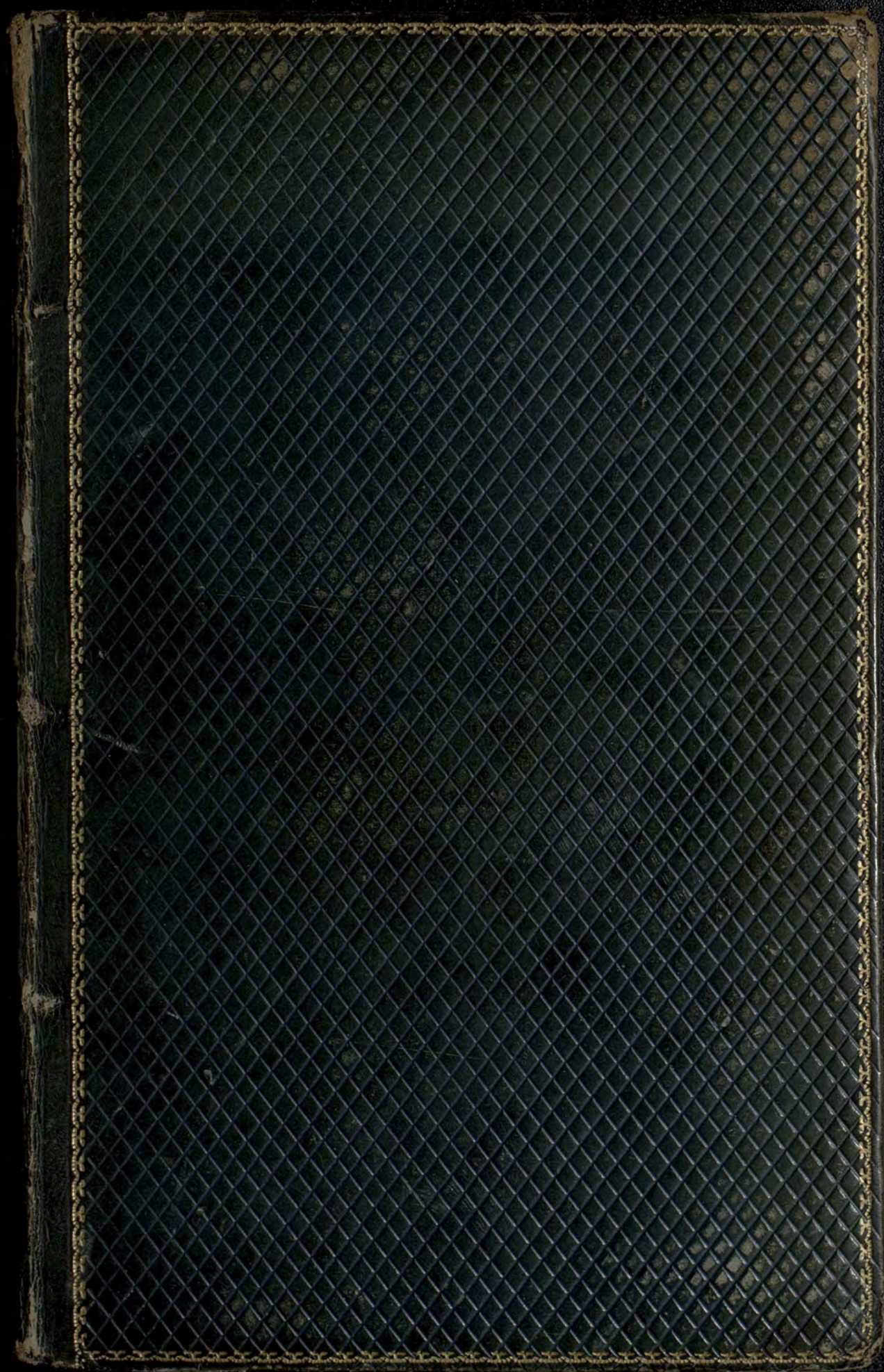




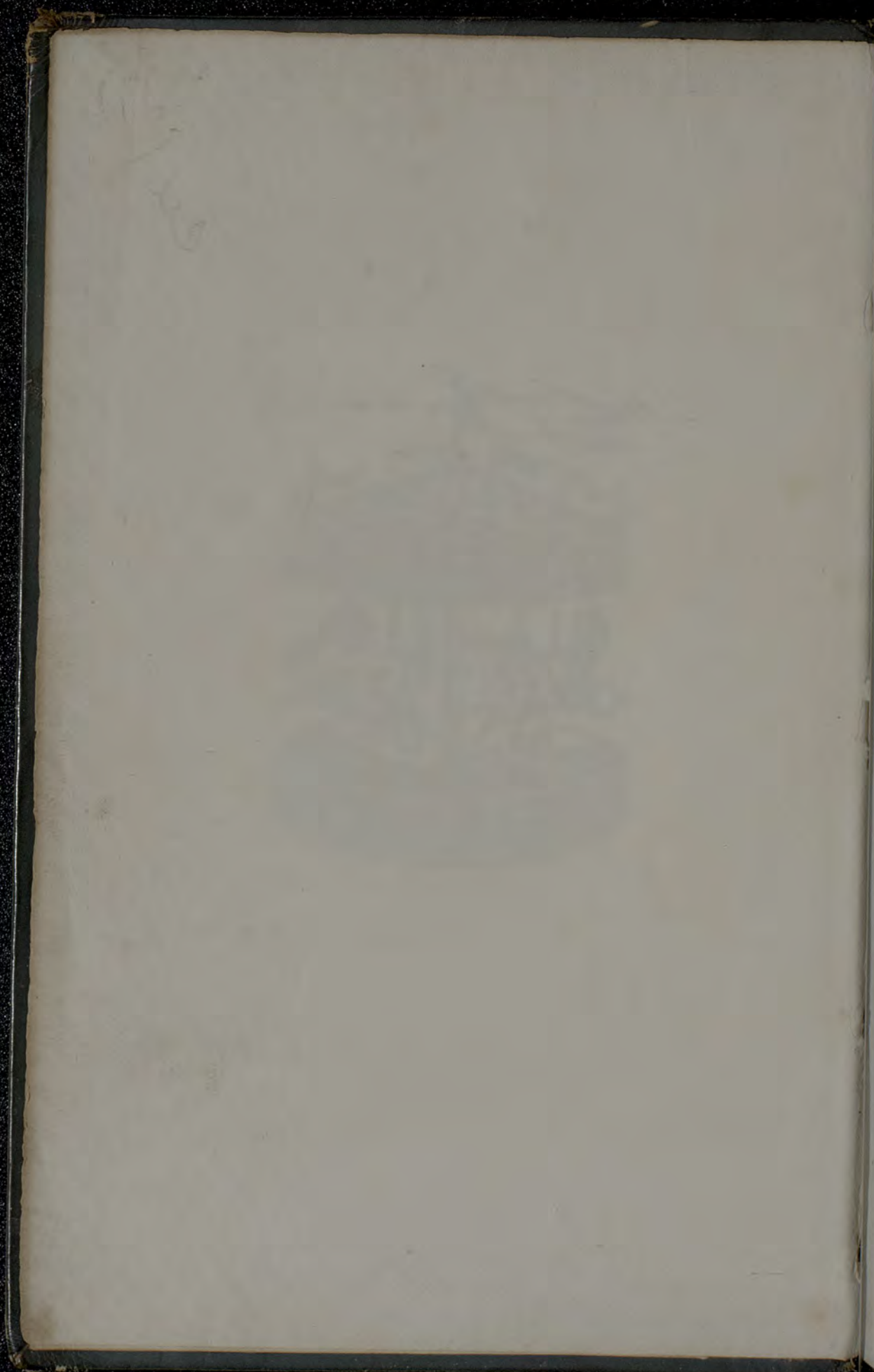
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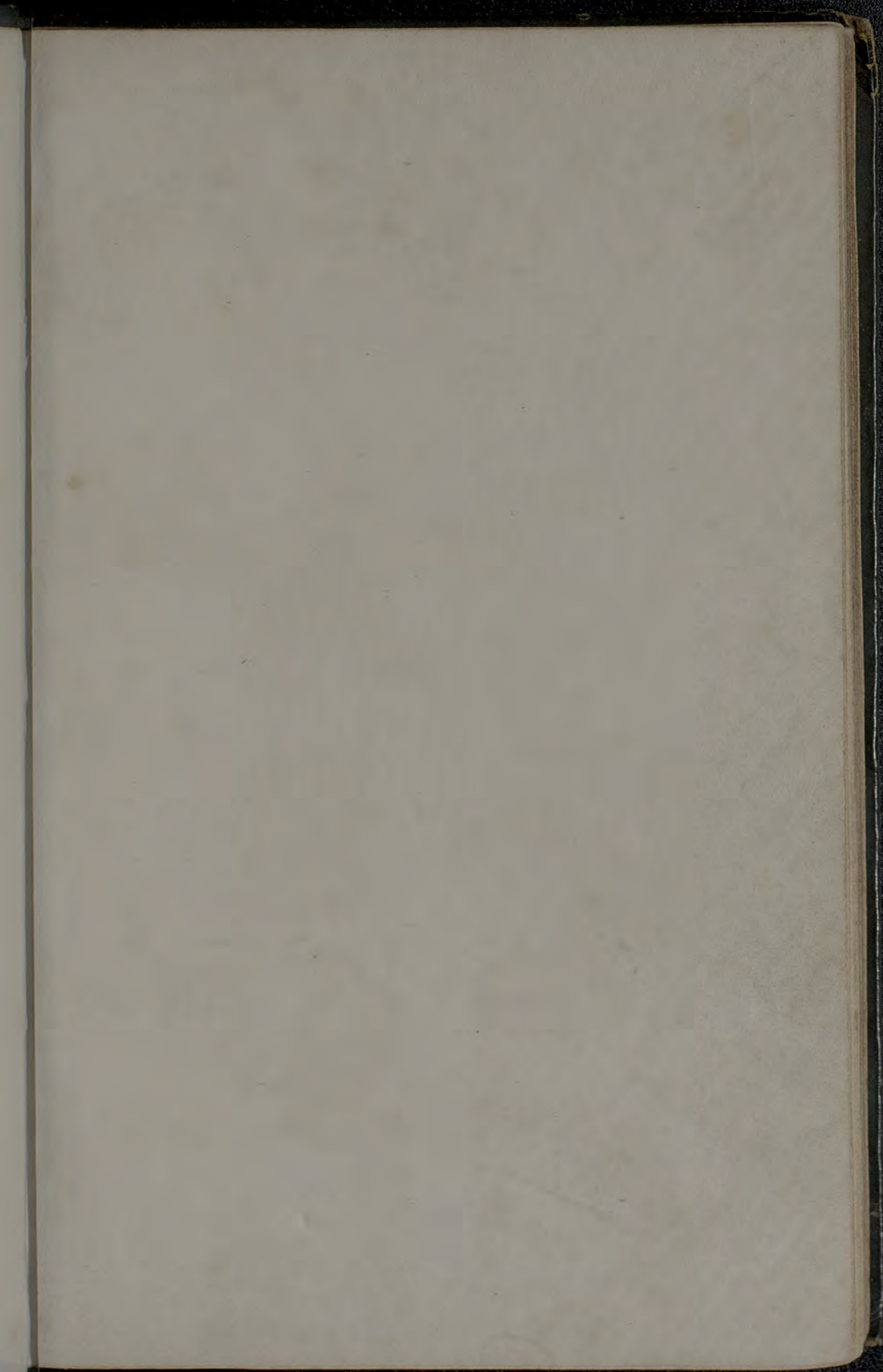


