful and too susceptible Helen, aware of the desperate struggle she should have to encounter, was fully prepared to resist, from a truly virtuous principle, the encroachments of a passion as involuntary as it was unfortunate: yet could she not but secretly feel a pleasure in reflecting on the circumstance that the man, whom she could not help loving, was evidently as full of admiration for her; whilst the suspicious nature of her husband, but now too evident, rather encouraged, than otherwise, the dangerous and delusive feeling.

The development of the trials of this lovely and sacrificed woman will be therefore the subject of our following pages.

Previously to which we may as well attempt to describe the man who had wrought, as if by magic, at a mere superficial interview, so great an alteration in the feelings and thoughts of our heroine.

Edmund Daly was in height rather above the usual standard; his physiognomy was manly and expressive; his features regular, and a perpetual smile was observable on them; his high and prominent forehead beamed with intelligence; his eyes, bounded by dark and long eye-lashes, were indicative of quick perception and keen observation; mellowed by time, his complexion, which had been once extremely fair, was now ruddy and clear: the charge, therefore, of effeminacy in his appearance was utterly groundless; he was elegantly formed, muscular and active; his spirits vivacious, and in fact, one of those joyous beings who are the life and soul of every party where excitement, without apparent labor, is necessary to keep up a buoyancy of feeling and an exhilarating stimulus to continued enjoyment: he was, however, punctilious to a degree of nicety, in his estimation of what is termed the proprieties of fashionable life, and hence was often mistaken by vulgar minds, as a most fastidious personage; for to ill breeding in all its varieties, he was a determined opponent; he could not, therefore, but frequently incur the censure of those with whom it was his lot to mingle: he was an ardent admirer of the fair sex, and actuated by the highest notions of principle towards them, he deemed every one his enemy who would insult a female, however degraded; a circumstance but too frequently happening in sea-port towns, where ruffians of all grades, debase human nature by boasting of their exploits, in first seducing and then brutalizing the victims of their diabolical lusts and other vicious propensities. Born and bred an aristocrat, he did

not mix so familiarly with his brother officers in their pursuits either of pleasure or business, as they conceived he ought; he consequently incurred the censure of the ignorant and indiscriminating, as haughty, proud, and overbearing; his really good qualities being not so well known nor understood, as to be duly appreciated by them, as his external deportment, which had, from his scrupulous attention to neatness and general refinement, to contend with disadvantages on board a ship, which are there either unknown or overlooked:

“This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;  
Had he been Adam he had tempted Eve:  
He can carve too, and lisp: Why, this is he,  
That kiss’d away his hand in courtesy.

\* \* \* \* \*

———The ladies call him sweet;  
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:  
This is the flower that smiles on every one.”

*Shakspeare.*

A large party of the immediate relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Whippel assembled at their house on the Sunday, when Helen had first made her appearance in public. The elder sister of Frances Whippel, now Mrs. Hart, attracted the particular attention of Helen; and from a remark which in the course of conversation she made, our heroine was anxious to know something of her history: her husband was an Hebrew; he was very rich, and not only an extremely handsome man, but his features bore not the least resemblance to those of his proscribed and persecuted race: this might be accounted for, as his mother was a Christian; indeed he, having himself married a woman not of his own persuasion, their home was any thing else than indicative of their being friends to the synagogue. The *peoplesh* grumbled a little, it is true; but (as we have before said), as he was very rich, peccadillos of this sort were winked at by those who, had things been otherwise, it would have made no small stir among the Israelites. Mrs. Hart herself was a very beautiful woman; her manners were prepossessing, and her carriage was extremely genteel.

When the company retired, Frances gave Helen the following sketch of the matrimonial speculation of her sister Eliza—we must, however, premise, as truth is our guide in the narrative we are submitting to the public, that we do not see occasion to suppress any fact, however droll or *outré* it may appear to the practised Novel reader, or the fastidious blue-stockings; our apologies, therefore, shall be few on this score, feeling assured that we should rather deserve censure than praise for the omission of circumstances that would tend not only to destroy the realities of fiction, but mar the fidelity of history.

Eliza Whippel and the young David Hart first became acquainted with each other at a ball in the country; they were extremely graceful dancers, and having been partners, an intimacy of the most tender description was the consequence.

Young Hart, knowing that his father had been rather heathenish in his connexions with his mother, felt but little compunction in demanding the beautiful Eliza from her father.

Mr. Whippel refused his consent, not only being indisposed to admit into his family the young man on account of his religion, but objecting to him as not being irreproachable in his private conduct, addicted as he was to the company of lewd women and other low pursuits.

To his surprise also, he met with no better success from his own family; their opposition to the match being equally obstinate, though on different grounds to those of the friends of his inamorata.

He was not, however, disposed to pay much attention to the suggestions of either party, but proceeded in spite of every obstacle to accomplish his wishes in an indirect manner. His power over Eliza Whippel was uncontrollable, and his intentions being really honorable, he soon succeeded in seducing her to accede to his desires—she became *enciente*; and, as the young Hebrew expected, to save his daughter's character, her father gave all his assistance to promote a match between them and Eliza; after some difficulties it was accomplished, to the satisfaction of both families.

Hart was very fond of his wife, till an extraordinary change in her conduct took place: she became extremely negligent in her mode of dressing herself, became a fashionable snuff-taker, and gave way to other unbecoming habits; these things were the common topic of conversation in the neighbourhood, and had their effect on her husband, whose home in consequence became intolerable to him; and, as a relief from such disagreeable scenes, he had recourse to his former abandoned mode of living; thus, as the song says, "converting that Heaven called marriage to Hell."

They had had five children, all but one of whom had died.

At the expiration of five years from their union, Hart set off for town with a gay cyprian, whom he had long been suspected of having kept. Six weeks elapsed, and his wife having received neither letter nor message from him, became distracted—his affairs were in a fair way for total ruin, being managed by workmen only: he was a jeweller by trade, and his presence was of course required to carry it on with that punctuality which such a business so necessarily demands.

In vain did Mrs. Hart make the strictest enquiries for her husband; no one could give any tidings of him; she at last determined to close the shop and take other methods to secure herself from the future probability, if things remained as they were, of actual want. Just at the time, however, of this determination, an old Hebrew called on her, whose keenness and general knowledge of the world was proverbial among his brethren. He had observed the true cause of the unfortunate differences between Hart and his wife, and being of a kind disposition, and fonder of healing animosities than provoking them, he determined to try if he could not succeed in reforming both the parties in question.

"Courage, my friend," said he, to Mrs. Hart; "I know where your husband is, and if you will suffer yourself to be guided by my directions, I think you will have no cause to complain of what you may at present deem an officious interference in the domestic affairs of your family; I disclaim such an intention, and assure you, that I am actuated by better feelings; I hope to be the means of reforming my brother Hart from the errors of his present vicious proceedings; I know him well, and I not only know where he now is, but also know with whom he is; therefore, attend to my instructions, I shall be very candid, however, with you, and you must, therefore, pardon the freedom I am now about to take in advising."

"Quickly, quickly," interrupted Mrs. Hart; "I will do any thing to recover my lost husband—I will not be offended at any thing you may say—I shall be eternally bound to thank you for your assistance in healing a breach which, perhaps, I myself have been the cause of assisting to make."

"I am glad to hear you so reasonable," replied Moses Hyman; "first then, I hope you will dress yourself smartly and genteely."

"What!" cried Mrs. Hart, "do you intend to insult me, sir?"

"There, now," said Moses, "I thought you would not listen to reason; well, I will go and—"

"Nay, nay," interrupted she, "I did not mean to offend; I will do what you say, though I cannot divine your motive."

"Well, then," continued he, "you must not only obey me in this particular, but you must also refrain from the habit, which you deem fashionable——It is no use to interrupt me again," perceiving a desire on her part to do so, "this must be done, and both you and I must immediately depart for London. Depend upon it, we shall soon bring back the runaway; but observe, to succeed perfectly in our plan; there must be no reproaches—you must play the agreeable, or I will not answer for the consequences. I know David's temper and disposition too well—not to succeed is impossible, provided we manage things cleverly. We shall ferret him from the coffee-house where he is, I'll warrant; and if he does not make one of the best husbands yet in Portsmouth, why, then, old Moses Hyman must give up his trade of negotiating between the belligerents of both sexes."

Mrs. Hart listened with attention, not unmixed with chagrin, at the harangue of the garrulous old Hebrew; hesitated for a moment to give her consent; but, recollecting how favourably old Moses was estimated by the fraternity, she resolved to accept of his assistance, and preparations for the journey were immediately made.

Early the next morning off they started, and having reached London, they engaged a hackney coach, which Moses ordered to be driven to the coffee-house in which he said he knew Hart was: they had not proceeded far before they observed him and his *cher amie* walking towards them, arm in arm; Moses called out to him, and he left her to approach the coach; Mrs. Hart leaned forward, and addressing him with a smile, said, "Dear David, will you not shake hands?"

Hart was not only struck with the unexpected, but the altered appearance of his wife: "my God!" cried he, "Eliza! how came you here?"

"To seek you, my dear David," was her reply.

He took no further notice of his former companion, but jumped into the coach, and began to apologize for his conduct.

Meanwhile the old Jew directed the coachman to return to the place from whence they started; when arrived, Hart continued his apologies, but argued that he had some cause for his neglect of his wife.

"I own it, David," said she; "but mutual forbearance is a virtue, and mutual forgiveness may set all to rights again."

Old Moses here interfered, laughingly—"come, come," said he, "you know this is trifling; I see you are both determined to be the best friends in the world for the future; therefore, let us enjoy ourselves right merrily; no recriminations—no repetitions of old grievances, I entreat of you both, and thus there will be another feather in old Moses's cap as a peacemaker."

“And so it was,” continued Frances; “for a happier nor more respectable couple does not exist, than Hart and my sister Eliza. You observe what she now is, my dear Mrs. Rosse, and I am sure you cannot observe any traces of her former strange and unaccountable conduct. These, however, are family affairs, and beyond the circle of our immediate acquaintance, this short romance of real life is unknown. By them, however, Hart is often the subject of a joke on his former love pranks and rambles, which, good-natured as he is, he bears with meekness and resignation; whilst Eliza, whose temper is really amiable, knows the true value of a husband’s affection too well ever to touch on the tender string.”

Among the company who visited the Whippels, were a Miss Smith and a Miss Thistel; the looks of the latter were wan and care-worn; and entering as it were into a new world, Helen requested Frances to give her the history of this young lady, which she promised to do at some future opportunity; adding, that it was extremely interesting, and would, she thought, be felt so by her particularly.

Three sisters, by the name of Reeves, were also intimate with the family; and among the gentlemen, Helen observed one whose glances were directed repeatedly towards Frances, whose returns to the same were any thing but repulsive. Helen took an early opportunity of bantering her on it; Frances blushed, and said, “my dear friend, you would not have had me inform you that I had a lover, when, I assure you, the man never mentioned the word love to me in his life; and I will frankly confess, that I had another reason for not having mentioned him to you, viz. a curiosity to learn whether a stranger like yourself would observe any thing peculiar in his manner, with regard to your obedient servant Frances Whippel.”

“Ah! ah!” replied Helen, “you are a manœuverer, I perceive; I could see plainly enough that it was not the first time you had put the eyes into requisition. I have enquired of Rosse who he is, and I find that he has property—his income is handsome; and thus, my dear Frances, I perceive that you are in a fair way of being well matched.”

“Fine talking, my dear friend,” said Frances, with a sigh, “I do not know what to make of him. Three months has now expired since I was first introduced to him; he is not a native of the place, having been removed from Plymouth here for promotion; he has been a constant visitor ever since, and his conduct has been invariably what you witnessed yesterday. Heaven knows! what he means by it. Were he to act so towards others, I should put it down as rank male coquetry; but to do him justice, such is not the case; if he does mean any thing towards me, why not speak out? why such reserve?—I am baffled in all my reflections on the subject.”

“Perhaps,” said Helen, “some family connexions prevent him from engaging himself so seriously.”

“Then,” added Frances, “he should not endeavour to ensnare my affections, for I can perceive that that is his aim;” and, continued she, blushing, “were I sure that there is no deception intended, I believe—heigh ho! the fellow would succeed; but I must guard with the greatest care the citadel of my heart, for I really am doubtful whether his conduct will be ever any other than it is.”

“Then,” replied Helen, “I should deem him as equally a seducer, as the man who runs off with a woman and deserts her; that it is his intention to create favourable impressions on your side is to me very obvious: it is true, he does not commit himself legally so much, but the morality of the case I deem of equal turpitude. I remember a



circumstance which happened at my native place, which is an illustration of such mental seduction. A young army officer who was quartered there, paid for five months the most devoted attention to a young, accomplished and beautiful girl; true, he had been reserved; nay, she was exactly in the same predicament as yourself. When the regiment was ordered to quit the place he was questioned on his intentions, "Oh! really!" said he, "I am sorry the young lady should have so mistaken me, I really never seriously thought of her—I never mentioned the word love to her—I am sorry my looks should have helped to make the young lady fancy I loved her; and really I think young ladies should guard their hearts till they are asked for."

"The brother of the lady, a spirited young fellow, immediately challenged the officer for such unfeeling conduct; a duel was fought, the brother was dangerously wounded by the fop, who escaped without injury, whilst the poor girl herself fell into a frenzied fever from which she is not at this day perfectly recovered.—Oh! my dear Frances, endeavour to keep yourself free from the possibility of being a wretched prey to hopeless love; for I think," added she, with a sigh, "it must be dreadful indeed."

Frances blushed, tried to laugh, and said, "I hope I shall avoid it; your good advice shall have its due weight in the guidance of my future conduct."

Helen shook her head; and here the friends separated.

## CHAPTER VI.

“Her’s will I be, and only with this thought  
Content myself, although my chance be nought.”  
*Surrey.*

“Who then the captive soul can well reprove,  
When Love—and Virtue’s self become the darts of Love?”  
*Fletcher.*

WHEN the bridal party were leaving the dockyard, the officers of Rosse’s ship stood together, all making their parting bow; but the moment they had fairly passed the gate, and were consequently not within hearing, all except the love-stricken Daly expressed to each other their admiration and astonishment at what they had so unexpectedly witnessed. He stood motionless, looking after his goddess, whose beautiful form, like a vision, still appeared before him.

“Why, lieutenant,” said the doctor, pulling him by the arm, “surely, thou art planet-struck, or what else ails thee?—Rosse’s wife has chained up thy tongue, and converted thee into a statue representative of the god of silence.”

Daly started, but could not hide his confusion; he stammered something about his being surprised, but he himself did not know what he said; nor what he did say could they understand, excepting the word surprised, very little was intelligible.

“Surprised, man!” said the captain—“egad so was I, and so I believe are we all; but we have behaved better in the business than you. Nothing, I am sure, has given that conceited fool more pleasure than your conduct to-day. Upon my soul, Daly, your stupid behaviour at the pew-door brought the eyes of all on us—why, you stood like another Cymon.”

“Ha! ha! ha!” shouted the doctor, “and it is well for him, if, like another Cymon, he has not lost his heart.”

“Poh! poh! doctor,” said Daly, a little irritated, “I wish you would discontinue that roaring bellowing noise; see all eyes are upon you, no doubt wondering if there be not a raree-show among us.”

“Well, well,” continued the doctor; “now thou hast found thy tongue, honey, we will give thee leave to ring a peal or two, to make up for lost time.”

The two admirals now came up. “Well, gentlemen, I think we have had as fine a girl at church to-day as the sun ever shone on—I have mistaken her for a vision! aye, and a beautiful vision too! and, if I mistake not, Mr. Daly, you are of my opinion as much as any one; your eyes are still bent towards the vanishing point, I see; I hope your heart has not vanished with it.”

Here another glorious shout of laughter burst forth from all present but the unfortunate lieutenant, who thoroughly vexed, tried with his utmost endeavours to hide his chagrin.

“Really, Admiral, your supposition as to the vision is an agreeable one—a more beautiful one I never saw; and the wonder is, how such loveliness became allied to the odd being who has robbed us of the pleasure of still beholding her—there is the cause for

amazement—I confess that it has occasioned my senses almost to be locked up; and,” continued he, laughing, “after this confession, I give you an opportunity, gentlemen,” bowing, “to make yourselves merry at my expence.”

“Well, well,” replied the admiral, “if such only be the case, the fit will soon be over; I was fearful that your heart had vanished with the vision. By the lord, boy! it is well I am an old fellow, and a married man to boot, or even I should have been in danger.”

“Nay, then, admiral,” replied Daly, “you have therefore the less reason to laugh at me; but really I am in no danger, I assure you.”

The old admiral shook his head, and looking archly, said, “I hope not, my young friend—dangerous—troublesome—aye, I was about to say d—— work, to grapple with a married petticoat. Experience teaches us all to beware—you understand me, hey?”

“Why, Admiral,” said the captain, “the fellow deserves to be horned—you do not know him as well as we.”

“Fye! fye! Captain, this is not good advice to give young men like Daly; they are so ardent and impetuous in their passions, that a bridle rather than a spur is the more necessary for them.”

“I agree with you, Admiral,” replied Daly; “I have too mean an opinion of the husband, to flatter him, by bowing to his idol.”

“Let honour be your guide, my young friend, as it has hitherto been; no after-regrets will then torment you.” He then bowed and left them.

“What a formal old prig that is,” said the captain; “why Rosse might keep twenty such idols for me, ere I’d stoop to flatter one of them.”

Daly then, with great embarrassment, turned the conversation. He felt his heart ill at ease, and he would have been glad to have been alone; but the whole party was invited to dine at the purser’s for the first time. Mrs. Brown, that officer’s wife, was a pretty and an agreeable woman, and did all in her power to render her guests happy. The dinner was an excellent one. In vain, however, did Daly try to rally himself; in vain was he pressed to eat or to drink; it was all effort on his part, and in consequence his temper was stoutly tried, in bearing with good nature the raillery of his companions: he was glad, therefore, to escape from them, which he did at an early hour.

When he reached his lodgings, he dismissed his servant, saying that he intended to sit up late, and did not wish to be disturbed; he then threw himself into a chair, absorbed in thought; he was agitated by contending emotions, to him inexplicable; at last he started from the chair, and paced the room with rapidity, and working himself to a pitch of fury, cursed his destiny, expatiated on the loveliness of a woman he had seen but once, and whom he could never expect to possess without violating every principle of honour and virtue. “God!” cried this son of passion, “would that I could tear her from her present state of—what? pollution—aye, that’s the word—pollution, indeed!” he smote his brow with violence, then sat down again, and covered his face with his hands, “yet,” he muttered, “she looked innocence itself; serious, it is true, but not melancholy; and, therefore, nothing to indicate that she regretted her fate, she appeared unconscious of her soul subduing charms.—Oh! what would I not give to be beloved by such angelic sweetness. Rosse, I despised thee for thy ignorance, thy brutal conceit; but I had no malice against thee. Now, by heavens! I think I hate thee. Again he walked the room with agitation. “Rosse, I envy thee! envy Rosse? oh, I could never have thought that such

a humiliating word could escape me. But surely she cannot be insensible to attentions—she has all the softness of love—all the fire of passion in those lovely eyes; that passion she cannot feel for Rosse, a younger man might excite it, and love, real love I am sure she has yet to feel: yes, yes, I will try, I will dare my fate—nay, I will even court thy husband's friendship to win thee, beauteous woman! lovely creature! I feel for thee what I never before experienced. What dangers would I not engage in to serve thee? Hero and Leander! glorious names in the records of love. Would there were another Helespont to swim to reach thee! oh, thou paradise of my soul!—Ha! ha! ha!" shouted he, as if really recollecting himself; "what art thou saying, Daly? rhapsodising like a fool indeed; thou art mad, my friend. What! Edmund Daly mar the happiness of a man who never injured him? what! sow discord in a family and ruin the peace of mind of a woman whom he would die to serve. Honor, which has been thy guiding star, forbid it! cease in time, nor let thy headstrong passion couple thy name and disgrace together. No, no!" after pausing a few moments, continued he, "It shall not be, I will steel my heart against thy charms." He walked proudly over the room, rejoicing for the moment in the triumph of reason over passion, but as he found it impossible to think of any thing else than the object of his heart, his firm resolves would relapse and grow weaker, as he dwelt on it. "What, if she should give me encouragement! can I withstand such a ravishing temptation? I must be resolved; I feel, I feel, to be blessed with a smile from thee would ruin all my honourable determinations: such bliss would—must conquer me. He sighed "what, though I should be repulsed with scorn—repulsed by Rosse's wife! horrible thought! distracting idea! it shall rest on this: If, (for I cannot avoid showing my admiration,) she should smile on me, Rosse, thy doom is fixed; I shall be unable to resist the all-powerful sway of mighty love."

And in this strain of headlong passion did he continue, alternately flattering himself with the enjoyments of illicit love, or deprecating a deviation from that line of rectitude and honour which he had always justly boasted himself possessed of. He continued thus till nearly three in the morning, when his servant ventured to advise him to go to bed; he assented, though sleep for an hour or two would claim no companionship with him. He at last, wearied out with mental fatigue, dropt into a disturbed slumber, repeating, "yes! yes! loveliest of thy sex! thy conduct must determine mine."

Alas! poor Daly—little didst thou, notwithstanding thy surmises, know the trials to which thy honour would be put; little didst thou foresee the torture that was in reserve for thee; still less didst thou imagine that she, for whom thy soul burned with so intense a fire, possessed a heart so firm, so noble, and so determined as to defy thee in thy rash career of unbridled passion, though that heart was thine in secret, and felt for thy misery with an acuteness equal to it. Honour, nay, virtue itself, is often too feeble a barrier—too strong and powerful a temptation.

The reader, in perusing these pages, will see with pleasure that Daly triumphed over every obstacle, after enduring mortification of the most poignant description, trials of the severest nature. His passions were ardent and impetuous, but his nature was noble, his sentiments just, and his actions generous.

'Twas his with beauty, valour's gifts to share,  
A soul heroic, as his form was fair;  
These burn with one pure flame of generous love,

In peace, in war united, still they move.

Byron.

The next morning was the time appointed for him to call on the captain, in order to accompany him to visit Rosse: as he had given orders to be called at an earlier hour than usual, and as his servant was impressed with an idea that his master had taken too much wine the day before, he thought that to disturb him would not be agreeable to him, and he therefore determined to allow him to sleep as long as he pleased. When, however, the captain's servant came to say that his master was waiting for Mr. Daly, William began to fear that his judgment had been premature. He went immediately with the message, and found that his master had just awaked; Daly severely reprimanded him for allowing him to oversleep himself; it was a rare thing for William to receive an angry expression from his master, and, looking down, he ventured to say "I thought your honour, that you were not very well last night, and that sleep would do you good."

Daly laughed heartily, and replied, "well, never mind, William, you are a good doctor; for your prescription has worked wonders on me, as I did anticipate that I should be extremely ill, but I was never better in my life than I now am; I wished, however, to be early with the captain, having engaged to accompany him to a particular place."

Will was glad to observe his master so easily pacified, and say he was well; for the soliloquies of the last night were fresh in his recollection; he, therefore, began with alacrity to adjust him as usual in dressing—still he wondered at the altered manner of his master: hitherto his mode of dressing was without particular effort—now he was tediously long, and extremely fastidious: first, he would look in the glass, and observe that his hair was improperly set—the comb and the brush were of course repeatedly put into requisition; next, his cravat was ill-placed—ill-tied—ill-washed, and so on, with the remainder of his habiliments something was wrong—some alteration was necessary.

The man stared, and wondered, and hesitated, and seemed to have caught the infection from his master, who at last observed his confusion, and felt vexed at his own trifling, recollecting that it had been also his maxim, "that neatness in dress was a more graceful principle than preciseness," and that he had read "to *win* the affections of a woman, appear negligent in your costume—to *preserve* it, assiduous: the first is a sign of the *passion* of love; the second, of its *respect*."

"Surely," said he to himself, "I am really becoming what some of the coarse fellows on board think me—a fastidious puppy; it will not do; though I must confess that I must do my best to outshine myself to-day."

He sat down to breakfast with a lover's as well as a sailor's haste, and notwithstanding the turbulence of the preceding night would have deprived many a man of his appetite the next morning, yet such was not the case with our hero, as the quick departure of tea, ham, eggs, &c., amply testified; though his breast was still agitated alternately by the contending emotions of joyous expectations and agonizing doubts. He had just finished his repast, when the captain entered, in his usual swaggering and self-sufficient manner.

"Why, what the devil, Daly, ails you? have you slept your senses away, man? why, it is twelve o'clock! I see how it is, you left us last night for the more agreeable company of some fair damsel, and I suppose have not been home long."

Daly laughed and said, "and I suppose captain, that you had a curtain lecture, for remaining so long from your lass, and so got up early to get rid of it."

"The devil a bit, Daly; I went home by times; the wine did not exactly agree with me, though I am well enough to-day—my fellow tells me I took too much, and I believe I did, for you know it is seldom I drink at all."

"Nor I, captain; but you use yourself so to dilute what you do drink, that a little hurts you."

"Well, I cannot help it; in this point I will confess that I am weak-headed—but no shifts, my fine fellow, tell me where were you last night?"

"Why in my own room, to be sure."

"Pho! pho! the marines may, but the sailors won't believe it. What the devil do you suppose that I am to be crammed with a "tale of a tub?" of your having slept from ten o'clock last evening till twelve to-day? I'll wager you any thing you like, that you are trying to gull me."

"Then you will lose. You know the purser's is a good distance from this—then I took some time to undress—read a little—have dressed myself this morning with a little care too, you see—have finished my breakfast, and am now ready to march, or rather sail, under your orders, to our appointed destination."

"You have been spinning a nice yarn, my fine fellow, but it won't do. William, I suppose you have been bribed to tell no tales, otherwise I would ask you."

"Please your honour," said William, "my master has not quitted the house since he came home last night."

"No doubt, no doubt: but here come three more of the squad—Mitchel, Paddy Esculapius, and Nipcheese; they are, you know, a set of unbelieving rascals in such matters, so I hope you will bear their "quips and cranks" with good humour, for I see mischief brewing in the forecastles of each of them; therefore stand clear, and get your stern chasers ready, for you must run from them."

"Indeed I shall not," said Daly, "I shall tell them exactly as I have told you—truth is my motto, captain, and I shall present its broadside to them, which if it will not at once silence their fire, will stand it till they are tired of attacking, and they will sheer off accordingly."

"Ahoy! ahoy!" shouted those noisy sons of Neptune as they entered—"who's for "Honeymoon Island?"

Inhabited by the goddess of Love, and a savage called Rosse?" asked the doctor.

"Why, Daly," said the captain, "has been skulking; he is hardly under weigh yet; though he says that he turned in at four bells."

"He smuggled a wench into his room," said Mitchell, "and——"

"I beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Daly warmly; "I would not put so great an affront on the lady of the house—her conduct has been most honorable to me whilst I have been her lodger, and I hope a whisper of what you have just said will not be repeated. I give you the simple truth—I cannot help it if you will not believe me—I accept your jokes so long as they are directed to me only, and are really harmless; therefore be satisfied."

"Why we must," said the captain, "I see no other way to get at the cause of so unusual a proceeding with you. I confess my scepticism on the point, and I suspect some cause exists for it."

Daly attempted to laugh, and replied: “the cause is, that my wise servant took it into his head not to wake me early this morning; he fancied that I was not quite well last night, and prescribed sleep as a remedy.”

“It was a good one,” said the doctor, “and you must have had a good dose; for I declare, I never saw those fine eyes of yours look more brilliant than they now do.” This was echoed by a hearty laugh from all.

Daly felt confused—he internally wished it might be so; and that Helen might receive the impression he hoped to make on her.

“I am ready,” said he, “gentlemen, to accompany you;” and off they set, all but Daly anticipating sport, at the expence of their usual mark for ridicule, the unfortunate Rosse—he was in a state of agitation more readily conceived than described, which increased as he approached the house in which was all he held dear in the world, upbraiding himself for his want of fortitude in again submitting to the ordeal of meeting the bright eye and dangerous loveliness of Helen; yet irresistibly driven forward to the attack, and fancying an excuse for his temerity, in repeating to himself the following beautiful lines of our immortal Bard Shakspeare:—

“Crabbed age and youth,  
Cannot live together;  
Youth is full of pleasure  
Age is full of care,  
Youth like summer morn  
Age like winter weather;  
Youth like summer brave  
Age like winter bare.  
Youth is full of sport,  
Age’s breath is short,  
Youth is nimble, age is lame;  
Youth is hot and bold  
Age is weak and cold,  
Youth is wild and age is tame.  
Age I do abhor thee,  
Youth I do adore thee;  
Oh my love, my love is young.  
Age I do defy thee;  
Oh, sweet shepherd, hie thee  
For methinks thou stay’st too long.”

## CHAPTER VII.

'Tis not a cheek that boasts the ruby's glow,  
The neck of ivory, or the breast of snow;  
'Tis not a dimple known so oft to charm,  
The hand's soft polish, or the tapering arm;  
'Tis not a smile that blooms with young desire,  
'Tis not an eye that sheds celestial fire;  
No, HELEN! these are not the spells that move  
My heart to fold thee in eternal love:  
But 'tis that soul, which from so fair a frame  
Looks forth, and tells us—'twas from Heaven it  
came!

WHEN Helen retired on the Sunday evening, she could not reflect but with mingled emotions of regret and sorrow on her future prospects. She plainly saw the difficulties she should have to contend with in living with such a man as Rosse; what she had heard in the course of the day had also made its impressions on her mind, and the history of Hart and his wife was a source of affliction to her: they were now a happy couple—a mutual attachment was evident between them, and though they had made each other miserable for a time, yet that circumstance alone was sufficient to destroy every discordant feeling, and heal every wound of discontent. Her heart throbbed with anguish as she reflected on her own different and unhappy lot—she was now sufficiently acquainted with her husband to know, that to please him she must do violence to her own sense of propriety and correct feeling; that, however she might be disposed to find fault with his errors, and thereby do him perhaps an essential service, she must be tacit; his qualifications, as he termed them, and his superior penetration and judgment were always uppermost in his mind; and to these self-opinionated talents, he not only ascribed his having succeeded in obtaining a handsome wife, but boasted that he could trace in every line of her beautiful face that innate sense of a virtuous line of conduct, which was assuredly the first attribute of her very superior mind. She could not but often feel disposed to check his exuberance of self-praise and egotism. As her husband, she wished him to appear as worthy of that name as it was possible; and hence she had ventured gently to hint certain improprieties and breaches of politeness, which the poor creature was so frequently in the habit of making. In some few he would acquiesce in the propriety of amending, but generally his

self-conceit and confidence in himself was such as to render any remonstrance on her part practically, if not theoretically useless; she, therefore, wisely determined to let him pursue his own career, and assist rather than oppose him, however he might deserve censure. Though there was unreserved confidence between Helen and Frances Whippel as to every transaction since they had been acquainted, yet she deemed it prudent to keep every antecedent circumstance to herself. Frances, therefore, was not aware of the struggle which had taken place ere Helen had wedded Rosse, nor did she surmise the absence of a reciprocal passion on her part.

Helen passed a sleepless night: she recalled the bright visions of her early youth; the happiness enjoyed by her parents—the offspring of the purest mutual affection; and



contrasted with the bitterest anguish of mind her present situation to her former blissful state. "Oh my dearest mother," said she to herself, "how would your tender heart have ached to have beheld your daughter's fate. Ah!" laying her hand on her heart, "I feel here a void—a painful void—cheerless and dull—I have to live, and must live, bearing and to forbear—struggling with a temptation over which I have no controul, or it never should have assailed me; may heaven protect me! no, not even to thee, my dearest Frances, will I divulge the anguish I feel; oh, my beloved father! shall I disgrace myself by forgetting the lessons of prudence which you so sedulously taught me? shall I not have strength of mind sufficient to withstand the allurements of vice, the powerful impulses of passion, and the strong struggles which my unhappy fate destines me to meet? shall I forget thy pious precepts? no! no! though cheerless and gloomy, my path is clear—my husband's happiness must be my first, my only concern. I am not without some congenial friends; his relations are kind to me, and deserve my gratitude; would that I could love thee, Rosse, for even thou hast dealt at least tenderly with me hitherto; continue it, and I will repay thee with smiles and esteem, if not felt with passion, at least with sincerity:" alternately desponding and hoping, like Daly, did our heroine continue to agitate her uneasy mind, till she wearied herself into a disturbed slumber, in which a repetition of her previous struggles and her future gloomy prospects appeared before her.

Rosse conceived it an important era in his life, on the Monday morning, when he expected to receive his brother officers at his house. They had appointed to wait on him at ten o'clock; but as that time was passed considerably, and they had not arrived he felt vexed and peevish; considered they intentionally meant to deceive him, and vowed vengeance if such should be the case; he sat with a book in his hand, pretending to be reading, but in reality on the rack of expectation for the sound of the knocker, which at last came with a thundering peal. "There they are!" exclaimed he, throwing down the book.

Frances and Helen were sitting on a sofa, at the other end of the apartment.

At their announcement, Helen could not help blushing deeply—her fluttering heart beat harder and harder, as they approached. This will be a trying moment for me, thought she, but I must be firm.

The gentlemen entered, and after the usual salutations, were seated.

At the sound of the name of Mrs. Rosse, Edmund's bosom writhed with agony: he, however, acted his part with calm dignity, averting as much as possible his eyes from the object to which, as if spell-bound, they were attracted. Helen herself was calm and collected; her sense of duty had really obtained the mastery; her natural vivacity, it is true, was gone; but she, perhaps, looked the more beautiful and interesting, from her really modest demeanor and apparent calm resignation to her destiny. The sight of Daly was, it is true, the cause of many an inward struggle; but the conviction that to entertain a passion as hopeless as it would be imprudent, repressed every lurking wish in his favour as a lover.

Daly also, on his part, was really awed, as well as abashed in her presence; he feasted his eyes on her charms, and mentally muttered curses on his unhappy situation. His habits of true politeness were visible and had their due effect on the captain, who, though far removed from the coarseness of Rosse, was nevertheless a common-place individual; he was a tyrant on board, and therefore uneasy under the restraints of good breeding on shore. The behaviour of the doctor and purser was unexceptionable; they

could, if they chose, be sensible and agreeable men; they were, however, so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of raillery, and so much in the habit of *roasting* each other, as it is termed, that to be thought to say good things, was of more value to them than to gain the esteem of their friends. There is not a more unsocial or less estimable quality of the mind than this: it is the cause of more frequent bickerings than is imagined; the point is so indefinite, or rather so indistinct, where to stop, that for once when freely used it may give pleasure, its result will be that of pain, felt if not expressed, a hundred times. They came with a fixed determination to have, what is called a shy at the weak points of Rosse's character; but the interesting presence of his beautiful partner, as well as the genteel deportment of every one present, had its proper effect on these laughter-loving and jocular individuals.

Rosse, ever alive to suspicion, kept an observant eye on Helen, Daly, and the captain, though he knew that the latter was never accused of any over-partiality for the fair sex; neither he nor Daly had ever visited Rosse before, but Helen could not but regret the painful truth, that he was not respected by them.

We have not said much of the young man Mitchell, for whom Frances had been so quickly engaged by her uncle: he was a third rate personage in his person and intellect; he would assent to every thing, no matter how absurd "*exactly so*" was his general reply; or "*I think exactly as you do, sir.*" He was, however, a favourite of Rosse's, because he never laughed at him.

The "*exactly so*" of Mitchell, and "*the like of that*" of Rosse, were of course standing jokes in the ward-room of their ship.

Rosse himself seldom had much to say in company when he met his equals, and less with his superiors; but to his inferiors he would talk fluently, and ape a learned stile of conversation; he was, therefore, looked up to by them as an oracle, and thus was flattered into an importance which he had no right to arrogate to himself; and hence he but too frequently drew the shafts of ridicule down upon himself with justice. In the present instance he was taciturn, though affecting great good humour; the conversation was kept up entirely by Helen, Frances, Daly, the captain, the purser and the doctor.

Though Daly found it impossible but to be embarrassed in the presence of Helen, yet he made ample amends for his stupor on the day before. Among the many questions which he asked Helen was, "whether she was partial to dancing?"

Helen and Frances, who recollected the epithet which Rosse had applied to him, could not refrain from laughing.

Rosse also understood the cause, and answered for them, "oh, yes! Helen can caper it away with you, Daly; I am no hand at those things myself."

Helen and Frances laughed the louder; which Daly, whom love had completely altered, construed into a sneer at his odd and awkward manner of expressing himself. He followed with a hearty laugh, and looking at Helen, and a half a glance at Rosse, wished her to understand the contempt he had for her husband.

She neither liked the look, nor the manner in which Rosse's answer had been received; she was not quite sure as to Daly's intention; she therefore looked sedate and thoughtful: it unhinged that feeling of complacency towards him, which it was her wish to experience. "Odd!" said she to herself, as Rosse undoubtedly is, "I at least will never join in any mark of ridicule directed against him."

The penetrating Daly immediately saw his error. "I am mistaken," thought he, and he took every means indirectly to repair the fault he had been guilty of.

"Shall you attend the next assembly?" said the captain to Helen.

Rosse without allowing her to reply, answered in the affirmative.

"I hope then, madam, to have the honor of your hand for the first dance?" added he.

"I too," quickly followed Daly, "must have the pleasure to dance with you?"

"You shall, Daly," said Rosse; "but you must follow the leader."

Helen made apologies to both, and wished to decline attending any ball. "I am yet in mourning," said she, "for a beloved father, and I do not deem it prudent that I should yet join in any such amusements."

"Oh, my dear," said Rosse, "do not go, if you are not inclined;" I thought to please you when I spoke for you."

"I thank your kind intentions, Mr. Rosse," said Helen, smiling; "but besides my own disinclination, I know it to be a diversion which does not please you."

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated Daly to himself, "how have I been mistaken? the lovely creature really loves the man whom I cannot help despising—the respect she treats him with proves it." He looked at the captain whose thoughts were in unison with his own.

Frances, however, begged her to go, which Daly could not help seconding; and, after much discussion, it was resolved on.

The conduct of Daly, in endeavouring to prejudice Helen against her husband, was shameful, and though he was self-convinced of the fact, yet he did not feel that self-compunction to be guilty of a meanness, which hitherto, he would have shrunk from in an instant.

It was the first really dishonourable action he had committed—passion for the time was overmastering him. The name of seducer had been to him previously as a detestation—not to be forgotten, or forgiven.

He was his mother's favourite child, and she had instilled into his youthful mind, principles of the severest virtue; his modesty was the only point in his character that was ridiculed by his brother officers, and his consciousness of inward rectitude, made the shafts of their wit, or ridicule, fall harmlessly on him.

How altered, alas! was he now become, as it were in an instant—his passion for Helen, aided by his antipathy to her husband, had wrought a total change in his sentiments. Finding that he had failed in his intentions to win her in his favor, at the expence of Rosse, he determined not to stop short at any obstacle to his infamous desires; he deemed that it would be an easy matter, and he set himself immediately about it. He paid, therefore, to her the most flattering attention; and used, as he hoped, the artillery of his love-inspiring eyes. His amorous glances were unheeded by the virtuous woman, whom his baseness would render miserable for ever.

He succeeded but too well in his intentions, however, on the husband—Rosse, ever alive to suspicion, quickly observed his insinuating looks, and felt them too, most acutely. He watched with eagerness, to see if Helen would return with any sign of favour, such ungrateful—such monstrous conduct, but in vain; and felt further delighted in the knowledge that he possessed so lovely a treasure.

Helen, on her part, felt most awkwardly, under these base attacks; though she could not, inexperienced as she was, in the trials of life, imagine that they were intended to go to the extent which Edmund wished them. "Heavens!" thought she, "what insidious hypocrisy, dwells in the heart of man; is it possible, so much personal beauty, can hide a deformed mind? So fair a form, and only to deceive. May I not be mistaken? at least, I feel it prudent to take no notice of the strange conduct of a man, whom my heart at first sight, would have made me believe a divinity, rather than a mortal;" she, therefore, turned with an apparent artlessness to the doctor, and asked, "when he expected his lady, and whether there would be any other married ladies on board, besides?"

"You will soon see them all, my dear," said Rosse, glorying alike in his heart, at this prudent conduct of his wife, and the mortified feelings of Edmund, who alone appeared to be ill at ease.

Helen returned the answer of Rosse in her usual smiling manner, and the doctor, making a remark of a humorous nature, set the whole party, except Daly, laughing most heartily. He felt hurt at the insensible coldness of the woman, whom he thought to make a conquest of, notwithstanding the difficulties attending it, would be an easy task; he was mortified in the reflection, that what he had intended for Rosse had recoiled on himself—he felt as if he was treated with contempt; the innocence of the woman whom he wished to make guilty, was his severe punishment—a just retribution. He could not regain his self-confidence, and took his leave with the rest, without another effort to effect his real guiltiness of purpose.

Although Rosse had been highly delighted with the conduct of Helen! yet, he had not sufficient strength of mind to continue to appreciate it as it deserved; accordingly, when left alone in the dining-room, after the party had quitted, he could not help mentally recurring to what he had observed.

He was, as we have before said, a weak-headed mortal; as his soliloquy on the occasion will amply testify.

"Confound the impudent puppy," said he, "if I could depend that his puppyish ways would not take with Helen, I should not care, if he was in love with her—it would be punishment enough for him; I know that some women are fools enough to think him handsome, d—— him, I wish he would let my wife alone though:—I should like to give him a round dozen, for his impertinence; I will, however, mention it to Helen."

Just at the moment, she entered; he was silent, and determined to defer saying any thing till the next morning; by that time, he had ruminated so much on the matter, that he felt satisfied of the truth of his suspicion.

Helen observed at the breakfast table the taciturnity of her husband, and could not fail of observing that his mind was disturbed; she, therefore, jocularly said, "what is the matter, Rosse?"

"Why, my dear, I wished last night to have some serious conversation with you, but thought it better to defer it till now."

Helen, astonished at his serious manner, said, "well, I am all attention, what can have displeased you?"

"Seriously then, I am annoyed at the behaviour of Edmund Daly."

Helen blushed, and replied, "indeed, Rosse, I could not help laughing, for I thought of the character you had given him, as a dancing puppy, and—"

Rosse smiled, and interrupted, "it is not that to which I allude—I helped you out of that, for I knew what your thoughts were—Frances, too, was as bad as yourself; I will tell you at once—*Edmund Daly is in love with you, if ever a fellow was in love in the world,*—

Helen started with astonishment; "Surely, Rosse,—

"Do not interrupt me, but hear me out—Edmund Daly, I say, is in love with you—I *do not* say, that you are with him—God forbid! I should then be miserable indeed!"

Helen could say nothing, the tears ran profusely down her lovely face, whilst Rosse continued.

"Why are you so affected? I do not wish to displease you: were you of a vain or light disposition, I should not speak to you as I now do. I, therefore, say again, that I have the greatest reasons to believe, that you have captivated by your charms the man whom I most dislike. He evidently tried to plague me, and if possible make me jealous."

"Oh! Rosse," sobbed Helen, "I entreat you not to entertain such a notion. If you have observed any thing imprudent in my conduct, tell me, and I will alter it; but, oh! if you value my happiness, do not give way to a passion, which must ruin the peace of mind of both you and myself."

"Well, my dear, but hear me out—do not interrupt me—I do not mind his being in love with you, if I never see any thing on your part to give me uneasiness: I admired your conduct yesterday, in not returning his admiring gaze; and I rejoiced to see, that he felt it acutely—I never saw him so mortified—I tell you again, that I had cause to rejoice, rather than be jealous; and should your conduct be always so prudent and exemplary, jealousy will never assail me. You heard what was said, my love, relative to the wives of the officers—how uncomfortable they might find themselves, whilst they must wait at this place."

"The ship may remain in the Downs for several weeks, as we must tarry till all the East Indiamen are ready, to which we are appointed convoy; you will then necessarily be constantly in Daly's way. Now, it is my wish that you will not offend him—it would be bad for us both if such were the case—he is really captain of the vessel, and we are at cross-purposes already, too much. I observed that he was, as we say, taken abaft by you on Sunday. He has been remarkable for his delicacy towards the female sex; but, I do not think his conduct yesterday a specimen of it. My wish therefore is, that your behaviour towards him will be the same as that of yesterday—do not offend: if you do not encourage him, he will soon be tired of his impertinence; if he is offended, he may make the ward-room very uncomfortable."

Helen, still weeping, replied, "I wish, Rosse, you had said nothing about it, my own sense of prudence and rectitude would dictate to me the conduct I ought to adopt; I was ignorant of the real cause of Mr. Daly's looks, my indifference, therefore, to them was real: now I am conscious of his motives, I shall feel a restraint—I may be confused—both you and he may attribute such confusion to the wrong cause; and if he insults me, I must offend him. You are not aware of the difficulty I shall have to contend with, in neither offending him, nor encouraging him; the latter, heaven knows my heart! can never take place—I should then become a guilty woman; and I even hope, that you are mistaken. Surely a gentleman of rank, and whose character is irreproachable, will never dare to insult a married woman."

"I am sure, what I have said, is true," said Rosse; "but I do not think he will insult—I look on it as a temporary fit for the present, and intended principally to annoy me—your coolness will stop it; and I merely wish you to keep him at a respectful distance."

"My conduct, Rosse, I hope, will always be under your inspection—I will do all in my power to make you happy; but it is my wish, that you should deem me above even suspicion; if I do any act which you may think improper, tell me of it—do it with good temper, for I am not able, nor willing, to cope with you, if opposed by angry feelings and expressions—you make me very unhappy, Rosse, and——"

"My love," interrupted he, "I do not wish to make you unhappy—you saw that I was pleased at your behaviour, and could appreciate it. In me, Helen, you have a man of sense to deal with."

"I wish you would allow me to remain on shore, I shall then be out of the way of any possible disagreeable importunities; with your amiable niece, Frances, I shall be very comfortable."

"How can you think that I can part with you, Helen, whilst I remain in England? I love you too well, to wish to be absent from you a moment—my stay also will be so short. I grant that you will be exposed to the company of Mr. Daly, whilst on board, but then there are other ladies there, which will be a sufficient protection from insult; I also shall be with you, and he, as well as myself, will have duties enough to attend to. Do not, therefore, make yourself further uneasy on the subject—when he finds that you are cool and indifferent to his advances, he will leave off his gallantries, and attend to things of more importance."

After breakfast, Helen returned to her dressing-room, to give full vent to her feelings, and ponder over the conversation which had just occurred between Rosse and herself; she could not but feel satisfied, that it was not only unfortunate, but mysterious; that Rosse's character was a strange one, she also now knew. She had long since observed, that his manners were different from those of any individual with whom she ever became acquainted; "thank God," said she, "in this instance, he has acted as he ought; yet, it is astonishing that he could sit down and tell his wife with so much indifference that another man was in love with her, and that he cared not for it, so long as it was not returned! so young, and so fascinating as Daly really is—it is the oddest thing that has happened to me; yet, Rosse is so conceited too, he really does not think that Daly is so handsome as himself—would he were not so—shame, shame on me, to confess it; but can it be possible that he loves me?" she sighed, her feelings overcame her, and she gave free vent to them, by a copious flood of tears; she then lifted her eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "thou art my witness, that it is my determined desire to do my duty to Rosse as a wife, and a woman—what a hard task is imposed upon me, to bear the attention of a man, whom, in spite of all my wishes and resolves to the contrary, I feel a lurking partiality for—partiality! did I say? would it were no more—if I go on board the vessel, I shall be constantly exposed to his admiring eyes. Insignificant creature that I am; why should he attach so much importance to one, who, even sitting aside the impropriety of the thing, would be unworthy his affections? how shall I be able, satisfactorily, to act my part? I must go—I dare not avoid it—bidden to encourage, and equally forbidden to offend. The former, my sense of duty will, I feel assured, aid me to accomplish; for the latter I cannot answer. Oh! my dearest father, if thou couldst have supposed it possible,

for thy daughter—thy only child—to have been placed in so critical a situation, thou wouldst assuredly have paused, ere thou sacrificed her, even at the risk of anticipated poverty; Rosse may talk, and Daly may look; but it is Helen that has to act.—On the one hand, I have to please a suspicious husband; on the other, to avoid even the appearance of favouring (if I am to believe Rosse) a lover: I stand on a precipice; one inadvertent look, word, or action, might hurl me to destruction—I must do my best to avoid them. Indifference, total indifference, however difficult, to the blandishments or advances of this untoward intruder, must be my only resource, or my peace of mind, if it may ever be called so, may be destroyed for ever.”

Thus argued our heroine, and having reasoned herself into something like a firm resolve, she dressed, and repaired to the drawing-room, with as much composure as on such an occasion she could command.

We must now return to Daly, who, after leaving Rosse’s, went with the captain, by appointment, to dine with the port-admiral—this he did the more willingly, as he felt to be alone was torture to him; particularly, after his ill-success, as he deemed it. He was able to drink freely, without feeling those effects which so pernicious a habit generally causes. He remained, and with frequent libations to the god of wine, passed so cheerful an evening, that the captain fairly pronounced him to be quite recovered from his fit of melancholy.

It was mere illusion. When he returned home, it was late; he dismissed his servant, and in a state of mental misery, unequalled by any thing he had ever before experienced, threw himself on a couch; it was not that intemperate heat of passion he had felt on the previous night; though his inclination to possess Helen was, if possible, increased; but accompanied, as it now was, by the most poignant feeling of despair, mortification and anguish, on the one hand, and on the other, by the conviction, that his motives were base and dishonourable, it was agonizing in the extreme. The idea of Rosse’s happiness haunted him like a demon; the indifference of Helen to his allurements, was an insult to his self-love; “what beautiful eyes,” said he, “and yet by heavens! although I paid her more attention than I believe I ever yet did to a woman; if I had been old and ugly, she could not have looked on me with more coldness, nor greater indifference; she appears as composed and happy, as I am truly miserable.”

He then began, having had leisure to observe them, to descant with all the raptures of an enthusiast on her beauties, and came to the conclusion that every outward perfection was concentrated in her person. “Oh! beauteous woman,” continued he, “it is reserved for thee, to make me truly wretched; yet, thou art the wife of a man, for whom I could never feel any thing but contempt; why cannot I forget thee? why does thy image so continually present itself to my senses? did I not resolve that thy conduct should direct mine, in all my future actions? but, ah! I did not expect to witness such freezing looks from thee, oh! most lovely of thy sex; yet, I will not despair—I shall dance with thee—I shall find an opportunity to whisper my passion to thee unobserved, and in secret. Would to heaven I had never seen thee, or seeing, I could inspire thee with a regard for me, but a hundredth part equal to the flame which now consumes me.”

In this strain, continued he, till some time after midnight; when the servant imagining his master to be ill, popped his head into the room, and said, “did your honour ring?”

“No,” answered Daly, in a desponding tone.

“Might I recommend your honour to go to bed, as I fear you are unwell, and it is past twelve o’clock.”

“You may go, William—you are right.”

William left the room, and Daly went to bed; he was unable to sleep till six in the morning, and when he arose, he was neither refreshed in body, nor easier in mind; his head ached violently—he remained at home the whole of the day—sent excuses to the captain for his absence, alledging his having drank too freely at the admiral’s on the previous night as the cause.

In the evening he determined to go alone to Rosse’s, hoping to find Helen only. In taking this step, it may easily be imagined, to what a pitch of desperation he had worked himself.

The servant having let him in, was about to introduce him to the ladies, who he said were upstairs; but Daly caught hold of him, and motioned him to be silent; the door was ajar, he heard two voices sweetly singing a plaintive air, on closing which they struck off with a lively Scotch tune.

He approached close to the door, and could plainly see both Frances and Helen; the former was stringing beads, the latter was painting a flower. Helen stopped, and said, “Frances, do take this flower; I can make no hand of it—give me the beads.”

Frances, on looking up, observed Daly; she started, and faintly screamed.

He then advanced, and was about to explain, when Helen, who now saw him, turned pale, and almost fainted.

He sprung forward, and was going to support her; but she put him off, and now blushed like scarlet.

He begged ten thousand pardons for his apparent rudeness; “but hearing you sing so sweetly,” said he, “I was unwilling to interrupt you.”

Frances answered him, saying, “really, sir, you have almost terrified us: we had been humming a song which had reference to an apparition; and when I caught a glimpse of you, I took you for the ghost, you look so pale; are you not ill, sir?”

Daly answered in the negative, and added, that having been at the admiral’s on the preceding night, he had remained late; and felt rather fatigued for want of his due portion of rest.

Helen’s agitation subsiding, during this colloquy, remembered the conversation she had with Rosse, at the breakfast table; but could see now, as things were, no propriety in avoiding the presence of Edmund, particularly as Frances, who knew nothing about the affair between Rosse and Helen, asked him to sit down with them for the evening; delighted to have the opportunity of knowing more of his honourableship, as she told Helen the next day.

Daly, on his part, became at once the happiest of mortals—to be in company with Helen, in the absence of Rosse, was to him an indescribable pleasure; he, however, inquired for him, and was informed that he was gone to a club with Mr. Whippel.

Thomas Whippel, who played excellently on the flute, joined them, and what with playing, singing, and conversation, time flew with inconceivable rapidity.

Daly was himself modest, witty, and full of delightful pleasantries.

Eleven o’clock arrived, and their elysium was turned into a purgatory, by the entrance of Rosse, who had taken a cheerful glass too much.



“Well, Daly,” roared he, and going towards Helen, was about to catch hold of her; she shrunk from his embrace—“ah, ah!” he bawled in his usual rough manner, there now, my little girl is afraid I am going to give her a kiss before company; but mind me, I’ll have two for one in private, by G—;” and he then set up a most discordant laugh.

The whole party had been as happy as possible till this interruption; the extremely polite behaviour of Daly, had re-assured the timid and virtuous wife of the uncouth mortal, Rosse; her intended restraint on her conduct gave way, and she became free and unreserved in her manner; her vivacity increased; and both she and the rest of the party forgot that Rosse existed, till his inharmonious voice burst on their unwilling ears.

Daly took the earliest opportunity to leave—his misery to have been so separated from the object of his adoration returned in its full vigour; Rosse’s “two for one” rung in his ears, and he felt as if a vulture was gnawing his very heart; he became almost frantic with rage at his accumulated disappointments, and another sleepless night was the consequence.

As soon as he had departed from Rosse’s, both Thomas and Frances commenced an attack on their uncle for his extreme rudeness to Helen in the presence of Daly; Thomas added, that for his part, he felt so much for her, that he considered it almost a personal affront to himself.

Helen also could not help saying, “I must retort with your own words, Mr. Rosse, you tell me how to behave in order to make you happy; now I must take leave to tell you, that if I am to endure a repetition of such indelicate conduct before strangers, I shall not be able to help shewing the contempt I must feel.”

She had never before ventured to use a harsh expression, but on this occasion, his vulgarity was so extremely offensive, aided as it was by nodding, winking, and other indecent auxiliaries, that she felt it a positive duty to shew him that she felt it; and hoped that it would effectually hinder him from a repetition.

She had no sooner, however, unburthened her mind, than she trembled for the consequences—the look which Rosse gave her, made her quiver with terror; and, but for the able manner in which Thomas Whippel and his sister seconded her, a storm would have burst from the headstrong and ill-natured Rosse, which to his amiable and delicate wife must have been terrifically mischievous.

The churl merely therefore said, “well, well, forget it; as you are all against me, I suppose I must give way.”

Helen immediately sprang from her chair, in which she had fallen, and caught him by the hand, saying, “oh, Rosse! I am very sorry to find fault with you; but, indeed, you wound my feelings so acutely, that you must pardon me for noticing it; I will endeavour to forget it, as I heartily forgive you.”

In appearance, therefore, peace was restored, but it was only in appearance; Rosse could not brook the idea that his wife should dare to find fault with any thing he choose to do, whether in joke or anger, and he therefore sat down sulkily.

Thomas Whippel observed to his sister after they had retired, how much he pitied his pretty aunt; and, that if he should ever be so fortunate as to get a wife equal to her, he should esteem himself the happiest of mortals.

Frances laughed, and said, “you aspire too high, my dear Thomas. I do not know a woman equal to her, both mentally and personally: it must have been a miracle that gave her to our uncle.”

“Aye, aye,” said Thomas, “I cannot understand it; she is a vast deal more suited to Mr. Daly, than he, I think.”

“Ah! Thomas, between you and me, I wish Daly may not think so too.”

“Why, Frances, I thought so myself to-night; but he will sigh in vain—her conduct is so prudent, and her principles so correct, that it must be a hopeless task, for any man to attack her virtue; but enough of this, I want your assistance, Frances, in another affair; so does Hart. You know our country ball takes place on Thursday night; now we want to get Mrs. Rosse there, we think the bear will deny us, he has such an aversion to the amusement; you must, therefore, use your influence, and,” continued he, archly, “I will see that you shall have Lampton for a partner.”

“Pho!” said Frances, “who cares for Lampton? you know I generally used to dance with Hart; but,” added she, laughing, “I suppose my pretty aunt is to eclipse me there also; well, it is enough to make one really jealous. I do not think that uncle will grant it: he was not pleased with our interference just now, and he will deny us, out of revenge, but I will try.”

“Do,” added Thomas, “for we shall have rare fun this time, depend upon it; so good night.”

Meanwhile Rosse continued in his chair, saying nothing.

Helen would not seem to take any notice of such cross conduct; and, therefore, retired to her chamber.

About an hour afterwards he joined her; she was still up, replacing something in the wardrobe; finding her not in bed as he expected, he roughly said, “I thought you were asleep by this time.”

Helen could not answer him, but she shed tears in abundance.

At the breakfast table the next morning he still remained gloomy and morose.

Frances walked into the room, and asked him the question relative to the country ball, but he roughly denied her; and the breakfast being over, he prepared himself to go out; but, previously to doing so, he came up to Helen, to give and receive his usual salutation, which she complied with, in her usual kind and gentle manner.

When he was gone, Helen told Frances how ill he had behaved to her, until she came into the room. She then asked her every particular relative to the intended ball; but did not care as to herself, whether she attended it or not. “I must submit to my hard fate,” added she; “I see much future misery before me, and I shall only add to it, by enjoying any pleasure previously to leaving you.”

Frances endeavoured to cheer her up, by saying, “that it was only his way for a short time—that if the least thing happened, he would have a sulky fit or two, and then forget it.”

They then separated, to dress, intending to go out to make purchases of millinery, &c. Being ready, they went out, fearing to go farther than the next street, unless escorted by a gentleman.

On turning the corner of the street in which they lived, they were suddenly obstructed by Daly, “ah! is it you, fair ladies?” cried he with a joyful smile, whither are you rambling unprotected? do accept me for your guardian!”

After their surprise had subsided, they accepted his offer.

Daly had left the ship under a pretence of urgent business, intending to give Helen a morning call; the former pleasant rencontre happening, rendered that step unnecessary.

He accompanied them to the shop, and when they had completed their purchases, they wished to return home immediately; but Daly begged so hard for a walk round the ramparts—expatiated on the fineness of the weather—the beautiful sea-prospect, and the healthy and bracing effect such a promenade would have upon them.

They acceded, after some little demur on the part of Helen, and so on their return, having enjoyed a pleasant promenade, they met the captain and the doctor; the former attacked Daly, jocularly, saying, “so, sir, this is your important business, is it? you little thought we should so quickly follow you in your rambles.”

Daly laughed, and assured him, that in making haste about it, he had nearly knocked the ladies down; and seeing that they had no protector, he offered himself as such for a walk.

They then joined him, and separating the ladies, Helen was placed between the captain and his first-lieutenant, and Frances took hold of the doctor’s arm.

When they arrived at Rosse’s house, the first object they saw, was Rosse himself, sitting at the window, anxiously waiting for their return: he was uneasy at their remaining so long, and was much surprised to see them accompanied by gentlemen. He came down to the door to meet them, and to Helen’s gratification, invited them in, and otherwise appeared to have regained his usual good temper; for she expected no other than abuse for having staid so long, and in such company; though she could not see that her conduct had been imprudent; satisfied that it had been the result of accident, rather than intention.

Daly sighed deeply when he resigned her hand; he had enjoyed three of the happiest hours of his existence. He looked at his watch, and was surprised at the lateness of the hour; on taking his leave, he told Rosse that he would give him an evening call, and that as his flute was a finer one than Thomas Whippel’s, he would bring it.

The captain finding that Daly would be there, requested to accompany him; the doctor and the purser were also invited.

Rosse, although he appeared pleased to see his wife escorted by the captain and Daly, was not perfectly easy in his mind, as to how that circumstance happened; he was, therefore, extremely inquisitive on this point; for, said he, “Daly left the ship immediately on my getting on board.”

Helen and Frances, in the most unreserved manner, explained every thing connected with the circumstance; but Rosse could not help surmising, that on the part of Daly at least it was intentional. He expressed, however, his pleasure, at the open and unaffected conduct of Helen and Frances.

In the evening the parties assembled, with the addition of Hart and his wife, Amelia Whippel and her lover; they sung, danced, and otherwise enjoyed themselves, with the exception of Rosse, who sat during most of the time with a book in his hand, his usual habit, looking as gloomy as possible.

At the breaking up, Hart invited the officers present to an entertainment at his own house, on the following evening, which was accepted by them, and they attended accordingly; Hart, observing Rosse smile when Helen was dancing with the captain, took the opportunity to intercede with him, to allow Helen to attend the country ball.

He assented with the reservation, that Helen should not dance with any one but their own party, viz. Mr. Lampton, Thomas Whippel, and Hart himself.

This was agreed to by the latter; the officers of course were, therefore, ignorant as to this arrangement; when the company separated, Hart informed Helen and Frances of

his successful application, which surprised the former much, as he had positively negatived her own application to him on the preceding day; Hart added, that his wife should go, and that the glass coach should be engaged to convey them.

“Well, well,” said Helen, “we shall have dancing enough at this rate; but pray do not do any thing to incur the displeasure of Rosse, whose comparative pleasantness this evening has been highly gratifying to me.”

Hart promised to do all in his power to prevent any more domestic squabbles; “though, you know,” added he, laughing, “I am pretty well used to them.”

Every thing passed off agreeably on board the next day; Rosse dined there; and on Daly’s asking him how Mrs. Rosse was, he good naturedly said, “charming.”

The intended country party was as yet a secret to him, but in the course of conversation, Rosse mentioned it, adding that he should be at liberty to go any place himself that evening.

All persons connected with the intended dance were delighted at the absence of Rosse; Hart took Helen at the head of the room, and led off the ball; it was held at a country inn; the room was spacious, and well adapted in other respects for the purpose.

The company consisted principally of respectable tradesmen and others, who felt no inclination to attend the regular assemblies.

Helen having danced with Hart, accepted the hand of Thomas Whippel, and afterwards that of Mr. Lampton; in the middle of her engagement with the latter, Frances, in passing her, told her that Rosse and Daly were present; this information, so sudden and unexpected, was not a little agitating to her, and her countenance, which before had beamed with pleasure and happiness, became overcast with sedateness and a forced look of solemn propriety; Lampton observed it, and attributed it to the presence of her husband; though he could not refrain from mentioning his surprize, that Daly should condescend to grace, what they familiarly termed their private country hop.

He stood gracefully folding his arms, and leaning against the partition, watching with earnestness the scene before him. When the dance was concluded, the gentlemen went towards him and Rosse, as also did Frances and Helen.

“Well,” said Rosse, “here am I—come among you, on purpose to oblige this mad fellow—he can’t live without dancing; I told him where you all were, and he compelled me to bring him hither—he engaged a coach, and knowing his vagaries, I could not deny him; but I shall be like a fish out of water.”

“Not at all, dear uncle,” replied Hart, who was rather waggish; “I will shew you into a room down stairs, where there are the fathers and husbands of several of the ladies present; where you may hear the news, discuss politics, and drink as much punch as you like.”

This he gladly accepted, though the said fathers and husbands were not much obliged to Hart for the introduction, Rosse’s dogmatical and obstreperous modes of argument not being very agreeable to them. He was, however, politely treated, in compliment to Hart, who was generally beloved and esteemed.

Meanwhile Daly was elated with the opportunity he should now have of more unequivocally making known his passion for Helen; he therefore begged Thomas Whippel, to whom Helen was engaged, to resign her to him for the next dance, which was complied with; and now the delighted and enraptured youth felt as if he trod on air; his spirits were as elastic, as his movements were graceful and impassioned.

Helen observed, with suppressed pain and emotion, his flashing eye, which said a thousand things at once; and which made her own, in blushing confusion, seek the ground; and in swinging her round, and through the mazy throng, he took every opportunity to press her hand, with the most ardent expression of passion.

Helen felt that her time was come to act with firmness; she therefore said, "how, sir, came you to wish to come hither?"

"Because the loveliest of her sex was here, and unless in her presence, I am the most miserable of mortals—I really did urge Rosse to come, but his compliance was in his usual ungracious manner—but I know the man well; as long as I am with you, I care not: and he again eagerly caught her hand, and ardently pressed it; Helen withdrew it, as rapidly, and sarcastically said, "I hope, sir, you told Mr. Rosse of his ungraciousness, *and your motives in coming, as plainly as you have told me.*"

Daly was surprised and galled at this, but half-laughingly said, "not quite, madam."

"Then, Mr. Daly," replied Helen, with a tone and look of contempt; "in future, you will oblige me by saying nothing that you will not wish him to hear—I keep no secrets from him."

The figure of the dance gave her an opportunity, to separate from him, which she did by disdainfully looking on him.

"Surely," thought he, "I do not deserve that look;" and determining to dare his fate to the utmost; when he came to the bottom of the dance, he again took her hand, and pressing it as earnestly as before, said, "loveliest of women, I do not deserve your anger."

He would have said more; but with a flashing eye of anger, she forced it from him; and screamed aloud.

Hart came immediately to her assistance, and eagerly enquired what was the matter.

Helen could not confess the whole truth, but making a wry face, as if hurt, and looking most contemptuously at Daly, said; "why that rough mortal has hurt my fingers; if he does not behave more gently, he is not fit to dance with any lady."

Edmund, who had followed her, was mortified in the extreme, at the ridiculous figure he now cut, and making as haughty a bow as he could, he turned on his heel, and quitted the ballroom. He had gone but a few steps, ere he regretted the line of conduct he had pursued—he really felt sorry that he had offended; but the recollection of the forbidding glances of Helen stung him to the very soul.

Hart, who observed how ill-pleased he left the room, determined to follow him—he who had been a rare gallant himself, did not look on the circumstance in a serious light. Outside the ball-room was a long gallery, in which Hart, as he expected, found Daly walking to and fro much agitated, who did not observe Hart until the latter touched him on the arm, and laughing, said "come, come, Mr. Daly, why are you so passionate? you must allow the ladies to say what they please."

"On my honor, Hart, I did not squeeze or hurt Mrs. Rosse's hand as she pretends. I really did not think she could have behaved so cruelly towards me."

"My good sir," answered Hart, archly, "that you are unacquainted with the mind of the lady in question, I plainly perceive; she is not to be won by a love tale, or a tender squeeze of the hand."

Daly started, and much confused, said "what mean you, Hart."

“Oh, mean, Mr. Daly; why I mean to be very candid with you. The lady’s beauty has captivated you—you are a slave to her charms; and, my lad, excuse my freedom, I know the time when perhaps I should have been as susceptible to them as you; you despise the Lapland bear, as I call him, to whom she is so unfortunate as to be united; and so you imagine her fair game. This is the plain statement, but I repeat it—her mind is not a common one—she has not yet breathed a fashionable atmosphere, and depend upon it, she would suffer martyrdom, rather than sacrifice her honour.”

Daly caught Hart by the arm, and said, “you have proved yourself quick-sighted, I allow, on one side of the question; but on the other how can you vouch for its correctness, you have not known the lady much longer than I have.”

“I grant it, but we have seen sufficient to convince us of the fact. We feel an interest in her fate—we all pity her, and hope that Rosse may continue his good behaviour towards her. We are surprised even at the alteration she has wrought in him; for he is, and you must observe it, tamed to what he was. His conduct to her a few evenings since was very discreditable to him.”

“I recollect it,” said Daly, “and I envied him his two kisses.”

“Which he did not get,” replied Hart, laughing, “for the fellow took it into his head to sulk till noon the next day.”

“And pray,” eagerly asked Edmund, “what was the conduct of Mrs. Rosse under such circumstances?”

“Bore it with calmness—appeared not to notice it, though she felt it most acutely, spoke to him as usual when occasion required, and neither expresses anger or pleasure when his good temper returns. Frances, however, observes that she weeps much in private; to provoke her, would please Rosse, as he wishes her to stoop to him, and beg his pardon.”

“You surprise me! why the fellow is worse than I thought him. But, oh! my good friend, how could so gentle, so angelic a creature, sacrifice herself to the power of such a man? what in the name of heaven could have induced her to marry him?”

“We are all in the dark in that respect as much as yourself, all we know is, that it was at the request of her dying father—that he had lost ten thousand pounds, but that there was still some property left; and hence I am surprised that he should have urged the proceeding. The very look of Rosse is enough, I should think, to deter a woman’s sympathy towards him; for, as I often say, a Lapland bear is a gentleman in comparison.”

Edmund sighed, and said, “ah! Hart, would to heaven I had beheld her before the accursed deed was done, or that I had never seen her at all; yet I am surprized that she will not hear a word against him—this is now my crime;” and he then related to him what had taken place in the ballroom.

“It arises,” said Hart, “from her conviction that it is her duty to do so; to my wife and Frances Whippel she cannot avoid sometimes hinting her unpleasant situation, but she invariably persists in her determination to endure any ill-treatment, rather than give him real cause for offence. “I wish to make him happy,” she will say, “whether I am or not is a different question, and concerns me only.” But come, Mr. Daly, I really cannot help laughing at your altered conduct; you take the thing too seriously; why hang it, you will, if you persist in such strange vagaries, incur the derision of all who know you. I know not how to account for it—you have been hitherto considered a very different being

from what we have seen of you within these few days: "love makes the man," they say, but in your case, "love mars the man," I think; and

I have heard reasons manifold,  
Why love must needs be blind;  
But this, the best of all I hold,  
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are,  
He guesseth but in part;  
But what within is good and fair,  
He seeth with the heart.

Seriously, however, if you will not deem me impertinent, I will ask you one question—would you, were it possible, if a divorce could be obtained, marry Mrs. Rosse? I ask this on my own account—my own opinion being, that you are merely seized with a fit of gallantry, which will be as evanescent, as it certainly has been strong, and may be in its consequences unfortunate."

Daly took Hart by the hand, and said, "I do not think you impertinent, Hart; in my passion for the subject of our conversation, I have had no fixed determination. I have in thought been guilty of every extravagance towards her, from the first moment I saw her at church. I can think of no one else—I have not had a tranquil moment since, excepting, indeed, when I have enjoyed her society. I am fearful that in imagination I should hesitate at nothing to accomplish my purposes; I should rather say, have hesitated, for now I am willing, after your free communication to me, to submit to your dictation, if possible, in this unfortunate business. With regard to your question, I will frankly tell you, that if I could gain her heart, I would run off with her—without that I could not be happy: and were I to take her from Rosse, I should hold myself bound in honor to marry her, but," said he, despondingly, "she dislikes me, I see it plainly, and am, therefore, most miserable. I have received a letter to-day from my father, who informs me, that, if I please, I may leave the ship, go to town and be made captain; or, if I think otherwise, I may take another cruise—indeed, I was only placed in this ship the last cruise, in order to be promoted. Now I would comply with my father's wishes; but I feel it impossible to start under existing circumstances. I cannot help cursing the hour when Rosse brought his fascinating wife among us; yet, God forbid that I should injure her: her happiness is I feel so interwoven with my own, that to injure her, would be my own destruction, both mentally and bodily."

"Thus then it is," said Hart, "you must, I assure you, bear with what you are pleased to term your misery; you must never expect to gain her unless my good uncle should take it into his head to depart this life; and I further advise you as a friend, not to be too importunate now, for I feel persuaded that such a course would diminish greatly the chances in your favour, were she at liberty to receive your hand to-morrow."

"Were I," added Daly, "to succeed at present and marry her, it must be without my father's knowledge, otherwise I might lose my present income; and I feel assured, that the Countess, my mother, would never receive a divorced woman as my wife."

“Then why persevere in a course which would render you both miserable?” Hart then laughed, and continued, “what would the poor devil think of me, were he to hear me talking in this manner to you? but I am only on friendly terms with him on account of my wife and the rest of the family—like him, I never did, and he knows it; I should care but little for his loss, were I sure that it would render his lovely wife happy: for the thralldom of a galley-slave, in my opinion, is preferable to the state in which I fear she will long remain. I have spoken to you freely on the subject, because it is my sincere desire that you should cease your importunities; I cannot command your feelings, neither perhaps can you yourself; but I entreat you to disguise them, for the sake, not only of the lovely object of your unfortunate passion, but likewise in deference to the feelings of her friends, who cannot but feel any insult offered to her, but as applied to them also, and will feel it their duty to resent it. She has a strong hold on our affections, though but a mere stranger among us. You see how freely I have spoken my mind to you—I could not avoid it, for I read in your looks your intentions and wishes, the first moment I saw you in company with my pretty aunt. I, therefore, hope you will pardon the freedom I have used towards you, assuring you, that I am actuated by the most honourable motives.”

Daly gave him his hand, and said, “you have given no offence; I am glad you have said so much to me; but, Hart, as you are so good an interpreter of looks, tell me candidly, now have you observed in the lady’s eyes any thing favourable towards me?”

“No,” answered Hart, “nothing that would favor your present wishes; were she single, perhaps there might be a congeniality of feeling; but as things are, I decidedly tell you, there is no hope for you. Hark! another dance has commenced; it is my turn to become her partner; come, I will give you another chance to make your peace with her; will you accept it?”

“Joyfully,” replied Daly, “but will she dance with me again, think you?”

“I will try, but take a friend’s advice—tempt not your fate, for you tread on forbidden ground.”

They then re-entered the room, and Helen on her part was not sorry to see it; she was really offended with Daly, yet remembering the desire of Rosse not to give him offence, she was fearful she had done so; not knowing how to act, she could not avoid looking often at the door, hoping he would re-enter. She had not observed Hart leave the room, neither had she missed him; she was, however, fearful when she saw Hart with him, that he had intreated him, on her part, to return; she, therefore, felt extremely uneasy.

Hart came up to her, and laughingly, said, “I am come, my pretty aunt, to claim you as my partner.”

Helen smiled, and said, “where have you been?”

“Been!” replied he, “why to bring back a run-away: Mr. Daly vows he will not hurt your finger again, and entreats that you will allow him to dance with you, instead of me.”

Daly looked as if entreating pardon for his delinquency, but spoke not.

Helen smiled, and suffered Hart to place her hand in his, and said, “if he will be a good boy, I can have no objection.”

“Any thing you please, madam, when you demand it,” said Daly.

She blushed, and he led her once more into the set. It was the concluding dance, and Edmund's conduct was irreproachable.



At its conclusion, Helen and Daly chatted as usual, whilst Hart and Thomas Whippel went to enquire about the carriages, and to see what had become of Rosse.

Hart soon returned, and taking Daly aside, said, "It is as I feared, Rosse has taken too much punch—you had better take my place in the coach, and I will bring Rosse in your chair, for I greatly fear that his conduct, in such a state, will not square with that of propriety towards his timid and gentle wife; these are the fruits," added he, "of a man's dislike to dancing—he will get drunk instead, and abuse all about him."

"I never knew," said Daly, "that Rosse was a drunkard; I fear he is pursuing so sad a course to annoy the gentle being whom he claims as a wife."

"He is not absolutely drunk," said Hart, "but is what he terms cheerful; that is, ripe for a row, as we say; he will, therefore, attack his wife, unless hindered; so get them off as fast as you can."

Helen was not aware until Daly jumped into the coach, that Rosse was not coming with them; Frances hinted to her how things were, and begged her not to be alarmed, if on his return he was rather boisterous in his manners.

She felt shocked at this intelligence and burst into tears.

Daly attempted in the most respectful manner to sooth her, but she was deaf to any efforts of the kind.

On their arrival at home Daly took his leave and returned to his lodging, feeling acutely that he was the cause of the present expected disturbance, in having taken Rosse with him. A lurking hope, however, would cross his mind, that such conduct would be favourable to him in the end—though the conversation with Hart had made its due impression, and he determined to be on his guard for the future. The assertions of Hart, that "even if you were to succeed in your designs, that as your mother would never receive a divorced wife, you must render her, as well as yourself, unhappy; and if you go too far in your solicitations, I really believe she would spurn you were there no obstacle in the way," had also a proper effect on him; and in resolving to trust to circumstances for any thing that might happen in his favour, he removed a load of mental guiltiness of purpose which previously added much to his unhappiness.