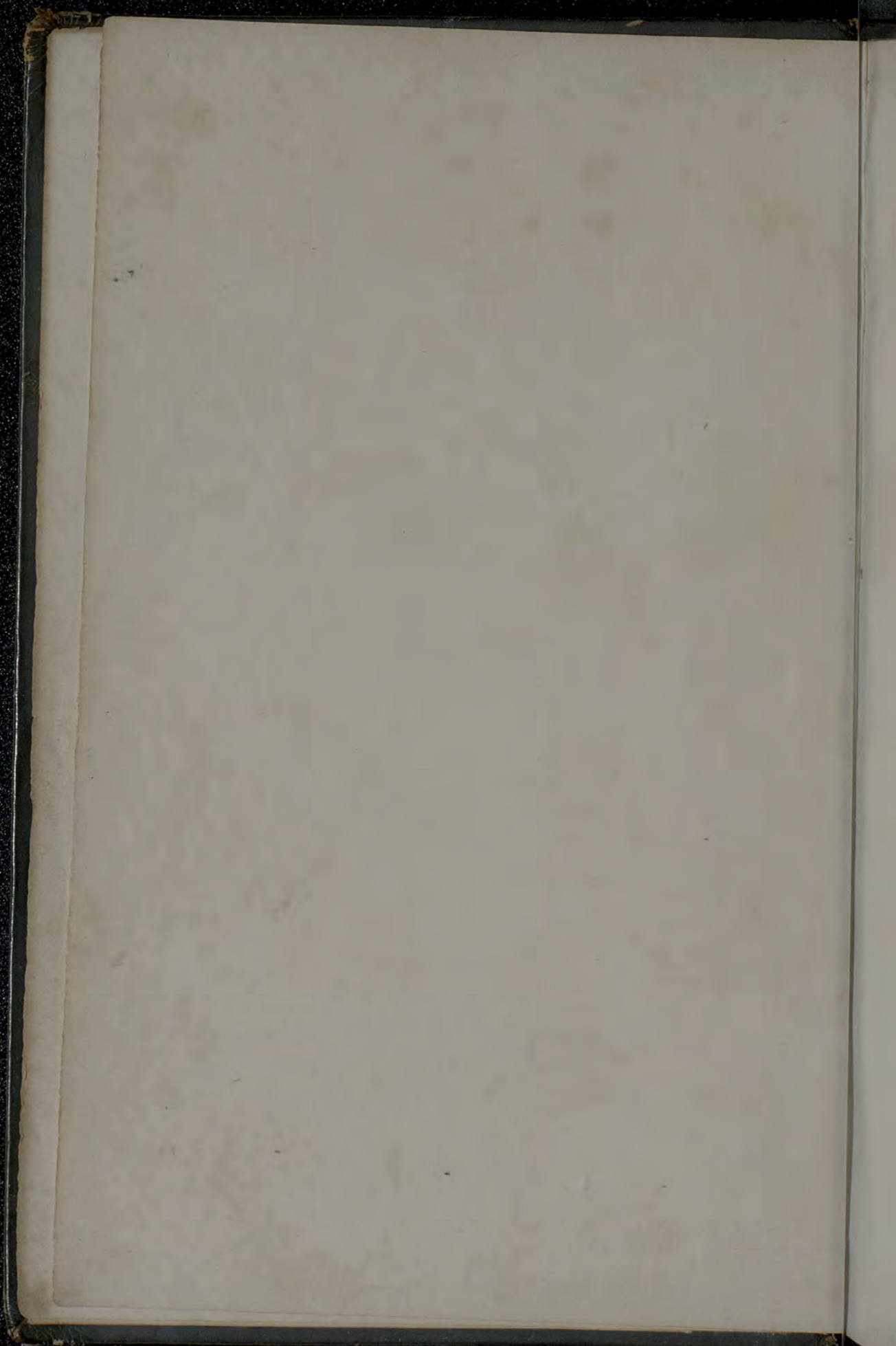
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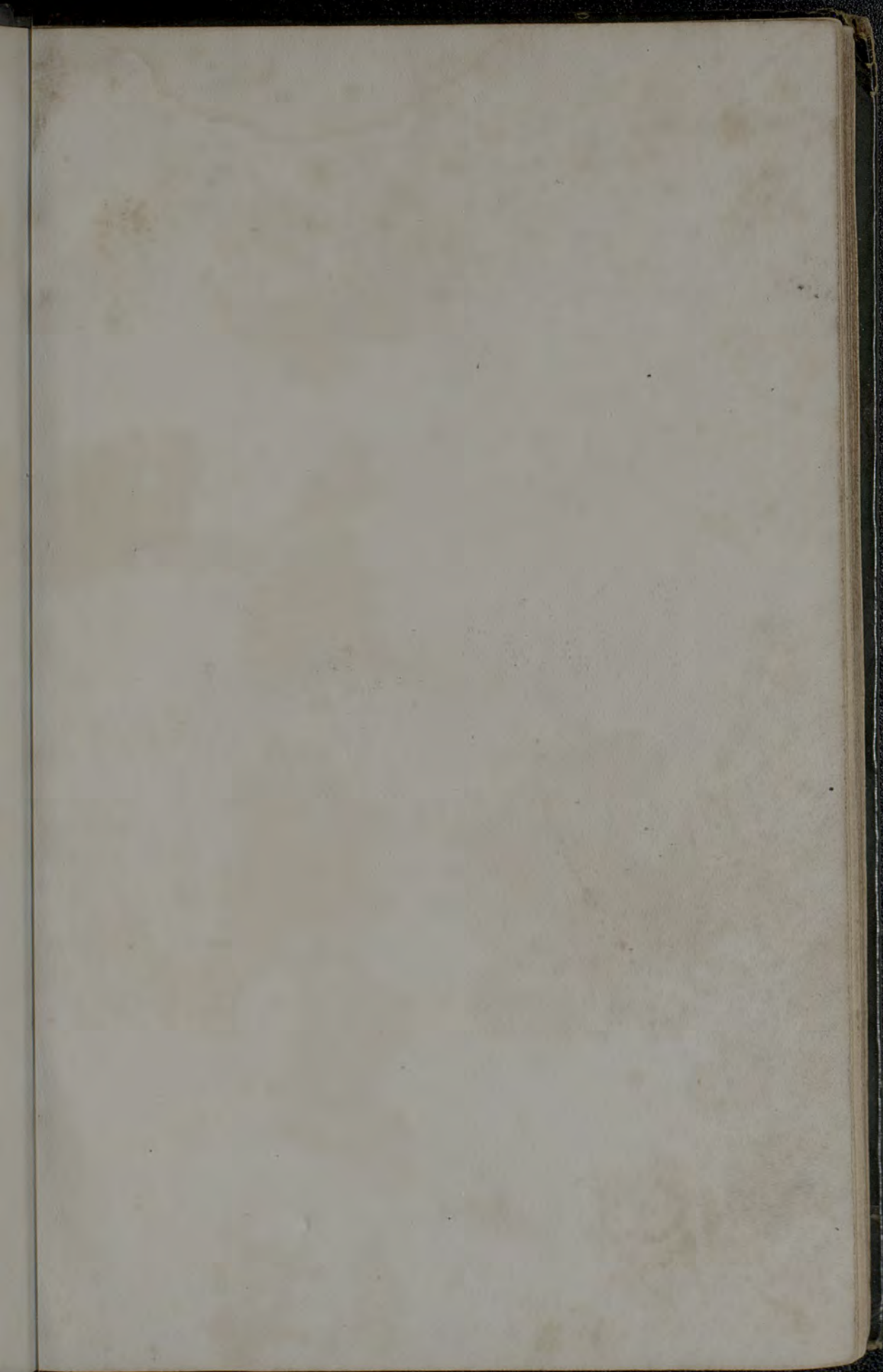
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Mary Larned











F. Howard.

*"In a few moments they draw near
"and Frank was pulled up the side of their
"little Vessel, &c.*

page 376.

London, Published by H. Colburn, 1822.

Mary Sumner

THE LIFE

OF

A MIDSHIPMAN,

A TALE FOUNDED ON FACTS:

AND INTENDED TO CORRECT

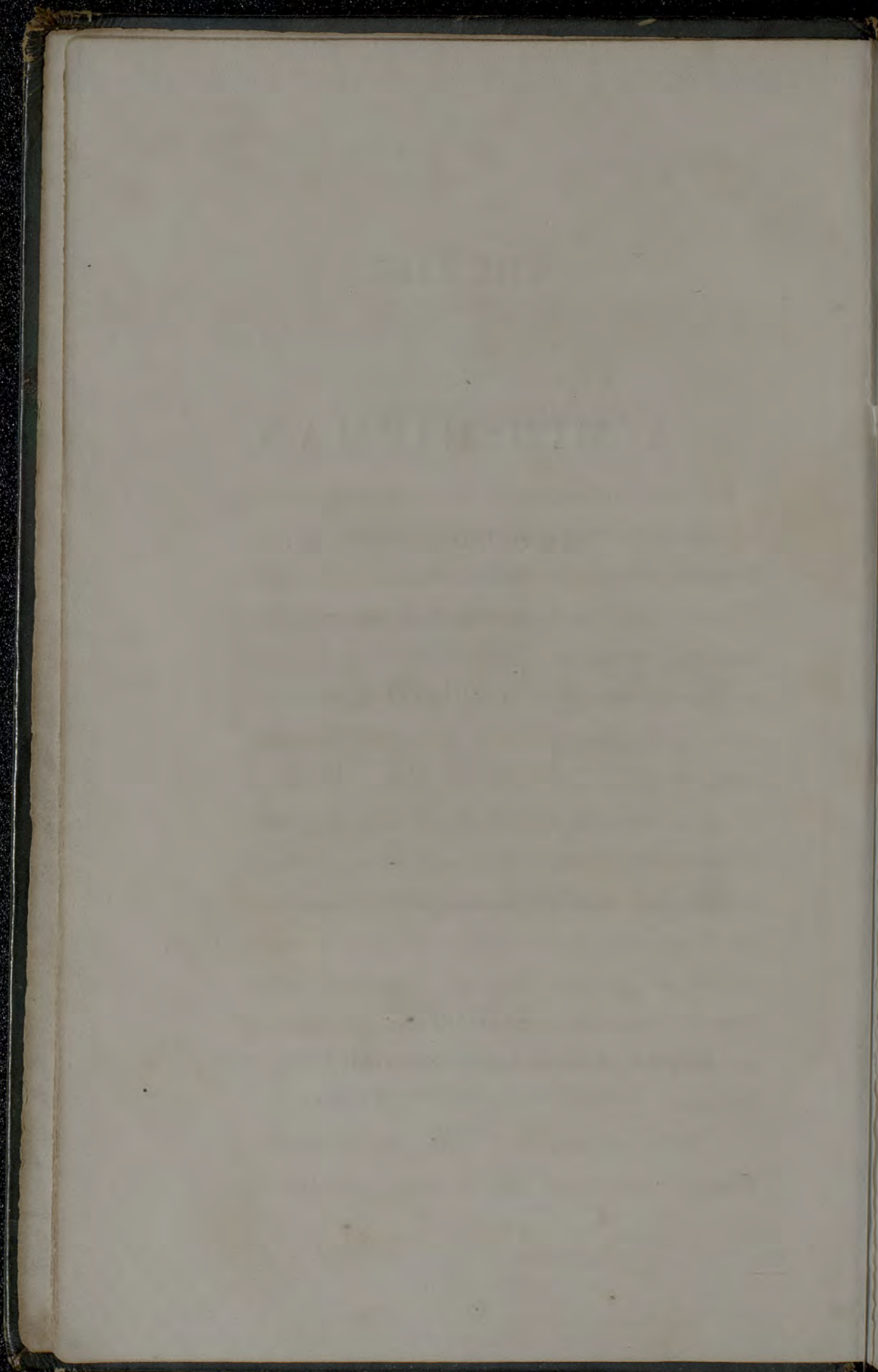
AN INJUDICIOUS PREDILECTION IN BOYS FOR

THE LIFE OF A SAILOR.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.



INTRODUCTION.

BY the publication of the following pages, it is far from my design to inculcate any unfounded prejudice against a profession, in which I have spent the better part of my own life, and with which my earliest and happiest, as well as my most painful recollections, are associated. To persons of a particular temperament of mind and habit of body, *the sea* is of all others the most suitable and delightful of professions; but, unfortunately, or, perhaps, happily, all men are not equally adapted to all things, and by far the greater portion of the misery so frequent amongst mankind, arises from an erroneous estimate of our own powers, and an injudicious selection of a field for their display.

“ It is no wonder,” says Dr. Vicesimus Knox, “ that many fail in their employments

when it is considered by what slender and childish motives they are often fixed in the pursuit which is to continue for life. The boy admires a red coat and a cockade, or a pair of trowsers and a jacket, and therefore he will be a soldier or a sailor. An early and accidental association of ideas is formed, by which happiness is united with some peculiar mode of life, and a choice is made before reason or experience can possibly have suggested a cause for judicious preference."

"The choice of boys," continues the same amiable writer, "at an early age, is certainly too ill-founded to direct their parents in fixing their future mode of life. What success can be expected in a plan of conduct which originates in the *whim* of an infant?"

To the accuracy of these observations I can myself speak from my own experience, and I may here add, that many of the incidents, and the general idea of the following story, are taken from the events of my own life. Unlike my Hero, however, the step which I took in hastily embracing the life of a seaman

was one from which I could not so easily recede. I was caught by the specious allurements of the profession; my mind fixed solely on its pleasures without waiting to scrutinize the pains which accompany them; in an unguarded moment I entered on board a ship of war, and though forty years of my life have been spent in the service, I have not to this hour grown inured or reconciled to the annoyances which betrayed themselves after the first forty hours I passed on board,—so much for a hasty attachment to a pursuit for which by nature I was never intended.

During my passage through life I have met with numerous instances of a similar kind, and I am happy to add with some incipient ones, which my advice has been the means of retarding ere they came to the maturity of their misery. My own three boys have grown up around me, and one of them is at this moment a lieutenant in the service; but he went to it with his eyes open; he saw the pleasures of the sea *himself*; I pointed out the annoyances, he

made a judicious calculation, and, as the conclusion was in favour of the ship, he joined her; nor has he ever had reason to repent his choice, because it was founded on reason, and he was adapted to its duties. My two youngest lads were of a different disposition, and are now differently, though, I trust, equally happily settled in life.

To my young friends for whom this little work is designed I have but one word to say. I do not by any means wish to *depreciate* the Life of a Sailor in your estimation, I merely wish to show it to you as it is, and leave it for you to form your *own* estimates of its advantages. It combines many allurements with numerous privations, but so does almost every other pursuit in life, and if you are prepared to take the bitter with the sweet, and know accurately the proportion they bear to each other before you make your election, I have little doubt but your choice will be a happy one and my object will be fully attained.

E. N.

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THE LIFE
OF
A MIDSHIPMAN.

CHAPTER I.

THE VILLAGE.—THE RECTOR.—FRANK
HARTWELL AND HIS SISTER.

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain ;
Where smiling Spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting Summer's lingering blooms delayed ;
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seat of my youth, where every sport could please.

GOLDSMITH.

IN the south-eastern corner of Wiltshire, and
not far from the town of Southampton, sur-
rounded by a cluster of woody hills, and remote

from the bustle and hurry of the world, lies the little village of Elm Grove. It is situated at a considerable distance from the great London road, and it is seldom that the quiet of its sunny streets is disturbed by the passage of any vehicle more important than the waggon of the carrier, who plies between Southampton and Salisbury, or the arrival of any personage of greater note than the boy who carries the letters from the nearest post-town. Its inhabitants have little intercourse with the great trading marts around them; and the produce of their own farms supplies at once the necessities of each respective family, and the luxuries required for the Sabbath or the holiday. Their knowledge of the world barely extends beyond the demesne of the Lord of the Manor, and the shady walk by the bank of the river is frequently the farthest extent of their travels. Since they know nothing of the splendours of distant cities, they have nothing to envy or to sigh for beyond the simple com-

forts of home ; and innocence and simplicity are at once the foundations of their contentment, and the leading characteristics of their habits.

The proprietor of the estate in which the village of Elm Grove is situated, was, at the time of this story, a gentleman of extensive property, whose early life had been spent in all the excesses of dissipation, and whose declining years required the tenderness of the most delicate management to suppress the effects of youthful intemperance. For this reason, he resided continually in the metropolis, in order to procure that attendance from his medical advisers, which the uncertainty of his health rendered almost incessantly requisite ; and his visits to the great house occurred but once or twice in the course of as many years, when his stay was only for a few days, as his illness again compelled him to return to London. In his absence, the most important personage in the village was the pastor of the little church in the grove of beech trees on the

hill. This gentleman, whose name was Hartwell, was the son of a merchant in one of the great commercial cities in the west of England, whose fortunes had some years before been destroyed by the commotions in the island of St. Domingo, and who had subsequently died of a broken heart, leaving no family but his widow, Mr. Hartwell, and another son. The latter had been for many years commander of an East Indiaman ; and having amassed considerable wealth by long industry and successful speculation, he had purchased a beautiful cottage, and retired for life to one of the most picturesque spots on the shores of the Isle of Wight. His mother, after the death of her husband, had lived for some time at the rectory of Elm Grove ; but on the settlement of her youngest son in England, had removed to his cottage as a companion, he having expressed his determination not to marry, or at least his intention to defer any change in his manner of life for many years to come.

The Rector was a man of the gentlest manners, and the most amiable sweetness of disposition; beyond his own home and the domestic enjoyments of his family, he sought no amusement, and neither felt nor sighed for any additional happiness. Elm Grove and his simple parishioners were all the world to him, and to them the kindness and affectionate attentions of their pastor more than supplied the deficiency of those comforts, of which the absence of their landlord, and the occasional oppression of his agents, deprived them. His income from his living would have been considered but trifling in other situations, but to him it was more than ample; nor would he once have sighed for fortune or advancement for himself, were it not that the ruin of his father had, in a great degree, blasted the prospects which he had once entertained for his children. This melancholy circumstance was the only one which gave a tone of sadness to the otherwise placid and contented mind of Mr. Hartwell; and if

at times a tear stole into his eye, or a sigh escaped from his breast, it was only when he cast a look upon his two lovely children, and a doubt crossed his mind as to their future welfare. Frank, the eldest, was at this time about closing his eighth year, and his rapid progress in preliminary education was at once a source of pleasure and of anxiety to his parents: he was a lad of the finest manly feelings, and gay but not boisterous spirits; his lessons were to him no matter of annoyance, and a few hours were always sufficient to con the tasks which his father had assigned to him. In his attention to these, his thoughts were always in earnest; and the gentle, but clear instruction of his affectionate tutor, never failed to render the subject of his studies a source of attraction as well as of information. In his hours of amusement he was all enthusiasm and overflowing gaiety, his exercises were healthful and vigorous, and his loud laugh of good humour was the clear tone of a heart whose vibrations were

as yet neither damped by care nor dulled by sorrow. At such an early age, it was almost impossible to discover those traits which might decide his tastes for any future course of life; but, in his own mind, his father had already destined him for the bar, a selection in which he had been influenced as much by an idea of his fitness for an active profession, as by the circumstance of his having in London an old and attached friend, with whom his intimacy had commenced at college, and who was now in extensive practice as a barrister. Under his auspices, and relying on his professions of attachment and anxiety for the advancement of Frank, Mr. Hartwell hoped that he might one day rise to eminence. He resolved, in the meantime, to bestow on him all the preparatory education which his future destiny might require; and already in his quick apprehension, and decided predilection for study, he thought he could trace indications of the leading lawyer, and possibly, at some distant day, of the im-

portant and venerable judge. But still these happy dreams were but too often interrupted by a sigh, when he recalled his mind from those fond forebodings to a more immediate period, and thought of the means by which his son was to be supported in the interim between his novitiate and the full accomplishment of his wishes; perhaps, too, his anxiety was increased by another reflection which sometimes forced itself upon his mind. If in Frank's character there was one trait which discovered itself less amiable than another, and sometimes called for an admonition from his father, it was a slight indication of a "firmness," to use a gentle word, which sometimes approached to obstinacy; and though a little persuasion was at first sufficient to remove it, its frequent occurrence began by degrees to give it more decision, and greater inveteracy, till in more than one instance, correction was obliged to follow disregarded remonstrances, and Mr. Hartwell became unwillingly convinced that there were

some points of his son's character not quite in unison with the general amiability of the whole. But, taken all in all, Frank was far from a disobedient or a self-willed boy, and his occasional stubbornness was rather a source of momentary annoyance than of permanent anxiety.