Helen trembled, and turned pale as soon as she heard the carriage arrive with Rosse and Hart.

Frances had desired her to remain in the parlour, hoping, that the presence of Hart and her father might have some influence on her husband, if he felt disposed to transgress again the bounds of good-breeding.

His usual boisterous and discordant laugh was now heard, and the moment he entered the room, he ran towards her, and rudely taking hold of her, kissed her most vehemently.

As his relations only were present not much notice would have been taken of it; but, in the state he was, reeking with the fumes of liquor, and impregnated most intensely with tobacco-smoke, Helen could not but shrink with abhorrence from his disgusting embrace. She, therefore, caught Frances by the arm, and, terrified beyond measure, was near fainting at the sight.

Rosse paid no attention to her; but began to sing a stanza of a vulgar drinking song.

Helen burst into tears.

Hart and his wife had left, and Mr. Whippel and his son Thomas interfered in vain to pacify the obstreperous and forgetful husband.

A scene of confusion followed, in which Helen escaped with Frances, with whom she slept, leaving Mr. Whippel and Thomas to manage Rosse, whom, after much trouble, both persuasive and forcible, they at length put to bed; and his loud snoring soon convinced them, that for the night, at least, he would be a peaceable man.

“Behold!” said Mr. Whippel to his son, “the effects of drunkenness, and depend upon it, lad, this will not be the end of it. I pity from the soul the poor young woman who will have to endure with so headstrong, so violent a man as your uncle. “Oh that man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains,” says the great poet and dramatist, Shakspeare; and here is an exemplification indeed of its truth.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

“Chaste as the icicle,  
That’s corded by the frost from purest snow,  
And hangs on Dian’s temple.

*Shakspeare.*

THE lovely Helen had no other resource but to bewail her unhappy destiny. “Oh, Frances!” said she, “could my beloved father have foreseen that I should have been the victim of such ruffianly brutality, he would have preferred following me to the grave! but, alas! I am his wife, and must obey; I am a wretched woman, and the sooner I follow my dear father, the better.”

Frances endeavoured to soothe her, and said, that she had no doubt but that her uncle would be heartily sorry for his conduct on the morrow; and she hoped it would be the last time the delicacy of Helen would be ever put to so severe a trial.

Rosse, on awaking the next morning, observed that Helen had not slept with him, and he arose with a determination to take her to task, for taking, what he thought, an unpardonable liberty in shewing her dislike to his having been, as he merely deemed it, rather over-merry on the preceding evening; but the kind-hearted Mr. Whippel was prepared for him, expecting that he would take offence at the arrangement which he himself had been instrumental in making.

Rosse, on entering the dining-room, saw Whippel, and expected what was coming; he roughly asked where Helen was?

Whippel sternly answered, “mad-man that you are when drunk, do not repeat your bad conduct when sober; your amiable wife has just now, in consequence of your extraordinary and unmanly usage to her last night, fallen asleep, as I am informed by Frances; and I must take the liberty, Rosse, once for all, to inform you, that if you intend to continue such base and brutal treatment, you cannot expect so delicate a female as Helen is, long to survive it: and further, I will tell you, that of all men breathing, you ought never to get intoxicated; a greater savage I never saw; and your vulgarity on such occasions, is so extremely disgusting, that any man, much less a female, of proper feeling, must blush at it.”

“Poh! Poh!” said Rosse, ill-naturedly, “its all nonsense; your taking her part makes her full of qualms, as we say; but, I tell you I will not allow it; and why the d——I did she not come to her own bed: if I had awoke in the night, and had found her absent, I would have soon seen, whether or not she would serve me such tricks.”

“You are a mad-man, Rosse; as you are blessed with a woman for your wife, so much your superior in every respect, you should do all in your power to retain her affections; she is beloved and admired by all who know her; and she acts as few young and handsome women would, in similar circumstances—you should look in the glass, my friend, and contrast your age and person, and dwell on the difference between yourself and her; you are neither young nor handsome; there is, therefore, but one course for you to pursue to make up for such deficiencies, viz. a kind and obliging disposition. I shall now leave you; and I shall order the rest of the house to keep the utmost quietness, in order that Mrs. R. may not be disturbed. I beg you, therefore, to take my advice; take

your breakfast quietly—go to the dock-yard, and return in a good temper—beg her pardon for your folly, and I feel assured that you will not regret doing as I wish you.”

Rosse had been silent during the time Mr. Whippel was speaking, not from any conviction of its propriety, but from mere vexation and anger; and on observing that Whippel was leaving the room, he said: “since I perceive you can forget yourself so far as to address me in such language, I feel it my duty to tell you, that I shall remove Helen to another lodging, where I hope she will have no one to prompt her to give herself airs, and to assume offence when none has been given her.”

“Your airs,” retorted Whippel, really angry, “will either send her to the grave, or into the arms of a man who will deserve and use her better. You may quit the lodging if you please; but Helen, if she deems proper, shall remain; and I shall consider it my duty to protect her from any further ill-usage which she may anticipate from a savage, whom she is compelled to call a husband.”

Rosse now became dreadfully enraged—he walked about the room in great agitation; at last, he seized his hat, and rushed out of the house.

He was, unfortunately, never convinced that he was in the wrong, and hence, he could never be persuaded to make amends for improper conduct; is it any wonder, therefore, such a man was neither beloved nor respected?

When he reached the ship, the first person he saw was Daly, who asked him how he was; and also enquired for Helen.

“She is ill,” said Rosse, roughly.

“Ill!” exclaimed Edmund, “what has occasioned it?”

“You! you are the cause,” said Rosse; “it is all owing to your confounded capering.”

“I do not believe it,” answered Edmund, “I fear it is in consequence of your having been intoxicated—you have used her ill.”

“I never used her ill; and what is it to you if I had?” said Rosse, in a passionate tone.

Daly felt inclined to resent the insult, and the lightning-like flash of his eye showed it; but, recollecting that the man was Helen’s husband, and his own promise to Hart, he kept his temper, and with a pshaw! turned on his heel with a look of the utmost contempt.

Rosse himself was afraid he had gone too far, and was glad to avail himself of going on duty, to escape re-encountering the penetrating glance of his superior officer.

Daly, from the moment he was informed that Helen was ill, was unable to rest. He took the earliest opportunity of going ashore, and enquiring at the dock-yard for Thomas Whippel, from him he learned every particular; he then went to his own lodgings, where he gave a loose rein to his passionate imagination, in forming schemes of elopement, &c. and as speedily abandoning them, Hart’s information and advice stepping in to overturn them as soon as planned.

“Surely,” said he, “she will not now look cool on me, nor resist my ardent love and admiration. Oh! Helen, if thou wert but once mine, how tenderly would I treat thee.”

He was engaged again to dine at the admiral’s, but with a heavy and disconsolate heart did he prepare himself for it. Hart’s house being in his way, he determined to call on him, and enquire still further on the subject.

Hart himself was no stranger to Daly or the other officers: long before this he was in the habit of cashing their bills, lending them money, and otherwise accommodating them.

He found Hart alone, told him all he had heard, and entreated him to go to the house of Mr. Whippel and learn how Helen was; I am engaged at the admiral's, but will leave early, and call on you at nine o'clock.

Hart promised compliance, and they parted.

Meanwhile, the forlorn and ill-treated Helen awoke in a state of high fever.

Frances was alarmed, on observing her flushed cheeks, her burning hands, and the dreadful headache of which she complained. She ran to her mother, who was an excellent nurse, and who, as the sister of Rosse, was resolved to act in the most determined manner towards him, by insisting that Helen should remain in bed, and that in her present critical situation, he should not be allowed to see her; in fact, the dread of meeting him was the immediate cause of her illness, particularly when informed that he had determined to remove her.

Rosse came home at the usual hour to dine, and Mrs. Whippel purposely placed herself in his way to inform him how ill Helen was.

"Well," grumbled he, "she may thank the —— capering for it."

Mrs. Whippel denied it to be the effects of her having attended the ball. "No, no, Richard," said she, "it is owing to your vile temper; such usage to so sweet, so gentle a disposition, is enough to make the poor creature ill; but you will not, I assure you, succeed in your threats; rather than leave us for another lodging, she is determined to go back to her aunt's."

"What made her say that?" asked he.

"Why hearing your conduct to Whippel, and your other outrageous assertions; she deems such a course the only prudent one she can adopt."

Now, of all things, in reality, Rosse would have been unable to endure the mortification of being separated from Helen. He loved her in his own way beyond every thing in the world, and he felt a pride in calling so angelic a woman his wife; nor was he ignorant, that in regard to herself, he could not find a tittle of cause for complaint.

He, therefore, bit his lips with vexation, and half-remorse, for his precipitancy, and muttered, "well, I do not wish to remove her, provided she will behave well, and do as I wish."

"Behave well yourself, Richard," smartly replied his sister, "and you may be the happiest of mortals."

Rosse passed on to his room, and when called to dinner ate it in silence; he then returned to his room, and remained alone till the hour for tea which he rang for, still preserving his gloomy taciturnity.

Frances reported every thing to Helen, and argued that his fit of moroseness was leaving him, and that from the decided manner in which his conduct had been so generally reprobated by all the branches of the family, it was extremely probable that he would never be guilty of such gross improprieties again.

"I hope in God!" exclaimed Helen, "my dear Frances, your reasonings may prove true—I wish for my own part I could forget to think on it."

Hart and his wife were now announced.

Mrs. Hart went immediately to solace Helen, and to cheer her with the hope of future happiness.

Hart presented himself before Rosse, and expostulated with him mildly on the ill effects that would arise from his persisting in his obstinacy.

Rosse had, during the day, reflected on the past, and could not but feel self-condemned; but to own it was the bitter obstacle to be got over.

Hart's gentle persuasion made him unbend a little.

"I am sorry," said Hart, "to find that Mrs. Rosse is so ill."

"It is not my fault, Hart," answered Rosse, "your confounded caperings have been the cause."

"Nay, nay, you judge wrong, you forget the punch and its consequences," said Hart.

"You are I perceive all in a string against me—it must be my fault, and I suppose I must agree to it. But you must confess, that if your country ball had not taken place, things would have been different; I wish you were not so fond of dancing, Hart."

Rosse spoke this rather mildly, and Hart, laughingly, passed it off by telling the news of the day, and by other means, soon brought Rosse into something like a companionable state.

Mrs. Hart and Frances hearing them laugh now and then, judged that Hart had succeeded, and they, therefore, ventured to go into the room with them.

"How is Helen?" said Hart.

"Ill, very ill," replied Frances.

"I am sorry to hear it," added Hart.

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Rosse, "I see how it is, you all want to frighten me—I have not seriously thought Helen to be ill, she is a little ill-tempered, so I thought it best to let her alone; but tell me, Eliza, on your honour, is she seriously ill or not?"

"If some people," said Mrs. Hart, archly, "would be good-tempered, it would be the better. Helen is ill, uncle, and Frances intends to remain up with her for the night."

"Indeed she shall not," said Rosse, "she shall be brought to her own bed, and if she is ill I will tend her myself."

"Not to-night, uncle," said Frances; "mother, who is a good nurse, will not consent to it."

"I will go and see her directly," exclaimed he, and caught up one of the candles.

"Stop, stop," said Frances, "let me go first;" and she ran to the room where Helen was, and bending her face to her ear, whispered, "Rosse is coming, he is all kindness and good-temper; courage, therefore, my dear friend, all will yet be well."

Rosse now entered, and was much surprised to observe Helen in bed; "what in bed already," said he, "Helen?"

"I have been in bed all the day," said she, rising slowly, and with a tremulous voice.

Rosse sat by the bed-side and taking her hand, said, "I fear Helen that you are worse than I thought you to be—I wish you would come to your own bed and I will take every care of you, my dear little girl."

Helen, however, joined Frances in persuading him to let her remain for the night, with which arrangement he was by no means pleased, conceiving it to be impossible but that she would prefer his attentions to any one's else.

Helen spoke to him with her usual gentleness, deeming it, in the innocence of her heart, to be a kindness in him to visit her in a peaceable manner, though she could not but inwardly rejoice when he bid her good night and left her.

“Thank God,” said Helen, “he appears to be in a good temper once more, and now I should hope that he will not think of removing me from the house of you, my best and generous friends.”

“No, no,” answered Mrs. Whippel, “he will not I am sure think of doing so now; for my own part I wish you were going to remain with us, instead of going to the Downs.”

“Ah, so do I; but if I must go to the Downs, I shall be allowed I hope to return here when the ship sails, for I should prefer it to the going back to Poole.”

Mrs. Whippel gave her cordial consent to it, and Frances threw her arms about her neck, and said, “my dearest friend, even if you were going to Poole, I certainly would not leave you, and I only wish that I could accompany you to the Downs.”

“That indeed would be a pleasure,” replied Helen, “for though the period will be short, yet I dread much the company of strangers.”

“Well, my dear friend, you had better now compose yourself, endeavour to forget what is past; a good night’s rest will have a wonderful effect on you for the better,” said Mrs. Whippel, “so good night.”

The feelings of Helen during the day had been dreary enough, and though she derived much comfort from the kind and hospitable conduct of the relations of Rosse, yet the dark vista of her future life, appeared but too frequently before her terrified imagination.

In spite also of her decided resolution, not to encourage the advances of Edmund, assured as she now was, that she was the object of his tender solicitude, she felt that she should have to be still more determined in her virtuous line of conduct.

The violent conduct of Rosse, and his utter unfitness to render the life of a young and amiable woman happy, appeared now but too plain to her susceptible mind; and to herself, she could not but confess the immeasurable contrast, between the polite and handsome Daly, and her uncouth and rough consort.

Hart had removed from her mind the suspicion which she had but too many grounds to conclude was just, viz. that he was actuated by base and dishonourable motives, and the reflection could not but be gratifying to her, that the man whom she involuntarily and secretly admired, would, during her expected short stay on board the ship, be always at hand to protect her, at least from insult and direct violence.

In taking Hart’s word for the honourable intentions of Edmund, it must be confessed that she was in some respects deceived; but she the more readily received his assertions, as it was the earnest desire of Rosse not to offend him.

Hart’s motives for speaking so highly in his favour were well intended in his opinion; he really felt for the unpleasant situation of Helen, and guessed the truth, that she had, as it were, been bargained to Rosse, for whom he had always entertained feelings of great contempt. His well known gallantry also was sure to enlist him as a champion for the fair sex; and his wishes, though not expressed, were in favour of Edmund, provided by any means not dishonourable he could obtain her, and she become his lawful wife.

He recollected the appointment to meet Daly, and, therefore, hurried home with Mrs. Hart for that purpose.

Edmund was waiting for him with a feverish anxiety. Learning from Hart's clerk whither he was gone, he sate himself down in the parlour and took a book, hoping to amuse himself till Hart arrived—it would not do, every footstep he heard distracted his attention; every minute was an hour to him, and he put by the book with disgust.

At last he came, and with looks of intense impatience and uneasiness, when Hart had taken him to his private business-room, enquired after the health of Helen.

"I fear," said Hart, "she is seriously ill. Rosse of course occasioned it; but by the exertions of the family, he is, though he will not confess it, sorry for it; and I have left things as well as can be expected; a good night's rest will, no doubt, relieve her much."

"Oh! Hart," said Daly, "I have been most miserable on her account during the whole of the day—I feel that I love her beyond every thing in the world."

"Which you must not for the future make so apparent, my friend; Mrs. Hart herself has observed to me on our way home, that she suspects you are head and ears in love with the girl; I call her so, because I wish she was not the wife of the fool she is, as much as you; but I hope you will see the propriety of attending scrupulously to my advice, as the only rational and favourable chance you will ever have to promote your own as well as her happiness."

Daly promised Hart to be as cautious as he could; thanked him for his kindness, went home and dreamt as usual of Helen.

On going on board the next morning, he met Rosse who, looking cheerful, he ventured to ask how his wife was; "oh," said he, "thank God better, better, will be well enough bye and bye; won't you call in the evening?"

Daly felt elated at the invitation, but hid it, by saying in a careless manner, "I am not sure I shall be at liberty, but I am glad to hear Mrs. Rosse is better;" he then walked to the other end of the deck.

Rosse felt rather mortified at his abruptness, attributed it to his own conduct on the day before, and was fearful that he had offended him.

In the course of the forenoon, Helen after rather an indifferent night, was assisted to the drawing-room; she felt weak and giddy, but all pain was gone; she complained of great thirst, which, by the good management of Mrs. Whippel, was speedily assuaged, by cooling draughts of lemonade, &c. and by the evening was so much better as to desire not to retire till the usual hour.

Daly shortly after was announced; at his entrance Helen blushed deeply, fearing that he would enquire the cause of her indisposition, which she was not aware was known to him.

As, however, such was the case, he said nothing on the subject; but he attributed her blushes as favourable to himself, and his eyes kindled with animation at the thought. He became lively and interesting in his conversation.

Rosse's presence was sufficient to restrain his ardour; though to do that person justice on this occasion, he showed himself capable of being endurable as a companion.

Frances observed, "we are going to Gosport to-morrow, but my uncle refuses to go; we are half afraid to venture across the water unaccompanied, though my father will take us through the dock-yard, and send us from that place."



"I," eagerly interrupted Daly, "will accompany you, with Rosse's permission; it is surely improper for you to go without protection."

"I shall be very glad if you will go," said Rosse, "I dislike those wedding visits; yet, as my sister says, that crossing the water will do the health of Helen some service, I wish them to go. You know I am wanted on board; and for that matter, so are you."

"Oh," replied Daly, "I will find time for my business; at what hour, Miss Whippel, shall I wait on you?"

Frances told him, and all parties were pleased—the ladies that they should have so agreeable a companion, and Rosse that they would be taken care of, as well as to get himself excused from what he called women visits; neither was he jealous of Daly, as he knew there would be others in her company; and though he had narrowly watched his conduct, during his present visit, yet he could perceive nothing to give him uneasiness; indeed, reflection, as well as the advice of Hart, had completely removed from the mind of Edmund his former vicious intentions towards her. The first burst of passion over, he felt that it not only contributed to his own peace of mind, but also to the happiness of her whom he adored, to submit with calmness and resignation to the barriers which nature and honor had placed in opposition to his desires; true, he still loved her with the devotion of an enthusiast, but his heart which was truly generous, and his spirit which was really noble, had resolved to submit to every privation, nay, even insult, provided that the health and happiness of Helen were thereby promoted.

He was pleased beyond his expectations, therefore, in Rosse's ready acquiescence to his being the escort of the party.

To be a whole day with Helen, and to perceive that in consequence of his self-subdued ardour towards her, that she received him as a companion willingly and with a smiling countenance, was a recompence for his virtue, which amply repaid him.

He retired shortly after, and for the first night for a week, slept pleasantly and soundly. He had desired his servant to awake him early, which was attended to, and accordingly he was at his post with a gladdened heart and animated spirits.

The ladies were ready, and they proceeded at once through the dock-yard, where they met Lampton, who knew nothing of their intended cruise; when they informed him, he said, "if I had known earlier, whither you were going I should have liked to have gone with you. One lady is enough for you, Mr. Daly, to take care of; shall I," addressing Frances, "have the pleasure of calling for you in the evening, and accompanying you home, Miss Whippel?"

The secretly enamoured girl's eyes danced with delight at the request, and she readily, though confusedly, assented.

Daly had observed the attentions which this gentleman had showed Frances at the ball, and rallied her on her conquest, as they were crossing in the boat.

"I am glad," said he, laughing, "that I shall be relieved from one of my burthens; and faith, if I do not take great care of you, Mrs. Rosse, and you should get cold, Rosse will swear that every pleasure makes you ill: we will therefore be extremely cautious this time at any rate."

The parties whom they visited, Mrs. Ellis (lately Miss Reeves) and her sisters, received them with great kindness, and Helen who had never seen Gosport before, passed an agreeable day, tinged however with the obvious conviction that all parties appeared glad at the absence of her husband; Daly was thoroughly happy, and though he disguised

it with the cleverness of an adept, feasted his eyes on the loveliness of Helen, and listened with rapture to every word she uttered; and Helen herself, knowing that she was committed to his charge by Rosse, felt no uneasiness at his polite attentions.

In the evening more company arrived, the lover of Miss Reeves, Thomas Whippel, whose attentions to the younger sister showed but too plainly where his *penchant* lay, and Hart, that restorer of harmony and lover of fun and frolic, joined the party.

Lampton also came, and betrayed, though as usual he said nothing, his affection for Frances. He was an extremely delicate and sensitive young man, scrupulous to a degree, as far as his own honorable intentions went; but restrained in his present career of growing affections for a lovely and deserving woman, by having the fear before his eyes of an old maiden aunt, from whom he had great expectations.

It is true that his present income was handsome, and adequate to the respectable maintenance of a wife and family; but his strength of mind was not sufficiently powerful to make him risk the loss of a large sum of money, by marrying a portionless girl, which was the expressed tenure, on which he was to build his hopes of one day being possessed of.

“My dear nephew,” the old woman would say to him, “marry the girl I like, that is to say, let her have some money, it will show the world that you have not been taken in—no uncommon case in these degenerate days—I will then give you some on the wedding-day, and you shall have all I am possessed of when I die.”

Thus restrained, he had never ventured to hint to the old lady his predilection for the pleasing companion of Helen, neither had he the courage, though often on the very verge, to declare himself to that vivacious lass, who thus tantalized with hopes and fears, could not help expressing at times her chagrin to her beloved and bosom friend.

In his walk home with her, he had ventured to say more on the subject of love than he hitherto had done; and Frances, who really wished the mock courtship, as she half conceived it to be, over, did all in her power consistent with a proper regard to the dignity of her sex, to bring him to an *eclaircissement*, but to no purpose.

He preserved with the greatest imperturbability the most provoking silence, as far as he and his companion were concerned.

“Hang the fellow,” said Frances to herself, “I wish I did not like him half so well as I do, and I’d answer that this should be his last walk with so unfortunate a damsel as myself.”

Daly was by necessity, as well as prudence, debarred from speaking of *self* to Helen; his conversation, like Lampton’s, would now and then, as his heart, full of admiration of his lovely charge, could not but dictate, savour of the nature of love; he did not by any means apply it to her, but he spoke of the passion generally.

It was a subject that Helen herself would rather have avoided, she therefore said but little in answer to him; and Daly had by no means any reason to flatter himself with having touched her heart in his favour; indeed he came to the conclusion from her manners, conversation, and expression of her feelings, that she had never yet felt the influence of the tender and soul-subduing passion.

“Oh!” cried he to himself, “what would I not give to gain that uncorrupted, innocent, and I am satisfied hitherto untouched heart!” Well may I with Shakspeare exclaim, with heart-felt proof of its truth—

“What dangerous action, stood it next to death,  
Would I not dare for one calm look?  
Oh! ’tis the curse in love, and still approved,  
When women cannot love, where they’re beloved.”

Thus then stood the case with our heroine at the present juncture.

For Rosse she *could* not feel the tender passion, and for Edmund Daly she *would* not, though he assuredly was in person, manners, temper, &c. all that a woman could wish; he was formed to be beloved, and even the very tone of his voice was fascinating.

How then it may be asked was Helen saved from so many blandishments—from such acute, such violent temptations? She had indeed to struggle against the involuntary prepossession in his favour, which she had felt the first moment she beheld him, and hard was the task to guard her heart from the assault of such powerful weapons, as the mischievous god had concentrated in the person and mind of the youthful and winning Edmund—that heart which acknowledged him in secret to be the most amiable, the most lovely of men. The shield which protected her under such trying circumstances—the talisman which magically, as it were, kept off disgrace and ruin from a lovely and partly unprotected woman, was nothing more than a firm resolution to resist the allurements—the dangers—the sin of illicit love—the possession of a pure and spotless mind, exemplified in her first conversation with Rosse on the subject; and the frequent communings of her own heart.

“Daly,” she would say, “cannot love me with honour, and how can a married woman, however unhappy, as such, receive the advances, and return the love of a libertine? for such love must be libertinism, if any thing at all; disgrace must be its result—misery, anguish, guilt and destruction, its final reward. I will, therefore, be virtuous and firm in my resolution, to give no cause for complaint to the most fastidious observer of my words and actions.”

From the time she had observed the effect her determined conduct at the ball had had on Edmund, she felt persuaded that she had nothing to fear from him for the future; she knew that she could command his prudence as well as her own, and thus his fierce and passionate desires had been calmed down to a delicate and more honourable principle.

He adored her it is true, but he found his advantage under the present uncontrollable and unalterable circumstances to curb his passions, and subdue his ardour, the pursuit of which, if too eagerly grasped, might not only elude his admiring eyes, but escape from his presence for ever. Satisfied too, that her heart was uncorrupted, and that honour would be the eternal guide of her life, he could not, though himself the sufferer, but reflect with pleasure, on her exalted nature—so lovely and powerful is virtue, when called into action by the most opposing and seductive principles, that it demands and extorts the praise, even of vice itself, when conquered in its attacks on her impregnable fortress.

Daly was now the silent lover, unhappy in the absence of the object of his adoration; but her presence was a heaven to him, and a compensation for his lonely and contemplative misery.

The change in him was, of course, observed by his brother officers, and his conduct, so unlike the generality of that merry class of individuals, that few could recognize in him the former gay, jocund, and spirited lieutenant—the charm and the idol of their merry-makings.

Hitherto he had escaped much of their observations, most of them being of the class of the true bred seaman; and when ashore, enjoying themselves accordingly—some were gone to visit relations, and spend their money; others to London, to view the wonders of that wonderful place; others—but we will pause, and describe the seaman ashore, in the words of a popular author of the day, as it will help many of our readers better to understand the peculiarities of many of the incidents hereafter related.

‘The first object of the seaman on landing, is to spend his money: but the first sensation is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of a heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for the rolling chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always, to us, this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works, in a sailor.

And he feels it himself.

He lets his jacket fly open and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long to be gathered into heavy pigtail; but when full dressed, he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe; a white stocking and a natty shoe, issuing lightly out of the flowing blue trowser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof; his hands, half open, look as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again.

He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a Belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket.

Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes (which he bought for gold) he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it directly, but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter: and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane or whangee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland.

He buys every thing he comes athwart,—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch, (two, if he has money enough,) gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet, and his mother and sisters, dozens of “Superfine Best Men’s Cotton Stockings,” dozens of “Superfine Best Women’s Cotton Ditto,” best good Check for Shirts (though he has too much already), infinite needles and thread (to sew his trowsers with some day), a footman’s laced hat, Bear’s Grease to make his hair grow (by way of joke,) several sticks, all sorts of Jew articles, a flute (which he can’t play and never intends), a leg of mutton which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the Ship makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole;—in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is every thing but medicine gratis; and this he would insist on paying for.

He would buy all the painted parrots on an Italian’s head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money.

He has fiddles and a dance at the Ship, with oceans of flip and grog; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and half-a-crown for treading on his toe.

He asks the landlady, with a sigh, after her daughter Nance, who first fired his heart with her silk stockings; and finding that she is married and in trouble, leaves five crowns for her; which the old lady appropriates as part payment for a shilling in advance.

He goes to the port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples, gingerbread nuts, and fresh beef; calls out for the fiddlers and Rule Britannia; pelts Tom Sikes in the pit; and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white night-cap.

When he comes to London, he and some messmates take a hackney-coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco-pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window.

He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback; and among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he has seen the Turks ride,—“Only,” says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, “they have saddle-boxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft; and shovels like for stirrups.”

He will tell you how the Chinese drink, and the NEGURS dance, and the monkies pelt you with coa-nuts; and how King Domy would have built him a mud hut and made him a Peer of the Realm, if he would have stopped with him and taught him to make trowsers.

He has a sister at a “School for Young Ladies,” who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance; and whose confusion he completes, by slipping four-pence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has “no more copper” about him.

His mother and elder sisters at home doat on all he says and does, telling him however that he is a great sea-fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o-my-thumb no higher than the window locker.

He tells his mother that she would be a dutchess in Paranaboo; at which the good old portly dame laughs and looks proud.

When his sisters complain of his romping, he says they are only sorry it is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand fashion, and is forgiven for his learning.

Their mantelpiece is filled by him with shells and shark's teeth; and when he goes to sea again, there is no end of tears, and God bless you's, and home made ginger bread.

His officer on shore does much of all this, only, generally speaking, in a higher taste.

The moment he lands, he buys quantities of jewellery and other valuables, for all the females of his acquaintance; and is taken in for every article.

He sends in a cart load of fresh meat to the ship though he is going to town next day; and calling in at the chandler's for some candles, is persuaded to buy a dozen of green wax, with which he lights up the ship at evening; regretting that the fine moonlight hinders the effect of the colour.

A man, with a bundle beneath his arm, accosts him in an under tone; and, with a look in which respect for his knowledge is mixed with an avowed zeal for his own interest, asks if his Honour will just step under the gangway here, and inspect some real India shawls.

The gallant Lieutenant says to himself, “this fellow knows what's what, by his face;” and so he proves it by being taken in on the spot.

When he brings the shawls home, he says to his sister with an air of triumph, "there, Poll, there's something for you; only cost me twelve and is worth twenty, if its worth a dollar."

She turns pale.

"Twenty what, my dear George? why you haven't given twelve dollars for it, I hope?"

Not I, by the Lord.

That's lucky; because you see, my dear George, that all together is not worth more than fourteen or fifteen shillings."

"Fourteen or fifteen what! why its real India, en't it? why the fellow told me so; or I'm sure I'd as soon"—(here he tries to hide his blushes with a bluster) "I'd as soon have given him twelve douses on the chaps as twelve guineas."

"Twelve GUINEAS?" exclaims his sister; and then drawling forth "why—my—dear—George," is proceeding to shew him what the articles would have cost at Codnell's, when he interrupts her by requesting her to go and chuse for herself a tea-table service.

He then makes his escape to some messmates at a coffee-house, and drowns his recollection of the shawls in the best wine, and a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and West Indian beauties and tables.

At the theatre afterwards, where he has never been before, he takes a lady at the back of one of the boxes for a woman of quality; and when, after returning his long respectful gaze with a smile, she turns aside and puts her handkerchief to her mouth, he thinks it is in derision, till his friend undeceives him.

He is introduced to the lady; and ever afterwards, at first sight of a woman of quality (without any disparagement either to those charming personages), expects her to give him a smile.

He thinks the other ladies much better creatures than they are taken for; and for their parts, they tell him, that if all men were like himself, they would trust the sex again:—which, for aught we know, is the truth.

He has, indeed, what he thinks a very liberal opinion of ladies in general; judging them all, in a manner, with the eye of a seaman's experience.

Yet he will believe nevertheless in the "true-love" of any given damsel whom he seeks in the way of marriage, let him roam as much, or remain as long at a distance, as he pleases.

It is not that he wants feeling; but that he has read of it, time out of mind, in songs; and he looks upon constancy as a sort of exploit, answering to those which he performs at sea.

He is nice in his watches and linen.

He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, cocoa-nuts set in silver, and other valuables.

When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass. He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform, for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to be irritated by what he thinks ungentelemanly behaviour.

He is also liable to be rendered irritable by sickness; partly because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity; and

partly, because the idea of suffering pain, without any honour or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it.

He treats talents unlike his own with great respect.

He often perceives his own so little felt that it teaches him this feeling for that of others. Besides he admires the quantity of information which people can get, without travelling like himself; especially when he sees how interesting his own becomes, to them as well as to every body else.

When he tells a story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to maintain his character for truth and simplicity, by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection; such as "in case, at such times as, so to speak, as it were, at least, at any rate."

He seldom uses sea-terms but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life; as for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks if you never mean to walk the deck again; or if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are always overhauling your log-book.

He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less, than any other man in the busy world; for he is so compelled to make his home every where, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature.

He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether; and charity, while it diffuses the affections, cannot let the old ones go.

Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the officer is superannuated or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and enquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing, and to the conversational for his recollection.

He is fond of astronomy and books of voyages, and is immortal with all who know him for having been round the world, or seen the Transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand hatchet, or a present of feathers from an Otaheitean beauty.

If not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner-cupboard holding his cocoa-nuts and punchbowl; has his summer-house castellated and planted with wooden cannon; and sets up the figure of his old ship, the Britannia or the Lovely Nancy, for a statue in the garden, where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at it's situation."

Our readers will expect from the title of our book to find delineated many of the characteristics of a class of people of much national importance to this country; and which we presume cannot be uninteresting, inasmuch as they form almost a distinct caste, as it were, of people, possessing peculiarities eccentric compared with society on shore.

Jack is an amphibious creature, and his sole business on shore, having to go to sea again, is to take as much pleasure as he can; therefore, the moment he sets his foot on dry ground, his duty is to turn his back on all salt beef and other sea restrictions.

His long absence, and the impossibility of getting land pleasures at sea, put him upon a sort of desperate appetite. He lands like a conqueror taking possession. He has been debarred so long, that he is resolved to have that matter out with the inhabitants;

they must render to him an account of their treasures, their women, their victualling stores, their entertainments, their every thing; and in return he will behave like a gentleman and scatter his gold.

The margin of the seas is the extent of Jack's geography—Portsmouth and Plymouth, Chatham and Sheerness, could tell many a tale of adventure worth a Jew's eye for originality; but it is not our intention to embody anecdote to illustrate this faithful portraiture of British seamen.

Hence the foregoing description being most apt, we will now pass from these generalities, to our own more minute detail of the circumstances we have to relate; the minds of our readers will be prepared to receive and admit the facts, and consequently reconcile their extravagancies, sometimes strangely bordering on fiction, to be indigenous to the watery element, and indubitable traits of those whose business is on the 'deep waters.'

When storms are sunk to rest,  
And thunder rolls no more,  
The seaman's heart, how blest,  
Who seeks his native shore.  
That shore, where many a fair,  
His cheering spirit warms,  
All crowd his joys to share,  
Snug moorings follow storms.

Then rage, ye blust'ring winds,  
Ye foaming billows, roar,  
The tar a welcome finds  
Upon his native shore:  
Though tempest tost at sea,  
On shore affection warms,  
All sailors' creeds agree,  
Sung moorings follow storms.



## CHAPTER IX.

“Thy smile—thy love—was to this heart  
As sun-beams to the sea;  
They wove a golden chain thereon;  
But drew it all to thee;  
They brighten’d each fond cherish’d hope,  
Like dew in morning’s ray;  
But hope has fled, as dew takes wing  
Before the fiercer day.

What though the brow may seem to wear  
The sun-lit beams of joy!—  
A cloud of gloom enshrouds the heart,  
That can its peace destroy!  
What though upon the fever’d cheek  
The smile at times may rest,  
’Tis but to hide the torturing care  
That rankles at the breast.”

THE party returned at an early hour, which pleased Rosse, whose suspicion of Daly had again returned. After they were gone he requested of Helen to relate the particulars of their day’s pleasure, which she, ever ready to please, gave him without hesitation; Frances also eagerly assisted her; and even Daly, who felt a little gratitude to Rosse for his unusual condescension in committing Helen to his care, was communicative on the subject.

Rosse was thoroughly satisfied; and on Frances mentioning the name of Miss Thistel, who had been one of the party, Helen requested her to relate the cause of that melancholy, which was so characteristic a feature in the manner and appearance of that young lady.

Frances complied, and thus began:—

Miss Thistel is the daughter of a worthy old man, who was formerly an officer in the same department in the dock-yard as my father, but subordinate to him; her mother was a very respectable woman, a good economist, and one who had brought up, on an extremely limited income, her family in a creditable and respectable manner.

The eldest daughter was married a few years since, and is happily and comfortably settled.

Other of the children died, and Rebecca, the subject of the present narrative, was the only one left to comfort her parents in their old age; she was an extremely handsome woman, as you may even now perceive, though she is but the wreck of her former self; she had, however, a failing, which perhaps is the occasion more frequently of the ruin of females than is generally imagined. Her notions of life were extremely lofty, she aspired to be the fine lady, and looked with contempt on those who were not only her equals, but her superiors in station. It was her fixed determination, she would often say, if ever she were married, to have a gentleman for her husband; the word gentleman in her

vocabulary, of course, meant one who could live without labour; and though I and my sisters invariably scouted her mistaken notions of gentility, and laughed at her fancied superiority, she would never be convinced but that it was proper, nay, even virtuous, to aspire to the highest rank in life; a foolish and vain idea, and prolific of the most disastrous consequences generally, and as in her case at least will be amply proved.

About three years since a naval officer, (here Frances could not help exchanging glances with Helen) who lodged at the house, a young handsome fellow, with a most insinuating address and high pretensions, became enamoured of the beautiful though giddy Rebecca.

A slight coolness had existed between us previous to this, owing, we imagine, to our freedom in having given what we conceived good advice.

One day, however, I called on her, and found her in high spirits; she told me frankly how matters were, and with a toss of her head, asked, "who was right now? Did I not say," said she, "that I would have a gentleman?"

"I am sure," I replied, "I do not envy you, and shall be extremely happy at your good fortune, though I still retain my former opinion, which I have so often and so frankly expressed to you; I hope in all other respects you will be equally fortunate, and that you will not only be a gentleman's wife, but a happy wife, which I conceive to be of most consequence."

"Oh! my dear Frances, there will be no question about it; Mr. —— is so much the gentleman, and is so extremely fond of me, that I have no fears, I assure you."

Time passed on, and the marriage-day was fixed; great preparations were made for the joyful ceremony; a large party was invited on the happy occasion, and nothing seemed wanting to render the hopes of Miss Rebecca, and her friends certain; but, alas! for the instability of human things, about a week previous to the intended consummation of the nuptials, the ship to which Mr. —— belonged was unexpectedly ordered to sea at a day's notice: this was a great shock to the feelings of poor Rebecca; but her lover's protestation of eternal fidelity, and the mutual consolings of her friends, soothed her into something like a calm resignation to her disappointment. To me she looked for the greatest consolation, and could not but acknowledge that my frankness in having often curbed her in her eager anticipations of expected happiness, was of use to her in her present forlorn and vexatious situation.

Month after month elapsed, and no letter or communication arrived: that the poor girl was extremely mortified, I could readily perceive; but the efforts of her friends, who strove to the utmost to make the best of the unaccountable and mysterious silence of Mr. ——, were sufficiently powerful to keep up her spirits under such trying circumstances.

One day, my brother, on his return from the arsenal, said to me, "Frances, Mr. ——'s ship came in this morning."

I flew to Rebecca, who was overjoyed at the good tidings, as she anticipated it.

I being otherwise engaged, heard nothing further about the matter until a week had elapsed, when my father asked me, "what is the matter with old Thistel, do you know, Frances?"

I replied in the negative, and eagerly enquired his reasons for asking.

"Why," said he, "the old man appears to me to be bowed down with sorrow; I fancy he tries to shun me, and I have been so busily engaged of late, that I have been

unable to call on him and learn what is the matter; do go, Frances, and see whether Miss Rebecca is married or not, now her spark is arrived!"

I said I would, and accordingly called in the evening; I was struck with amazement at the scene I now witnessed; the tea things were on the table—old Thistel was sitting as one broken hearted, and looking alternately at his daughter and his wife most wistfully; the poor old woman was weeping; Rebecca herself sitting between them mourning, and removing the cups and saucers; she was dressed in white, and a garland of flowers gathered from her garden, was twisted fantastically in her beautiful dark hair; the instant she recognized me, she sprung as one overjoyed; but the frenzied flash of eye, showed but too plainly her melancholy situation, and I was struck with horror.

"Oh! Frances," exclaimed the poor unfortunate, "he is come! he is come! see I am dressed in my bridal dress; we are waiting breakfast for him—at ten o'clock we are to be married. Hark! the clock strikes! he is coming! he is coming! he is coming!" and she flew with rapidity into the garden, as if to meet him.

I was so shocked at the miserable spectacle before me, and was unable to advance further than the door; but when Rebecca ran out, the old man started up, and said, with a clenched fist, "oh! Miss Frances, would that was as young, and as strong as it was once, to revenge myself on the villain who has robbed me of my daughter's senses—who has shortened my days, and rendered me and my poor wife there, miserable for ever."

I endeavoured to soothe them; and after repeated trials, gained the following information from them, viz. that two days having elapsed after the arrival of the ship, and no communication having been received from Mr. —, Rebecca came so uneasy and mistrustful, that she determined to address a note to him, which she did, but received no answer; she then begged her father to take a boat and carry him another himself.

"I told her I did not like the errand," said the old man, "for my dear Rebecca, if the fellow (for my blood boiled with indignation against him) means to be honourable towards you, there can be no need to send after him; and if not, why it would be a degradation to go. Rebecca, however, so importuned me, that I was forced to comply: and on my reaching the ship, I was received by the scoundrel in the most insolent manner. He was walking the deck, and on taking the letter, without reading it, tore it in pieces before my face."

"Tell your paltry daughter, old man," said he, "I never had any affection for her. How could you be such fools as to imagine that I should so far demean myself as to marry her—if you trouble me in this way again, I will send a shot into your boat and sink it—I owe you no money—go."

I returned," continued the old man, with tears, "and described my interview—you see the consequences."

He ceased, and I agitated, terrified, and disgusted, wept at the distressing recital.

Rebecca returned, and on perceiving me in tears, burst into an hysterical laugh; at which, the poor old man, her father, rushed out of the room in an agony of despair and anguish; I soon followed, with a promise to Mrs. Thistel, whose sorrows were of a calmer, though not less poignant nature, to visit them frequently, and do all in my power, with the assistance of my friends, to alleviate their sufferings.

On my calling the next morning, Rebecca was outrageous; her frenzy had increased, and for a month she lay fastened by cords to the bed.

The shock was too great for poor old Thistel, and before the month had elapsed, the severity of his grief was such as to occasion his death.

Thus was the prop and support of the unfortunate girl and her mother, snatched from them.

By degrees the delirium left her, though she still spoke and thought incoherently.

It was recommended to endeavour to make her comprehend the unfortunate decease of her father; and as she recognized me through the whole of her illness, I was requested to use my efforts to effect that purpose.

I made frequent attempts to do so, and as frequently failed.

At last, as I was one day describing the manner of her poor father's dissolution, and his language to me previously to that unfortunate event, she shrieked, and fell on my neck, sobbed aloud, and by degrees became sensible of the truth.

From that moment she gradually recovered.

I deemed it, I know not whether correctly or not, the best method to pursue with regard to her, to arouse her former proud spirit, but to direct it in another channel, viz. to despise the man who had been the occasion of such accumulated misfortunes; for although the wretch now denied it, yet it was not the less true, that he himself had demanded her of her father—had himself fixed the wedding day, and had spoken in raptures of her to many individuals.

As by the death of Mr. Thistel, Rebecca and her mother were left totally dependent on the charity of their friends; much commiseration was excited in their behalf, and by their united efforts, they were set up in a respectable day school, and they now maintain themselves in a creditable manner.

The Misses Reeves, whom we have visited to-day, have been their best friends, and to their and our house Rebecca will only go.

Her spirits are entirely broken, and her former vivacity vanished.

Her sister and I prevailed on her about six months since to walk on the ramparts of the town; we were not aware the ship of her deceiver was in at the time, and to our surprize and vexation, we observed the fellow approaching us.

I felt that poor Rebecca, who was leaning on my arm, was trembling from head to foot as he approached.

He passed us and made a respectful bow, which of course we did not return.

Her sister could not restrain herself, but said, loud enough to be heard by him, "Villain."

The hapless girl herself gasped for breath, as if dying, and with the greatest difficulty we succeeded in reaching my sister, Mrs. Hart's house, which was nearest.

Here she swooned, and remained senseless for more than an hour, which was succeeded by hysteric fits of weeping.

No further bad consequences ensued, and we have never since had the mortification to cross the path of the worthless creature, though he is frequently in the port.

He has no remorse for the distress he has occasioned, and even ridicules the object of his former affection. Whilst she, on her part, I really fear, were he to attempt practising further deceit on her, would readily believe him; for even now, she will not credit but that he has been prejudiced against her, by a third and unknown party."

Here Frances concluded her recital, which affected our heroine much, and Rosse himself, 'albeit not much used to the melting mood,' roared out, that he should like to see the fellow hanged up to the yard arm: "I know him well, but never thought him guilty of such tricks."

Daly made no remark on the subject; but merely reminded the ladies, on taking his leave, that the assembly would take place the next night, when he and the captain expected to see the present party.

Rosse made a slight objection, and urged that his fears that Helen would again be ill.

But Frances, laughingly retorted, "never fear, uncle, smoking and drinking will not be allowed there."

Rosse received it with as good a grace as he could, though he felt awkwardly under the lash of so home a thrust; and he made no further objection to the proceeding.

## CHAPTER X.

Serene, accomplished, cheerful but not loud:  
Insinuating without insinuation;  
Observant of the foibles of the crowd,  
Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;  
Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,  
So as to make them feel he knew his station  
And theirs:—without a struggle for priority  
He neither brook'd nor claim'd superiority.

That is, with men: with women he was what  
They pleas'd to make or take him for; and their  
Imagination's quite enough for that:  
So that the outline's tolerably fair,  
They fill the canvas up—and 'verbum sat.'  
If once their phantasies be brought to bear  
Upon an object, whether sad or playful,  
They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael.

*Byron.*

THE ball, which was attended by all the principal naval and military officers, and the neighbouring gentry, was splendid in the extreme, and to the unpractised eye of Helen it was more like a scene of enchantment than otherwise.

She herself was no small ornament to the mazy throng; her beautiful person was set off to the highest advantage by the aid of a profusion of pearls and precious stones, which had been presented to her father when in India by a native prince, for services which he had rendered him.

She had never appeared more interesting and lovely, than on the present occasion; and, as a stranger, was naturally the object of much notice.

As previously arranged, she danced first with the captain, and next with Edmund, and it was soon whispered that she was the wife of the handsome Daly.

Edmund himself heard it, and he heaved a secret sigh at its untruth.

Thomas Whippel was applied to by some of the gentlemen to ascertain who she really was, and when he declared her to be no other than his aunt, and the wife of Rosse, whom he pointed out to them, their risibility was excited in no small degree; at the same time regretting that she should have been so sacrificed.

Rosse had as usual, merely looked on, and had remained immovable from his entrance into the room—he was glad enough when the time had expired to break up, and declared that his motive for going at all, had been merely to show who the husband of his pretty girl was.

This he uttered in so consequential a manner as if he really imagined it to the credit of his wife.

Both the captain and Daly were compelled to have recourse to a fit of coughing, to hide the strong inclination they could not but feel to laugh outright, at this pompous and ignorant speech.

Thomas Whippel whistled, and Frances hemmed, and kept her breath, fearing to aid the evident danger of an explosion of ridicule, at the expence of the conceited and ignorant mortal who was the occasion of its excitation.

Poor Helen herself felt it most acutely, but endured the folly with a praiseworthy resignation; pleased with the idea, that after the present night's pleasure, there was little risk of her husband's exhibiting another specimen of his former brutal conduct.

On the next day the doctor brought his wife to be introduced to our heroine. She was a worthy, middle-aged lady; but appearances were against her, when contrasted as companion to the pleasing and sweet disposition of Frances.

At last the day arrived for the ship to sail for the Downs.

It came too soon, not only for Helen, but the whole of the Whippel family.

Old Mr. Whippel declared he would as soon part with his own daughter; and Mrs. Whippel, who before she had seen Helen, was so prepossessed against her, urged with great warmth of good-feeling her wishes for Rosse to allow her to remain with her; whilst Frances, whose attachment to her was unbounded, did nothing but weep, and rail at the hard-heartedness, as she considered it, of Rosse in removing her.

He was, however, inflexible; and laughed at them for their interference.

The attentions of Daly, were not only evident to the whole family of the Whippels; but Lampton himself mentioned it to Mr. Whippel, and expressed his doubts as to the propriety of a lovely female, so inadequately protected as Helen would be, going on board a ship.

"Faith," said he, "Rosse may go too far in placing his beautiful wife in the gap of so many temptations; correct and virtuous as her conduct undoubtedly has been, and still is, I tremble for her fate, exposed as she will be to scenes so different from those to which she has hitherto been accustomed; Rosse is either blind or mad to take her on board."

"What can we do in it?" said Whippel. "To speak to Daly on the subject would be impertinent, seeing that Rosse himself does not find fault; it would be useless, perhaps cruel, to say any thing to Helen, and to hint our fears to Rosse might make things worse than they are; he is so blinded by conceit and egotism; he deems himself the ruler of his wife's conduct, and cannot imagine but that her affection for him is so strong as not to be shaken."

"Well," said Lampton, "I must confess that I have for his wife's sake alone, a great desire to open the eyes of the queer mortal, and convince him what people think of him."

"It would be useless," answered Hart, who had just entered; "let the poor wretch alone, you would only make him your enemy, and fail to benefit his wife."

"I really tremble for her fate," added Whippel, "the thing is so preposterous; for Rosse to take her on board, and wholly as it were, commit her to the care of Daly, to me is more like madness than any thing else; I will, however, make one effort to prevent it, before I suffer him to take her from the house. I am informed that Daly has given up his cabin for that of Rosse's, in order to accommodate him and Helen; now this is an obligation, which, under existing circumstances, I think ought not to take place."

The rest of the family agreed with Whippel in this respect, though they came to no fixed determination as to their future proceedings, Whippel himself only being determined to attack Rosse on the first opportunity.

In the mean time Edmund was congratulating himself on the prospect of daily, and more intimately enjoying the society of Helen; not that he had the least wish or intention to take any advantage of the circumstance; but to be of service to her was a pleasure to him, and on her account Rosse himself was treated with more complacency than usual.

Rosse was not insensible to this alteration in the conduct of Daly, and had sufficient penetration to see the cause; and, although not perfectly easy in his mind, was determined merely to watch Daly's future conduct with more strictness than he hitherto had done. He had no fears that Helen would outstep the bounds of prudence, as he not only firmly believed she now preferred him to all men in the world; but that, as she had never been used to gay company, &c. she was immaculate; and that Daly, or any other man might sigh in vain for ever.

Edmund's altered conduct of late also was satisfactory to the feelings of Rosse, inasmuch as he conceived himself to have formed a true notion of his former attentions, viz. that they had been only the result of a fit of gallantry, which was now gradually subsiding into mere respect; and his usual condescension for the fair sex.

“But *Edmund* had a sort of winning way,  
A proud humility, if such there be,  
Which shew'd such deference to what females say,  
As if each charming word were a degree.  
His tact too temper'd him from grave to gay,  
And taught him when to be reserved or free;  
He had the art of drawing people out,  
Without their seeing what he was about.”

Rosse found also that the possession of Helen was of service to him, as in consequence, he became less the mark of ridicule than he had previously been; and this was the true cause why he determined to have her on board with him; a meanness beyond doubt, as the feelings of his delicate and fair consort were violated, in persisting in such a resolution. He hated Daly as much as ever, but policy with regard to self, influenced him, to the exclusion of every noble feeling; he was, therefore, much chagrined and surprised on being accosted by his brother-in-law, Mr. Whippel, on the morning when he intended to take Helen on board a man of war.

“So, Rosse, you are determined to take your pretty wife on board a man of war, notwithstanding her reluctance to leave us; you will excuse me, but I wish you may not repent it—to take so lovely, young, and unexperienced a creature on board a ship, I conceive to be too great a temptation to throw in the way of so many men. God forbid that I should have an idea that Mrs. Rosse is not able to withstand the attacks of a thousand libertines; but I conceive you to be culpable in exposing her against her inclination, to any temptation.”

“What temptation?” answered Rosse gruffly, “I will lay my life, brother Whippel, that thou art foolish enough to think Helen so silly as to take notice of such an effeminate



puppy as Daly; why, man, she knows better, 'tis not in a fop like him to please her; a fool that busies himself in the stringing of beads and pearls and such-like small gear, holds their silk whilst they wind it, sings silly songs with them; nay, I even saw him one day take up the silk purse which your daughter was knitting for you, and assist in such trifling work; why he will twist feathers, and make flowers, and play with a work-box; now all this thy wise head would call temptation, and the devil knows what; pho! pho! I tell you again, Helen knows better; she values a man of sense before such trifling, depend on it—why the fellow has scarcely any beard on his chin; he is a mere boy; upon my soul I could not help laughing the other day to see the fool winding silk, as if he had his bread to get by it, and apparently, glad of the employment; so say no more—damme, don't bother; I won't hear a word more about it;" and so saying, he walked off, without waiting for a reply, leaving Whippel lost in wonder, as much from the length of his odd harangue, as his utter inability to account for that penetration, which this sea-cub deemed himself the possessor of.

"Egad!" said he to his son Thomas, whom he immediately saw, "I know not what to make of your uncle; he is becoming a greater fool than ever; there he goes, enjoying, as he imagines, a great triumph over me, for merely wishing him to take care of his wife."

"Hang me," answered Thomas, "if it were not that the character of Helen would suffer, I wish that she would return the love of Daly, in order that the eyes of this man of sense, as he calls himself, might for once in his life-time, be opened."

Whippel shook his head, and added, "I fear the worst, Thomas; I love the woman as if she were your sister; pray heaven! my forebodings may not come to pass."

Sorrowful indeed was the parting between the relations of Rosse and Helen.

Heaven bless and protect you! my dear girl, said Mrs. Whippel," the tear glistening in her eye as she spoke; whilst Frances wept so bitterly, that to nothing but sobs could she give utterance.

Such kindness from strangers Helen never expected; and knowing how little Rosse was respected by his relations, she felt the obligation still more deeply, and acknowledged with fervency her everlasting gratitude for their kind efforts in all cases, and at all times, in her favor. "I shall soon see you again, my friend," said she, "and I hope to spend many happy hours with you."

A six-oared cutter had been dispatched from the ship to convey her and Mrs. Phillips, the doctor's wife, on board the ship, which lay nearly three miles from the shore: she waved her handkerchief to the friends, whom she was now quitting for a longer period than she or they could have anticipated; whilst Rosse himself sat unconcerned, desiring the boat's crew to pull away, and get on board as soon as possible.

## CHAPTER XI.

“Up-torn reluctant from the oozy cave,  
The ponderous anchor rises o’er the wave;  
Along the slippery masts the yards ascend,  
And high in air the canvas wings ascend.”

WHILST the cutter was cleaving its way towards the ship, the whole family of the Whippels returned silently to their home; when arrived there, Mrs. Whippel said to her husband, “something tells me I shall never see that interesting creature any more.”

“Nonsense,” said Whippel; “why you are making as much fuss as if, instead of the Downs, Rosse was taking her to the Indies.”

“Well,” returned she, “and I shall not be surprised if such should be the case at last; for I overheard the Doctor and Richard speaking as if something of the kind was intended. “What did you hear, mother?” eagerly asked Frances.

“Why,” answered she, “I heard Richard say, “I am sure, doctor, she will consent if I desire her, she is too good a girl to disobey me.” “Well,” replied the doctor, “I will make mine go, if you will your’s; they will be good company for each other; and—” “hush! hush!” said Richard, “I hear some one coming; but, added he, “you know we must get the captain’s consent to it.”

“Curse his deceit!” said Thomas, warmly; “I see it plainly, they have agreed to take their wives to India.”

“I fear you are right, my son,” replied his father; “recollect he has never said a word about her returning when the ship sails; however, as we are not certain, we will hope the best, till we hear from Helen.”

Whilst the cutter was nearing the ship, the sides were crowded by a great number of the ship’s company, who had heard, through the medium of the officers’ servants, that Rosse’s wife was coming on board.

Many were the jokes passed on the subject, both ribald, technical, and otherwise, by the petty-officers and seamen, to whom Rosse was an object of much aversion, his conduct being harsh, arbitrary, and severe towards them generally.

“I say, Bray,” said Tom Pawley the boatswain, to the carpenter, “here comes the neat little frigate commanded by old Bombastes; blow me tight, what a spanker! there is too much sail there for a fifty, I’ll swear; Cape Horn will be doubled often enough, I’m thinking, if she stops with us long.”

“You’re too disrespectful, Tom! she is a beauty though—she’s finely rigged! the peak of her mizen is an ornament to the ould cutter; the doctor’s wife is a hulk to her! I can see myself in her cat-heads! what shiners! how nice and bluff she is about the bows! who could have towed her alongside that crazy old Dutch skipper?”

“Avast! there, Sam, you are getting rum-bustical; though I loves the girls, I respects the harbour of matrimony.”

“Belay there! you may tell that to the marines; but I’ll be —— if the sailors will hoist it in.”

“Stand clear! there’s something else to be hoisted in—but mum!” and these two cronies retired from the gangway.

The boat came alongside, and in a few minutes Helen was, as it were, in another world; all the officers surrounded, and welcomed her on board.

The captain desired to have the honor of leading her down the ladder.

Daly, who had watched the boat, from the instant it left the shore, with a swelling bosom, was profuse in his welcomings, and followed Rosse and the captain with a delighted trepidation.

The captain insisted on their going to his cabin, and desired them to take some refreshment.

Rosse was highly gratified at such condescension, whilst Daly did every thing in his power to contribute to the pleasure and happiness of Helen.

Refreshments were laid on the table, the party sat down to enjoy the same, and much good humour and pleasantry prevailed.

Having concluded, Rosse and Helen withdrew, accompanied by Daly, who had, to accommodate Rosse, exchanged cabins with him, his being larger and more convenient for two persons than Rosse's.

When alone, Rosse asked Helen how she liked it; "it was Daly's," said he, "but he prevailed on me to accept it for your better accommodation."

She regretted that such was the case; but deemed it better not to express her disapprobation.

Every thing on board was new and incomprehensible to her. "Who is that I hear," said she, "in the next room?"

"In the next cabin you mean," replied Rosse with a laugh, "why that is Daly."

"I wish it were otherwise," said Helen; "every thing that is said can be heard; cannot Mrs. Phillips be there? I should greatly prefer it."

"It is impossible," replied he, "nothing can be heard if we speak low; if you wish to see Mrs. Phillips, I will send her to you; I must leave you, the ship is under-weigh, and I must go on deck."

"Pray send Mrs. Phillips as soon as possible."

"I will," said he; and he left her to reflect on the vicissitudes of her hitherto eventful life. The friends whom she had just left, were the first to occupy her thoughts, and to regret her absence from them.

"Ah, my dearest Frances, what would I not give to have you with me? but the time is short, and I shall soon see you again—Three Weeks! it is a trifle, yet too long to be absent from you and your kind and affectionate kindred."

Mrs. Phillips now joined her, and with great kindness offered to do any thing in her power to contribute to the pleasure or convenience of our heroine, and informed her that the ship was under-weigh.

"What is that?" said Helen.

Mrs. Phillips explained; and informed her that in short time, they should leave Portsmouth, and be out of the sight of land.

"Majestically slow before the breeze,  
The tall ship marches on the azure seas;  
In silent pomp she cleaves the watery plain,  
The pride and wonder of the billowy main."

Helen shrunk at the thought, and eagerly enquired whither they were going?

"Merely to the Downs, my dear."

"Pray explain."

"I will."

"The Downs is a celebrated road for ships, extending six miles along the eastern coast of Kent, between the North and South Foreland, where both the outward and homeward bound ships frequently make some stay, and squadrons of men of war rendezvous in time of war; it affords excellent anchorage, and is defended by the castles of Deal, Dover, and Sandwich, as well as the Goodwin Sands."<sup>\*</sup>

Opposite the town of Deal, about four miles distant are the Goodwin Sands, extending parallel to the shore ten miles; they are composed of a quicksand, and dry in several parts at low water, when the sand becomes so compact that it is impossible to penetrate it, but when the tide again covers them, the sand loosens in a manner that a vessel striking on them is instantly so imbedded, as to render it impossible to get her off, and in a few days she totally disappears under the sand.

It was in contemplation to erect a light-house on this sand, but after boring several feet, no base to form a foundation being found, the idea was abandoned, and a floating light was moored in nine fathoms depth at the north east extremity of the bank. Though this sand is occasionally fatal to ships, it is of material utility in sheltering the road between it and Deal called the "Downs" from east winds, and rendering it tolerably secure.

Vessels also stop in this road to discharge or take pilots to and from the Thames, and frequently for the purpose of procuring spirits, tea, &c. which are smuggled on board by the Deal boatmen, who procure them from France. A more honourable source of the prosperity of Deal is derived from the assistance its boats and pilots afford to ships in distress, the intrepidity of the Deal men in these cases being unparalleled.

Helen acknowledged her obligation to Mrs. Phillips for her kind explanation, they then separated.

In the evening at supper Helen was introduced to the other officers, and also to Mrs. Smith, the marine officer's wife.

The appearance of this woman was forbidding in the extreme to the delicate and modest Helen. Her bold look, denuded bosom, and flaunty air, were sufficient to impress at once our heroine with an unfavourable opinion of her; and after she had retired with Rosse she expressed her dislike to him, and enquired whether she was not right in her conjectures.

"I must say that you are half right," said Rosse, "but you must be careful not to offend her—it is astonishing what influence she has with the captain—we must hear, see and say nothing on board, for all the wardroom officers court her favour, excepting Daly, who I think dislikes her."

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<sup>\*</sup> Important political consequences sprung from an accident which befel the army of King John at this memorable place. The King was assembling a considerable army, with a view of fighting one great battle for his crown; but marching from Lynne to Lincolnshire, his road lay along the sea shore, which was overflowed at high water; and not choosing a proper time for his journey, he lost in the inundation all his carriages, treasures, baggages, and regalia. The affliction for this disaster, and vexation from the distracted state of his affairs, increased the sickness under which he then laboured, which terminated in death.

Helen sighed, and could not but express her regret at having lost Frances as a companion.

"I shall be unhappy if you continue to grieve so," said Rosse; "I hope that you will be very comfortable where you are, when a little more used to this mode of living. As to Mrs. Smith, all the gentlemen say she is a fine and a pleasant woman; that she is the life of the wardroom; and till to-night I have not observed any thing improper in her conduct.

Helen was not satisfied with this explanation, she was a keener observer of things than Rosse, and her penetration had easily discovered Mrs. Smith to be not only a bold, but a bad woman: there was a vulgarity in her mode of addressing individuals, which was disgusting to the truly modest female; an indecent joke, though disguised by a *double-entendre*, was a pleasure to her; and in the general chit-chat of the ward-room she was as ready and easy a contributor as if she was one of the other sex disguised.

Helen could not but now and then cast a penetrating glance on her for her forwardness, which, however it might have been felt, was unheeded.

She joked with all the officers without the least restraint or delicacy, and provoked answers which in respectable society would have been deemed, if not insult, breaches of politeness, and a degradation to any pretensions to gentility.

Daly by his easy and cutting replies was always too good a match for her; whilst Rosse, on whom she would now and then fling a jest, always answered her roughly, and if not to the purpose, scowled her into silence, and consequently was rather feared by her than otherwise.

The origin of Mrs. Smith was humble, and her conduct had been such as rather to disgrace, than exalt it.

Her father kept a coal-shed at Sheerness, and her mother was in the habit of bumboating, as it is termed, or supplying the ships at that port with the necessary articles of wearing apparel, &c. &c.

Their daughter, not restrained by parental care and watchfulness, frequently visited the marine barracks at Chatham.

Here she became acquainted with Smith the lieutenant of marines, and easily became a prey to seduction.

Two years elapsed before the parents knew what had become of her, and then their threats, joined to the persuasions of their daughter, were sufficient to induce him to marry her.

He was shortly after ordered to join a ship, but the officers having discovered that he had introduced a kept mistress among their wives, cut him, or in the technical phrase, sent him to Coventry; he therefore found himself compelled to leave the ship, which he shortly after did, and joined the present captain, who was then in a frigate; which after a year and a half's cruising off Guernsey and the coast of France near it, was paid off.

The captain, either from partiality to Smith or to his wife, on being re-appointed to another ship, made interest to have Smith with him again, and he had continued ever since.

Mrs. Smith's influence with the captain was all-powerful, and it was peace or war among the officers, just as this termagant pleased; although the captain was never accused of any illicit connexion with her, nor had Smith himself a doubt of his wife's fidelity.

Indeed, the probability was that the captain was never acquainted with the real history of this woman, nor were any of the officers, at the time of Helen's going on board, less ignorant of the same.

She was genteely formed from the waist downward, but rather high shouldered; had fine dark hair; her eyes also were dark and expressive, though indicative of great cunning and dissimulation; she painted much, and on the whole, when well dressed, was, in the eyes of many, a really handsome woman; she was extravagant in her notions, and was miserable, because instead of spending a thousand a year, she had but the pay of a marine officer, and hence compelled for economy, to live continually on board ship, which had therefore rendered her capable of enduring with impunity sea voyages, and had strengthened her habitual vulgarity: she was secretly attached to Daly, but to his delicate and sensitive notions of what a woman should be, she was the very antipodes to what might create in him a correspondent feeling of partiality.

She had used all her arts in vain to entrap the handsome lieutenant, and her mind was in consequence always on the rack to account for her total failure.

Helen's arrival, and the obvious attention of Daly to her, completely unravelled the mystery.

Our heroine was, therefore, at once, and innocently, the object of her rancorous hatred, and she determined to do all in her power to make Helen as miserable as possible.

Here then was the beginning of another source of disquietude to her.

It quickly became known, from the captain down to the cabin boy, that Daly was in love with Helen; and as Rosse was universally despised, it was a subject for congratulation and pleasure, rather than of sympathy; and now to make him really jealous, all were willing to lend a hand.

It must, however, be conceded, that the prudent carriage of Helen was properly appreciated by all but Mrs. Smith, whose rancour increased as she became more and more satisfied of the attachment of Daly to her; and she unremittingly endeavoured to prejudice her husband against her, though without success.

Smith, though of humble origin, being the son of an exciseman in Wales, had received a good education; his deportment was gentlemanly, and in person he would not have disgraced a finer woman than his litigious and strife-making consort.

He loved his wife tenderly notwithstanding his perfect conviction of her often imprudent and coarse conduct; and if a matrimonial breeze occurred now and then, the cause was always to be traced to some provocation on her part, or in his own endeavour gently to persuade her of the impropriety of some imprudence, of which she was unfortunately but too often guilty.

He took the part of Helen decidedly, and expostulated with firmness on the cruelty of doing any thing that might tend in the least to wound her feelings, seeing that no cause of complaint could with justice be urged against her.

Helen, after a few days' acquaintance with the conversation and manners of the ward-room, readily understood the jokes and general roastings which were constantly occurring: not that she relished them at all, seeing that the shafts of ridicule were directed oftener to her unfortunate husband than to any other officer; though in consequence of the interference of Daly, out of deference to the feelings of Helen, the place had become a paradise to him, when compared to what it formerly was.

Daly was always inclined to relieve him when hard pressed, and generally succeeded, by changing the subject, or turning the tables on his opponent.

Helen was grateful to him for this conduct, but knowing the motive, could not express her thanks.

Rosse, who also was satisfied that to Daly's partiality to Helen he ought to attribute his altered manners, began now to speak more civilly than heretofore to him, whilst Daly himself was ever kindly disposed towards him; though whenever he heard Rosse and Helen chatting in their cabin, and he was absent, he felt the pangs of disappointed love return with redoubled force, for

“Yet to her beauteous form he was not blind,  
Though now it moved him as it moves the wise;  
Not that philosophy on such a mind  
E'er deigned to bend her chastely awful eyes;  
But Passion raves herself to rest, or flies;  
And Vice, that digs her own voluptuous tomb,  
Had buried thus his hopes no more to rise.”

In the ward-room Rosse would never carve. The first week Helen was on board it was Daly's turn to be president, and as Rosse was next to him in rank, his turn ought to follow; hitherto they had always insisted on his doing so, at present Daly took his place: this was a great relief to him, as it was on such occasions his blunders and awkwardness were sure to cause him a greater share of ridicule than at any other time.

Our heroine had to familiarize herself with scenes far different to those she ever did anticipate; she had to meet the exigencies of her fate, by learning to beguile time, and to look calmly on terrors congenial to the hardy life of a sailor.

“The wind sung, cordage strain'd, and sailors  
swore,  
And the ship creak'd, the town became a speck,  
From which away so fair and fast they bore:

## CHAPTER XII.

The moon is up; by Heaven a lovely eve!  
Long streams of light o'er dancing waves expand;  
Now lads on shore may sigh, and maids believe,  
Such be our fate when we return to land!  
Meantime some rude Arion's restless hand  
Wakes the brisk harmony that sailors love;  
A circle there of merry listeners stand  
Or to some well-known measure featly move,  
Thoughtless, as if on shore they still were free to rove

\* \* \* \* \*

Pass we the long unvarying course, the track  
Oft trod, that never leaves a trace behind;  
Pass we the calm, the gale, the change, the tack,  
And each well known caprice of wave and wind;  
Pass we the joys and sorrows sailors find,  
Coop'd in their winged sea-girt citadel;  
The foul, the fair, the contrary, the kind,  
As breezes rise and fall and billows swell,  
Till on some jocund morn—lo, land! and all is well.

*Byron.*

WE must take men as they are—we have heretofore described Edmund as not only a youth of high bred honor and feeling, but also as one of sound sense and judgment.

Love, however, which 'makes fools of us all,' had a similar influence on many of his actions; compelled as he was to witness, without daring to murmur, the happiness of Rosse, who was blessed with the only woman that Edmund felt could sway and mould his heart to whatever she pleased; though too gentle to tyrannize, yet too virtuous to give him a ray of hope that he might ever expect to awaken in her a passion as warm and reciprocal as his own.

Candour, therefore, compels us to admit, that in many of his future traits of character he would descend from that high bearing and keen sense of the folly of trifling, in which, for the cause above stated, he would frequently indulge.

To be sure, it must be readily admitted, that the ward-room of a ship can never aspire to be considered on a par with the drawing-room; and the scenes which hereafter happened must be rather put down to this deficiency than to any other cause: so many grades of society, both in respect to rank and education, meeting in such a place.

Rosse also was, of course, highly to blame, to introduce his lovely and gentle wife to a familiar intercourse with such peculiar company as she was now compelled to associate with; but that individual, who, it must be confessed, was now become a comparatively kind and attentive husband, had acted solely under the impulse of his own



gratification; and to him the ward-room, or even the deck of a ship, was a more convenient and pleasurable spot than the finest room of the finest palace in the world.

When Edmund left Portsmouth, his servant William, who had been with him more than five years, was not arrived from a journey which he had undertaken at the request of his dying father. As the time had expired when he should have returned Edmund was uneasy at the delay, as he was much attached to him.

In a few days he received the unwelcome intelligence, that William had caught the same fever of which his father had died, and that at the time the letter was written, his life was despaired of.

Edmund was, therefore, having no other resource, compelled to put up with the attendance of one of a fresh draught of boys, which the ship had received from the Mariners' school.

Daly's boy was an arch, lively young rogue; but as they were all unused to their new duties, he was a poor substitute for the clever and careful William.

The doctor's boy was an exceedingly stupid one, and the irritable Irishman would often cuff him for his frequent blunders.

It was the practice of the captain to dine twice a week in the ward-room, viz. on Sunday and Wednesday.

On the latter day, the week after Helen had been on board, Daly was officiating as president instead of Rosse.

A gentleman who had some business to transact with the captain, was invited to dine with the officers in the ward-room.

He was a fine, handsome and prepossessing young man; and when introduced to our heroine, appeared to be much struck with her, and at the dinner table took his place next to Helen, much to the annoyance and vexation of Daly, who could not avoid betraying the same, much to the amusement of Helen, and to the incomprehensibility of the remainder of the party, excepting Mrs. Smith, who enjoyed his misery, and triumphed in it to her heart's content.

Rosse, who was on deck on watch, could not join them till he was relieved. He soon, however, made his appearance.

"Who relieved you, Rosse?" said Smith.

"The gunner," answered he, "while I take my dinner."

The name of Rosse was a sufficient key to the gentleman's understanding, that it was the husband of Helen; and he looked first at one and then on the other, with evident marks of astonishment, the contrast between them was so manifest.

"I have ordered," said Daly, "the fish to be kept warm for you, Rosse; will you have it brought?"

"Never mind," said he, "I will attack this course."

The dinner passed off pleasantly—the eagle eye of Mrs. Smith alone, being engaged in watching every look and word of the strange gentleman and Daly.

"Give me a small quantity of beer," said Daly, to the doctor's stupid boy; the steward being engaged at the sideboard, with the glasses, &c. and this unfortunate urchin being the only one else in attendance.

He brought the beer with his thumb on the inside of the glass, and having placed it on the table, received from Daly a box on the ear for his forgetfulness.

The boy reeled, and tumbling against our heroine, upset the glass of wine which stood before her, on her dress; to avoid which, she sprung up, but a part of it being entangled in the chair, she was in the act of falling, boy, glass and all, on the ground; but the gentleman with eagerness prevented it, by catching her in his arms; a scene of laughable confusion was thereby partly prevented, though enough had taken place to amuse and gratify Mrs. Smith, whose *penchant* for mischief was notorious.

The whole was the work of a moment.

The purser started up, and cried out, "quick! quick! Mrs. Rosse, to the cabin! to the cabin! salt and water; here, George, attend me;" and Helen having disengaged herself from the gentleman, ran with confusion from the ward-room to her cabin, attended by the purser, whose careful fears were excited on behalf of her beautiful silk dress, which had received no small quantum of red wine; and on the most conspicuous part of it.

Arrived at the cabin, this notable economist, with the assistance of the steward, succeeded in effacing all traces of the accident; and returned with Helen to the ward-room, laughing and exulting in his skill.

Meanwhile, Edmund, who had been the cause of this accident, was, if possible, more distressed than Helen herself; to have been guilty of so great a breach of politeness at dinner, was enough of itself to upset every notion of his, on the rules of good breeding; but to have occasioned, in addition, Helen to fall into the stranger's arms, and perhaps have injured her, was a shock to his sensitive feelings, from which he scarcely knew how to recover; he blushed like scarlet, and for a few moments he sat, as if fixed to the chair, and was unable to utter a single word by way of excuse.

Rosse, less delicate, and more intent on enjoying the good things before him, laughed heartily at the upsetting; and seeing the purser take care of his wife, bawled out, "all right! all right in the galley there!" he then quietly continued eating, enjoying the confusion and dismay which Daly, but too evidently in his looks, betrayed.

At last Daly summoned up resolution to speak, and with hesitation, said, "Rosse, you take this rudeness of mine extremely calm; I really feel quite ashamed of myself, but you must excuse it, betrayed as I was by a momentary irritation to commit so foolish an act."

"Why, man, there's nothing the matter; you've neither run the ship ashore, nor is she in danger of sinking, though you did spring a leak; for here she comes, rigged as she was before, and looking the devil a bit the worse for the squall; so heave a head! and let's shove the bottle about."

"Bravo! bravo!" said the doctor, who had been of late quite taciturn; an extraordinary fit of virtue in that line having taken him, "that's the finest speech Rosse ever yet uttered."

He was interrupted by the entrance of Helen, who laughing, and seeing the confusion of Edmund, said, "I am not hurt, Mr. Daly," and seating herself in the same chair, began to converse with Mrs. Phillips on some domestic arrangements, which they were about to put in practice on the morrow.

Nevertheless, Edmund was but ill at ease; oh, how he envied that calm, that sweet disposition, which his soul's best treasure possessed; and Rosse's plegmatic behaviour was as unaccountable to him as it was unpleasant.

The mornings were usually passed by the ladies in their respective cabins, unless they went on shore.

Helen had done so but once, for the roughness of the water, and the motion of the boat in consequence, was sufficient to detain her on board; though Mrs. Smith, ever restless, was continually pressing her to do so.

The Indiamen were collecting rapidly, and orders for sailing were shortly expected.

Helen, passive in disposition, as meek and pleasant in her manners, had given way to the repeated solicitations of Rosse, to accompany them though the tears flowed plentifully whenever the thought of so hazardous and unpleasant an event would cross her mind.

Daly, though glad in one respect of such a circumstance, as by it he should be always near her, yet could not but blame Rosse for so unfeeling a proceeding, and scrupled not to argue with him on its impropriety.

Rosse, who judged things on the narrowest principles, and from his own selfish feelings, was rather pleased than otherwise with Daly's interference; he imagined he saw in it a diminution of his partiality towards her, and that he as much wished to get rid of her, as he himself to retain her; and gloried in the idea that what had hitherto been a pleasure, might prove a torment to him; still he did not show this disposition; but, in appearance, at least, was more friendly disposed towards him than ever, having resolved firmly to take no notice of whatever might be said or done to provoke him to any jealous feeling.

Mrs. Smith, as we before observed, was considered as the life and soul of the ward-room; and as duly as evening came she would promote some amusement or other; most of the gentlemen were fond of dancing, and frequently indulged in it; but Mrs. Smith, who was unable to dance gracefully, preferred the game of "hunt the slipper," or "forfeits."

Helen strongly urged her refusal to join in either, but it was of no use.