The second child of the Rector of Elm Grove was a daughter, nearly two years younger than Frank, but in disposition and manners totally different. From an infant she had always been extremely delicate, and even at this period her health was so precarious as to be a source of continual uneasiness to her parents; and, it was in fact, evident, that her little slender form, if it ever attained maturity, could never hope for freedom from weakness, or perhaps, disease. Under all her debility and suffering, however, she maintained the most unruffled sweetness of temper, and even when she felt the greatest annoyance from ill health, her pale face wore a smile of contentment, which charmed, whilst it agonized her sedulous and affectionate mother. Frank

was her only playmate, and in the sunny days of summer they used to stroll about the fields of the village, his arm around her neck, and hers encircling his waist, whilst Frank climbed the steepest banks to gather violets and strawberries for Emily ; or she sat in her little chaise, whilst her brother drew her for hours around the walks of the shady garden. They were seldom separated, and it was at once the pride of their father, and the admiration of the village, to see the little drooping girl leaning upon or caressing her manly brother, and he in return lavishing all his boyish fondness on his dear little delicate sister.

On the sabbath, when they accompanied Mr. Hartwell to the village church, Emily always walked hand-in-hand with Frank, and during the service Frank held the little gilded prayer-book for Emily. Their gentle and serious deportment was the admiration of the whole congregation, and as they again walked home with their delighted parents, the villagers all

crowded to caress the two beautiful children, and congratulate their happy father on his lovely offspring.

But these were days too bright and too happy to be lasting. To Mr. Hartwell they were indeed the sunshine of the breast; and when the labours of the day were done, when he returned from a ride to visit some distant parishioner, or came home in the evening from an inspection of his farm, and seated himself with his wife and his children by their neat but humble fire-side, a burst of gratitude would suffuse his eyes with tears, and he would shake off the emotion of the moment with a smile, and lavish the fondest caresses on his adored children. Morning never broke upon his dwelling, that its light did not shine upon contentment; and at night, when the evening prayer was done, and its inmates retired to rest, sleep never lighted upon less envious eyes, or lulled the cares of more guileless and innocent bosoms.

CHAPTER II.

DEATH.—THE FUNERAL.—THE CONSEQUENCES.

Upon his brow
The damps of death are settling—and his eyes
Grow fixed and meaningless. She marks the change
With desperate earnestness, and staying even
Her breath, that nothing may disturb the hush,
Lays her wan cheek still closer to his heart,
And listens as its varying pulses move—
Haply to catch a sound betokening life.
It beats—again—another—and another—
And now hath ceased for ever!

ALARIC A. WATTS.

SUCH was the happy situation of Elm Grove and its amiable rectory, for nearly three years after the period when Captain Hartwell returned from India, and removed with his mother to

the Isle of Wight. For some months after the departure of the old lady, Frank and Emily had felt lonely and dejected in the absence of their grandmamma; but their spirits soon returned, and Frank found new sources of amusement and occupation in the business of a public school, to which he was shortly after sent by his father. Mr. Hartwell had long perceived with regret the continued growth of that obstinacy which had at so early a period displayed itself in his manner; at home, the fondness of his mother, and the natural gentleness of his father, were but weak correctives of a foible which required the most summary management, and he at length resolved, that even at the expense of his own feelings, the vice should be eradicated. For this purpose he spoke with the village-schoolmaster, who had under his charge the children of a few of the gentry in the immediate vicinity of Elm Grove, and Frank was, without delay, removed from the affectionate instructions of his father, to the

more stern tutorage of a stranger, where his every look was guarded, and his every passion kept in due subjection, by the frown of one whose will was law, and whose law was never transgressed with impunity. By this arrangement Emily was now left almost without a play-mate: in the morning, when her brother was starting for school, she would follow him to the wicket-gate of the lawn, part from him with a wistful smile, and return again to the side of her mother; and in the evening, at the hour when Frank was accustomed to come back, she would tie on her little silken bonnet, wander down the village-road to meet him, and walk home with her arm round his neck.

Frank was now in his twelfth summer, when one sultry day he was hastening from school as quickly as the heat of the setting sun would permit him,—he was that evening to have walked with his father to wait on Mr. Avonmore, who had arrived the day before at the Manor-house,

on one of his rare visits to his Wiltshire estate. He was pondering over the splendour of one who possessed a retinue so brilliant as that which had last night passed through the village, and longing for the time when his education should be so far advanced, that he should go to London, and see every day equipages, which his father had told him were much more magnificent than even that of the Lord of the Manor,—when, in one of the shady lanes, he was met by Emily, at a much greater distance from home than she was accustomed to come for him; he was surprised, too, to find her eyes inflamed with weeping; and, on inquiring the cause, she told him, that Mr. Hartwell was ill; that he had been out all the morning in the heat, and had returned some hours before from seeing a sick parishioner, feverish and faint, and had retired to bed before she left the rectory, and that mamma was now sitting by him, alarmed and unhappy. They hurried home, but not with that glad hope that had a mo-

ment before filled Frank's imagination; they reached their father's chamber, but he was too weak to speak to them; and having gently given them his wonted blessing, he desired that they might be sent to rest. The following morning, Mr. Hartwell was worse, his pulse was hurrying like a torrent, and his brow was burning with the dry fierce flame of a fever.

That day Frank and his sister sat with their afflicted parents: alarm and anxiety had, in some measure, paralyzed the exertions of their mother, and their services were requisite at the bed of their father. From morn till evening, his illness continued unabated, and when night was closing in, and Mrs. Hartwell returned after a momentary absence, she found that delirium was added to disease; her husband knew her not; he no longer recognised her children, who hung terrified and weeping around him; and those eyes that so lately beamed with tenderness and affection, now glared wildly and fixedly upon

them. This was a cruel shock to his adoring family; it was to them the commencement of their sorrows; till now they had heard of sadness and of suffering only by name; they had been strangers to its influence, but its first appearance was overwhelming. For five long weary days they watched in vain for symptoms of amendment, whilst every hour served but to deaden hope and to create despair. At length, on the sixth, the last stay of expectation was removed, and the physician informed Mrs. Hartwell that her husband's recovery was now beyond the reach of hope.

In the mean time, Captain Hartwell had arrived at the rectory, having been summoned on the first appearance of danger. All day the wretched family watched wistfully around the couch of the dying rector, whilst each succeeding minute promised to be the last of his mortal struggle. It was evening ere he expired: as he reclined in motionless agony, his dim vacant eye was fixed upon the window

of the chamber where he lay; the sun was fast sinking behind a chain of distant hills, and their vivid brilliancy, as they caught his sight, seemed to attract his unconscious gaze; but all at once the glorious rays of the sunset burst over some opposing cloud, and flashed full and sudden upon him: he started at the unexpected blaze, threw his damp, clammy hand across his eyes, turned with a deep-drawn sigh towards his wife, and in the same instant, and sudden as the flash of the sunbeam, the setting light of reason returned to him. But the transition was a painful one; he might have slept in peaceful unconsciousness, and only awoke to never-ending bliss; he might have glided gently and calmly away, but now he revived to the full and painful feeling of his sufferings and his distress. He gazed for a moment with a sad expression on the face of his wife, and grasping her hand with his attenuated fingers,

a gush of tears served to relieve his bursting eyeballs; he felt that he was dying, and all at once the thoughts of years seemed crowded into a moment; he reflected on his helpless boy and his delicate little daughter, and his fond but now friendless widow, till, his brother assuring him of his future exertions in their behalf, he grew for a moment more calm. But the torpor of death was gaining on him; in turns he bade an eternal farewell to his brother, Mrs. Hartwell, and Emily, and then, pressing the hand of Frank, his last breath was spent in bestowing on him his blessing and his counsel; he enjoined to him a remembrance of his God and obedience to his surviving parent, besought him to curb that self-will which had ever been the blemish in his character, and his last fearful injunction, that "*disobedience to his guardian would prove his curse here, and his curse eternally,*" was scarcely uttered, when his lips

grew faint, his eye calmly closed, and his hand, relaxing from its grasp, sunk lifeless on the coverlet.

The funeral of the good rector was attended by almost every inhabitant of Elm Grove. Frank and his uncle followed the hearse in the carriage of Mr. Avonmore; he heard the last committal of "dust to dust" pronounced above the remains of what, but a week before, had been so dear to him; he heard the hollow deadening sound of the first clod cast upon the coffin of his father; but he heard no more, —his grief became so violent that Captain Hartwell was forced to hurry him away, and during a long and circuitous walk, he in some degree recovered his self-possession, and returned to the rectory.

That was the first truly miserable night of Frank's existence: the excitement of hope during his father's rapid illness, and the stupor of grief immediately on his decease, had equally served to blunt the poignancy of his sorrow;

but now it was all over ; he approached that door to which he had so often accompanied his fond father, but *he* could enter it no more ; he seated himself in the parlour which had once looked bright because *he* was present, it was now dark, and deserted, and melancholy ;—his father's hat still hung upon the window where he had last placed it with his own hands : but alas ! his head was now within the cheerless tomb—he sickened at the thought, and throwing himself upon the sofa, he sobbed aloud. His mother shortly after entered the room, and seemed by a violent effort to have suppressed her emotion ; she gently soothed her son, reminded him that vain tears were now less his duty than good resolutions as to his future conduct, exhorted him to manliness and self-possession, and finally succeeded in restoring him to composure.

During the few following days which his uncle remained at Elm Grove, the arrangements of the family were completed ; it was resolved

that Mrs. Hartwell should continue to inhabit the same cottage; that Frank should pursue his studies as usual, till it was found necessary to make some important change in the course of his education; and that all things should go on, as hitherto, under the kind guardianship of Captain Hartwell. In about a week, the Captain took his departure: he went off early in the morning, and the same day Frank returned to his school. It was a melancholy evening when he came home: during the few days previous, his uncle had taken his father's seat at the table—it was now vacant. This was the first instance of Mrs. Hartwell's weakness overcoming her resolution; she had not before been struck by the mournful fact; but when she was now seated, and raised her head, and saw *that* chair empty, where she had ever been accustomed to encounter a smile or a placid look, her feelings were too powerful, and she covered her face with her hands in an agony of sorrow; the emotion was, how-

ever, quickly subdued, and she again resumed that firmness which henceforward characterized her conduct. She was a woman of the strongest feelings, yet possessed of that resolution which was adequate to keep them in subjection ; her love for her husband was unbounded, and even his death did not destroy her devotion to him ; but on Frank and Emily now devolved that portion of attention and fondness which had formerly been bestowed on their father. Her energy was redoubled, since she now stood in the capacity of *both* parents, and anxiety, whilst it encreased, never clogged her exertions ; she was the best and the fondest of mothers, and under her protection her children, if they did not cease to *forget*, seldom learned to feel, the want of a father.

CHAPTER III.

DOMESTIC AFFLICTION.—TRAITS OF DISPOSITION.—AN ACCIDENT AND A DISAPPOINTMENT.

In this wide world, the fondest and the best
Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd.

CRABBE.

THERE were but few dry eyes in the church of Elm Grove on the first Sunday that Mrs. Hartwell and her two little orphans made their appearance there after the interment of her husband. A young sparkish clergyman had been appointed to succeed the late rector, and his foppish demeanour and frivolous carriage con-

trasted most unfavourably with the warmth of heart and affability of manner which characterised his predecessor. The widow was—as her custom had ever been—early at her seat; she advanced with a faltering step through the well-known aisle, whilst Frank held his little sister by his left hand, and gave his right to his mother: all eyes were immediately turned upon the mournful weeds in which she was clothed, and many could with difficulty refrain from weeping, when they looked at the melancholy dress of her little daughter, which contrasted so sadly with her pale and delicate features. Frank opened the door of the pew, and the widow took her accustomed place: for the few moments which preceded the commencement of the service she seemed lost in abstraction, and her eyes were fixed upon the ground; but when all at once the voice of a stranger resounded through the church, instead of that to which her ear had so long been accustomed, she started in-

voluntarily, and a plenteous flood of tears gave relief to her bursting heart.

Such incidents as these soon, however, became familiar to her; and experience taught her the mournful truth, that the life of a widow is a distinct chapter of existence, whose every page is a trial, and whose only tale is sorrow. With her children it was different; life was all before them, and pleasure was the light of every prospect; to her the future was full of fears, and the past of regret. Frank did certainly find some change in the enjoyments of home, when at evening he sat down by the fire-side to con in silence the task of to-morrow, instead of having, as he once had, the friendly suggestions and affectionate inquiries of his father as to the progress he had made during the day; but even this soon wore off, and as he grew a little older, he began to find amusement in the society of his schoolfellows; by degrees he shook off all his feelings of melancholy, he recovered his

heartfelt jocund laugh, and again the little avenue rung with the noise of his sports and the glad shouts of his merry playmates. Emily was now too old to be his companion, and in the evenings she used to sit in the window of the parlour, beneath the blossoms of the honeysuckles and passion-flower, that crept around it, and read to her mother whilst she plied her needle or looked on with melancholy satisfaction at the sports of Frank and his playfellows.

In the mean time, an evident alteration in Frank's conduct began to give her occasional uneasiness; for some time the resolutions which he had formed of obedience and self-control were rigorously adhered to, but he gradually began to find that he was more his own master than hitherto, and that his mother's authority over his actions was less important than it had been when supported by the mild firmness of his father. I do not mean by these suggestions to assert that Frank

Hartwell was absolutely disobedient, far from it; he had ever entertained too pure a sense of his duty as a child to openly oppose the desires of his parent; but too often his compliance was not the spontaneous effect of ready acquiescence and good-natured obedience; his errand was often performed with a shrug of his shoulder, and in a lounging pace, even where it was important that it should be executed with readiness and despatch; and not unfrequently in the progress of his studies, the necessity of his attention to particular points, when recommended by his mother, was questioned by him, and his own opinion followed, or at least advanced with a pertinacity as unbecoming as his ideas were erroneous and opposed to the good sense of his parent. In all these matters, however, though a little kindness was ever sufficient to persuade and to convince him, his unhappy mother saw ample cause for regret; she was well aware, that the principle which dictated this little perversity

of mind was rooted in his conduct, and would not fail to gain strength by habit; and she knew, that though at the present moment it was easy to manage him as a boy, yet each advancing year would increase the difficulty of the task, and the time *might* not be far distant when her authority would cease to possess even the slightest influence over his actions, or his conduct; and the consequences might be productive, in the fullest degree, of all the misery predicted in the last words of his dying father.

Frank was now entering on his fourteenth year, when his uncle repeated an invitation which he had often given in vain, that he should come for a month in the summer to spend his holidays at the Isle of Wight; the request was seconded by the earnest entreaties of his grandmamma, who had not seen either him or Emily since their father's death, and Mrs. Hartwell was forced to give a reluctant assent: she had invariably declined it before

from an unwillingness to be separated from her son, who had never been a day from her side during his life, and now his presence had become, through misfortune, doubly dear to her. The united solicitations of Frank and his grand-mamma were, however, irresistible, and it was at length granted, that provided he distinguished himself at the ensuing examination of his school, he should be permitted to accompany Captain Hartwell home in the June following.

As the period approached, Frank's enthusiasm seemed excited to the highest pitch; he had painted to himself the pride with which he should display to his uncle the premiums which he already held in anticipation as the reward of his exertions, and the glow of affectionate approval with which his uncle was to receive them. The congratulations of his playmates, the envy of his disappointed competitors, the gratification of his mother, and the joy of Emily, were all present to his imagination; and in reality his progress was so considerable, and his supe-

riority in his classes so apparent, that little doubt was entertained by either his tutors or his friends of his ultimate success. The examination was now on the eve of taking place; all were in the height of expectation, when Frank's own waywardness dashed their hopes to the ground, and completely marred his prospects of gratification and of honour. About a month before, a lad, son to one of the villagers, had arrived at home, from a long voyage on board a merchant vessel, in which he had entered as an apprentice twelve months before. He had always been noted as an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and his departure from Elm Grove had been considered as a joyful event, since it freed the inhabitants from his never-ending pranks and mischievous amusements. Unfortunately, he had now brought home with him some cocoa-nuts, and other tempting matters, which had been a great allurements to Frank, and Harvey and he were together much oftener than Mrs. Hartwell approved of. At first she

had merely expressed a wish, but without any injunction, that Frank should not associate with him; she hoped, in fact, that he would be obliged to go off to his ship almost immediately; but when she learned that his vessel had been sold, and that he was about to remain at Elm Grove till his owners should find him a situation in some other, she told her son more seriously that she must interfere authoritatively, and insist on his abandoning the company of Harvey. Frank, of course, promised obedience, but the temptation was too strong; among the other articles which the young sailor had brought home with him, was a small Indian canoe; and it afforded his wondering companion no slight amusement to remain for hours together, to see it sail along the river which flowed at the foot of the demesne of Mr. Avonmore; and often, when school was over, instead of hastening home, Frank had gone with his new companion to amuse himself with the alluring toy. On the Saturday previous to the

important day which was to decide his honours at the academy, Frank had as usual stolen off early in the morning to meet Harvey at the end of the village; they were to stroll up the river for some miles, and having amused themselves with bathing, to return with the canoe and sail it down the stream to the bridge at Elm Grove. During the forenoon, Captain Hartwell unexpectedly arrived at the rectory; he was to stay till the following Tuesday, and then return to the Isle of Wight with his nephew. Frank should have been home at twelve o'clock as usual; and after waiting in vain till one, and two, and three, Captain Hartwell and his mother walked over to the school-house, and you may judge of their surprise to find that he had not been to attend his classes for two days before, and that his tutor had supposed him to have remained at home in order to finish the lettering of some maps, in the drawing of which he was a competitor for the prize.

This was the first direct instance of prevari-

cation of which he had been guilty ; and he had, in fact, been now detected in the uttering of a double falsehood, since he had lately accounted to his mother for his absence on several occasions by the same excuse, of occupation during extra hours in the school-room, which proved to be totally unfounded. His uncle and Mrs. Hartwell returned to the rectory extremely vexed and disappointed ; the former, in particular, was chagrined to find his expectation, not only of Frank's application, but of his character, so cruelly belied ; and his mother, when she returned, could not refrain from tears on thinking of the folly and falsehood of her child. Dinner passed away, but no Frank made his appearance, and evening was drawing on, ere a gentle and concealed knock at the door announced his arrival. Mrs. Hartwell immediately went to inquire after the cause of his absence, when she started on seeing the condition in which he had returned ; his clothes torn, muddy, and soaking with wet ; his hat

bruised into fifty shapes; the breast of his shirt covered with blood; and his face discoloured with blows. He was himself so thoroughly ashamed of his conduct and appearance, that he could not hold up his head, nor welcome his uncle; he could only blush, and look abashed, and wish to leave the room; and it was with considerable difficulty that his mother could induce him to account for the manner in which he had spent the day, and met with the accidents which had so much disfigured him. He at length acknowledged that he had been all the morning in the company of Harvey; that they had quarrelled at some distance up the river; that Harvey had struck him; and in the scuffle which ensued, that he had rolled down the bank into the stream, had his face cut by the stones, and his eyes blackened by the blows of his cowardly assailant, who was nearly twice his age. His tears and protestations of penitence during this recital, convinced Mrs. Hartwell of his sincere

regret for his disobedience; and on his assurances of amendment in future, he obtained her pardon, and was permitted to retire to bed. The following morning his face was so swollen, and his eyes so bloodshot, that it was impossible for him to accompany his family to church: but a severer trial was still before him; the examination was to take place the succeeding day, and such was his appearance, that it was in vain for him to think of attending; the contest went on; the prize was decided; and, in Frank's absence, a rival, whom he could easily have surpassed, carried off all the honours which he had been so long anticipating for himself. His sorrow for his past disobedience was now unavailing; he was in tears from morning till night, but its only consequence was that his eyes became more and more inflamed; the wetting which he had got on Saturday brought on a severe attack of cold, and Frank was laid up in bed with a fever at the time when his uncle departed for Southampton, and when he

had promised himself so much pleasure in accompanying him. Before Captain Hartwell left the village, he had, however, ascertained the name and address of Harvey's employers; and as he happened to be acquainted with their house, he immediately wrote an account of his conduct in the village, and had him recalled to the office of his masters, to wait there, in active service on shore, till a vessel should arrive for him to go again to sea, instead of amusing himself at Elm Grove for some time longer, as he had expected to have done. Poor Frank's illness continued unabated for nearly a month; when, by care and medicine, he was enabled to leave his room, and his uncle having again returned with his carriage, Frank was at length made happy, by being permitted to accompany him on his long expected visit.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXCURSION.—NEW SCENES.—THE SEA.
THE PLEASURE BOAT.

Oh, how he listened to the rushing deep,
That ne'er till now so broke upon his sleep;
And his wild spirit wilder wishes sent,
Roused by the roar of the fierce element.

LORD BYRON.