Mrs. Smith said it was pride, and the gentlemen ill temper. Although Daly did not like these vulgar and boisterous pastimes, yet from deference to the general feeling, being unwilling to give an affront, and not wishing to be deprived of the company of Helen, joined with the rest in persuading her to comply; half-wishing also that it might have the effect of making her more free and unreserved towards him, for he could not but now and then feel provoked at the calm, steady, and indifferent way she still persisted in, with regard to him in particular; though ever polite and obliging, it was impossible to find fault with her.

Rosse's contentment and absence of any jealousy, was vexatious to many of the lovers of scandal.

Edmund, in answer to the jokes which he was compelled to submit to on the subject of his partiality to Helen, seemed rather to own it than otherwise, which was extremely unpleasant to the feelings of Helen, who wept much in secret in consequence, and her fears increased that it might provoke at last a breach between Rosse and Daly, the fickle and uneven temper of the former being now known so well to her; still, confiding in the purity of her intentions, and more determined than ever to resist every appearance of imprudence with regard to Edmund, she could not at the end of each self-examination and ponderings on her peculiarly unfortunate situation, but conclude with hoping to surmount every difficulty, and finally triumph in her virtuous career! She was thoroughly satisfied that Daly adored her; and knowing how unconquerable the feeling itself was by

her own experience, she could not but sympathise with him in his evidently severe struggles to make the state of his heart more clearly known to her.

Often would she hear him in his cabin when alone, and not aware that she was so near him, "sighing like furnace," and calling on her sweet name, and blessing it, curse his own hard fate, in being doomed to silence by the tongue, nay the looks merely, of her whom he ought to call his own, and whom he could not but persuade himself was equally miserable.

These outbreakings were, indeed, answered mentally, by a correspondent feeling, and perhaps more severely to be endured, as being not only the party appealed to, but who had the natural power, and the secret and involuntary inclination to listen with a favourable ear to them.

Edmund was possessed of a good library, and to relieve the dull tedium of the present life of inactivity, he would call together the ladies in his cabin, and read to them; he had a double motive in doing so; first, he had the pleasure of Helen's company, though with others, (he would have preferred their absence) at a time when otherwise he could not have obtained it; and secondly, he hoped by familiarising her to his cabin, and contributing thus innocently to her happiness, to show still more and more how ardently he was attached to her; and by reading nothing but what was really good, prove himself equally as virtuous in principle as herself.

"What shall we read this morning?" said he, taking down a book of history from the shelf.

"Not that again," said Mrs. Smith, eagerly; "I hate history; have you no pretty stories to read?"

"I am bare," said he, "in that sort of literary ware; but looking over a new book yesterday, I was much struck with one under the title of a "Tale of the Passions."

"Then," said Helen, "I pray you will not read it," fancying that by the word passions, he had a secret motive directed towards her in proposing it.

"It is the very thing, madam," said Mrs. Smith, "a Tale of the Passions! it must be about love, and I insist on its being read, so proceed, sir."

"It is interesting," said Edmund, "and when finished, I think you will both acknowledge its goodness, and that you have both prejudged it in a false light; the one," continued he, looking archly alternately at Mrs. Smith and Helen, "too favourably, and the other too suspiciously."

He then proceeded.

## A TALE OF THE PASSIONS.

"After the death of Manfred, king of Naples, the Ghibellines lost their ascendancy throughout Italy. The exiled Guelphs returned to their native cities; and not contented with resuming the reins of government, they prosecuted their triumph until the Ghibellines in their turn were obliged to fly, and to mourn in banishment over the violent party spirit which had before occasioned their bloody victories, and now their irretrievable defeat. After an obstinate contest the Florentine Ghibellines were forced to quit their native town; their estates were confiscated; their attempts to reinstate themselves frustrated; and receding from the castle, they at length took refuge in Lucca,

and awaited with impatience the arrival of Corradino from Germany, through whose influence they hoped again to establish the Imperial supremacy.

The first of May was ever a day of rejoicing and festivity at Florence. The youth of both sexes, of the highest rank, paraded the streets, crowned with flowers, and singing the canzonets of the day. In the evening they assembled in the *Piazza del Dumo*, and spent the hours in dancing. The *Carroccio* was led through the principal streets, the ringing of its bell drowned in the peals that rang from every belfry in the city, and in the music of fifes, and drums which made a part of the procession that followed it. The triumph of the reigning party in Florence caused them to celebrate the anniversary of the first of May, 1268, with peculiar splendour. They had indeed hoped that Charles d'Anjou, King of Naples, the head of the Guelphs in Italy, and then *Vicare* of their republic, would have been there to adorn the festival by his presence. But the expectation of Corradino had caused the greater part of his newly conquered and oppressed kingdom to revolt, and he had hastily quitted Tuscany to secure by his presence those conquests of which his avarice and cruelty endangered the loss. But although Charles somewhat feared the approaching contest with Corradino, the Florentine Guelphs, newly reinstated in their city and possessions, did not permit a fear to cloud their triumph. The principal families vied with each other in the display of their magnificence during the festival. The knights followed the *Carroccio* on horseback, and the windows were filled with ladies who leant upon gold-inwoven carpets, while their own dresses, at once simple and elegant, their only ornaments flowers, contrasted with the glittering tapestry and the brilliant colours of the flags of the various communities. The whole population of Florence poured into the principal streets, and none were left at home, except the decrepid and sick, unless it were some discontented Ghibelline, whose fear, poverty, or avarice, had caused him to conceal his party, when it had been banished from the city.

It was not the feeling of discontent which prevented Monna Gugia de' Becari from being among the first of the revellers; and she looked angrily on what she called her "Ghibelline leg," which fixed her to her chair on such a day of triumph. The sun shone in all its glory in an unclouded sky, and caused the fair Florentines to draw their *fazioles* over their dark eyes, and to bereave the youth of those beams more vivifying than the sun's rays. The same sun poured its full light into the lonely apartment of Monna Gugia, and almost extinguished the fire which was lighted in the middle of the room, over which hung the pot of *minestra*, the dinner of the dame and her husband. But she had deserted the fire and was seated by her window, holding her beads in her hand, while every now and then she peeped from her lattice (five stories high) into the narrow lane below,—but no creature passed. She looked at the opposite window; a cat slept there beside a pot of heliotrope, but no human being was heard or seen:—they had all gone to the *Piazza del Duomo*.

Monna Gugia was an old woman, and her dress of green *calrasio* shewed that she belonged to one of the *Arti Minori*. Her head was covered by a red kerchief, which, folden triangular, hung loosely over it: her grey hairs were combed back from her high and wrinkled brow. The quickness of her eye spoke the activity of her mind, and the slight irritability that lingered about the corners of her lips might be occasioned by the continual war maintained between her bodily and mental faculties.—"Now, by St. John!" she said, "I would give my gold cross to make one of them; though by giving that I should appear on a *festa* without that which no *festa* yet ever found me wanting."

——And as she spoke she looked with great complacency on a large but thin gold cross which was tied round her withered neck by a ribbon, once black, now of a rusty brown.——“Methinks this leg of mine is bewitched; and it may well be that my Ghibelline husband has used the black art to hinder me from following the *Carroccio* with the best of them.”——A slight sound as of footsteps in the street far below interrupted the good woman’s soliloquy.——“Perhaps it is Monna Lisabetta, or Messer Giani dei Agli, the weaver, who mounted the breach first when the castle of Pagibonzi was taken.”——She looked down, but could see no one, and was about to relapse into her old train of thoughts, when her attention was again attracted by the sound of steps ascending the stairs: they were slow and heavy, but she did not doubt who her visitant was when a key was applied to the hole of the door; the latch was lifted up, and a moment after, with an unassured mien and downcast eyes, her husband entered.

He was a short stunted man, more than sixty years of age; his shoulders were broad and high; his legs short; his lank hair, though it grew now only on the back of his head, was still coal-black; his brows overhanging and bushy; his eyes black and quick; his complexion dark and weather-beaten: his lips as it were contradicted the sternness of the upper part of his face, for their gentle curve betokened even delicacy of sentiment, and his smile was inexpressibly sweet, although a short, bushy, grey beard somewhat spoiled the expression of his countenance. His dress consisted of leather trowsers and a kind of short, coarse, cloth tunic, confined at the waist by a leathern girdle. He had on a low-crowned, red, cloth cap, which he drew over his eyes, and seating himself on a low bench by the fire, he heaved a deep sigh. He appeared disinclined to enter into any conversation, but Monna Gegia, looking on him with a smile of ineffable contempt, was resolved that he should not enjoy his melancholy mood uninterrupted.——“Have you been to mass, Cincolo?”—she asked; beginning by a question sufficiently removed from the point she longed to approach.—He shrugged his shoulders uneasily, but did not reply.—“You are too early for your dinner,” continued Gegia; “do you not go out again?”—Cincolo answered, “no!” in an accent that denoted his disinclination to further questioning. But this very impatience only served to feed the spirit of contention that was fermenting in the bosom of Gegia.—“You are not used,” she said, “to pass your May days under your chimney.”—No answer.—“Well,” she continued, “if you will not speak, I have done!”—meaning that she intended to begin—“but by that lengthened face of thine I see that some good news is stirring abroad, and I bless the virgin for it, whatever it may be. Come, if thou be not too curst, tell me what happy tidings make thee so woe-begone.”—

Cincolo remained silent for awhile, then turning half round but not looking at his wife, he replied,—“What if old Marzio the lion be dead?”—Gegia turned pale at the idea, but a smile that lurked in the good-natured mouth of her husband reassured her. “Nay, St. John defend us!” she began;—“but that is not true. Old Marzio’s death would not drive you within these four walls, except it were to triumph over your old wife. By the blessing of St. John, not one of our lions have died since the eve of the battle of Monte Aperto; and I doubt not that they were poisoned; for Mari, who fed them that night, was more than half a Ghibelline in his heart. Besides, the bells are still ringing, and the drums still beating, and all would be silent enough if old Marzio were to die. On the first of May too! Santa Reparata is too good to us to allow such ill luck;—and she has more favour, I trust, in the seventh heaven than all the Ghibelline saints in your calendar. No, good Cincolo,

Marzio is not dead, nor the Holy Father, nor Messer Carlo of Naples; but I would bet my gold cross against the wealth of your banished men, that Pisa is taken—or Corradino—or—”—“And I here! no, Gegia, as old as I am, and much as you need my help, (and that last is why I am here at all) Pisa would not be taken while this old body could stand in the breach; or Corradino die, till this lazy blood were colder on the ground than it is in my body. Ask no more questions, and do not rouse me: there is no news, no good or ill luck, that I know. But when I saw the Neri, the Pulci, the Buondelmonti, and the rest of them, ride like kings through the streets, whose very hands are hardly dry from the blood of my kindred; when I saw their daughter crowned with flowers, and thought how the daughter of Arrigo dei Elisei was mourning for her murdered father, with ashes on her head, by the hearth of a stranger—my spirit must be more dead than it is if such a sight did not make me wish to drive among them; and methought I could scatter their pomp with my awl for a sword. But I remember thee, and am here unstained with blood.”

“That thou wilt never be!” cried Monna Gegia, the colour rising in her wrinkled cheeks:—“since the battle of Monte Aperto, thou hast never been well washed of that shed by thee and thy confederates;—and how could ye? for the Arno has never since run clear of the blood then spilt.”—“And if the sea were red with that blood, still while there is any of the Guelphs’ to spill, I am ready to spill it, were it not for thee. Thou doest well to mention Monte Aperto, and thou wouldst do better to remember over whom its grass now grows.”—“Peace, Cincolo; a mother’s heart has more memory in it than thou thinkest; and I well recollect who spurned me as I knelt, and dragged my only child, but sixteen years of age, to die in the cause of that misbeliever Manfred. Let us indeed speak no more. Woe was the day when I married thee! but those were happy times when there was neither Guelph nor Ghibelline;—they will never return.”—“Never,—until, as thou sayest, the Arno run clear of the blood shed on its banks;—never while I can pierce the heart of a Guelph;—never till both parties are cold under one bier.”—“And thou and I, Cincolo?”—“Are two old fools, and shall be more at peace under ground than above it. Rank Guelph as thou art, I married thee before I was a Ghibelline; so now I must eat from the same platter with the enemy of Manfred, and make shoes for Guelphs, instead of following the fortunes of Corradino, and sending them, my battle-axe in my hand, to buy their shoes in Bologna.”—“Hush! hush! good man, talk not so loud of thy party; hearest thou not that some one knocks?”—

Cincolo went to open the door with the air of a man who thinks himself ill used at being interrupted in his discourse, and is disposed to be angry with the intruder, however innocent he might be of any intention of breaking in upon his eloquent complaint. The appearance of his visitor calmed his indignant feelings. He was a youth whose countenance and person shewed that he could not be more than sixteen, but there was a self-possession in his demeanour and a dignity in his physiognomy that belonged to a more advanced age. His figure though not tall was slight; and his countenance though of wonderful beauty and regularity of feature, was pale as monumental marble; the thick and curling locks of his chesnut hair clustered over his brow and round his fair throat; his cap was drawn far down on his forehead. Cincolo was about to usher him with deference into his humble room, but the youth staid him with his hand, and uttered the words “*Swabia, Cavalieri!*” the words by which Ghibellines were accustomed to recognise each other. He continued in a low and hurried tone: “Your wife is within?”—“She is.”—“Enough; although I am a stranger to you, I come from an old friend. Harbour me until night-fall;

we will then go out, and I will explain to you the motives of my intrusion. Call me Ricciardo de' Rossini of Milan, travelling to Rome. I leave Florence this evening."

Having said these words, without giving Cincolo time to reply, he motioned that they should enter the room. Monna Gegia had fixed her eyes on the door from the moment he had opened it with a look of impatient curiosity; when she saw the youth enter she could not refrain from exclaiming—"Gesu Maria!"—so different was he from any one she had expected to see.—"A friend from Milan," said Cincolo.—"More likely from Lucca," replied his wife, gazing on her visitant:—"You are doubtless one of the banished men, and you are more daring than wise to enter this town: however, if you be not a spy, you are safe with me." Ricciardo smiled and thanked her in a low, sweet voice:—"If you do not turn me out," he said, "I shall remain under your roof nearly all the time I remain in Florence, and I leave it soon after dusk."

Gegia again gazed on her guest, nor did Cincolo scrutinize him with less curiosity. His black cloth tunic reached below his knees and was confined by a black leather girdle at the waist. He had on trowsers of coarse scarlet stuff, over which were drawn short boots, such as are now seen on the stage only: a cloak of common fox's fur, unlined, hung from his shoulder. But although his dress was thus simple, it was such as was then worn by the young Florentine nobility. At that time the Italians were simple in their private habits: the French army led by Charles d'Anjou into Italy first introduced luxury into the palaces of the Cisalpines. Manfred was a magnificent prince, but it was his saintly rival who was the author of that trifling foppery of dress and ornaments, which degrades a nation, and is a sure precursor of their downfall. But of Ricciardo—his countenance had all the regularity of a Grecian head; and his blue eyes, shaded by very long dark eyelashes, were soft, yet full of expression: when he looked up, the heavy lids, as it were, unveiled the gentle light beneath, and then again closed over them, as shading what was too brilliant to behold. His lips expressed the deepest sensibility, and something perhaps of timidity, had not the placid confidence of his demeanour forbidden such an idea. His appearance was extraordinary, for he was young and delicate of frame, while the decision of his manner prevented the feeling of pity from arising in the spectator's mind: you might love him, but he rose above compassion.

His host and hostess were at first silent; but he asked some natural questions about the buildings of their city, and by degrees led them into discourse. When mid-day struck, Cincolo looked towards his pot of *minestra*, and Ricciardo following his look, asked if that was not the dinner. "You must entertain me," he said, "for I have not eaten to-day." a table was drawn near the window, and the *minestra* poured out into one plate was placed in the middle of it, a spoon was given to each, and a jug of wine filled from a barrel. Ricciardo looked at the two old people, and seemed somewhat to smile at the idea of eating from the same plate with them; he ate, however, though sparingly, and drank of the wine, though with still greater moderation. Cincolo, however, under pretence of serving his guests, filled his jug a second time, and was about to rise for the third measure, when Ricciardo, placing his small white hand on his arm, said, "are you a German, my friend, that you cease not after so many draughts? I have heard that you Florentines were a sober people."

Cincolo was not much pleased with this reproof; but he felt that it was timely; so, conceding the point, he sat down again, and somewhat heated with what he had already drank, he asked his guest the news from Germany, and what hopes for the good cause?



Monna Gegia bridled at these words, and Ricciardo replied, "many reports are abroad, and high hopes entertained, especially in the North of Italy for the success of our expedition. Corradino is arrived at Genoa, and it is hoped that, although the ranks of his army were much thinned by the desertion of his German troops, that they will be quickly filled by Italians, braver and truer than those foreigners, who, strangers to our soil, could not fight for his cause with our ardour."—"And how does he bear himself?"—"As befits one of the house of Swabia, and the nephew of Manfred. He is inexperienced and young, even to childishness. He is not more than sixteen. His mother would hardly consent to this expedition, but wept with agony at the fear of all he might endure: for he has been bred in a palace, nursed in every luxury, and habituated to all the flattering attentions of courtiers, and the tender care of a woman, who, although she be a princess, has waited on him with the anxious solicitude of a cottager for her infant. But Corradino is of good heart; docile, but courageous; obedient to his wiser friends, gentle to his inferiors, but noble of soul, the spirit of Manfred seems to animate his unfolding mind: and surely, if that glorious prince now enjoys the reward of his surpassing virtues, he looks down with joy and approbation on him who is, I trust, destined to fill his throne."

The enthusiasm with which Ricciardo spoke suffused his pale countenance with a slight blush, while his eyes swam in the lustre of the dew that filled them. Monna Gegia was little pleased with his harangue, but curiosity kept her silent, while her husband proceeded to question his guest. "You seem to be well acquainted with Corradino?"—"I saw him at Milan, and was closely connected with his most intimate friend there. As I have said, he has arrived at Genoa, and perhaps has even now landed at Pisa; he will find many friends in that town?" "Every man there will be his friend. But during his journey southward he will have to contend with our Florentine army, commanded by the marshals of the usurper Charles, and assisted by his troops. Charles himself has left us, and is gone to Naples to prepare for this war. But he is detested there, as a tyrant and a robber, and Corradino will be received in the Regno as a saviour: so that if he once surmount the obstacles which oppose his entrance, I do not doubt his success, and trust that he will be crowned within a month at Rome, and the week after sit on the throne of his ancestors in Naples."

"And who will crown him?" cried Gegia, unable to contain herself: Italy contains no heretic base enough to do such a deed, unless it be a Jew; or he send to Constantinople for a Greek, or to Egypt for a Mahometan. Cursed may the race of the Frederics ever be! Thrice cursed one who has affinity to that miscreant Manfred! And little do you please me, young man, by holding such discourse in my house." Cincolo looked at Ricciardo as if he feared that so violent a partisan for the house of Swabia would be irritated at his wife's attack; but he was looking on the aged woman with a regard of the most serene benignity; no contempt even was mingled with the gentle smile that played round his lips. "I will restrain myself," he said, and turned to Cincolo, he conversed on more general subjects, describing the various cities of Italy that he had visited; discussing their mode of government, and relating anecdotes concerning their inhabitants, with an air of experience that, contrasted with his youthful appearance, greatly impressed Cincolo, who looked on him at once with admiration and respect. Evening came on. The sound of bells died away after the *Ave Maria* had ceased to ring; but the distant sound of music was wafted to them by the night air, and its quick time indicated that the music was already begun. Ricciardo was about to address Cincolo, when a knocking at the gate interrupted

him. It was Buzeccha, the Saracen, a famous chess-player, who was used to parade about under the colonnades of the Duomo, and challenge the young nobles to play; and sometimes much stress was laid on these games, and the gain and loss became the talk of Florence. Buzeccha was a tall ungainly man, with all that good-natured consequence of manner, which the fame he had acquired by his proficiency in so trifling a science, and the familiarity with which he was permitted to treat those superior to him in rank who were pleased to measure their forces with him, might well bestow. He was beginning with, "Eh, Messere!" when perceiving Ricciardo, he cried, "who have we here?" "A friend to good men," replied Ricciardo, smiling. Then, by Mahomet, thou art my friend, my stripling." "Thou shouldst be a Saracen, by thy speech?" said Ricciardo. "And through the help of the Prophet, so am I. One who in Manfred's time—but no more of that. We won't talk of Manfred, eh, Monna Gegia? I am Buzeccha, the chess-player, at your service, Messer lo Forestiere."

The introduction thus made, they began to talk of the procession of the day. After a while, Buzeccha introduced his favourite subject of chess-playing; he recounted some wonderfully good strokes he had achieved, and related to Ricciardo how before the *Palagio del Popolo*, in the presence of Count Guido Novello de' Guidi, then *Vicare* of the city, he had played an hour at three chess-boards with three of the best chess-players in Florence, playing two by memory, and one by sight; and out of three games which made the board, he had won two. This account was wound up by a proposal to play with his host. "Thou art a hard-headed fellow, Cincolo, and make better play than the nobles. I would swear that thou thinkest of chess only as thou cobblest thy shoes; every hole of your awl is a square of the board, every stitch a move, and a finished pair, paid for, check-mate to your adversary; eh! Cincolo? Bring out the field of battle, man." Ricciardo interposed, "I leave Florence in two hours, and before I go, Messer Cincolo promised to conduct me to the *Piazza del Duomo*." "Plenty of time good youth," cried Buzeccha, arranging his men; "I only claim one game, and my games never last more than a quarter of an hour; and then we will both escort you, and you shall dance a set into the bargain with a black-eyed Houri, all Nazarene as thou art. So stand out of my light, good youth, and shut the window, if you have heeding, that the torch flare not so."

Ricciardo seemed amused by the authoritative tone of the chess-player; he shut the window and trimmed the torch, which stuck against the wall, was the only light they had, and stood by the table, over-looking the game. Monna Gegia had replaced the pot for supper, and sat somewhat uneasily, as if she were displeased that her guest did not talk with her. Cincolo and Buzeccha were deeply intent on their game, when a knock was heard at the door. Cincolo was about to rise and open it, but Ricciardo saying, "do not disturb yourself," opened it himself, with the manner of one who does humble offices as if ennobling them, so that no one action can be more humble to them than another. The visitant was welcomed by Gegia alone, with "Ah Messer Beppe, this is kind on May-day night." Ricciardo glanced slightly on him, and then resumed his stand by the players. There was little in Messer Beppe to attract a favourable regard. He was short, thin, and dry; his face long-drawn and liny; his eyes deep-set and scowling; his lips straight, his nose hooked, and his head covered by a close scull-cap, his hair cut close all round. He sat down near Gegia, and began to discourse in a whining, servile voice, complimenting her on her good looks, launching forth into praise of the magnificence of certain Guelph Florentines, and concluded by declaring that he was hungry and tired. "Hungry, Beppe?"

said Gegia, "that should have been your first word, friend. Cincolo, wilt thou give thy guest to eat? Cincolo, art thou deaf? Art thou blind? Dost thou not hear? Wilt thou not see?—Here is Messer Giuseppe de' Bosticchi."

Cincolo slowly, his eyes still fixed on the board, was about to rise. But the name of the visitant seemed to have the effect of magic on Ricciardo. "Bosticchi!" he cried—"Giuseppe Bosticchi! I did not expect to find that man beneath thy roof, Cincolo, all Guelph as thy wife is—for she also has eaten of the bread of the Elisei. Farewell thou wilt find me in the street below; follow me quickly." He was about to go, but Bosticchi placed himself before the door, saying in a tone whose whine expressed mingled rage and severity, "In what have I offended this young gentleman? Will he not tell me my offence?"—"Dare not to stop my way," cried Ricciardo, passing his hand before his eyes, "nor force me again to look on thee—Begone!" Cincolo stopt him: "Thou art too hasty, and far too passionate, my noble guest," said he: "however this man may have offended thee, thou art too violent." "Violent!" cried Ricciardo, almost suffocated by passionate emotion—"Aye, draw thy knife, and shew the blood of Arrigo dei Elisei with which it is still stained."

A dead silence followed. Bosticchi slunk out of the room; Ricciardo hid his face in his hands and wept. But soon he calmed his passion and said:—"This is indeed childish. Pardon me; that man is gone; excuse and forget my violence. Resume thy game, Cincolo, but conclude it quickly, for time gains on us—Hark! an hour of night sounds from the campanile." "The game is already concluded," said Buzeccha, sorrowfully, "thy cloak overthrew the best check-mate this head ever planned—so God forgive thee!" "Check-mate!" cried the indignant Cincolo, "Check-mate! and my queen mowing you down, rank and file!"—"Let us begone," exclaimed Ricciardo: "Messer Buzeccha, you will play out your game with Monna Gegia. Cincolo will return ere long." So taking his host by the arm, he drew him out of the room, and descended the narrow high stairs with the air of one to whom those stairs were not unknown.

When in the street he slackened his pace, and first looking round to assure himself that none overheard their conversation, he addressed Cincolo:—"Pardon me, my dear friend; I am hasty, and the sight of that man made every drop of my blood cry aloud in my veins. But I do not come here to indulge in private sorrows or private revenge, and my design ought alone to engross me. It is necessary for me to see, speedily and secretly, Messer Guielmo Lostendardo, the Neapolitan commander. I bear a message to him from the Countess Elizabeth, the mother of Corradino, and I have some hope that its import may induce him to take at least a neutral part during the impending conflict. I have chosen you, Cincolo, to aid me in this, for not only you are of that little note in your town that you may act for me without attracting observation, but you are brave and true, and I may confide to your known worth. Lostendardo resides at the *Palagio del Governo*; when I enter its doors I am in the hands of my enemies, and its dungeons may alone know the secret of my destiny. I hope better things. But if after two hours I do not appear or let you hear of my welfare, carry this packet to Corradino at Pisa: you will then learn who I am, and if you feel any indignation at my fate, let that feeling attach you still more strongly to the cause for which I live and die."

As Ricciardo spoke he still walked on; and Cincolo observed, that without his guidance he directed his steps towards the *Palagio del Governo*. "I do not understand this," said the old man;—"by what argument, unless you bring one from the other world,

do you hope to induce Messer Guielmo to aid Corradino? He is so bitter an enemy of Manfred, that although that Prince is dead, yet when he mentions his name he grasps the air as it were a dagger. I have heard him with horrible imprecations curse the whole house of Swabia." A tremor shook the frame of Ricciardo, but he replied, "Lostendardo was once the firmest support of that house and the friend of Manfred. Strange circumstances gave birth in his mind to this unnatural hatred, and he became a traitor. But perhaps now that Manfred is in Paradise, the youth, the virtues, and the inexperience of Corradino may inspire him with more generous feelings and reawaken his ancient faith. At least I must make this last trial. This cause is too holy, too sacred, to admit of common forms of reasoning or action. The nephew of Manfred must sit upon the throne of his ancestors; and to achieve that I will endure what I am about to endure."

They entered the palace of government. Messer Guielmo was carousing in the great hall. "Bear this ring to him, good Cincolo, and say that I wait. Be speedy, that my courage, my life, do not desert me at the moment of trial."—Cincolo, casting one more inquisitive glance on his extraordinary companion, obeyed his orders, while the youth leant against one of the pillars of the court and passionately cast up his eyes to the clear firmament. "Oh, ye stars!" he cried in a smothered voice, "ye are eternal; let my purpose, my will, be as constant as ye!" Then, more calm, he folded his arms in his cloak, and with strong inward struggle endeavoured to repress his emotion. Several servants approached him and bade him follow them. Again he looked at the sky and said, "Manfred," and then he walked on with slow but firm steps. They led him through several halls and corridors to a large apartment hung with tapestry, and well lighted by numerous torches; the marble of the floor reflected their glare, and the arched roof echoed the footsteps of one who paced the apartment as Ricciardo entered. It was Lostendardo. He made a sign that the servants should retire; the heavy door closed behind them, and Ricciardo stood alone with Messer Guielmo; his countenance pale but composed, his eyes cast down as in expectation, not in fear; and but for the convulsive motion of his lips, you would have guessed that every faculty was almost suspended by intense agitation.

Lostendardo approached. He was a man in the prime of life, tall and athletic; he seemed capable with a single exertion to crush the frail being of Ricciardo. Every feature of his countenance spoke of the struggle of passions, and the terrible egotism of one who would sacrifice even himself to the establishment of his will: his black eyebrows were scattered, his grey eyes deep set and scowling, his look at once stern and haggard. A smile seemed never to have disturbed the settled scorn which his lips expressed; his high forehead, already becoming bald, was marked by a thousand contradictory lines. His voice was studiously restrained as he said: "Wherefore do you bring that ring?"—Ricciardo looked up and met his eye, which glanced fire as he exclaimed—"Despina!" He seized her hand with a giant's grasp:—"I have prayed for this night and day, and thou art now here! Nay, do not struggle; you are mine; for by my salvation I swear that thou shalt never again escape me." Despina replied calmly—"Thou mayst well believe that in thus placing myself in thy power I do not dread any injury thou canst inflict upon me,—or I were not here. I do not fear thee, for I do not fear death. Loosen then thy hold, and listen to me. I come in the name of those virtues that were once thine; I come in the name of all noble sentiment, generosity, and ancient faith; and I trust that in listening to me your heroic nature will second my voice, and that Lostendardo will no longer rank with those whom the good and great never name but to condemn."

Lostendardo appeared to attend little to what she said. He gazed on her with triumph and malignant pride; and if he still held her, his motive appeared rather the delight he felt in displaying his power over her, than any fear that she would escape. You might read in her pale cheek and glazed eye, that if she feared, it was herself alone that she mistrusted; that her design lifted her above mortal dread, and that she was as impassive as the marble she resembled to any event that did not either advance or injure the object for which she came. They were both silent, until Lostendardo leading her to a seat, and then standing opposite to her, his arms folded, every feature dilated by triumph, and his voice sharpened by agitation, he said: "Well, speak! What wouldst thou with me?"—"I come to request, that if you can not be induced to assist Prince Corradino in the present struggle, you will at least stand neutral, and not oppose his advance to the kingdom of his ancestors." Lostendardo laughed. The vaulted roof repeated the sound, but the harsh echo, though it resembled the sharp cry of an animal of prey whose paw is on the heart of its enemy, was not so discordant and dishuman as the laugh itself. "How," he asked, "dost thou pretend to induce me to comply? This dagger," and he touched the hilt of one, that was half concealed in his vesture, "is yet stained by the blood of Manfred; ere long it will be sheathed in the heart of that foolish boy."

Despina conquered the feeling of horror these words inspired, and replied: "Will you give me a few minutes' patient hearing?"—"I will give you a few minutes' hearing, and if I be not so patient as in the Palagio Reale, fair Despina must excuse me, Forbearance is not a virtue to which I aspire."—"Yes, it was in the Palagio Reale, at Naples, the palace of Manfred, that you first saw me. You were then the bosom friend of Manfred, selected by that choice specimen of humanity as his confident and counsellor. Why did you become a traitor? Start not at that word: if you could hear the united voice of Italy, and even of those who call themselves your friends, they would echo that name. Why did you thus degrade and belie yourself? You call me the cause, yet I am most innocent. You saw me at the court of your master, an attendant on Queen Sibilla, and one who unknown to herself had already parted with her heart, her soul, her will, her entire being, an involuntary sacrifice at the shrine of all that is noble and divine in human nature. My spirit worshipped Manfred as a saint, and my pulses ceased to beat when his eye fell upon me.

I felt this, but I knew it not. You awoke me from my dream. You said that you loved me, and you reflected in too faithful a mirror my own emotions: I saw myself and shuddered. But the profound and eternal nature of my passion saved me. I loved Manfred. I loved the sun because it enlightened him; I loved the air that fed him; I deified myself for that my heart was the temple in which he resided. I devoted myself to Sibilla, for she was his wife, and never in thought or dream degraded the purity of my affection towards him. For this you hated him. He was ignorant of my passion: my heart contained it as a treasure which you having discovered came to rifle. You could more easily deprive me of life than my devotion for your king, and therefore you were a traitor.

"Manfred died, and you thought that I had then forgotten him. But love would indeed be a mockery if death were not the most barefaced cheat. How can he die who is immortalized in my thoughts—my thoughts, that comprehend the universe, and contain eternity in their graspings? What though his earthly vesture is thrown as a despised weed beside the verde, he lives in my soul as lovely, as noble, as entire, as when his voice awoke the mute air: nay, his life is more entire, more true. For before, that small shrine

that encased his spirit was all that existed of him; but now he is a part of all things; his spirit surrounds me, interpenetrates and divided from him during his life, his death has united me to him for ever.”

The countenance of Lostendardo darkened fearfully.—When she paused, he looked black as the sea before the heavily charged thunder-clouds that canopy it dissolve themselves in rain. The tempest of passion that arose in his heart seemed too mighty to admit of swift manifestation; it came slowly up from the profoundest depths of his soul, and emotion was piled upon emotion before the lightning of his anger sped to its destination. “Your arguments, eloquent Despina,” he said, “are indeed unanswerable. They work well for your purpose. Corradino is I hear at Pisa: you have sharpened my dagger; and before the air of another night rust it, I may by deeds have repaid your insulting words.”

“How far do you mistake me! and is praise and love of all heroic excellence insult to you? Lostendardo, when you first knew me, I was an inexperienced girl; I loved but knew not what love was, and circumscribing my passion in narrow bounds, I adore the being of Manfred as I might love an effigy of stone, which, when broken, has no longer an existence. I am now much altered. I might before have treated you with disdain or anger, but now these base feelings have expired in my heart. I am animated but by one feeling—an aspiration to another life, another state of being. All the good depart from this strange earth; and I doubt not that when I am sufficiently elevated above human weaknesses, it will also be my turn to leave this scene of woe. I prepare myself for that moment alone; and in endeavouring to fit myself for a union with all the brave, generous, and wise, that once adorned humanity, and have now passed from it, I consecrate myself to the service of this most righteous cause. You wrong me, therefore, if you think there is aught of disdain in what I say, or that any degrading feelings are mingled with my devotion of spirit when I come and voluntarily place myself in your power. You can imprison me for ever in the dungeons of this palace, as a returned Ghibelline and spy, and have me executed as a criminal. But before you do this, pause for your own sake; reflect on the choice of glory or ignominy you are now about to make. Let your old sentiments of love for the house of Swabia have some sway in your heart; reflect that as you are the despised enemy, so you may become the chosen friend, of its last descendant, and receive from every heart the praise of having restored Corradino to the honours and power to which he was born.

“Compare this prince to the hypocritical, the bloody and mean-spirited Charles. When Manfred died, I went to Germany, and have resided at the court of the Countess Elizabeth; I have, therefore, been an hourly witness of the great and good qualities of Corradino. The bravery of his spirit makes him rise above the weakness of youth and inexperience: he possesses all the nobility of spirit that belongs to the family of Swabia, and, in addition, a purity and gentleness that attracts the respect and love of the old and wary courtiers of Frederic and Conrad. You are brave, and would be generous, did not the fury of your passion, like a consuming fire, destroy in their violence every generous sentiment: how then can you become the tool of Charles? his scowling eyes and sneering lips betoken the selfishness of his mind. Avarice, cruelty, meanness, and artifice, are the qualities that characterise him, and render him unworthy of the majesty he usurps. Let him return to Provence, and reign with paltry despotism over the luxurious and servile French; the free-born Italians require another Lord. They are not fit to bow to one whose

palace is the change-house of money lenders, whose generals are usurers, whose courtiers are milliners or monks, and who basely vows allegiance to the enemy of freedom and virtue, Clement, the murderer of Manfred. Their king, like them, should be clothed in the armour of valour and simplicity; his ornaments, his shield and spear; his treasury, the possessions of his subjects: his army, their unshaken loves. Charles will treat you as a tool; Corradino as a friend—Charles will make you the detested tyrant of a groaning province Corradino the governor of a prosperous and happy people.

“I cannot tell by your manner if what I have said has in any degree altered your determination. I cannot forget the scenes that passed between us at Naples. I might then have been disdainful: I am not so now. Your execrations of Manfred excited every angry feeling in my mind; but, as I have said, all but the feeling of love expired in my heart when Manfred died, and methinks that where love is, excellence must be its companion. You said you loved me; and though, in other times, that love was twin-brother to hate,—though then, poor prisoner in your heart, jealousy, rage, contempt, and cruelty, were its handmaids,—yet if it were love, methinks that its divinity must have purified your heart from baser feelings; and now that I, the bridal of death, am removed from your sphere, gentler feelings may awaken in your bosom, and you may incline mildly to my voice.

“If indeed you loved me, will you not now be my friend? shall we not hand in hand pursue the same career? return to your ancient faith; and now that death and religion have placed the seal upon the past, let Manfred’s spirit, looking down, behold his repentant friend the firm ally of his successor, the best and last scion of the house of Swabia.”

She ceased; for the glare of savage triumph which, as a rising fire at night time, enlightened with growing and fearful radiance the face of Lostendardo, made her pause in her appeal. He did not reply; but when she was silent he quitted the attitude in which he had stood immovable opposite to her, and pacing the hall with measured steps, his head declined, he seemed to ruminate on some project. Could it be that he weighed her reasonings? if he hesitated, the side of generosity and old fidelity would certainly prevail. Yet she dared not hope; her heart beat fast; she would have knelt, but she feared to move, lest any motion should disturb his thoughts, and curb the flow of good feeling which she fondly hoped had arisen within him: she looked up and prayed silently as she sat. Notwithstanding the glare of the torches, the beams of one small star struggled through the dark window pane; her eye resting on it, her thoughts were at once elevated to the eternity and space which that star symbolized: it seemed to her the spirit of Manfred, and she inwardly worshipped it, as she prayed that it would shed its benign influence on the soul of Lostendardo.

Some minutes elapsed in this fearful silence, and then he approached her. “Despina, allow me to reflect on your words; to-morrow I will answer you. You will remain in this palace until the morning, and then you shall see and judge of my repentance and returning faith.”—He spoke with studious gentleness. Despina could not see his face, for the lights shone behind him. When she looked up to reply, the little star twinkled just above his head, and seemed with its gentle lustre to reassure her. Our minds, when highly wrought, are strangely given to superstition, and Despina lived in a superstitious age. She thought that the star bade her comply, and assured her of protection from heaven:—from where else could she expect it? she said therefore, “I consent. Only let me request that you acquaint the man who gave you my ring that I am safe, or he will

fear for me.”—“I will do as you desire.”—“And I will confide myself to your care. I cannot, dare not, fear you. If you would betray me, still I trust in the heavenly saints that guard humanity.”

Her countenance was so calm,—it beamed with so angelic a self-devotion and a belief in good, that Lostendardo dared not look on her. For one moment—as she, having ceased to speak, gazed upon the star—he felt impelled to throw himself at her feet, to confess the diabolical scheme he had forged, and to commit himself body and soul to her guidance, to obey, to serve, to worship her. The impulse was momentary; the feeling of revenge returned on him. From the moment she had rejected him, the fire of rage had burned in his heart, consuming all healthy feeling, all human sympathies and gentleness of soul. He had sworn never to sleep on a bed, or to drink aught but water, until his first cup of wine was mingled with the blood of Manfred. He had fulfilled this vow. A strange alteration had worked within him from the moment he had drained that unholy cup. The spirit, not of a man, but of a devil, seemed to live within him, urging him to crime, from which his long protracted hope of more complete revenge had alone deterred him. But Despina was now in his power, and it seemed to him as if fate had preserved him so long only that he might now wreak his full rage upon her. When she spoke of love, he thought how from that he might extract pain. He formed his plan; and this slight human weakness now conquered, he bent his thoughts to its completion. Yet he feared to stay longer with her; so he quitted her, saying that he would send attendants who would shew her an apartment where she might repose. He left her, and several hours passed; but no one came.

The torches burnt low, and the stars of heaven could now with twinkling beams conquer their feebler light. One by one these torches went out, and the shadows of the high windows of the hall, before invisible, were thrown upon its marble pavement. Despina looked upon the shade, at first unconsciously, until she found herself counting, one, two, three, the shapes of the iron bars that lay so placidly on the stone. “Those grates are thick,” she said: “this room would be a large but secure dungeon.” As by inspiration, she now felt that she was a prisoner. No change, no word, had intervened since she had walked fearlessly in the room, believing herself free. But now no doubt of her situation occurred to her mind; heavy chains seemed to fall around her; the air to feel thick and heavy as that of a prison; and the star-beams that had before cheered her, became the dreary messengers of fearful danger to herself, and of the utter defeat of all the hopes she had dared nourish of success to her beloved cause.

Cincolo waited, first with impatience, and then with anxiety, for the return of the youthful stranger. He paced up and down before the gates of the palace; hour after hour passed on; the star arose and descended, and ever and anon meteors shot along the sky. They were not more frequent than they always are during a clear summer night in Italy; but they appeared strangely numerous to Cincolo, and portentous of change and calamity. Midnight struck, and at that moment a procession of monks passed, bearing a corpse and chanting a solemn *De Profundis*. Cincolo felt a cold tremour shake his limbs when he reflected how ill an augury this was for the strange adventurer he had guided to that palace. The sombre cowls of the priests, their hollow voices, and the dark burthen they carried, augmented his agitation even to terror: without confessing the cowardice to himself, he was possessed with fear lest he should be included in the evil destiny that evidently awaited his companion. Cincolo was a brave man; he had often been foremost



in a perilous assault: but the most courageous among us sometimes feel our hearts fail within us at the dread of unknown and fated danger. He was struck with panic;—he looked after the disappearing lights of the procession, and listened to their fading voices: his knees shook, a cold perspiration stood on his brow: until, unable to resist the impulse, he began slowly to withdraw himself from the Palace of Government, and to quit the circle of danger which seemed to hedge him in if he remained on that spot.

He had hardly quitted his post by the gate of the palace, when he saw lights issue from it, attendant on a company of men, some of whom were armed, as appeared from the reflection their lances' heads cast; and some of them carried a litter hung with black and closely drawn. Cincolo was rooted to the spot. He could not render himself any reason for his belief, but he felt convinced that the stranger youth was there, about to be carried out to death. Impelled by curiosity and anxiety, he followed the party as they went towards the Porta Romana: they were challenged by the sentinels at the gate; they gave the word and passed. Cincolo dared not follow, but he was agitated by fear and compassion. He remembered the packet confided to his care; he dared not draw it from his bosom, lest any Guelph should be near to overlook and discover that it was addressed to Corradino; he could not read, but he wished to look at the arms of the seal, to see whether they bore the imperial ensigns. He returned back to the *Palagio del Governo*: all there was dark and silent; he walked up and down before the gates, looking up at the windows, but no sign of life appeared. He could not tell why he was thus agitated, but he felt as if all his future peace depended on the fate of this stranger youth. He thought of Gegia, her helplessness and age; but he could not resist the impulse that impelled him, and he resolved that very night to commence his journey to Pisa, to deliver the packet, to learn who the stranger was, and what hopes he might entertain for his safety.

He returned home, that he might inform Gegia of his journey. This was a painful task, but he could not leave her in doubt. He ascended his narrow stairs with trepidation. At the head of them a lamp twinkled before a picture of the Virgin. Evening after evening it burnt there, guarding through its influence his little household from all earthly or supernatural dangers. The sight of it inspired him with courage; he said an *Ave Maria* before it; and then looking around him to assure himself that no spy stood on the narrow landing place, he drew the packet from his bosom and examined the seal. All Italians in those days were conversant in heraldry, since from ensigns of the shields of the knights they learned, better than from their faces or persons, to what family and party they belonged. But it required no great knowledge for Cincolo to decypher these arms; he had known them from his childhood; they were those of the Elisei, the family to whom he had been attached as a partisan during all these civil contests. Arrigo de' Elisei had been his patron, and his wife had nursed his only daughter, in those happy days when there was neither Guelph nor Ghibelline. The sight of these arms reawakened all his anxiety. Could this youth belong to that house? The seal shewed that he really did; and this discovery confirmed his determination of making every exertion to save him, and inspired him with sufficient courage to encounter the remonstrances and fears of Monna Gegia.

He unlocked his door; the old dame was asleep in her chair, but awoke as he entered. She had slept only to refresh her curiosity, and she asked a thousand questions in a breath, to which Cincolo did not reply: he stood with his arms folded looking at the fire, irresolute how to break the subject of his departure. Monna Gegia continued to talk:

“After you went, we held a consultation concerning this hot-brained youth of this

\* The name of the common prison at Florence.

morning; I, Buzeccha, Beppe de' Bosticchi who returned, and Monna Lissa from the Mercato Nuovo. We all agreed that he must be one of two persons; and be it one or the other, if he have not quitted Florence, the *Stinchi*\* will be his habitation by sunrise. Eh! Cincolo, man! you do not speak; where did you part with your Prince?"—"Prince, Gegia! Are you mad?—what Prince?" "Nay, he is either a Prince or a baker; either Corradino himself, or Ricciardo the son of Messer Tommaso de' Manelli; he that lived o'th' Arno, and baked for all that Sesto, when Count Guido de' Giudi was *Vicario*. By this token, that Messer Tommaso went to Milan with Ubaldo de' Gargalandi, and Ricciardo, who went with his father, must now be sixteen. He had the fame of kneading with as light a hand as his father, but he liked better to follow arms with the Gargalandi: he was a fair, likely youth, they said; and so, to say the truth, was our youngster of this morning. But Monna Lissa will have it that it must be Corradino himself——"

Cincolo listened as if the gossip of two old women could unravel his riddle. He even began to doubt whether the last conjecture, extravagant as it was, had not hit the truth. Every circumstance forbade such an idea; but he thought of the youth and exceeding beauty of the stranger, and he began to doubt. There was none among the Elisei who answered to his appearance. The flower of their youth had fallen at Monte Aperto; the eldest of the new generation was but ten; the other males of that house were of a mature age. Gegia continued to talk of the anger that Beppe de' Bosticchi evinced at being accused of the murder of Arrigo dei Elisei. "If he had done that deed," she cried, "never more should he have stood on my hearth; but he swore his innocence; and truly, poor man, it would be a sin not to believe him." Why, if the stranger were not an Elisei, should he have shewn such horror on viewing the supposed murderer of the head of that family?—Cincolo turned from the fire; he examined whether his knife hung safely in his girdle, and he exchanged his sandal-like shoes for stronger boots of common undressed fur. This last act attracted the attention of Gegia. "What are you about, good man?" she cried. "This is no hour to change your dress, but to come to bed. To-night you will not speak; but to-morrow I hope to get it all out from you. What are you about?" "I am about to leave you, my dear Gegia; and heaven bless and take care of you! I am going to Pisa." Gegia uttered a shriek, and was about to remonstrate with great volubility, while the tears rolled down her aged cheeks. Tears also filled the eyes of Cincolo, as he said, "I do not

go for the cause you suspect. I do not go into the army of Corradino, though my heart will be with it. I go but to carry a letter, and will return without delay." "You will never return," cried the old woman: "the Commune will never let you enter the gates of this town again, if you set foot in that traitorous Pisa. But you shall not go; I will raise the neighbours; I will declare you mad——"—"Gegia, no more of this! Here is all the money I have: before I go, I will send your cousin 'Nunziata to you. I must go. It is not the Ghibelline cause, or Corradino, that obliges me to risk your ease and comforts; but the life of one of the Elisei is at stake; and if I can save him, would you have me rest here, and afterwards curse you and the hour when I was born?" "What! is he——? But no; there is none among the Elisei so young as he; and none so lovely, except her whom these arms carried when an infant—but she is a female. No, no; this is a tale trumped up to deceive me and gain my consent; but you shall never have it. Mind that! you will never have it; and I prophecy that if you do go, your journey will be the death of both of us." She wept bitterly. Cincolo kissed her aged cheek, and mingled his tears with hers; and

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then recommending her to the care of the Virgin and the saints, he quitted her, while grief choked her utterance, and the name of the Elisei had deprived her of all energy to resist his purpose.

It was four in the morning before the gates of Florence were opened and Cincolo could leave the city. At first he availed himself of the carts of the *contadini* to advance on his journey; but as he drew near Pisa, all modes of conveyance ceased, and he was obliged to take by-roads, and act cautiously, not to fall into the hands of the Florentine out-posts, or of some fierce Ghibelline, who might suspect him, and have him carried before the Podesta of a village; for if once suspected and searched, the packet addressed to Corradino would convict him, and he would pay for his temerity with his life. Having arrived at Vico Pisano, he found a troop of Pisan horse there on guard: he was known to many of the soldiers, and he obtained a conveyance for Pisa; but it was night before he arrived. He gave the Ghibelline watch-word, and was admitted within the gates. He asked for Prince Corradino: he was in the city, at the palace of the Lanfranchi. He crossed the Arno, and was admitted into the palace by the soldiers who guarded the door. Corradino had just returned from a successful skirmish in the Lucchese states, and was reposing; but when count Gherardo Doneratico, his principal attendant, saw the seal of the packet, he immediately ushered the bearer into a small room, where the Prince lay on a fox's skin thrown upon the pavement.

The mind of Cincolo had been so bewildered by the rapidity of the events of the preceding night, by fatigue and want of sleep, that he had overwrought himself to believe that the stranger youth was indeed Corradino; and when he had heard that that Prince was in Pisa, by a strange disorder of ideas, he still imagined that he and Ricciardo were the same; that the black litter was a phantom, and his fears ungrounded. The first sight of Corradino, his fair hair and round Saxon features, destroyed this idea: it was replaced by a feeling of deep anguish, when Count Gherardo, announcing him, said, "One who brings a letter from Madonna Despina dei Elisei, waits upon your Highness."

The old man sprang forward, uncontrolled by the respect he would otherwise have felt for one of so high lineage as Corradino. "From Despina! Did you say from her? Oh! unsay your words! Not from my beloved, lost, foster-child.

Tears rolled down his cheeks. Corradino, a youth of fascinating gentleness, but, as Despina had said, "young even to childishness," attempted to reassure him. "Oh! my gracious Lord," cried Cincolo, "open that packet, and see if it be from my blessed child—if in the disguise of Ricciardo I led her to destruction." He wrung his hands Corradino, pale as death with fear for the destiny of his lovely and adventurous friend, broke the seal. The packet contained an inner envelope without any direction, and a letter, which Corradino read, while horror convulsed every feature. He gave it to Gherardo. "It is indeed from her. She says, that the bearer can relate all that the world will probably know of her fate. And you, old man, who weep so bitterly, you to whom my best and lovely friend refers me, tell me what you know of her."

Cincolo told his story in broken accents. "May these eyes be for ever blinded!" he cried, when he had concluded, "that knew not Despina in those soft looks and heavenly smiles. Dotard that I am! When my wife railed at your family and princely self, and the sainted Manfred, why did I not read her secret in her forbearance? Would she have forgiven those words in any but her who had nursed her infancy, and been a mother to her when Madonna Pia died? And when she taxed Bosticchi with her father's death, I, blind

\* The name of the common prison at Florence.

fool, did see the spirit of the Elisei in her eyes. My Lord, I have but one favour to ask you. Let me hear her letter, that I may judge from that what hopes remain:—but there are none—none.” “Read it to him, my dear Count,” said the Prince; “I will not fear as he fears. I dare not fear that one so lovely and beloved is sacrificed for my worthless cause.” Gherardo read the letter.

“Cincolo de’ Becari, my foster father, will deliver this letter into your hands, my respected and dear Corradino. The Countess Elizabeth has urged me to my present undertaking; I hope nothing for it—except to labour for your cause, and perhaps through its event to quit somewhat earlier a life which is but a grievous trial to my weak mind. I go to endeavour to arouse the feelings of fidelity and generosity in the soul of the traitor Lostendardo: I go to place myself in his hands, and I do not hope to escape from them again. Corradino, my last prayer will be for your success. Mourn not for one who goes home after a long and weary exile. Burn the enclosed packet without opening it. The Mother of God protect thee!

DESPINA.”

Corradino had wept as this epistle was reading, but then starting up, he said—“To revenge or death! we may yet save her!”—

A blight had fallen on the house of Swabia, and all their enterprizes were blasted. Beloved by their subjects, noble, and with every advantage of right on their side, except those the church bestowed, they were defeated in every attempt to defend themselves against a foreigner and a tyrant, who ruled by force of arms, and those in the hands of a few only, over an extensive and warlike territory. The young and daring Corradino was also fated to perish in this contest. Having overcome the troops of his adversary in Tuscany, he advanced towards his kingdom with the highest hopes. His arch enemy, Pope Clement IV. had shut himself up in Viterbo, and was guarded by a numerous garrison. Corradino passed in triumph and hope before the town, and proudly drew out his troops before it, to display to the Holy Father his forces, and humiliate him by his show of success. The Cardinals, who beheld the lengthened line and good order of the army, hastened to the Papal palace. Clement was in his oratory, praying; the frightened monks with pale looks, related how the excommunicated heretic dared to menace the town where the Holy Father himself resided; adding, that if the insult were carried to the pitch of an assault, it might prove dangerous warfare. The Pope smiled contemptuously. “Do not fear,” he said; “the projects of these men will dissipate in smoke.” He then went on the ramparts, and saw Corradino and Frederic of Austria, who defiled the line of knights in the plain below. He watched them for a time; then turning to his Cardinals, he said, “they are victims, who permit themselves to be led to sacrifice.”

His words were a prophecy. Notwithstanding the first success of Corradino, and the superior numbers of his army, he was defeated by the artifice of Charles in a pitched battle. He escaped from the field, and, with a few friends, arrived at a tower called Asturi, which belonged to the family of Frangipani, of Rome. Here he hired a vessel, embarked, and put to sea, directing his course for Sicily, which, having rebelled against Charles, would, he hoped, receive him with joy. They were already under weigh, when one of the family of the Frangipani seeing a vessel filled with Germans making all sail from shore, suspected that they were fugitives from the battle of Taglicozzo, he followed them in other vessels, and took them all prisoners. The person of Corradino was a rich prey for him; he delivered him into the hands of his rival, and was rewarded by the donation of a fief near Benevento.

The dastardly spirit of Charles instigated him to the basest revenge; and the same tragedy was acted upon those shores which has been renewed in our days. A daring and illustrious Prince was sacrificed with the mock forms of justice, at the sanguinary altar of tyranny and hypocrisy. Corradino was tried. One of the judges alone, a Provençal, dared condemn him, and he paid with his life the forfeit of his baseness. For scarcely had he, solitary among his fellows, pronounced the sentence of death against this Prince, than Robert of Flanders, the brother-in-law of Charles himself, struck him on the breast with a staff, crying, "it behoves not thee, wretch, to condemn to death so noble and worthy a knight." The judge fell dead in the presence of the king, who dared not avenge his creature.

On the 26<sup>th</sup> of October, Corradino and his friends were led out to die in the Market-place of Naples by the sea-side. Charles was present with all his court, and an immense multitude surrounded the triumphant king, and his more royal adversary, about to suffer an ignominious death. The funeral procession approached its destination. Corradino, agitated, but controlling his agitation, was drawn in an open car. After him came a close litter, hung with black, with no sign to tell who was within. The Duke of Austria and several other illustrious victims followed. The guard that conducted them to the scaffold was headed by Lostendardo; a malicious triumph laughed in his eyes, and he rode near the litter, looking from time to time, first at it and then at Corradino, with the dark look of a tormenting fiend. The procession stopped at the foot of the scaffold, and Corradino looked at the flashing light which every now and then arose from Vesuvius, and threw its reflection on the sea. The sun had not yet risen, but the halo of its approach illuminated the bay of Naples, its mountains, and its islands. The summits of the distant hills of Baiæ gleamed with its first beams. Corradino thought, "by the time those rays arrive here, and shadows are cast from the persons of these men,—princes and peasants, around me, my living spirit will be shadowless." Then he turned his eyes on the companions of his fate, and for the first time he saw the silent and dark litter which accompanied them. At first he thought, "it is my coffin." But then he recollected the disappearance of Despina, and would have sprung towards it: his guards stopped him; he looked up, and his glance met that of Lostendardo, who smiled—a smile of dread: but the feeling of religion which had before calmed him again descended on him; he thought that her sufferings, as well as his, would soon be over.

They were already over. And the silence of the grave is upon those events which had occurred since Cincolo beheld her carried out of Florence, until now that she was led by her fierce enemy to behold the death of the nephew of Manfred. She must have endured much; for when, as Corradino advanced to the front of the scaffold, the litter being placed opposite to it, Lostendardo ordered the curtains to be withdrawn, the white hand that hung inanimate from its side was thin as a winter leaf, and her fair face, pillowed by the thick knots of her dark hair, was sunken and ashy pale, while you could see the deep blue of her eyes struggle through the closed eyelids. She was still in the attire in which she had presented herself at the house of Cincolo: perhaps her tormentor thought that her appearance as a youth would attract less compassion than if a lovely woman were thus dragged to so unnatural a scene.

Corradino was kneeling and praying when her form was thus exposed. He saw her, and saw that she was dead! About to die himself; about pure and innocent, to die ignominiously, while his base conqueror, in pomp and glory, was spectator of his death,

he did not pity those who were at peace, his compassion belonged to the living alone, and as he rose from his prayer he exclaimed, "my beloved mother, what profound sorrow will the news thou art about to hear cause thee!" He looked upon the living multitude around him, and saw that the hard-visaged partisans of the usurper wept; he heard the sobs of his oppressed and conquered subjects; so he drew his glove from his hand and threw it among the crowd, in token that he still held his cause good, and submitted his head to the axe.

During many years after those events, Lostendardo enjoyed wealth, rank, and honour. When suddenly, while at the summit of glory and prosperity, he withdrew from the world, took the vows of a severe order in a convent, in one of the desolate and unhealthy plains by the sea-shore in Calabria; and after having gained the character of a saint, through a life of self-inflicted torture, he died murmuring the names of Corradino, Manfred and Despina.

"It is an affecting tale, indeed," said Helen.

"Yes, tolerably so," added Mrs. Smith, "but not interesting; it is not *fashionable* enough for me."

"Well, ladies," said Daly, "you must accept the best I have, 'tis better than doing nothing during our monotonous mode of existence here; and," pointing to his library, "any thing I have you are welcome to take and use as your own."

We have said that Edmund in the state of mind he now was, did many silly things; here are a few samples.

When he left the chair as president of the ward-room, it was usual for him as well as the rest in his turn, to go to the bottom of the table. It being his turn now to do so, he instead of which, placed himself by the side of Helen.

This Mrs. Smith took care to observe, to the confusion of Helen, and not quite agreeable to Edmund.

At another time Smith placed himself by our heroine, whilst Daly was on deck; on his entering and standing looking for a place, Smith jumped from his seat, and said, "Oh! I beg pardon, this is your place."

Daly laughed, was rather chagrined, but took it.

At these times, however, Rosse was not present; but on another occasion, whilst sitting by his wife, Daly, who was absent for a short time on duty, found on his return his usual place occupied; he looked at Rosse and appeared vexed, but as he had no alternative, he was about to take a vacant seat next to him; just at this moment the captain's servant came with a message, that Rosse was wanted for a few minutes; his back was no sooner turned, than Daly transferred Rosse's plate, knife and fork one place below, and put his own instead, and seated himself in the chair next to Helen.

This was observed by all, and a suppressed titter was the consequence.

Rosse soon returned, and could not but look amazed at the folly of Edmund.

The titter then became a roar, and the little doctor bawled out: "lost all, Rosse—wife, place and all."

"Oh," replied Rosse, coolly, "I suppose Mr. Daly would not be able to eat any dinner, unless he sat next my wife."

Rosse's coolness was a disappointment to them, and Daly, who looked extremely simple, instantly rose and offered him his place, with an apology for his rudeness.

The next day Rosse sat again by his wife, but as soon as Edmund entered he rose, and with a sneer said, "here, Daly, take your place, or your appetite will be spoiled."

The laugh was now in Rosse's favour, and "well done, Rosse, well done," was shouted on all sides.

Edmund did not relish the joke, and declined accepting the offer.

Rosse had predetermined to serve him thus, in consequence of what had taken place the day before, which had secretly annoyed him, though he had not taken any notice of it to Helen; he wished to show Daly that he did not *fear* him, and he effectually succeeded in doing so.

It would seem that Rosse had almost taken leave of his senses, in leaving, as he often did, his beautiful wife under the sole care and protection of Daly; particularly as it was the earnest desire of many on board, that he should suffer for his folly.

Mrs. Smith in particular, endeavoured with all her might to succeed in her malicious wishes, and she never let slip any opportunity of trying to place Helen in the power of Daly.

Whilst Rosse was on watch one evening, Mrs. Smith proposed her usual game of forfeits; the game had gone on pleasantly enough for some time, until the doctor giving his wife a kiss, and said "it must go round."

Mrs. Smith either saluted the purser, or was saluted by him; and Daly taking our heroine by the hand, said playfully, "which shall it be, I or you?"

"Neither, sir," replied she, hastily withdrawing her hand, and with an indignant look showed that she would not be trifled with.

"Oh, yes, indeed you must," said Mrs. Smith, "or you will interrupt the game; you did not see me scruple with the purser."

"You, madam, may do as you please, I shall use my own mind."

"Oh, we will not tell Rosse, you need not fear any thing," cried several of the party.

"I shall I hope never give any of you the power to tell Mr. Rosse any thing; when ever I accede to your wishes, it shall be with his consent, and before his face; I request, therefore, if I am to remain with you, that you will desist from further importunities."

Mrs. Smith was provoked beyond measure at her failure, and sullenly gave up continuing the game; and Edmund, though at first piqued at what he considered obstinate prudery, could not but on reflection have an increased esteem for this further proof of the unconquerable determination of Helen, to avoid even the appearance of an impropriety, or any thing that might be construed as such by her enemies as well as her friends.

Rosse was informed of the circumstance by one of the party, who mentioned it to Helen with much satisfaction.

Helen, fearful that the truth had not been told, as it regarded Daly, exonerated him from any participation in their endeavours to annoy her, which was nothing but the truth, as he instantly desisted on her first opposition to the proposed familiarity.

"Oh, my dear," said Rosse, "I am satisfied that Daly esteems you as a friend, and as my wife, too much to dare to insult you."

In this sentence, the usual consequence of Rosse was apparent; but Helen, glad to find that he was not offended with Edmund, took no further notice of the circumstance.

The next day was a cold one, and Helen observing the ward-room fire disengaged, sat down by it, and prepared to go on with some needle-work, which was required for the



use of her husband; she had not been seated long, when Edmund passing by to his cabin for something he wanted, observed her alone as he imagined, he flew on the deck with the required article, and as quickly returned; and taking a chair, sat down by the fire, opposite to her, observing, "that it was extremely cold on deck." The steward was standing at the side-board setting the things to rights, and Helen, glad that he was present, remained where she was, and proceeded with her work; she had a little work-box in her lap, which Edmund took hold of, and purposely upset.

Helen laughed, and called him a baby for his officiousness.

"Oh," said he, "I am clever at these things, I will set all to rights again;" and he began to place every article in the nicest order, sometimes asking where this and that should be put; among the articles was a small pocket-book, this he placed inside his waistcoat; it did not belong to the work-box, though it was kept there as a receptacle for sewing silk, &c., which was placed between the leaves.

The box being properly arranged, "now," said he, taking the pocket book from whence he had placed it, "I will search this; but hesitated to do it, though he pretended to open it, waiting for Helen's remark on the same.

She laughed, and dared him to proceed, but in such a manner as convinced him that he ran but little risk of offending her by so doing; the first thing he took from it, was a small sheet of paper, on which was some writing, "may I read this?" said he.

"No," was the answer, but followed the negative, by saying, "he was extremely curious."

"I shall take French leave then," answered Edmund, and read the paper, which was in Helen's hand-writing, and to his agreeable astonishment, some verses on love.

"Really," observed he, in a low tone of voice, and with an arch gravity of countenance, "I wonder you write on such a subject, for I do not believe you know any thing about it."

"Indeed," said she playfully, "if you look at the date, you will perceive the verses were written when I was but thirteen years of age; they pleased my dear father, and I copied them."

"And since?" replied Daly, with a still archer look, and an inquisitive tone.

Helen blushed, and smiling said, "have I not married since?"

"Oh!" was the reply, "I beg your pardon," and glancing at George the steward, shewed that he would say more, were he absent; just then a man came from deck, and told him he was wanted; he appeared unwilling to leave, at last he arose, and at first pretending to throw the book at her, gave it respectfully into her hand, with a fondness of look, which still further confirmed Helen that his passion for her was as powerful as ever; she felt uneasy, and as soon as he had left, went directly to her cabin.

As quickly as Edmund could, he returned; but the bird was flown, and with unwillingness he went again to his duty.

When the party were seated at dinner, Mrs. Smith, in her usual boisterous and coarse manner said, "what do you think, Mr. Rosse? Mr. Daly and Mrs. Rosse were talking love to each other in the ward-room this morning for more than an hour."

Helen though startled for an instant, at this abrupt impertinence, and mischievous intention, neither blushed, nor looked confused, but smiling towards Rosse, recollected with satisfaction that the steward had been present at the trifling conversation, which had really taken place.

Rosse, who thoroughly hated the woman, good humouredly, though gruffly muttered, "aye, aye."

"If we did, madam," said Daly, drily, and you wish to know every particular, George there will no doubt gratify you, for he had the pleasure to hear all."

"Oh!" exclaimed she, vexed to find that the man had been present, of which circumstance she was not before aware, "he is no doubt bribed to be silent."

George looked contemptuously, but was fearful of offending by a reply.

"Oh, by my faith, but is it so, honey?" said the doctor, turning quickly round and appealing to him.

"Nay," added Mrs. Smith, "I much doubt whether a kind kiss did not pass, they were so loving."

Helen felt indignant at this liberty, and darting a look of contempt at Mrs. Smith, was about to leave the table, but Rosse coolly desired her to remain; and the purser good naturedly desired George to give an explanation, which he did by simply saying that all Mrs. Smith had said was mere invention, "and if I had known," continued he (for he hated her cordially) "that you were listening, Mrs. Smith, I would have made the old adage good; 'that listeners——"

"Hear no good of themselves," roared the doctor.

Daly and Rosse laughed heartily.

"Impertinent fellow," cried Mrs. Smith, reddening like scarlet, and appealing to the gentlemen if such freedom was to be allowed.

"Oh, my good lady; but you brought it all on yourself," said the doctor.

"And a great deal more, madam, had you your deserts," added Rosse coolly and sarcastically.

"Come, come, it was only a joke," said the purser, do not let a trifle make us all uncomfortable.

Mrs. Smith was silent, and chewed the cud of her disappointment with but an ill grace, for the remainder of the dinner time. General conversation, however, dissipated the recollections of that which a few moments before threatened to produce the most disagreeable consequences to all parties.

Rosse was satisfied in the chagrin of Mrs. Smith, and enjoyed his triumph in a dignified silence; whilst Helen, who saw that no real injury to herself would follow, quickly regained her usual cheerfulness and placidity.

An invitation was sent by the captain, in the evening, to all the party present, to take supper with him; after which Mrs. Smith proposed the game of "hunt the slipper."

In vain Helen and Mrs. Phillips remonstrated; Mrs. Smith knew her influence with the captain, and persevered.

Helen hoping yet to avoid it, said to Edmund, "I am extremely averse to this boisterous and vulgar game; amusement it certainly is not."

Daly agreed with her; and looking significantly at the captain and Mrs. Smith, added, "I will do what I can to give them a distaste for it in future."

Accordingly at the time when the captain was out, Daly who had the slipper, contrived to hit him a severe blow, which nettled and annoyed him much; and not knowing from whence it came, when the game was over, he accused Helen of giving; Helen respectfully denied it, assuring him that she had never had the slipper in her hand.

"I thought," said Daly to Helen, just after, that you would tell tales."

“Why did you give him so hard a blow?”

“Oh, to make him ashamed of submitting to such trifling; standing up like a baby, to be cuffed and knocked about; and I purposely made myself out, to have the opportunity of punishing him, as well as to prevent you from being in a similar situation.”

“I thank you,” replied Helen, “for I assure you I have heretofore submitted to great inconvenience from the blows which I have received from Mrs. Smith, who I believe takes every means to make me uncomfortable.”

“Which I shall in future endeavour to prevent,” added Daly.

Helen had not forgotten to observe, with much chagrin, that Rosse was not of the party; whether it was by design or not she could not determine, but she surmised it to be so.

He had taken the master’s watch, from which he was relieved by the gunner; and when he made his report, he found the whole party at play; he resolved, therefore, to turn in, curling his lip with disdain, and d——g them all as a parcel of fools; “but there,” said he, “my little girl is with them, and if she is pleased, so let it be.”

But Helen was not so well at ease as he imagined; the behaviour of Edmund, though respectful in the extreme, had every mark of tender solicitude; he was continually anxious to win her approbation; he watched every turn of her expressive eye; and if, by saying any thing, a grave look from her eye was the consequence, he would immediately turn the conversation, and appear to be miserable, but in the sunshine of her favourable opinion.

Helen must have been more than mortal not to feel in some degree an interest in the friendship of Edmund, whose whole soul was so devoted to render her present strange mode of life as pleasant as possible.

Lieutenant Rosse having gone below, dispatched the gun-room steward into the cabin with his compliments to Helen, as he was going to turn in.

“Carry the message ashore,” said Mrs. Smith, “she cannot be spared, and he does not want her,” looking significantly at Daly.

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

“Ha! ha!” laughed the captain.

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

“Most certainly,” answered Helen.

“No!” interrupted Mrs. Smith, “she is not married to a foremast man; she shall not go to-bed at eight o’clock. Such an hour only suits the vulgar.” Thus she persisted in annoying our heroine.

It is almost nine, madam; Mr. Rosse has waited till one bell. He says he cannot sleep without her.”

“His wife,” said Mrs. Smith, “will not believe that.”

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

“Indeed! I must go,” said Helen.

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

“Let her husband come and attend her,” said Mrs. Smith.

“Yes!” rejoined the captain, “tell Mr. Rosse to come and convey his wife down the ladder.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” said the steward.

In a few minutes Lieutenant Rosse made his appearance with a lanthorn in his hand.

“Rosse, your wife is very slack in stays,” \* said Mrs. Smith, by way of tantalizing him.

“A word of mine, and Helen will spring her luff in a minute,” he replied, with his usual confidence and conceit.

“You know she *must*,” added Mrs. Smith, “for in a very short time she will be out of soundings. You are well aware that very soon you will have her in blue water.”

“Good night, Mrs. Rosse,” said the captain. “Mind you square the yards by the lifts and braces, Rosse. I hope we shall have no hard squalls before morning, notwithstanding that Mrs. Smith has endeavoured so very zealously to blow breezes.”

“Never mind, captain; my little frigate will strip ship in a minute, and pull up all lee-way; we’ll soon be in dock, and then a fig for all squalls or gales either.”

Helen bore with equanimity the taunting and coarse attempts of Mrs. Smith to create in Rosse the most unpleasant feelings, as well as the rough rebuffs he was obliged to use in reply, which, luckily for her, she did not understand, being so couched in technicalities; nor did she heed the remarks of the captain, who was but too prone to tolerate and aid all Mrs. Smith’s levities.

She had indeed need of some one to protect her in her partly forlorn condition, for neither of the females on board were calculated to fill the gap made by her separation from her faithful and delightful friend Frances Whippel; to whose house we must now return, where certain of our former characters had in the mean time made their appearance.

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\* Slack in stays is a term applied to a ship that does not back quickly.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Oh! she was perfect past all parallel—  
Of any modern female saint's comparison;  
So far above the cunning powers of hell,  
Her guardian angel had given up his garrison;  
Even her minutest motions went as well  
As those of the best time-piece made by Harrison:  
In virtues nothing earthly could surpass her,  
Save thine 'incomparable oil' Macassar!

*Byron.*

A FORTNIGHT had nearly elapsed and the Whippels had not heard from Helen, much to their surprize and uneasiness. They were certain that the ship had not sailed from the Downs, as the wind had continued adverse during the whole of that period.

The truth was, that Rosse, who had made up his mind to have Helen with him, had strictly enjoined her to take no further notice of them; urging, that as it was his earnest desire not to be separated from her, any communication with his relations might embarrass him more than he thought was, under all the circumstances, necessary.

This was truly distressing to the sensitive and feeling Helen; but as she knew, that to implicitly obey, was the only means of making her existence supportable, she had with the greatest reluctance acquiesced.

Deeming, therefore, that the strange silence of Helen was compulsory, and that Rosse was about to convey her from her native land against her inclination, the Whippels consulted together as to the best means of counteracting his violent proceedings.

After much deliberation, it was thought that if the relations of Helen were apprized of the circumstance, some decisive steps might be taken for that purpose; and accordingly, after some discussion, it was resolved, that Hart, who had business in Dorsetshire, should take a journey thither, and wait first on the worthy clergyman, whom we have in our previous pages mentioned in terms of warm and deserved praise, and who they had understood from Helen herself, was the only disinterested friend she really had in Poole.

Hart, who was fond of a romantic errand, was soon on his way to that place; and having reached it, he went to an inn to enquire for the residence of the minister.

The landlady, who was no other than our old friend, Mrs. Gennings, soon found means by her good-humoured garrulity and endeavours to make the traveller as comfortable as possible, to get at the purpose of his visit; and on his asking her if she had known a Miss Helen Kemp?

"Known her, sir!" ejaculated she, "does a mother know her own child? Why God bless you, my worthy sir, I might almost say, that except having brought her into this wicked world, I am as much her mother as any one; but what of her? Oh, the slut! excuse me, sir, but I knew her when she was no higher than this table; ungrateful as she is never to have let us know what has become of her—but there, perhaps, sir, she is ill."

"She is ill-treated, my good woman," said Hart, "and it is on that account I am come hither, to enquire for her relations and others who are interested in her welfare."

“Ill-treated, sir! what, has the Lieutenant forgotten his promises, his vows, aye! and his oaths so soon? Oh! the villain! if I had him here, I’d ‘pay him over the face and eyes as the cat paid the owl,’ as we say; but there, it cannot be; so sweet, so gentle, so angelic a creature as Helen Kemp was;” and the tears started from the eyes of the well-meaning woman.

Hart then related to her what had transpired since the arrival of Rosse at Portsmouth; interrupted now and then, with the harshest expressions of anger of the landlady towards him; but when he mentioned the supposed intention to take her to the East Indies against her will, her anguish of mind was indescribable—she took down her bonnet and cloak, and said, that she would go immediately with Hart to the clergyman; and, “yes, yes, sir,” continued she, “and her aunt Deborah shall know it; for though she snubbed the gentle creature when she was home with her, yet I know that she feels her absence as a misfortune, rather than a blessing, which she expected it to be.—Aye, aye, sir, her little wants and fidgets are not attended to now, as they were when Helen was with her; but come, good sir, let us make haste, every minute is an hour to me.”

Hart suffered himself to be guided by Mrs. Gennings without hesitation, and having reached the parsonage, they were soon in its parlour, and the subject of their errand fully discussed, interlarded, however, with sundry ejaculations from Mrs. Gennings, of—My God, sir!—Did’e ever!—There now, sir!—There’s villainy for ’e!—Oh! the monster!—Who’d have thought it, sir?—Why the brute beasts have more feeling! &c. all which were good-naturedly born by the reverend gentleman, and enjoyed by his unexpected and strange visitor.

It was determined to lose no time in waiting on aunt Deborah, who lived in a retired part of the town, alone; having removed long since, as was expected, from the domicile of her stiff and prudish married sister.

Hart, therefore, remained with the parson and dined with him, whilst Mrs. Gennings was deputed to prepare the way for the intended visit to the spinster, by first calling and prevailing on her to admit Hart to her self-dignified presence; no easy task, as the idea of a man being known to have visited her, would soon be bruited amongst her censorious sisterhood, who would make the most of such an outrageous violation of their established decorum.

Mrs. Gennings was proud of her delegation—to be busy and officious in doing what she conceived a good action was her heart’s delight; although, as she had not seen Miss Deborah since the departure of Helen, and as she was considered, in her own phraseology, as one of the most tip-top quality in the town, and withal was primly conceited in her notions of self-respect, she felt rather qualmish and hesitating as she approached the door to ring the bell: she was admitted by the domestic who resided with the aunt of Helen, in the multifold capacity of housekeeper, lady’s maid, cook, slut, and dairy-maid, and who was as ‘like as two peas’ in every form and feature to the queen of the mansion.

Being shown into the dining-room, she had not long to wait, when the broad and rotund figure of Deborah entered, and with much and unexpected familiarity welcomed Mrs. Gennings. She was in appearance much altered for the worse since the landlady had last seen her; yet the smile, which was so unusual, on her brow, made ample amends to the imagination of Mrs. Gennings, for the recollections, which were but too familiar to her, of her former sour and snappish disposition.