THE first step of this excursion was to Frank like entering into a new world; he had never before been more than a few miles distant from Elm Grove, and that too only into the country; he had never seen any building more important or more lofty than the village church, no ve-

hicle so ponderous as the carrier's waggon, and no machine so singular as Harvey's canoe; his surprise may, therefore, be imagined on seeing the beautiful streets of Southampton, the splendour and bustle of its innumerable stage-coaches and mails, with their gaudy guards and drivers, the beauty of the shops, and, above all other wonders, the "moving worlds" of ships, which crowded its harbour. For the first few hours he was almost breathless with admiration and amazement, and his ears were stunned with the unusual noise and hurry of the crowds, and the cries of the venders of vegetables and fruit; but all this was trifling, compared to his wonder on beholding, for the first time, the wide and boundless ocean. He had read of the sea, and dreamed of it, and fancied in some degree its extent; but all his conceptions were as nothing, when, on the first morning after his arrival at his uncle's cottage, he stood upon the shore, saw the sun glancing on the merry waters, and

the huge waves rolling majestically towards the beach: he was at first terrified, then amazed and bewildered, and finally he laughed aloud with joy and astonishment. The windows of Captain Hartwell's parlour overlooked the coast, and during breakfast Frank could scarcely eat a morsel, for rising almost every instant to look out upon the rolling sea, and watch the many boats which were scudding past, and the ships which were taking advantage of the favourable morning breeze, to glide up the British Channel on their way to the Thames and to London, their white sails shining in the sun, and their stately prows foaming over the dark green waters. As soon as breakfast was over, he accompanied his uncle in a ride along the shore, where every object was alike new and surprising; the beautiful villas of the neighbouring noblemen and gentry, the splendid avenues, the lofty trees, and the gaily planted grounds, were all matters of wonder and delight: but still the sea, the mighty sea, was the grand

attraction, and to this his eye was ever wandering, and his mind was constantly fixed upon its loveliness, and its immensity. As he grew gradually more strong, and recovered from the effects of his late illness, he spent almost the whole of his time in the open air. Captain Hartwell had lately fitted up a beautiful yacht, of which he was particularly fond, and almost every day he was occupied for many hours, either in altering or arranging her rigging and appointments, or in sailing round the shores of the island. Frank was in these excursions his constant companion, and in all these manly sports he found a delight and enjoyment he had never known before: for the first few trips, sea-sickness was in some degree a drawback, but this soon passed away; he was never so happy as when bounding through the surf, and gliding rapidly along, from point to point, and shore to shore; he learned the names of every rope, and sail, and the technical mode of expressing every motion and manœuvre of the yacht; he adopt-

ed the manners of the crew, wore his shirt-collar open, tied his black silk handkerchief in a running knot, set his straw hat on one side of his head, and wore his long white trowsers close over the mouth of his neat little shoe.

During the days that he was not thus employed, he used to sit upon the strand and watch the numberless ships which were continually passing and repassing, laden with the manufactures of England, or bearing along to her ports the wealth and the produce of distant countries. Here he would muse for hours, and think over all he had heard of foreign climes, and countries far far beyond even what to him appeared the boundless ocean: when a sail approached from the verge of the west, he longed to discover what remote region it had visited; and when he saw the outward-bound barks of his countrymen steering for the vast Atlantic, he sighed, and anxiously wished to be one of their merry crew, to fly with them to strange scenes and lovely shores, and to share in all

their enterprizes, and all their hazardous enjoyment. On these reveries his uncle would often intrude, and smile at his earnestness and abstraction; they would then saunter along the shore whilst he explained to him the more abstruse and important points of those matters on which he was meditating; he taught him to distinguish *ships* with three masts, from *brigs* which have but two, with all the smaller variations of sloops, and schooners, and coasting craft; he pointed out to him the method of communicating information to the shore by the use of signals, and the means of knowing the vessels of one country from those of another by the variations of the colours of their Ensigns: he quickly learned to distinguish the Union Jack of England, the striped and starred banner of the United States, the pure white sheet of France, the crown and arms of Spain, and the Eagle of the Russians; and when by chance a huge vessel of war bore past, he would listen with

an eager ear for his uncle's tales of the battles between the British Navy and the enemies of England. Again he would tell of the vast and sandy deserts of Africa and Arabia; of the caravans and camels which traversed them in order to bring down the goods and merchandise of the country, to be stowed on board the vessels of Great Britain: he spoke of the rude mountains of Spain, the green valleys of France, the vine-clad hills of Italy, the vast savannahs and ocean-like rivers of America; the burning sun, rich cities, golden minarets, and gigantic temples of India. All this would Frank "devour up with a greedy ear;" and in such tales, home, and his mother, Emily, and Elm Grove, were all forgotten. The first month of his visit to the Island was to him a vision of fairy-land; every object was magical, every view was splendid, every scene was new, and every tale was gorgeous in his untutored imagination; but at length the period of his stay was expired, and a letter from Mrs. Hartwell,

preparing him for his return, came like a summons from home to a prison, from happiness to misery. The annoyance of such an event was, however, doubled by another circumstance; this was, that the celebrated *Regatta* was to take place in the course of a very few days: his uncle's boat had all along been preparing for this delightful contest; the thoughts and the conversation of the last two months had been invariably bent upon the splendour of the approaching scene, the gaiety of the last summer's meeting, and the prospect of the Ariel, Captain Hartwell's Yacht, being one of the successful competitors for the annual prize.

Frank received the notice of his departure with tears in his eyes; but on his uncle rallying him in the phrase of a seaman, and reminding him that such "mopping" was unbecoming "a hand" of the Ariel, he at once changed his grief to a manly smile, and prepared to meet his lot, and take his departure in the subsequent week. In the mean time Captain Hartwell wrote to

inform his mother of the hard situation in which he was placed; described to her the approaching attractions, and begged that poor Frank's leave of absence might be extended for ten days longer. As he was not certain of the success of his application, he did not mention the circumstance to Frank, but awaited the returning post to ascertain his good or bad fortune. In the mean time the unhappy boy was moping and sauntering about his accustomed haunts on the shore; but they had ceased to please him; he took less interest in the preparations and repairs of the Ariel, since he was not to be a witness of her performance; and even sometimes, in spite of his resolution, he found himself half-inclined to ease his swelling heart by weeping. The last moment had arrived, his trunk was packed and locked and strapped, and he only awaited the evening tide to pass over to Southampton, and return to Elm Grove, when all at once he saw the postboy with his leathern pouch and brass lock coming up the avenue. Captain

Hartwell hastily tore open the expected letter, and communicated to Frank the glad tidings, that he was permitted by his mother to remain till the Monday following, and the regatta was to take place on the Friday previous.

CHAPTER V.

THE REGATTA.

Merrily, merrily, goes the bark,
On a breeze from the northward free ;
So shoots through the morning sky the lark,
Or the swan through the summer sea.

SCOTT.

THE few intermediate days were now spent in all the enthusiasm and excitement which ambition, united with pleasure, could arouse. Fifty times a day did Frank pass backward and forward from the Ariel to the cottage, and from the cottage to the Ariel, carrying messages, and cordage, and trifles of every description ; he was, in his own mind, quite an important personage ; he was a man of business and a

sailor. His uncle smiled, and applauded his industry, and Frank was almost as happy as it was possible for a boy to be. But, unfortunately, Captain Hartwell was not aware that his mistaken kindness was only sowing the seeds of future misery in the mind of his nephew; that he was fostering improper tastes for amusement, and destroying for ever the inclination of Frank for employment or distinction; he was distracting his mind from his serious pursuits, and directing his attention and ambition to the acquirement of useless accomplishments. He could not, in fact, bear with moderation a change so new and so delightful: to be transferred at once from a remote village, and solitude, and sobriety, to a bustling island, to the sea-shore, to endless variety, to pleasure, and to unwonted excitement, was a revolution so rapid and so singular, that it would have been sufficient to turn even stronger heads than those of a boy of thirteen: and besides, Frank was a lad of so

much natural energy that he could seldom attach himself to any one pursuit with moderation ; in his studies, his sports, his undertakings, his affections, and his tastes, he was ever in an extreme ; and his ardent and enthusiastic mind, despising cold mediocrity, ever panted to be *perfect* or a novice, to grasp *all*, or aim at nothing.

Thursday at last arrived. Captain Hartwell had got for Frank a uniform similar to his own ; his jacket was trimmed with gold, and lined with crimson silk ; he wore a blue ribbon round his hat, and, in his own imagination, was the gayest and happiest lad that ever trod the earth. About mid-day the crew went on board ; they were to cruise about during the afternoon, to remain in the Channel till early the following morning, and then steer for the place of rendezvous. That night, the first that Frank had passed at sea, he lay down to rest in the little cabin, and wrapped

himself up comfortably in his nice snug berth to sleep: but to sleep was impossible, with such a crowd of images to haunt his thoughts, and all the glories of to-morrow flitting through his imagination. The pride he felt in his new situation was overwhelming, as he fancied the wonder of his schoolfellows, when he should tell them that he absolutely lay down *to sleep upon the sea*, with only a single plank between him and the water—it was all new, it was all wonderful! Long before daylight, he was standing upon the deck, and he saw the sun rising from the ocean, and glancing on the green hills of England, and the bright waters of the British Channel. By and by the numerous crowd of skiffs, and yachts, and pleasure-boats, began to arrive, and each came sailing past with its gay pennon fluttering in the morning air. The clouds and mists by degrees melted away from the face of the heavens; the day was clear and brilliant; the

duties on board the Ariel were performed ; her decks were washed, her white sails set, and she proceeded to join the merry group of vessels at their rendezvous. Frank now went below to breakfast, with his uncle and a few gentlemen who were by invitation on board ; the white cloth was laid in the little gilded cabin ; cream, rich and thick as honey ; rolls fresh from the oven of the Ariel, and all the delicacies of the shore, were heaped upon the table. The coffee and the tea were quickly dispatched, and the joyous party hastened upon deck to watch the progress of the gay regatta. About noon they drew near to shore, which was covered with crowds of spectators, and carriages filled with ladies in the most elegant dresses ; whilst the sea was almost concealed by the fleets of beautiful boats which were skimming about to watch the progress of the contest. One by one the graceful yachts came gliding in, with all their flags displayed, and all their gaudy streamers

floating on the wind. Steam-boats were every moment arriving from a distance, their decks swarming with spectators, and their noisy paddles splashing and foaming through the sea. The ships which were passing near drew closer in to land to watch the race, and in every quarter thousands of telescopes were directed towards the beautiful Ariel and her companions. Whilst the umpires were agreeing on preliminaries, the little fleet kept cruising about the shore; the yachts now advancing, now retreating, and now winding in hazardous mazes through the line of boats.