“Well, Mrs. Gennings,” said she, “I am glad to see you—why, I believe we have never met since my poor niece left us?”

“Please your ladyship,” replied the dame, with a faltering and half-mournful tone, though glad that Helen had been so soon alluded to, “’tis on that dear young creature’s account I’m come to you now.”

“Why, what’s the matter? My God! nothing I hope happened to the poor girl?—though the ungrateful chit has never written a line to me since the officer in his majesty’s service took her away from us.”

“Umph!” grunted Mrs. Gennings internally—“ungrateful indeed!—I never knew what cause she had to be grateful to you yet; unless the cuffs and bullying the lamb so patiently suffered from your old spiteful nature be deserving of gratitude. “Why, madam,” addressing her, “she’s in the hands of a barbarian, and her own hands have been tied and bound down not to write to any of us; and I hope, ma’am, that you, as her kind aunt and protector, will take the most early measure to get her from the villain’s grasp. Well, for my particular part, I know what I’d do, I’d put the fellow in the *zastical* court.”

Miss Deborah was thunderstruck with this intelligence; and the whole career of her deceased sister, the melancholy circumstances attending the death of Helen’s father, and the forcing the inclinations of his daughter to wed for pecuniary advantages a man whom she now mentally painted as the greatest villain, rose at once before her imagination. She had often regretted the deprivation of Helen as a companion, having soon become disgusted with her new residence with her sister and brother-in-law.

“The wretch!” replied she. “Oh! Mrs. Gennings, what will not man do? The poor child ill-treated—but what have you otherwise heard?”

“Oh! ma’am, worse than I have yet told you. Why, would you think it? he’s going to force her to go to the East-Indies without her own consent, and——

“He shall not, Mrs. Gennings,” interrupted the spinster, bristling with anger and pride, “if there’s law in the land, and money can pay for it—hey-day! no, no! but from whom did you get this intelligence?”

“Oh, there’s a nice gentleman now waiting at our parson’s to consult with you, with your permission: he’s a handsome man, and quite the gentleman, I assure you.”

“I’ll see him, Mrs. Gennings, though not one of the horrid sex has hitherto presumed to enter my house. Do you go, therefore, and present Miss Brown’s compliments—but no, I will write to him a note, expressive of the pleasure I shall feel in a visit from him—he is a gentleman, you say; I must, therefore, take a little time to prepare for the interview. In the meantime, take some refreshment, my good Mrs. Gennings, and I will be ready in a short time to dispatch you with a note.—If there’s law in the land, we’ll rescue my dear little niece from the viper’s fangs,” ended she proudly and indignantly; and with this lingual flourish she quitted the apartment.

Mrs. Gennings was delighted with the success of her mission; and after being well entertained, she was soon on her return to the minister’s, and bursting to relate her good fortune.

Meanwhile Hart had obtained every particular relative to the early history of Helen, and his indignation at the conduct of Rosse in using Helen as he did, after having obtained her in a manner so totally at variance with his chivalrous notions of the homage and respect due to the fair sex, was increased in a tenfold degree. He, therefore, read, with proportionate pleasure the note of invitation, and having warmly thanked Mrs.

Gennings for her trouble, he requested her to prepare a bed for him, as he would make her house his residence during his brief stay at Poole: he then prepared for the intended interview, attended by the worthy clergyman.

Miss Deborah, whose personal vanity had not decreased with her increased age, had taken extraordinary pains, with the aid of her maid of all work, to set her prim, stiff, though bulky figure to the best advantage, and had made every preparation to receive her visitor with that state and formality which was then considered the best proof of true gentility and politeness: she had not yet given up all hopes of becoming a bride, though the intelligence she had received relative to the ill-treatment of her niece, which was of course exaggerated in the extreme, whilst passing through the medium of the quick-tongued landlady, had no small effect in further promoting her antipathies to the male sex, whom she generally considered as wanting in true discrimination, or she herself would long since have been blessed with connubial felicity.

Hart, when he entered the apartment, was struck with astonishment, not unaccompanied with risible emotions, on beholding the strange and dutch-like figure of Miss Deborah. Hart was a wag, and it instinctively and instantly occurred to his lively imagination that he saw before him, something at least not wanting in tangible substance, to make a capital subject for future innocent fun and frolic.

Miss Deborah received him with all the smirking politeness of which she was so perfect a mistress; and the smile which was ever on the countenance of Hart, though now more evident than usual, was construed by her willing mind into the most favourable omen.

The loss of Helen had been severely felt by her aunt; and though her conduct had been harsh to her, it had rather arisen rather from a mistaken policy in curbing the levities of youth, as she deemed them, than from an unfeeling disposition, or wish to tyrannize; she was, it is true, a niggard, and self-love formed no small portion in the qualities of her heart; but there was a nook in it which contained the seeds of affection for the daughter of her sister, which had taken root during her absence, and grown to a considerable degree, when it received a new impulse by the information which she now received from Hart. After due deliberation, she resolved to place herself at the disposal of that gentleman; and he at once advised her to go to Portsmouth, and further consult with the other branches of Rosse's relations. It was likewise arranged, that she should set off on the morrow, accompanied by Mrs. Gennings, who was 'full tilt' for the undertaking, and breathing vengeance against the destroyer of her little darling's happiness, as she now deemed Rosse to be; and which was further strengthened by the reflection, that as she had been mainly instrumental, though with the best intentions, in persuading Helen to give her hand to him, she was bound to use her utmost endeavours to assist in rescuing her, if possible, from her present thralldom.

Hart promised to join them at Portsmouth within a day of their arrival there, as his own business in another part of the country would detain him till that time; and having derived much amusement from the weak points of the spinster, he and the clergyman quitted her residence at an early hour, and took up his abode for the night with the loquacious landlady, whose husband was not the best pleased at the intended departure of his spouse, and began to reason with her on the folly of wasting her time and money on what he sagaciously considered to be a sort of wildgoose chase; but Mrs. Gennings was too good a match for him in answer to his objections; for what she lacked in strength of



argument was amply compensated by length; and at last the good man, wearied with the clatter of his wife's never-tired tongue, gave up the contest, as well as his pipe and jug, and betook himself to rest, leaving Hart and her to arrange matters as they liked.

Mrs. Gennings having succeeded in acquiring every particular relative to her lodger and his family, congratulated herself on the budget she should have to disclose to Miss Deborah on the journey; and after Hart had given her some necessary advice, and wished her a good night, she prepared with alacrity to get every thing in order for her departure, and then retired to rest, hoping to sleep soundly, that she might enjoy the cruise she was about to take to her heart's content; but the drowsy god was a stranger to her pillow; and dreams of ships and sea, and sailors and soldiers, and guns and drums, were the accompaniments of the livelong night.

Though it had been arranged that they should set off early in the morning, yet poor Aunt Deborah, whose fluttering heart and squeamish particularities were continually coming in contact, was not properly ready to set off till near noon. She too had been dreaming of things that, with regard to herself, would never come to pass, really hoping that she was not only setting off on a crusade of humanity, but that she should have to encounter the god of love armed with a thousand arrows; her luggage was enormous, consisting of every finery she had hoarded up for a long series of years, and which, whether the fashion or not, was considered by her, as she rummaged them out of the drawers, as possible to be wanted, and as it was all really good, she was anxious to have an opportunity of again exposing her swelling form as differently and richly attired as possible.

In vain did Mrs. Gennings, who superintended the packing up, urge the useless waste of time, as well as the utter inutility of one half she was doing.

The formal maiden was inexorable, and continued packing and piling till the quantum of travelling geer amounted to an enormous load, at which her companion could with difficulty restrain herself from a continual giggle.

At last they were on the road in a vehicle, misnamed a coach; not, however, without having surmounted many difficulties, as the driver had at first peremptorily refused to take, as the luggage of one person, the numerous boxes, trunks, bundles, &c. which belonged to our travelling spinster.

Mrs. Gennings, however, whose knowledge of character was far superior to her companion's, succeeded by the help of her persuasive coaxings, and the assistance of a small piece of the precious metal, to settle all differences; and after a day and half a night's ride, which shook the bones of poor Deborah almost out of their places, they arrived, weary enough, at their journey's end.

The inquiries of Miss Deborah relative to Hart had been of such a nature, whilst on the road, as left no doubt in the mind of Mrs. Gennings, that he had made an impression on her heart of the most tender description; and though she surmised from his conversation, &c. that he was a married man, yet she avoided mentioning the circumstance, half inclined herself to enjoy a joke at her companion's expence; she assented willingly to all the praises of that lively and agreeable fellow, and chuckled at the idea of the disappointment she would meet with; knowing well that to such disagreeable consequences she was accustomed, as they had always been of her own seeking, and that it was her own wish for Deborah to remain single, in order that her darling Helen might one day reap the benefits of so prudent a course. She was also

prompted to these anticipations of a little mischief, by the recollections of the strong hand which Miss Deborah had held towards her niece, whilst under her former superintendence and command, and therefore rather aided, than otherwise, the female prig in her quixotic notions.

The luggage, or rather, comparatively, the wagon train of the precious pair, when they did arrive at their destination, was again a source of contention for those harpies, as Deborah called them, the inn-porters. They demanded so much, according to the *liberal* conscience of that pattern of frugality, for the carriage of it to Whippel's house, which was at some distance, that a mob was gathering round them: the male party bandied about foul names and oaths pretty freely, whilst the females, with their sharp voices, assisted to make the concert complete; the one harping on the words extortion, robbers, &c., and the other loudly bawling as a pacificator between the belligerents; added to which, the bystanders would every now and then echo their mutual abuse with loud roars of laughter, and occasionally chime in a vulgar joke, on the figure which the parties concerned made in the squabble.

After much altercation, and the interference of the inn-keeper himself, who suspected both the ladies either to have drank a little too much, no uncommon thing in a sea-port; or that they were subjects fit for bedlam, and therefore ought not to be let loose on society; they arrived in safety at Mr. Whippel's, where they were expected, as Hart had written to that purport before he quitted Poole. All the family were of course much amused with the peculiarities of their strange visitors, though their good breeding was sufficient, and but just sufficient, to keep them from fits of laughter, so frequent were the provocations which occurred during the day.

It was now the commencement of the third week from Helen's departure, and on Hart's returning the next day, it was resolved, that the best method of proceeding, would be to take a post-coach for Deal, and go on board the frigate, in order to be fully satisfied, as to what was really intended.

The party were to consist of Hart, Frances Whippel, Helen's aunt and the landlady.

It is true, the second of the beforementioned ladies felt sorely the severe tug at her purse strings, which she plainly saw would be the consequence; but the errand she was on, aided by the gallant attentions of Hart, who wished above all things to get her on board ship, were sufficient to lull the whispers of avarice, and to reconcile her to exertions which surpassed every thing her whole life had before attempted.

Away, therefore, they were rattled at an early hour; and the masts and half-unfurled sails of a numerous fleet of outward-bound East Indiamen, greeted their expectant eyes.

Mrs. Gennings's heart danced with delight at the glorious sight; and her mistress, for the time being, was glad enough to be at rest once more; but to Frances Whippel, the scene before her gave alternately the purest delight, and the most gloomy forebodings; her mind, which had almost been a blank, since the departure of Helen, and which had been agitated by the most agonizing surmises, regarding the fate of her new, though dear friend, was now about to be set at rest; and her impatience to obtain information was intensely betrayed in all her words and actions.

Hart quickly took a little refreshment, and went down to the beach, to endeavour to obtain some information, if possible, of the parties whom they were seeking, leaving

the ladies at the inn, to prepare themselves, if required, to take a water trip, on board Rosse's ship; he was fortunate; for on arriving, the cutter was waiting to take off the very party for whom he was enquiring; and Helen herself was therefore on shore.

To account for this, we must now return to the ship, and relate what had taken place in the intermediate time.

It appears that Mrs. Smith, disappointed in every attempt to place Helen in a false position, either with regard to Daly, or her husband, was determined to try one scheme more to succeed in her machinations; she, therefore, altered her conduct, in appearance, so much for the better, that Helen, unsophisticated and unsuspecting as she was, readily gave her credit for the apparent reformation in her character, and began to congratulate herself on the prospect of future peace and happiness, if it were possible that those terms could with propriety be applied to her peculiar and debased condition.

Rosse too, who readily took things on trust, gave implicit credence to the belief that Mrs. Smith was sincere in her protestations of good will, and was in consequence profuse in his anticipations of becoming in every respect the happiest of men; for the attacks of Mrs. Smith had not been without effect on his weak mind; though it must be confessed, that he had but too much cause to feel a little uneasiness. Edmund alone doubted her sincerity, and hinted it broadly enough, both to Rosse and Helen.

She had not been on shore but twice, during the fortnight they had now been in the Downs; and on Mrs. Smith's kindly asking her the next day to accompany her and her husband thither, Rosse at once wished her to do so.

Helen hesitated at first, but as Smith himself was to be of the party, for whom every one had a regard, her scruples were easily got rid of by the united pressings of him and his wife, aided by the desire of Rosse.

Edmund, when he saw her come on the deck, dressed for her short departure, and seeing the company with whom she was going, bit his lips with vexation, at her want of prudence, and Rosse's stupidity, obstinacy, and short-sightedness, in imagining Mrs. Smith's sudden change, to an angel of light, from one of darkness, to be real; whilst Smith was, therefore, placing his wife in the chair, he took the opportunity of detaining Helen, and said, "I wonder Rosse allows you to go without him."

"I have no particular wish to do so, but Mr. and Mrs. Smith have pressed so earnestly, that he has acceded to their request," replied Helen.

With a look of ineffable contempt on the Smiths, added he, "I may take too great a liberty; but I wish, for your own sake, that you were never seen in the company of that woman.

"Why?" eagerly enquired Helen.

"Have you not had sufficient experience?" answered he.

"What's the matter, Daly?" said Rosse, who now came up to him.

"Why, I was attempting to dissuade Helen from going on shore with those people."

"Oh," said Rosse, "Smith's a good fellow, he'll see her taken care of; it's a fine day, and the change of scene will do her good."

Rosse imagined that Daly's objections were personal and self-interested, and that they were founded more on his own inability to accompany her, the captain being ashore, than from any well-meaning motive; and Helen herself, knowing how miserable he always was when she was absent from the ship, was half inclined to suspect the same as

her husband; she, therefore, good naturedly wished him good-bye, as Smith took her by the hand to place her in the chair.

"I say, Smith," said Daly, significantly, "I rely on you to take care of Mrs. Rosse;" and striving to smile with good humour, returned Helen's salute, with a bow, as evidently ungracious, as he wished it to be otherwise.

The ship was indeed a desert to the young lieutenant, unless graced by the presence of our heroine. As he was compelled often to be on deck from breakfast-time till the dinner-hour, and hence unable to see her, as she remained in her cabin; yet, still was it registered in his heart and hugged to his breast as a partial consolation, that she was in the same ship; but if she departed from it, he at once became the most melancholy being;—he would then be continually enquiring the time, and if Rosse was on watch, he would walk up and down the deck with him; his question would be every now and then, "Is not the boat coming, Rosse?" and other exclamations, indicative of impatience; and by his eagerness of manner and look on such occasions, would have shown a shrewder man than Rosse, that his passion for his wife burned as fiercely as ever.

It was the custom of Smith and his wife to visit a country inn, for the purpose of lunching, near upper Deal; hither Helen went with them, where they met two gentlemen, one of whom was married to a relation of Smith, the other was a stranger and a marine officer.

They were about to depart, when our party arrived; but remained with them, and partook of their lunch.

The young marine officer, who was a dashing blade, bold and unprincipled, paid great attention to our heroine, who however returned it but too coldly for his satisfaction.

Mrs. Smith, on the contrary, whose boldness and general imprudence could not be surpassed, endeavoured with all her might to attract his attention several times, but was restrained as often by the severity of look which her husband felt compelled to use towards her.

On their leaving the inn, Mr. L., the marine officer, with an insinuating tone, said, "do me the favour to accept of my arm, Mrs. Rosse."

"Thank you, sir," interrupted Mrs. Smith, and put her own arm in his.

Smith was so provoked with this further instance of his wife's unmannerly and forward conduct, that he could not keep from expostulating on the spot; and said, "Mr. L—— did not address you, Mrs. Smith."

"Oh, never mind, Smith," answered she, "you can take care of Mrs. Rosse."

Helen herself was not sorry that such was the case, though she felt herself degraded by being in Mrs. Smith's company, and now began to wish that she had taken Daly's advice, and remained on board.

Smith's relation was, however, a gentlemanly man, both in behaviour and appearance; and she cheerfully allowed herself to be escorted by him, and Smith in the rear.

Poor Smith was too much vexed to be cheerful, but the other, by his agreeable manners and conversation, compensated for Smith's melancholy.

But Mrs. Smith was differently engaged from what he imagined; she had seen that the young officer had paid more attention to Helen than herself, and that he continued inclined to do the same.

He was a libertine, and Mrs. Smith knew it; she deemed it, therefore, a good opportunity to wreak her suppressed dislike to Helen, and if possible, make her as infamous as herself. She judged others by her own standard, and could not imagine that the virtue of any woman was incorruptible; having run a career of guilt herself, she felt piqued that any one with whom she was compelled to come in contact should have a reputation as stainless as her own was polluted.

Her malevolent disposition, therefore, vented itself, in instigating Mr. L. to endeavour to seduce Helen; she praised her, and assured him that she believed her to be no better than others; and that her only fault was a little coquetishness.

The fellow was delighted with her information; and on enquiring whither they were going, Mrs. Smith hinted to him the propriety of proceeding to a house, well known to herself and him, and calculated for their diabolical purpose.

"Smith," said she, "is angry with me, I will join him, and you may have Mrs. Rosse as a companion."

They were now near Deal church-yard, and in passing the gate or stile, Mrs. Smith said, good-naturedly, to her husband, "come, Smith, give me your arm, and let Mr. L. be Mrs. Rosse's partner."

At the same moment the officer offered himself as such, and Helen without hesitation, though averse to the exchange, accepted him.

"Well, madam," said he, "Mrs. Smith informs me that you come on shore often."

"Indeed, I do not, sir; Mrs. Smith has misinformed you," replied Helen.

"Well, but you will do so, I hope; may I, therefore, have the pleasure of seeing you to morrow?"

"I think not, sir," was the reply.

"Do not say so, I entreat you; for I shall live but in hope to view that beautiful face again;" and in saying which, he attempted to place her hand in his.

"Sir," said Helen, contemptuously, and resisting his freedom, "as strangers we have met today, as strangers we must part, and continue so to be."

"What beautiful eyes!" said the puppy, languishingly, "and yet so cruel; surely you will not refuse me to behold again so many charms?"

Helen's indignation at such insolence had gradually risen to its climax; with a sudden effort she disengaged herself from the impertinent's arm, and, with a look of the most expressive contempt, dared him to approach her; the other parties were considerably in the rear, and Helen waited with impatience for their arrival; but before they came up, to her inexpressible joy, she beheld Hart with the Captain; the former of whom came rapidly towards her; whilst the poor devil, who had insulted her, craved, with the most submissive and abject tone, forgiveness for his rudeness; which she, in the plenitude of her pleasure, at the unexpected sight of Hart, coolly granted.

The parties met simultaneously, and all but Mrs. Smith, who felt with bitterness her disappointed expectations, congratulated each other on their happy meeting.

Helen eagerly enquired for Frances, and when Hart informed her, that not only she, but her aunt Deborah and Mrs. Gennings were waiting anxiously to see her, at the inn, she burst into tears; her feelings being overpowered by such unlooked for and welcome tidings.

The Smiths and the Captain took their leave, intending to return on board, Mrs. Smith having had sufficient pleasure, of a negative quality, not to remain longer on shore.

Hart had desired the Captain to inform Rosse why Helen had not returned with them, and also to send him ashore immediately, to join the newcomers.

Arrived at the inn, our heroine knew not, in the confusion of her delight, which to embrace first; but Frances Whippel sprang forward with eager delight, and clasped her with fervid joy and affectionate warmth of feeling; and Mrs. Gennings, with an equal portion of good nature and happiness, embraced her tenderly, and was profuse in her congratulations, though she observed, with emotions of sorrow, a wanness in her countenance, and a lack of that fire in her beautifully expressive eyes which formerly so brilliantly animated them.

Aunt Deborah, less vivacious in temperament, received her niece with demonstrations of heartfelt pleasure; but commenced a series of enquiries as to her future prospects, which Helen wished at her heart might have been deferred to a fitter opportunity.

Hart saw this, and by introducing refreshments, &c., soon changed the tenour of her discourse, which was becoming of too domestic a nature to satisfy the majority of the company.

Thus blessed with the company of her real and best friends, Helen, in the felicity of the present moment, forgot the trials and troubles of her former life, and in consequence became lively and conversant; tinged however, with the sad reflection that it would last but for too short a period.

“How is Mrs. Hart?” said she, to Hart.

“Why, well,” said he, “when I left her, and in a situation calculated to add another of that cognomen to the family.”

“For shame, Hart,” said Frances.

“Murder!” thought Mrs. Gennings, “that was a dagger into Aunt Deborah’s side; and I’ll warrant me, but she’s sick of her gallivanting by this time.”

“Bless me, sir,” said the maiden, with a faltering voice and a look of the utmost surprise, “you never informed me that you had entered the bonds of matrimony.”

“I beg your pardon, my dear madam, for the omission; but I am the father of five children and am likely to own a sixth.”

“Mrs. Gennings, I am sorry,” said she, drawing herself proudly up, “that you have allowed me to be so mistaken; I have been betrayed into a gross impropriety; I thought Mr. Hart to be a respectable, middle aged, single gentleman, or I never should have ventured to place myself under his protection. I shall never be able to show myself in my native place, if this imprudence of mine should be known.”

“Dear madam,” gently interrupted Hart, “I hope you magnify the unfortunate mistake; and I feel assured that that good-natured face of Mrs. Gennings, never could have meant to affront you; and that your own amiable disposition will readily pardon both her and me, for our mutual deficiency in that politeness which shines so eminently in your excellent person; and for myself I humbly entreat your forgiveness.”

“Mr. Hart,” sighed the spinster, “you are indeed a gentleman, and from you, I cannot but own, I have received every attention; but I now wish I was home, seeing that Helen is not so badly off as we expected.”

“Nay, madam,” answered Hart, who was not willing to part with her so soon, “we shall have some friends to visit us soon, with whom I think you will be pleased;

gentlemen, madam, of his majesty's navy—brave fellows!—gallant and gay!—therefore, do compose yourself, and be prepared for much future pleasure.”

“Bless him!” thought Mrs. Gennings, who had sat mute during this colloquy; an effort amounting almost to a miracle on her part; and seeing the countenance of her quondam mistress brighten up at the intelligence Hart gave her, she deemed it best to continue silent, for fear of disturbing her recovering equanimity of temper.

They sat down shortly after to tea, and Hart, by his amusing and humorous efforts to beguile the time, completely restored all parties to that state of harmony which it was ever his earnest wish and endeavour to promote.

Meanwhile Daly and Rosse had been walking the quarter-deck sometime, expecting the return of Helen; Daly was the first to perceive the boat, in which she was supposed to be.

“It is the captain's boat,” said Rosse, “and the devil a petticoat is there there; take the glass, perhaps you can tell who's in it better than I.”

He did so, and looking for a second or two, exclaimed, with surprise, “by heavens! it is the Captain; Smith and his wife are with him, but Mrs. Rosse is not.”

“Pho!” said Rosse, “fancy, fancy; here, let me look again. By —— you're right!—where the devil have they left her!—’Tis some trick of that infernal spit-fire, I'll be bound.”

“Why did you not take my advice?” answered Daly, “did I not tell you not to allow her to go in such company; but there, you are obstinacy itself—why should I ever interfere?”

“Well, 'tis I only have to care about it, you know,” said Rosse; “as soon as the Captain arrives I will go ashore and seek her;” and he went below to prepare for so doing; muttering curses on his folly, for being justly the object of blame in the present instance.

Meanwhile the boat came alongside, and Daly observed with pain the gloom which sat on the countenance of Mrs. Smith, and he augured the worse from it. Sad forebodings instantly attacked his feeling and interested heart: perhaps, said he to himself, she is ill—perhaps—but no, it cannot, must not be—my angel must be safe. “What is the matter, Mrs. Smith?” eagerly enquired he, as she stepped on the deck, “where is Mrs. Rosse?”

“I do not know, sir,” was the reply, with the bitterness of a true virago, and passing by him with a mien of contempt.

The Captain, however, soon satisfied him, and with a joyful heart he ran below, and acquainted Rosse, anticipating that he would be as pleased as himself.

But not so: Rosse imagined at once the true motive that had brought the parties in question to Deal; “D—— them,” said he; “why, will they not let me rest? They want to rob me of my little girl, but they shall not—I'll see them to—first! —I'll not see them—I'll send for her—she must come;”—and he began to unbutton his rough flushing jacket, which he had just put on as a preparative for starting.

Daly's eyes glistened at the sight, and with an eagerness that betrayed his feelings, instantly offered to go on shore for the purpose.

But Rosse interpreted him too well; and eyeing him with a look of distrust, said, “No, Daly, we will go together; though I would sooner face a shark, or be kicked to death by dead butterflies, than meet such a crew of she-devils and land-pirates, as will fall foul

of us when we get on shore; there's a storm brewing, and you must assist me to weather it out."

Daly, without answering, followed him up the ladder, and when in the boat, they discussed what should be done.

It was agreed, that as things were, it would be better to say nothing at present against what might be urged in favour of Helen's remaining at home; but to get them on board—make much of them, and thus pave the way for the failure of their expedition.

Daly had acceded to this arrangement under a sudden impulse that it would be impossible for him to live in the absence of Helen, whose fate his heart, like a monitor, told him was linked with his own, that to abandon or lose sight of her would be an act of folly, if not a crime.

The prejudices of aunt Deborah had been so highly excited against Rosse, that she received him with a cold look, expressive of the utmost disdain; and the rough sailor, who had always an antipathy to such cross-grained cattle, as he called them, was not a whit behind her in a scowl from his harsh visage in return.

Daly, however, who readily took his cue from his old friend Hart, soon won the attention of the antique damsel; and the whole party, always excepting Rosse, were soon as merry as crickets.

After an evening spent in the utmost hilarity, and having conquered, rather by jest and compliment, than any thing like argument, the repugnance which Deborah had to trust herself on the water, Rosse and Daly returned to the ship.



## CHAPTER XIV.

Still thankful while the flip goes round,  
They're safely moored on English ground,  
With a jorum of diddle,  
A lass and a fiddle,  
Ne'er shall care in the heart of a tar be found;  
And, while upon the hollow deck,  
To the sprightly jig our feet shall bound,  
Take each his charmer round the neck,  
And kiss in time to the merry sound.

*Dibdin.*

EARLY the next morning, Daly waited on the Captain, who readily joined with him in preparing for the expected visitors; and offered the free use of his cabin for the purpose.

"Bye the bye, Daly," said he, "Why should we not make it a grand gala-day for all hands? We shall sail in a day or two at the furthest; let us invite a few of our friends at Deal; let the young gentlemen join us, and the crew make merry and do as they like."

It was approved of, of course, and the news ran though the ship like wild-fire, and created a stir as pleasing as it was unexpected.

'All was now impatience for the commencement of the revels, and every minute was fifty ere dinner was piped. At length came the happy hour; and at eating and drinking, with no duty to trouble him, who is so happy as Jack, either ashore or on board? It is no easy matter, indeed, to convey to our readers even the smallest idea of a man-of-war's 'tween-deck, with all hands at dinner; for the long loud jolly laugh, the merry catch and cheering chorus—the shrill lively whistle, the ill-humoured boisterous squabble, and the growling deep-toned imprecation—all strike the astonished ear at the same moment with such a stunning noise that one would think,

"Hell was broke loose,  
And all the devils were there."

As, however, the subject is one which we are loth to quit without attempting to give some idea of it, and as we find it altogether impossible to identify either the speakers or choristers, where all are speaking and singing at once, we have only humbly to propose that any of our readers, whether lady or gentleman, whose curiosity may be so far excited, are exceedingly welcome to take hold of our arm while we slowly take a walk round the crowded deck, and note down the living conversation as it strikes the ear.

The Captain had delivered an harangue to the men in the morning, in which he expatiated at some length on theft and drunkenness; the latter of which he had a particular aversion to; and as he was a strict disciplinarian, he had declared that in no one instance would he spare a man during the coming voyage, who should be guilty of either of the above vices: of course his speech was the topic of conversation among some of the men, to whom it was, no doubt, peculiarly applicable.

"I say, Jack, what d'ye think of the skipper's speech? How d'ye relish yon whimsy whamsy of his 'bout drunk at sea, and drunk in harbour, eh?"

"Think! d—mme if I know what to think on't. Mayhap, taking a small drop of grog, when one can touch it, may be both lubberly and lousy——

"Lousy! why, Jack, he didn't say lousy, man—he said beastly."

"Aye, that he did, Jack,—for Nat and I were close under his lee."

"Well, well, maties, and what the devil else could he mean, I should like for to know, by beastly but lousy? O ho! my smart fellows, don't you be after picking me up before I fall; nor don't you go for to think that I've forgot what my old messmate, honest Dan Colfin of the Majestic, used to say.—Ay, he was the lad for my money, either fore or aft, thof he was a Scotchman!—and I'm sure he was a great scholar, for I've heard all our officers say as much. Well, says Dan,—Barnes, says he, whenever a fellow calls you beast, or beastie—I think 'twas some such rigmarole phrase he used—you may depend on't, he means you are lousy, says he;—so up fist directly, says he, and knock the lubber down."

"Vy I doesn't know but what you may be right, Barnes, a'ter all; that there Scotch differing so much from our good English, you knows.—But I say, maties, what if our old Gibby there should get himself malty of an a'ternoon, as usual, when we're at sea?—My eye! what a cod's squint he'd turn up when the skipper would say to him, *You are a low, lubberly, lousy, swab, Gibby! Sergeant of marines, put that drunken beast in irons!* (Imitates.) *Saul! ye may do sae, your honour; but de'il a bone o' me's fu'.*—*Silence, you old sinner! you are continually drunk, Gibby! Boatswain's-mate, give him a d—d good starting! You are worse than a pig, Gibby!—give the scoundrel five dozen at least! I wouldn't give five skips of a louse for all you ever do, Gibby! d—n him, send him through the fleet!*" Here the humble disciple of Matthews could no longer hold out against the resistless vigour of his own wit, but readily joined his messmates, who were convulsed with laughter.

"I'se tell ye fat it is, Maister Lillyeuk, or fat e'er's your name, if thou disna clap a stopper on that vile potata-trap o' yours, d—n me but I'se gie ye a clank ower the canopy sall mak your daylights sparkle again, and syne we'll see how you'll like that, my lad. Fa the deyvel d'ye think's gaun to stand your jaw, ye snuffle o' a creature? Confound ye! ye're just a very good sample o' a' the rest o' ye're d—d Cockney dirt—aye yattering and yelping whan ye're eating, or whan ye've your nose close to the bread-bag!—But bide ye a bit, my man—we're gaun to a place where I'll may be live to see a hantle o' that cleck o' yours ta'en out o' ye."

"By my soul, you are right, Gibby, and Hollyyoaks wrong. I believe we shall see your calf country, my old boy, very soon.—I say Mack, what, d'ye think's the largest tree in Gibby's country?"

"O how should I know. But what country d'ye call Gibby's?"

"Why, Shetland, to be sure."

"O! Shetland, is it,—there I have you, matey, for many's the good glass of grog I've had in Shetland. The biggest tree that I knows that grows in Shetland is, let me see, a large, tall, bushy, full-grown—cabbage! almost as high, by the hokey! as our grog-kid there, ha, ha, ha!"

"Avast, avast there, Mack;—Pshaw! you shouldn't be so d—d witty on Gibby's country, my lad, seeing you don't know how much you may be beholden to it yet before

you hop the twig. For my part, I'll only say that the man that speaks glummishly of Gibby's country knows very little of the North sea—I'm certain they don't—eh, Gibby? But never mind, my old soul; we'll very likely soon be in at Bressay—won't we, Gibby? And then who knows but you'll tell little Ailsey to bring us plenty of murphies, and eggs, and soft tack—Won't you, my pretty Gib? won't you, my heart of oak?"

"Come, come, d—n your squeezing, Jack; my banes are a' sair already with your nonsense I declare."

Here the whistle blew, and *Grog, ahoy!* was bellowed down the hatch-way. The sound was heard with a shout of joy; and away scampered the cooks of the various messes with their vessels to the grog-tub.

The mirth grew now both boisterous and tumultuary; the very sight of the grog seemed to have the effect of raising the animal spirits to a higher key; and so very zealously was the carousal commenced, every one in the joy of his heart talking louder than his neighbour, while ever and anon the rude and boisterous chorus struck the ear, that one would have thought that young and old, in defiance of every caution their captain had given them, were in full march to a state of the most complete inebriety.

"Scaldings, matey; scaldings!—Hollo, you fellow! keep that filthy louse-preserver of yours out of my way. Blast your day-lights, you lubber! if you make me spill this here grog, but I'll dance your rascally ribs into powder."

"Hollo! you sodger, mind your well blacked pins, my boy, and don't capsize the good stuff."

"Number five!—Number five!—call number five below there!—Here, my old mate, lay hold of the grog kid; the hatchway's so completely choak-a-block with lobster backs and barber's clerks, there's no getting down but by the cable.

"Come, come, heave a-head, old skulk-me-ever, and let me pass; our mess is on fire, and here is the water."

Weel, sirs, and fat d'ye think o' your fine Cockney now;—ha, ha, ha! if I can keep frae laughing at it. D—n me, if the poor singit mumping cat hasna lost his call; and now ye'll hae obliged to wait till a' the sodgers are saired before ye. Saul, the brat was for starting me, sending me through the fleet, and fiend kens a' fat; but in the guid faith, if ye're a' o' my mind, the devil a spoonfae o' grog should wet his wuzen.

"For shame, Gibby, to propose such a thing! I'll be d—d if you'd speak that way did you not expect to get a few of these same spoonfulls, as you call 'em, whistled into your own muzzle. All the mess knows that it's not a trifle you'll stick at when a glass of grog is in the wind—and how do you know but Davis may like the stuff as well as yourself?"

"O, blast him! give the fellow his grog; I wants none on't, for my part. Rather cob him, I say; for he had plenty of time, and knew well enough we had the first call.

"Avast, avast there, maties, here he comes. Come, Davis, hand round, my buck, for we're all in a state of mutiny:—and I say, old Catherine-street, tip Gibby a choaker at once, for he's swearing he'll grog you."

(*Chorus.*)

"Nor never will I married be,  
Until the day I die;

For the stormy winds and the raging sea  
Parted my love and me.”

“Well, well, maties, no more of that.—Come, Gibby, let’s hear you give us a slice of your old pell the Bounty, that good old Spitzberger. I don’t see why we should’nt be as merry as e’er a mess in the hooker on such a day as this.”

“O, Greenland is a cold countrie,  
And seldom is seen the sun;  
The frost and snow continually blow,  
And the day-light never is done,  
Brave boys,  
And the day-light never is done.

But ne’er a bone of me can sing now-a-days. It’s far ower high for my auld pipe, although, nae doubt we’ve seen the day. But, whisht!—ay, that’s something like the thing.—

*(Chorus.)*

Farewell, and adieu to your grand Spanish ladies,  
Farewell and adieu to you ladies of Spain,  
For we’ve received orders to sail for Old England,  
But we hope in short time for to see you again.

“I tells thee, Tummas, thee hast goutten three tots already; how many wouldst thee ha’ now?”

“What argufies that, my lad, when they wa’nt half full. Come, come, bouse me up another, matey—there’s a good fellow—and I’ll touch you up a flashy stave:—

*(Chorus.)*

O, the rose it is red and the violet is blue,  
And my heart, love, beats steady and constant to  
you;  
Then let it be early, late, or soon,  
I will enjoy my rose in June.”

“Dang it, Tummas! that’s always thy way; but I won’t be sung out of my grog by ere a one. I tells thee once more, that I’s only the plush, and that I be’s entitled to, an’t I now? But come, come, matey, thee needn’t be angry either—there’s another for thee.”

“Angry!—no, no, I’m not angry, my old ship. Here’s smacking luck to you, my dear boy, and a fistful of doubloons before you are many years older. Angry, in faith! —it’s a very different story then, my hero!—If ever you see Tom Sykes angry—that’s real savage, I mean—I’d advise you as a friend to stand clear, matey.—

"Boatswain's mate! Boatswain's mate! Below, there! You marine, d'ye hear, fellow?"

"Sir."

"Call the boatswain's mate forward there, directly."

"Ay, ay, sir. Boatswain's mate! Forward there; pass the word for the boatswain's mate."

"Hollo!"

"You're wanted on deck."

*(Chorus.)*

"The de'il pu' your twa black eeh,  
I wish your face I had never seen,  
You're but a proud and a saucy quean,  
And I winna be your dearie, O."

"Up there, sweepers, and clear away the deck! D'ye hear there, you Murphy, Davis, and the whole boiling of you! Come, come, no grumbling; it's of no use. Shoulder your brooms, and come over as smartly's you like. Come, scud! D'ye hear there; fly, and be d—d to you!"

"Well, my lads, as I were saying, we had her by this time just two points abaft the beam—"

"You tie an earling, you swab! I would not allow you to stand at my lee-wheel.

"D—n me, if I don't think, some how or other, that our skipper will turn out a tartar, good-weight, after all. He's got a smacking sharp cut the wind of his own, and I don't like his top lights at all at all."

"Avast there, my hearty; after me, if you please. I say, maties, here's bad luck to Bet of the jetty, and to all the rascally smouches and humbugs of Sheerness."—

*(Chorus.)*

"Then we'll drink and be jolly, and drown melan-  
choly,  
Our spirits to cherish, our hopes, and our lives,  
And we'll pay all our debts with a flying fortop-  
sail,  
And so bid adieu to our sweethearts and wives."

"Pshaw! d—n the song!—hear me out, maties. Well, as I was saying, by this time we were all double shotted, and were just going to give her another physicker—"

"Ha, ha, ha! My eyes! twig canny Shields, Neddy!—malty, by the Nor'lights!"

"You lie, you land-crab—I'll walk on a seam with e'er a man of your mess."

"By the powers, you may say it, my boy!—for it's just the place for a fellow to laugh and grow fat in. I've seen a good deal now of the world, both east and west, and every point of the compass, my boy; and the devil fetch me, were it in my power, but I'd

pitch my tent in snug little Ireland before e'er a corner in it at all at all—ay, faith, and so would I now."

And now the ship's cutter was to be despatched ashore, to bring the *genteel* company on board.

The yard and stay-tackles on board the frigate were soon hooked on to the cutter; the falls were manned, and the boatswain, together with his three mates began to *tune the shrill whistle that doth order give to sounds confused*. The sailors were making a run of the tackle-falls, and the first Lieutenant, exclaiming, "Silence there! "Step out! Step out! Walk away with him!" In one minute the cutter was suspended in the air between the fore and main yards. And now were heard the following orders, which had the magic to place the boat in the water, alongside of the frigate. "High enough with the main stay! A turn there "hoa! Hoist away the main-yard! Avast there! "Lower away the main stay! Lower away the yards! Let go!"

The boat having reached the shore with Daly and Rosse, after much ado aunt Deborah, with the assistance of the whole of the boat's crew, it being low water, was safely placed into it, the rest followed; and the boat cut the water in gallant style, making every now and then a graceful dip, which to the timid mind of the aunt of our heroine, appeared to be the forerunner of her going to the bottom, and that she imagined more than once that she should never more be blessed with a sight of land; a queer scream would often escape her, as also sundry black looks, directed to Mrs. Gennings, who could not restrain herself from a disposition to grin at the troubles of her quondam mistress.

But how shall we attempt to describe the horror painted in her countenance when she came alongside, and found that to get on board she must be swung in the air, and hoisted in; she protested that she never could submit to the ordeal, and looked with terror at the hundred rough faces that crowded the side of the ship, wondering at the rumpus which was going on in the boat; at last the precious body of the spinster was boused up, and the roar of laughter which simultaneously burst from the light and merry hearts of the jolly tars, thundered in her terrified ears; this indecorous ebullition of mirth, it was in vain to stifle or silence, as both officers and men were irresistibly led into the same train of feeling, from the truly comic scene which presented itself to their wondering eyes.

"God forgive me, captain," said Deborah, as she set her foot on the deck, "for my folly in venturing among such barbarians, as I believe you are in command of."

"Barbarians, Madam," said he, "you are mistaken; I grant you, that the rascals are a little rude, but it is holliday time with them; and I have no doubt, before you quit the ship, but that you will alter your opinion."

Hart, Frances, Helen and Mrs. Gennings, were soon on deck, and the whole were escorted by the captain, Daly, Mitchell and the other officers, to the cabin, and introduced to the rest of the company, who by this time, formed a numerous and brilliant assemblage.

Aunt Deborah, although the daughter of an old merchant ship-owner, was as unacquainted with the interior of a ship, as if she had never smelt salt-water. Helen, who was now become a tolerable seaboat, had yet much to learn of the technicalities and manners of the inmates of the floating castle, for whom indeed she now began to entertain a considerable portion of regard, reflecting often on that passage of scripture:—*'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.'*

To the high sense of duty which she owed her husband, Helen considered herself indebted for the change every day taking place within her; although, perhaps unconsciously, Edmund had in no small degree contributed to reconcile her to bear with the inconveniences to which she was exposed.

Aunt Deborah was amazed at the strangeness of her present situation, and examined with wonder, the curious construction of the cabin of the frigate; and as many of our readers, from their inland situation, may be equally ignorant, probably a description of it, may not be unacceptable.

On one side, a row of these *mortal engines*, whose *rude throats could counterfeit the dread clamours of Jove*; or, in plain language, four eighteen pounders, on both sides, turned their breeches on the company. The after (back) part of the room admitted light through windows of large dimensions and looked upon the billows curling their monstrous heads; while a bulk-head, or wainscot, forward, divided the cabin from the half-deck.

The bell now struck six, when the pipe of *All hands to dance, ahoy!* hurried all the young men on deck in excellent trim for frolic and fun of any description, leaving all the more grave and aged below, happy in each other's conversation. Parties were speedily formed, and *Hunt the slipper*, and several other games of a similar nature, were immediately commenced. Other parties amused themselves with dancing on the fore-castle, to the beat of the drum and the sound of the fife; and the grotesque manners of the huge hulks of fellows who personated the fair sex made every side ache with laughter. The scene was new to our heroine, and most of the other visitors, and they accordingly enjoyed it very highly; although they could hardly avoid remarking, that all the sports and dances were of the rudest description, and were, more like the prefatory lessons for initiating men into the mystery of bearing hard blows and heavy falls with good humour, than the pastimes of reasonable and rational beings: for as all the frolics, of whatever nature they were, commonly ended in a mock squabble, where the whole party engaged mutually gave one another a hearty drubbing with their knotted kerchiefs, taken from their necks for that purpose, in one or two instances it actually occurred, that where the parties thought themselves rather severely handled, it verged pretty nearly to a serious conclusion, and several heavy blows were interchanged with every apparent will. This, however, was seemingly against all rule; for, wherever it was likely to happen, the others, by dint of ridicule and laughter, soon put their anger to flight, and speedily restored good humour.

Although the subject may appear somewhat trivial, yet will we venture a description of two of these sports, which we believe not to belong to the class more generally known, and both of which, we can assure our readers, please a vast deal better in the performance than they can ever be expected to do from a brief description.

The first is termed *building a cutter*, and is merely a dramatic squib, concluded in the usual way at the expence of some simple good-natured landsman, ignorant of the sport.—“Come, shipmates,” cries a known hand, “let’s have a game at *building the cutter*,” when, as soon as a party is formed, the three principal characters, of the *Gentleman*, the *Carpenter*, and his man *Jack*, are generally contrived to be thrown into the hands of three of the stoutest and most active seamen engaged. The game now commences with a conversation between the *Gentleman* and the *Carpenter*; and as a good deal of humour, as well as of satire, is often thrown into it, it is sometimes carried on for

a considerable time with both wit and spirit. This, however, we do not pretend to aim at; merely wishing to sketch out a bare outline, by way of giving our readers an idea of the game.

*Enter a Gentleman and Carpenter.*

*Gent.* Good-morrow, Master Chips. I want to purchase a neat, airy, smart-sailing cutter, finely painted, and handsomely rigged;—in the newest fashion, of course, you know.

*Carp.* Nothing gives me greater pleasure than to serve your honour. I have several cutters on hand at present, but not one, I believe, of your description. However, you know, we can build you one in a very short time, and probably that will do, sir?

*Gent.* Well enough, Master Chips, provided you begin it directly.

*Carp.* You may depend upon me, sir. It will be sent home to you the moment it is finished.

*Gent.* Very well, Master Chips; I shall expect it.

*(Exit.*

*Carp.* I say, John;—d’ye hear there, Jack? Where the devil’s that foreman of mine? You, Jack, hilloah!

*Jack.* Here I come, your honour.

*Carp.* Come this way, you swab; d—n me if ever you’re to be found when you are most wanted. We must set about building a trim spanking cutter for Mr. Broombottom directly. Come, bring me my tools, and go you and seek out a proper piece of stuff for a good keel to her; I don’t care whether it belongs to England, Ireland, or Scotland, so that it’s good. Come, look sharp and thief-like, you scoundrel.

(Here John, after a seeming examination, singles out the selected individual from among the bystanders, and brings him forward, saying:)

Master, to my mind, here is an excellent piece of stuff for the cutter’s keel.

*Carp.* So it is, my lad. To what country does this stuff belong?

*Jack.* It is true native Irish, your honour; reared and grown in Lord Buntlin’s plantations at sweet Mullingar. The very same you bought from that land-lubber, Dennis M’Carthy.

*Carp.* Ay, very good, John. Now bear a hand, and assist me to lay it down properly.

(Here the two laid a smart, smiling Irish lad flat on his back, with his legs and arms well stretched out.)

*Carp.* Now, Jack, hand me the ribs and trucks, to keep the keel steady. Smart, now; there’s a good lad.

(Here four more stout fellows were brought forward, all aware of the business, who were each firmly seated at poor Patrick’s arms and legs.)

The most difficult part of the game was now accomplished, the victim of sport being now secured. A goodly-lengthened, and tolerably-spirited, conversation was next commenced between John and his master, respecting the most approved modes of rigging the cutter’s masts, cutting her sails, &c.; a part of the drama we have no intention to detail, and which is generally lengthened or curtailed according to the abilities of the speakers, and the applause which they meet with. We rather hasten to say, that the cutter being at last pronounced to be complete, and a great deal of mischievous bustle gone



through in clearing her a passage to the water, the carpenter suddenly cried, *Launch, there, launch!* when instantly, to the astonishment of numbers, and the joy of the whole, about a dozen of buckets of water, which had been carefully prepared during the passing conversation, were discharged smack in the face of the unfortunate prostrate Irishman, and were followed by others in such rapid succession, that he was nearly suffocated, and completely drenched, before he could fight himself clear of his tormentors, while all around him were convulsed with laughter.

The other game we have selected is named *The British and the Bold Buccaneer*; and is one which exclusively belongs to the most active and alert seamen in the navy. According to the number on board inclined or capable of taking a part in this very hazardous piece of amusement, the performers may be four, three, or two in number. At the time that our heroine beheld it, it was done by three:—Captains St. George, St. Andrew, and Morgan the Bold Buccaneer,—the two former of whom were Shields colliers, and the latter a fearless Irishman. They were three athletic, well-made young men, rather below the middle size; and such was their known celebrity in this performance, that no sooner was the game publicly announced than every other was immediately suspended, and young and old, officers, cooks, and scullions, hurried on deck to witness an exhibition at that time universally popular.

The candidates for applause soon divested themselves of their hats, kerchiefs, jackets, and shoes; and having braced themselves tightly up for exertion, and taken their stations, the performance began on the forecastle by Captains St. George and St. Andrew chaunting the following humble rhyme, to, however, a very sweet and lively air:

“Our countries on the ocean stand,  
Where mermen bold upon the main;  
Who dares dispute when we command,  
He never shall dispute again.

For thus we resolve and thus we decree,  
No rival shall ever appear on the sea.  
Before he first fights us so bold and so free,  
Whose watch word is Death, boys, or Victory.  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!  
Glory or Death, boys, or Victory.”

“Well, brother,” cried St. George, “how do your bearings stand?”

“By observation yesterday, Porto Rico, E.N.E., 20 leagues.”

“Have you seen any thing lately?”

“Yes, brother, I saw a sail last night, and gave chase—but I’ve lost her.”

“What did she look like?”

“She loomed like a square-rigged vessel?”

“The same I saw myself. Keep you as close to the wind as you can hug, and I’ll go large; for I’m almost certain we’re in the track of the object of our wishes, the Braggadocia privateer. We have only to capture her, and then home to old England as if the devil kicked us! I think we had better part company, and make sail, brother.”

“Ay, ay,—the sooner the better.”

Both now cleared the fore-castle at a single leap; and both taking a side of the deck, advanced slowly aft, with many curvettings and specimens of agility, until St. George espied the Bold Buccaneer sitting carelessly whistling at the very extremity of the gaff boom. He instantly hailed him with a "What ship there, ho!"

"Ay, ay," replied he, "that's the very ship, dear, to be sure."

"Confound the rascal!" continued St. George, "D'ye hear, there, fellow, what ship is that?"

"For sartin, honey, it's the very ship."

"If you don't answer me directly, I'll fire into you," cried St. George.

"If you do this time, my darling, it's more than the son of your mother ever did before, joy."

"Is not that the Braggadocia privateer?"

"Mayhap she is Braggadocia enough to take every devil's inch of consate out of you, however.—Oh! by St. Patrick! so there's two of you, is there? Then by the lovely maid of Killarney, it is full time I was after shaking my own beautiful trotters, sure now. [*Rises, and moves slowly up the rigging.*]

"Hilloah! you ship there," bawled St. George after him.

"What want you now, gragh?" was the answer.

"Won't you tell us your ship's name?" cried St. George.

"No, troth now, that I won't.—I'll be after telling the flying Braggadocia's name to ne'er a spalpeen like you.—I'm away, for I like none of your company, my darling."

"Make sail, brother, and give chace," cried St. George to his companion, and both instantly sprung to the boom.

A trial of the most dexterous agility and presence of mind now ensued. They ran up the rigging, and slid down the stays, even from the very mast heads, with the rapidity of arrows, and leaped from one yard to another, by means of slip-ropes, with the confidence and agility of the monkey tribe, amidst the reiterated shouts and plaudits of the whole ship's company. They continued this fatiguing and perilous exercise a great length of time; for though the two Saints moved swiftly and fearlessly on, the Bold Buccaneer, well worthy his name, scorned to yield, no sooner led them down to the deck, than off he flew again, nor would he halt for a moment until he reached the top-gallant yard's-arm. Here, making fast a rope's end he had brought from the top, he would coolly await their arrival on the cross-trees, and then, when his fiery-faced pursuers had almost made sure of him, would the daring fellow spring to the yard's arm at a bound, and slipping down his rope with astonishing rapidity, would either stand the next moment on the top-sail yard's arm, or, seizing hold of a stay, continue his run to the deck, leaving his disappointed and breathless pursuers looking after him from the top-mast head. Thus they continued, with the most admirable exertion, until the Buccaneer had brought them to the deck three several times, when, unfortunately, in a rapid descent on the main-top-gallant-stay into the fore-top, he wounded his foot on a marlin-spike. Still, however, he scorned to give in, though his speed was greatly retarded by his wound, which bled pretty profusely. At length, after uncommon exertion, he was laid hold of by St. George, in the act of making fast a slip-rope to the fore-yard's arm; and a struggle ensued which baffles all description; the Buccaneer endeavoured to shake him off, and either escape by the lift, or else make a spring to the stays, and St. George keeping him stoutly and firmly pinned to the yard's arm. This was the more increased by St. Andrew, who came dash in

between them, by slipping down the lift of the yard. The Buccaneer finding it now impossible to escape from their clutches, made a sudden spring from St. Andrew, and overboard he went headlong. Hazardous as the matter now appeared, St. Andrew hesitated not a moment, but dropped from the yard after him, and was gallantly followed by St. George; and here a sort of fight now ensued far more painful than pleasant. All three were excellent swimmers, but completely exhausted; and the tide happening to ebb at the time, the prevailing current proved too strong for them, and carried them all so rapidly a-stern, that a boat was instantly dispatched to pick them up,—thus ending a most finished display of agility and courage, with no other injury to the parties than a little extra fatigue, and a good ducking. For this, however, they seemed to be amply compensated, on coming on board, by the cheering plaudits they received from the whole ship's company,—the officers giving them divers drams to qualify the salt water they had been compelled to swallow, and their companions bustling in changing their wet clothes for others more congenial to comfort; every one evincing, by these little acts of care and kindness, the high satisfaction to which their distinguished abilities had given rise; and for no better meed than which, however we may deny it, men are sometimes spurred on to greater feats than even the figuring away in the break-neck sport of *The British and the Bold Buccaneer*.”

Having viewed these sports with much satisfaction, the party retired to the cabin, where an elegant and substantial entertainment was provided for them: temporary awnings had, in the mean time, been placed over the quarter-deck; where dancing shortly after commenced, and was kept up with much spirit till a late hour.

Thus surrounded by her best and earliest friends, Helen almost forgot the past, and ceased to reflect on the future.

Daly, by his modest attentions, both to herself and her relations, appeared to her not unwilling mind, in the fairest light; and her admiration, which was only kept down to the standard of prudence by her determined spirit of integrity, and uncompromising and incorruptible virtue, was involuntarily raised to an exalted pitch, by the contemplation of his noble carriage, beautiful form and features, and his kind and obliging disposition; but as often as such was the case, she would check herself in what she deemed a mad career of folly, and even of crime.

“I must rather learn,” said she to herself, “to hate than esteem, at least, in appearance; for my heart is his, without any effort of my own; but he must never know it; no, never!”

No inducement could make aunt Deborah remain on board the ship; though she owned that the treatment she had received from the gallant defenders of her country was such as merited her warmest approbation.

The pleasant scenes, however, which she had just witnessed, had had one unfavourable effect on her mind, with regard to the situation of her niece; she had seen nothing but the bright side of the picture; nothing appeared to her view in so miserable a light as she had anticipated; and even Helen herself, from a rigid sense of her conjugal duties, had refrained from painting her situation in its true colours; recollecting with feelings of horror, the unpleasant and harsh mode of life she had been compelled to endure whilst under the domination and strict guardianship of her relations.

To Frances Whippel she had openly unburdened her very unpleasant situation; but she rather deprecated than otherwise, any interference on the part of her friends; as far

as Rosse himself was concerned, she had no cause for complaint; excepting her disinclination and dread of going to India.

His conduct was now uniformly kind and conciliatory, and in one respect, she saw that her presence was of the most essential service to him; for the regard which was so universally felt for herself, was shared by him; and he thereby escaped many tricks of wit and censure, which he would otherwise have received, and which he had neither the nerve to bear, nor the ability to retaliate.

The sea was his element, and whilst engaged on duty no man in his majesty's navy was his superior; and the Captain, and all the other officers could not but confess, that whilst Rosse was on deck, they might, with safety, do what they pleased in any other part of the ship.

Hart first spoke to Edmund, as to the feasibility of persuading Rosse to allow Helen to remain in England; but he could give him no hopes of success.

"He is determined," said he, "I believe, that she shall go; do not, however, forget, said he, Hart, that she shall never want a protector whilst I am in the same ship."

Hart shook his head, and laughed.

"Nay," continued Edmund, "do not suspect me; heaven only knows the misery I endure on her account. To you, my friend, I will confess it; but I implore you not to mistake my intentions; I would die to serve her; I would rather die than do a dishonour; I have, I hope, enough of the love of justice to value principles in others, and I feel persuaded, that Mrs. Rosse herself, if she had the same sentiments of regard for me as I have for her, would as the wife of another man, spurn with disdain and contempt, any attempt to seduce her from the path of rectitude, honour, and virtue."

Hart, who had in his youthful days held opinions somewhat lax on the subject, could not but have his misgivings; though he considered it best to urge the subject no further.

The wrath of Mrs. Gennings against Rosse, which had burnt the fiercest, was easily subdued, when she reflected, if reflection it might be termed, on the scenes of mirth and jollity she had just been a witness to, and a partaker of; and accordly, though she as well as Deborah strongly condemned the obstinacy of Rosse in taking Helen with him; yet they both agreed, that considering all things, she was not so uncomfortable as they at first imagined; and they came to the resolution of setting off on the morrow for Portsmouth, on their return to Poole.

The conduct of Mrs. Smith had been kept in the back ground by Helen, as she even now imagined that persecution from that quarter would gradually cease; the opportunity of meeting with Hart having prevented her from becoming acquainted with the circumstances that led to the impertinent intrusions of the marine officer at Deal; and hence, she never once imagined that Mrs. Smith was at the bottom of so infamous a transaction as was intended against her.

Knowing that her aunt had determined not to visit the ship again, she readily went on shore with Hart, who came for her.

The ship being in hourly expectation of orders for sailing, neither of the officers could be spared to attend her; but Hart promised Rosse to return with her in the evening: which promise, however, would not have been sufficient, had not Helen herself, though with tears in her eyes, said that she would return.

The result of the conversation which ensued with her friends, was, that they should no further interfere; but that she herself should make one effort more to induce Rosse to allow her to remain with the Whippels during the intended voyage.

The time flew swiftly away, and the sad hour of parting came at last.

The affectionate Frances, who inwardly prognosticated that she should never behold her friend again, was afflicted in the extreme; she abused her uncle with a bitterness which that individual would have required more patience to bear, had he heard it.

Mrs. Gennings, though she regretted the departure of Helen; yet was so much taken up with the merry scenes which she had witnessed, deeming, in the simplicity of her heart, that it was the common routine of a seaman's life, that she would have been glad to have accompanied her; she could not, however, help putting her handkerchief to her eye now and then, and wiping away the involuntary tear, which started from it.

Aunt Deborah too felt it a trying moment, and showed that her heart, with regard to her niece, was in the right place; and after giving her what she deemed the best advice in her present critical situation, declared to her that whenever she might stand in want of a friend, she hoped she would always look to her first.

It was with much difficulty Hart could separate Helen from their embraces; and the sun had set long before our heroine arrived at, what might not unappropriately be termed, her prison, and committed to the charge of her jailor.

Daly observed with pain the redness of her eyes, from the effects of weeping, and ejaculated to himself, "Oh, if those were mine, God forbid that it should ever be the case; dearest woman, would I could suffer for thee!"

Rosse was vexed to see it, but thought it prudent not to say any thing on the subject; determined not to part with her, as much from a feeling of self-gratification, as one of annoyance to his relations, who wished her to remain at home.

The parents of Daly were also strongly averse to his going abroad; and they had written a letter to him on the subject, entreating him to avail himself of an opportunity of which it was not yet too late for him to do.

They informed him that they could get him appointed to a ship which was then building at Portsmouth; that it was their anxious wish to see him; adding also, that a young lady of beauty, rank, and fortune, had fallen in love with him when he was last in town; that her father had proposed the match; and that he would give as a dowry, between twenty and thirty thousand pounds, and as much more at the time of his death.

He thus saw, that in the ship where he was, he was throwing his time away; one being provided for him, of which he would have the sole command. As to the lady and her money, he treated the thing with contempt and disdain: no woman but the wife of Rosse, he felt, could he ever love.

He had received the letter more than a week, and had neglected to answer it; yet its contents had a visible effect on him; his nights were restless, and he gradually became pale and thin.

The fete on board had been a temporary relief to his corroding thoughts, but they returned with redoubled vigour the day after; though he resolved not to show himself in so bad a state of health as he really was.

In the afternoon the wind blew very strong, and Rosse was free of the watch till eight in the evening.\*

Helen was in the ward-room at work, seated near the rudder-head, with her feet on the locker; Rosse himself sat at her feet.

The doctor, purser, Mitchell, and the Smiths sat round the fire, the weather being cold.

The master was in his cabin, but the door of it was open.

A man came from the deck, and said to Rosse, "your signal, sir."

He rose, and looking out of the window, said, "Why it's the master's signal."

"Holloa there, Richards, your signal is flying," bawled Rosse, and the master came into the wardroom.

Just at this moment, Daly came from the deck, and said hastily, "Quickly! quickly, Rosse! the signal has been flying some time, and those fools did not observe it till I went on deck."

"It is the master's signal," repeated Rosse.

"Nonsense, man, it is yours, and I have ordered the boat."

"Before I go," said Rosse, I will look through the glass, for I feel certain that it is the master's signal."

"It is taken in," said the master, and laughing heartily, returned to his cabin.

The weather was rather rough, and Helen made a remark on it, as Rosse unwillingly left the ward-room with his boat-cloak on his arm.

When he was gone, Daly sat down in Rosse's place, at Helen's feet; and the individuals present could not restrain themselves from loud laughing.

"That's the way you order it, Daly," said the doctor, winking to him, and in an under-tone.

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\* The nautical day commences, either by observation or account, at the sun's meridian, which is generally supposed to be our twelve o'clock noon on shore. At that moment, the officer of the watch, or more commonly the master of the ship, orders the Marine sentinel to turn a half-hour sand-glass, which he has always in charge, and which has been previously run out, and strike eight bells forward; which is accordingly done, and the dinner is piped. No sooner is this glass run out, than the sentry calls, "Strike the bell *one*, forward!" and again turns it—when the grog is immediately piped. When it runs out a second time, he again calls, "Strike the bell *two*, forward!"—which is no sooner done, than the boatswain's-mate calls the afternoon watch. Thus he proceeds until he comes to the eighth bell; which is no sooner struck than the watch expires, and the grog is again piped. Previous to this, however, in order to relieve the quartermaster, the helmsman, the look-out at the mast-head, and the sentinel at the glass, an individual of each of these classes of the watch below, goes when the seventh bell is struck, to the purser's steward, gets his quartern of grog unmixed, takes his supper, and is ready, as soon as the eighth strikes, to relieve his man with the rest of the watch. All hands now take supper; and when one bell again strikes, the first *dog watch* is called. This is only a watch of two hours; and accordingly, when the fourth bell has struck, the second *dog watch* is called, which lasts other two hours, and brings the supposed time pretty accurately to our eight o'clock at night. By this time, however, the hammocks have been piped down, the watch relieved generally retire to rest. The watch on deck, therefore, execute all the necessary duties of the ship until their eighth bell is struck, when the *middle watch* is called; and these again are relieved in the same time by the *morning watch*, who do the ship's duty during other eight bells; which brings the account of time to our eight o'clock in the morning, when breakfast is always piped. As usual, at one bell the forenoon watch is called, who do the duties of the deck, while the watch below are fumigating or scrubbing the lower deck, or probably mending their clothes; and thus they continue until the observation is again taken, if the weather is favourable, and any necessary correction made on the time lost or gained. When the eighth bell is once more struck, the day at sea is completed, the glass is turned to commence a new one, the dinner is piped, and the watch called as before.

Helen understood their raillery, and felt unpleasant under it: she looked out of the window and observed the boat, in which Rosse was, tossing on the waves, which ran extremely high at the time. "Oh!" cried she, "the boat will surely be upset."

"There they go!" observed the purser; "poor Rosse! we shall never see him again; and you, Mrs. Rosse, will be a widow; and that will please you, Daly, aye?"

This was certainly an impertinent intrusion; but such familiarity passed for jokes generally; and Daly, in the present instance, followed it up by answering, "Oh, yes, I will have the pretty widow—she shall not sigh twelve months for the loss of Rosse."

"Don't flatter yourself," replied our heroine, laughingly, yet half-blushing, "I would never have a mad-man, which you ought surely to be considered, if you are the cause of any mischief happening to Rosse, by sending him on a fool's errand, which I suspect to be the case from your laughter and joking."

"To be sure it was" said the doctor; "it was merely to get rid of him—he knew it was the master's signal."

After thus bantering each other for some time, Rosse returned, and came into the ward-room in a fretful humour, which was not allayed, on witnessing Daly sitting in the place he had left.

"A devil of a jaunt I have had," said he; "I'll be —— if you hav'n't made me look a complete fool. They looked marlinspikes at me when I reached the admiral's ship. The first question I was asked was 'what the devil I did there? were we all blind, not to distinguish the master's from the lieutenant's signal?'"

"Must I then go, Rosse?" asked the master.

"No, I have brought the order—it is a trifling one;" and he went surlily to his cabin.

Helen immediately jumped down from the window, and followed him.

"Never mind, Rosse," bawled the purser; "see, she is gone to give him a kiss for his unnecessary trouble."

Helen looked back, laughed at him, and shook her head; in doing which, she caught the melancholy look of Daly: as their eyes met, Edmund's beamed with joy for an instant, for Helen blushed deeply, and confusedly turned from his ardent gaze.

For a moment he imagined himself the happiest of men—"She pities me, and I am contented," exclaimed he to himself.

He went immediately to his cabin, and the first sound which struck his ear, was a loud laugh from Rosse: his momentary delight was turned to feelings of a very different description. 'No, no! I deceive myself; Rosse only is happy—fool that I am, to remain in such misery! I will write to my father immediately, and fly from a scene which torments me to distraction.'

He threw himself on the chair, in a melancholy mood, and resting his elbows on the table, clasped his forehead with his hands, and in an anguish which is indescribable, bedewed them with tears: in a moment he arose, and railed at what he considered an improper weakness. 'Oh, Helen,' cried he, 'thou hast made a very woman of me—when did Edmund Daly weep before? And can I not tear myself from the witchery of thy smile? Have I no resolution left to fling a hopeless passion from me?'

In using this and similar expression, he happened in his violence to throw down the chair, on which he had been sitting, which falling against his washstand, made a clatter with the ewer and jug sufficient to disturb the quietness of his neighbours Rosse

and Helen, the latter of whom screamed out, and Rosse bawled, "What! are you dancing, Daly?"

He could not avoid smiling at so odd a question, and felt annoyed at his own stupidity in making so unusual a noise.

He did not answer Rosse's query; but, taking his father and mother's letters from his desk, he sat down, and began to reconsider their contents.

'If,' said he, 'I were to take Rosse with me, he would think it for the sake of his wife; so would all the other officers: I might also thereby injure her character, which I must not do. I will show them the letters notwithstanding, and see the effect an offer to remove Rosse will have.'

He went immediately to Rosse's cabin, and soon found an excuse for reading them. When he came to that part which related to the young lady, he felt a strong inclination to see the effect it would have on Helen; he therefore dropped the letter, and looking up, began to explain rather confusedly how, when and where, he became acquainted with her.

Rosse was looking stedfastly at him; but Helen was incapable of hiding the confusion and agitated state of her feelings—she averted her face, and looked out of the window; Daly himself could with difficulty go on; and Helen blessed Rosse for asking, when he had finished, the question she so much wished, viz. "Do you mean to comply with their desires?"

Helen hardly breathed.

"No," answered Daly, "I cannot love the lady; and though I am a younger brother, I will not marry for money."

Helen was annoyed at her own conduct; she knew that she had betrayed herself in some degree. 'What a fool am I,' thought she; 'what is it to me?—yet I wish him happy.'

Daly continued reading, and on his mentioning the sloop which was building—"Ah!" interrupted Rosse, "nice thing that; she will not be ready for a twelvemonth at the rate they are going on with her; she will be, when finished, the finest sloop in the navy—you mean to accept that, I suppose?"

"Oh! to be sure he will," said Helen; "he won't refuse to be a captain, if he does to be married."

"Yes," replied Daly, "and I will make you my first-lieutenant, madam."

"That will not do—the first gale that blows I should be unfit for duty, and then the captain would find fault."

Rosse sat in a thoughtful mood, and Daly looked with his keen eye directly at him, "What say you, Rosse, shall Mrs. Rosse be the first-lieutenant?"

"I do not think it would do," said he, smiling, "but you may take her husband if you like."

The word husband grated on the feelings of Daly, but he strove to conquer it, and asked "Would you leave the ship, and avoid going to India, if I were to wish it?"

"Willingly," said Rosse; "I should be glad to return to Portsmouth, seeing how uneasy Helen is at the thought of so long a voyage, and of course I wish to be promoted."

"Then, Rosse," said he, "here is my hand on it—I will write this night to my father and get you removed with me, and——"



He was interrupted from saying more, and electrified as it were with delight, by finding the soft hand of Helen placed in his; her countenance lighted up with joy, and her eye equally beaming with pleasure and gratitude.

She had sprung from her seat in the extacy of the moment, and caught him by the hand; "Oh!" said she, "how grateful shall we feel if you do what you promise—I could dance for joy at the thought to be again with my friends, and to get rid of the annoyances to which I am here exposed, what is it not worth?"

"Why, Helen, you are mad," said Rosse, laughing; "hush! hush! they will hear us in the adjoining cabins;—but, Daly, what is the date of your letters?—will there be time think you before we sail?"

Daly felt so much pleasure in having given such satisfaction by his offer, that his heart beat strongly and fluttered,—for a moment he felt unable to answer the question; and it required a powerful effort to hide the state of his feelings. He detained Helen's hand, and felt loth to part with it; she gently withdrew it, and he stammered out "Oh! Rosse, I have been to blame, not to have made up my mind before; but if I could have imagined that you would have so readily consented, the thing would have been done by this time. I will confess that it will give me great pleasure to be the means of keeping Mrs. Rosse from going to India, but the letters are nearly a week old, and I fear the worst."

Yes, yes," said Rosse, mournfully, "too late, too late."

"I tell you what," said Daly, after a moment's reflection, "what we will do: if we are too late now, we can still get removed, and others sent out in our place; we shall, therefore, merely have to make the voyage and return immediately."

"Tea! tea!" was now called out by the steward, and the different cabins poured out their inmates towards the ward-room.

"The tea is made, the cups in prospect rise:  
'More water steward!' loud the captain cries."

"Not a word," said Daly to Rosse, "about the removal."

"Never fear! never fear!" but come, Helen, you are looking as cloudy as a November morning, though just now the sun was at its meridian, and shining brightly."

"Yes; I fear my hopes have been raised only to be again depressed; yet we are obliged to Mr. Daly, whatever may happen," said she, sorrowfully.

"Would to heaven," added Daly, "I had done what I feel now I ought; we should have been all at Portsmouth by this time, and our troubles would have been at an end."

"No, not at an end," continued he to himself, 'my troubles!' and he looked with an intensity of melancholy on Helen, as she passed before him to the ward-room, 'my troubles will, I fear, never cease;—yet I am esteemed by thee—I feel it; and in that thought I must be content; I live but for thee, and I must yet show that I am worthy even to die for thee.'

Rosse sat down thoughtfully, but looked in a pleasant humour; he was buoyed up with hope, although that hope was slender.

Daly and Helen also chatted freely, which was sufficient to make Mrs. Smith interfere, and return to her usual impertinencies.

"You have been pleasantly engaged, Mr. Daly; I suppose Rosse has been asleep, and you have been helping Mrs. Rosse with her work?"

"Better than that, madam," said Edmund jocularly, "guess again, most inquisitive lady."

She did guess once or twice more, piqued, however, to be continually requested to do so, as she concluded her frivolous questions.

Rosse had said nothing; but seeing her ready to take fire, and having a fine opportunity to give her a *Rowland* for an *Oliver*, he said drily and sarcastically, "Suppose we have been engaged in talking about you, Mrs. Smith, repeating some little anecdotes which I gathered in my rough visit on board the admiral's ship just now?—I believe I saved part of the cargo, though I shipped the boat half full of water on my return."

"Anecdotes of me, sir!" exclaimed the virago, reddening like fire, and eyeing with a look of spitefulness and suspicion: "I defy your censures—there are anecdotes creditable as well as otherwise."

"That I leave to your own conjectures—I care very little what you think, madam," said Rosse; "you brought the retort on yourself; and if the cap fits, why you must be content to wear it."

"I care nothing, sir!" and she was half-choked with passion and vexation, "what any one says about me—I defy them all."

The officers looked with curiosity on the scene, and believed Rosse to be serious; but Daly and Helen imagined it to be only a joke, and a wish to plague her a little for her frequent and vulgar attacks on him and Helen.

To prevent, therefore, the possibility of a stormy and unpleasant evening, Edmund good-naturedly said, "Come, come, since you are so uneasy about the matter, I will tell you, and the subject I know," added he archly, "will please you—we have been studying what the fashion, form and ornaments of Mrs. Rosse's palanquin shall be when we arrive in India."

"That is," said Rosse, "if she behaves herself; otherwise I shall sell her to a Rajah."

But Mrs. Smith was not to be so easily pacified; she felt that there was more meant than they wished her to believe; and, therefore, with a sneer and a toss of her head, said, "that it was immaterial to her what they had been consulting about; it is evident that they had been taking liberties with her name."

Smith was vexed at his wife's disagreeable conduct, and could not restrain himself from noticing it in harsher terms than perhaps the occasion warranted; though it was highly necessary that some one should reprove her for her impertinence and folly. This was, consequently, only adding fuel to the flame of vexatious feelings which blazed in Mrs. Smith's breast, and accordingly a scene of altercation and mutual recrimination took place, which for decency's sake we shall avoid particularizing; suffice it to say, that it ended in the female disputant's throwing a cup of tea in her spouse's face, and rising from the table, abused the whole company.

The purser attempted to stop her, but she called him a good-for-nothing *nipcheese*, and kicked and cuffed him, while Smith, who saw and knew the futility of his well-meant efforts, like another Socrates, calmly wiped off the wet from his clothes, and said, "Let her alone, purser, now she's in for it, the devil himself cannot stop her."

Away, therefore, she went to her cabin, the door of which she shut with such violence, that shook the very bulk-head itself.

Rosse roared with laughter, and exclaimed, "Aye, aye, when the signal's hoisted again, consult me; my weather-eye can not only distinguish the master's from the lieutenant's signal, but maybe can tell you when the storm's in the wind, and when to take in a reef, and mind your courses—never consult me when the rocks and breakers are on your lee, and it is time to cut away the masts; but I say, Smith, my old ship, you take this spree easier than I should."

"Where, my friend," answered he, "would be the utility in acting otherwise? A bad bargain is a bad bargain, and we must make the best of a bad bargain when we are so unlucky as to get one."

"By the powers! Smith," said the doctor, "but you are the best of husbands; and so, having got rid of the worst of wives for a time, let us be merry while we can."

"A noble resolution," said the purser; "away with the slops, and let's crack a bottle extra to-night on the strength of it, my lads! and, Smith, for your sake I heartily forgive your rib for the blows and scratches bestowed so liberally on me."

Rosse also agreed to the proposal; but the riotous occurrence had its effect on the other members of the party; and Helen, as well as Edmund, were not in any mood for mirth or jollity; the former more than ever disgusted with her lot, in being compelled to be an eye-witness of scenes so truly foreign to her native delicacy of mind, and purity of feeling and politeness.

Edmund, equally annoyed, but anxious to know whether Rosse had really heard any thing against the character of Mrs. Smith, whose excessive anger betrayed guilt, sought an opportunity of withdrawing Rosse from the noisy company in the ward-room, after Helen had retired, and taking a turn or two on deck, he asked him what he had heard on board the admiral's ship.

"Aye, by —— you want to pump me, do you?" said Rosse, laughing; "besides you do not deserve to be told anything, for having served me so scurvily in sending me there at all: but, never mind, I will tell you. When I got aboard, one of the lieutenants, after exchanging a few words, asked me why we kept a woman of infamous character on board? I stared at him, though I smelt powder, and guessed to whom he alluded, and said 'What woman?' 'Have you not a Mrs. Smith with you?' said he. 'Is the wind in that quarter? was my reply.' 'By —— you ought, as gentlemen,' said he, 'to know better:' and then he related to me her history, which you shall hear."

Rosse then detailed what the lieutenant had told him, which was rather an exaggerated account of the story before related of the lady in question.

Daly was astonished, and asked Rosse if he imagined that the captain might be acquainted with her real character.

"I believe not," said he.

"It is an infamous thing of him, if he does," said Daly, "and I will take care to sift it to the bottom. He takes her part to that degree that I cannot but have my suspicions. Well, we shall see: in the meantime we will not take further notice of it, as I should not like unnecessarily to hurt the feelings of poor Smith, who really deserves a better fate."

Rosse agreed to it, and turned the subject, by asking if he had sent off his letters.

"I have," said he; "but fear we are too late—I expect to see the signal for sailing every hour: do not say so to Mrs. Rosse, however, but let us abide the event."

Daly, felt most acutely, that deprived of the society of Helen he should be more miserable than ever; yet now, that the time for sailing so nearly approached, and knowing the dangers and difficulties she would have to contend with, and the continued annoyances she was subject to, which were aggravated in his estimation on the recollection of what he had heard relative to her tormentor; he sought to avert these evils from Helen, and hinted to Rosse his feelings, sincerely and strenuously advocating the propriety of permitting her to remain behind.

Rosse, however, was inflexible on that point, though he promised to reflect on Daly's persuasive arguments, if the letters were not answered favorably.

In the meantime, the petty officers had acquired information on shore not creditable certainly to the reputation of Mrs. Smith, and the evil-trumpetting tongue of slander was not tardy in reaching the steward, and tripping thence into the ward-room,—it speedily became known to every one in the ship.

The doctor indeed became violent on the matter, and boldly forbid his wife's going ashore with her any more; and it was decided *nem con.* but *sub silentio*, that in future she should, though civilly, be but barely noticed, as being the best means of getting rid of her altogether; regretting, however, the shortness of the time which in all probability they might be allowed to accomplish so desirable a consummation, and hence in much doubt as to the success of the measure.

## CHAPTER XV.

See how before the wind she goes,  
Scattering the waves like melting snows?  
Her course with glory fills  
The sea for many a league! Descending,  
She stoopeth now into the vale,  
Now, as more freshly blows the gale,  
She mounts in triumph o'er the wat'ry hills—  
Oh! whither is she tending?

Wilson.

“THE first thing that saluted the ears of our heroine in the morning, was the hollow boom of the admiral’s gun, the captain receiving all his orders through the senior and superior officer in the roadstead, which was almost immediately followed by the boatswain’s piping, *All hands a-hoy!* then *Belay, belay!* and finally *Up all hammocks, hoy!*—This command, as usual, opened the throats of all the midshipmen and other petty officers, who, severally running about the decks, exerted the strength of their lungs in bawling, in the roughest voice they could assume, “D’ye hear there, you sleepers! up all hammocks!—Rouse up, men, rouse up! Turn out, there! Out or down, lads, out or down!—A-hoy, you fellow there, no rigging on deck!—come, jump! or down you come! Hilloah, matey! who have we got here!—Oh! a sick man is it? Come this way a parcel of you, and remove this man of straw into midships out of the way. D—d lousy behaviour, indeed, to get sick now we’re going to sea—shamming Abraham, I believe. Lash up there, lash up!—Move your fingers there, Master What d’yecallum, a little smarter, if you please! Bear a-hand, my lads, on deck with your hammocks, and get them stowed.—Come, cheerily, my hearties, quick, quick!”

These vociferations, accompanied now and then with a shake of not the most gentle description, had an excellent effect in putting the drowsy god to flight, and enforcing a prompt obedience to the order; so that a very few minutes saw the lower deck cleared, and the hammocks all safe in the nettings.

This piece of intelligence was no sooner reported on deck, than the boatswain made the air ring again with, *All hands unmoor ship, hoy!* an order which was received with a shout of applause.—“Up there, gunners! down there, tierers! Pass round the messenger, my lads! Carpenters, ship your bars!—Stopper the best bower forward, there!—Man the capstan!” were now the orders of the first lieutenant, re-echoed lustily by the before-mentioned gentlemen, with voices of all the variations of the gamut, from the squeaking counter-tenor, to the deep-toned harshest bass. “Are you stoppered there, forward? demanded the first lieutenant.—“All ready, sir,” replied the boatswain.—“Unbit the cable, then.”—“Ay, ay, sir,” was the answer.—“In the tier there?”—“Sir,”—“Are you all ready, below there?”—in a moment, sir,” replied the master, from the main hatchway, “we’re clearing away as fast as we can.”—“Bear a hand then, Stow-well; for we’re all waiting you, and the day wears apace.”—“Ay, ay, sir,” cried the master; “I’ll sing out the moment I’m ready.”—“Look about you smartly then,” replied the lieutenant, smiling, “for I care not how soon you begin your song.”—Then, coming aft to the capstan, he

said, "Now, my lads, I expect to see you walk away with her with life and spirit. Not in the dead-and-alive way, mind me, you have lately accustomed to see on board of a guard ship, but smart and bravely, like the ship you belong to. Come, serjeant, where's the fifer?—Oh, ay, I see the fellow. Come this way, my lad; stick your body up there, on the back of that carronade, and let's have something lively from you."—"All ready in the tier, sir," bawled the master.—"Very well," said the lieutenant;—"look out there forward!—Go round—play up fifer," and away they marched to the favourite air of the fleet, *Shove her up!* amid the cries of, "Well behaved, my lads,—that's it, stick to her,—keep it up, fifer!—Surge, there, surge!—Pay down, my hearties, pay down!—Are you all asleep in the tier there?—Cheerly, my hearts, and away she goes!—In the tier there, light out the small bower, will you?" &c. &c., until the anchor was right under, which, after a few cheering and desperate rallies, gave way, and was speedily at the bows.

While a few of the forecastle men were employed in lashing and securing the best bower for sea, the capstan was rapidly bringing in the loose cable of the small bower, so that in a very short time it was also right under foot. The first lieutenant now busied himself in sending aloft the top gallant yards, reeving the royal and other fanciful rigging, then hoisted the Blue Peter and fired a gun as before.

The capstan bars having by this time been unshipped, and the messenger tumbled up, he now ordered the decks to be cleared, and the captains of the tops to examine and see that all their running rigging was in a state fit for working, all which being duly performed, he ordered the signal-man to keep a sharp eye on the harbour for the captain, and the breakfast to be piped.

All hands were busied in regaling themselves with their *skillogalee*, when the boatswain's pipe announced the arrival of the captain; who, after seeing how matters stood, with an economy truly commendable, immediately descended to his cabin, to throw aside his holliday clothes and gewgaws—which, however stylish and becoming they may look on shore, are altogether unnecessary on shipboard, gala days being always excepted. His servant soon afterwards making his appearance, on his way to his master's cook, was interrogated repeatedly from the mess tables with the eager question of "*What's the news?*" and although the endearing appellations of, "*I say my lad—my dear boy—my hearty—shipmate—old ship*, &c. &c., were carefully prefixed to the demand, yet seemed he to think himself a person of too much importance even to deign a syllable of reply, or to regard his various interrogators with any other looks than those of the most cutting contempt, as he slowly and gravely paced forward to the galley. This ill-judged behaviour had the speedy effect of putting compliment to flight; and on his return, such volleys of abuse saluted him from all quarters, that he was glad to quicken his pace, and seek shelter in his master's cabin. Nor was this his only punishment; for he had the mortification, not a minute afterwards, to be compelled to answer this important question, and to answer it moreover to these very people whom he had affected so much to despise.

In his former hurry he had apparently either forgot something or had received some fresh orders to deliver to the cook; for the uproar his behaviour had excited was barely subsided, when he again made his appearance bending his course the same way as at first, but with a good deal of more activity. Unfortunately for his self-elevated importance, which was destined from that hour to be completely kicked from its stilts, he was met midway in his journey by the gunner, whom the noise had drawn from his cabin, and who, quite unceremoniously, laying hold of the lappel of his jacket brought him to

full halt, with the old question, rubbed down to a familiar, "I say you, master What's-your-name, bear a hand and tell us what's the news?" Such a question from an anchor button was not to be eluded; he therefore, making a merit of necessity, threw his ready carcase into one of its most finished congées, and, with a face all over smiles, readily replied, "Really, my good, sweet sir, my news is very trifling—vastly trifling indeed—captain and I have been so hurried of late." From this flowery commencement, however, he was suddenly warned to forbear, by observing in the gunner's countenance something of a squall beginning to be apparent, which he dreaded might be yet more obstreperous than the one he had already endured; making, therefore, a sudden eddy in his speech, he more modestly resumed, "But it can't be shore news a gemmen of your rank wants—certainly not. Excuse me, sir, but I've been in such a flurry all this morning. I certainly presume—I crave pardon, I meant, I, I, understood you to say, as how you wished I to say, as to when we shall sail."

"To be sure I did, Master Consequence," growled the gunner, highly displeased; "you don't suppose I would ask *you* for any other news?"

Certainly not, my dear sir—to be sure not," cried the still smiling lackey, with a face reddening between shame and rage, at the power which thus rudely and publicly insulted him.

"Well, sir, I heard the captain say to the pilot, in the dock-yard there, just before he and I came off—You knows, says he, just when they parted, says he, 'Bear a hand, says he, 'for I am quite impatient to be off,' says the captain. Well, sir, the pilot he answered the captain directly, and, says he, 'I shall merely take a morsel of breakfast, and be with you ere you know what you're about. Just get you all ready,' says the pilot, 'for I'll board you in an hour at farthest, and by that time it will be nearly flood;' and so, sir, with that the captain seemed satisfied, so the gig shoved off, sir—and, I believe, that's all, sir. But, my stars, the captain will be so cross, and out of patience at my terrible absence! and me all his things to brush and put away!—I assure you, sir, I heard no more, sir;" and with another congée, more stylish than the first, away tripped the grinning domestic, followed by the eyes of the gunner, whose hard-featured, weather-beaten countenance, betokened something between good-humour and contempt.

"Hilloah, master," cried his mate, with his large mouth stretched from ear to ear in the form of a grin, "wan't you saying we would need a spare monkey's tail for the after carronade?"

"I was so, Jack," replied the gunner, turning away; but don't you think a cat's one might serve the turn as well?"

"Nothing better, master," rejoined the half-choked mate, "provided you serve it out with a whacking doze of broomstick."

The arrival of the pilot put an end to this merry conversation, as the boatswain immediately piped *All hands ahoy*, who had hardly time to scamper on deck, when the first lieutenant bawled through his speaking-trumpet the command to *loose sails*, which made the top-men spring to the rigging with redoubled alacrity.

"Fore-top there—main-top there!" bawled the first lieutenant. "Are you ready aloft?" which being answered in the affirmative, he immediately sung out, "*Let fall! Sheet home!*" and away scampered the deck-bands, helter-skelter with the sheets, until the blocks smacked together. "Belay, belay, men!" cried the officer. "Man the capstan! Jump cheerily, my lads. "Look out there, forward! Down there, tierers! Are you ready

below?"—"All ready, sir."—"Yo, ho! where the devil has all our hands got to? Fore-top there! main-top there! Come down here, all of you! kick every soul of them out of the tops—a parcel of skulking lubbers!"—"Ay, ay, sir," cried the young gentlemen; and the capstan was speedily crowded. "Look out there, forward!" again bawled the first lieutenant; "Come, my lads, pluck up spirit, and off she goes—play up fifer;" and round went the capstan to a good smart step, and the men beating excellent time on the hollow sounding deck with their feet, amid the accumulated vociferations of officers of all ranks, who, with their potent commander in presence, vied with each other in the notes of alternate encouragement and ridicule.

The anchor was no sooner run up to the cat-head and fished, than the first lieutenant gave, "*Man the jib and top-sail halliards—hoist away.*" The yards ascended, and the jib ran up its stay gaily; top-gallant-sails, royals, and sky-scrapers followed; and the ship thus gradually unfolding her white bosom to the breeze, was speedily under way, walking, like one of our far-famed toasts, steadily through the fleet, in all the glory of new canvass, fresh paint, moderate wind and fair weather.

She was now pretty well through the fleet, when the captain called out, "Hark ye, youngster, jump and tell the gunner I want him directly!" The midshipman ran, and the gunner in an instant stood before his commander. Says the captain to him, from the top of the round-house, "I hope you are all ready, for you see we are very near the proper distance."—"All ready, sir," answered the gunner, "I have only to unship the ports and run the guns out, which I can do in a trice." "Take a number of hands, then, and do so directly," said the captain; "you know the sooner it is done the better—since we may all expect to be busy again by and bye.—Zounds! pilot, is not the wind chopping about?"—"Yes, sir," answered the pilot, surveying the compass; "It has come round fully two points just now, and begins to blow fresh. In my opinion, sir, I think you had better douse your courses and small-sails—take a pull of the fore and main braces, and get a hand in the chains."

"You hear what the pilot says, Mr. Daly?" cried the captain.

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the first lieutenant, raising his speaking trumpet, and springing forward. "Man the fore and main clew-garnets—let go tacks and sheets—clew up!" And up went the courses to the yards, where they hung like drapery.

"Fore and main-tops there," cried the first lieutenant. "Sir!" bellowed the tops.

"In royals and top-gallant-sails!" which, while executing, was next followed with a command for the captains of the tops "to send a hand each aft to the chains."—"Ay, ay, sir," answered both captains, leaning over the top-sails.

"I'm all ready now, sir," cried the gunner, advancing to the captain.

"Ah! very good, sir," replied the captain, looking astern with his glass. "Stand by then, and be on the alert, for I will give you the word directly; and hark ye, old boy, mind you commence with your lee guns, and measure your time well—I think that always the best plan, for it makes your weather ones tell a thousand times better."

The gunner assenting, went forward.

"By the mark seven!" sung the men in the chains.—"Steady," cried the pilot to the quartermaster. "And steady it is," replied the man at the wheel.

"By the deep six!" sung the leads-men again.

"Luff, boy, luff," cried the pilot; and "Luff it is, sir," was the response.

"By the half-mark five!" again sung the leads-men.



“Steady she goes, my lad—nothing off,” said the pilot, with his usual reply.

“By the deep four!” continued the leadsmen, and the pilot immediately cried to the captain, “Bout ship, if you please, sir,—luff a little, my dear boy, luff a very little!”

While this conversation was going on, the most perfect silence had been maintained—all hands being on the alert, and ready for duty. The first lieutenant, therefore, once more raising his speaking-trumpet, now sung out—“*Helm alee!*” and the boatswain’s pipe gave its usual trill, which was instantly followed by, “*Square the main-top-sail-yard—forecastle there—shift over the jib, and haul aft the jib-sheet—man the fore and main braces—haul off all!*” These orders were all executed in far less time than they can possibly be enumerated, and round went the ship on another tack.

She was rounding the Foreland, when the captain gave the word “Fire!” which was instantly obeyed, and all hands were immediately enveloped in the smoke of the salute. This piece of ceremony being immediately returned by the admiral’s ship, after one or two more tacks, the pilot declared his duty at an end; and after partaking of a slight refreshment, and receiving the necessary documents of the faithful discharge of his official duty, he wished the captain and all his officers a fortunate voyage, jumped into his own boat, and took his leave; while the ship stood steadily down channel.”

Every human means now seemed vain to avert what fate had decreed: and proved that—

“There’s a providence which shapes our course,  
Rough hew it as we may.”

Yet the fickle wind which sent them with speed down the English Channel, became adverse to their further progress when they had nearly reached the Lizard, and they were consequently compelled to bear up for Plymouth Sound, in which the man-of-war and the whole fleet of merchantmen came to an anchor.

But during the time they had been sailing an occurrence took place, as it regards Daly and our heroine, which must not be passed over.

The dreadful alternative of quitting her native land, which was now placed beyond a doubt, was a terrible shock to the feelings of Helen; and she deplored with bitter anguish of mind her sad and lamentable fate. She became, all at once, low-spirited and disconsolate.

Rosse, for the moment, was struck with sorrow at the change, but buoyed himself up with the hope, that a few days’ experience of being at sea, for she was also severely attacked with sea-sickness, would renovate her health and remove her depression of spirits.

Daly, however, who in spite of the most active duty, was ever on the watch to perceive any alteration as it regarded the beloved of his heart, was not so easy on the occasion. Though he knew that he had, in the whirlwind of his present hopeless passion, often overleaped the barriers of decorum and true modesty; and that, in consequence thereof, he had met with many severe, yet just, rebuffs, for his inexcusable temerity; but some undefinable notion, which at times amounted to a conviction, informed him that he was destined to be the deliverer of Helen from some perilous danger; and that she in secret adored him with an intensity equal to his own.

This feeling, the foundation of which was rather founded on his wishes, which were ‘father to the thought’ than on any real activity of a similar demonstration, on the part of Helen, was an exciting cause to his constant vigilance on her behalf, and a watchfulness over her interests, which not only occasioned him to merit the secret remarks of his brother officers, as unbecoming, but were in reality the cause of many an unhappy hour and heart-breaking reflection to the object of his tender regard. Not that even she considered him in that dangerous light which, previously to her arrival on board the ship, she had too much reason to conclude was the case; but every well meant effort on his part to be of service to her, accompanied as it ever was with some indication of the state of his heart, either by a look which could not be misunderstood, or a smile, or a sigh which was as often involuntary as otherwise, was the cause of more ultimate pain than present gratification.

On the afternoon of the day on which they set sail, Helen, at the earnest solicitation of Rosse, rose from her bed, though more dead than alive from the effects of inward grief and excessive sea-sickness, and entering the ward-room, which was empty, she looked out, and beheld a scene, which in any other situation to that in which she was unfortunately placed, would have been as pleasing as it was truly magnificent—nearly two hundred vessels, of various descriptions and sizes, were pursuing the same track; their white sails filled by a stiff breeze, passing ‘fervid o’er the glittering flood,’ and reflecting a brightness from the sun, which shone from a cloudless sky, on their hulls, so as to occasion a mingled mass of light and shade, the effect of which was at once brilliant and animating, and which was ever varying with the change of their position, as this or that ship outstripped in speed, or lagged behind the nearer one to it.

He that has sail’d upon the dark blue sea,  
Has view’d at times, I ween, a full fair sight;  
When the fresh breeze is fair as breeze may be,  
The white sail set, the gallant frigate tight!  
Masts, spires, and strand retiring to the right,  
The glorious main expanding o’er the bow,  
The convoy spread like wild swans in their flight,  
The dullest sailor wearing bravely now,  
So gaily curl the waves before each dashing prow.

\* \* \* \* \*

Blow! swift blow thou keel-compelling gale!  
’Till the broad sun withdraws his lessening ray;  
Then must the pennant-bearer slacken sail,  
That lagging barks may make their lazy way.  
Ah! grievance sore, and listless dull delay,  
To waste on sluggish hulks the sweetest breeze!  
What leagues are lost before the dawn of day—  
Thus loitering pensive on the willing seas,  
The flapping sail hauled down to halt for logs  
like these!

*Byron.*

Helen gazed on these moving wonders o'er the fickle main, and mused on the various destinies of their inmates. "Heaven protect ye," inwardly exclaimed she, "and bear your precious charges, husbands, fathers, and lovers to their destination in safety."

But the all-absorbing idea of her wretched situation was sufficient to make the glorious scene appear but a dull thing to her, and she determined to retire again to her cabin; at the door of which she met Daly, who was so struck with her appearance, that he could not help gently taking her by the hand, and addressing her in tones of impassionate feeling and tenderness.

"What is the matter, Mrs. Rosse, you appear exceedingly ill? do, my dear friend, tell me if I can do any thing for you, to render you more happy than you appear to be; for to see you happy I would lay down my life's blood—believe me, I am serious—I entreat you, therefore, to throw off all reserve, and consider me as a friend, and a disinterested one too."

Helen blushed, attempted to smile, but as she gently withdrew her hand from his, she burst into tears, and rushing into her cabin, shut the door.

Edmund stood amazed, and unable to account for so strange a proceeding, went to his own cabin, sat down and began to ruminate on it, which brought on a train of reflections which soon made him as equally an object of commiseration as Helen had just appeared to his disconsolate view; and but that his duty was now of a more active nature, his former state of despondency might have returned with tenfold vigour, which on a frame, warm as his was, with a continued series of hopes, fears and mistrusts, would probably have been sufficient to have rendered him more fitted to be the inmate of a hospital, than the second in command of one of the bulwarks of Britain's glory.

The upshot, therefore, of the peculiar situation of both Helen and himself was this, that with every obstacle in the way of their real inclinations, they were compelled to live under a continued struggle for the mastery over them; the uncompromising and energetic virtue of Helen serving as a successful foil to the known attachment and fierce passion of Edmund for her.

Outward composure and inward misery was their mutual lot.

Helen felt that her unhappiness was sufficiently complete, without adding dishonour to it; and Edmund was so satisfied of her incorruptible nature, and was so awed by her dignity, that he ceased to importune her with useless attempts to elicit any proofs of a return for his love, the efforts to accomplish which rendered him equally an object of pity and ridicule to the thoughtless beings who surrounded him.

Daly, however, felt so severely for the unhappy condition which Helen appeared to be in, that he determined, when they were compelled to anchor in the Sound at Plymouth, to urge more strongly than ever to Rosse the propriety of leaving her at home; and, walking up and down the deck with him, he soon found an opportunity to introduce the subject. Rosse was less obstinate in his opinions than usual, and he agreed with Daly so far, that if she was not better on the morrow, he would make arrangements for acceding to her wishes.

As Helen was the principal topic of their conversation, and Rosse was unusually communicative, Edmund was unexpectedly put in possession of her early history, and in one half hour he became acquainted with more, relative to her, than he had previously known; his sympathies also were more awakened in her behalf, when he listened to the

recital of her marriage, and the unhappy circumstances under which that act had taken place, whilst he was strengthened in the belief that she had been sacrificed to some base motive, and that her affections had never been consulted. 'I can but be miserable,' said he to himself, 'but that misery will be lessened in the conviction, that in her absence from this scene of every thing so contrary to her nature, my soul's best beloved will escape not only the excessive annoyances to which she has undoubtedly been subject, as well as the still more debasing and polluted one—of the embraces of a man—' (and he shuddered at the very thought) 'who is not only the primary cause of her present wretched state of mental and bodily slavery, but who must be rather an object of disgust than affection. I will therefore—I must endeavour to be content with my lot—I have her esteem at least, and the esteem of such a woman is worth having:' and thus continued he to soliloquize as he paced up and down the deck, now, elated with hopes of ultimate success, to be brought about by some accident or other; then, depressed with despair and doubt, that so blessed a consummation would ever take place; but it was destined that his wishes should not be gratified with regard to the promise he had obtained from Rosse to allow Helen to remain in England.

Before day-break in the morning the wind had veered to the right quarter for sailing; it blew a stiff breeze, and with that rapidity which is so characteristic of the movements of every thing British, before noon the whole fleet had cleared the Channel, and the vast surface of the ocean lay open before them: the eyes of all on board were led instinctively to a last glimpse of that land with which was associated a thousand tender and delightful recollections; and as the gallant ships divided the blue waters, and rushed boldly forward towards their destination, the misty and undulating outline of their native land sunk beneath the western horizon.

Towards evening all around was one wide circle of water, on which the dark clouds, flitting under the arched blue sky, left their parting shades; and while the ship seemed to sail over a level plain, the lessening elevation of their distant country convinced them of their convex course.

“No more the seaman cheerly calls the depth,  
Which to each anxious heart gave glad'ning  
thought,  
And told that home was near. The night is come,  
While o'er the moonlit waves the vessel heaves.  
In silent majesty, far from that land  
To which her crew is bound by ev'ry tie  
The world can give of hope or human bliss.

## CHAPTER XVI.

Sir, he hath never fed on the dainties, that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts.

*Shakspeare.*

WE fondly cling to the least chance of escaping any danger, whether real or supposed; and Helen, whilst there was a ray of hope, that by the intervention of the friends of Daly, she might avoid the painful necessity of a voyage so pregnant with evil as the one which it was required of her to undertake, rendered particularly so from her early recollections of what she had heard from her departed and beloved parents, who had known but too well the disasters attending it, was enabled partially to keep up that flow of spirits which was an inherent ingredient in the composition of her nature; but when the 'wild waste of waters' became the only natural object before her, that slender hope vanished, and she gave way to a despair and anguish of mind, which made even the rough moulded mind of her husband become imbued with a momentary tenderness; and when, after a few days' sail, he perceived her wan countenance, her wasted form, and her eye which, when in the plenitude of health, shone with a brilliancy which struck every beholder with admiration, now become dim and lustreless, from the intensity of her grief, a tear trickled down his weather-beaten cheek, and he inwardly cursed his own obstinacy, in having been the cause of so much unnecessary infliction of pain, and frankly confessed, both to her and to Daly, whose attentions to her wants were of course unremitting, his sorrow for such unfeeling conduct.

Helen felt with a degree of pleasure this acknowledgement, and desired him not to feel uneasy on her account, as she freely forgave him; and acquitted him of any intention to bring her into the unfortunate situation, which she was compelled to endure.

They had hitherto had nothing but rough weather, which had had much influence in exciting the bodily ill-health of our heroine.

When, however, by sailing south, the climate became more genial, and she felt more resigned to her nalterable lot, her drooping spirits recovered their elasticity, the bloom returned on her former blanched cheek, and her eye sparkled with its wonted brilliancy.

The monotony of a long sea voyage is proverbial, and but few incidents occurred during the first month from their departure from England.

Every possible means were adopted to contribute to improve both the health and spirits of our heroine, by the minutest attention to her wants, and to diverting her mind with the novelty of character and incidents peculiar to a ship at sea.

Our readers will allow themselves to become an ear and an eye witness of scenes which we are bound to delineate, and their imaginations will accompany our heroine overhearing the following naval sketch from the '*Night Watch*,' which forcibly portrays in natural colors the broad features of many of our seamen: to omit this illustration would be inexcusable, as it must both inform and entertain the readers of a book like the present.

The starboard watch had been called and mustered; and Tom Pipes, the boatswain, "so designated by the mids; by the lieutenants, boatswain; and by the captain,

Mr. Call," having reported to the captain, as he was wont to do at eight o'clock, that all was right in his "*apartment*," joined company with his brother warrant-officer, the gunner, on the forecastle, who was just at that time listening to the voice of the captain of the maintop, which ascended from the waist in these long-drawn strains;—

“And when the wars are over, how happy shall I be,  
With my sweet girl, my turtle dove, set smiling under my lee!  
Set smiling under my lee—e!”

As the finale of this strain was suddenly drowned by the surge which beat against the ship's side, and the noise of the complaining guns, our two worthies commenced their limited promenade, and watching the roll of the ship, kept up their pace with but little interruption.

“Gunner,” said Tom, “listen, and I'll spin ye a yarn about love and lasses, as long as the main-top bowline. Them there ditties puts me in mind of my own sprees; and if ye like a laugh, open that deaf listener of yours, and ye shall hear some of my rigs.

“My mother was a dutch-built body, with round tucks and bluff bows; and as for her stumps, she had a commission from the pope, and wore the thickest part downwards; she was a clever *bit* soul in her way too. She could sing Jemmy Linkum Tweedle, and knew to an affy graffy—

“How many heads, eyes, and claws,  
Had twelve dozen jack-daws,  
Two owls and a cuckoo.”

“My father was a spar of a man, and bent like a Riga stick, though in ordinary as stiff as a steeple. His head, however, was all ahoo, and topped to port, which my grandmother vowed was caused by a gliff from a spare topmast of a fellow called the Swiss Giant, whose appearance was foretold to her by a pot-mending, sallow vagabond of a gipsy, as wizen'd as a witch, and as dirty a devil as ever told a lie. That's no fault of mine, you know, gunner.”

“But listen to the voice of love, ye dog!”

The boatswain's pronunciation was beyond the power of letters to imitate, and hailing the gunner, who was rather deaf, every now and then by the familiar appellations of “you Wad,” “you Monkey's tail,” &c. he proceeded in his history, which we shall faintly endeavour to imitate:—

“You know, I'm from the land of black diamonds, Wad. When I was a snifering little bowdikite, not bigger than a keelman's Pedee, I was bound on board a collier; but before I had served two years as cabin-boy, we were wrecked; and as I had more kicks than half-pence, I cut my stick, and bore up for a rope-maker.

“I was bound to an old fusty, rickety, broken-winded fellow they called Twist, who never steered a straight course but his legs played rackets; and when he came from the alehouse, he yawed about like a ship before the wind, and left his mark on both sides of the street; and, besides being cross-jack-eyed, he was nicknamed eighteenpence, from one eye being as large again as the other.

“His wife was as ugly as sin, and twice as nasty, though she kept eternally swashing and swabbing the dishcloths about the house. Although they were as rich as Jews, they lived in Rotten-row, a gutter of a place, which just had a peep of the Black Middens.

“To save the seldoms, (you know what I mean, Wad? the dibbs, the shiners, ye rascal!) they sent their daughter to service; but how such a pair of old griping curmudgeons came by such a pretty rogue of a daughter, is more than I can tell.

“They had given her an *edication*, and picked up a novel name for her too, and called her Sophia. She was a beauty, Wad, without paint; and as clean a run fore and aft as a Virginia pilot-boat! Such cat-heads, Wad! and daylights that would pierce a six-inch plank. Her skin was as smooth as velvet; her cheeks as red as a rose; her lips like two cherries cheek by cheek; and as for her heels, a real slipper, Wad! none of your Dungarven breed; and then her small laughs and die-away airs, and her monstrous little voice! Oh! had ye but heard it, Wad!

“When I first clapt eyes on her, I was getting on for seventeen, and I felt altogether queerish; but when I touched her hand, there was such a nitty kicked up within my hull as I shall never forget. Yes, I was young then, Wad! and, though I say it that should not say it, a smartish bit of a lad. (Here the gunner laughed.) Sophia, for she forbid me to call her Sophy, as it was vulgar! was lady’s maid—that is, lady’s woman, I should say, (as you shall hear,) to a squire’s wife in the country. And after I became acquainted with her, she came home about once a month, and I used to walk back with her on the Sunday nights. The first, I had a friendly shake of her soft flipper; the second, I kissed it, (the moon here broke from behind a dark cloud, and showed a broad grin on the face of the gunner as he cried ‘hem!’); the third I kissed her cheek; the fourth, she kissed mine; and the fifth—

“Two months afterwards we were called, or published, as they call it, in church for the first time; and as every Sunday night she had leave to go to the meeting, she spent the time with me in the walks, where she used to spin me yarn upon yarn as ready as ready, all about what had been going on in the week, and many a time I’ve laughed at the stories she used to tell of a French valet the squire had hired into the house.

“Well, Wad, the Sunday that we were first called—and called we were, unknown to our fathers and mothers,—I got a letter from her in the morning, to say she would not be able to come out that night, and a lot of stuff about the Frenchman, which I shall show you when we go below.”

The letter alluded to, which was afterwards shown to the gunner, ran thus:—

“MY DEAREST THOMAS,

“I told you I would be in the summer-house at eight o’clock tonight; but my mistress is to have company, so I cannot come.

“Since I saw you, the butler told the French valet that I was a widow, and he had somehow or other picked up a slang book in the house; and when Mister Crapaud came to me yesterday, when I was by myself in one of the rooms, I saw the book in his waistcoat pocket, half open by three of his fingers. ‘Madame,’ said he, ‘I am sorry, vary moach, but on dee, but dey say, madame, (and I saw him look into his pocket) but—hem!—I am moach sorry vary, dat your husband have kicked the bocket, (I tittered; he looked again into his pocket); dat is, madame, he has hopped de twig. (I laughed); dat is, I say, he is gone to Davy’s locker.’ I screamed and ran off in a fit, and he called after me,

‘mort! mort! mort!’ Oh how I laughed, Thomas! I wish you had been there, and wish you were now here; but you must not come, as I cannot see you: but I will think of you though: and let my dearest Thomas believe at eight o’clock that I am thinking he is pressing me to his faithful heart, and he will feel as will his true and ever-loving  
SOPHIA.”

“Well, Wad! I don’t know what came in my head; but I was so fond of her, that I must needs set off and try to see her.”

“It was a fine summer’s night, and there was not wind enough to fill a sky-sail, and on I went the back-way to the place where we used to meet in the summer-house: but as I was nearing it, I thought I heard two voices: I hove to, and listened. it was a mongrel kind of gabble, between English and foreign lingo; but I heard plainly my sharmant Sofee, I loave you moach, vary moach. Do you loave me, Sofee?”

“‘A little bit, Crapaud,’ said a voice I knew to be Sophy’s, and my listeners were upon the stretch.

“‘A leetel a bit, Sofee! only a leetel a bit, my leetel a dear?’” said the frog-eater, ‘*Parbleu!* only a leetel a bit? Oh, Sofee, Sofee!’”

“‘Indeed, indeed!’” said Sophy, with a voice half-stopped by something or another, ‘I love you dearly, Crapaud!’

“‘But, dey tell me, you are going to marry dat man de peoples call Wheesel, or Cheeps, de rope-twister?’

“‘I am going to marry Whistle; but I shall still love you, Crapaud, if you will not tell.’

“‘Aha! tell, Sofee! I have trop of de sentiment for dat: I am so rejoiced, I can not believe myself in England. Aha, Jean Bœuf! tell, ay!’”

“Their tongues then hove to, Wad; and I put my head past the moss, and there I saw the arm of the lace-quilted toad-eating knave around her waist, and Sophy planting a kiss on his sallow jaws!”

“Oh, cruel Heaven! that made no cure for love!”

“This was too much for mortal man to stand, and I pounced upon the fricasseed ape, and douced him in the twinkling of a bed-post: he showed no fight, and I left him blubbering and bleeding like a crushed toad as he was. Oh! the herring-built monkey! Sophy tore her hair and beat her breast like the woman in the play, cast her eyes up, and trembled like a dying dolphin.

“I was in a precious mess: I looked and liked, backed and filled, and looked again. My heart was veering and hauling, like the pull of a back-stay fall, and at last fairly played the tamborine against my side. My mind was in the Mahlstrom, and my body was in irons. At last something without voice whispered, ‘She is a snake in the grass,’ and I boxed off and bore up under all sail.

“Never poor soul passed such a night as I did, Wad. I ran to the cliff, and, I do believe, would have thrown myself over, but for the sight of a gentleman and lady who were below, and, as the the people used to say, went there to study marines botherme, or some such things. May ye never be in such a stew as I was, gunner!



"I went to the church-yard, and wandered about like a ghost seeking lodgings, and then to the old rags of walls they call the Abbey; when a fellow in the dark, with no name, hailed me from a pipe-clayed place, to be off.

"Where was I to be off to? 'Well,' says I to myself, this is a pretty kettle of fish: I must box my pumps or the parish will have hold of me; so on I steered for my master's door, and waited till old Hannah opened it. 'Where have ye been, ye ill-farren, useless bowdikitel!' said she, as she swashed the dishclout about my lugs, and I run into the fusty corner they used to cram me into to roost; but while the good wife was grumbling and bellowsing away at the fire, and old eighteenpence lay snorting in bed, I packed up my duds and bundled away to the beach, neck and crop. 'No no!' thinks I to myself, 'none of your two-faced craft for me! none of your cuckoo birds that will lay in any nest! A splice is a splice, but none of your granny's knots with rotten rope yarns, say I.'

"It was early in the morning, and there was nothing stirring but Shields' lasses crying fresh fish, though they stunk mortally. The coal catchers, with red legs and ragged petticoats, were running up to the middle, along the sand ridge, picking up the black diamonds, though the tide run past them like a sluice. I don't know how it was, gunner, but I thought every face seemed to know me; and I believe I got a cable tier kink in my neck then by keeping my head down, that I have never got rid of it since. The wherry whipped me alongside the Nancy in a jiffey, where a bear of a fellow called me a scampish vagabond; and, fixing his eyes on me like a ferret, with a look as black as thunder, he shipped me, saying, 'If I could handle a rope as well as I could spin a yarn, he should make something of me.'

"Old Blowhard was a regular-built beast of a fellow, though a thorough-bred seaman; and although he wiped his own nose with the corner of the table cloth, he was going to throw a dirty brute of a passenger overboard for washing his tooth-brush in the water-cask. The only decent words I ever heard him speak was when the ship cleared the Bar, and he looked at his wife and children on the beach and muttered, 'God bless ye!'

"The cook, an old man-of-war's-man, used to call me a lubber of a Tom Packenham's boy, a Mother Carey's chicken, and all kinds of infernal crooked names; so that when the ship arrived at London, what with pulling and hauling, holding on and easing off, handing and unhanding, a few buffetings and a thousand oaths, I was sick of the ship and the sea, and I again cut and run, leaving old Blowhard, as I had done Eighteenpence, snorting in bed.

"That she-devil, Sophy, though as worthless a bleacher as ever stepped in shoe-leather, was still in my mind, and upset every thing, and made me bouse up my jib to drive away sorrow: and as I had some money, I was determined to see Lunnen and the lions. I went to the top of St. Paul's, and thought I had seen it all; but there, Wad, it is just like looking at the hull from the cross-trees, without knowing all the rigs that are carrying on between decks: so off I goes to the play-house, and got among the gods, as our officers call the people in the gallery. They were kicking up 'Bob's a Dying,' and I saw little and heard less, except '*Sancho! Sancho!* oranges, porter, and ginger pop.' The next night I mustered three shillings, and went to the pit among the fine gentlemen and ladies; but what a rascally squeeze we had to get in! I was jammed like Jackson, between two of the petticoat tribe, and I did not care how long it lasted; but they did not seem to like my company, for I had a hole in my coat, and a belcher about my neck; and when we got in,

though all the rest were crowded, they left me as much room on both sides of me, as if I had been commodore of a fleet of small craft.

“I did nothing but look at a girl in the boxes like Sophy; but she never looked at me, though she nickered on a minini-pimini, white-livered kind of fellow near me. For my part I never could make out what she saw in him or on him. He was as lean as a starved spider, and might have crept under the lee of a rope-yarn; his neck was set so taught in white buckram that his eyes seemed starting from their sockets; and when he turned his griped carcase on the pivot of his hips to look at me, he touched his nose with his upper lip, twinkled his whitey-blue eyes like a dying hen, and rubbed his smooth chin with a long, white, skinny, crowfoot-kind of finger rigged out with a brass hoop as yellow as a guinea.

“Wad, I had been drunk and adrift the night before, and had nearly fallen asleep, when a painted monkey of a fellow on the stage said—

‘Canvas sheets, and a filthy ragged curtain,  
A beastly rug, and a flock bed:—  
Am I awake, or is it all a dream?’

which brought me to my senses, for I thought he knew me; and I’ll be hanged if I did not think I had seen the fellow’s phiz; but it was all a farce, you know, Wad!

“Well, I soon found *Lunnen*, as the song says, ‘to be the devil.’ My money began to fail me, for whenever I thought on Sophy, I ran to the public-house, partly from anger, partly from thirst, and partly from fear of thinking more. Every morning I found myself lower in body, money, and mind; all the pretty faces which I used to laugh and look on, now seemed to tell me what a precious scoundrel of a fellow I was; I pawned my last shirt, and then went to seek work in the rope line; but no one would even look at me, without a character from my last master.

“‘No, no,’ said one, ‘the parish is stocked with too many of your breed already! We have scamps enough to look after, without enlisting a parcel of strolling rascals into our service. Go to the bogs of your fathers, Pat. Tear up your mosses and sow wheat, ye villain! Learn, like your Scotch neighbours, to live on porridge and potatoes, till your soil is tilled to grow herbs for broth and food for cattle. Bid your witty rascals of countrymen leave off cracking jokes, bottles, and heads; and stay to plough and sow, that they may reap without signing post obits. Bid them talk less of domains and castles, and think more of the ragged reality of their country, that nature intended to be rich by the talents of her generous people, and the fertility of her soil. Bid them labour, that they may enjoy profit and rest, and let none of them think they are off duty.’

“‘I’m no Irishman,’ said I.

“‘You’re no Englishman,’ said he; ‘be off! and remember idleness covers a man with nakedness.—Oh the Irish hound!’

“In a few days after that, I was regularly hard up in a clinch; not a skirrick in my pocket, and but little on my back; and reduced to what I am now almost ashamed to tell ye, Wad—to beg.

“My first trial was to a well-powered old gentleman in black, who trudged it along as stiff as a crutch; he did not turn his head even to look at me, but said, ‘Go work, young man; I never encourage idleness!’ My next was what we call a black-stocked

blood in a blue frock. ‘Pray, sir,’ said I—and ‘Pray, sir,’ said he, looking through a thingumbob, ‘be off! be off!’ as big as Belcher, by Jove. The next was an old bleacher of a woman with butter in a basket, and a little suttly dog in a string; she looked, stopped, ‘Stay, Midge, here,’ and sticking her fingers into the side of the butter, dislodged a farthing, gave it to me, licked her fingers, and made sail.

“Then came fleets of girls rigged out in all the colours of the rainbow, with girths as taut as the string of a pudding-poke, coming like streamers against the wind, but with their canvass flat aback against the mast, and steering to a small helm; gathering way as they came near me, some sheered to port, and some to starboard—‘Pray,’ again said I; but all I got was ‘No, no! nothing for you, *young man*’—‘*young feller*’—‘idle creature’—‘dirty man’—‘don’t be troublesome’—‘go away, sir!’

“Then a porky man, with a ledger under his arm, denied me, by ‘No, no, my fine fellow! paid seven and sixpence three-farthings in the pound poor-rates, already. Work, work, you lazy scoundrel, work!’

“At last comes the white-faced hawbuck I saw at the play:—‘Pray, sir,’ said I again. ‘What’s your name, fellow?’ said he; and raising his yellow-hooped fingers to his chin, he put his right into his pocket, and brought forth a card; and then giving it to me, sheered off, shutting his whitey-blue eyes as aforesaid. I read the card, and there was printed on it ‘Mend—Mendi—Mendici—Oh I forget—some kind of long-named society, and I was to take it myself; but there was an N.B. staring me in the face—desiring that it might be given to none but beggars, which fairly clinched the matter, and I was ashamed to deliver it. The night was now coming on, the weather was cold and bleak, and the smoke, like the Devil’s Tablecloth at the Cape, was hanging over the town. I had no money but the greasy farthing, and nothing on me that I could sell. The woman where I lodged, had given me warning to look no more near her house, ‘a beggar as I was.’ I was sitting on one of the steps of the Court of Chancery,\* as the Irishman who began to talk to me, told me it was, when one of his comrades, with a broom in his hand, hailed me. ‘Now what are *ye* doing there, boy? Sure you have but a cold birth of it now. If you’ll be after coming with me, I’ll give you a drop of the crater, to comfort your bowels, boy.’ ‘I have no money,’ said I. ‘And who the devil asked you for money now? and here’s threepence for you, boy. Ah, but it’s a swate heavenly thing to beg, sure. And why don’t you take a broom in your hand now: it will save you the use of tum and tongue, and keep you without the law, boy. I was tired of digging in the bowels of the river, and of the black jokes of the black jocks, but I have been an angel ever since I had a broom in my fist. Now, do as I do, boy; I’ll engage it will cram your maw and save your breath.’ Dermot then took me to a house in the Seven Dials, where we got half drunk, and then reeled to his lodgings, where Phelim, Terry, and Larry, were singing ‘Hugga ma fain, and Sour a lin,’ and were like to fight about Shelah their landlady.

“We all slept in one room, on flat bags of straw, covered with blankets.

“‘Come, are you going, or are you going to stay?’ said Dermot at daybreak; ‘but mind, do as I bid you, boy—pick up a few *tinpennies* with your broom; then buy a hurdy-gurdy that will grind Garry Owen, or any other handsome tune, till you get enough to buy an elegant leg of mutton for your supper;—good luck to you, boy.’

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\* We presume the Boatswain meant one of those tenantless, windowless houses so common in the outskirts of the metropolis, stuck over with notices of Warren’s Blacking—“Hunt for ever”—Play Bills and Lottery Schemes, with due warning to “Stick no Bills.”

"I thanked Shelah for my lodging; she said I was *wilcome*, and if I could not do better, I might come back.

"When I got out of the house, I was never more at a loss what course to steer; but, by chance, took to the eastward, which, after an hour and a half, brought me in sight of the Tower and the Thames, where I hovered about all day.

"As nightfall came on, and I had had a regular *banyan* day of it, I became drowsy, and sat down on a plank, near the moat of the Tower.

"How long I had been there before the watchman kicked me with his foot, I don't know; but an elderly man, who had seen him, asked me if I were sick, and if he could help me home. I was so stupid and bewildered, either with cold or hunger, that I could scarcely answer.

"Where's your home?' said he.

"Any where,' said I.

"What are you?' said he.

"Nothing.' said I.

"What have you been?' said he.

"A sailor, a ropemaker, a sailor again—and then——;' but the word 'beggar' choked me.

"Well,' said he, 'though I don't make a practice of shipping strollers, you may come on board my ship, which is lying off the stairs here, and prick for the softest plank; it will scarcely be harder than that you are one, for you seem in a precious mess.'

"I had a platter of beef and biscuit set before me, and then a sail given me to caulk it out one, under the half deck.

"In the morning the master of the ship, for it was he who brought me on board, sent for me, and asked concerning my life. I only told him so much of my story as suited me, leaving Sophy out of the way, as well as my real name, and place of birth. I offered to serve him honestly if he would trust me.

"Well,' said he, 'I'm going to do what I never did in my life before,—and I don't know well why—to buy a pig in a poke; you shall be bound to me, Master Thomas Twist, to keep you from the pressgang; but, by the late Lord Harry! if you play any of your pranks with me, I'll twist the scamps blood out of you.'

"I was accordingly bound; but how he managed about sureties and indentures I know nothing, as I had only three years to serve him.

"I had never cause to repent, for he behaved as a father to me.

"At first, the men thought I was deaf, from not answering readily to the name of Twist; but as it gradually sunk into that of Tom, I recovered my hearing.

"Well, Wad! I remained in the same hip, in the North-country-trade, till I had nearly served my time; and never was trade fitter for making seamen. Many's the wintry night I've been half-frozen in the main-*change* heaving the lead, in threading that infernal Swin. That's the place, Gunner, for learning the use of your back bone, and ground tackle. There's nothing in the shape of sea like it, for showing a man how to grope his way in the dark, to handle a marlin-spike, twist like a fox, and rig a Spanish windlass; as for your gigamaree jimcracks, I'll say nothing about them; but for regular-built sailors, Jacks are the boys. They are not so frisky as your southern lads on pea-soup and bits of mahogany; but give them beef and beer, grog and growl, they'll work like dray-horses, and fight like fury; but, as I was saying, Wad, it was about a month before I had served

my time out, when beating up the Swin, we went bang on the Gun-fleet-sand, smash went the masts by the board, and in the twinkling of a bed-post, Peggy's bows were stove in. She was pooped a dozen times, then slewed round on her fore-foot, and down she went on her beam-ends, and bilged. The wind was against the tide, and the sea was knocking about like wildfire. We had no hope but the longboat, and not much in that. The master and three men were gone with the masts, and the rest of us were trying to cut the lashings of the boat on the booms; but as the gale began to moderate, we resolved to stick by the wreck. Several vessels passed us in the night: we hailed and shouted, but the noise of the wind drowned our voices; none heard or saw us, and none could have helped us if they had.

"The weather-bulwark was stove in, and we were crouched under the lee of the booby-hatch. The tide had now turned, the water was smoother, and there was less wind. As the day broke we saw a large ship coming before the wind. It was bitterly cold, and we crept out from our shelter, like half-drowned rats from the brae side in a frosty morning, with icicles hanging to our hair, and showed our ensign union down on a boat-hook over the stern; but our hearts sunk within us as the ship neared us, and we heard the watch piped to shorten sail. Tom Smith swore he would rather be drowned than pressed, and lugged in the ensign from the stern; but it was too late, they had seen us. Up went their colours, down run the jib, and as she luffed-up, and her main-topsail came to the mast, a whacking frigate showed her long black tier of grinders with red muzzles, and out flew a switching pendant from the truck.

"A boat was sent to us, and in less than a quarter of an hour every man jack of us were on board of her; and she bore up before the wind, and so we left the ribs and trucks of poor Peggy to look after themselves.

"The frigate was short of hands, and they looked upon as a good prize; and in less than a dog-watch we were on the watch-bill, birthed, stationed, hammocks slung, and, moreover, a grinning leaf-turner had us down in Nipcheese's book, where dead men chew tobacco, Wad.

"The frigate belonged at that time to old Paddy Russel's squad of North Sea Grunters, and many a prayer we sent up to get away from wintry nights and wet watches.

"We had plenty of fresh fish, but no fun; although I must tell you, Wad, I was nearly catching toko for yam, for playing Noah, though it was against my will.

"It was in the spring, Wad; the fleet had hove to, to trawl; but maybe you've not seen them trawling? but I'll tell you. We had a large pudding-poke kind of net, with the broad end spread out on a sixteen feet spar, with heavy irons at both ends; a hawser was run through a snatch-block on the quarter of the main-yard, and then fastened to the middle of the beam. Well, as I was saying, the signal was made to trawl, the main-top-sail was hove to the mast, and the squadron was in one line a head. The trawl was put overboard, and veered to the bottom, and as the ship drifted to leeward, it was dragged along near to it.

"I happened to be cook of the mess that day, which I'm going to tell you about; I had blown them out with lobscouse and doughboys; and though they swore the pieces of pork in the scouse were not within hail of each other, I had, as you know is the custom, the plush of the grog; and, as I used to like to be merryish now and then in a way, I, like a fool, bought Tom Smith's allowance for mine the next day. After we had been mustered at quarters, and the hammocks down, I went and freshened hawse with a nip of Tom's

grog, that was stowed away in a bladder, and was as happy as a lord, wrapped up in a pea-jacket for a caul in the waist, when the boatswain's-mate piped 'watch up trawl.'

"The bell had just gone one in the first watch, and it was dark. The lobster fifer turned up his whistle, and up we were lugging it, stamp and go, when, by the Lord Harry! I run foul of the Samson's port, and was all but jammed in the snatch-block. Well, Gunner, the trawl was just swinging alongside the ship, on the edge of the water, when I must needs thrust my herring-neck over the gangway netting. All of a sudden the ship seemed to whiz round and round, the sea struck fire, and I fetched way bang overboard into the trawl.

"As I said before, it was dark, and, as they afterwards told me, though they heard the splash, they could not make out what it was; but when the trawl was landed on the gangway, and a lantern brought to look at the fish, there I was sprawling among holybut, turbot, skate, soles, and old maids. It was a slushy affair, Wad; and Mr. Noah, as they afterwards nicknamed me, was put in irons. Were ye ever in limbo, Gunner? it's a cramped piece of business, I can tell you; and no joke to do nothing, and be without grog. There was an Irishman in company with me, but he could not joke without whiskey; and, besides, he said he had no hope of getting off, as this was his second birth-day that month on which he had been drunk and saucy.

"Two days afterwards, the hands were turned up to punishment, our irons were knocked off, and we were conveyed by the master-at-arms and a marine to the gangway, where the grating was already rigged.

"The men were all up and looking on, and the marines were ranged along the gangway with fixed bayonets. At the front of the quarter-deck, you know, Gunner, stood all the officers in cocked-hats and sidearms. Then comes the captain with the articles of war in his hand, looking marlinspikes, and calls poor Paddy. 'I am going to punish you,' says he, 'for drunkenness, insolence to your superior officer, and neglect of duty:—strip, sir! seize him up!' and Paddy was accordingly secured, hands and legs, to the grating. Then all, with one consent, pulled off their hats, and the captain read the articles of war against drunkenness, et cetera, as the scholars say. 'Boatswain's-mate, do your duty,' says he; and switch comes the cat-o'-nine-tails on the bare back of poor Paddy. He called aloud for countryman's-sake to be forgiven. 'This is not your first offence, sir: you Irish make good soldiers, but rascally bad sailors; and no countryman shall spoil the discipline of my ship: besides, I have a devilish good mind to flog you for swearing.' Paddy received his three dozen, and was then cast off.

"'Thomas Call,' said the captain, and I stood forth. The captain then spoke to the first lieutenant, and to the officer who had the watch when I fell into the trawl; and then says he to me, 'As there appears some doubt whether you were half-drowned or half-drunk, and as this is the first complaint against you, I shall forgive you; but beware of coming again before me: release him, master-at-arms: go to your duty—pipe down.'

"'Never note sounded so sweet in my ears, Gunner; not even Sophy's 'Darling Thomas, I love you evermore,' which still haunts me.

"As there was too bright an eye kept on us in the frigate to think of escape, I thought I might as well take the bounty, and be rated A.B., as be *made* a volunteer of; so according/ye I did so, and was put in the main-top, and was soon a weather-earing-man.

"We had capital treatment in that craft, Gunner: we were never disturbed at meal-times, nor put to nifty-naffy work, but were kept taut at it; every man knew what he had

to expect: a look was as good as a word—a word as a blow. No palaver, no humbug; every bloodsucker and skulker caught toko, as sure as ever they came any of their C.P. tricks, or half-and-half manoeuvres.

“We could close-reef, and that well too—for, you know, that makes all the difference—in four minutes, and sink a puncheon with our main-deckers. Such a craft was not likely to be kept grunting long, and we were soon ordered away to the southward.

“Well, Gunner, I’ll not bother you with the lots of cruises we had in the Channel, chasing privateers, and retaking merchantmen, for which we got but little; as the head-money was almost swallowed up by lawyers and brokers in condemning the small hulls of luggers, and the salvage money for the merchantmen would scarcely raise for us a cruise.

“At last we were ordered off to the Mediterranean, and in crossing the Bay of Biscay we gave sheet to a vessel which was yawing about like Old Eighteenpence, or a ship without a rudder; hoisting colours, letting fly sheets and halyards, in a way of which we had no notion, and regularly puzzled us to understand. We soon overhauled her, run up alongside, and hailed. One man took up the speaking-trumpet to answer, another knocked him down, bawled out ‘Ahoi!’ and then threw the speaking-trumpet overboard, his hat into the air, and danced on the deck. Another fellow answered—‘Bilboa!’ ‘Where are you from?’ ‘Bilboa!’ ‘Where are you bound?’ ‘Bilboa!’ ‘What have you got in?’ ‘Bilboa!’ The boat to which I belonged was sent aboard of her; and will *ye* believe it, Gunner! a thing I never saw in my life before at sea, every man and mother’s son were as drunk as fiddlers; some dancing, and some howling like seals in the surf, or Irish-cryers at a wake. The captain lay speechless on the deck, and the mate was little better; they were Spaniards, and, as it fell light winds, we remained on board of her till the Don came to his senses; but he knew no more which way they had been steering, than an owl in the sun. The officer gave him our latitude and longitude; and a breeze springing up, the boat returned, and the frigate made sail.

“Three days afterwards, we were caught by a sniffling north-easter, and were making the best of it under single reefed topsails and courses, going large ten knots clean off the reel. It was a dark and rainy night, and it was my turn at the weather wheel. The officer of the watch was trudging it along, jerk, jerk, jerk, in his wet shoes, and had just hailed the fore-castle to keep a good look out ahead, when crash went the ship against something in the hollow of the sea. ‘Down with the helm!’ cried the lieutenant; but there was nobody at it. I was thrown clear over the wheel; and when I got on my feet, I just had a glimpse of a vessel’s masts that was sinking, and heard a horrible shriek, as the waves closed over her. One man only lived to tell the tale; it was his watch, and he grappled our fore-channels. Our bowsprit was carried away; we showed lights, but neither heard or saw more of man or ship.

“We had enough to do to save the foremast, and next day we saw the Rock of Old Gib, as large as life, lording it over the rest of the land, and we anchored before nightfall in the mole.

“You have heard, Gunner, that the nickname of Gibraltar is a Key to the Mediterranean Sea. I expected that the tiers of grinders peeping out of the dark rock holes, would be thickest towards the sea, and that the shot would range across the passage. No such thing, Wad; the heaviest batteries front the Spanish land, pointing over

a low, sandy, scorching plain, called the neuter ground, on which there is more fighting than any place in Europe.

“There is nothing to be seen for your money at Old Gib, but sogers, Jews, and monkeys; and, after our head and cutwater’ were repaired, and a new bowsprit rigged, we joined the Toulon fleet.

“We had a precious long spell of it there, and were as sick of Cape Sicie and Toulon, as we had been of Camperdown and the Texel: plenty of work for the bunting men; nothing but chasing without fighting, and telegraphing without knowing what it was about; when one day our signal of recall was made, and we ran down under all sail, and, passing under the stern of the three-decker bearing the admiral’s flag, we took in every stitch to the topsails at one pipe. The skipper was as pleased as punch, and away he went in his gig on board the admiral’s ship.

“I was playing chequers on the lid of the top-chest when the boat came back, and I heard the hands turned up, ‘make sail,’ and we were under a crowd in a crack, standing away from the fleet.

“The quarter-master at the cun heard the captain tell the first lieutenant we were going direct to England with dispatches, and it soon spread through the ship; and at grog time there was nothing but wives and sweethearts going, and reckoning up our pay.

“Well, Wad, when we got to Spithead, the ship was ordered into the harbour to be paid off, and we were drafted on board a seventy-four going to America.

“After we had received our pay, a few of us, who had brought good characters, were allowed to go on shore for twenty-four hours: an extraordinary thing, you know, as the ship was to sail in a few days. Well, I’ve had many a precious cruise in my days, but never such a one as that in Point-street. Will ye believe it? May I never breathe more, if it is not true! I did not get out of Point-street, where I was taken in tow, drank gin and beer till I was blind drunk; and never believe me again, if I did not come on board the next day robbed, penniless, with a split nose (look at the mark), and a pair of black eyes to boot. How I came by my mourning, I know no more than a child; but, what was worse than all, the Jews had complained of me not paying for my slops, and made me give up a new pea-jacket and a R.D.B.L. hat, \* which I had on tick; so that I was right glad when we unmoored, roused our last anchor to the bows, and got our tacks on board for Yankey-town.

“But I must now tell you, the last time our ship was in harbour, before I was promoted, I happened to be sitting at the mess-table, on the lower deck. It was liberty-day for the women to come and go, when among those who rushed down the ladders, one came into the birth where I was, followed by one of my messmates carrying her pattens and a small bundle, when fixing her hollow eyes on me for about a minute, she gave a loud shriek, and fell as if dead upon the spot. A crowd of petticoat companions were soon about her. One said, ‘She’s shamming—give her kick, and she’ll soon come to;’ and another swore she was drunk, and threw a pot of water over her.

“I put the woman back, but could not at first recollect her face. Her cheeks were sunk, her eyes were dim, and their lids red with weeping; she was almost in rags, and famine and hunger seemed to have got hold of her.

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“Will you believe it, Gunner? It was poor Sophy. My heart sunk within me; and when she came to herself, I gave her all the money I had, and advised her to go home, or to seek a servant’s place. She did so, and a month afterwards I got this letter, which I have in my *backey*-fob, from her.”

The boatswain here descended to the waist, and, borrowing the serjeant’s lantern, opened his fob, and giving the gunner a snuff-coloured, rumpled piece of paper, he opened it, and read as follows:

“Thank you, Thomas, for your kindness to me: I am now more than half-way to my father’s house. Oh, Thomas, Thomas! I deceived you, I deceived every body, I deceived and ruined myself. I was wicked at heart: my young master taught me to sin; and at the very time I swore fidelity to you, I was bound in wickedness to others, and would have hid my shame under your name: but I have been severely punished in this world, and have no hope in the next. The valet promised to take me to France with him, and brought me as far as Southampton; but left me there without a farthing, and escaped in the packet. I dare not—cannot tell you the rest of my life. I have been an inhabitant of the very sinks of vice, and an inmate of the hospital and the prison. I have been beaten and ill-treated by drunkards; and turned into the street to beg, by the people where I lodged. My miseries have often been mocked at; I have been frowned on and scorned, till I have prayed for the night to come and shade me from myself.

“Oh, Thomas! if you have a daughter, teach her to beware of the first step towards guilt, for the rest of her fall will be without stop—sudden and terrible; and if you have friends, warn them to forbear seeking to ruin, or taking advantage of poor weak woman—tell them of the wretched fate of poor Sophy.”

As the gunner closed this epistle and returned it to his companion, orders were vociferated from the officer of the watch, to “Turn the hands up, wear ship!” the two friends immediately separated, and repaired to their respective duties.”

The monotony of the ship was thus occasionally relieved, by the relations of ‘hair-breadth ’scapes i’ the deadly imminent breach,’ or such pieces of autobiography as the preceding; and time and distance imperceptibly glided by, while the fleet proceeded onward to its destination.

\* Initials sometimes seen on the inside of leather hats, as being recommendatory of their durability, but which sailors amuse themselves by translating much to their disadvantage.

## CHAPTER XVII.

And oh, the little war-like world within!  
The well-reev'd guns, the netted canopy,  
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,  
When, at a word, the tops are mann'd on high:  
Hark! to the Boatswain's call, the cheering cry!  
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides;  
Or school-boy Midshipman that standing by,  
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,  
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

White is the glassy deck, without a stain,  
Where on the watch the staid Lieutenant walks.  
Look on that part which sacred doth remain,  
For the lone chieftain, who majestic stalks.  
Silent and fear'd by all—not oft he talks  
With aught beneath him, if he would preserve  
That strict restraint, which broken, ever balks  
Conquest and Fame: but Britons rarely swerve  
From Law however stern, which tends their strength  
to nerve.

*Byron.*

THE spirit of detraction which prompted our heroine's old tormentor, Mrs. Smith, was either dumb, or its efforts to annoy her were rendered harmless, from the want of a respectability of character to give weight to any thing she might utter: she banished herself from the wardroom in consequence, having induced Smith to quit the mess. She saw that she was slighted by the rest of the officers, and that her vulgar jokes were no longer relished by them: so true it is, that vice, to take liberties even with itself, must have the semblance of virtue. As, however, she still retained the captain's good opinion, and therefore sat at his table twice a week, she kept up her consequence, and let no opportunity slip of endeavouring to sow the seeds of dissension between him and those under his command with whom she was displeased, in which for their peace, happiness, and preservation, she succeeded at last but too well and too fatally, as it mainly lead to the disastrous consequences which it will be our melancholy duty hereafter to relate.

We have mentioned before, that the captain also dined with the officers twice a week; and though he knew he was making all parties uncomfortable, he at first made it a *sine qua non*, that Mrs. Smith on such occasions should be also invited. For a few times this was complied with; but the high-spirited Daly would not long submit to such degradation, and frankly informed the captain that he should, if such conduct was persisted in, consider it to be his duty always to absent himself on such occasions from the mess. This resolution so enraged the captain, that unable to resent it any other way, he vented his malice by annoying the officers in every petty mode in his power. One of his favorite modes of annoyance, was this: whenever they felt inclined to indulge in a little

boisterous mirth, either after dinner or supper, he would send his steward with his master's compliments to the gentlemen of the wardroom, and to request that they would not make so much noise.

This was frequently repeated; but one day the doctor's Irish blood was so raised, that he swore if the fellow entered again with a similar message he would kick him out. This the captain termed mutiny, and the offender was placed under arrest: but the whole wardroom espoused his cause, and Daly went to the captain, and represented, in as mild terms as possible, the injustice and folly of such proceedings. This advice was sulkily listened to, and the doctor was liberated; but all social communion with the captain and the other officers henceforth ceased.

Whilst things were at this unpleasant issue, they continued their course from north to south on the Great Atlantic; and after meeting with nothing peculiar to deserve further notice here, they had reached near the Cape of Good Hope, when a dreadful storm arose, which separated the whole fleet. A thick mist came on, and the wind violently increased to a hurricane: the dispersion of the whole fleet was a natural consequence of this untoward and unfortunate change in their hitherto favourable voyage.

After beating about for a day or two, and the fog still rather increasing than diminishing, the captain, who had continued to be on the reserve with the officers, began to feel a little alarm for the safety of the ship.

The master had urged him to alter his course; and Rosse, to whom dangers at sea were familiar, insisted that they were hazarding themselves to greater dangers than there was need of, by persisting in opposing himself to the united opinions of every one on board at all acquainted with nautical affairs.

Daly, though a young sailor, was a brave one; yet his heart died within him, when he reflected, which he continually did, even amid the severity of his duty, on the hapless and forlorn condition of Helen.

Unable to take an observation, from the density of the atmosphere, it could not but be guess-work as to their real situation. The gale changed from a southerly to a westerly direction, and increased progressively, till the contentions of the sea and the winds presented a scene of horror which perhaps the annals of marine history cannot afford a parallel example, and no description can give an adequate idea of the sublime effects which the violence and raging of the elements produced, and which left a universal impression on all on board, that nature itself was threatened with dissolution.

The ship raised at one instant on mountains of water, was in another precipitated into an abyss, where she appeared to wait until the coming sea raised her again to the clouds.

The perpetual roaring of the elements, echoing through the void, produced such an awful sensation in the mind of the most experienced of the seamen, that many of them, at times, were in a state of complete stupefaction, and the less experienced added to the horror of the miserable scene, by their fearful exclamations of the impending danger.

But the terrors of the day could only be surpassed by those of the night. When the darkness came on, human imagination can scarcely conceive a scene of more transcendent and complicated horrors.

To fill up the measure of their calamities, about the hour of midnight, a sudden shift of the wind threw the ship into the trough of the sea; which striking her aft, started the stern-post from the hauden ends, and shattered the whole of her stern frame. The

pumps were immediately sounded, and in the course of a few minutes the water had increased to four feet. A gang was immediately ordered to the pumps, and as many as possible were employed in removing every thing heavy out of the run of the ship, and heaving them overboard, in order if possible to get at the leak. In less than an hour the principal leak was discovered, and the water rushed in with awful rapidity. In order to arrest as much as possible the influx of water, sheets, shirts, jackets, and every thing of a like description were thrust into the aperture; had not these means been attended with success, the ship must inevitably have gone down, though the pumps delivered one hundred and fifty tuns of water an hour.

As the next day dawned the weather began to moderate; the seamen worked incessantly at the pumps, and every exertion was made to keep the ship afloat.

In the afternoon, although the violence of the tempest had greatly abated, yet the swell of the sea was tremendous.

Rosse and Daly had taken it in turns to throw themselves on the bed of the latter, whenever the least respite from active duty would allow; for the former had declared that he could not enter his own cabin to behold the wretched state which his lovely wife, under such distressing and awful circumstances, was necessarily placed in.

Edmund had not beheld her for a fortnight, though he had taken care, through the medium of his servant, that her wants, as far as they could possibly be gratified, should be attended to.

“Daly,” said Rosse, “do go down and see how my poor Helen is; I have not seen her since last evening; and as I am convinced that we are past hope, and must become a wreck, I have not the courage to visit her; but say, at least, I will do so soon.”

Edmund gladly availed himself of the opportunity. When he came to the cabin door, the moment she heard his voice asking for her, she called out, though feebly, “Come in, my friend.”

He found her lying on the bed but half-dressed, and looking the picture of wretchedness and despair—a wreck indeed of her former self.

He was shocked indeed at the alteration, and almost wept at the dismal scene; whilst his heart trembled at the thought of what would yet become of her if the tempest did not abate.

“Ah! my friend,” said the lovely and disconsolate woman, “I lie here in much misery—I find that we are in great danger: if I venture to raise myself, I am thrown down again by the violent motion of the ship. I have not seen Rosse for a long time; is he safe?”

Daly endeavoured to cheer her, assured her that Rosse was not only safe, but would soon be with her; and warmly praised him for his efforts and skill in managing the ship; though he owned he thought the ship might yet become a wreck, still it would be near land, and with the assistance of Ocean (a fine large Newfoundland dog, that Daly had kept on board, and which was a great favourite of our heroine, and now lay by her side, watching every motion with the utmost attention) and my good swimming, you at least need have no fear of not escaping.

“But I have heard Rosse say that he is unable to swim, what is he to do in such a dreadful emergency?”

“Never fear, we shall devise some plan or other.” And he again recommended her to calm her fears, and bear up with cheerfulness her painful situation; but above all he entreated her to be attentive to the dog.

The animal was in truth a fine one, and when he had left the cabin, Helen looked at him wistfully: the low and melancholy tone, which Edmund, in spite of his efforts to avoid it, had its effect on the almost worn-out spirits of our heroine, and she felt now satisfied that the danger was indeed great; she mentally and piously recommended herself to the divine protection; and calling the dog, who at the sound bounded joyfully towards her, and laid his head on her bosom. She (such is the love of life,) threw her arms round his neck, and wetted his long and shaggy ears with her tears. "Poor Ocean," exclaimed she, "thou, I find, must be my help, or I shall perish;" and, "gracious God! to what am I doomed to suffer!" She could utter no more, but fainted in the arms of the woman (one of the seamen's wives) who attended her, and whose feelings were almost as equally harrowed with despair, as those of her more delicate charge.

It happened to be Rosse's middle watch, and about three o'clock, a man upon the fore-castle bawled out: "Breakers a-head, and land upon the lee bow." Rosse looked out, and it was so sure enough. "Ready about, put the helm down, helm a lee!"

The captain hearing him put the ship about, jumped upon deck. "Rosse, what's the matter? you are putting the ship about without my orders, and I will not suffer it."

"Sir, 'tis time to go about; the ship is almost ashore—there's the land."

"Good God, so it is! Will the ship stay?"

"Yes, sir, I believe she will, if we don't make any confusion; she's all a-back—forward now!"

"Well," says he, "work the ship; I will not speak another word."

The ship stayed very well.

Rosse persevered, with his usual coolness and intrepidity, evincing most decided nautical skill. Then:—"heave the lead, see what water we have." "Three fathom." "Keep the ship away, W.N.W.—By the mark 3."

"This won't do, Rosse."

"Steady, sir, steady. No, sir, we had better haul more to the northward; we came S.S.E. and had we not better steer N.N.W." "Steady, and a quarter 3." "This may do, and we deepen a little." "By the deep four." "Very well, my lad, heave quick." "Five fathom." "That's a fine fellow! another cast nimbly." "Quarter less 8." "That will do, come, we shall get clear by and by." "Mark under water 5." "What's that?" "Only five fathom, sir." "Turn all hands up, bring the ship to an anchor." "All hands bring the ship to an anchor, hoy!" "Are the anchors clear?" "In a moment, sir. All clear!" "What water have ye in the chains now?" "Eight, half nine." "Keep fast the anchors till I call to you." "Aye, aye, sir, all fast." "I have no ground with this line." "How many fathom have you out? pass along the deep sea line." "Aye, aye, sir." "Come, are you all ready?" "All ready, sir." "Heave away, watch! watch! bear away, veer away; no ground, sir, with a hundred fathom." "That's clever, come, pretty ship, there's another squeak in you yet—all down but the watch; secure the anchors again; heave the main-top-sail to the mast; luff, and bring her to the wind!"

A momentary gleam of joy brightened every bosom, and for a space hope again encouraged all hands fondly to anticipate that yet there might be a chance; but, alas! ill-fated crew! soon were they doomed to feel the sad reverse. As soon as the ship was again a little to rights, and all quiet again, the captain joined his officers in the most friendly manner, the tears almost starting from his eyes:—"Rosse, we ought all to be much obliged to you for the safety of the ship, and perhaps of ourselves. I am particularly so;

nothing but that instantaneous presence of mind and calmness saved her; another ship's length and we should have been fast ashore; had you been the least diffident, or made the least confusion, so as to make the ship baulk in her stays, she must have been inevitably lost."

"Sir, you are very good, but I have done nothing that I suppose any body else would not have done in the same situation. I did not turn all the hands up, knowing the watch were well able to work the ship; besides, had it spread immediately about the ship, that she was almost ashore, it might have created a confusion that was better avoided."

"Well," replied the captain, "it is well indeed, Rosse."

Drinking (of which they had some need) and carousing prevailed—so regardless are sailors of dangers passed—an ill-timed mirth; for save Daly and Helen, not one of that ill-fated crew, at the end of four days, were alive.

At eleven the next night, it began again to snuffle, when Rosse, to whom the command of the ship devolved in such extremity, was sent for by the captain.

"What sort of weather have we, Rosse?"

"It blows a little, and has a very ugly look; if we were in any other quarter but this, I should say we were going to have a gale of wind."

"Aye, Rosse, it looks so very often here when there is no wind at all; however, don't hoist the top-sails till it clears a little; there's no trusting any country."

At twelve Rosse was relieved; the weather had the same rough look; however, they made sail upon her, but had a very dirty night.

At eight in the morning Rosse came up again, found it blowing hard from the E.N.E. with close reefed top-sails upon the ship, and heavy squalls at times.

The captain came upon deck: "Well, Rosse, what do you think of it?"

"O, sir," replied Rosse, "'tis only a touch of the times, we shall have an observation at twelve o'clock; the clouds are beginning to break; it will clear up at noon, or else blow very hard afterwards."

"I wish it would clear up, but doubt it much. I was once in a hurricane in the East Indies, and the beginning of it had much the same appearance as this. So take in the top-sails, we have plenty of sea-room."

At one the gale increased; at two harder yet—it still blew harder! they reefed the courses, and furled them; brought to under a foul mizen stay-sail, head to the northward. In the evening no sign of the weather taking off, but every appearance of the storm increasing, they prepared for a proper gale of wind; all the sails were secured with spare gaskets; good rolling tackles upon the yards; the booms were squared; the boats were all made fast; the guns new lashed; the carpenters had the tarpaulins and battins all ready for hatchways; the top-gallant-mast was got down upon the deck, jib-boom and sprit-sail-yard fore and aft; in fact, every thing to make a snug ship did the unremitting and judicious seaman, Lieutenant Rosse, to provide against their dire calamity; for whether he was become unusually tender of his personal safety, or that he had become uxorious, and consequently apprehensive for Helen, most certainly he manifested extraordinary concern on the present occasion, by abating some of his austerities in the performance of his duty towards the seamen, who nevertheless liked Rosse as an officer, because, although rigid, he made no niffy naffy work; yet his words were very kind, and his zeal and care (for he constantly kept the deck) unremitting.

The poor birds now began to experience the uproar in the elements, for numbers, both of sea and land kinds, came on board. Some, which happened to be to leeward, turned to windward, like a ship, tack and tack; for they could not fly against it. When they came over the ship they dashed themselves down upon the deck, without attempting to stir till picked up; and when let go again, they would not leave the ship, but endeavoured to hide themselves from the wind.

At eight o'clock it became a complete hurricane; the sea roared, but the wind still steady to a point; and they did not ship a spoonful of water.

Rosse, however, got the hatch-ways all secured, expecting what would be the consequence, should the wind shift; placed the carpenters by the main-mast, with broad axes, knowing from experience, that at the moment they might want to cut it away to save the ship, an axe might not be found.

He then went to supper—bread, cheese, and porter. The purser was frightened out of his wits about his bread bags; the two marine officers as white as sheets, not understanding the ship's working so much, and the noise of the guns; which by this time, made a pretty screeching to people not used to it; it seemed as if the whole ship's side was going at each roll.

The carpenter was all this time smoking his pipe, and laughing at the doctor; the first lieutenant upon deck, and the third in his hammock.

At ten o'clock, Rosse thought to get a little sleep; he went below and stretched himself between two chests, and left orders to be called, should the least thing happen; but first cheered Helen with hopes of ultimate safety, whilst the praises he had received from all hands, and the confidence placed in him by the Captain and Daly, threw a proud tone of satisfaction on his weather-beaten cheek; and in the eyes of his wife he had never appeared to so great an advantage.

At twelve a midshipman came to him.

"Mr. Rosse, we are just going to wear ship, sir."

"O, very well, I'll be up directly, what sort of weather have you got?"

"It blows a hurricane."

He went upon deck, and found the captain and Daly there.

"It blows damn'd hard, Rosse."

"It does indeed, sir."

"I don't know that I ever remember its blowing so hard before, but the ship makes a very good weather of it upon this tack as she bows the sea; but we must wear her, as the wind has shifted to the S.E. so do you go forward, and have some hands stand by; loose the lee yard-arm of the fore-sail, and when she is right before the wind, whip the clue-garnet close up, and roll up the sail."

"Sir, there is no canvas can stand against this a moment; if we attempt to loose him, he will fly into ribbons in an instant, and we may lose three or four of our people; she'll wear by manning the fore-shrouds."

"No, I don't think she will."

"I'll answer for it, sir; I have seen it tried several times on the coast of Africa with success."

"Well, try it; if she does not wear, we can only loose the fore-sail afterwards."

This was a great condescension from such a man as the captain, under recent circumstances.

However, by sending about two hundred people into the fore-rigging, after a hard struggle, she wore; Rosse found she did not make so good weather on this tack as on the other; for as the sea began to run across, she had not time to rise from one sea before another lashed against her. He began to think she would lose her masts, as the ship lay very much along, by the pressure of the wind constantly on the yards and masts alone: for the poor mizen stay-sail had gone in shreds long before, and the sails began to fly from the yards through the gaskets into coach-whips.

The captain now desired Rosse to see what was the matter between decks, as there was a good deal of noise. As soon as he was below, one of the marine officers called out, "Good God! Mr. Rosse, we are sinking; the water is up to the bottom of my cot."

"Pooh, pooh! as long as it is not over your mouth, you are well off; what the devil do you make this noise for?" he pettishly replied; for the danger made him apprehensive that those petty alarms might create confusion, and confusion make danger, when presence of mind was so requisite. He found there was some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at; he ordered the deck to be scuttled, and let it run into the well; he found she made a good deal of water through the sides and decks, and therefore turned the watch below to the pumps, but expected to be kept constantly at work now, as the ship laboured much, with scarcely a part of her above water but the quarter deck, and that but seldom. "Come, pump away, my boys. Carpenters, get the weather chain-pump rigged."