At last, about noon, the signal was made, by the firing of a gun, that all was prepared; and the squadron bore up for their appointed places: a short period was allowed for making arrangements, but at length every sail was set, the last signal was fired, and the merry barks commenced the contest, whilst the sky resounded with shouts and plaudits from the shipping

and the shore. The prize, a golden cup, was to be given to the boat which should prove superior in two out of three attempts; and a course of about four miles was appointed, which the little fleet was to traverse three successive times ere the victory could be decided. The yacht of Captain Hartwell was one which had been built under his own inspection, and by his own directions; his plans had all been derived from experience, and he had little doubt of success in the trial. Her peculiar excellence, however, consisted in one feature, *a readiness of turning in her course*, or, as it is technically termed, "tacking;" which, by a particular construction, she was enabled to perform with greater quickness, and in a shorter space, than her rivals. On starting now, in the first heat, she seemed to lag in some degree behind; the boat of a neighbouring gentleman took considerably the lead, and one or two appeared to be quite her equals. Frank was rather angry and alarm-

ed as he watched with a throbbing heart the progress of his dreaded competitors. They at length drew near the point, round which it was necessary to turn ere they again retreated to the starting-place; three beautiful boats were now far a-head, each gained the mark ere the Ariel had touched it, and each performing the requisite manœuvres, swung round in a wide circle to return. As Captain Hartwell drew near, however, his plans were arranged, and, in a twinkling, the Ariel shot far beyond the circuit of her proudest rivals; she dashed back through the course of those who had not yet attained the first mark, passed with loud plaudits the crowded vessels of spectators, and reached the goal far a-head of all the other yachts, while Frank's full heart was swelling with joy and exultation. The second course commenced with nearly similar success; again the yacht of Lord Eaglemont was first at the appoint-

ed place, and again she attempted in tacking to outstrip the Ariel, she was, in fact, on the very point of succeeding, although Frank was inwardly laughing at her clumsy attempts, when his own yacht drew up, and with conscious pride his uncle again gave the well-known orders and the Ariel was sweeping gallantly round, when the awkwardness of the steersman marred all their progress; she quivered in her course, "*missed stays*," as the seamen say, the operation was obliged to be repeated, and before the manœuvre could be effected, and the boat brought again to the wind, her rival was far before her, and the second heat was decided in her favour. The third, and decisive trial, was all that now remained; and Frank's heart beat high between the dread of failure, and the ardour of hope; but the struggle was not of long continuance. Again the boats started amidst the deafening shouts of thousands of

spectators, and again the Ariel sprang like a dolphin over the glittering sea; the wind was now considerably abated, and the quickness of her peculiar movement, was, in consequence, in some degree doubtful; but she gained her point, sprung round on the first motion of the helm, as if upon a pivot, shot far ahead of every opposition, and reached the beach amidst deafening acclamations, flags flying, guns firing, and caps flung up with long and reiterated peals of applause. Frank's heart was full: he danced, he screamed, he waved his hat, and finally sat down upon the deck and shouted, and wept, and laughed, by turns.

A few hours were now spent in cruising about from point to point, in receiving the congratulations of friends, and in discussing the accident of the second heat, which was not only an insult to the boat, and a misfortune to the race, but an imputation on the seamanship

of the commander. At last, the Ariel prepared to leave the scene and return to her own harbour; as she sailed away she was greeted with three cheers from the unsuccessful candidates for the honours she had won, and as she left the bay, each crowded ship she passed repeated the compliment, till she was far out at sea. She now wound round to the southern coast of the Isle of Wight, and about sunset reached the beach near the dwelling of Captain Hartwell.

Frank and his friends were welcomed to the cottage by his grandmamma, and into her ear he poured the full story of the exploits of the day; over and over again he repeated each glowing incident and every joyous triumph, till his tongue, and her patience, were equally wearied; he retired to bed, and in his dreams he again fought the battle of the morning, laughed, and screamed, and raved, and rejoiced, till the noise of his own mirth awoke

him, and again he sunk to sleep, his mind still full of the regatta, and his ears still ringing with stunning shouts and the loud reports of echoing guns and cannon.

CHAPTER VI.

THE STAGE-COACH—THE RETURN—A CHANGE
OF PURSUITS—THE DISCLOSURE.

'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark,
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home ;
'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

BYRON.

THE regatta was now over, and Frank's happiness and peace of mind were destroyed for ever. Again the day of his departure arrived, and he was forced to bid farewell to his kind uncle and his grandmamma. He did not, however, feel now so thoroughly sad as he had done on the former occasion ; the grand object of

his ambition was attained, and the eagerness of his curiosity satisfied; in addition to this, he was pluming himself on the story which he had now to bring home to his mamma, and the long accounts of the country, of Southampton, of the Isle of Wight, the sea, the ships, and, above all, the regatta, which he could now relate to his wondering companions at the village. He was sorry, and at the same time he was very happy, not only in the thoughts of what was past, but in the prospect of returning in the following summer to pay another visit to his uncle and the Ariel. Poor Frank! he little knew the misery and misfortunes which awaited him, ere another twelve months should have rolled over. In the steam-boat which conveyed him to Southampton, he could talk or think of nothing else than the regatta, and to each succession of listeners he repeated, for the fiftieth time, all the items of the contest, without, in any particular, omitting the glorious performances of the Ariel, and the active

part which he had himself sustained on board her. On landing he bade farewell to Captain Hartwell, who placed him in a stage-coach, which passed through a village near Elm Grove on its way to Bristol, and having again desired his love to his grandmamma, the horn sounded, the coachman mounted the box, checked the reins, and away he rolled for home.

On his former journey, the scenery through which he was passing had presented a thousand attractions; it was now disregarded, for his mind was in another quarter. During the first half hour he was rather silent—he was thinking of his mamma and of Emily, and of all he had to tell them so new and so astonishing. At length, however, he began to recover himself, and revert to the old story of the regatta. His only companion in the coach was an elderly gentleman with grey hair, a black dress, and a most pleasing expression of countenance: he began by asking Frank how far he meant to travel, and whence he was coming; these inter-

rogatories at once paved the way for an intimacy, and the disclosure of his often repeated tale. He began again about the boat-race, and again recounted the victory of the *Ariel*; his manner was so enthusiastic, and his language so technical in describing the motions of the yacht, that the old gentleman was quite charmed with his buoyant spirits and glowing language; he kept chatting to him all the way; told him of the splendour of London, the beauty of the river Thames, which connected it with the sea, the crowds of shipping in its harbour, and the wealth and riches of its merchants, who amassed it all by speculations in trade, and voyages in vessels to various quarters of the globe. Frank was so enchanted with his discourse, that he almost forgot the length of the journey, and was quite surprised when the coach drew up in the village, and the old servant of his mother opened the door, and asked for Master Frank Hartwell. He immediately bade farewell to his kind fellow-traveller, put his portmanteau into

the little chaise which William had brought for him, and drove off for the Rectory.

It is easy, after so long an absence, to conceive the rapture with which Mrs. Hartwell received her son; and on Frank's part the meeting was scarcely less delightful. He ran from room to room of the cottage, and from walk to walk of the garden and grounds, where every object was an old friend, and every recollection was of happiness. The first day or two were of course spent in relating all the wonders of his travels, and all the kindness of his uncle George, and his grandmamma; he then returned to school, resumed his studies in the wonted course, and all again was going on as usual. For a few weeks he was as happy as a king, when in the bright summer evenings, he used to gather his play-fellows around him, and amuse them with the romantic tales of the sea, and of Southampton; or on Saturdays, when he would make a fleet of paper-boats, and sail them along the smooth

stream of the river. But at length the fruits of the seed so imprudently sown in his young imagination began to appear; his lessons at school were neglected for reading at home long accounts of wonderful voyages, and all the marvellous stories of Peter Wilkins and Sinbad the Sailor: his mind ceased to be with his studies, he forgot by degrees to talk of the business of his education and of school, and thought alone of ships and of sailors, of the sea, and of foreign countries; whilst his imagination found splendour in every thing connected with these, and fancied every distant scene a fairy land. His tutor began very soon to perceive the change in his conduct, and to chide the listless apathy with which he now attended to his tasks: but encouragement and threats were alike unavailing to reclaim him, a new taste had been implanted in his mind, a new object was to be attained, and for this he was abandoning all his former industry, and sacrificing all his former acquirements. From one of his school-fellows he

had procured a book which now completed the perversion of his mind; it painted in glowing but fictitious colours the life of a sailor on board the men of war of England; their proud pre-eminence on shore, their happy hours at sea, and the spirit, the energy, the pleasure, and the ambition of a naval commander. Again and again was this false and dangerous picture studied, and conned, and thought upon, by Frank; in the evening he stole from the parlour to read it alone in the garden, and early in the morning he rose to wander along the banks of the river, and form bright projects for his future life as a seaman; and in many a happy day-dream he had risen, rank by rank, from a midshipman to a lieutenant, a post-captain, and a commodore; and fancied all the pride and pleasure with which he might one day return to Elm Grove as a British Admiral. The effects of these musings were daily visible both at home and at school. Mrs. Hartwell became uneasy to ob-

serve the decay of his spirits, and his fondness for seclusion and retirement; Emily used to murmur and say, that he no longer loved her, since he never walked with her now as he used to do, nor sat to read when she was ill upon the sofa by the fireside. Her health had long been declining; the delicate white hue which had once overspread her cheek was now fading into a sallow paleness, and her mother used often to kiss her sickly forehead, and sigh in secret to think that she was not to be long spared to her. This consideration too, made her, involuntarily, place her affections more firmly on Frank: he was such a manly fellow, and so affectionate, and so clever, that no one could have failed to love him; and now she might almost say her whole hope was centered in him. Under these circumstances, her concern was excessive when Mr. Elsmere, Frank's tutor, called one afternoon to report to her, as his duty bound him, the sad neglect of his stu-

dies, of which he was now continually guilty : he learned nothing, his thoughts seemed constantly estranged from his business, and he feared that some more strenuous measures must be taken to reclaim him. When Frank returned to tea, after walking with his sister to the village, his mother took him aside, and affectionately laid before him the report of Mr. Elsmere. Frank was now too ingenuous to seek refuge from censure in falsehood, and never once attempted his own justification ; he said that he had ceased to feel fond of his former studies, that he hated his lessons, and above all, that he could not bear any longer to continue to learn Latin. Mrs. Hartwell started at this honest but distressing declaration, and attempted to point out to him that it was impossible for him ever to fulfil the wishes of his father by such a course of conduct ; and that, above all things, it was necessary to him as a lawyer, to be thoroughly conversant with Latin, which he so much disliked. Frank blushed,

and looked confused, but answered that he did not wish to be a lawyer, and that he was tired of the idea. It was totally impossible for any declaration to have given Mrs. Hartwell so much surprize or so much sorrow as this; and with the utmost solicitude she asked, what had induced him to change his mind, or what course he meant to adopt in consequence. The long-concealed fact was now disclosed, and he bluntly stated that he wished to be a sailor, and to enter as a midshipman on board a ship of war. To a mother who had ever fondly and dearly loved her child; who from the moment of his birth to the present had been his only nurse, his only friend, his only adviser; whose consort was long consigned to the cold grave, and whose only prospect of happiness lay in the society and welfare of her children; it is easy to conceive the shock which such a declaration must have produced. She had for years been calculating on Frank's advancement at home, on his fondness for his family, on the kind

domestic feeling he had ever exhibited ; she hoped that she would one day see him an honour to his name, and a distinguished man in his profession : but that he should be separated from her, that his taste should lead him to a life of toil, and hardship, and danger ; above all, that he should *wish to leave her*, and to leave England, was a complication of disappointment which she could not bear. She burst into tears ; she *did* not, she *could* not upbraid him—she loved him too dearly to feel angry at his ingratitude ; but she was indeed very miserable ; she felt so deserted, so lonely, with no dear friend to confide in, no stay but in her hopes from Frank, and these were all blasted—she could not speak, she could not reason with him, she could only suffer, and her heart was bursting ; it was the first truly miserable moment he had cost her, and she seemed to feel that there were many such still in store for her. Poor Frank had formed no conception of the effect which