"All ready, sir."

"Then man it, and keep both pumps going."

At two o'clock the chain-pump was choked, the carpenters were set at work to clear it; the two head pumps were at work upon deck, but the ship gained upon them while the chain-pumps were idle; but in a quarter of an hour they were at work again, and they began to gain upon her.

While Rosse was standing at the pumps cheering the people, the carpenter's mate came running to him with a face as long as his arm: "O, sir! the ship has sprung a leak in the gunner's room."

"Go, then, and tell the carpenter to come to me, but don't speak a word to any one else."

"Carpenter," said Rosse, "I am told there is a leak in the gunner's room; go and see what is the matter, but don't alarm any body, and come and make your report privately to me."

In a short time he returned: "Sir, there's nothing there, 'tis only the water washing up between the timbers that this booby has taken for a leak."

"O, very well; go upon deck, and see if you can keep any of the water from washing down below."

"Sir, I have had four people constantly keeping the hatchways secure, but there is such a weight of water upon the deck that nobody can bear it when the ship rolls."

The gunner soon after came to him: "Mr. Rosse, I should be glad if you would step this way into the magazine for a moment."

He thought something was the matter, and ran directly.

"Well, what is the matter here."



The ground-tier of powder is spoiled, and I want to shew you that it is not out of carelessness in me in stowing it, for no powder in the world could be better stowed. Now, sir, what am I to do? if you do not speak to the captain, he will be angry with me.”

Rosse could not forbear smiling to see how easy he took the danger of the ship, and said to him: “Let us shake off this gale of wind first, and talk of the damaged powder afterwards.”

At four they had gained upon the ship a little, and Rosse, being relieved by Mr. Mitchell, the third lieutenant, availed himself of that opportunity to visit Helen, as his fears were considerably augmented, and his mind misgave him, trembling for her fate.

In this dreadful state of things, Rosse felt it impossible not to comply with the earnest entreaties of Daly, who had just left Helen in a state bordering on distraction, to visit his unfortunate wife.

He flew down to her cabin, and with expressions of the bitterest remorse, cursed his own folly in being the cause of bringing her into such a perilous condition. He knelt down by her side, kissed her; and implored her forgiveness; his eyes swimming with tears: “For myself, my love,” said he, “I care nothing; but for you, Oh! what would I not give to be satisfied of your safety! Ah! Ocean! For God’s sake! Helen, watch every motion of the dog, and if we should strike, use every effort to reach the deck with him; I fear it will be your only hope; but I have a strong presentiment, that it is a sure one, and that I shall perish; but I have done my duty, and must still continue to exert myself to the utmost; I feel a little pleasure that I am at peace with all my brother officers, and that the confidence they have placed in me has been repaid on my part to the best of my ability. Should I perish, and Daly survive, you will never want a friend; and——” his utterance was here choked and Helen clasped him round the neck—kissed him for the first time—aye, and the last time in her life.

“You must not perish, Rosse; but if otherwise, which heaven forbid! I do not wish to survive you. No, Rosse; I am your faithful wife, and will die with you.”

“Helen, my beloved Helen!” said he, “I entreat you not to mind me, but keep to the dog.”

A cry was now heard for Rosse, and with a—“God Almighty bless and preserve you!” he hurried from the cabin to the deck.

Who can attempt to describe the appearance of things upon deck? Words are inadequate to give the least idea of it—a total darkness all above; the sea on fire, running as it were in Alps, or pikes of Teneriffe; mountains are too common an idea; the wind roaring louder than thunder, the whole made more terrible, if possible, by a very uncommon kind of blue lightning; the poor ship very much pressed, yet doing what she could, shaking her sides and groaning at every stroke.

The captain was upon deck, and was lashed to windward! Rosse soon lashed himself along side of him, and told him the situation of things below, saying the ship did not make more water than might be expected in such weather, and that he was only afraid of a gun breaking loose.”

“I am not the least afraid of that; I have commanded her six years, and have had many a gale of wind in her; so that her iron work, which always gives way first, is pretty well tried. Hold fast! that was an ugly sea; we must lower the yards, I believe, Rosse: the ship is much pressed.”

“If we attempt it we shall lose them, for a man aloft can do nothing; besides, their being down would ease the ship very little; the main-mast is a sprung mast; I wish it was overboard without carrying anything else along with it; but that can soon be done, the gale cannot last for ever; it will soon be daylight now.”

They found by the master’s watch that it was almost five o’clock, and looked for daylight with much anxiety—another ugly sea broke over them: Rosse sent a midshipman to bring news from the pumps, who reported that the ship was gaining on them very much, for they had broken one of their chains, but it was almost mended again. News from the pumps again. “She still gains! a heavy lee!”

Back water from leeward, half way up the quarter-deck; filled one of the cutters upon the booms, and tore her all to pieces; the ship lying almost upon her beam-ends, and not attempting to right again.

Word from below that the ship still gained on them, as they could not stand to the pumps, she lay so much along.

Rosse said to the captain, “This is no time, sir, to think of saving the masts, shall we cut them away?”

“Aye! as fast as you can,” was his reply.

He accordingly went into the weather chains with the pole-axe, to cut away the lanyards; the boatswain went to lee-ward, and the carpenters stood by the mast. They were all ready, when a very violent sea broke right on board, carried every thing upon deck away, filled the ship with water, the main and mizen-masts went, the ship indeed righted, but was in the last struggle of sinking. Rosse ordered the foremast and bowsprit to be immediately cut away, when, horrible to relate! two seamen and poor Rosse!—the undaunted—the intrepid—the brave—the skilful Rosse, was swept overboard.

A wild shriek of men, as if in the height of despair, burst from those immediately on the spot, who witnessed this sad and ominous stroke.

As day advanced, the weather seem’d to abate,  
And then the leak they reckon’d to reduce,  
And keep the ship afloat, though three feet yet  
Kept two hand and one chain pump still in use,  
The wind blew fresh again: as it grew late  
A squall came on, and while some guns broke loose  
A gust—which all descriptive power transcends—  
Laid with one blast the ship on her beam ends.

There she lay, motionless, and seem’d upset;  
The water left the hold, and wash’d the decks,  
And made a scene men do not soon forget:  
For they remember battles, fires, and wrecks,  
Or any other thing that brings regret,  
Or breaks their hopes, or hearts, or heads, or necks:  
Thus drownings are much talk’d of by the divers,  
And swimmers who may chance to be survivors.

Immediately the masts were swept away,

Both main and mizen, first the mizen went,  
The mainmast followed; but the ship still lay,  
Like a mere log, and baffled their intent.  
Foremast and bowsprit were cut down, and they  
Eased her at last (although they never meant  
To part with all till every hope was blighted),  
And then with violence the whole ship righted.  
*Byron.*

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,  
Then shriek'd the timid, and stood still the brave,  
Then some leap'd overboard with dreadful yell,  
As eager to anticipate their grave;  
And the sea yawn'd around her like a hell,  
And down she suek'd with her the whirling wave,  
Like one who grapples with his enemy,  
And strives to strangle him before he die.

And first one universal shriek there rush'd,  
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash  
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hush'd,  
Save the wild wind, and the remorseless dash  
Of billows; but at intervals there gush'd  
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,  
A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry  
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

*Byron.*

DALY at the instant of the fatal catastrophe reached the deck; he had been below, at the earnest desire of the captain as well as of Rosse, doing every thing in his power to alleviate the distresses of the poor women, whose screams were frequently heard, and which added horror to the conflict between the ship and the elemental strife, which every instant threatened her with total destruction.

Although in this trying scene, Daly has not been a prominent character, yet, it must here be remarked, that he had ably assisted both the captain and Rosse in their strenuous and intrepid endeavours to battle with success their terrific visitation; and at the pressing entreaties only of the captain, had he given way to Rosse's taking his place, as second in command.

From witnessing a scene which had harrowed his feelings to a degree of intensity, to describe which the powers of description are utterly inadequate, he had now to receive a shock equally dreadful and appalling.

Death, it is truly said, levels all distinctions, and in most cases it may be applied to the fear of it.

The hopelessness of their case was a sufficient cause for the allaying all animosities, and the female portion of those on board were locked in each others arms, praying for mercy in a future state; and mutually forgiving each other for real and supposed injuries.

Here lay our heroine worn and haggard with long suffering, yet resigned piously to her apparently approaching dissolution; whilst near her was Mrs. Smith, in all the horror of despair and anguish, and piteously imploring the forgiveness of our heroine, for the many insults and bad intentions she had been guilty of towards her.

The cry of 'the lieutenant and two men overboard' fell on his horror-struck ear as he stepped on the deck, and he was seized with the most agonizing sensations; for a moment he staggered, reeled, and nearly fell; but the extremity of their need, now so much increased by the loss of Rosse, roused his suspended faculties—he gathered to himself, with a desperate effort of mind, those energies, which in fact he possessed in an eminent degree.

As soon as the captain saw him, he exclaimed, "poor Rosse! ah! Daly, we are gone at last."

At this moment the ship was heard thumping and grinding under their feet.

"My God! sir," exclaimed Daly, "the ship is ashore."

"What do you say?"

"The ship is ashore, and we may save ourselves yet."

"I doubt it," but a shock which she received at the moment, was so loud and so violent as to leave no doubt on the minds of every one that such was really the fact.

In this dreadful emergency the ship fell on her starboard side, with the gun-wale under water.

The violence with which she struck the ground, and the weight of her guns, those on the quarter deck tearing away the bulwark, soon made the ship a perfect wreck abaft; whilst the most pitiful cries were heard between decks, when those who were there gave themselves up to inevitable death.

Every stroke threatened a total dissolution of the ship: she was upon a bed of rocks, mountains of them on one side, and Andes of water on the other.

All who could, by their own efforts, now rushed upon deck; and the friends of those unable to do so eagerly assisted them; the foremost among these was Daly, who, when he reached the place where Helen lay, met the faithful dog Ocean, dragging her in a state of insensibility from it. He seized her in his arms, and soon succeeded in reaching the deck, where it was necessary for all to cling fast to some part of it, to prevent being washed away by the surges, or hurled, which many were, by the dreadful concussions overboard; some held fast by the larboard bulwark of the quarter-deck and in the main channels.

Daly and Helen, with the dog Ocean, and the other women and officers, were near the stump of the mizen mast; the captain laying hold of it and standing on the cabin skylight grating, using every soothing expression to all around, calculated to encourage them in their perilous situation.

Helen, from the effect of the water thrown over her, revived sufficiently to behold the terrific scene.

Daly's arm was round her waist, and her own round the neck of the dog, to whom she as instinctively clung, as he kept a firm hold of her dress. "Oh, God! where is Rosse?" were her first words; "I do not see him!—he has perished!—Oh, let me also perish!—Save yourself, Mr. Daly!—Leave me to my fate!"—And she made an effort to extricate herself from his hold.

"I live but for you!" exclaimed he, "and I will die with you, if such is to be your fate; if, therefore, you value my life—if it is at all dear to you, show it, by allowing me to use my endeavours to save you." He pressed her still closer to him, she leaned on his shoulder, and wept and groaned bitterly.

It was resolved at last, the weather moderating a little, and the land appearing at no great distance, to get out the boats, into which many were eager to crowd. Helen wished also to go, but Edmund held her back.

"Not for worlds," said he; "let us remain on the wreck, it is our only chance for escaping; if the ship holds fast, the weather may become calm and we shall have many resources to get to land."

He was right, all who quitted the ship perished in the violence of so tremendous a sea as they had to encounter; and the shrieks of the unfortunate individuals fell with terrifying power on the survivors; whose hopes of escaping were diminished still more by them; and who echoed back the awful announcement of their destruction, by groans of pity and despair.

"I thought how it would be," said an old sailor; I can swim well, and a little less surf, even now, would tempt me to venture towards the land."

"So it would me," answered the boatswain; "and your honour, ah! your honour," addressing Daly, "if I can assist you in saving Mrs. Rosse, command my services; yet, what a sea to swim in! I fear we shall all go at last though!"

"Do what you can," said Daly, "my good fellow, for I see we must prepare for the worst."

"Aye, sir, the ship will soon go to pieces; and I advise you to fasten that rope round Mrs. Rosse, and also to the dog, here is a knife to cut it."

"Thank you! thank you! a lucky thought."

This he with much difficulty did, the dog looking with a seeming pleasure on the action.

We shall here pause in this dreadful narrative, and merely relate, that within half an hour after the ship had struck on the rock, her timbers separated, and in an instant all were overwhelmed in the roaring and alternately mounting and sinking waters.

Daly had prepared the mind of Helen for the critical moment; and he had but just tightened the rope about his own body as well as those of Helen and the dog, when it happened.

Providentially, Helen did not lose her senses at the time; but tightened her hold on the shaggy coat of the dog.

As they were all thus precipitated into the water together, so together they arose; Edmund begging her, for God's sake, to be firm. Billow after billow buried them for a short space of time; and many a severe blow from the broken pieces of the vessel, did they receive, as Ocean swam towards the land, in which he was materially aided by the fierce contention of Edmund, to second the noble brute's efforts for their preservation.

The instinct of the animal led him to an inlet between two rocks, the entrance of which, after many a struggle, they at last reached.

Edmund still continued his efforts to cheer Helen.

The water became less turbulent as they entered the inlet; though all that he could see was that the body of Helen, at least, bore him and the dog company; the latter dragging her along like a log on the water; the rope which was so closely fastened to him being sufficient to bear her weight; her head lay on her arm which was still across the back of the dog; and to the reiterated cries of Edmund to keep her head up, and be of good cheer, she was unable to attend; she heard him, indeed, but nature was so exhausted that every effort she made to effect his wishes was abortive.

He, on his part, rejoiced to see that she was still able to hear him, and that at least life was not extinct.

The water became smoother and smoother as they advanced, and to his inexpressible joy, he soon beheld a level green sward, a few hundred yards distant. This gave him fresh courage.

“We are safe!” exclaimed he, “bear up but a little longer, my dear friend;” but she was by this time insensible.

Daly’s hopes, however, revived as he neared the desired landing-place, and the dog appeared to participate in his joy, by making that peculiar moaning noise, which is characteristic of the canine race, when excited by pleasurable feelings.

At last both Daly and Ocean found a footing. He caught Helen in his arms, having first disengaged her from the dog, which bounded on shore, shook himself, and leaped for a minute or two for joy, and then lay down panting with fatigue.

Having borne Helen some distance from the water’s edge, and gently laid her in an elevated position on a bank, Edmund fell on his knees, and blessed Almighty God for their miraculous preservation; he reiterated his exclamations of “my dearest friend, we are safe!”

Helen slightly opened her eyes and directed them towards heaven; but nature was too much worn out to continue it, and she again sunk into a state of insensibility.

He pressed her to his bosom in a delirium of excited joy; whilst Ocean, who had by this time recovered from his fatigue, leaped, frisked, and otherwise expressed his pleasurable sensations, in a manner equally energetic to that of his master; nor would he cease till Daly had caressed and praised him freely for his noble efforts, in having so materially contributed to their present altered situation.

Daly now began to use his utmost efforts to restore the suspended animation of Helen; he therefore raised her and placed her in a position calculated to make her void the water, of which she, as well as himself, had taken a large quantity. The dreadfully wet and exhausted state they were both in, rendered them most pitiable objects: whilst the roaring of the sea and the wind in the distance, added to the horrors of their forlorn condition.

Daly expected, however, that at least a few of the unfortunate individuals, who had been overwhelmed in the deep when the ship went to pieces, had reached the shore in safety, and that by and bye they should meet and assist each other in getting to some friendly habitation, and ultimately see their native land once more; he, therefore, felt but little uneasiness on this score; and, indeed, the all-engrossing thought of his having been instrumental in saving Helen from a watery grave, and his being now her sole protector, was the only one that continued to agitate his breast, and though in so dreadful a plight as he really was, he felt but little bodily inconvenience from it.

After several vain attempts, however, to bring the beloved of his heart to a state of sensibility, he began to feel alarmed; but by a continued perseverance in the means most suitable for so trying an emergency, to his inexpressible joy, she began to show symptoms of recovery; she opened her eyes, and looking wildly, uttered a shriek of surprize and agonized feelings at the situation in which she found herself placed.

“Dearest Helen,” cried Daly, in the tenderest and most endearing accents, “fear not! we have escaped; do not give way to unavailing sorrow; I am your only protector; and I beseech you, if not for my sake, for your own, rely with confidence on me.”

He continued thus, endeavouring to soothe her, whilst she, after many useless efforts to speak, implored him to pay some attention to his own wants as well as to her's, eagerly enquired if Rosse was indeed no more; and when informed of the certainty of his loss, she bewailed the unfortunate circumstance with sorrow as sincere as by heavy sobs and moans she loudly declared it.

Her memory of what had taken place for the last day or two was entirely gone, so great an effect had terror and affright had on her susceptible mind; and even still there was a look of wildness, hesitation and doubt about her, and an incoherency of expression, which gave pain to Edmund; nor could he but see and feel that their condition was still insecure from future danger and want, and totally destitute of the usual means of administering to the wants of an individual in Helen's condition.

The storm in the mean time had nearly spent its fury, and the sun which broke through the haze with its intensity of heat, proved in their present condition a welcome auxiliary, more immediately adapted to their wants.

Ocean, by shaking and rolling himself, was soon dry, and he formed a sort of pillow for the aching head of our heroine.

Edmund wrung his jacket, and laying it on the grass, it was soon sufficiently deprived of its moisture, to form a covering of no mean value to her.

The shawl which Helen had bound round herself, was also similarly improved; and thus, with sundry expedients which the necessity of their situation suggested, in a few hours they were, as far as it regarded the change of wet clothing, comparatively comfortable.

But Helen still continued in a half sleeping, half waking state, rather indifferent than otherwise to her fate, which Edmund, exhausted as he really was with fatigue, and with some slight degree of the feeling of hunger and thirst, endeavoured to amend by entreaties of the most rational, as well as endearing nature.

He pressed her to his bosom with ardent fervor and passionate tenderness, implored her to rouse herself from her present stupor, and live to be a world of happiness to him, whilst he imprinted a burning kiss on her lips, which had more effect than all he could say. Pale, wan, and disconsolate as she was, this action of Daly's made her face glow with a crimson blush of wounded modesty and fear; she struggled to free herself from his embrace; but the effort was useless: her head fell on his shoulder, and she trembled as she piteously fixed her eyes on him, as if gently reproving him, and daring him to repeat the liberty.

"Dearest Helen," said he, "why this agitation? why look with fear and doubt on me? are you not dearer to me than life? and can you imagine that I will abuse your confidence?"

He took her trembling hand; she burst into tears and exclaimed, "O Daly, protect me as well as save me! be my friend, be a brother to me. I know that poor Rosse is dead, that my legal protection is no more; but do not, oh! do not give me cause to imagine that with him, unhappy man! has perished all that kindness, all that respect which you have hitherto shewn to me; your conduct, your language is different; oh! spare, I beseech you, the unhappy being thus thrown in your power. If you would have me not to regret my having perished with those with whom we so lately associated, avoid even the appearance of doing any thing to recal those scenes of mental anguish, which but too often I have



experienced, and which in a moment like the present, presents a horror to my imagination, perfectly indescribable, and even awful.”

Daly started on his feet; there was an energy in her expression, and a daringness in her look that perfectly astounded him. He threw himself on his knees before her, and with accents of feeling and affection, addressed her thus: “Oh, Helen! is it possible! can I be so little known to you, that you should suppose for a moment that I would injure you? I should abhor myself for ever if I thought I was capable of willingly giving you a moment’s pain; my ardent passion for you might have indeed once have known no control, but your prudence, your virtue, taught me to bridle and subdue it to the exclusion of every thing in thought, word, or deed, that would militate against your honor, and consequently your happiness; no, my beloved Helen, for I must dare now call you nothing else, it is this hand alone that I covet, that I wish to be mine; your own heart is not more pure than my intentions towards you; and I swear by all that is sacred, implicitly to obey your wishes in every thing; do not therefore suspect me, if I should, in expressing my unalterable affection for you, do any thing to offend, you ever have, and shall have the power to restrain me even by a look from those dear eyes; but do not shut me out from your smiles; do not deny me the liberty to express that love which whether in life, or even at the gates of death, I feel it impossible now not to utter. Oh! if you knew what it has already cost me to confine it to my bosom, surely you would not refuse me so trifling an indulgence, and situated as we now are, alas! what energies shall we not have mutually to call forth to secure our ultimate preservation, from the perils we shall I fear have yet to encounter?”

The confidence of our heroine returned as he went on, and she blushing, and flatteringly said, “Be it as you say, Daly; but the melancholy and heart-rending scene of this morning, is but too fresh in my recollection, and too strongly imprinted on my mind, to answer you in all respects; wait till we are in a place of safety, and as your conduct shall have been to me till then, so shall mine be to you in return, viz., all that you can wish, or all that the heart of Helen, if you will call her so, can grant to her friend and preserver.”

It was with difficulty Edmund could restrain himself from clasping her to his beating heart; but fearing to alarm her, he only kissed her hand, and pressed it to his bosom with an extatic feeling of delight; his eyes told all he felt, and he only said: “My adored! my only adored Helen! be it as you say; words cannot express the gratitude I owe you for this acknowledgement. Whatever trials and difficulties await us, I shall bear my portion of them in the hope of so blessed a reward, and it shall be my earnest study to deserve it; only place confidence in me, and fear nothing.”

The day was now advanced, and Edmund began to think it necessary to examine more minutely the spot where they were, in order, if possible, to find a place of shelter for the approaching night, and to look for the means of subsistence.

The spot on which the ship had been wrecked was near the entrance of the Orange River, on the western coast of south Africa, and not far from Cape Voltas, a distance of more than eight hundred miles from the Cape of Good Hope.

The verdant level on which they now were terminated in a point at each end; it was small in extent, and on either side was bounded by ridges of high rocks, from which sprung a rich foliage, as beautiful as it was variegated in form and colors.

The ridge nearest the land was higher, steeper, and more inaccessible than the one near the sea; and it was the first thought of Edmund to climb the latter, and find, if possible, some remnant, living or dead, of the unfortunate ship.

He perceived, as he thought, at no great distance, a path which would enable him to reach the summit with something like facility; and he requested Helen not to be alarmed at his brief absence.

In approaching the base of the rocks, near the apparent track, he discovered, to his great joy, a hollow in the rock, which struck him as being admirably calculated for his wants.

He entered, and found in it convenience to exceed his warmest expectation.

The bottom was covered with a thick layer of dried leaves, which had probably been blown thither from the surrounding trees and bushes, and was the accumulation of ages past.

So admirable a place of temporary refuge was a cheering sight to Edmund, and he eagerly retraced his steps to acquaint her with the joyful discovery, and to place her in a situation so very different and better than that in which he had left her.

As she beheld him running so fast towards her, she felt alarmed, and trembled with fear; but he soon dispelled her gloomy forebodings; and in a little time she found herself in a situation surpassing her anxious expectations.

Thus sheltered from the heat of the sun, which in the after part of the day produced a heat almost intolerable, as well as protected from every elemental accident; Edmund began to ascend the precipice. As soon as he was gone, Helen overcome with fatigue, fell into a sound and refreshing sleep, from which she did not awake till the return of Edmund, who pursued with great difficulty his purpose of reaching the summit of the rock; the obstruction from the thickness of the bushes, brushwood, &c., retarding his progress at every step; at length he attained his object; the route was a circuitous one, and he found that he must be at a greater distance from his lovely charge than he wished, he, therefore, felt a thrilling fear at the possibility of losing his way through the entangled road, on his return to her; but despair was not a concomitant in Edmund's nature, and he threw it off with ease, on recollecting with thankfulness his wonderful preservation in the morning.

In front of him he beheld the wide expanse of the mighty Atlantic, the hideous breakers extending beneath for about a quarter of a mile.

The sea still roared and broke over them with violence, and he eagerly endeavoured to discover if there were any remains of the ill-fated ship or her late gallant crew, but in vain! Not a vestige of either was to be seen, and his heart died within him, as all the horrible circumstances of the miserable scene rushed to his remembrance; he covered his face with his hands, and wept as he reflected on the unexpected, unfortunate, and mighty change which his present situation presented to his wondering mind; he fell on his knees, and offering a prayer of thanksgiving to the Almighty disposer of events for his truly wonderful preservation, implored his future protection.

On his right hand, at about a mile off, appeared the foaming torrent of the mouth of the river, many miles across, and the headland on the other of it, but just visible; on his left, to his mortification, he beheld a sheet of smooth water, of great breadth, and uncertain length, which separated the spot on which they were thrown from the main land.

The country beyond it appeared to be level, and covered here and there with bushes; but destitute of every object that might lead him to suppose the possibility of there being any habitation near it.

This, however, was the direction which they had evidently to take in their future endeavours to reach the Cape of Good Hope. Behind him, the still higher rocky eminences, precluded him from seeing what was beyond them; trees were, however, visible on the top, and at a little distance from him, on the same ridge where he stood, there were also trees; under the shade of which, he was glad to shelter himself from the burning rays of the sun.

His fatigue was so excessive, that it was with difficulty he could restrain himself from falling asleep; he felt also parched with thirst, and the cravings of hunger began to assail him: but the latter feeling was soon satisfied; for, on looking through the branches of the tree, to his heartfelt satisfaction, he found that it was the cocoa-nut tree. He quickly supplied himself with a sufficient quantity of the fruit for himself and the two beings he had just left; and retracing his steps with renewed vigor, was so fortunate as not to miss his way but in a trifling degree.

When he reached nearly to the bottom, he whistled, and forth bounded his faithful dog, the noise which he made in so doing, awakening our heroine, who startled with affright, and hid herself in a further nook of the rocky recess; but the well known accents of Daly falling on her ear as he approached, she went forward to welcome his return, and to bless him with the tidings, that in retiring, she had discovered a supply of clear water, which fell in chrystal drops from the roof of their present habitation.

Daly also had found, in the little deviation he had made from the path by which he ascended the rock, the plantain and a species of date tree, which together with some berries that were of an agreeably acid flavour, provided an abundant supply of the means of nourishment for them, during the temporary stay they were compelled to make, in order to recruit their strength, and otherwise fit them for their future exertions in endeavouring to regain their native land.

To their providential and welcome repast, they therefore applied themselves, filled alternately with hopes and fears as to the future destiny; yet thankful in the reflection how a merciful providence had rescued them from the very jaws of destruction.

The only valuable article Edmund possessed was his watch, which was an excellent one, and the knife which the boatswain had given him to cut the rope which he had fastened round the bodies of himself and his companions. The latter instrument was a treasure to him in his present situation, and though he had unintentionally placed it in his pocket when given to him, the usefulness of it was sufficient to banish every thing like regret at the forgetful action.

With it he scooped out a cocoa-nut shell, and going to that part of the cave where the water was, soon filled it, and allayed, by degrees, the feverish thirst which they both most acutely felt.

The sleep which Helen had enjoyed, added to the repast that she had just partaken, refreshed her much; but the continued exertions of Edmund during the day, as well as the want of rest and fatigue which he had undergone before the wreck took place, made it have a contrary effect on him; by degrees he fell fast asleep, his head falling on the shoulder of Helen, and his arm encircling her waist; she could not find it in her heart to forbid it, and when she herself felt uncomfortable from the weight on her shoulder,

enfeebled as all her limbs were by the horrid sufferings she had undergone, she gently removed his head, and folding her shawl in the form of a pillow, laid it in her lap.

In this situation she herself soon felt inclined to sleep again, and resting her head against the mossy side of the rock, fell as soundly in an oblivious state as the partner of her misfortunes.

Ocean, who had eaten heartily from the common stock, lay at their feet, and looked as happy and contented as if nothing particular had previously happened.

After sleeping more than two hours, Edmund awoke with a start, and in so doing, produced the same effect on our heroine.

She observed him looking round in a hurried manner, and eagerly enquired, "What is the matter? you look frightened—something is amiss."

"I do not know, my love," replied he, still looking round.

"Where is the dog? ah! he is not here."

"It was he that awaked me—he licked my face."

Just at this moment they heard him growling, they looked towards the entrance of the cave, and saw Ocean coming towards them, when he suddenly stopped, and looking backwards, seemed to invite them to follow him.

Edmund readily perceived his meaning, and requested Helen to remain alone for a few minutes. She acceded to it with much unwillingness and alarm, Edmund then followed the sagacious brute.

At the extremity of the green spot on which they were, were a number of low rocks, between the crevices of which, to his horror, he beheld the dead bodies of the boatswain, and the sailor Ned, whom we have heretofore mentioned.

The dog had evidently brought them further inland, and now having shown them to Daly, he began to use his further efforts in getting them still onward. Edmund assisted him, and when completely ashore, he returned to Helen, informed her of the circumstance, and begged her to calm her fears, and remain where she was, it being his determination with the assistance of Ocean, whom he had left digging up the earth with his paws, to bury them.

This their united efforts, in a manner, after an hour's severe labor, they accomplished. Daly having first examined the pockets of the unfortunate individuals, and taken from them every thing that might be valuable to him in his future exertions to escape from their present desolate and solitary residence.

They had each a watch; though in a completely spoilt condition from the effects of the water.

His own, however, was in a state of complete preservation, and he found as well by it, as by the declining state of the sun, that the night would soon come upon them.

He wished to reascend the rocks in front, and to go further to the southward, in order, if possible, to discover the possibility of reaching the main land, without being compelled to swim across the sheet of water, which had appeared to him, to separate them from it.

There was, however, not time sufficient for it, and Helen objected to his leaving her alone; besides, the fatigue he had just undergone in covering the dead bodies of the poor mariners, rendered him unequal to the task; and he sat down by the side of Helen, and endeavoured to cheer her jaded spirits, by as enlivening conversation, as under his own depression of mind he was enabled to be master of.

In the contemplation of her loveliness, he could not but now and then express himself with all the ardor and fervency which his passion dictated to him; and which the impetuosity of his nature prompted him to evince in a manner which made the timid and blushing Helen tremble for her security.

He had placed his head on her lap, and clasped her round the waist.

Helen smiled at his assurance, and said, "Because I allowed you these liberties in pity before, you take it for granted to continue them."

He answered only with a sigh; and a look which forced her compliance.

He again fell asleep, and Helen contemplated with mingled emotions of fear and gratification every outline of his beautiful and expressive countenance; she had never before had an opportunity of doing so with so much impunity, as she had always, from the fear of the detection of her own latent passion for him, shrunk from the attempt; his own brilliant and searching eye, aiding, as it always did, in making her avert her face from his ardent gaze; she remembered her own father, whom she had always considered to be the most handsome man she had ever beheld; but the palm of superiority she could not but award to the face which she now looked down upon.

The harsh and rugged features of Rosse forced themselves on her unwilling remembrance, and she felt unable to resist a gush of tears, as her present critical situation came involuntarily in contrast with those scenes and trials of her fortitude and virtue, which had so frequently and so recently occurred: "Great God!" she mentally exclaimed, "to what am I doomed! What an awful situation am I now placed in! Ah, Rosse! to thy obstinacy I must alone attribute it; though I regret thy loss in as much as it has thrown me on the mercy and honor of him whom thou hadst reason, often enough, to condemn on my account; but in my honor thou hadst faith, and though thou art no more able to feel the pangs of a jealous heart; yet I trust I shall be able to resist temptation, when there is no one to upbraid, as equally as I did when a hundred eyes were on me, eager to accomplish my utter ruin and degradation."

"Yes," thought she, as she still gazed on the placid countenance of her lover, "I own the sway which thou, bold and gallant youth, hast over this trembling and fearful heart; but surely thou wilt not abuse that power which providence has been pleased to place in thy hands, over a weak, a confiding and an unfortunate woman."

Thus with an intensity of mingled emotions of fear and pleasure, she watched over her sleeping preserver, who awaking, beheld with rapture the lovely and blushing face of Helen above him.

He clasped her still more firmly to him, and raising his head, rested it on her bosom; he felt that she trembled, but speak he could not.

"The day is far spent," said Helen, faintly, and with fearful agitation; "I should be glad to walk a little."

She struggled to free herself from his still more ardent embraces.

He imprinted a thousand burning kisses on her cheek; when with an effort of anger, and a look of the most desperate defiance, she freed herself from him.

"Mr. Daly, what mean you by this? Is it consistent—is it proper, in the situation Heaven has been pleased to place us? do you desire to make me wish that I had rather been overwhelmed by the tempest, than be situated as I am?" She averted her face, and burst into tears: Daly prayed for forgiveness, and promised to be more prudent for the

future; protested in his integrity, and calmed by degrees the agonized feelings of his lovely and virtuous companion.

The night passed more tranquilly than either expected. Edmund lay at some distance from Helen, whilst Ocean kept guard at the entrance of the cave.

They arose early in the morning refreshed and invigorated by sleep, and having partaken of the remains of the former repast, Helen felt desirous to examine the localities of the spot on which they were for the present situated. Edmund, unwilling to baulk her inclination, and hoping, that by witnessing the extent of the trial which they had yet to encounter, in getting to the mainland in the southerly direction, she would be better prepared for it, gladly accompanied her, and with the assistance of Ocean they soon reached the summit, from which Edmund had become acquainted with their true situation. They went to the extremity of the eminence, and saw that there would be no great difficulty in approaching the edge of the water, which it would be necessary for them to swim across, as their path gradually descended towards it. The opposite precipice kept its perpendicularity, and jutted far into the water; but the beams of the rising sun on the surface, where not interrupted by it, shewed that the country in the rear could not be very mountainous.

"It must be from this spot, my love," said Edmund, "that we must venture to reach the opposite shore."

Helen trembled at the words, and faintly articulated, "we shall sink ere we arrive at half the distance, Daly—we must prepare for death if such is your determination."

"Nay, nay—what be a coward after the performance of yesterday? The water is smooth, you see; and here is Ocean to assist us, who is a host in himself—see! he wags his tail and appears to understand what we are talking about—come, come, success is certain."

"Let us go back now," said Helen, with a faltering voice; and Edmund complied with her wishes; determining, however, not to remain on the spot longer than the present day, knowing, but too well, that the longer they delayed, the more difficult the enterprize would appear.

The day and following night passed without any thing particular occurring. Daly prepared every thing for the hazardous attempt on the morrow, unperceived by Helen. He felt assured of success, provided he could secure her head being kept above water; which he did not doubt but that he should accomplish, by the manner in which he intended to fasten the rope to the dog, whose strength, courage and nobleness, in their late desperate and trying struggle were so conspicuous and consolatory.

He could have wished that some other means might be adopted to get a footing on the mainland; but after searching for several hours in every direction, he found there was no alternative. He, however, penetrated to the end of the descending path-way to the very edge of the water into which they would have to plunge, and found that it terminated in a smooth sandy beach. The water was fresh, but of a disagreeably brackish taste and altogether unfit for use.

Early on the next morning our future travellers were descending the rocks, for the purpose of putting their perilous enterprize into execution. Edmund cheering his drooping and trembling partner with assurances of ultimate success, and bidding her to look on Ocean, who frisked about and bounded before them with looks and motions corroborative of his assertions.

The distance was about two miles, though in appearance it was much less. He bid her observe also the calmness which reigned and magnified the distance, which, in the terrific strife of the elements, they had already encountered; and though surrounded by a thousand other dangers, yet they had succeeded in reaching the shore in safety.

"What a trifle in comparison," said he, "have we now to perform! He kissed her tenderly, yet respectfully, as they approached the edge of the water on which the rising sun was shining, and producing an effect which made it look like a mirror of burnished gold.

"Oh! Edmund!" cried Helen, "I fear the worst, but I have every confidence in you; I will willingly risk all with you; but, should I perish and you should survive me, do justice to my memory and to my character, when, more fortunate than myself, you shall have arrived in England and behold my friends:" she could utter no more, her heart was full. It was the first time she had called Daly by his christian name, and his heart thrilled with a sensation of extatic pleasure, at so familiar and endearing an appellation.

"Nay, beloved Helen, fear nothing;" he replied, "there is no danger."

Being arrived at the sandy beach, Edmund advised her to remove some of her dress, as much as decency would permit. He stripped himself to his shirt and drawers: Helen demurred at first, but he convinced her of the propriety of following his example.

He then wrapped all the superfluous articles in the shawl of his companion, whose agitation encreased as they prepared for their hazardous enterprize.

The bundle was secured on the back of the dog, and the rope being fastened to him as well as to Helen, gave the former sufficient tether to swim freely; and advising Helen to rest one arm on his neck and the other on himself, they then knelt down and prayed fervently to the great author of their being, for a successful issue to their perilous attempt.

Ocean was impatient for the plunge, and appeared to understand perfectly the nature of the proceeding.

Having waded a considerable way into the water, which was extremely shallow to a great extent, and consequently would much lessen their labour; they at last lost their footing, Daly cheering Helen at every moment, with shouts of admiration at her courage, and assurances of ultimate success. She did indeed deserve his praises, and bore for a long time without a murmur the unpleasant sensations and symptoms of approaching feebleness, which she soon began to experience.

Edmund boldly urged his way forward, and the greatness of the occasion, as well as the mighty stake which he felt he had in it, seemed to renew his vigour as he cleaved with a stout heart and energy the liquid element.

Having succeeded in getting about two-thirds across, Edmund perceived that her spirits, as well as strength, began to flag: she could but just answer yes or no to his questions, and merely look with an expression of despair as he bid her behold the wished-for landing place. He felt a little alarm, which was considerably increased when he beheld her recline her head on her arm, and appear to be in a state of insensibility. He began to give way to a feeling of despair, and to upbraid himself with temerity and fool hardiness in forcing the lovely partner of his misfortunes into so desperate a situation, and resolved, that should she perish, he would not survive her; but when his agonized feelings had reached a point almost beyond endurance, to his inexpressible joy, he beheld the sandy bottom of the water, and found a safe footing at a considerable distance from the shore.

To be on dry land with his precious charge was soon accomplished, and lifting his eyes to heaven and kneeling, he thanked, with feelings of devout gratitude, his merciful creator, in having thus further preserved them from a watery grave.

Helen soon revived from her stupor, and fell, with a bursting heart of thankfulness, on the bosom of Daly, who pressed her to it with an equal degree of joy and happiness.



## CHAPTER XIX.

I'll be thy crutch, my Helen, lean on me,  
Weakness knits stubborn while it's bearing thee;  
And hard shall fall the shock of fortune's frown,  
To eke thy sorrows, ere it breaks me down.  
*Clare.*

OUR travellers having escaped from so many perils, could not but feel supported and buoyed up with the most sanguine hope, that every important difficulty was either actually removed, or that the same providence which had miraculously preserved them amidst dangers greater than human capability could reasonably expect to be able to surmount, would bear them through whatever should befall them in their still perilous, tedious, and almost unknown journey which they had yet to make.

Daly having among other necessary qualifications incumbent on him as an officer likely to attain the highest rank of preferment in the navy, deemed Geography to be a science of the utmost importance to study, was now capable from his knowledge of that science to make such deductions from their present local circumstances, as enabled him to proceed on their route in as direct a course as possible. He concluded, what in fact proved to be actually correct, that they were in the country of Caffraria; a miscellaneous and brief description of which, from a modern authority, may not be uninteresting, and which will materially conduce to the reader's perception of the future peregrinations of our almost worn-out, though now no longer despairing unfortunates.

Caffraria commences at the great fish river, which divides it from Albany in the Colony, and runs along the Indian Ocean, in a N.E. direction to the river Basse, which divides it from Tambookie country. It does not extend more than seventy miles up the country, or to the west, at least at the south end of it, being separated from the Colony and Bushmen country on that side by a chain of mountains. It abounds with mountains, woods, and water, and is far more populous than either the Bushmen, Coranna, or Namacqua countries. The people also are taller, more robust, and more industrious. Better shaped men were never seen. They are a warlike race, and many of them are greatly addicted to plundering. Like the Chinese, they consider all other people inferior to themselves, and suppose that Europeans wear clothes merely on account of having feeble and sickly bodies.

They have scarcely any religion; but some of them profess to believe that some great being came from above, and made the world, after which he returned, and cared no more about it. It is very probable that even this feeble ray of light was obtained by means of their intercourse with the Dutch boers during several ages. They consider man as on a level with the brutes with regard to the duration of his being, so that when he is dead there is an end of his existence.

When a Caffre wishes to marry, he invites the female to whom he is partial to his house, and makes a feast. If pleased with her, he negotiates with the parents to marry her, which negotiation chiefly relates to the number of cattle to be given for her;—if successful a day is appointed for the celebration of the nuptials. On the morning of that

day she appears, with only a little dress, in presence of the whole Kraal, walking past each person, with companions on each side of her. Then she turns her back towards her parents, intimating that to be the last time they shall see her in that state. Cattle are now killed, when they feast and dance as long as they last.

Polygamy is very general among them. The common people have seldom more than one or two wives, but their chiefs usually four or five.

When a Caffre is sick, they generally send for a person who is considered as a physician, who pretends to extract from the body of the sick, serpents, stones, bones, &c. At other times he beats them on the elbow, knees, and end of their fingers, till these are almost rotten—they sometimes also kill cattle in the way of sacrifice for the person—at other times the doctor pretends to drive out the devil and to kill him.

When their chiefs are long sick, they suppose it to be owing to the conduct of some person in the Kraal. To find out this person they employ some woman who is reported to be a witch, who, when the people are called out, walks round and round them, until she fixes upon the supposed culprit, and points him out; on which ants, formed into balls are brought, when one ball is put between the upper part of his thighs, and one under each armpit, to bite and torment him till he confesses; immediately on which he is put to death without mercy.

They are very expert in binding up an arm when broken.

A barbarous custom is prevalent among them of exposing their sick friends, who in their opinion are not likely to recover. They carry them to bushes at a distance from the Kraal, where they leave them, either to be devoured by wild beasts, or to die from want.

They bury none but their chiefs and their wives; others are thrown out to be devoured by the wild beasts. Should a person die accidentally in his own house, the whole Kraal is deserted.

When dying, they seem totally indifferent about it, and the spectators appear as indifferent as the dying; yet a Caffre will sometimes mourn for the death of a wife or a child. When he does so, he leaves his Kraal, separates himself from every one, and retires into a wood or lonely place, where he lives for a month or two in the manner of a hermit; after which he throws away his cloak and begs for another, on obtaining which he returns to his home.

Many of the Caffres travel into the countries which surround them, sometimes to plunder, at other times merely to gratify curiosity, and to bring back any thing they judge useful or curious. They always travel on foot, carrying no more than their cloak to sleep in during the night. On their return they entertain their friends by relating the most minute circumstance that happened—where and what they ate, where and what kind of water they drank, and every thing they saw or heard, and he who does not do so is despised. When any of them have visited Cape-town, on their return they used to describe how the people dressed, how they washed their mouths, their houses, &c., but never imitated or endeavoured to introduce any of their customs. They expressed surprise at many things which they saw, but never think the white men are more wise or skilful than themselves, for they suppose that they could do all that the white men do if they chose. They consider reading and writing as insignificant things of no use.

They are remarkable for retaining the history of their forefathers, their former kings and chiefs, and can relate them with great distinctness. When alone, they frequently

repeat all they know of former ages, and of friends who are dead, and sometimes weep while doing so.

Nothing is more disgraceful among the Caffres than for a man to lose or throw away his shield.

They are very faithful to any trust reposed in them.

Many of them are very hospitable to strangers, not waiting till they ask for victuals, but bringing it of their own accord, and setting it before them, and always of the best they have.

They never go fishing, fish being reckoned unclean, as are also tame fowls, swine, &c. They have no canoes or boats, even to cross a river by; this they perform by tying reeds together, in which they are floated over.

They often hunt wild beasts, by a whole Kraal turning out, and forming a circle round a large tract of land, and by gradually drawing in the circle, they enclose every beast which happens to be in that part within a narrow space. When this is effected, they leave one narrow opening, to which when the animal is advancing, they shoot him.

A party of Caffres happened once to enclose a very large ostrich, who advanced quickly to the opening in the circle of Caffres, and with one stroke of his foot, struck dead the Caffre who was nearest him, which excited universal alarm; and to this day, when a Caffre passed the spot, he makes a low bow as an act of reverence to it. Similar respect is paid to an anchor that was cast upon their coast, belonging to the Dodington or Grosvenor Indiaman, wrecked there, which rose from the following circumstance. A man who had wrought a whole day, endeavouring to break off a piece of iron from the anchor, happened to die that same evening. The Caffres supposing that his death was occasioned by something which proceeded from the anchor, not one of them has ventured to touch it ever since, but every one makes his obeisance to it as he passes. They are very superstitious. Should a person belonging to any Kraal be killed by lightning, none of the other Kraals will associate with that, accounting it an abomination.

Sometimes, in order to catch game, they make an enclosure with one entrance, over which they place a large bow, as an arch, with the string extended on a catch. The creature entering, and treading on a certain stick laid in his way, the string comes with violence from off the catch, and suspends him in the air.

When the wolf is troublesome, they suspend a piece of flesh on a bough, and place an assagay or spear in the ground, that the wolf when leaping to catch the flesh may fall upon it.

The Caffres have a tradition among them, that when some particular chief dies, they should drive an ox over his grave, and split his horns, and that afterwards this ox should be sacred, and die of old age. On his death his bones must be burned to ashes, and saluted in a solemn manner.

They have likewise a tradition, that their oxen originally came out of a hole in the Tambookie country, to which the Caffres continue annually to pay a tribute of gratitude for this blessing.

Their chief amusement is dancing; the men on one part, the women on the other—the former spring up and down, the latter only make motions with their heads. While dancing they bawl aloud in a disgusting manner. They likewise use instruments of music. One is a bow with a piece of quill fixed near one end of the string, on which they blow,

which makes an agreeable sound. The women have a calabash hung to a bow string, on which they beat, and sing in harmony with the beating.

The words they use are the names of friends, rivers, and places they can recollect; having no songs. They also make a kind of flute from the thigh bone of some animal, with which they give notice to each other of various affairs, such as when a meeting of the Kraal is desired.

In the time of peace the Caffres are fond of their children, but in the time of war they feel regardless of them, taking their wives with them, but leaving their children to their fate.

The chief amusements of the children, are imitating the men, in fighting with their assagays and bludgeons. They likewise employ themselves in making little gardens. Many of the boys are employed in attending the cattle. They are generally obedient and respectful to their parents, and these are not severe in their punishments.

If a man commit adultery, he may be killed by any one who is certain that he is guilty; and when the circumstance of the slaughter comes to the ears of any of the chiefs, they usually say, it is right that such a dog should be killed, as there are plenty of young ones, and no occasion to take another man's wife; indeed murder is generally overlooked, and when punished, it is chiefly owing to some aggravating circumstance in the case, and the punishment is only by fine. Theft is also punished by fine, and sometimes by beating with a rod, in which case the king is executioner. When a person is put to death, it is generally by stabbing him with their assagays or spears; at other times they split a tree in two pieces, and bending these backwards, place the criminal between them, which being let loose, crush the person to death on their returning to their former position, or hold him fast till he expires.

Caffres of superior talents, discover their superiority by making better assagays, or by discovering greater expertness in throwing them; others, in planning and making attacks on their enemies; others, by discovering more art in the construction of their gardens; and some likewise by greater fluency in speech.

In their private quarrels among themselves it is not difficult to bring them to a reconciliation, which is generally effected by the interposition of their friends.

There is a rule or law, sanctioned by custom, among the Caffres, which falls severely upon the poor females; viz. when a father dies, all his property is seized by his surviving brother, if he has left one; which property is applied solely to the support of the male children of the family, and when these come of age, the uncle delivers up the property of their father to them—but as for the widow and fatherless daughters, no provision is made for them. This is not very surprising, as it will be found in every country, civilized as well as barbarous, that men being the stronger party, and the makers of the laws, form them more favourably toward their own sex. Whatever knowledge of good, men in savage countries may have lost, in all countries they have retained the knowledge of their superiority to the other sex, and act accordingly.

The Caffres have unhappily discovered a method of making a liquor from corn or millet, resembling gin, with which they frequently intoxicate themselves, and having spears as their constant companions, they must in such cases be frequently very outrageous and dangerous.

The Caffre men do not encumber themselves with much dress, nor do they ever dress for the sake of decency, but merely to protect themselves from cold; for which

purpose they wear a cloak made of cow-skin, which they render almost as soft and pliable as cloth; others are made of the skins of wild animals, and all have the hair completely taken off; their colour is brown. The cloaks of the chiefs are made of tiger skins. When it rains at the time they are to milk the cows, they throw aside this cloak, because, say they, it is easier to dry our skins than our cloaks: they wear no covering on their heads: they have sandals on their feet, instead of shoes, which only protect the soles. Besides the loose cloak and sandals, the men have no other covering; which indicates a more barbarous state than any other nation. This state of nudity made the Matchappees at Lattakoo, who had seen a plundering party of them, speak of them as the greatest savages they had ever seen, and it served to intimidate them when the Caffres attacked them.

They carry constantly with them a walking stick, a club, and two or three assagays. When they go to war, or to hunt lions, they use a kind of oblong shields; they are remarkably fond of ornaments, having rings and beads on every part of their body; and on the crown of the head they wear a bunch of jackall's hair, fastened into a handle of brass. Their rings are of ivory, brass, iron, &c.

The women wear cloaks resembling those used by the men, tied round the middle of the body by means of leathern girdles; they generally allow the upper half to hang down behind, except in carrying their children on their back, when they bring up their cloak over them, and tie it round their neck, to prevent its falling. They wear caps made of the skin of an animal, which are long, becoming gradually narrower till they terminate in a point, which is ornamented with rows of beads. Both women and children wear small aprons of skin, of the same kind as their caps; they wear metal rings on their fingers and great toes, but no shoes or sandals. The richer sort sew rows of buttons on the backs of their cloaks, and on their shoulders a bunch of tails of different animals, especially of tigers and wild cats.

The men, but more frequently the women, adorn their arms, backs, and breasts, with rows of small scars. These are formed by piercing the skin with a pointed iron, and pulling it forcibly up under the skin, so as to make it remain prominent above the surface.

They prepare the hides of cows and oxen, with which they make their cloaks, by first rubbing off the flesh and blood from the inside by a certain kind of stone; after which they rub the hairy side with the juice of what is well known in the Colony by the name of Hottentot's fig, then with cow-dung, after which it feels smooth and soft, and has much the appearance of our cloth.

The Caffres use no tables, dishes, knives or forks at their meals, but every one helps himself, by the means of sticks, to the meat that is in the pot, and eats it in his hand. They obtain fire by rubbing one piece of wood of a certain kind against another; some, however, have tinder-boxes which they obtain from the colony. They have no carriages of any kind; the women are used instead of carriages, or pack oxen—they have no hens, or other domestic fowls, not considering eggs to be designed for food—nor have they any cats, preferring rather to be overrun with mice. Instead of chairs, they sit upon the skulls of their oxen, with the horns still united to them. They use salt when it can be obtained, but when it cannot, they substitute fresh cow-dung, which the old Hottentots do to this day. They are acquainted with the making of butter or cheese from milk.

The riches of a Caffre chiefly consist in his cattle, of which he is extravagantly fond; he keeps them as carefully as the miser does his gold; he never uses them as beasts of burden, except when he is removing from one place to another along with his Kraal,

and then they carry the milk bags or skin bags which contain milk. He is never more gratified than when running before his cattle with his shield, by beating on which the whole are taught to gallop after him. In this way he leads them out to take exercise, and those oxen which run quickest on such occasions, are considered his best; of these he boasts, and treats them with peculiar kindness.

They chiefly subsist upon milk; but in part also by hunting, and by the produce of their gardens; they sow a species of millet, which is known in the colony by the name of Caffre-corn. While growing, it very much resembles Indian corn, only the fruit grows in clusters, like the grape; the grain is small and round, and when boiled is exceedingly palatable. By parching it over a fire, it is found to be a very good substitute for coffee. The Caffres frequently bruise it between two stones, and make a kind of bread from it. To sow it is the work of the women; they scatter the seed on the grass, after which they push off the grass from the surface by the means of a kind of wooden spade, shaped something like a spoon at both ends, by which operation the seed falls upon the ground, and is covered by the grass, from underneath which withered and rotten grass, it afterwards springs up; they also sow pumpkins, water melons, &c. and use various vegetables, which grow wild. They cultivate tobacco, and smoke it, like the Matchappees, through water in a horn.

The men spend their days in idleness, having no employment but war, hunting, and milking the cows. The women construct the houses, inclosures for the cattle, utensils, and clothes; they also till the ground, and cut wood. They likewise manufacture mats of rushes, and neat baskets, wrought so close as to contain milk, but which are seldom washed or cleaned, except by the dogs' tongues.

They can reckon no higher than to a hundred. To keep in remembrance the number of their cattle, &c. they cut notches in wood, each notch meaning an ox or cow. They frequently cross deep rivers by driving in the cattle, and, laying hold of their tails, are dragged over by them.

They have names for many of the stars, and know when it is near ploughing time by the position of some of these. They consider a rainy and a dry season as a year; so that, when speaking of ten years, they would say ten of these seasons. They have no money, but cattle, and other articles of subsistence, are used in its place, by way of exchange.

The method of preserving corn till it is necessary to use it, is somewhat curious. They dig a large hole in the middle of their cattle-kraal, the entrance of which is narrow, but is enlarged under ground, according to the size requisite to contain their stock. To secure the entrance, they plaster it first over with damp dung of their cattle, over which they lay dry dung about a foot in depth, which becomes so firm that their cattle, when put into the kraal in the evenings, can walk over it without its sustaining any injury. They choose their cattle-kraal for placing their magazine in, on account of their considering it the most secure place, as their cattle being their most valuable property will be best guarded in the night time, or because, should a thief come among the cattle, the noise they would make would probably awake those who might be asleep. The neighbouring families borrow what remains, which they restore at the opening of their magazines.

The Caffres can live in those parts of the country where others cannot, because they seldom use water for drinking, drinking only milk, when it is nearly sour; consequently, however bad it may be, if their cattle will drink it, they are satisfied.

Their houses are built in the shape of a dome, formed of long sticks bent into that form, thatched with straw, and plastered in the inside with a mixture of clay and cow-dung. The entrance is low, seldom higher than two or three feet, having no chimney, the smoke proceeding from the fire, which is placed in the middle of the hut, must find its way out as it can, through the roof or by the door.

Caffraria contains of quadrupeds, the wolf, lion, buffalo, elk, large elephant, quacha, knoo, stag, hog, rhinoceros, sea cow, a variety of bucks, wild dogs, hedgehog, baboon, and various other creatures, among which are the lizard, and the camelion. Of the latter animal, it is commonly reported that it changes colour according to the substance on which it is placed.

We must now return to our narrative, in which the incidents which occur will still further develope the mode of life, manners, &c. of the savage inhabitants of the country through which the hero and heroine of the story were compelled to pass.

The efforts which Edmund had made in his successful passage across the water, which appeared in an easterly direction as far as the eye could reach, had nearly exhausted his strength, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he and his still weaker companion could reach a clump of trees that appeared at some distance on a rising part of the country, and which offered to them a welcome retreat from the scorching rays of the great luminary of heaven.

Often did Helen request to be allowed to lie down and die; but the energetic mind of Edmund was superior to all misfortunes, and he persevered, though with tormenting difficulty, till he reached the wished for resting spot. Helen sunk on the ground, faint from fatigue, heat and thirst; and Edmund was in a plight equally distressing; he placed the head of Helen on his arm, and lying down by the side of her, fell asleep. Ocean, the faithful partner of their misfortunes, and powerful aid in their hitherto wonderful preservation, followed his example; panting equally, from the effects of labour and heat.

After sleeping some time, a low moaning noise from the dog awoke them; Edmund much refreshed, but Helen so terrified and alarmed, that she looked as piteous an object as can be imagined only, and not described. Edmund, from the uneasy and restless manner of the dog, felt a strong suspicion that danger was near them; he imagined a crisis approaching, and determined to meet it with becoming fortitude and manly resignation.

Distraction and mental agony were visible on the countenance of his weak and lovely charge, and for her sake only, he feared the consequences.

The dog crouched at their feet, and a low and continued growl heightened their apprehensions of the coming alteration in their circumstances.

Edmund at length thought he heard voices in the rear; "They are human beings," said he, to Helen; "courage, courage, we must dare our fate—they may befriend us, and then all our dangers are over."

A strong smell scented the breeze, and the voices became more distinctly heard. Edmund almost dragged his trembling companion forward, and in a few minutes they came in sight of a party of twenty or thirty Caffres, headed by a chief, who stalked before them with uncommon dignity and assumption of authority. They were clothed in skins and armed with spears.

Immediately, on their beholding our poor fugitives, the Caffres set up a shout; the Chief restrained them, and advancing, addressed Edmund in his own language, which, of course, he could not understand; but recollecting that it was probable the Chief might

understand Dutch, of which language Edmund knew a little, he addressed him in it, and with the aid of a few signs they comprehended each other.

From the place where they had been wrecked, to avoid the windings of the coast, Edmund had directed his route by the way of the interior; besides, he deemed it much more probable, that the facilities of communication of Europeans with the natives would be by that direction than otherwise; and consequently he conjectured, that some signs of roads might discover to them the way they should go, and was more likely to bring them in contact with certain tribes, whose business led them to the Cape or other European settlement, and who probably so far civilized as to admit of some means of comprehending each other, and whose motives partook of civilization enough to allow of remuneration for services. In these ideas, he was correct, as it fell out; and this accounts partly for their preservation from murder, by very luckily falling in with a party of those natives, who usually traverse that large tract of country from east to west, denominated Caffraria, who roam over immense distances to barter their produce for European superfluities: The present party were at this time on one of these roving expeditions; so that providence seemed to interpose in directing their meeting thus opportunely with our unfortunates.

The Chief was a fine looking young man, and at the sight of Ocean, who slunk behind, his eyes sparkled with seeming indications of delight; he questioned Edmund as to how he came by the dog, and what brought him and his wife, for so he understood Helen to be, in their present situation; which were readily answered by Edmund, who described the distressing situation they were in, the fatigues and privations they had undergone, asked protection from him, and promised an ample reward if conducted in safety to Cape-town. With regard to Ocean, he told him that he had been mainly instrumental in saving both their lives, and he hoped that the animal might be equally the object of their compassion.

The predilection which both Caffres and Hottentots have for dogs is well known, and the value which they set on a good one is extremely great; so much so, that if one particularly pleases them, they will readily give two bullocks in exchange.

The young Chief said that he must conduct them to his father, before he could determine on any thing; that the tribe to which he belonged was at peace with the colony, but at war with the neighbouring tribe.

He then retired, and speaking to the rest of his companions, they separated; himself and four others then surrounded our hero and heroine, and told them that they must come with them.

Edmund endeavoured, by all the means in his power, to secure the friendship of the young Chief, who promised that no harm should come to them, if he could prevent it.

This was cheering to them both, but the exhausted state in which Helen was, made it a matter of the utmost difficulty for her to proceed; whilst the offensive smell, which proceeded from the almost naked and besmeared bodies of the Caffres, added to her distress in no small degree. At length, she said, "my dear Edmund, I can go no farther."

"Then," said he, "I must carry you, for

"We wrestle with our fate, like men condemn'd  
To die, if conquered, Gladiator like,  
We watch and ward, or opportunely strike:



We steer for bliss.”

and without allowing her to reply, he took her in his arms.

The young Chief smiled, and asked if she could not walk.

Helen endeavoured to dissuade Edmund from his purpose, and said, that in his own weak state she must be too great a burthen to him.

“You are, my beloved,” said he, “but a light burthen, and the dearest in the world to me—I feel an almost supernatural strength, arising, I imagine, from the excess of my hopes of future happiness.” But in spite of this excess of gallantry and love, he was glad when they reached the kraal or habitation of their guide, who introduced them to his father, an old man, whose countenance indicated much surprise at the circumstance.

The Caffre Chiefs may be considered as the nobility of that country, such as those in Europe when the feudal system prevailed. They are numerous, and possess considerable power and influence, but are all subordinate to the King, and are probably raised to that rank by him. The only way the Chiefs have of checking the King’s power is by withdrawing from his dominions, and carrying their people along with them. As no King likes to be without subjects, this practice often produces an accommodation.

The King has no income from the people, except the breast of every ox or cow that is killed, which by them is considered the most delicate part of the animal. When many of the King’s cattle happen to die, he goes to the Kraals of his Chiefs, and selects what cattle he pleases—they allow him to take them away, but they endeavour to steal them back as soon as possible.

None of the people dare kill any of their cattle till they first obtain a license from their Chief; of course the slaughter must come to the knowledge of the King, and it is thereby rendered more difficult to cheat him. On this account also the Kraals are all glad to entertain a stranger, not so much from love to the stranger, as to themselves, that they may have an opportunity of killing one of their cattle, which is always permitted on such occasions.

The old Chief pointed at the dog with most significant gestures; and Edmund was, to his grief and severe mortification, told that the price of their future protection, must be the gift of Ocean to his host.

Daly knew not what to say or do at the instant; he looked at Ocean, whose spirits appeared to have been broken down, from the moment of their meeting with the savage strangers, and all his valuable services rushed at once to the grateful mind of his fond master. He declared that he could not part with the faithful animal.

The young man answered that he feared to deliver such a reply to his father, and urged his consent, as the only means of securing, not only a safe conduct to the Cape, but even their lives.

Edmund shuddered at the evident danger they were now placed in, and strove with all his might to alter the determination of his savage host. He offered the watches, which he had taken from the pockets of the poor boatswain and his companion, as also the buttons on his jacket, in lieu of the animal, but in vain; the old man was inexorable.

Helen, who did not understand the conversation, at length, by the signs, gestures, and pointings to the object in dispute, guessed the truth, and eagerly demanded of Edmund if it were not so.

He was silent—he was unable to answer; and she, uttering a piercing shriek, fell to the earth as if dead. The Caffres looked on in silence, whilst Edmund assisted in recovering her from her faintness.

When come to herself, she threw her arms round Ocean's neck, and hugged him as if he were a fellow creature. Agonized by the most intense feelings at the thought of a separation from the poor animal, which had already rendered them more than human assistance, and which seemed to her about to be at last, for their sakes, offered up as a sacrifice—for such she deemed it—by being left among these savages; she had intended, in the fulness of gratitude, if they should arrive in England together, that poor Ocean evermore should 'eat of her bread, and drink of her cup,' she burst into tears, and being thereby somewhat relieved, was able to listen patiently to the reasonable arguments of Daly—that providence had bestowed the poor brute on them as a boon and a blessing, in making him the instrument of their preservation from a watery grave; and that he was to be the only peace-offering, to save them again from a violent death, now seemed evident, for he had offered every other inducement in his power as an equivalent; but the dog—nothing but poor Ocean—would appease them; and the utter futility of refusing what they could not retain, was evident.

"Oh, Edmund, see how our poor dear preserver regards your very looks, devours your words, and lives under your smiles—see how he crouches now to you for protection, he who but so lately contended fearlessly against the elements for us—all he seems to ask in return is, that he may but live and die with us and for us."

"Dear Helen, your gratitude prompts you to interpret with too much sensibility—remember he is but a brute; but as one of the most noble, valuable and sagacious of his kind, I shall not cease to recollect, and that he has been the preserver of my dearest Helen; still I hope to regain him at the expence, if necessary, of half my fortune."

The old Chief started from his seat in anger, and swore that he would do nothing for them if the dog was not yielded up to him as he required to his stipulation—the woman might keep it, he said, till they separated; and Edmund, in order to divert the attention of Helen from the distracting thought of parting with her preserver, gave her hopes that they might ultimately retain him.

She was partly consoled; and Edmund pressed the acceptance of the watches in return for some food, of which they were much in want.

The Caffres also were hungry, and accordingly a bullock was soon slaughtered, by knocking it on the head, and piercing its sides with their spears: it was stunned in a moment; and being cut up in lumps, they were placed on the fire rather to singe than to roast, and were devoured by the natives with great satisfaction; and even Edmund himself relished the food thus treated better than he imagined he should be able.

Helen partook of some milk and ostrich egg; and but for the great inconvenience of the smoke which filled the place, she soon became comparatively comfortable, though unable, from the excessive fatigue which she had undergone, to move a limb.

When victuals are brought, it is customary for the Chiefs to eat first, then the common people. The men never eat with the women; and the children eat with the mother.

On cutting up the animal, the Caffres paid great attention to its paunch, several of them laid violent hands on it; and after giving it a shake, for the purpose of emptying its

contents, they tore the greater part in slips, with their teeth, and swallowed the whole as it came warm from the beast.

These were disgusting scenes, but the horrors which our fugitives had beheld, and the inconveniences they had been compelled to submit to, rendered them of trifling moment, now that their prospects of future safety were brightening.

By the time the meal was concluded night was approaching; the wife of the old Chief and his daughter now came in the hut, and expressed much surprise, in their way, at the sight of their new visitors. The daughter appeared to be peculiarly pleased with the physiognomy of Edmund, and did every thing in her power to make Helen comfortable; she went out and fetched some more milk for her; it was contained in a small basket, curiously formed of rushes, and so compact as to be capable of containing any kind of liquid. She then began to churn butter, which operation was performed in the following manner: the milk was put into a leathern bag, which was suspended from the centre of the hut, and then pushed backward and forward by two persons, till it had arrived at a proper consistence; when thus prepared, they mix it with soot and anoint themselves with the composition, which though it proves an excellent defence against the intense heat of the climate, and renders their limbs exceedingly pliant and active, has the disadvantage of producing a stench almost intolerable to the more delicate olfactory organs of the European.

Skins were now prepared for them to sleep on, and though agitated by contending emotions of fear and hope for their future safety, and desirous of being watchful of the proceedings of their host and his family, yet so weary were they, so exhausted with the almost superhuman labours of the day, that sleep imperceptibly attacked them with its drowsy influence, and fairly conquered their unwilling minds, so that within an hour they were as oblivious of every thing around them as if they did not exist.

Edmund had observed with an unpleasant feeling the eyes of the young Chief often rivetted on his fair companion; though pale, emaciated, and but the wreck of her former self, she was still interesting, if not beautiful; and as she lay on the skin, her fair form so thinly clad had charms in it, which might excuse the young Caffre for admiring so beautiful a specimen of nature's masterpiece.

Helen was not aware that the skin on which she lay was to serve both Edmund and herself; he therefore saw her fast asleep before he ventured to lie down by her side. The whole family prepared themselves for rest, and lay huddled together as close as possible.

In the morning when the family began to stir, our heroine was the first to wake, and finding Edmund so close to her, she sprang up with a look of alarm and displeasure; Edmund also awoke, and seeing at once the cause of her angry looks, could not avoid smiling; and explaining his fears as to her safety, by degrees removed every impression of any indelicate intention on his part; he mentioned the young Caffre's apparent attentions and kind looks on her, and urged the propriety of their seeming to be man and wife, and even were it otherwise, it would be necessary to conform to the custom in every respect of the inhabitants, to avoid giving offence; she silently, though with a look of sadness, acquiesced.

The family having all left the Kraal, Edmund also retired from it, to allow Helen to avail herself of some alteration in her dress, which the expedient of fastening the

remainder of their clothes on the dog's back, gave her the privilege in some measure to do.

Ocean, by the kind treatment he experienced from the natives, began to get familiarized to them, and his activity and other good qualities returning, made himself more than ever the object of the Chief's cupidity.

It would seem as if this faithful animal had been destined in every trial which our two sufferers had to undergo, to be the means of their preservation.

Edmund was eager to depart, and the old Chief promised him a guide who was well acquainted with the route, whilst his son offered his services for some distance; still, when Edmund looked at the weak frame of Helen, and saw the ravages which every day made on her delicate constitution; when he reflected that without shoes, for those essential necessities for travelling had been lost in their escape from the wreck, what dangers they had yet to encounter, having to travel many hundred miles over unknown countries, to ascend mountains of stupendous elevation, to penetrate woods, traverse deserts, and ford rivers; and barefooted to combat all these difficulties, he felt his hope of ultimate success staggered even at the onset, and his own stout heart felt a pang of despair, which for the sake of the piteous and beloved object on which his eye ever rested, he wished to have been but imaginary and chimerical.

Besides the guide whom the Chief had appointed, one of the former's companions asked permission to accompany them, having a wish to see the settlement, as well as to be acquainted with the route to it: it was granted, and about noon on the third day, having but little preparation to make, the party left the Kraal for their perilous expedition.

The old Chief, his wife and daughter, and the other Caffres appeared to view their departure with an appearance of regret; Edmund took the old Chief by the hand, and thanked him for his great and friendly attentions to himself and his unfortunate companion, assuring him at the same time, that should he survive the journey, it should be his first consideration to render him and his people some essential service.

The old man thanked him, and desired him to place the utmost confidence in the guide and his companion, as they would certainly advise them for the best.

Having exchanged these mutual civilities, they gave one another a last and affectionate adieu.

The guide was an intelligent young man, and could make himself easily understood.

"On no account," he said, were they to travel early, as the wild beasts invariably rose with the sun, and roamed the deserts in search of their prey, and as they were armed only with a spear each, a single lion, leopard, or panther, would be more than a match for the whole party, and easily destroy them.

It became highly necessary, therefore, that they should never stir till these animals had satisfied their hunger, and had retired for the day.

This was dreadful intelligence, but Edmund kept it from the partner of his misfortunes, who did nothing but weep and reflect on the misfortune of having lost poor Ocean, who when they departed happened to be out with one of the Caffres; she consequently was spared a parting scene, and she saw him no more; but to forget him, or cease to regret his loss, she found to be impossible, for the remainder of her life.

Their route still continued inland, as the water near the coast is generally brackish, and they soon reached a part of the country beautifully variegated with hills, dales, and extensive plains, finely watered and wooded.

The grass was of an extraordinary height; but in the course which they pursued, not a human footstep could be traced; and neither cattle nor sign of cultivation could be observed.

They were not interrupted by any beasts of prey, though traces of their being in the vicinity were constantly to be seen.

Having travelled for several hours, they began to feel the want of water, and searching for this indispensable aliment with the utmost anxiety and attention, they fortunately discovered, just before sun-set, a brook which ran near the corner of a wood; and here it was determined they should rest for the night.

They began, therefore, to prepare a sufficient quantity of fuel. The wood was chiefly composed of trees that partook in some degree of the nature of the thorn. They cut several and arranged their fires. One of the Caffres struck a light, and in a few moments the whole was in a blaze.

The tinder which he provided was of a particular description, consisting of a pitchy substance, which is extracted from a reed, and so tenacious of fire, that a single spark from the steel caught it in an instant.

The place which they had fixed upon to rest during the night was much infested with leopards, and every precaution was, therefore, taken, by enlarging the fires, and adopting other necessary measures for their preservation.

Neither Edmund nor Helen felt disposed for sleep under such dreadful intelligence; but such is the powerful influence of Morpheus over the harassed soul, that though determined to keep awake, yet they were soon relieved from all sense of danger by gently falling into a sound sleep, in which they remained in perfect security until the morning.

No sooner, however, had the sun peeped above the horizon than they were all roused by the tremendous and terrific roaring of lions and other wild beasts.

Never had individuals been in a situation more truly alarming; had they been discovered during the night, they must have been torn to pieces, as not an individual could attend to the watch, or keep awake even for an hour. They congratulated each other on their fortunate escape, and set off as quickly as possible.

Here the young Chief left them, with expressions of much good will, and strong advice to their guide and his companion. He took the hand of Helen, and laughed heartily at its smallness, and her blushing timidity.

The little party soon arrived at the bank of a small river, which, being nearly dry, was crossed without difficulty. They at last reached the top of a hill, from whence the country through which they had to pass was visible to a great extent.

It consisted of several beautiful vales, clothed with long grass, small clusters of trees; and in other places, forests of considerable extent appeared, skirting mountains of various elevations.

In the course of the day they were much distressed for the want of water, and lost much time in pursuit of it; and, indeed, they began to despair of finding any; at length they discovered a small rivulet, and though the water was not good, yet it was a great relief to them in their exhausted state.

Edmund observed with the most painful emotions, that Helen grew worse in appearance daily; she complained but little, and seemed to be more careless of what might happen to her than he wished; he did every thing in his power to cheer her drooping spirits, and painted in glowing colors, the hopes which they might expect to see soon realized, if they did not flag in their efforts, to conquer the few remaining difficulties.

She could only answer with a despairing look, or an expression any thing rather than indicating an equal participation of so pleasing a result, as he anticipated.

They remained wrapped up in their skins during the night, under a clump of trees, having as usual, made a large fire to prevent the attacks of the common enemy in those parts, the wild beasts; and were so fortunate as again to escape any attack from them.

On the next day they had to proceed through a wood of considerable extent, which they accomplished with extreme difficulty; often in the midst of it did our heroine request Edmund not to proceed further, and she even gave slight indications of an aberration of intellect.

Edmund's heart bled for her; he assisted her as much as possible, and was glad when their guides allowed them to rest, for they had pushed them forward to the utmost through the wood, magnifying the danger of remaining in it at every step.

The want of shoes was a dreadful circumstance; the pieces of skin tied round their feet being but a poor substitute, whilst compelled to make such prodigious efforts to effect their escape from so many real, as well as imaginary terrors.

They here fell in with a horde of Caffres, who appeared at first inclined to treat them roughly, but the guides being known to one or two of the party, they were not molested.

The women took a lively interest in behalf of our heroine, and presented her with a basket of milk—a precious boon, and one which refreshed her much.

After having rested for an hour or so, their guide urged them to pursue their journey.

Helen begged piteously for a further respite, but the guide was inexorable: he told them he would not be answerable for their safety if they remained where they were, as the Caffres who had just passed them belonged to a bad tribe; they might change their minds, and return and attack them.

Edmund could not deny the justice of such reasoning, and after many kind and flattering persuasions, succeeded in overcoming Helen's excusable opposition to the advice of their guide.

The following event proved that the opinion of their guide was correct; for they had not proceeded above a mile or two, when they were suddenly attacked by three of the savages, who had returned in hopes of making our little party an easy prey.

They demanded from them whatever articles they possessed, which consisting only of a small stock of provision and their clothes; they were at once firmly denied.

The sight of these ruffians had an instantaneous effect on the forlorn Helen, and uttering a piercing shriek, she fell insensible to the earth.

Fortunately the guide and his companion were highly courageous, and Edmund was not wanting in ably seconding them in their determination to resist their insolent demands.

The savages brandished their spears, and appeared by their gestures, to menace the destruction of the weary travellers; they stood in a daring attitude, and a more finished picture of horror to a timid mind perhaps could not be conceived; they wore Leopard's skins, and their black countenances were bedaubed with red ochre, their eyes inflamed with rage, appeared as if starting from their sockets, their mouths were expanded, and they gnashed their teeth and grinned with all the fury of exasperated demons; but the determined coolness of Edmund and his two companions, had the effect of intimidating these barbarians, and with horrid grimaces and threats of returning to the attack, they slunk off.

Edmund now attended to Helen, who was with great difficulty recovered from her excessive fright, and advancing to the top of an elevated spot of ground, a scene of the most extensive and luxuriant nature burst in a moment on their view.

The danger they had just escaped engaged their attention so entirely, that they did not immediately perceive the world of beauties that lay spread before them.

Edmund stood for some time in a state of rapture and amazement, and even the pallid countenance of Helen herself, weak, distressed and miserable as she was, was lighted up by a gleam of pleasure and apparent hope, as she beheld the glorious scene.

The country was mostly level, yet pleasingly diversified with gentle elevations, on the top of which they could perceive clumps of the mimosa tree, and the sides clothed with shrubs of various denominations.

A thousand rivulets seemed to meander in this second Eden; frequently skirting or appearing to encircle a plantation of wood; then suddenly taking a different direction, glided through a plain of considerable extent, until it came to a gentle declivity; here it formed a natural cascade, and then, following its course, proceeded in an endless variety throughout the whole of the country.

As they stood gazing on this sylvan scene, they perceived innumerable herds of animals, particularly of the species of the gazelle, scouring over the plains; some darting through the woods, others feeding, or drinking at the rivulets. As far as the eye travelled in pursuit of new beauties, it was most amply gratified, until at length the whole gradually faded on the view, and become lost in the horizon. They were so wrapt in extacy in the contemplation of this beautiful landscape, that they forgot their danger, and remained too long upon the mountain. They at length descended, and proceeded on their journey.

Before the day closed they fixed on a place where they were to remain until the morning; it was near a wood, mostly composed of that kind of thorn already mentioned. Several of these they immediately cut, not only for the purpose of fuel, but to form a barricade or defence against the wild animals during the night.

After completing their fortification, lighting the fires, and supping in the best manner possible, they lay down to rest; but their sleep was constantly disturbed during the night by a herd of elephants brushing through the wood, passing and returning almost every moment. Had not the fence been erected the preceding evening, they would, in all probability, have been trampled to death by these monstrous animals. They had the good fortune, however, to escape; and, about seven the next morning, proceeded on their journey with much difficulty, though with enlivened spirits.

They travelled this day through a delightful country; the land, in some places, seemed to be composed of a red and yellow clay, and the valleys appeared covered with a

very thick and long grass, but not a sign of agriculture was to be observed. In the course of the day, they perceived a few deserted huts, one of which they entered, but paid severely for their curiosity; as those who ventured in, were in a moment covered entirely with fleas.

Water was found sometimes; but it was brackish, although they were at least fifty miles from the sea. They kept at this distance during most of the journey.

They brought up for the night, after travelling about twenty miles, at the skirt of a small forest, and having provided fuel, made a temporary defence as before.

In the morning Helen was in so dreadfully an exhausted state, that she declared it to be impossible for her to advance a single step further; and indeed there was not the shadow of a reason to doubt her assertion.

She had already performed wonders—her feet were blistered—her legs torn and scratched—she was in a high state of fever; and was altogether an object of the deepest commiseration; there was no alternative but to make a litter for her, though Edmund himself was far from being in a state of strength to carry a burthen; yet he cheerfully took his turn in assisting the two worthy Caffres, who accompanied them.

The guide cheered him with the intelligence that they were now approaching the Hottentot country; and once arrived at a settlement in it, the remainder of their journey would be comparatively an easy task.

Their provision began now to fail them; but this did not give them much uneasiness under existing circumstances.

In the latter part of the day, they had the felicity to behold a farm house at no great distance, and they travelled with increased speed and alacrity to reach it ere night fell.

Edmund had no doubt but that the wants of Helen would here meet with immediate and necessary relief; but to their extreme mortification, they found the house to be entirely deserted, and it was internally a mere heap of ruins, having been attacked and so demolished during the war with the Colonists.

They, however, made it their head-quarters for the night, and slept with a greater degree of comfort and feeling of security, than they had yet done since their departure from the hut of their late host.

Though thus disappointed, they felt assured that an inhabited settlement was not far off, and about an hour after sun-rise the next morning, they set off with redoubled energy; the salvation of Helen acting on the spirit of Edmund as a noble incentive, and banishing every idea of danger and fatigue.

Having travelled for more than three hours, without a single halt, both he and Helen were delighted to hear their guide's companion, who had reached an elevated spot in advance of them, cry out in a transport of joy, that he saw a Hottentot tending a flock of sheep.

They soon came to the spot, and received with the most heartfelt gratification the welcome intelligence, that they were but a short distance from a settler's house, and that he was a kind individual.

He proved himself in every respect to our weary travellers a welcome succour, humane and generous, and having a heart which appeared to be the constant abode of a correct and virtuous sympathy.



His cottage was formed of clay, thatched with a kind of reed, and furnished with a few stools, a table, and some kitchen utensils; he had a numerous family, and his stock was very considerable, having more than ten thousand sheep, and one thousand oxen.

Edmund related in a plain and unaffected manner the melancholy disaster of their shipwreck, the sufferings they had since undergone, and implored his kind assistance in relieving the wants of the object of his tenderest solicitude, whose wretched appearance showed but too plainly the need she stood so much in want of.

The good man listened to him with a countenance which bespoke the tenderness of his nature; his face naturally pale, assumed at certain intervals a crimson hue, and his emotions appeared as the effervescence of sensibility; and exhibited in glowing colors, the complexion of virtue; he administered to their necessities immediately, and expressed his wonder at their arriving in safety to his habitation, considering it as little less than a miracle.

He further desired them to remain with him till the health of Helen was perfectly restored; and gave them the pleasing assurance, that nothing he could do should be wanting to facilitate their future progress to the wished-for destination.

Edmund was, of course, profuse in his thanks to his worthy host; and having informed him of every particular relative to himself and his family, insisted that he should accept a draft on him, for a considerable sum, at a date which would secure its due payment.

The evening passed pleasantly; Helen was attended by the daughters of the worthy settler, and was soon in the enjoyment of a state of repose, to which she had been so long a stranger.

In a few days her health was comparatively restored, and Edmund was the happiest of men in its contemplation.

The bright visions of future felicity shed their balmy influence on his hitherto doubting mind; and his eager and passionate fondness for Helen began again to show itself in a manner, which to that virtuous and lovely woman gave great uneasiness; but that incorruptible principle, which had hitherto guided her in all her actions towards him, still maintained its force, and was ever able to check the ebullitions of her violent, though faithful lover.

No persuasions could erase from her mind the duties, which as a virtuous wife, she owed to the memory of Rosse, who, though he was personally the object of her aversion, rather than any thing else, was yet deserving a place in her remembrance as, notwithstanding he had been the primary cause of all the misery which she had undergone; he still had treated her with a kindness and deference, which she, as well as all who knew him, had but little reason to expect. She did not look to his motives, which might have been questionable; but to facts, which were undeniable. Her recollection also of his dreadful fate, and his gallant efforts to save the ship were an additional obligation she felt herself bound to acknowledge, and she was therefore determined to show that decency to his memory which the circumstances, in her opinion of the case, demanded. Still it was painful to deny Edmund those innocent liberties which, now that she had openly declared her affection for him, he had almost a right to demand; but she reflected that she was not even yet placed out of the reach of further danger; and that, though very improbable, yet it was within the range of possibility, that he might abuse her confidence;

and, instead of being thankful for her escape from so many horrible trials, she might have reason to feel that to have perished with the rest, would have been the greater blessing.

But these were imaginary evils: Edmund, although warm in his attachment, was honorable; and he had always the good sense to receive her rebuffs, when too eager in his expressions of love, with a resignation that did him infinite credit.

On the fifth morning from their arrival, their kind host took them to view his estate. The weather was cool and pleasant: the sun rose above the distant hills in golden beauty.

The sequestered habitation of their host was nearly surrounded by trees, on which were hung to dry the skins of lions, tigers, panthers, and other destructive animals, killed in the vicinity of his own habitation. The carcasses of two enormous creatures were observed lying near the door, which had the appearance of being recently destroyed. They were two rhinoceroses that the farmer's sons had killed, but the day before, on their own land.

This gave rise to a narrative respecting these animals, which the good man related with great circumspection, and which appeared very extraordinary.

"These creatures," said the farmer, "are more savage, and infinitely more to be dreaded, than any other animal of the deserts. Even the lion, when he perceives a rhinoceros, will fly from him on the instant. I had a proof of this," said he, "about two years ago:—As I was traversing my lands in the morning, I perceived a lion enter a thicket, about the distance of half a mile from the place where I stood. In a few minutes after I observed a second, then a third, and a fourth came; they seemed to follow one another at their leisure, and, in less than an hour, I counted nine that entered the same wood. Never having seen so many of the same species together, I was desirous to know the event of their meeting, and I concealed myself for that purpose. After waiting rather more than an hour in my lurking place, without either seeing any of them, or hearing any noise from the quarter where they lay, I began to despair of having my curiosity in the least gratified. At length, I perceived a rhinoceros of uncommon magnitude approach the wood: he stood motionless for about five minutes, when he arrived at a small distance from the thicket, then tossed up his nose, and at last scented the animals that lay concealed. In an instant I saw him dart into the wood, and in the space of about five minutes afterwards I observed all the lions scamper away in different directions, and apparently in the greatest consternation. The rhinoceros beat about the wood in pursuit of his enemies for a considerable time; but not finding any, he broke cover at last and appeared on the plain. He then looked around him, and, enraged at his disappointment, began tearing up the earth, and discovered every sign of madness and desperation. I remained quietly in my retreat until the animal disappeared, and then returned to my house."

Their benefactor further entertained them with much interesting information respecting the country where he resided, which was covered in every direction with flowering bushes of great beauty, which, however, at a distance, had all the appearance of being a heath: the plants were many of them the same as may be seen in English green-houses.

In their walk they killed a black snake, measuring about five feet and a half in length, and about six inches in the middle: the strokes by which he was deprived of life

were all aimed at its head, which the venomous creature seemed to know was the most vulnerable part, as it put it under its breast.

Their host pointed out to them a spot on a neighbouring hill, where twelve months before, about forty persons had gone to hunt out the wolves which had committed many depredations among the cattle; while searching for them, a tiger sprang from a bush, and seized one of the Hottentots by the forehead.

"I could not leave the Hottentot to be killed," said he, "and I therefore went with my gun, with the intention of shooting the terrible brute; on observing me, he left the Hottentot, and attacked me; my gun was useless, for he caught my arm in his mouth in a moment, having directed my elbow towards him to guard my face. I held his throat down with my other hand, my knee resting on his belly, and called the Hottentots to my assistance, they readily did so, and shot the monster dead."

They now returned to the hut, and having prepared for their journey on the morrow, passed a night of sweet and refreshing repose.

The morning was beautiful, and they found that their benevolent host had provided them with a small waggon and four oxen, being sufficient for two sets; which were to relieve each other on the way.

Two Hottentot servants also accompanied them, as guides and drivers, which with their former faithful guides the Caffres, being well armed, formed no mean protection.

Edmund would willingly have parted with the latter, but wanted the means properly to reward them till he arrived at the Cape; besides, the good-natured fellows did not wish to return, the guide's companion, as well as himself, wishing to visit the Colony.

The waggon was well stored with the provisions and water sufficient until they should arrive at the next settlement. It was long before the oxen were properly yoked, as they, being young, were unwilling to commence a life of servitude, and therefore made strong resistance to the yoke.

They then took their departure from this hospitable spot with feelings of much gratitude to their host for his kindness, and mutual expressions of good-will.

The Hottentot guard was perpetually on the watch, to anticipate the attacks of Bushmen or wild animals, who might otherwise dart upon them unperceived.

Their journey was extremely slow for several miles, the ground being uneven, and the bushes so very thick.

They observed a species of serpent, which, on seeing man or beast approach, endeavours to get to the windward, when it spits its poison, in order that it may blow into the eyes of its enemy. If the least particle gets into the eyes, the individual becomes blind for several days; a curious mode of defence furnished by providence to this animal.

Our little party arrived at the second farm late in the evening, and were received by the owner with much kindness. His neighbour's letter was given to him by Edmund, and he at once told him that every thing in his power should be done to aid them, in arriving at their wished for destination.

He was not so well off, as to property, as the other, but his heart was equally generous and hospitable.

They remained here during the night, after partaking of a frugal repast which their host had provided, and which was given with many innocent apologies for its scantiness.

Before their departure on the ensuing morning the farmer generously presented Edmund with a stock of provisions, which he accepted with many thanks, and they then departed on their journey.

During the four or five succeeding days they travelled on from house to house, generally at fifteen or sixteen hours distance from each other, and were received at all of them with a disinterested hospitality. These occurrences are related with a scrupulous attention to fidelity, because the colonists, without distinction, have been frequently represented as a ferocious banditti, scarcely to be kept within the pale of authority.

During several days' trial they could get but little bread, and not much water. The countries were alternately hill and dale, and often afforded the most romantic prospects. They frequently perceived large quantities of wolves, and often such droves of that species of deer which the farmers call spring buck, that one flock alone could not contain less than from twelve to fourteen thousand. Indeed many of the settlers said, they have seen double that number at one time, and frequently killed three at a single shot. Our travellers likewise saw vast quantities of guinea-fowl, which, after a shower of rain, are easily caught by the farmers' dogs.

The zebra or wild ass is common in these advanced colonies, and many of them were seen; Ostriches likewise numerous.

They had plenty of venison at the places where they stopped; and hitherto their journey was not interrupted by any disagreeable occurrence. The countries through which they passed displayed at every mile a new change of beauties; the mountains were in many places of stupendous height, and the valleys, decorated with wood, were astonishingly fertile in vegetable productions. One of the most extensive of these valleys took them no less than three days and half in passing; and which affords, perhaps, as many romantic scenes as can be found in any spot of the same extent on the face of the earth.

The hills for seventy or eighty miles run parallel to each other. The lands between are wonderfully rich, and produce vast quantities of a plant similar in its smell and taste to our thyme. On this fragrant herb are fed immense quantities of sheep and cattle; they devour it with great eagerness, and it gives the mutton a flavour so like our venison, that an epicure might be deceived in the taste. The valleys are generally level from eight to four miles in breadth, and in several places intersected with rivulets, on the borders of which are frequently perceived whole groves of the aloe-tree.

The beautiful country which hitherto they had had to pass through was now to be changed for one of a contrary description, viz. a complete desert of sand.

In the early part of the day they had to encounter a sand-hill—a most formidable obstruction, and which greatly fatigued the oxen: in ascending it, the wheels nearly sunk to the axle; their progress was, therefore, extremely slow; and, after having travelled fifteen hours without water, they rested near a range of rocks for the night. Wherever the eye turned, there was nothing but sterility—the hills appeared of a brown burnt colour, and the plain was deep sand, strewed with tufts of withered grass. The consideration of being so far from any cooling stream or fountain of water, added to the gloominess of the desert, to which there appeared no visible termination.

Helen's spirits began to flag, and she looked wistfully on Edmund as he lay stretched on a bank beneath the shelter of a small rock, she herself being seated in a corner just opposite to him.

Edmund himself, was also much depressed; the excessive heat of the day, and the labour which he had been obliged to perform, to assist the oxen in drawing their vehicle through the sand, having much fatigued him.

While thus situated, a solitary and pretty little bird hopped round them within the distance of a few feet, apparently unconscious of danger from the human species.

The party did nothing to injure themselves in its estimation of their character—mankind must be a rare sight to an inhabitant of such a desert; and its appearance diverted the attention of Helen so much from the dreary scene before her, as to call up reflections of a consolatory nature.

They started early in the morning; the lowing of the oxen for water was painful to hear, and it was more painful to reflect how much more fatigued and thirsty they would be before any relief could be obtained, which their guides informed them would be the case.

The Hottentots in such a case say, “shut your eyes and ears, and press forward till you get out of such a country as this,” that is, do not from pity to the oxen, halt, for that would only increase their misery, by detaining them longer from water.

A little before sun-rise, the loose oxen set off at full speed towards a corner among the hills; they had smelled water, but though there certainly was water in the spot to which they had hastened, yet there was none above ground, and their disappointment was extreme; they stood snuffling in the air in every direction for some time, after which they again set off full speed in another direction, where they were more successful, finding two pools of water, into which they rushed and drank with eagerness.

One of them required shoeing, and it was amusing to see how the Hottentot managed him, viz., by tying his legs together, and throwing him on the ground, he fastened shoes of skin over the hoofs.

They here saw a number of venomous creatures, among which the scorpion was the most remarkable.

In order to exhibit something of the nature of the scorpion, they dug a hole, into which they put four of them. They soon began to fight till they killed one another.—Their mode of fighting was curious. Having two claws like a crab’s, with these they attempted to seize each other by the head. When one happened to be thus caught, he seemed sensible of his langour from his opponent, and cried out; but the other, regardless of his cries, turned round his tail and gave him one sting: the one that was stung, as if aware of its mortality, resisted no more, but lay down till he died; the other, as if aware of the same thing, gave himself no further trouble. They all had the same method of fighting, and all the vanquished acted in the same manner; after which the surviving conqueror was also put to death by the Hottentot guide, as a creature dangerous to be allowed to live.

The remedy which the natives apply when stung by such creatures, is putting a living frog to the wound, into which creature it is supposed the poison is transferred from the wound, and it dies; then they apply another which dies also; the third perhaps only becomes sickly, and the fourth no way affected. When this is observed, the poison is considered to be extracted, and the patient cured. Another method is to apply a kidney, scarlet, or other bean, which swells; then they apply another and another, till the bean ceases to be affected, when they consider the effects of the poison to have ceased.

The European portion of the party were astonished about noon, by the loudest thunder they ever heard; one peal had five or six reports or explosions, louder than if a

thousand cannons had gone off at the same time, and which seemed to be but a few yards distant; whilst the forked lightning illuminated and variegated the surrounding scenery, and then darted among the neighbouring hills.

Having travelled for some hours, they reached the summit of an ascent, when a pleasing prospect of considerable extent at once presented itself before their longing eyes, which was bounded on the south by stupendous mountains.

It was an animating scene, after having been confined so long among low and uninteresting hills.

One huge wall or range of mountains ran from S.E. to W., and what was an additional attraction, was a clouded sky, which was more valuable than the best umbrella is in rain, to a person dressed in the most delicate dress.

About noon the long looked for Elephant River greeted their expectant eyes; men and beasts drank plentifully of its pure stream, which is considerably large, though much inferior to the Great River; its banks are beautifully lined with the willow, thorn, and other trees; but it is hardly possible to conceive a more barren appearance than the ground immediately beyond the range of those trees.

It was a painful sight to observe the poor oxen standing still a great part of the day for want of food, but learning from a boor, who lay at the ford higher up the river, that they might obtain grass, about four hours' journey to the eastward; they started for the place, and were gratified to find his information true.

Here they halted for the night, and after an hour or two's travelling, they reached a settler's habitation, of the most respectable description.

He kindly invited them to coffee, and at eight o'clock to a breakfast of tea and plenty of milk, and then at eleven A.M. to dinner, which was three meals in four hours; but this was the usual custom of the house. His two sons, of fourteen and eighteen years of age, sat at a side table, though there was plenty of room at that where our hero and heroine were; but perhaps, owing to being unaccustomed to company, they could eat more pleasantly alone.

The boor, at the head of the table, wore his broad brimmed hat, and described, with much spirit, encounters with lions and tigers, which are the principal events which happen in that dreary corner of the earth.

His wife was absent on a journey to the Cape; and the other end of the table was occupied by a girl, clothed with little more than her own skin, holding in her hand a long stick, at the end of which was a fan composed of white ostrich feathers, used for driving away the flies from those who were at table.

At six P.M., Edmund took leave of their kind host. The road was over deep sand, and both he and Helen were compelled to walk.

A fog came from the westward so thick, that the party began to doubt whether they were travelling the right way; they, therefore, judged it expedient to bring up for the night.

At four A.M. the next morning they started, but did not reach a place called Great Fountain till nine, though but seven miles distant, having had nothing but deep sand all the way.

The sight, however, of Cedar Mountain, which stood about fifteen miles S.E. made ample amends for their trouble, proving, as it did, how near they were approaching to their destination.

The various forms of this celebrated mountain were highly attractive, the front of it was seen to the extent of more than thirty miles.

On the next day they arrived at one of the most pleasant and handsome villages in Africa. It consisted of a long row of handsome houses, with terraces in front, and disjoined from each other by an intervening space. They look towards the west, and stand on a gentle declivity.

On the opposite side of the way runs a crystal stream under a row of trees, from whence gardens belonging to each house extend to a small river at the bottom of the descent; along the opposite bank of which stands a low hill, covered with bushes similar to those generally seen in green-houses in England.

The minister's palace, (for it deserves that name,) stands on the north end of the street as a public building, and is a great ornament to the street.

A handsome church, built in the form of a cross, as all the Dutch churches in Africa are, (a custom imported from Rome,) stands at the south end, but the view of it from the street is intercepted by a clump of trees. The houses being all remarkably white, have a clean, lively, and cheerful appearance.

The day was very warm, but a cooling breeze springing up in the afternoon, Edmund deemed it prudent to proceed, and after travelling a small distance Table Mountain, behind Cape Town, burst upon their view, and though appearing near from its great height, yet was upwards of thirty miles distant; but they were cheered with the pleasing reflection that all fear of danger was at an end, and their route now lay through a part of the country more generally cultivated than any other part of Africa they had hitherto seen.

Cape Town, Table Mountain, Table Bay, and the shipping in it were soon full in view, and our wanderers entered the former about four the next day, with hearts beating with gratitude to the Almighty disposer of all things for their wonderful preservation from the many and almost incredible dangers they had encountered, and trials and sufferings they had had to sustain.

## CHAPTER XX.

Domestic happiness! thou only bliss  
Of Paradise that has survived the fall!

Thou art not known where Pleasure is adored,  
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist  
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm  
Of Novelty, her fickle, frail support;  
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,  
And finding in the calm of truth-ty'd love,  
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.

*Cowper.*

EDMUND determined to wait himself, with his companion, on the governor, who was well acquainted with his father; and he therefore considered every difficulty would be surmounted, when he should see that personage.

They were soon directed to his residence. He was entertaining a large party on that day, and consequently he was the more difficult of access.

On Edmund's requesting the liveried menial at the door, to shew him into a private room, and to let him have pen, ink and paper; the fellow looked on him with a smile of contempt, and was apparently about to reply with a rude jest, when Edmund interrupted him, and told him that they had been shipwrecked, and they were not what they appeared.

Appearances were indeed against them; they looked more like wild and uncultivated beings of the gipsy tribe than any thing else; their tattered and incongruous garments also added to their grotesque forms.

Helen was distressed beyond measure, and Edmund gently placed her on the seat inside the porch; her feet were blistered, and her haggard looks betrayed but too much the agonies she must have silently endured. Her hair, which but recently had been so much admired for its rich profusion and colour, luxuriating over one of the most lovely foreheads of snow, and clustering in graceful ringlets downward on her swan-like and alabaster neck, was now clotted and tangled, and showed itself beneath and through a cap which the salt water alone had made of a most dingy hue, and which was bound round her head by a shred of a colourless thin silk shawl, whose remainder was fastened about her neck, and which had alternately served her as a hat or a veil during their toilsome wanderings. Two blood-stained kerchiefs of different colors kept pieces of skin on the soles of her feet, and were tied round her legs, whilst a single petticoat and night-gown, equally wanting in decent cleanliness, enveloped her once graceful, though but emaciated frame.

Edmund was, if possible, an object more forbidding and uncouth.

He had on a pair of nankeen trowsers, torn here and there, and was but barely a decent covering for the lower part of his body; his feet were covered with skins, and fastened with leathern thongs; his shirt had not been changed since the wreck, but it was hidden by a close short jacket, which was kept close to his body by a sort of lacing, the



buttons having all vanished as presents to the Hottentots who had now and then assisted them; and to reward whom, he had had no other means.

His face once so fair, round and handsome, was now become thin and sallow, and was rendered still more unprepossessing by his grisly beard, and surmounted as it was by a hat without a brim, and a part of the poll hanging down; his general contour presented any thing but one calculated to command attention or respect.

The servant eyeing him suspiciously, smiled, and said, "It won't do, if you get what you ask—" but apparently recollecting himself, added, "Did you belong to the —— that was wrecked a few months since? we heard they were almost all lost; some of the fleet have arrived here, but the Convoy and others have not been heard of."

Edmund explained that he and the lady were, he believed, the only persons saved.

The man then showed them into an anti-room, and the necessary requisites were provided.

Edmund quickly scrawled a few lines, stating the deplorable condition he and Helen were in, his name, &c., and earnestly requested that the note might be delivered into the governor's hand immediately.

It was promised, and our weary sufferers waited with impatience the reply.

Every minute seemed an hour; but at last the door opened, and the worthy governor himself entered, accompanied by his secretary. He congratulated them on their wonderful escape—begged them to consider all their misfortunes at an end; sympathized with them in their but too evident sufferings, and ringing the bell for his physician, who immediately attended, desired him to use every means in his power to recover their health and strength. Refreshments also were set before them, but of which they were, from weakness and exhaustion, unable to partake.

The physician ordered the still greater luxury of a good bed to be got ready for them; and in a few minutes an elderly lady, the housekeeper, waited on Helen, for the purpose of conducting her to that repose which tired nature solicited.

Daly felt an unutterable pang in the idea of being separated from his adored partner; and he inwardly cursed the forms of civilized society which compelled him to submit to it. He had been her companion for so long a time; he had slept by her side in the huts, in the vales, and on the hills; he had carried her when fatigued, and held her in his arms when sleep stole insensibly on her from the excess of her weariness; and now to give her to the care of another, was an effort which required more firmness of mind and subdued self-love than he at first imagined. He turned his ever-expressive eye towards her, and his agitation spoke but too plainly to Helen the state of his feelings.

Though she was glad to be relieved from such scenes, from that real delicacy of mind and sentiment which she so pre-eminently possessed, and which circumstances had forcibly compelled her to renounce; yet her recollection of Edmund's generous efforts and noble conduct towards her made it even on her part a struggle to part with him: she faintly said—"Good bye, dear Edmund—we shall see each other again to-morrow;" but in rising from her seat, to attend the woman who was appointed to conduct her to her chamber, she staggered, and would have fallen from weakness, had not Edmund caught her in his arms. He whispered in her ear his unwillingness to leave her, and insisted on carrying her once more, which he did; and pressing her to his bosom with a sigh, resigned her to the care of the attendant.

The physician had ordered a bath, the good effects of which soon threw her into a quiet slumber.

Edmund also retired to his apartment, and having washed and shaved himself, threw himself on the bed, and was soon asleep, though not soundly—dreams of recent escapes, &c. haunted his imagination in quick succession; and yet, when he awoke the next morning, he felt refreshed to a degree which he had not anticipated.

The governor, in the meantime, had not been idle. A suit of clothes and other necessities were ready for him, and our hero was metamorphosed once more into something of a respectable looking personage. He was summoned to the governor's breakfast table, where he found that excellent individual and his family, who were eager to know every particular relative to their fortunate escape from the terrible catastrophe of the wreck, &c.

He recounted the required information, and spoke in so enthusiastic a manner of the good qualities of Helen, that it was impossible but that the whole party should be acquainted with his attachment to her.

The governor laughed and challenged him on the fact, which Edmund with a blushing countenance, at once confessed; and moreover declared it to be his determination to marry her immediately on her recovery from her present weak state.

The governor laughed still more heartily, and shrugging up his shoulders, said, "I do not know what you think, my young friend; but I imagine that in so doing you will raise a storm at home, almost equal to that, in its effects, which you have so recently escaped; I know the touchwood-like character of the Earl, and though the Countess does, I know, doat on you; yet I fear, in such a case, even her influence would not avail you much; I advise you, therefore, to write home first."

"I am determined, my good sir," replied Edmund; "I feel assured that they will approve of my choice in the end; and even if they should not, I will submit to my fate, satisfied, that unless this angelic woman is mine, I shall be the most miserable of human beings; but pray how is my beloved Helen? have you not seen her attendant?"

"Here comes the doctor, he will tell us all about the matter," said the governor: "Well, how is your patient, doctor?"

"I regret to say that the lady is very ill; she has much fever on her, and I have to request that she may not be disturbed."

"I must see her," exclaimed the impetuous Edmund, with a tone and manner of distraction.

"Then I will not be answerable, sir, for her recovery."

"Nay, doctor, you are probably not aware that my young friend here is the lady's lover, or you would have softened your report of her situation; for surely you do not mean to say that she will not do well."

"I hope so, sir," replied he; "but I had great doubts at first; her bodily powers are so completely worn down by fatigue, that it will require the utmost care to restore her."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Edmund, "would that she were mine, I could then insist on attending on her myself; for to be debarred from her presence, is a torture as intensely insufferable, as it is perfectly indescribable."

"Nay, nay, my good sir," said the governor, "I fear you have a little fever yourself, and perhaps losing a little blood would do even you no harm; but joking apart, your friend shall have as much care and attention paid her, as if she were our own."

Edmund thanked him, but vehemently declared that his very existence depended on her recovery.

He then, at his kind host's request, gave a minute account of the history of Helen—her noble conduct towards a husband who had not, nor deserved her affection; he described that individual, and dwelt with much feeling on the circumstance of her having been sacrificed at the altar of self-interest, instead of that of reciprocal love.

His auditors were highly interested, as well from the manner of Edmund in detailing the sufferings of himself and his beloved, as from the really pathetic and romantic nature of the subject.

On the governor's asking whose daughter she was, Edmund detailed the particulars which he had learned from Helen of her father's history; and on his mentioning the name of Captain Kemp, of the —— Regiment, the old gentleman betrayed much anxiety, and eagerly demanded if his christian name was James?

"I cannot answer you in that particular," replied Edmund; "but why do you ask, sir?"

"Because a gallant young officer by that name once saved my life; I knew him when in America; he did not belong to our regiment, nor do I recollect the number of that to which he was attached; but whilst bathing one very hot day, with several of my brother officers, I was seized with the cramp, and I must have perished but for the generous and manly exertions of lieutenant James Kemp; I was insensible—in fact, to all appearance dead; but my preserver ran with me, naked as I was, and," added he smiling, "not quite so large as I am now, for I was then a slight young man; well, he ran, I say, with me to a fisherman's hut at no great distance, and with the assistance of the man and his wife, after many and unwearied exertions, I was almost, to a miracle, restored to existence. I had not known Kemp before; but we continued during our stay in the same town after this circumstance, inseparable friends. Our regiment was after a short period, ordered to a different part of the country, and I was in consequence compelled to part with my preserver, which you may well imagine I did with the greatest reluctance—poor fellow, I never saw him again; he was a handsome young man, and when I see Mrs. Rosse again, I feel assured, that if she is his daughter, I shall be able to recognize his likeness—I believe he told me that his friends resided at Mount Boon, in Dorsetshire."

"He is the man," then replied Edmund; for I have heard his daughter often mention the place."

"Well, well, I am heartily glad at the opportunity of serving the daughter of so valued and valuable a friend, though I could have wished much to have seen him again."

The morning was thus consumed in pleasant conversation. The governor provided Edmund with money, and every other convenience; and the latter begged permission to withdraw, as he wished much to reward his guides, who were waiting at a particular spot without the town. This he soon accomplished to their entire satisfaction. The metamorphosis he had undergone struck the poor fellows with amazement, and they expressed their wonder in those wild exclamations and gestures which characterize their natural habits and simplicity.

Edmund did not tarry long; his anxiety on account of Helen being so intensely violent, and which did not tend in a proper degree to improve his own health, which over-excitement and former fatigue was materially injuring. He was compelled, therefore, to request the governor to excuse his dining with the family; and as the latter saw, that in his

present situation company was rather oppressive to him than otherwise, he willingly consented to his wishes. Edmund thanked him; and having ascertained that Helen was not worse, he walked in the governor's garden, under the window of the room in which she was, and ruminated with mingled emotions of hope and distrust on his future fortunes. The heat of the day, however, was too oppressive to remain long there, and he retired to his own chamber, threw himself on the bed, and worried himself by reflection into a slumber, from which he did not awake till late in the evening. He then rose, and wrote letters to his father and mother, acquainting them with his determination to marry the woman of his heart, and that ere they received his epistles, the ceremony would be consummated—extolled her beauty, but most of all her fascinating and excellent qualities—implored their acquiescence to such a proceeding, and further pathetically described the wretched plight to which they had been reduced, its cause, &c.; he also wrote to his own agent, requesting him to see Rosse's, and acquaint him of his death, and to get his affairs in order for the benefit of his widow when she returned. He scrawled an epistle to Hart, apprizing him of their disastrous voyage, Rosse's untimely fate, and their own wonderful preservation.

Having finished these domestic affairs, he concluded his writing business, by addressing the Admiralty, giving an account of the loss of the ship, and the consequent circumstances attending it.

He received a message from the governor, who gave him the welcome intelligence that Helen was pronounced to be convalescent; but that he must avoid seeing her for a day or two.

As he saw there was no alternative, he acquiesced, but declined his kind invitation to sup, deeming that rest to him in the present agitated state of his mind would be the most serviceable relief he could experience, to which, of course, no opposition was made, and he retired to his chamber, where he soon fell asleep, and dreamt (as lovers should), of Love, Hymen, and the other *et cæteras* attending the collision of two fond and youthful hearts of different sexes.

He arose with the lark, and being denied the pleasure of an interview, addressed a note, couched in terms of fond condolence and anxiety relative to her situation, informed her of the letters he had written, and that he was dying to have the pleasure of once more beholding her.

In the meantime, the situation of the person he was addressing had been far from enviable. The fever had raged for four and twenty hours before the least abatement of it took place, and her sufferings had been most acute, arising as much from mental anxiety as from bodily disease. She was, on the morning when Edmund wrote the note to her, allowed to set up for the first time, and she received it with emotions of sincere gratification.

Daly had seen her attendant, and had requested her to deliver the note to Helen. She had made many enquiries about him: she now desired her attendant to go to him and say that she would answer it, but having neither pen, ink nor paper in the room, he must excuse her doing it; that she was much better, sent her affectionate regards, and hoped to be soon allowed to see him.

Edmund's ardent nature would not allow him to be satisfied with this mode of answering him; he, therefore, almost dragged the female to his chamber door, and

handing her the inkstand and paper, desired her to give them to Helen, and he would wait in the gallery leading to her room for her return with a written answer.

The woman flew to her new mistress, and declared the young gentleman to be mad.

Helen could not forbear smiling when she saw the writing apparatus, and knowing his impetuous feelings, good-naturedly complied with his request; the woman took it, and delivering it to Daly was rewarded with a present in money, a circumstance which altered her opinion entirely as to his insanity.

In a few days more Helen was comparatively restored to health, and Edmund was blessed with her society.

They were, by their excellent friend the governor, introduced to the best society in the place.

The governor had two lovely daughters, who did all in their power to contribute to the happiness of Helen, whilst his son, a frank and free young man, assisted Edmund in the measures he adopted to restore himself to his pristine health and vigour.

The effects of the blistered state of Helen's face when she first arrived at the Cape was not yet gone, several large red spots remaining, which, however, the physician assured her would leave her soon; but she herself had felt a few doubts and misgivings on the subject, and a thought would now and then cross her mind, that the circumstance might alter the affection which Daly not only professed so ardently but had so stedfastly shown for her. She had heard or read of such circumstances having happened, and now that she was, without him, a lone and desolate being indeed, in a foreign land too, she had every reason to dread the possibility of so sad a change; she was, however, agreeably surprized by his thus addressing her whilst walking together in the gardens belonging to the government house one fine morning.

"My dear Helen," said he, "you look quite handsome, notwithstanding those spots which I see annoy you; your complexion will be as fair as ever when they are gone, and they evidently decrease every day. And now, my dearest Helen, I have determined, with your permission, that that consummation which since I first beheld you has been my devoutest wish, shall take place within a week from this day; and although even that time will appear an age to me, yet in deference to the opinion of our kind friend the governor I will wait till its expiration."

"My dear Edmund," replied she, timidly, and blushing deeply, "I am yours: do as you please; though I should prefer, in consideration of recent events, to postpone it till our arrival in England."

"Nay, my dear Helen, how can you be so unkind as to wish such a thing? but there," said he, clasping her to his bosom, "you shall not have your way in every respect—in this matter I am determined to be a tyrant; and, therefore, command you to obey."

Helen ceased her opposition, and at the stipulated time she became the wife of Edmund Daly. The old governor gave her away, and expressed his satisfaction at the honor, as he termed it, of making happy the daughter of his old friend, James Kemp.—"And though I am helping you, master Edmund," continued he, "to commit a rash act under all circumstances, yet I do believe when your father and mother see and know the interesting woman you have just made your own, they will not hesitate to acquiesce in the act, and give you both their blessing."

Thus, after a series of trials of the severest description, was Helen rewarded, in being united to the man of her heart. To her beauty she owed much, but to her virtue more.

Edmund also felt himself the happiest of mortals; he confessed that if he had obtained the person of his now adored bride, when he first saw her, by dishonourable means, he could never have esteemed or respected her. Her noble spirit and nature which disdained a base action, procured her the purest affection from him; and saving the melancholy fate of him to whom she had been enslaved, the recollection of which would often thrust itself on her remembrance, as well as the fear that by marrying Daly, she might in a worldly point of view injure him, by offending his parents, she had no cause but to rejoice at the present state of mutual bliss which she enjoyed.

They had, it is true, no cause to fear ever being in a state of destitution; her own property, as well as that of Rosse's, to which she was entitled, amounting to something more than four thousand pounds.

When the ceremony was concluded, the happy pair proceeded in the general's coach, and accompanied by him and his family, to his villa, a few miles from the town, where they dined. In the evening the governor and his family returned, leaving our hero and heroine behind them, with a couple of servants, who were domesticated at the place.

Here they quietly rusticated for a month, occasionally being visited by the worthy owner, or some of the branches of his family; they then occasionally visited the governor, attended his and other parties, and shone a pair as matchless for personal attractions, as they were unequalled for their graceful and elegant manners.

The society of this place was not that to which Edmund had been generally used; but there was a charm in its very name, which reconciled him to it, as in it, that *hope*, which in the midst of his more gloomy foreboding, had appeared so dimly, had been unexpectedly and fully realized.

"It does indeed," said he, "deserve the name of the Cape of Good Hope, and as such I shall long remember it."

We shall therefore conclude our chapter with a description of it, our work being intended to instruct, as well as to amuse.

The Cape of Good Hope is a settlement in the southern extremity of Africa, in the country of the Hottentots. It was first discovered in the year 1493, by Bartholomew Diaz, who made some nautical observations, but did not land, being deterred by the tempestuous aspect of the sea, produced by the currents meeting from opposite oceans.

He gave it the name of *Capo dos tatos Tormentos*, or *Tormentoso*, on account of the storms his vessel met with near the coast; but Emanuel, king of Portugal, changed it to its present name on the return of Diaz. That enterprising sovereign was not discouraged by the report of Diaz, but soon equipped a fleet under the command of Vasco de Gama, who surmounted all the difficulties of his predecessors, and doubled the Cape, carrying his ships into the Indian seas.

This cape forms one of the great land marks of the globe, separating the Atlantic from the Indian ocean, and dividing the voyage to Hindostan into two nearly equal portions; the doubling of this promontory formed, next to the discovery of America, the greatest event of modern maritime history. The Portuguese often touched here in their frequent voyages to and from India, but they never formed any permanent settlement. The Dutch, in their voyage to the Indies, used also to land here to take in water and

provisions. The ships going out deposited their letters in a case of iron or lead, under a stone appointed for the purpose, which those who returned exchanged for others, and conveyed the intelligence and circumstances of their voyage to the different ports. But John Van Riebeck, a surgeon, and a man of ability, first conceived the design of forming a fixed establishment. His plan was adopted by the Dutch East India company. Four ships were accordingly sent out under the command of Riebeck, who acquired the friendship of the natives, and laid the foundation of the town now called Cape Town. The Dutch began to extend their dominion into the interior, about the middle of the 17<sup>th</sup> century, and, meeting with little resistance from the natives, they soon established their dominion over this extensive country. It was conquered by a British naval force in 1795, but restored to Holland by the peace of Amiens. On the renewal of hostilities it was again possessed by Britain in 1806, to whom the sovereignty was confirmed by the congress of Vienna.

This colony stretches along the whole southern part of Africa. It is bounded on the west and south by the Atlantic and Southern oceans, on the east by the great Fish river, the Rio d'Infante of the Portuguese, and on the north by a vast chain of mountains; extending about 580 miles in length, and varying from 200 to 315 in breadth, and comprising about 128,150 square miles. The leading feature in the aspect of this territory consists of three successive ranges of mountains running parallel to each other, and to the south coast of Africa.

This extensive country is said to be occupied by about 60,000 inhabitants, 22,000 of whom are whites, and the rest are negroes or Hottentots. This small population is partly ascribed to the sterility of the soil, and partly to the indolence of the inhabitants, and the defective administration of the government. There are many spots of extreme fertility in different places of this settlement, which are sufficient to produce what would maintain a much greater population than it possesses at present. The grain is excellent, and almost all that is raised is within three days' journey from Cape Town. Beyond this the lands are occupied in grazing; and those within one day's journey are employed almost entirely in raising fruits and wine. The produce of wheat, barley, rye, pease, and beans, are not more than sufficient to supply the wants of the colony. Wine and brandy are the staple products, and it is remarkable, that in no other part of Africa, or indeed of the southern hemisphere, are these produced. The Constantia wine is not a little valued. The culture is, however, not well understood, at least, the management hitherto has not been such as to secure good wine with any degree of certainty: besides, the dealers are not careful to ship wines equal in quality to the samples by which they sell. The London merchants have sent out persons skilled in the culture of the vine, and the manufacture of wine, to instruct the natives; from which measure, considerable advantages are expected to proceed.

The other principal productions of the colony are a species of *salsola*, or saltwort, called by the natives *canna*, which affords potash for the soap which is manufactured for domestic use; salt, which is obtained by mere evaporation from numerous lakes; and aloes, natural plantations of which cover a large tract of ground. The farmers find it often advantageous to bring their waggons loaded with this plant instead of corn, for which they receive from the English merchants £18 or £20 sterling a load. Besides these articles, tobacco thrives perfectly, and grapes, almonds, walnuts, and chesnuts are raised in considerable quantity. No other part of the world, perhaps, exhibits plants and flowers equally distinguished by the elegance of their forms and colours; but few species grow in

one spot. A large proportion had been transplanted into this country, and now forms one of the principal ornaments of our greenhouses.

In the infancy of this settlement it was infested with wild animals, but which are now extinct. Wolves and hyenas have been killed, but not in numbers, and the only funerals in the vicinity of Cape Town are those of the dead.

of

Orange river. The different species of antelopes abound in all parts, except near the capital: the springboks, in particular, are seen along the Nieuwveldt mountains in herds of from 6000 to 15,000. Cattle and sheep have been introduced, and flourish exceedingly; many districts are wholly employed in rearing them. The sheep are distinguished by the peculiar and large dimensions of the tail, composed of a kind of fat which is made into tallow.

The climate of this colony is subject to serious disadvantages. During the cold season it is deluged with rains, and in the hot, scarcely a shower falls to refresh the earth. In the latter season, a dry wind blows from the south-east, the pernicious effects of which seem almost equal to those of the Sirocco at Naples. The trees exposed to their influence are completely blasted of their foliage and fruit. At the first setting in of these winds, the doors and windows are shut to exclude the dust and heat, while the most painful sensation is felt. As the breeze continues, however, it gradually cools, and in the course of 24 hours, becomes supportable. In the vicinity of the Cape, and on different sides of the Table mountain, the variations of the wind appear to be very remarkable. It has been observed, that those who lived here were either in an oven, or at the funnel of a pair of bellows, or under a water spout. Either from their elevation, or the nature of their soil, the Karroo plains are colder than might be expected from their latitude.

The rural occupants of this colony consist of three classes, the wine growers, the corn farmers, and the graziers. The first, called the wine boors, reside mostly in the Cape district, in the vicinity of Cape Town, and are possessed, in general, of about 120 English acres, held in freehold. The greater part of them are descended from French families, by whom the vine was first introduced; they are the most civilized, and comfortably situated of the peasantry. During the last four months of the year they carry their wine to market, and are liable to no duties, except that of three rix-dollars on the legger of 160 gallons. It is supposed that each farm yields, after paying all expences, an annual profit of £150. The corn boors reside about two or three days' journey from Cape Town; they are extremely ignorant of the agricultural art; their plough is an unwieldy machine, drawn by fourteen or sixteen oxen, and they scarcely ever use manure. The grain is not threshed, but trodden out by cattle; and the greater part of the straw is scattered by the winds. Defective as the management is, the soil is so fertile, as to yield from 15 to 30 fold, and even more where there is a command of water. These boors are considered generally in good circumstances, and are liable to no tax or tithe; but the corn pays about a tenth of its value on entering Cape Town. The grazier is much more uncultivated than either of the two former classes. Many of them are perfect Nomades, wandering from place to place, and living in straw huts like the Hottentots. The hovels of those who are fixed, are often little better, being constructed of mud or clay; these contain only one apartment, in which the whole family sleep promiscuously. Their clothing is slight, and they have scarcely any furniture, table linen, knives, forks, or spoons. They are dirty in the extreme; and their urgent wants are satisfied in the most indolent manner possible; but notwithstanding this



seeming poverty, they are said to possess wealth, each family possessing on an average, about 170 cattle and 1100 sheep, and scarcely pay any taxes. The manual labour among all these is performed partly by negroes, but chiefly by the Hottentots, who are reduced to a state of almost complete slavery; treated in a manner not less cruel or oppressive than the negroes in the West Indies, their number is daily diminishing, so as to threaten in a course of years, to become entirely extinct. The farmers will then find it difficult to procure labourers.

This colony is divided into four districts; in each of which is placed a *landrost*, or chief magistrate, with six *hemraaden*, or burghers, for the administration of justice. But the magistrate possesses such slender means of enforcing his authority, that the remote tracts are almost without the pale of law; and if the court at the Cape interfere, it can merely banish the offenders from Cape Town, but has no power to pursue them into their own haunts. The names of the districts are the Cape, the Stellenbosch, including Drakenstein, the Zwellendam, and the Graaf Reynet.

The *District of the Cape* consists chiefly of the peninsula formed by False bay on the south, Table bay on the north, and the ocean on the west, and which is united to the continent by an isthmus of considerable breadth, but low, flat, and sandy. The peninsula itself is composed entirely of mountains, the most conspicuous of which is Table mountain, which forms the northern extremity of the peninsula, immediately above Cape Town, and rising to the height of 3582 feet. On the east is the Devil's hill, and on the west the Lion's head, which form, in fact, only lower wings of the same mountain; the former is 3315 feet high, the latter 2160.

The eye of every visitor is powerfully struck on beholding the immense mass of the Table mountain, which is entirely composed of naked rock. The upper half of the northern part exhibits a perpendicular precipice, and below it seems like a number of projecting buttresses; and being rent by two great chasms, presents the appearances of the ruined walls of some gigantic fortress: these mountains consist of the same materials that are common to this part of the coast of Africa. The basis is formed of blue schistus, above which lies a body of iron clay, mixed with large masses of granite: these compose the shores of the bay. Above them rests the first stratum of the Table mountain, consisting of different species of sandstone, over which is an immense mass of quartz, about 1000 feet in height, and which, in the summit, passes again into sand-stone. Many of the blocks of granite are hollow, generally opening on the side towards the sea. The summit is reached by a steep and gloomy ravine, about three-fourths of a mile long, in the side opposite to Cape Town. A white cloud, called the Table Cloth, covers it during summer. During the winter months, from May to September, the weather is generally pleasant, but sometimes cold, stormy, and wet: the south-east wind prevails throughout the rest of the year, and often blows with great violence; but neither is the cold of winter, nor the heat of summer oppressive, the thermometer seldom rising in the latter season above 90, or falling in the former below 40 degrees.

*Cape Town* is agreeably situated at the head of Table bay, on a plain sloping downwards from the Table mountain: the streets are built with great regularity, being all laid out with a line parallel to, and intersecting each other at right angles; a few are narrow and dirty, but the greater number are open and airy, watered by canals, which are walled in, and planted with oaks on each side: there are three or four large squares, one serving as a public market, another as a resort for the peasantry coming with waggons

from the country, a third as a parade for the troops; this last forms an open and level

plain, and on one of its sides are built the barracks, the largest building in the town, and capable of containing 2000 troops: the other public buildings are a Catholic and Lutheran church, a town-house, and a large building in which the government slaves, about 400 in number, are kept.

The tone of society here is, what is common to a Dutch colony, entirely commercial. *Koopman*, or merchant, is assumed as a title of honour, even by those who do not carry on trade. All classes are bent on commerce, money and merchandize engross the whole conversation; even the servants of the Dutch company, being allowed no adequate salary, were tacitly allowed to carry on some petty trade, and there were few of them who had not a shop in some corner of their house.

The men are not destitute of talent, but their minds are uncultivated by education, and they have no stimulus to mental exertion; the consequence of which is, that they employ the time not devoted to business, in the sensual gratifications of eating, drinking, and smoking: the ladies, however, are remarked as well for their lively and good-humoured dispositions, as for their beauty; they are fond of social intercourse, and are tolerable proficient in the French and English languages, and in music.

The inferior ranks display little of that industry which characterises Europeans; they consider it a degradation to hire themselves as servants, or engage in any species of manual labour; their prejudices seem to grow out of the habit universally established, of employing slaves for all menial purposes. Slaves have sold, since Cape Town fell into the hands of the British, from £100 to 400 each, and yet it is not uncommon to find in one house from 20 to 30. Besides negroes, there are many Malay slaves, who are dangerous from their vindictive spirit, but remarkably active and docile. Every child, in general, has its slave attending it, to comply with all its caprices; which custom tends to injure the future character.

This place has not the best accommodation for shipping. Had the excellent water of the Cape been found at Saldanha bay, the latter would have been preferred as a place of refreshment. At present, Table Bay and False Bay, on the opposite sides of the peninsula, are frequented alternately, according to the season of the year; the former, while the south-east winds prevail, from September to May; the latter, during the prevalence of the north and north-west winds the rest of the year.

The station in False Bay is a small indentation called Simon's bay. Neither of these stations afford, nor could they be made easily to afford, accommodation for vessels to get repaired.

On the west coast of the peninsula, Hout's or Wood's bay enjoys perfect security from all winds; but is small, and the entrance is difficult.

Cape Town is defended by a castle of considerable strength; but the higher grounds which rise gradually to the Devil's hill command it: to guard against the consequences of this, in case of an attack from an enemy, a number of batteries have been added, which were carried up the hill; but these have not obviated the danger of being commanded by a force landing at Simon's bay.

In a commercial view the Cape is chiefly distinguished as particularly favourable to the intercourse of Europe with the vast regions situated around the Indian ocean; and the convenience of its situation as a place of refreshment to vessels navigating to and from the East Indies, is recognized by all the nations of Europe; which for this purpose, is perhaps indispensable to all except the British, whose sailors now perform this immense

voyage in four or five months, and often consider the advantages of a place of refreshment as not sufficient to counterbalance that of selecting the most favourable course of the monsoons and trade winds. But the great importance of this place is in case of a naval armament proceeding to India. A middle station is then indispensable to take in water and refreshments; so that the power which possesses the Cape, may be considered, in war, as having the key of India. It was in this view that those celebrated statesmen, who were deeply interested in our eastern commerce and possessions, have attached such extraordinary importance to this settlement, which seems now finally secured to Great Britain.

## CHAPTER XXI.

There is a land, of every land the prime,  
Belov'd by heaven o'er all the world beside;  
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night;  
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutor'd age, and love exalted youth;  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isle, the most enchanting shores,  
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole.  
*Montgomery.*

THUS did a steady perseverance in the path of rectitude meet with its due reward, in the eventful narrative we have so far related, by conferring on Helen the hand of the man whom she loved with the tenderest affection, and elevating her in society far above her highest expectation, for ambition she had none,—a placid contentment being a leading characteristic in her nature—rank and fortune, however, was the reward of her Conjugal Fidelity; and as united to the person of the Honourable Edmund Daly, she now enjoyed the most honorable distinction, and the greatest advantages of affluence: there only remained to give supreme felicity to both, the sanction of Daly's family, which, although the indissoluble bond of fate had consummated their bliss, as personally regarding each, might still be considered as wanting to fill their cup of happiness to its overflow.

Time, which brings us nearer every day to the completion of our hopes or fears, did not roll over them in vain; for their anxious expectation of a homeward-bound ship from India was at length realized; and though the Cape was endeared to them by so many fond recollections, yet the desire for home outweighed all that present enjoyment which now rewarded them after the unparalleled sufferings and perils they had undergone, and they sighed for England—for happy England!

As the deepest commiseration had pervaded all bosoms in their behalf, on account of their disastrous shipwreck and perilous overland journey to the Cape, so the romantic love-adventure and chivalrous protection of Helen by Edmund under these most peculiar and trying circumstances, combined with the unexampled virtue, exceeding beauty, polished manners, and gentle suavity of Helen's disposition, had rendered them both the objects of intense interest, in the best circles, and wherever the knowledge, which soon became pretty general, of these particulars extended. The influence also of the countenance afforded to them by the governor and his family, who were exceedingly beloved, not a little contributed to heighten the feeling excited in their behalf; the most anxious solicitude therefore prevailed, and quite a rivalry existed as to who should excel in the brilliancy of the entertainments which were given on the occasion of their return to old England—a custom, indeed, by no means uncommon, but now excited to an

extraordinary degree of emulation—dinners, balls, routs, hunting and fishing expeditions, amateur concerts and theatricals; in short, every novelty was enlisted to do honour to the virtue of Helen and the heroic love of Edmund; and never, perhaps, did Hymen's torch burn more brightly, nor a honey-moon pass with greater hilarity.

Helen was pained as much as pleased at becoming the object of so much public attention; for although qualified to move in the most polished sphere of life, by her grace, beauty, and accomplishments, and supported and encouraged by her delighted, enraptured, and ever-joyous husband, under all circumstances, a life of retirement would have been more congenial to her feelings; however, she resolved to meet the wishes of her husband and the gentry, by entering into the festive scenes prepared for her, with animation, and contributed by the most engaging manners and the decoration of her lovely person, in order to repay the compliments so profusely and unfeignedly offered; besides, she recollected the time when she mixed in similar society and partook of like entertainments at Portsmouth, for which indeed she felt grateful, and where her charms had captivated and enslaved her adored and adoring husband! no, she resolved to do him all honour, by studying his looks, his fond whisperings, his gentlest, happiest sigh, as if, though his 'soul had her content so absolute, that there was not another world like this,' she feared some untried means had been omitted, now that she was in duty bound, to enfold him in the golden meshes of her own passionate love.

Edmund, the happy Edmund, watched and rejoiced in the honest and lovely pride of his beauteous wife; and conscious that he, and he alone, controlled, directed, and improved (if possible) every grace and every charm, his soul drank intoxicating draughts of pleasure in the contemplation of her loveliness, whilst his own rivetted eyes, whose lustre required no stimulus to excite the most thrilling sensations, animated, encouraged, and inspirited the partner of his joys.

At length arrived the day for separation from those very kind friends, and that spot, by them entitled truly to be called the *Cape of Good Hope!*

Behold then our hero and heroine once more launched on the wide Atlantic. The vessel on board which they had embarked was richly laden with the produce of the Eastern clime, and its crew and passengers presented a motley group belonging to the various nations of the earth, as well as a multitude of different professions, many of whom for their singularity of character, and romantic nature of their adventures, the development of which promised much amusement and rational entertainment during the period ere they might arrive at their longed-for destination.

The breeze continued fair for several days, and blew stiffly, and hence occasioned but little opportunity for conversation, as the motion of the ship was any thing but congenial to the habits of those to whom land was a more preferable element than the sea.

Helen was unable to stir from the cabin; in which she had, however, the pleasure of being well attended to, and the company of many agreeable females, who rendered each other assistance as occasion might require.

Edmund, therefore, kept himself on deck as much as possible, and regarded with the eye of a keen observer the various characters who either belonged to the ship, or were passengers in her. Among the former he was much struck with the features of the first mate, and could not but believe, that they had been familiar to him. The same impression was on the mind of the mate, as it regarded Daly; and thus circumstanced, it was not to be wondered at, that a friendly interchange of civilities soon sprang up between them.

“Have you been long at sea?” asked Daly, after some unimportant discussion had previously taken place.

“Ever since I was sixteen years of age,” replied his companion; “but why do you ask?”

“Oh, mere curiosity; for which I ask your pardon.”

“Do not mention it. Mine has been an eventful life; and I candidly tell you that I feel an interest in your society, which I cannot exactly account for; I will therefore relate a few particulars of my peregrinations, which perhaps may not only amuse you, but lead to consequences more favourable to my wishes than might be anticipated. I shall not say any thing of my birth, parentage, &c. but start from that part of my existence when, at the age of sixteen, I started from Harrow—

“What! exclaimed Edmund, as he suddenly recollected him, “Are you not Henry Bate?”

“I am,” said the mate; “and you are——

“Edmund Daly, your old schoolfellow, and future friend, if you need it.”

“Thank you, thank you.”

And after shaking hands most heartily, Edmund desired him to proceed.

“I will,” said he, and he continued:—“After starting from school in consequence of the punishment which I received, and which I did not think I deserved (I was always, you know, a headstrong fellow), my father, after persuading me in vain to return, determined to send me to sea: I leaped most high at the proposal; I was fond of change, and romantically inclined; I had devoured voyages and travels, was glutted with tales of love and war, and enraptured with a sailor’s life—so full as it is of perils and pranks; I listened to stories of wrecks and escapes with that sort of feeling, as to desire to suffer them, for the sake of the joy that would follow. Well, I was soon on board his majesty’s frigate ——, got accustomed to severe service, continual danger, and all the horrible scenes which attend a state of warfare.

“After serving the allotted time, peace came, and I, with many others, was compelled again to become a land-lubber; but my avidity for scenes of variety was not yet subdued; and as I was soon found not to have been a skulker, I soon became master of a fine schooner, the property of a gentleman well known to my family. I made several voyages in her to the West Indies, South America, &c.; but in the interim, both my parents died, and in circumstances, owing to some desperate and unfortunate speculations, nearly allied to absolute poverty. I therefore found myself compelled to rely for the future on my own exertion; and as I had been offered by a worthy friend of my father’s in Surinam, a situation worth, as to its pecuniary emoluments, accepting, I resigned my command of the schooner, and wrote to him to know if it was still open.

“After waiting several months in anxious and painful expectancy, I received for reply, that the sooner I arrived the better. I had in the meantime given up all hopes of success.

“My instructions set forth the necessity of my being at Surinam by a certain day; as it wanted only two months of that period, it became necessary to enquire for some vessel without loss of time. Giving up my engagement with the Clydesdale, I proceeded to the harbour, and after a toilsome search, succeeded in discovering a ship chartered by a Glasgow company lying ready at the west quay, and to sail with that evening’s tide.

While I stood examining the vessel from the pier, two sailors, who seemed to be roaming idly about, stopped, and began to converse by my side.

"Has the old Dart got all her hands, Tom?" said the one, "that she has her ensign up for sailing? They say she is sold to the lubberly Dutchmen now—what cheer to lend her a hand out, and get our sailing penny for a glass of grog?"

"No, no! bad cheer!" replied the other; "mayhap I didn't tell you that I made a trip in her four years ago; and a cleaner and livelier thing is not on the water! But there is a limb of the big devil in her that is enough to cause her to sink to the bottom. It was in our voyage out that he did for Bill Burnet with the pump sounding-rod, because the little fellow snivelled a bit, and was not handy to jump when he was ordered aloft to set the fore-royal. It was his first voyage, and the boy was mortal afraid to venture; but the captain swore he would make him, and in his passion took him a rap with the iron-rod, and killed him. When he saw what he had done, he lifted, and hove him over the side; and many a long day the men wondered what had become of little Bill, for they were all below at dinner, and none but myself saw the transaction. It was needless for me to complain, and get him overhauled, as there were no witnesses; but I left the ship, and births would be scarce before I would sail with him again."

Knowing what tyrants shipmasters are in general, and how much their passengers' comfort depends on them, I was somewhat startled by this piece of information respecting the temper of the man I purposed to sail with. But necessity has no law! The circumstance probably was much misrepresented, and, from a simple act of discipline, exaggerated to an act of wanton cruelty. But be that as it might—my affairs were urgent. There was no other vessel for the same port—I must either take my passage, or run the risk of being superseded. The thing was not to be thought of; so I went and secured my birth. As my preparations were few and trifling, I had every thing arranged, and was on board, just as the vessel was unmooring from the quay.

During the night we got down to the Clock lighthouse, and stood off and on, waiting for the captain, who had remained behind to get the ship cleared out at the custom-house. Soon afterwards he joined us, and the pilot leaving us in the return-boat, we stood down the Forth under all our canvass.

For four weeks we had a quick and pleasant passage. The Dart did not belie her name; for, being American-built, and originally a privateer, she sailed uncommonly fast, generally running at the rate of twelve knots an hour.

As I had expected, Captain Mahone proved to be, in point of acquirements, not at all above the common run of shipmasters. He was haughty and overbearing, and domineered over the crew with a high hand; in return for which, he was evidently feared and detested by them all. He had been many years in the West Indies; part of which time he had ranged as commander of a privateer, and had, between the fervid suns of such high latitudes and the copious use of grog, become of a rich mahogany colour, or something between vermillion and the tint of a sheet of new copper. He was a middle-size man; square built, with a powerful and muscular frame. His aspect, naturally harsh and forbidding, was rendered more so by the sinister expression of his left eye, which had been nearly forced out by some accident—and the lineaments of his countenance expressed plainly that he was passionate and furious in the extreme. In consequence of this, I kept rather distant and aloof; and, except at meals, we seldom exchanged more than ordinary civilities.



By our reckoning, our ship had now got into the latitude of the Bermudas, when one evening, at sun-set, the wind, which had hitherto been favourable, fell at once into a dead calm. The day had been clear and bright; but now, huge masses of dark conical-shaped clouds began to tower over each other in the western horizon, which, being tinged with the rays of sun, displayed that lurid and deep brassy tint so well known to you and I, Mr. Daly, as the token of an approaching storm. All the sailors were of opinion that we should have a coarse night; and every precaution that good seamanship could suggest was taken to make the vessel snug before the gale came on. The oldest boys were sent up to hand and send down the royal and top-gallant sails, and strike the masts, while the top-sails and stays were close-reefed. These preparations were hardly accomplished, when the wind shifted, and took us a-back with such violence as nearly to capsize the vessel. The ship was put round as soon as possible, and brought-to till the gale should fall: while all hands remained on deck in case of an emergency.

About ten, in the interval of a squall, we heard a gun fired as a signal of distress. The night was as black as pitch; but the flash showed us that the stranger was not far to leeward: so to avoid drifting on the wreck during the darkness, the main-top-sail was braced round, and filled, and the ship hauled to windward. In this manner we kept alternately beating and heaving-to as the gale rose or fell till the morning broke, when, through the haze, we perceived a small vessel with her masts carried away.

As the wind had taken off, the captain had gone to bed: so it was the mate's watch on deck. The steersman, an old grey-headed seaman, named James Gemmel, proposed to bear down and save the people, saying he had been twice wrecked himself, and knew what it was to be in such a situation.

As the captain was below, the mate was irresolute what to do; being aware that the success of the speculation depended on their getting to Surinam before it was given up: however, he was at length persuaded—the helm was put up, and the ship bore away.

As we neared the wreck, and were standing by the mizen shrouds with our glasses, the captain came up from the cabin. He looked up with astonishment to the sails, and the direction of the vessel's head, and, in a voice of suppressed passion, said, as he turned to the mate, 'What is the meaning of this, Mr. Wyllie? Who has dared to alter the ship's course without my leave—when you know very well that we shall hardly be in time for the market, use what expedition we may?'

The young man was confused by this unexpected challenge, and stammered out something about Gemmel having persuaded him.

"It was me, sir!" respectfully interfered the old sailor, wishing to avert the storm from the mate; "I thought you wouldn't have the heart to leave the wreck and these people to perish, without lending a hand to save them! We should be neither Christians nor true seamen to desert her, and ——"

"Damn you and the wreck, you old canting rascal! do you pretend to stand there and preach to me?" thundered the captain, his fury breaking out, "I'll teach you to disobey my orders!—I'll give you something to think of!" and seizing a capstan-bar which lay near him, he hurled at the steersman with all his might. The blow was effectual—one end of it struck him across the head with such force as to sweep him in an instant from his station at the wheel, and to dash him with violence against the lee-bulwarks, where he lay bleeding, and motionless. "Take that, and be damned!" exclaimed

the wretch, and he took the helm, and sang out to the men,—“Stand by sheets, and braces—hard a-lee—let go!”

In a twinkling the yards were braced round, and the Dart, laid within six points of the wind, was flying through the water.

Meanwhile Gemmel was lying without any one daring to assist him; for the crew were so confounded that they seemed quite undetermined how to act. I stepped to him, therefore, and the mate following my example, we lifted him up. As there was no appearance of respiration, I placed my hand on his heart—but pulsation had entirely ceased—the old man was dead. The bar had struck him directly on the temporal bone, and had completely fractured that part of the skull.

“He is a murdered man, Captain Mahone!” said I, laying down the body, “murdered without cause or provocation.”

“None of your remarks, sir!” he retorted : “what the devil have *you* to do with it? Do you mean to stir up my men to mutiny? Or do you call disobeying my orders no provocation? I’ll answer it to those who have a right to ask; but till then, let me see the man who dare open his mouth to me in this ship.”

“I promise you,” returned I, “that though you rule and tyrannise here at present, your power shall have a termination, and you shall be called to account for your conduct in this day’s work—rest assured that *this* blood shall be required at your hands, though you have hitherto escaped punishment for what has stained them already.”

This allusion to the murder of little Bill Burnet seemed to stagger him considerably—he stopped short before me, and, while his face grew black with suppressed wrath and fury, whispered, “I warn you again, young man! to busy yourself with your own matters—meddle not with what does not concern you; and belay your slack jaw or by —! Rink Mahone will find a way to make it fast for you!” He then turned round, and walked forward to the forecabin.

During this affray no attention had been paid to the wreck, though the crew had set up a yell of despair on seeing us leave them. Signals and shouts were still repeated, and a voice, louder in agony than the rest, implored our help for the love of the blessed virgin; and offered riches and absolution to the whole ship’s company if they would but come back.

The captain was pacing fore and aft without appearing to mind them, when, as if struck with some sudden thought, he lifted up his glass to his eye—seemed to hesitate—walked on—and then, all at once changing his mind, he ordered the vessel again before the wind.

On speaking the wreck, she proved to be a Spanish felucca from the island of Cuba, bound for Curacoa, on the coast of the Caraccas. As they had lost their boats in the storm, and could not leave their vessel, our captain lowered and manned our jolly boat, and went off to them.

After an absence of some hours he returned with the passengers, consisting of an elderly person in the garb of a catholic priest, a sick gentleman, a young lady, apparently daughter of the latter, and a female black slave.

With the utmost difficulty, and writhing under some excruciating pain, the invalid was got on board, and carried down to the cabin, where he was laid on a bed on the floor. To the tender of my most anxious services the invalid returned his thanks, and would have declined them, expressing his conviction of being past human aid, but the young

lady, eagerly catching at even a remote hope of success, implored him with tears to accept my offer.

On enquiry I found his fears were but too well grounded. In his endeavours to assist the crew during the gale he had been standing near the mast, part of which, or the rigging, having fallen on him, had dislocated several of his ribs, and injured his spine beyond remedy. All that could now be done was to afford a little temporary relief from pain, which I did; and, leaving him to the care of the young lady and the priest, I left the cabin.

On the deck I found all bustle and confusion. The ship was still lying to, and the boats employed in bringing the goods out of the felucca, both of which were the property of the wounded gentleman.

The body of the old man, Gemmel, had been removed somewhere out of sight; no trace of blood was visible, and captain Mahone seemed desirous to banish all recollections both of our quarrel and its origin.

As the invalid was lying in the cabin, and my state-room occupied by the lady and her female attendant, I got a temporary berth in the steerage made up for myself for the night. I had not long thrown myself down on my cot, which was only divided from the main-cabin by a bulk-head, when I was awakened by the deep groans of the Spaniard. The violence of his pain had again returned, and between the spasms I heard the weeping and gentle voice of the lady soothing his agony, and trying to impart hopes, prospects to him, which her own hysterical sobs told plainly she did not herself feel.

The priest also frequently joined, and urged him to confess.

To this advice he remained silent for awhile; but at length he addressed the lady, ‘The Padre says true, Isabella! time wears apace, and I feel that I shall soon be beyond its limits, and above its concerns! but ere I go, I would say that which it would impart peace to my mind to disclose—I would seek to leave you at least one human being to befriend and protect you in your utter helplessness. Alas! that Diego di Montaldo’s daughter should ever be thus destitute! Go, my love! I would be alone a little while with the father.’

An agony of tears and sobs was the only return made by the poor girl, while the priest with gentle violence led her into the state-room.

“Now,” continued the dying man, “listen to me while I have strength. You have only known me as a merchant in Cuba; but such I have not been always. Mine is an ancient and noble family in Catalonia; though I unhappily disgraced it, and have been estranged from it long. I had the misfortune to have weak and indulgent parents, who idolized me as the heir of their house, and did not possess resolution enough to thwart me in any of my wishes or desires, however unreasonable. My boyhood being thus spoiled, it is no matter of wonder that my youth should have proved wild and dissolute. My companions were as dissipated as myself, and much of our time was spent in gambling and other extravagances.

“One evening at play I quarrelled with a young nobleman of high rank and influence; we were both of us hot and passionate, so we drew on the spot and fought, and I had the misfortune to run him through the heart and leave him dead.

“Not daring to remain longer at home, I fled in disguise to Barcelona, where I procured a passage in a vessel for the Spanish Main.

“On our voyage we were taken by buccaneers; and, the roving and venturous mode of life of these bold and daring men suiting both my inclinations and finances, I agreed to make one of their number. For many months we were successful in our enterprises; we ranged the whole of these seas, and made a number of prizes, some of which were rich ships of our own colonies. In course of time we amassed such a quantity of specie as to make us unwilling to venture it in one bottom; so we agreed to hide it ashore, and divide it on our return from our next expedition. But our good fortune forsook us this time. During a calm the boats of the *Guarda-costa* came on us, overpowered the ship, and made all the crew, except myself and two others, prisoners. We escaped with our boat, and succeeded in gaining the island of Cuba, where both of my comrades died of their wounds.

Subsequent events induced me to settle at St. Juan de Buenvista, where I married, and as a merchant prospered and became a rich man. But my happiness lasted not! My wife caught the yellow fever and died, leaving me only this one child.

“I now loathed the scene of my departed happiness, and felt all the longings of an exile to revisit my native country. For this purpose I converted all my effects into money; and am thus far on my way to the hidden treasure, with which I intended to return to Spain; but the green hills of Catalonia will never more gladden mine eyes! My hopes and wishes were only for my poor girl. Holy father, you know not a parent’s feelings—its anxieties and its fears.

“The thoughts of leaving my child to the mercy of strangers; or, it may be, to their barbarities, in this lawless country, is far more dreadful than the anguish of my personal sufferings; with you rests my only hope.—Promise me your protection towards her, and the half of all my wealth is yours.”

“Earthly treasures,” replied the priest, “avail not with one whose desires are fixed beyond the little handful of dust which perisheth—my life is devoted to the service of my creator; and the conversation of ignorant men, men who have never heard of his salvation. On an errand of mercy came I to this land; and if the heathen receive it, how much more a daughter of our most holy church? I, therefore, in behalf of our community, accept of your offer, and swear on this blessed emblem to fulfil all your wishes to the best of my poor abilities.”

“Enough, enough!” said Montaldo, “I am satisfied. Among that archipelago of desert islands, known by the name of the *Roccas*, situated on the coast of the province of Venezuela, in New Granada, there is one called the *Wolf-rock*; it is the longest and most northern of the group, and lies the most to seaward. At the eastern point, which runs a little way into the sea, there stands an old vanilla, blasted and withered, and retaining but a single solitary branch. On the eve of the festival of St. Jago the moon will be at her full in the west; at twenty minutes past midnight she will attain to her highest altitude in the heavens, and then the shadow of the tree will be thrown due east; watch till the branch and stem unite and form only one line of shade—mark its extremity—for there, ten feet below the surface, the cask containing the gold is buried.

“That gold, father, was sinfully got; but fasts and penances have been done, masses without number have been said, and I trust that the blessed Virgin has interceded for the forgiveness of that great wickedness! I have now confessed all, and confide in your promise; and as you perform your oath, so will the blessing or curse of a dying man

abide with you. I feel faint, dying.—Oh! let me clasp my child once more to my heart before I—

Here the rest of the sentence became indistinct from the death-rattle in his throat. I leaped off my cot, and sprang up the hatchway, and had my foot on the top of the companion-ladder, when a piercing shriek from below making me quicken my steps, I missed my hold, and fell on some person stationed on the outside of the cabin-door. The person, without uttering a single word, rose and ascended the steps; but as he emerged into the faint light which still lingered in the horizon, I fancied that I could distinguish him to be the captain. On my entering, I found the Spaniard dead, and his daughter lying in a state of insensibility by his side; while the female slave was howling and tearing her hair like one in a phrenzy. The priest was entirely absorbed in his devotions; so, without disturbing him, I lifted the lady and bore her into the state-room; the greater part of the night was passed in trying to restore her to sensation; fit after fit followed each other in such quick succession that I began to apprehend the result; but at length the hysterical paroxysm subsided, and tears coming to her relief, she became somewhat composed, when I left her in charge of her attendant.

The next day was spent in taking out the remainder of the felucca's cargo.

There seemed now no anxiety on the captain's part to proceed on his voyage—he appeared to have forgot the necessity, expressed on the former occasion, of being in port within a limited time. He was often in a state of inebriety; for the wine and spirits of the Spaniards were lavishly served out to the whole ship's company, with whom he also mixed more; and banished that haughtiness of bearing which had marked his conduct hitherto.

In the evening the body of Don Diego was brought upon deck, where his crew, under the superintendence of the priest, prepared it for its commitment to the deep.

The corpse was, as is usual in such cases, wrapped up in the blankets and sheets in which it had lain, and a white napkin was tied over the face and head. In its right hand, which was crossed over the breast, was placed a gold doubloon; its left held a small bag containing a book, a hammer, and a candle; while on the bosom was laid the little crucifix worn by the deceased. It was next enveloped in a hammock, with a couple of eight-pound shots, and a bag of ballast at the feet to sink it; the hammock was then carefully and closely sewed up, and the whole operation finished by leaving the sail-needle thrust transversely through the nose.

At midnight the vessel was hove-to, and all the ship's company assembled at the lee-gangway. The Spaniards and negroes bore each a burning torch in his hand; the blaze of which, as they held them elevated above their heads, cast a strange and fearful light through the deep darkness, and illumined the ocean far and wide with a supernatural refulgency.

When all was ready, the priest, accompanied by Isabella, came up from the cabin, and the Spaniards lifting up the body, carried it forward to the waist, where one of the ship's gratings had been put projecting over the side, and on this the corpse was laid, with its feet to the water. Around this the torch-bearers formed a circle, and the priest, standing at the head, began the funeral service for the dead at sea.

The wind had now subsided into a gentle breeze; and nothing disturbed the profound silence of the crew during mass, save the slight splashing of the waves against

the windward side of the ship, and the deep-drawn convulsive sobs of the young lady, as she stood enveloped in her mantillo, in the obscurity of the main-rigging.

Mass being concluded, the priest solemnly chaunted the funeral anthem:—"May the angels conduct thee into Paradise; may the martyrs receive thee at thy coming; and mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was formerly poor!" He then sprinkled the body with holy water, and continued:—"As it hath pleased God to take the soul of our dear brother here departed unto himself, we, therefore, commit his body to the deep, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection on that day when the sea shall give up its dead. Let him rest in peace!"

The Spaniards responded "Amen!"

And the priest repeating, "May his soul, and the soul of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Amen!" made the sign of the cross; and the bow-chaser, which had been loaded and made ready for the occasion, firing, the end of the grating was gently elevated, and the corpse heavily plunged into the water.

The waves parted, heaving and foaming round the body as it disappeared, when to our horror and astonishment we beheld it, the next minute, slowly return to the surface, deprived of the canvass covering in which it had been sewed.

The dead man came up as he had gone down, in an upright position, and floated a little time with his back to the vessel; but the motion of the water turned him round by degrees till we distinctly saw his face.

The head was thrown back, and the eyes wide open; and under the strong stream of light poured on them from the torches, they seemed to glare ghastly and fearfully upwards; his gray hairs, long and dishevelled, floated about his face, at times partially obscuring it; and one arm stretched forth, and agitated by the action of the waves, appeared as if in the act of threatening us.

When the first burst of horror had subsided, I caught hold of Isabella to prevent her seeing the body, and was leading her off, when some of the men, lowering their torches from the main-chains, whispered that it was the murdered man, old James Gemmel.

The captain had been hitherto looking on with the rest without having apparently recognized him; but when the name struck his ear, he shrunk back and involuntarily exclaimed, "It's a lie—it's an infamous lie! Who dares to say he was murdered? He went overboard two days ago! But don't let him on board: for God's sake keep him down, or he'll take us all with him to the bottom. Will nobody keep him down? Will nobody shove him off? Helm-a-lee!" he bawled out, waving to the steersman; but the man had deserted his post, eager to see what was going on; he, therefore, ran to the wheel himself, and again issued his commands, "Let go the main top-sail weather-braces, and bring round the yard! Let them go, I say!"

His orders were speedily executed; the vessel gathered way, and we quickly shot past the body of the old man.

For several days after this, we pursued our course with a favourable wind, which drove us swiftly forward on our voyage. The captain now kept himself constantly intoxicated, seldom made his appearance in the cabin, but left us altogether to the care of the steward. All subordination was now at an end—his whole time was spent among the seamen, with whom he mixed familiarly, and was addressed by them without the slightest portion of that respect or deference commonly paid to the captain of the vessel. The

appearance of the men, also, was much altered. From the careless mirth and gaiety, and the characteristic good-humour of sailors, there was now a sullenness and gloom only visible. A constant whispering—a constant caballing was going on—a perpetual discussion, as if some design of moment was in agitation, or some step of deep importance was about to be taken.

All society and confidence towards each other were banished; in place of conversing together in a body, as formerly, they now walked about in detached parties, and among them the boatswain and carpenter seemed to take an active lead. Yet, in the midst of all this disorder, a few of our own crew kept themselves separate, taking no share in the general consultation; but from the anxiety expressed in their countenances, as well as in that of the mate, I foresaw some storm was brooding, and about to burst on our heads.

Since Montaldo's death, Isabella had been in the habit of leaving her cabin after sun-set, to enjoy the coolness of the evening-breeze; and in this she was sometimes joined by the priest, but more frequently was only attended by her slave.

One evening she came up as usual, and after walking backward and forward on deck till the dews began to fall, she turned to go below; but just as we approached the companion-way, one of the negroes, who now, in the absence of all discipline, lounged about the quarter-deck without rebuke, shut down the head, and throwing himself on it, declared that none should make him rise without the reward of a kiss. This piece of insolence was received with an encouraging laugh by his fellows, and several slang expressions of wit were uttered, which were loudly applauded by those around. Without a word of remonstrance, Isabella timidly stooped, and would have attempted getting down the ladder without disturbing the slave; when, burning with indignation, I seized the rascal by the collar, and pitched him head foremost along the deck. In an instant he got on his legs, and pulling a long clasp-knife out of his pocket, with a loud imprecation he made towards me. All the other negroes likewise made a motion to assist him, and I expected to be assailed on all hands, when the mate interfered, and laying hold of the marlin-spike, which I had caught up to defend myself, pushed me back, as he whispered, "Are you mad, that you interfere? For heaven's sake, keep quiet, for I have no authority over the crew now!" And he spoke the truth; for the negro, brandishing his knife, and supported by his comrades, was again advancing, when the hoarse voice of the boatswain, as he ran to the scene of action, arrested his progress.

"Hallo! you there, what's the squall for? Avast, avast, Mingo! off hands is fair play—ship that blade of yours, or I'll send my fist through your ribs, and make day-light shine through them in a minute." I related the behaviour of the negro, and was requesting him to order the slaves forward, when I was cut short with—"There are no slaves here, young man! we are all alike free in a British ship. But damn his eyes for an insolent son of a —; *he* pretend to kiss the pretty girl! I'll let him know she belongs to his betters! The black wench is good enough for him any day. Come, my dear!" he continued, turning to Isabella, "give me the same hire, and I'll undertake to clear the way for you myself."

He made if as he meant to approach her, when, careless of what the consequences might be to myself, I hastily stepped forward, and lifting up the head of the companion, Isabella in an instant darted below. "This lady is no fit subject for either wit or insolence," said I, shutting the doors, "and he is less than man who would insult an unprotected female." For a little while he stood eyeing me as if hesitating whether he

should resent my interference, or remain passive; at length he turned slowly and doggedly away as he uttered—"You ruffle big, and crow with a brisk note, my lad! But I've seen me do as wonderful a thing as twist your windpipe, and send you over the side to cool yourself a bit; and so I would serve you in the turning of a wave, if it wasn't that we have use for you yet! I see in what quarter the wind sets; but mind your eye! for sink me if I don't keep a sharp look out a-head over you."

I now saw that things had come to a crisis—that the crew meant to turn pirates; and that I was to be detained among them for certain reasons. I could not without a shudder, reflect on what must be the fate of Isabella among such a gang of reckless villains; but I firmly resolved that, come what might, my protection and care over her should cease but with my life.

To be prepared for the worst, I immediately went below, loaded my pistols, and concealed them in my breast, securing at the same time all my money and papers about my person. While thus employed, one of the cabin-boys came down for a spy-glass, saying that a sail had hove in sight to windward. Upon this I followed him up, and found the crew collected together in clamorous consultation as to the course they should follow. Some were for laying-to till she came down, and taking her, if a merchantman; and if not, they could easily sheer off—but this motion was overruled by the majority, who judged it best to keep clear for fear of accident: accordingly all the spare canvass was set, and we were soon gaining large before the wind. But the Dart, though reckoned the first sailer out of Clyde when close hauled on a wind, was by no means so fleet when squared away and going free: she had now met with her match, for the stranger was evidently gaining rapidly on us, and in two hours we saw it was impossible for us to escape. The priest and I were ordered down with a threat of instant death if we offered to come on deck, or make any attempt to attract observation.

I now communicated to Isabella my apprehensions with respect to the crew, along with my resolution to leave the vessel if the other proved a man-of-war, and earnestly advised both her and the priest to take advantage of it also. She thanked me with a look and smile that told me how sensible she was of the interest I felt in her welfare, and expressed her willingness to be guided by me in whatever way I thought best.

Shortly after this we heard a gun fired to bring us to, and the Dart hailed and questioned as to her port and destination. The answers, it appeared, were thought evasive and unsatisfactory, for we were ordered to come close under the lee-quarter of his majesty's sloop of war Tartar, while they sent to examine our papers. This was now our only chance, and I resolved, that if the officer should not come below, I would force the companion-door, and claim his protection. But I was not put to this alternative. As soon as he arrived, I heard him desire the hatches to be taken off, and order his men to examine the hold. The inspection did not satisfy him; for he hailed the sloop, and reported that there were Spanish goods on board which did not appear in the manifest—"Then remain on board, and keep your stern lights burning all night, and take charge of the ship!" was the reply.

In a state of irksome suspense we remained nearly two hours, expecting every moment to hear the officer descending. At length, to our relief, the companion-doors were unlocked, and a young man, attended by our captain, entered the cabin. He looked surprised on seeing us, and bowing to Isabella, apologized for intruding at such an unseasonable hour. "But I was not given to understand," he added, "that there were



passengers in the ship—prisoners I should rather pronounce it, Mr. Mahone, for you seem to have had them under lock and key, which is rather an unusual mode of treating ladies at least. No wine, sir!” he continued, motioning away the bottles, which the captain was hastily placing on the table—“no wine, but be pleased to show me your register and bill of lading.”

He had not been long seated to inspect them when a shuffling and hurried sound of feet was heard overhead, and a voice calling on Mr. Duff for assistance showed that some scuffle had taken place above. Instantaneously we all started to our feet, and the lieutenant was in the act of drawing his sword, when, accidentally looking round, I observed Mahone presenting a pistol behind. With a cry of warning, I threw myself forward, and had just time to strike the weapon slightly aside, when it went off. The ball narrowly missed the head of Duff, for whom it had been aimed, but struck the priest immediately over the right eye, who, making one desperate and convulsive leap as high as the ceiling, sunk down dead, and before the captain could pull out another, I discharged the contents of mine into his breast. We then rushed upon deck; but it was only to find the boat’s crew had been mastered, and to behold the last of the men tumbled overboard. The pirates then dispersed, and exerted themselves to get the ship speedily under-way; while the boatswain sang out to extinguish the lanterns, that the Tartar might not be guided by the lights.

“It’s all over with us!” exclaimed my companion, “but follow me—we have one chance for our lives yet. Our boat is still towing astern; do you throw yourself over, and swim till I slide down the painter, and cut her adrift. Come, bear a-hand, and jump! don’t you see them hastening aft?” and in an instant he pitched himself off the taffrel, slid down the rope which held the boat, and cast her loose.

But this advice, however judicious, it was impossible for me to follow—for, at that moment, repeated shrieks from Isabella put to flight all thoughts for my own individual safety; I, therefore, hurried back to the cabin, determined, that if I could not rescue her along with myself, to remain, and protect her with my life. And in a happy time I arrived! The candles were still burning on the table; and through the smoke of the pistols, which still filled the cabin, I beheld her struggling in the arms of a negro—the identical slave who had displayed such insolence in the early part of the evening. With one stroke of the butt end of my pistol I fractured the cursed villain’s skull—caught up Isabella in my arms—ran up the ladder, and had nearly gained the side, when the boatswain, attracted by her white garments, left the helm to intercept me—and I saw the gleam of his uplifted cutlass on the point of descending, when he was suddenly struck down by some person from behind. I did not stop to discover who had done this good office; but hailing Duff, and clasping Isabella firmly to my heart, I plunged into the water, followed by my unknown ally. With the aid of my companion, whom I now found to be John Wyllie, the mate, we easily managed to support our charge till the boat reached us; when we found that the greater part of the men had been rescued in a similar manner.

When the morning dawned, we perceived the Dart, like a speck in the horizon, and the sloop of war in close chase. Our attention was next turned to our own situation, which was by no means enviable: we had escaped, it is true, with our lives, for the present; but without a morsel of food, or a single drop of fresh water, with us in the boat;

we could, at best, only expect to protract existence for a few days longer, and then yield them up ultimately in horror and misery.

By an observation taken the day before, on board of the Tartar, Mr. Duff informed us we were to the north-east of the Bahamas; and distant about one hundred and seventy miles from Walling's Island, which was the nearest land. This was a long distance; but, as despair never enters the breast of a British sailor, even in situations of the utmost extremity, we cheered up each other; and, as no other resource was left us, we manned our oars, and pulled away with life, trusting to the chance of meeting with some vessel, of which there was a strong probability, as this was the common course of the leeward traders. And our hopes were not disappointed! for next day we fortunately fell in with a brig from the Azores, bound for Porto Rico, on board of which we were received with much kindness; and, in five days, we found ourselves safely moored in Porto-real harbour.

My first step on landing was to inquire for a boarding-house for Isabella, and I had the good luck to be directed to one kept by a respectable Scotch family, in Orange Terrace, and to this I conducted her. My next transaction was to charter a small cutter; and to communicate to Duff the secret of the hidden treasure; at the same time, asking him to adventure himself and his men on its recovery. I also gave him to understand the probability of a rencounter with the pirates, in the event of their having escaped the sloop, for I was aware that Mahone had overheard the whole confession, from my finding him listening at the cabin door.

Without hesitation, the lieutenant at once agreed to accompany me, and engaging some hands out of a vessel newly arrived, we soon mustered a party of fourteen men. As it only wanted six days of the festival of St. Jago, and the distance across the Caribbean sea was great enough to require all our exertions to be there in time, we embarked and sailed that very night.

Our cutter proved a prime sailer—and though the winds were light and variable, by the help of our sweeps we made the Roccas on the evening of the sixth day.

As the Spaniard had foretold, the moon was climbing the western sky, and pouring the fulness of her splendour with a mild and beautiful effulgence on the untroubled deep, as we slowly drifted with the current between the Wolf-rock and the adjacent isle. All was silent and calm over the whole desert archipelago and the vast surrounding waters, save now and then the sudden flight of a sea-fowl awakening from its slumbers as we passed; or the occasional roar of the jaguar faintly wafted from the main land. We ran the cutter into a deep and narrow creek; moored her safe, and proceeded, well armed, to the eastern extremity. There we found the projecting point of land, and the old vanilla tree exactly in the situation described—its huge, twisted trunk was still entire; and from the end of its solitary branch, which was graced by a few scattered leaves, the body of a man in the garb of a sailor hung suspended in irons. The clothes had preserved the body from the birds of prey, but the head was picked clean and bare, leaving the eyeless and bleached skull to glitter white in the moonlight.

In perfect silence, and with something of awe on our spirits, impressed by the solitude and dreariness of the scene, we seated ourselves on the rocks, and, with my time-piece in my hand, I began to mark the progress of the shadow. For nearly three hours we watched in this manner, listening attentively for the slightest sound from seaward; but

every thing continued hushed and still, except the creaking of the chain as the dead man swung to and fro in the breeze.

Midnight was now drawing near—the moon, radiant and full, was careering high through the deep blue of heaven, and the shadows of the branch and stem were approaching each other, and towards the desired point. At length the hand of my time-piece pointed to within one minute of the time. It passed over. The branch and stem now merged into one, and threw their shadow due east: and the first spadeful of earth had been thrown out, when the man who had been stationed to keep a look out came running to inform us that a boat was rapidly approaching from the east.

We immediately concluded that they must be part of the Dart's crew; and their long and vigorous strokes, as they stretched out to the full extent of their oars, showed that they knew the importance of every minute that elapsed.

Our implements for digging were hastily laid aside, and we concealed ourselves among the rocks till they should come within reach. In a short time the boat was seen ashore, and eight armed men came forward, partly Spaniards and partly the ship's crew; among whom I recognized the boatswain, and, to my surprise, Mahone, whom I had shot and left for dead in the cabin.

Without giving them time to prepare for the assault, we quitted our shelter, and sprung among them at once, laying about with our cutlasses. For a little space the skirmish was toughly and hotly contested; for the pirates were resolute and reckless, and fought with the desperation of men who knew that the only chance for their lives lay in their own exertions.

In the confusion of the fray I had lost sight of Duff, and was closely engaged with one of the Spaniards, when the voice of the boatswain shouting forth a horrible imprecation sounded immediately behind me. I turned round and sprung aside from the sweep of his cutlass, and, as my pistols were both empty, retreated, acting on the defensive; when he pulled out his, fired, and hurled the weapon at my head. The shot passed without injuring me—but the pistol, aimed with better effect, struck me full on the forehead. A thousand sparks of light flashed from my eyes—I felt myself reeling, and on the point of falling, when a cut across the shoulder stretched me at once on the ground.

When I recovered from my stupor, and opened my eyes, the morning was far advanced—the sun was shining bright overhead; and I found myself at sea, lying on the deck of the cutter, and Duff busily engaged in examining my wounds. From him I learned that the pirates had been mastered after a severe conflict—in which four had been slain, and left on the island; two had escaped unobserved during the fight, and made off with their boat; and two had been wounded, and were prisoners on board, one of whom was Mahone. On our arrival at Porto Rico, we delivered them over to the civil power; and, soon afterwards, Mahone was tried for the murder of the priest, when he was convicted on our evidence, condemned, and executed.

Under good nursing and care, I gradually recovered; and having delivered the whole of the treasure, thus fortunately secured, into the hands of the beautiful Spaniard, the men engaged in its recovery having first been amply remunerated for their daring exploit, I determined to return to England.

The time which had been thus so unexpectedly occupied, precluded me from the least chance of obtaining the situation at Surinam, and I could not think of remaining idle.

Isabella was profuse in her expressions of gratitude to me, and pressed my acceptance of one half of the treasure, but I resolutely refused all reward. I was too high-minded to consider that I was entitled to prize-money in such a cause. I had defended injured innocence, and had therefore merely done an act of honorable humanity.

Several Spaniards of distinction had become acquainted with my fair charge, and consequently I felt less compunction in leaving her. I did not then know I loved her; but absence, which is generally considered to be a cure for that passion, discovered its existence in my breast, and the more I endeavoured to banish her from my thoughts, the more convinced was I of the fruitlessness of the attempt.

Bates here concluded his narrative, the relation of which interested Daly much—his own strange adventures enabling him to enter into the feeling of it with that true spirit which is essential to a due appreciation of the romantic and extraordinary.

“Well, my friend,” said Daly, “*nil desperandum!* you are not the only one who has had to contend with ‘fire and flood’ for the attainment of a woman whom you cannot help adoring. You behold before you a personage whose case, according to all human calculation, might have been fairly considered more desperate than your own. Listen for a quarter of an hour, and you will be able to judge for yourself.

“With pleasure,” replied Bates; “though I doubt much that I shall derive any hope from your good intentions.”

Daly then recounted his own tale of love, and Bates was compelled to confess that the chances were somewhat more in his favor than he had hitherto imagined.

Thus the voyage proceeded, cheated of its monotony by the relation of their seafaring exploits, which the good-natured auditors tacitly permit to border on the incredible as a matter of course; no wonder then that Bates, who knew the Cape of Good Hope well, could amuse the passengers with many particulars relative to it—tales and legends, both wild and wonderful, amusing and pathetic, were rife in his prolific brain; but as our limits warn us to the concluding portion of our narrative, we shall insert but one of these of rather a humorous description: it is entitled,

#### THE MAJOR AND HIS BOOTS:

About the year 1739 there arrived a governor at the Cape of Good Hope from Holland—his rank was that of a major in the Dutch service: he was a man of the most eccentric manners and conduct, and held conversation with mankind, as it were, only by halves. He held two public days in each week, on which he received company, and treated them in the most polite and hospitable manner; but on other days he neither visited nor spoke, but on business, to any, out of his family.

His family consisted of two beautiful and accomplished daughters, who both died unmarried, though the wedding-day of each had been named, and preparations were in a state of forwardness for the completion of the ceremony. Two or three days only before the appointed time death snatched them suddenly from the prospect of future worldly happiness; and these severe visitations so affected the governor, that but little hope was entertained for some time of his surviving; he was inconsolable for his loss. After enduring extreme anguish for six months, his mind gradually seemed to resume its wonted calmness. He opened his house for the reception of company one day only in the week, but preserved the most obstinate silence during the remainder of that period. It was observed, however, that on those occasions his conversation generally wandered from the

ordinary topics of life, and verged, with seeming satisfaction, on those of the marvellous and wonderful.

In this state he continued for more than two years without any important variation, excepting that he was frequently shut up for hours together with one of the soldiers of the garrison, who was a capital bootmaker, or with another who was an excellent smith; and frequent noises of hammering, &c. were heard in the house.

At length the major was observed to start off one morning in the summer season by day-break with the two soldiers, each of whom was laden with an immensely large article, bearing a great resemblance to a boot, but rather fit for the whole body of a man, than his leg.

The major himself was armed with a long pole, which had a jagged spear of iron at its end. So quixotic a set could not fail to excite the attention of those who witnessed it. They determined to watch their further proceedings, and accordingly followed them at a convenient distance.

When the trio reached the sea side, the two soldiers having first taken the major on their shoulders, waded with him into the water; and having arrived breast high, to the amazement of the beholders, they placed him into the enormous boots, which made him look not more than knee-deep, and he began to walk about apparently in perfect ease and security. Their amazement was still further increased, when they saw him receive from one of the soldiers a kind of net bag, which he threw over his shoulders, and then proceeded to walk out to sea, which he appeared to do with the greatest facility.

His attendants then came on shore, and pulling off their trowsers, spread them on the beach to dry, and sat down, as if intending to await the return of their master.

Those who witnessed this strange proceeding were now extremely anxious to have the mystery unravelled, and they went forward at once and joined the recumbent artizans, and politely asking a few preliminary questions, they were as politely answered; this emboldened them to put another, viz. "Pray, gentlemen, were you not just now in the water with another person, who seemed to walk upon it, and who went away from you, and if we mistake not, we see at a great distance, looking no larger than a crow?"

One of the soldiers answered in the affirmative, and added, that it was their master, the governor, who was gone to the rocks, to get a dish of lobsters, and that he had got his boots on.

They were now more surprized than ever, and their curiosity was increased to become acquainted with the whole of this mysterious business.

They received the following account from the soldiers—the bootmaker, whose name was Duryed, commencing first.

*Duryed.* Well, to be sure, so it is wonderful; and it's all his honor's own contrivance, except a little help from me and Sydam there. Come, I'll tell you all about it, if I can—but the major's a wonderful man, to be sure, as you'll say when you've heard all. Well, one day, about a year and half ago, the major sent for me, and said, Duryed, I hear you are a clever fellow at a boot. I want your assistance, and if you please me I'll pay you well for it. Here, take this money, and buy leather and materials for making a pair of boots to fit my legs, and another pair big enough to hold my body, with much to spare for tops and turnings; and say not to any one how you are employed: and tell me, do you know any of our soldiers who are expert in working in steel, and tempering the same? Yes, your honor, there's Peter Sydam, in the first battalion company, I believe

very clever that way. Well, then, said the major, send him to me; so I went as I was ordered.

*Sydam.* When I came to the major, he said to me, do you well understand the tempering of steel, and the making of springs? I answered yes: then said the major I want you to work for me, to which I consented. When Duryed returned with the leather and materials, the major took us into the back part of his house, where he had converted some good outhouses into a smithery, a distillery, and other workshops. He took me into the smithery, gave me steel and utensils for work, and gave me a pattern of a pair of spiral flat springs, of an entire new construction, and required me to make them of the best temper possible; and having assigned me my hours of labour, which were very easy, he locked me into my work-room, telling me that when I wanted to be released, to pull the string of a bell which I should find by the north corner of the building, and I should shortly be answered.

*Duryed.* The major then took me to the workshop appointed for me, when, having sat down, he directed me to take his measure for a pair of boots, and to make them upon the principle of strait lines; that is to say, square at the heel and at the toe, strait from the toe to the heel on both sides, and strait up the leg on all sides, with three doublings the whole length, one on each side and one behind, to receive plates of steel, which were to admit many screws. He then gave me a very small phial of a sort of oil, and ordered me to wet my ends with that, instead of using wax, and not to mind if my ends became a little clumsy by that means, that I might use a larger awl: having said which he left me, and I proceeded with my work. Having cut out my work, I sat down to closing, but when I began to use my ends wet with the oil, I thought I should never get through my job; it was prodigiously swelled in size, and beside was become so very strong, that I believe it possessed the power of a cord twenty times its size: however, in time I got through my job, and presented them to the major, who tried them, examined them, applied the plates to them, and pronounced them good. He then lacquered them over with the same sort of oil which he had given me to use instead of wax; and in a few hours' time, the leather became about three times its former thickness, and as soft as fine velvet. He then took me with him into Sydam's smithery with the boot, and produced a pair of spiral springs, which reached from the ancle nearly to the crutch inside, and nearly to the hip outside; these were fixed by strong screws to the boots, so as to inclose them, and at the same time so disposed as to be compressed or expanded at pleasure. Having then assigned other work to Sydam, he returned with me to my workshop, and directed me to take measure for a pair of boots to be rounded at the toes and heels, and which would receive the other boots and springs, and which indeed must be built upon and closed over them, leaving a space of about three inches all round the feet, from the outside of the foot of the inner boot to the inside of the foot of the outer boot, and which space was filled with certain plates and springs. The tops of these boots closing jointly with springs under the crutch, and then carried up round the back and fore part of the thighs, with large fanlike roundings, which a little above the waist fell down, and formed a sort of parachute round the body, considerably strengthened with springed ribs, and capable of bearing a considerable weight upon the air; so that, when the major was tired of walking, he spread his parachute, and the air received and upheld the weight of his body. Under the soles of the outer boots, which are remarkably thick and strong, runs from toe to heel, a strong plate of iron, which is fixed by screws, and unto a similar plate on the inside, the nuts

being on the outside: to this plate are fixed ribs or claws, formed like a bird's foot; the spaces between which are filled by a substance like that which is between the toes of aquatic fowls, and which are so contrived as to close on lifting the foot upward, and to expand on pressing it down; this peculiarity consequently renders these boots totally unfit for use on shore. Having at last finished these wonderful boots, and the outer boots receiving the same anxious preparation as the inner pair, this morning was determined on by the major for his first experiment in them. I expect him back before noon, when we shall know how they perform.

*Sydam.* It is a strange conceit of the major's certainly, but I heard him say, that if they answered his expectation, he intended in the summer to take a walk to the island of St. Helena, to see his cousin; and that he would have a small covered canoe made to carry his provisions, which he means to tow after him. I took the liberty of asking him what he would do if a gale of wind came on, and wrought up a rough sea? to which he replied, it would make very little difference to him, for as to the waves being large or small, he should rise and fall with them, always continuing the same hold on the water; and with respect to a breaking billow, which seldom happens hereabout, though the waves run the highest in the world, if he saw a billow of that sort, he had only to take from his pocket a phial of an oily preparation so potent, that by throwing a few drops into a breaking billow, it would instantly become smooth as glass. But, however, I hope his honor will not make the attempt.

According to expectation, about noon the major was seen on his return; and coming near enough, he called his trusty mechanics to come and lift him out of his boots, which they did, and brought him on shore. The major had been successful in his fishery, and brought home a very fine sample of lobsters and cray fish.

The major would now boast that he could enjoy a solitary walk in spite of the world. He had his canoe built, and was frequently out on an excursion many days without returning. But at last the major's day of fate arrived! He was amusing himself one fine day with a walk some miles from the land, when a ship hove in sight, which standing directly for the major, and the major walking towards the ship, they by and bye became so near to each other, that the people on board the ship caught sight of the major, and were filled with wonder and astonishment at what it might be, but concluded that it could be no other than some unknown monster of the sea.

The captain ordered the ship to be hove to, one of the boats to be got out, and a manned party sent in it, under the direction of the second mate, with orders, if possible, to bring the monster on board alive or dead.

When the ship hove to, the major had sedately turned about, and was walking toward the Cape; but a six-oared boat making better way through the water than he could, they soon drew near to him, and hailed him in Dutch. The major not choosing to answer, nor wishing to be disturbed by company, he walked on without taking any notice of them.

The officer of the boat not being able to ascertain what was the object of his pursuit; and concluding from not having received an answer, that it was not endowed with speech, immediately associated in his mind a crowd of frightful and horrid ideas of all that is savage, monstrous and terrible: he ordered the party to prepare to kill the monster, which had not even vouchsafed to turn round to look at his pursuers, and when they had taken aim, he gave the word Fire. The major instantly felt himself arrested by four musket balls in different parts of his body.

The officer, seeing the monster begin to shew signs of weakness, ordered the men to pull up with all their force, to prevent its sinking: on coming up to the wounded major, they were petrified with astonishment when he said to them in Dutch, *You have killed me!*

He was received into the boat, and requested the officer to make the best of his way to the ship, where he arrived and was lifted on board; he lived only long enough to declare who he was."

Here Bates concluded his queer story, for which Daly thanked him; "and now," added he, "I must introduce you to my little woman, but hope, that when you see her, you will not forget the fair Spaniard."

"That is impossible, my friend; but I hope you will command me in every thing here to contribute to the lady's comfort during the voyage."

"*Allons!* then to the cabin," said Daly.



## CHAPTER XXII.

For England, when, with fav'ring gale,  
Our gallant ship up channel steer'd,  
And scudding under easy sail,  
The high blue western land appear'd;  
To heave the lead the seaman sprung,  
And to the pilot cheerly sung,  
By the dip nine!

And bearing up to gain the port,  
Some well known object kept in view,  
An abbey, tow'r, an harbour, fort,  
Or beacon, to the vessel true;  
While oft the lead the seaman flung,  
And to the pilot cheerily sung,  
By the mark seven!

And as the much-loved shore we near,  
With transport we behold the roof,  
Where dwelt a friend or partner dear,  
Of faith and truth a matchless proof;  
The lead once more the seaman flung,  
And to the watchful pilot sung,  
Quarter less five!

Now to her berth the ship draws nigh,  
With slacken'd sail she feels the tide:  
Stand clear the cable! is the cry—  
The anchor's gone, we safely ride;  
The watch is set, and through the night,  
We hear the seaman, with delight,  
Proclaim All's well!  
*Dibdin.*

TIME and space were completely beguiled of their tediousness by those expedients for which seafarers in general are proverbial—twisting a yarn; *certes*, a speedy and pleasant voyage, together with the excellent keeping preserved in the ward-room, had produced considerable imperceptibility; so that one fine night, or rather morning, while the moon was gazing at her face in the water, the sails reflected on the deep, and the repose of the night was disturbed only by the roar of the ocean, to their great surprise they made the land. Their joy was suddenly anticipated by the streaks of light which begun to illumine the east, showing them Old England!—happy England!—their own dear native land!

At an early hour in the morning they made the land. It was the isles of Scilly\*: the seven southernmost of them were in sight. Every face brightened into joy.

One of the passengers exclaimed, "What a beautiful morning! See! the moon is hiding her head among the waves. The day is breaking in the east. The cocks are crowing on the shore; and a ship lying in one of the harbours has fired a gun. How fair too the wind! it blows directly up Channel. Oh! that I had one of those gentlemen's seats that present themselves to the view, with a larder of fresh meat, a cellar of old wine, and my coffers stuffed with guineas; and that the man it now belongs to had hold of the moon with his hands well greased."

The British shore was rising like a new creation from the waters; the country clocks were tolling, and the cocks crowing on the coast.

Having had a favorable run along the Cornish coast during the day, it was no undelightful employment to look through the glass at the towns, villages, and green fields, which projecting into the water, seemed to court its translucent flood. Here and there the surf breaking partially on the shore heightened the beauty of the scene. The passengers were the whole of the day on deck, expressing their impatience to imprint the shore with their feet. Enchanting illusion!

As evening approached they passed the Deadman (a remarkable promontory), ran up Whitsun-bay of a fine moonlight summer evening, and made the Rame-head just time enough to enter Plymouth Sound, as the sun again broke the haze of night, betokening that

"It is a morn of June:—from east to west  
The ships are steerless on the channel's breast;  
And o'er the rocks that fringe isle, reef and bay,  
Light rolling now the murm'ring surges play;  
In Music breaking where of late the roar  
Atlantic, burst around the groaning shore:  
For Ocean here his billow flings on high,  
If the spring-breeze sportively pass by;  
But list to Summer's breathings—wooed and won  
By the warm kisses of the conq'ring sun."

At length, after a pleasant voyage, our hero and heroine found themselves once more on that part of the *terra firma* of Old England, the port of Plymouth.

Daly had requested his old school-fellow Bates to leave his situation in the Indiaman, when he arrived in the river, not doubting but that he could make sufficient interest to get him made a lieutenant in his majesty's service, and promised him if he himself was promoted and employed, to do all in his power to get him appointed to the same ship; "and then," said he, "hurrah! my friend, for the Spanish prize, which we must by some means or other get at, and keep her in tow for the remainder of your life."

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\* The Scilly islands are twenty-seven in number. They lie at about the distance of thirty miles from Cornwall, and are thought to have been once joined by an isthmus to the main land. Beheld at sea they appear like old castles and churches, over which the waves are flying in perpetual succession. Of these islands the largest is St. Mary's: it is about nine miles in circumference.

Bates shook his head, and, squeezing him heartily by the hand, (which accompanied as it was by a sigh, shewed Daly but too truly the state of that gallant fellow's heart) thanked him heartily for his kindness, which he said made ample amends for all the toils, dangers and disappointments he had hitherto encountered.

Daly wrote to his parents, informing them of his arrival; and that it was his intention to take his young and beautiful bride to Poole, the residence of her friends, to settle her affairs; and that he wished to know their sentiments on his marriage before he ventured to introduce her to them.

Helen also wrote to her Aunt Deborah and Mrs. Gennings, whose joy to find that things had taken such a wonderful turn in favour of her darling was indescribable. Whilst the other branches of her family felt elated at the idea of the connection with a scion of nobility, and prepared to receive the once neglected and despised orphan in a style suitable to her present rank.

After remaining three days at Plymouth, by which time Helen had completely recovered from her long sea voyage, they set out for Poole.

The house of Mrs. Gennings being the first to arrive at, they went to it, where they found all Helen's relations assembled to welcome her safe return, and to compliment her on her good fortune.

Helen could not suppress a trifling feeling of disgust in receiving the fawning and cringing compliments of the heartless set; yet she was not disposed to scrutinize their motives too severely, being, as she now was, happily placed beyond the possibility of ever again becoming a dependent on their scanty eleemosynary aid.

The worthy clergyman was the next person who visited the happy pair, and his generous and unsophisticated nature made him shed tears of joy at the recital of the wonderful escape and happy prospects of our heroine.

He accounted for the rent of her cottage, which he had received during her absence, and told her that the tenant wished to purchase it.

Daly, however, admired its situation, and reflecting that it might be necessary to leave his wife behind him, should his friends obstinately refuse to recognize her, and that she would be more at home with her own friends than with those of Rosse's, to whose name he still felt a repugnance unaccountable even to himself, he intimated to Helen his wish to keep it.

Having waited several days in anxious expectation of receiving an answer from his friends, as he had desired them to direct for him at Poole, he began to feel uneasy.

They had received an invitation to dine at Mount Boon, which was now the residence of a gentleman hitherto a stranger to our heroine.

She felt on arriving at it emotions of filial tenderness and regret—the recollection that it was the house in which her dear father was born rushing with the severest force on her tender and susceptible heart.

After walking over the grounds, which had been laid out in the most tasteful manner, they prepared to depart. They had got near the gate leading from the avenue to the high road, when they observed a chariot and six, with outriders, footmen, &c. coming down a hilly part of the road, and which passed just opposite the gate as they reached it.

Edmund sprang forward, leaving Helen to the care of aunt Deborah and the Clergyman, who had attended them on their visit.

Before the footman could dismount he had opened the door of the carriage, and Helen observed him shaking hands with its inmates, a lady and gentleman.

It occurred instantly to her who the parties were, and she shrunk back with a tremulous fear as she plainly saw their eyes directed towards her; she turned pale and red by turns; yet, augured on the instant, the circumstances, that they should visit their son, to be a favourable one; though she imagined them to observe her with rather a look of cold scrutiny than one of kindness.

In a few minutes Edmund drew back, the servants shut the door and were ordered to drive to the Crown inn.

Our heroine's amazement increased, but she read a joy in the sparkling eyes of Edmund as he returned to her.

"What is the meaning of all this, my dear?" asked she.

"The meaning is this," he replied, "those persons are my father and mother, to whom I trust you will very soon be as dear as myself."

He said this rather to encourage her, than from any other reason. He imagined that his father glanced at her with a coldness that foreboded future ill-will and opposition.

Miss Deborah, simple soul! never imagined for a moment that there would be the least difficulty in the way of reconciling the aristocratic and exclusive feelings of Edmund's parents to the new situation in which her niece was placed; she, therefore, asked Daly whether they had not better retire to her house, and pay a visit in form?

He gave an evasive reply in the affirmative, postponing such visit till the next morning, as it would be but polite to allow his mother to recover from the fatigue of her journey before any one was introduced to her.

Deborah acquiesced in its propriety; and, much to the satisfaction of Edmund, turned off towards her own residence, in company with the clergyman, whom she invited to spend the evening with her.

Edmund was anxious to get rid of her, as wishing to see first how his parents would receive our heroine, who was quite overcome from the agitation of the moment when they reached the house of Mrs. Gennings. She was placed in the landlady's parlour. She, good woman! had in the meantime been in such a flutter, by the arrival of her unexpected and dignified guests, that had nigh overpowered her; but, however, she miraculously preserved her mental equilibrium, just steady enough to find presence of mind to usher the Earl and Countess into the apartments of Edmund for the time being, which were the best in the house, and if afforded Edmund considerable satisfaction when he arrived.

As soon as Helen was sufficiently recovered, Edmund took her by the arm, led her upstairs, and introduced her to his parents; they received her with great politeness but no cordiality: her cheek reddened with a blush of honestly offended pride, and in spite of her utmost efforts to maintain a dignified calmness, the tear glistened in her eye, and she trembled.

Edmund saw it, and felt every pang with tenfold acuteness.

The Countess threw her arms round his neck, embraced him tenderly, and thanked God for his preservation, and that she had the felicity of once more clasping her dear boy to her bosom.

He received her embraces with a coldness equal to that with which she had received his beloved wife.

The conversation, of course, became formal and embarrassing; and Edmund expressed a wish to have a private conversation with the Earl, to which the latter acceded; and he then asked his mother if she did not wish to attend to her toilet after her journey?

The Countess willingly replied "yes;" and Helen instantly rose to attend her, first ringing the bell for Mrs. Gennings, who led the way to the room in which she had already placed her ladyship's maid, to prepare for her reception.

When the landlady left, the Countess noticed Helen's situation. "You are *enciente*, I perceive," said she; "my son did not mention it."

Helen deeply blushed, but the former laughed, and added, "you look very young."

"I am but nineteen, your ladyship," was her reply.

A desultory sort of conversation ensued, and Helen withdrew to her own room.

When she had retired the Countess said to her maid, "Warner, she is extremely handsome, certainly. I do not wonder at the circumstance of my son's falling in love with her. I wish the Earl may be pleased with her. I feel that I could love the interesting creature, were I sure that she will make my dear boy happy."

"Oh! my lady," answered the attendant, "it is impossible for me to describe how highly the folks speak of her in the house, and how extremely fond Mr. Daly is of her. The landlady has known her from her infancy:" and here she entered largely into the history of our heroine, which Mrs. Gennings had, in the plenitude of her talkative propensities, made her fully acquainted with.

"Well, Warner," said her mistress, "I shall be happy I am sure to find that she is morally worthy, which is the only point on which the Earl has doubts upon."

"Oh! my lady, Mrs. Daly was ready to faint before she was introduced to your ladyship—I do believe she was afraid to meet your ladyship."

"Very like, Warner, for I saw her change colour and appear confused because I did not receive her more kindly; but I must wait to see what the Earl will do."

It will here be necessary to presume before we proceed further, that when the rumour reached England of the wreck of the ship to which Edmund belonged, and that every soul had perished, the grief of his family was excessive. He had ever been the favorite son; his amiable temper, polished manners, fine and manly sense of honor, graceful person and handsome countenance, were recommendations which had tended to endear him, as we have before observed, to all who could justly discriminate and value such commanding and excellent qualities. They, of course, had given him up as irretrievably lost, and with him in the deep lay buried their hopes of family alliance. But the ship which brought the confirmation of the loss of the greater part of the fleet as well as the convoy, brought also the letters which Edmund had written to his parents, informing them of his safe arrival at the Cape, his marriage, &c. But as ill-news travels with speed, and good-news is ever tardy, the letters announcing his miraculous preservation being delivered with the official communication made to the Admiralty, met with delay sufficient to permit the harbinger of this disastrous circumstance to spread his fatal report, and the minds of his wretched parents, as may be well conceived, were overwhelmed with anguish; nothing could, therefore, exceed the joy felt by them to have a beloved son so unexpectedly restored; but the marriage part of the affair was a great drawback to its continuance.

The Earl went immediately to the Countess with his letter, and to see hers, to which he was referred for further particulars.

“Here is a pretty business, madam,” said he as he entered; “our dear boy is safe; but he has ruined his worldly prospects for ever, by a marriage with the lord knows who!”

“I hope not, my lord,” was the reply. “I know not hardly what to say in the excess of my joy that the dear fellow is alive and well. He writes highly of the lady whom he has married; he does not say any thing, however, of her personal qualifications—but, good God! what both he and she must have suffered!” And in the warmth of her affection for her son, the recollection made her shed tears in abundance.

“Well, well!” said the Earl, when the Countess had in some measure recovered—“I share in your happiness at his wonderful preservation; but this untoward circumstance—this marriage! What a foolish boy! What is four or five thousand to a handsome fellow like Edmund. Why, he could have almost picked and chosen wherever he pleased—he might have had Miss Belcour with her ten thousand a year, almost without an effort; for you know her predilection for him. Pshaw! the foolish fellow has been entangled in the snares of an artful woman, and that one married too. Observe, it is a Mrs. Rosse; the very name of the officer whom he was so anxious to have removed with him. His partiality led him to make such efforts to save her. I see it all plainly,” continued he, in an half-angry tone and agitated manner: “this woman was on board—she had entangled him in her snares, and he would not quit the ship without her; thereby, nearly paying the forfeit of his own life for her safety; and now he has, to finish the matter, married her, and knowing your ladyship’s scrupulosity in admitting a blemished reputation near you, he writes so highly in her favor, to blind us, and expects us to be the dupes of such an artifice.”

“Nay, nay, my lord, you do wrong to be so hasty in your conclusions. You are right so far, as to his extreme affection for his wife; but Edmund has an honourable mind, and I feel assured, scorns an untruth; neither do I think he would marry a woman who was otherwise than virtuous, and her whom he loves and weds is at once honoured and ennobled, and rank, title, and distinction is his to confer; henceforward, she stands elevated to his degree, and I trust she will be found worthy of that and our regard; but here, read my letter, and perhaps you may come to a different conclusion.”

His lordship took the letter, and having read it, in returning it said, “I see the boy’s heart is gone—it is the woman’s entirely, let her be what she may; but your ladyship is not aware so well as I, of what a man may be tempted to do when once his honor is attacked through a passion for a woman. I am fearful that he has involved both himself and his family.”

“Well, my lord, let us wait the event. Does your lordship intend to receive her when she arrives in England?”

“Oh, I will certainly see her—a glance will be sufficient for me—and if I do not like her, I shall certainly forbid Edmund to introduce her to me for the future.”

Thus stood matters before the arrival of the parties at Plymouth; but when Edmund’s letter came, informing his parents of his intention to take his bride to Poole, and to wait the event, the Earl hastened to the Countess with the intelligence.

“Just as I thought, madam! Your hopeful son is now afraid to produce his wife; hence his reasons for taking her to her friends first: yet the lass must have charms of some sort or other in abundance, for he writes more fondly of her than ever. What say you, madam, to an excursion to Poole? Then if we do not like this daughter-in-law of

ours, we can return without inviting her to town. Once with the boy, I will soon bring him to an honest confession.”

“The governor speaks in the highest terms of her, my lord; and surely the opinion of him and his daughters should have some weight.”

“Oh! as to that, they heard Edmund’s tale, and the letters were written before they had seen much of her.”

“Well, my lord, when shall we set off?”

“Immediately, if you please.”

“With all my heart, for in spite of all you have said and all I really feel, I long to clasp the poor boy once more to my heart.”

Every thing was therefore instantly got ready, and off they set for Poole, their arrival to which place we have before shown.

Here then were the reasons for the coolness shown by both of Edmund’s parents on her first introduction.

What they had seen of her from the carriage in the road was sufficient to satisfy them of her extreme beauty; but her delicate situation, which was quite visible, added fuel to the fire of the Earl’s suspicions, that the marriage had taken place to save her character; he had, therefore, earnestly begged the Countess to suppress every appearance of being favourable to the parties in the situation in which they were placed, until his surmises were proved unfounded.

The instant the door was shut, and the Earl and Edmund were left to themselves, the former began—hinted his fears, and the reasons for their meeting him at the inn instead of writing to him.

Edmund smiled, and with a degree of becoming pride, said, “I must be allowed, my lord, to cut this sort of conversation as short as possible, by declaring to you firmly, though respectfully, on my never forfeited honor, (and I use the word in the strictest sense of the term) that unspotted snow is not more pure than the unsullied virtue of the woman whom I feel it my happiness, and deem my pride, to call my wife. I have not been blinded to my true interests by a doating, overweening, and merely sensual passion: and I will say still more—I owe it to her prudence, circumspection, and incorruptibly virtuous heart, that my own honor is stainless: had she been weak, I should have been guilty; but though hurried by the extravagance of my passion, to forget the duty I owed to my own character, as well as her’s, as the wife of a man, and that man a brother officer, to acts, the reflection on which will ever give me pain; yet her superior nature, compelled me to study every look and action, to suit that delicacy of feeling and purity of mind which the woman of my heart so pre-eminently possesses, and which first made me set a true value on, and sensibly feel the influence of a woman of virtue. To describe to you my

sufferings on her account is impossible; I pined in secret, and endeavoured to banish from my heart a hopeless passion, but in proportion to my endeavours to do so, I felt my heart the more enthralled. If I had so exalted an opinion of this woman when the barriers of society formed some degree of excuse for her integrity; how was it increased, when a kind Providence in its inscrutable ways, threw her entirely in my power, when compelled to sleep with her in the same cave, on the desolate and burning coast of Africa—when her sole protector in its wilds, she was always on her guard; her true delicacy and sense of honor was never once forgotten, even though I had reason to congratulate myself as having a hold on her affections.—But why should I thus defend her? Judge for yourself,

my dearest father, and I am willing to abide by your decision, so thoroughly convinced am I that once to know her is to love her.”

“Well, my dear Edmund, I will suspend my judgment. I shall be glad, I assure you, to find in the person you have so precipitately made your wife this high-minded delicacy you speak of; you have disappointed me in not marrying a lady of rank and fortune. I shall be glad, I say, if she should prove to be worthy to be so nearly allied to you and to myself.”

“You will not only say so, my dear father; but I feel assured, be also sorry for the wound you have just inflicted on my feelings in speaking of her as you have, and receiving her with a coldness which I little expected.”

“I can atone for an error, my son, if I have made one, and if convinced of it, will willingly do so. Your wife, if deserving, shall find in me, as I trust you always have, a kind and indulgent parent; but, as I said before, I wish to be thoroughly satisfied that the woman to whom you are united in bonds indissoluble, will not disgrace you. If money be any object to you, under the supposition of such being the case, I here declare to you that your present income of seven hundred pounds per annum shall be continued, it not being my wish to throw any barrier in the way of your individual happiness.”

“I thank you, my dear father, for your kindness; because, as far as the means of supporting my wife and myself respectably, it would be sufficient; but it is not money I sue for—I must have the affection of yourself and my dear mother, equally for my wife and myself—I have done nothing to forfeit it, but marrying a woman whose reputation is as stainless as her beauty is transcendent, and her temper and manners are deserving the pretensions of the honourable Edmund Daly, your undutiful son in one respect only.”

The Earl was visibly moved by this appeal, made as it was, in that frank and elegant manner so characteristic of the speaker. His coldness had been kept up more in appearance than from the genuine feelings of the heart; he held out his hand, with a smile, to Edmund, which the latter eagerly grasped, and said, “My dear boy, you have ever been my pride and my pleasure: I wished to see you great as well as happy; but if you can be the latter without the former, and prefer it, God forbid that I should hinder you. I have frankly hinted to you my suspicions—I believe your statement, and in that particular I am satisfied; further acquaintance will prove how far the lady will equally gain on our affection, as she has evidently done on yours.”

Edmund’s heart beat with delight at this assurance, and he flew on the wings of love to acquaint his beloved Helen of the happy result of his conference with his father.

In the meantime Mrs. Gennings, who, from press of business, the house being full of so much and such unexpected company, could be but ill spared from her duties, was on the fidgets to become acquainted with the result of the introduction of our heroine to her noble father and mother-in-law. She was, therefore, on the look-out, through the agency of a trusty, and equally inquisitive, maid-servant, for the retirement of Helen to her toilet to prepare for dinner. This she was soon apprized of, and in a few minutes she was in the room, where she beheld her former pet disconsolate and weeping.

“Now, I vow to God! my dearest child, but it is barbarous. I see how it is—what! the proud peer and his lady—heaven forgive me for calling her so! have they turned their backs on thee, have they?”

“Hush! hush! my dear Mrs. Gennings, you mistake. No, they have not quite insulted me so much; but I have not been received with that cordiality that I wished—I



cannot say I hoped for; but I must be content. I have no other pretensions to aspire to such company, than as the wife of Mr. Daly, and it is therefore my duty to submit to whatever he may be pleased to consider proper; he is with his father at this moment, and I am waiting anxiously for his return; do not, therefore, trouble yourself about the matter.”

“Ah! my sweet dear, you were always too forgiving, too ready to submit to the dictates of others; but if ’twas my case—why, what be these high folks? An’t they flesh and blood like ourselves? I’d——

“Do not distress me, Mrs. Gennings,” interrupted our heroine; “you mistake the matter entirely, I assure you. Do oblige me by leaving me, as I expect Mr. Daly every instant.”

“Well, dearest, I’ll go; but if they do not receive you as they ought, I’ll bundle ’em out of my house, that’s flat. Nobility, indeed! Well, good bye!”

“Farewell, my good Mrs. Gennings.”

But Mrs. Gennings was not satisfied; she went directly off to Aunt Deborah, and what with her knowledge of the reality of the case, and the full operation of the imaginative organ, which was superlatively developed in the good woman’s cranium, she was enabled by the time she reached the spinster’s dwelling to vamp up a tale as wide from the truth as the poles are asunder. She had, therefore, no difficult task in rousing the ire of that antique bit of buckram to an extreme degree of violence, and in spite of the dignified presence of the worthy clergyman, she determined to return with the landlady, who was her quondam assistant in all such weighty matters.

But ere this pair of belligerents arrived at the inn, things had assumed a less hostile appearance there, and the cause for Aunt Deborah’s projected attack on the aristocratic portion of its inmates had fortunately vanished; for just as Mrs. Gennings had quitted our heroine’s apartment, Edmund arrived. Helen had locked herself in to prevent further interruption; but his well-known footsteps made her quickly open the door. She instantly observed by his manner that he had been agitated by contending feelings: she threw herself into his arms, and bursting into a flood of tears, exclaimed—“Oh! my dearest Edmund, I perceive plainly that I am an object of aversion to your parents. I——” she would have continued, but he eagerly interrupted her. He had determined not to mention to her the foolish suspicions which the Earl had hinted relative to her character, not only as being unnecessary, but calculated to add further insult to her already overcharged and too severely wounded feelings.

“My beloved angel!” cried he, “dry up those tears—you have been too sensitive; ’tis only as I thought; I have displeased them only in one respect, and that one in which you personally have no concern; but I have obtained my father’s forgiveness; you will soon see a change in their behaviour towards you. I am to be allowed my present income, so there can be but little to complain of. Make haste, therefore, and finish your toilet. Do not, I beg you, give way to gloomy forebodings—the bright side of the picture is about to appear; not but that I think you have cause to complain, and an insult to you, I shall always consider offered to myself. I am determined to make my mother, from whom I expected better treatment, make ample amends for her want of a proper feeling to the only treasure of her favourite son’s heart;” saying which, he imprinted a thousand kisses on her opening lips, to dissuade him from betraying himself into any angry feeling towards his really honorable and doting parent, and went with eagerness to her apartment, as she had previously sent a pressing message through her attendant.

The truth was that the good lady felt acutely both for the wounded feelings of Edmund and his bride, and she was eager to atone to him for the part she had taken in producing them.

When he entered the room, he bowed respectfully to her; but frankness and good-nature showed itself so unequivocally in a few minutes, that all want of her usual warmth of affection for him was banished from his sight.

On her gently upbraiding him for not attending her sooner, as she had sent for him immediately on leaving the Earl, he answered, "I have been occupied in endeavouring to dry up the tears which yours and my father's unkindness has caused my wife to shed."

Well, never mind, my dear child, I have seen your father, and I must, I believe, take your wife into favour on our better acquaintance."

"Ah! you are now yourself, my dear mother; and if she does not prove worthy your tenderest regard, I shall be willing to receive whatever penalty you may be pleased to inflict."

Dinner was now announced. Edmund led in his beautiful bride, whose chaste and elegant dress threw so dazzling a splendour over her numerous personal charms, and her modest and elegant manners set off in so captivating a degree her well-cultivated and amiable mental attractions, that but a short time was necessary to prove to the parties requiring to be propitiated, that though their son had followed the bent of his own inclinations, in opposition to their well-meant wishes for his advancement in life; yet the woman he had made his partner for life was every way worthy their love and their admiration.

Great was the joy of Mrs. Gennings and Aunt Deborah to find when they arrived, full of ire and threatening vengeance, so unexpected a change in the circumstances of our heroine.

The former went cheerfully about the domestic duties of the house much to the satisfaction of her spouse, who looked, as usual, in silence, mixed with a degree of contempt, on her uselessly interfering propensities.

The latter lady was induced, after much persuasion, to dine with the party, and retired at an early hour, delighted with the unexpected honour she had just received.

The reconciliation of the Earl and Countess to Edmund's marriage with Helen completely set at rest the anxious perturbations which had prevailed over her mind from the day of her marriage; for although in possession of almost perfect bliss by her union to the man of her heart, yet, without this most desirable consummation, she felt that considerable alloy pervaded her happiness.

Having received the cordial and pressing invitation of the Earl and Countess to go to London with them, they readily acceded, and prepared themselves for their departure, which took place on the following morning.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

The scrapers and the holy stones have now been keenly plied,  
And the painters, jolly dogs, have done their duty;  
And now she breasts, so smart and gay, the rippling, roaring tide,  
With masts on end, and rigging black'd, a beauty!  
Her ports unshipt, her carronades run out on every side;  
She looks so like a sturdy fail-me-never,  
That, d—n me, if I don't, and I'll do it too with pride,  
Drink, "Huzza! the saucy Resolute forever!"

AT the return of Lieutenant Daly to England, after his unfortunate shipwreck, the country was engaged in prosecuting with vigor a war with her hereditary enemy, the French, which circumstance, together with the influence of nobility, were powerful reasons for employing and promoting him to the rank of captain, which he assumed, and was immediately appointed to a sloop of war: then bethought he of his quondam friend Bates, who had, to avail himself of the pledge Edmund gave him, resigned his prospects in the East India service.

However distressing the case of shipwreck may be, it does not in itself possess recommendations in the estimation of the Admiralty Board; although, where the intrepidity of officers and seamen has been very conspicuous, it may not be always lost sight of; as in the case of Edmund (now the Honourable Captain Daly) it was not prejudicial even to his influence, and consequently he soon succeeded in placing Bates on that footing in the navy, which previous services and unquestionable nautical skill at the peculiar juncture of a vigorous war, accelerated; so that their wishes were consummated, and a very short time found them at their post engaged in all the bustle of fitting out as fine a sea-boat as ever swam salt water, exerting all that unremitting and lively activity commonly seen on board a ship of war preparing for sea.

The sloop of war was a new ship lately launched from the stocks of Plymouth dock-yard, and Daly and Bates found her lying alongside a sheer-hulk in Hamoaze, getting in masts, &c.

The launch had no sooner delivered over her live cargo to the first lieutenant of the Resolute, than he instantly ordered them to stow their luggage in midships on the booms, and immediately set them to work scraping the pitch from the sides, outside and in, with which the caulkers had so liberally bedaubed her. This done, several days were next spent in getting in and stowing her water-casks, her guns, shot, and other warlike apparatus, together with sails, spare rigging, and other stores, whether for the gunner, boatswain, or carpenter. Provisions and water followed; the riggers were busy getting the rigging over the mast-heads; all hands were on the stretch while daylight lasted; nor was it until the painters began their decorations, that her lively ship's company had the smallest breathing from the hardest and most fatiguing toil.

All this strife of work arose from a circumstance by no means uncommon among naval commanders. While refitting their vessels at any station, they come necessarily under the command of the Port-Admiral of the place; who, from the frequency of his signals for the attendance of the captain, or various other minor officers, is very often

troublesome enough; thus not only keeping the commanders continually upon the alert, but confining them on board during his official hours, in case their attendance should be required. This, however rigorously they may enforce discipline in their own vessels, as it partly infringes on their personal freedom, is always deemed a grievance highly irksome and disagreeable; and if they can, by dint of a little overstrained exertion, escape to sea, from this unpopular etiquette, a day or two sooner, the task is always enforced with the most unrelenting rigor.

During a short stay here they took up their residence in the town of Devonport, being the seat of government affairs, and witnessed all the usual freaks and humourous tricks which arise from the effervescent joy sailors feel at a holiday on shore; for it is scarcely to be imagined, at such short periods, there can possibly exist any sort of insipidity: the constant influx of naval and military characters, the demand for their thousand wants, the visitors, and increase of official persons in every department, contributes so much to the business and gaiety of a sea-port, that no place scarcely exhibits a parallel animation.

A short time saw the Resolute's masts on end ready for sea, and a few days more brought her sailing orders, by which her ship's company heard that her destination was a Channel cruise.

The day previous to sailing was expected by all to be one of great ceremony, which, in the version of the navy, is another name for one ushered in by excessive hard work; for it seems, whispers had escaped from that grand focus of internal politics, the captain's steward's cabin, that his honour would be early on board—the clerk of the cheque meaning to muster the ship's company.

According, shortly after day-break, they were roused by the boatswain and his mates piping *All hands a-hoy!* Having turned out, and resigned their hammocks to the captain of the tops, who were vying with each other in their neatness of stowage, the *holy-stones* were produced, and to it they went, a-polishing the decks for a series of hours.

As some of our readers may not entirely comprehend the meaning of this phrase, a few words of explanation may not be unacceptable.

These stones have acquired the term *holy*, we believe, from the circumstance of their being used in almost every vessel of war at least once a-week—that selected morning being generally Sunday; when a good deal of extra scrubbing is gone through, previous to the word being passed for all hands to clean and dress themselves for muster and prayers.

The manner of using them, again, is simply this:—The decks being first well rinsed with water drawn from the sides, and pretty liberally sprinkled over with sand, the holy-stones are next brought forward, and are large flat stones, from 112 to 130 pounds weight—of a soft, smooth bottom, with two iron rings sunk into their upper surface, from which are appended two hand-ropes, which the top-men lay hold of, and by dragging the stone to and from one another, in the manner of a saw, on the sanded deck, they thereby give it a smoothness and a whiteness which the most zealous scrubbing could never accomplish. Small hand-stones are used for those corners which the large ones cannot act upon; and, as in using them, a poor wight must get down on his bare marrow-bones, amid the wet and filth, they have long been known by the cant name of *Bibles*—a term which, by the bye, we would remark *en passant*, is rather inauspicious to the high hopes of those

very zealous and respectable individuals who augur so much good from a profuse distribution of the Sacred Volume throughout the fleet, since every thoroughbred man-of-war's man must naturally attach to the latter a large portion of that wicked wit, and thorough contempt, which he invariably feels for the former.

The decks being therefore well holy-stoned, are once more rinsed with a profusion of buckets of water, to carry off the sand, then carefully dried up with swabs, and the work is completed.

As soon as the decks were finished, and top-gallant yards sent aloft, the yards were carefully squared, the foresail let go, a gun was fired, and blue Peter hoisted—the usual signal for sailing; all which being accomplished, the first lieutenant now ordered all hands to clean themselves, and the breakfast to be piped.

At two bells (nine o'clock) the boatswain's pipe announced the arrival of the captain; soon after, the clerk of the cheque came on board, and the boatswain immediately piped *All hands to muster, hoy!*

No sooner was the clerk gone, than the captain ordering all hands aft the mainmast, took his station at the capstan, and said to them, "I am going on shore to take my leave of my friends; and as some of your old messmates may wish to see you before we go, I mean you all to be as merry as myself; and I shall accordingly leave orders for you to receive a double allowance of grog to-day, with which you may drink his majesty's health, and a good cruise to us—if you have any left after that is done, you may add my health and the rest of your officers. Good bye t'ye—be merry, but be wise. Boatswain's mate, pipe down."

The whistles were instantly blown, and the ship's company's dispersed in high spirits.

"Side, boys," bawled the quarter-master—"attend the side."

The captain, after some further private conversation with his first lieutenant, at last made his farewell salute to all his officers; and again did the boatswain's pipe sound its long lengthened note as the gig shoved off.

It was now a delightful summer's evening. The noisy clang of the dock-yard had ceased; the lighters and shore-boats, with their commodities, Jewish and Christian, and a few unsaleable British beauties, were hurrying towards Mutton-cove; the sun had given to the windows of the town the appearance of a splendid illumination,—had tinged the curling tops of the gently-rising waves, and the neighbouring richly wooded shores, with a golden hue, and plainly announced to the most casual inquirer, in all the dignity of beauty and expressive silence, that labour must cease, for the day was at a close. The topmen were aloft, and the marines and signal-men were at their posts.—Every eye on deck was now steadily fixed either on the admiral's ship, or on the sun; which no sooner sank beneath the horizon, than the words *Fire* and *Sweigh away!* were given, the muskets were fired, the top-gallant yards were tripped and hurried with Blue Peter to the deck, the ensign was hauled down at the same instant, and the ceremonial of sun-set was concluded by the drummer, who beat the tattoo to the well-known air of "Go to Berwick Johnny."

A short interval of order and quietness had now happily succeeded the most boisterous mirth and uproar. The fife, the fiddle, and the drum, with most of their admirers, had gone below; when the pee-weep-chick-a-chick sound of the boatswain's pipe hurried young and old once more on deck for their hammocks, and a few moments

saw the Resolute's sides, fore and aft, studded with human heads arrayed in all the varied costumes of the world.

When all were assembled, the word, "*Pipe down!*" was given; the boatswain's pipe gave its sanction by a screaming trill; the hammocks flew out of the nettings as if by magic, and were as hastily shouldered by their owners, who, in their haste to reach their respective births below, displayed an apathy of feeling and an equanimity of temper highly exemplary.

We have not the least doubt, but it would have excited both the wonder and laughter of our readers, to have seen young and old coming literally rolling down the hatch-ladders along with their hammocks; and we have still less, that it would have made many of them stand somewhat aghast, to have heard the strange medley of reiterated shouts of, *Stand from under! Scaldings below there! and Murder!* with all the usual accompaniments of mock screaming, peals of laughter, and direful imprecations, which commonly attend this hurried piece of business.

All this, however, and a great deal more, passes quite unheeded, when once people are a little accustomed to it; for all this is merely a noise, which a few minutes puts an end to.

The various parties speedily return to the deck to roll up their hammock cloths to preserve them from the weather; and, like all other services in the navy, every thing is forgotten as soon as the bustle is over.

In a very short time, a large portion of the people returned to their sports with redoubled spirits, as cheerful and good-tempered as ever, laughing heartily at the cuts and thrusts they had both taken and given; while not a few there were who wisely noting the probable fatigue of the following day, stole away to their hammocks, and were soon asleep.

Gratitude is second love, and the distance between them is so small, that but little stimulus is necessary to make them mingle into one.

The fair Isabella, when left by Bates, became uneasy, and gradually disconsolate, at the absence of her preserver; she remembered, with painful emotions, the dying words of her father to the priest—bequeathing one half the hidden treasure as his reward for the preservation of the other and the protection of Isabella; and she imagined, that as that unfortunate individual had ceased, by his melancholy death, to be of any service to her, that the words ought surely to be equally applied to her real deliverer, and that not to fulfil the contract would be not only a derilection of good principle, but a positive injustice.

This idea haunted her with so much force, that she became at length truly miserable, and notwithstanding the earnest endeavours of the friends whom she had made, determined to embark on the first opportunity for England, and find, if possible, her gallant protector.

A vessel was soon found bound to the required destination, and she embarked, with the whole of her riches, elated with the hopes of being enabled to enjoy that future happiness to which the possessor of an incorruptibly virtuous heart ought to aspire.

After a three months' voyage, neither tedious nor absolutely pleasant, the glorious and opulent city of London burst on her astonished sight.

As she had letters of introduction to several respectable English merchants, she had but little difficulty, having an English servant with her, of being soon in a condition to make the necessary enquiries for the object of her search.

It was some time before she succeeded in discovering that he was then at the port of Plymouth, the first lieutenant of the *Resolute*, which was preparing for sea with the utmost dispatch.

There was, therefore, no time to be lost in reaching the place. A post coach was immediately engaged for the purpose, and in less than thirty hours the beautiful Spaniard was at the inn in which Bates himself was dining with the hero and heroine of our narrative.

The conversation had been on his part of a desponding nature. The ship would sail in a day or two; and though happy in the companionship and patronage of his friend Daly, there was a blank nearer his heart, that required yet to be filled up. Whilst actively employed in the bustle of preparing the vessel for sea, his anxiety on the tender subject of his romantic passion was kept within reasonable bounds; but now, when all was ready, and he was about to launch himself once more on the wide ocean, again to face difficulty and danger in a thousand forms, without having advanced a step towards the accomplishment of his wishes, it is not to be wondered at, that he felt a depression of spirits which could neither be blamed nor envied. Judge then, reader! of his supreme wonder, surprise, and happiness, when he beheld before him the lovely and angelic form of the woman whom he had saved, and who he felt convinced was necessary in her turn to be the arbiter of his own destiny. To describe the electrical change which in an instant took place in his manners and conversation is impossible: he was almost beside himself with joy; and the many ludicrous mistakes which he made during the course of the evening, betrayed but too unequivocally to Captain Daly and his lady, that poor Lieutenant Bates had lost his heart with a vengeance.

Elated by the auspicious and unexpected meeting, his soul expanded with the circumstance; his eyes sparkled with delight, and his open countenance was lighted up with an excess of heartfelt pleasure and content.

Isabella beheld her preserver with a correspondent feeling of satisfaction, and contemplated with emotions, to which she had hitherto been a stranger, his manly form, set off as it was by the brilliant full-dress uniform of a British naval officer. The pleasant and highly respectable company too in which she found him was in itself no mean recommendation; and the attention which our heroine paid to the fair stranger's wants were duly appreciated by her. Captain and Mrs. Daly soon found an opportunity of leaving their friend in the company of the fair and interesting stranger, and but few preliminaries were necessary before she stated the object of her present appearance before him; but as he, Bates, could or would not imagine that to be the only reason, wishing, as he did, the contrary to be the case, he resolutely refused to accept the proffered reward.

She felt distressed at his obstinacy; he gently ventured to take her by the hand, and falling on his knees, with accents of tenderness, and looks which betrayed the reality of his passion, assured her that there was but one way in which she could, if he merited her thanks at all, contribute to his happiness, viz. that of sharing her heart instead of her purse. He declared, in the most affecting manner, his sufferings during the time he had

been absent from her; and invoked her sympathy in returning a passion which he could neither command nor control.

Where there is but little to subdue the conquest is easy. When friends are in the camp of the enemy, resistance is but of little avail.

Isabella, therefore, blushed, and falteringly answered, that as she owed her life, as well as her property to him, she felt that she could refuse him nothing; and that if what he demanded was worthy her bestowing, it was his.

He kissed her hand in a transport of joy, caught her in his arms, and imprinting a thousand kisses on her ruby lips, became at once, in his own estimation, the happiest of mortals.

When Captain Daly and his consort returned, a glance at the happy countenance of their friend was sufficient to show the result of the *tête-a-tête*.

The evening was spent in arrangements for the consummation of his happiness; and on the morning of the next day, by special licence, the marriage was solemnized.

A week elapsed ere the unwelcome orders for sailing was put into execution, and the painful moment of parting consequently followed.

It would have been difficult to discover who betrayed the greater degree of amiable weakness on the occasion, Isabella or our heroine. They were both in similar circumstances with regard to their husbands—both owed to their noble exertions the preservation of their lives; and in the case of Isabella even of her honor. But her sufferings had been neither so long nor so acute as those of our heroine.

To separate then from such men was a task, the real difficulties of which, until really put to the test, they had never contemplated. If there was any alleviation connected with the circumstance, it consisted in the pleasing reflection that the objects of their affection on either side would not be separated, it being arranged that Isabella should reside with our heroine, accompany her to Poole, and from thence to the mansion of Edmund's father, the possession of so much property entitling her to be proper company for his titled relations: at least it would be so deemed by the fashionable world, Edmund having in a letter of introduction described every particular relative to the interesting stranger.

We shall not attempt to depict the parting scene; suffice it to say, that long after the gallant ship had disappeared in the offing did our beautiful friends linger on the brow of the hill, which commands a view of the Atlantic, straining their weeping eyes to catch, if possible, once more a glimpse of the floating habitation in which dwelt all that was dear to them in the world.

With similar feelings also did Edmund and his first lieutenant pace the quarter-deck, and, with the glass, alternately view their lovely partners, till their undefined forms appeared as mere specks, and at last vanishing entirely, rendered further efforts to perceive them unavailing.

It was the intention of the ladies to remain at the port of Plymouth some weeks, in order to view the beauties of the surrounding scenery; and having during their short sojourn become acquainted with several families of distinction, with whom they became objects of attention and regard; several parties of pleasure for the above purpose had been planned, the putting of which into execution would have been the means of rendering the absence of their gallant husbands less tedious and distressing.



When they, however, reached their lodgings, our heroine found a letter addressed to her from Mrs. Gennings; it was as follows:—

My dear and sweet Mistress,

If you wish for to see your poor Aunt, Miss Deborah, in this wicked world alive, you will make has much haste as possible to this place.

As an hold and faithful servant (as I hope and trust) I was called on to attend the sick bed (and I may say dying bed too, I fears me) of your poor Aunt Deb, (Lord love us!) who was taken this here forenoon very ill, speechless, and all on one side; the doctor says has how it is piraltic sayzer (I thinks that's the name o't), and he as no hopes o'her recovery.

I have been at her bed-side ever since; and from the dumb motions which the dear creater makes, she thinks of your honour's ladyship, for I knows her meaning by her mumbling.

The Launderers are all in the house, and it seems to me, that if I was away, they would be better pleased: this may be but my suspicion, but I can't help it nevertheless. I shan't budge till I hear from you—'tis a sorrowful sight—but I do not think I should do my duty if I didn't send to you. My humble opinion is, that if you do not come, you will repent of it all your life long. I can see things that are plain; and as I wish you to be serv'd properly, I'm the bolder in taking this step; so pray make haste, and excuse the liberty of your honest friend and servant to command,

MARY GENNINGS.

This communication, although deficient in correct language, was not so defective of correct feeling, and was of so important a nature, that setting aside every interested motive, our heroine made immediate preparation for her departure, according to the advice of her zealous friend and warm advocate the honest-hearted Mrs. Gennings; but a short time was necessary for that purpose; and accompanied by Mrs. Bates, who had accepted her kind invitation to return with her to London, they set out, and before noon the next morning Helen was at the bedside of her dying aunt.

The old lady appeared to recognize the presence of her niece with satisfaction, but nature was in so exhausted a state, that any motive but that of family affection could not be divined for her earnest wishes for the daughter of that sister whom, in her youthful days she had treated so harshly, to come and witness her exit from this sublunary state of existence, which happened within a short time after Mrs. Daly's arrival, and was, in a degree, consolatory, notwithstanding she had experienced but little tenderness from her.

The clergyman, our heroine's best friend, in regard to education and prudence, had but just left when she arrived; and Mrs. Gennings herself was silent in the contemplation of the melancholy scene.

To the former, however, she depended on receiving whatever information was necessary, and without noticing in any other manner than a distant politeness the conduct of the other branches of the family, who eyed her with looks of suspicion and dislike, she retired with Mrs. Gennings to the inn, with a determination to remain at Poole no longer than the day after the funeral of her deceased aunt had taken place.

She had not been but a few hours returned when her friend the clergyman waited on her. He was the depository of the last will and testament of the deceased spinster, which had been made in his presence but a few weeks before her death, and in which our

heroine was made sole heiress, with a few trifling exceptions, to the property of the testatrix.

Her fortune, which originally was ten, had accumulated to fifteen thousand pounds.

The motives for such a partial distribution was not known. It was surmised that as none of the other branches of the family stood in need of money, and that as our heroine had, by her marriage with Edmund, ennobled it without a correspondent weight of purse, her elevated notions of the dignity thus conferred, coupled with the remembrance of the misfortunes and early death of our heroine's parents, was the true reason for the unexpected bequest.

To the clergyman and Mrs. Gennings, the circumstance afforded unmixed satisfaction, whilst those who expected to be the exclusive gainers, the Launderers, &c., were grievously disappointed, vexed, and mortified.

They, therefore, to mark their displeasure, avoided all communication with Mrs. Daly, and even refused to attend the funeral, which was conducted in every respect consonant to directions given in the will.

Thus suddenly possessed of affluence in her own right, Mrs. Daly, having first, as a mark of respect and regard for the character of her worthy friend the clergyman, given him the landed property she possessed in Poole, and made a valuable present to the good-natured Mrs. Gennings, prepared for her return to town, in company with Mrs. Bates.

We ought, in justice to the character of our heroine, not to forget that, although she had not as yet seen her dear friend, Miss Frances Whippel, a correspondence had been kept up, in which those tender reciprocities in the amenities of life, which might be expected to subsist between two such congenial hearts, were continued with unabated energy and good feeling.

We might easily swell our work with extracts from the letters on either side, but our limits, as well as the conviction that it would not materially affect the history of the parties concerned, equally forbid it. We shall, therefore, merely give the following letter from Miss Whippel, as it will elucidate all that is necessary to be known relative to the subordinate parts which the several characters in that neighbourhood have acted in the development of our narrative:—

My dearest Friend,

Whilst I *condole* with you on the loss of your *amiable* maiden aunt, who has been so kind as to give you such great cause to lament her decease, I hereby inform you, (who once was my dear aunt, and I hope still remains so), that you may congratulate the late Miss Frances Whippel on her union with a young fellow of the name of Lampton.

Dead Aunts are no such bad things after all! for to the kindness of his aunt, who condescendingly died the week before last, your obedient servant is indebted for the change in her cognomen.

The good old lady, without knowing it, has befriended a poor helpless damsel to her heart's content, and I know that you, my pretty *aunt*, will be glad to hear of her good fortune.

This is a chapter on aunts; but the antiquated title shall in your case become extinct for the future, out of respect to the memory of those who better deserved it.

Your account of the fair Spaniard and the happy *dénouement* of her history have interested me much. I long to behold her, and hope it will not be long before I have the

pleasure. Your kind present to Miss Thistal I herewith return, as that unfortunate, though thoughtless creature, is no more. I had forgotten in my last to mention it; but the sad occurrence took place about a month since. The wretch, who had before so trifled with her affections, succeeded a second time in regaining them, and a second time disappointed her. The shock was too great, and the poor deluded object of such atrocity fell a victim to it; she gradually pined away, and may be literally said to have died of a broken heart; though her friends did every thing in their power to enable her to recover.

It gives me sincere pleasure to find, that after all the harrassing troubles you have had to go through, you are in perfect health; may you be so in three months from the date hereof, and it will be as well for Master or Miss Daly, as for its Mamma!

I think it time that all mention of my unfortunate uncle, poor Rosse, should be omitted in your future communications; however it may do credit to the best feelings of your heart, I doubt its policy, as it can tend but to revive melancholy retrospections.

You will call me a giddy thing, I suppose; but consider, I have been married but a week, and cannot become transformed in an instant. However, we will argue this point seriously when we meet, which will I hope be soon, as Lampton, who, by the bye, has been promoted in his situation, intends to take me to town, provided, he says, you will undertake to help him to take care of me, when there. Adieu!

Yours, affectionately,

FRANCES LAMPTON.

As was anticipated, the beautiful Spaniard was well received by the Earl and Countess; and as there had not been time sufficient for Bates to make any arrangements relative to the proper disposal of his newly acquired property, he had requested Edmund to solicit his father's advice and assistance in doing so, to which he readily acceded.

The Earl was exceedingly gratified to find his son's wife become possessed, so unexpectedly, of her deceased aunt's property; not but that he was perfectly reconciled to her, for on the contrary, she had so grown on his affections, that he frequently acknowledged to the Countess his regret for his former hasty and ill-founded suspicions; and was compelled to confess that his son's happiness gave him more sincere and heartfelt pleasure than any gratification which the mere possession of riches was capable of bestowing.

The Countess herself was of course delighted with the companionship of her daughter-in-law, and as her habits were of a more domestic nature than those of the nobility in general, nothing could better suit the temper and disposition of our heroine as well as the delicate situation in which she now was, the time being fast approaching for that addition to connubial bliss, which has ever been considered to be its firmest cement and pledge of continued affection.

To the opera, to the theatre, and concerts, she would of course occasionally go, where she never failed, by her resplendent attractions and beauty, to be the theme of general admiration; whilst a drive now and then in the parks, or an excursion on the river were considered necessary adjuncts to the preservation of her health.

Two months had elapsed since the ship had sailed, when a rumour prevailed among the best informed circles, that a most sanguinary action had been fought between his majesty's sloop of war, the Resolute, and an enemy's ship of superior force, which had terminated in favour of British prowess.

Official despatches arriving at the Admiralty soon confirmed the truth of the report; and the officer bearing them brought letters from Captain Daly and Lieutenant Bates to their ladies, tranquillizing their minds as to the personal safety of their husbands; for although the conflict was fatal to great numbers, yet they were unhurt. Scarcely were they assured of this fact, than letters by post announced their safe arrival at Portsmouth, bringing also the prize. Both ships were in a most shattered condition, and were the objects of much public curiosity. As it was necessary for the *Resolute* to undergo considerable repair, she was dismantled, and her wounded people placed in the hospital, all which business would occupy so much of their time, that they deemed it advisable to send for their ladies to come to Portsmouth. No spur was wanting to their inclination—proud of their gallant husbands' heroic achievement, who so ready, or who so willing to honour the dear-bought victory, as those to whom their preservation was life itself?

The victory thus obtained procured for them the approbation of the Admiralty, and the popular applause of their countrymen; such determined bravery and success met with its merited reward. War was carried on with such vigor, that enterprise and preferment was so unprecedented, that the ordinary rules of promotion were more 'honoured in the breach than the observance.' Both the Captain and Lieutenant received the reward due to their bravery; for Lieutenant Bates was promoted to the rank of master and commander, and Daly was made a post-captain, and honoured with the command of a line-of-battle ship.

In addition to these honours, his felicity was not a little increased by the birth of a fine boy, of which Helen was happily delivered while at Portsmouth.

It would be superfluous further to continue our narrative. The future lives of Edmund and Helen were destitute of that interest, the recording which would either excite curiosity or demand attention.

The union of two such hearts was naturally productive of a uniform stream of happiness.

The gallant Edmund, after fighting with success the battles of his country rose from step to step to the highest rank in his profession; and his friend Bates retired from the service a post-captain, to enjoy with his lovely partner that affluence which he had so deservedly earned; whilst the heroine of our story became the fond mother of a numerous and healthy offspring, in whom were instilled those virtuous and honourable principles, the abiding by which, through the severest trials to which human nature could be exposed, had raised her from obscurity to title, wealth, honour, and what is more than these, to unalloyed peace of mind, and a calm enjoyment of the real blessings of life.

The torch shall be extinguish'd which hath lit  
My midnight lamp—and what is writ, is writ,—  
Would it were worthier!

*Byron.*

FINIS.