his conversation was likely to have produced ; he was not naturally unfeeling, but he was in some degree disobedient, and disobedience in children always arises from the grossest and meanest selfishness ; they look only to their own gratification, and they are blind to the sufferings of their parents. He now saw his mother plunged into the depth of affliction by his cruel neglect of his duty, and his culpable gratification of his own childish caprices ; and for an instant he was sensible of what he had done ; he felt terrified to see that his one act of folly could be sufficient to render his kind mother thus miserable, and he felt ashamed and penitent for what he had inflicted on her. He rose and threw his arms around her neck, and begged and entreated of her not to weep so bitterly, that he was sorry, very sorry for his thoughtless conduct, and if she would only dry up her tears, and forgive him, he would never mention the matter again, and he would in future attend more closely to the business of his

school. Mrs. Hartwell was too kind-hearted to resist his entreaties; she drew him towards her, pressed him to her aching heart, and sobbed aloud as she pronounced his pardon. But the shock was too great to be inflicted and removed in a moment, that evening was a very unhappy one at the Rectory; Mrs. Hartwell was silent, and sighed often and deeply; Frank was abashed and confounded at his own wanton folly; and poor Emily was so bewildered between the evident discomposure of her brother, and the melancholy of her mamma, that she felt equally unhappy with both, and all retired early from the parlour.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PATRON.—THE APPOINTMENT.—THE
PARTING.

Farewell, my home, my home no longer now,
Witness of many a calm and happy day ;
And thou, fair eminence, upon whose brow
Dwells the last sunshine of the evening ray.
Farewell, my home, where many a day has past,
In joys whose loved remembrance long shall last !

SOUTHEY.

DURING the few weeks subsequent to the interview mentioned in the last chapter, Frank's assiduity at school seemed to have returned in all its former vigour, he appeared resolved to do away with the unfavourable impression which he had given of his steadiness and application, and for a time the reformation seemed to be

radical. But, unfortunately, the cause of his former relaxation originated in a motive more powerful than that which produced his temporary amendment, and by degrees he relapsed into his former habits; again he grew restless and querulous, and again he began to shun the society of his mother and Emily, and be fond of wandering alone in the twilight and in the morning, to think about the sea, and the pleasures which he still promised himself to enjoy as a sailor. Mrs. Hartwell perceived with regret that her remonstrances had been in vain; and she at length wrote to his uncle to request him to come to Elm Grove, and endeavour to work some change in the mind of her unhappy child. Captain Hartwell arrived in consequence, and during several days he endeavoured in vain to reason Frank out of his injudicious choice; he represented to him that he had as yet seen nothing of a seaman's life from which to form an opinion of its pleasures or its difficulties; that a yacht was no picture of the

generality of ships, which were always uncomfortable and crowded, and disagreeable, whilst it *alone* was neat, and tasteful, and convenient ; that he had only seen the sea during a summer day, when all was calm, and bright, and beautiful ; but that he could as yet form no idea of the terrors of a storm, the coldness of a winter's night on board, or the dreary feeling of the sailor, alone on a dark, tempestuous ocean, far from home, and friends, and kindred, and surrounded every moment by difficulties and danger. Frank, however, had reasoned otherwise ; he persuaded himself that his kind uncle was determined to dissuade him, for some motive which he did not understand, or, in reality, did not pause to inquire into ; and he called to his mind all the false and exaggerated pictures which he had been reading of life on board the ships of his Majesty, and contrasted them with the harsh delineations of Captain Hartwell. In fact, his friends soon saw that their exertions were all in vain ; he was resolved to go ; the idea had taken

too deep root in his imagination to be abandoned; and, with a heavy heart, they agreed to gratify him, as the only means to cure his folly, though at an imminent risk, and perhaps finally induce him, by experience, to prefer his duty, and return to his studies.

In pursuance of this resolution, Mrs. Hartwell wrote to Mr. Avonmore to solicit his interest in procuring Frank an appointment as a midshipman, told him the whole story of the wilfulness of the deluded boy, and candidly explained to him that her object was merely to endeavour to prove to Frank, by bitter experience, that the path he had chosen for himself was one for which he was not qualified, and that his parents were, in reality, the best directors of his pursuits, and surest guides of his taste in the selection of a profession. Mr. Avonmore's reply was couched in the most friendly terms; he professed his readiness to co-operate in the views of Mrs. Hartwell, and the pleasure he should ever feel in being the instrument of

serving the children of his old and esteemed friend the rector of Elm Grove. Some little time, however, must necessarily elapse ere he could expect an answer to his application, from a naval friend; and he hoped that in the interim Mrs. Hartwell might be enabled to effect some change in the mind and wishes of Frank.

The hint was not lost upon her, but all her persuasions were unavailing. Sometimes, when even with tears she had entreated Frank to abandon his intention, he would appear in some degree moved; but that stubbornness which had always tainted his character, prevented him from submitting; and at others, when she spoke more authoritatively as a parent, his silence and obstinacy betrayed his resolution: remonstrance and entreaties were as weak as argument and decision; and at length she told the wilful boy "to pursue his own ungrateful and undutiful inclinations; that he went, however, against the express wish of his only surviving and heart-broken parent; and that he could neither look

for the blessing of God, nor the happiness of his own mind, in such a course of determined opposition to his duty." Frank looked gloomy and made no reply, but in secret his heart was swelling with joy at having at last obtained what he foolishly flattered himself was the permission of his mother; but, alas! only a very short period was wanting to change his joy to sadness, and convince him of the heartlessness, as well as madness of his conduct.

It was about the latter end of August when Mr. Avonmore's second letter arrived, announcing the success of his endeavours in Frank's behalf, apprising him of his having obtained for him an appointment to a brig of war called the Syren, and desiring him to be prepared to join his ship at Portsmouth in the course of the ensuing month. The news was received with very different feelings by his mother and himself; but the die was now cast, a step was taken from which it was impossible to recede, and each party resolved to improve to the ut-

most the situation in which they were placed. The few days which were left for arrangements were spent in preparing Frank's clothes, and other matters for his departure. His mother employed herself in this occupation with an anxious and an aching heart; and on the last day of the term appointed for him to remain at home, she added the last item to his stock, and closed his trunks with a bursting heart; it seemed to her like making preparations for his funeral, and all her exertions were a melancholy struggle between reluctant sorrow and maternal tenderness. At last the fatal day arrived on which he was to bid a long farewell to home and quiet happiness. The night before, his mother had asked all his little school-fellows and his attached companions to spend their last evening with poor Frank. It was a melancholy sight for her; and after tea, as she sat above stairs, alone in her chamber, her heart sickened within her as she heard the loud peals of their merry laughter in the parlour below. She

thought of all the happy, happy hours she had witnessed in that little parlour; of the evenings when she sat with him who was now no more by its fire-side, whilst their little infants were sporting on the hearth before them; of the bright summer days, when Frank and his sister used to return with their arms round each others' necks, from strolling through the village, and the rapture with which poor Mr. Hartwell used to press and kiss his manly boy and his delicate little girl. These were melancholy reflections; but the very fact that those scenes could never return, made them precious in despite of their sadness. She was now about to be, comparatively, alone; that parlour would soon be silent, and it would be long ere Frank's happy voice would resound in it again. When it was late, the little party below broke up; and, for the first time, Frank felt shaken in his resolution, when the poor little fellows came one by one, with tears in their eyes, to shake hands with him and bid him

farewell. At first, he tried to subdue his feelings, but it was in vain; his heart was softened by the mirth and laughter he had been indulging in all the evening, and he was the more disposed to be sad. He parted from one or two without a great effort; but when he saw them all weeping about him, he could not refrain from it himself. He tried to be manly, but his feelings would not permit him; and when he came to shake hands for the last time with one who had been his favourite comrade, he was totally overcome: he sobbed aloud, and throwing himself on the sofa, remained drowned in tears. He went up to sleep, but he scarcely closed his eyes all night. When he lay down on his little cottage-bed, in which he had slept since childhood, his heart was almost bursting to think that this was, perhaps, the last night he might ever sleep there again. The clear moon was shining into his room, and its beams lighted on his shelf of school-books, and his paper-kite, and some other toys, which were hanging on

the walls: he felt that he was wrong; his conscience smote him for the pain he was inflicting on his excellent mother. It was long before he dropped asleep; and when he did so, he had dreams which terrified him. He thought he stood again by the death-bed of his father, and felt the cold clammy grasp of his dying hand. He spoke to him; but when Frank raised his eyes, he encountered, not the mild placid air which his countenance always wore, but a stern expression of resentment, which sat upon his features. He started, and awoke, whilst the last words he had ever heard him utter were still ringing in his ears,—“*Remember, Frank, that disobedience to your mother will prove your curse here, and your ruin eternally!*” The following morning he rose early and unrefreshed; and before breakfast he walked round the shrubbery and garden, to bid farewell to every well-known spot. He returned, and after swallowing a few mouthfuls

at the table, William drove the chaise to the door; but it is impossible to describe the agony of his parting with his mother and his sister; they hung about his neck, and again and again they kissed him, and wept over him, and bade him adieu. He was scarcely able to stand or to walk, when William lifted him into the chaise. He looked once from the window, and saw poor Emily leaning against the door convulsed with grief. She raised her eyes, and moved her hand towards him, when the turning of the avenue hid her from his sight, and he saw her no more.

About noon he reached Southampton, and his uncle met him at the hotel where he stopped. Here another scene of grief ensued, when he bade farewell to William and the ponies, and his dog Carlo, which had followed the chaise all the way from the rectory. He patted the ponies, hugged Carlo to his heart, shook hands with William, and having sent a thou-

sand messages to the family and the old house-keeper, he walked with Captain Hartwell to the steam-boat, and started for the Isle of Wight. That night he spent with his grandmamma, and the following day sailed in the Ariel for Portsmouth, where his uncle conveyed him.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRST DAY OF A MIDSHIPMAN ON BOARD
A MAN OF WAR.

Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry,
While through the seaman's hand the tackle glides ;
Or schoolboy-midshipman, that standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe, as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides.

BYRON.

THE commander of the Syren, Captain Medwin, was a gentleman who had not long been employed in the service of his country ; he was the younger son of a noble family, whose interest had got him his appointment, and to whose influence he was more indebted for his naval rank, than to any merits or acquirements

of his own ; the officers of the ship in which he had last served had never considered him as a favourite ; and, in fact, his carriage was too haughty, and his manner too imperious, to permit him to appear amiable in the eyes of any one.

Unfortunately for Frank, his appointment as a midshipman on board the *Syren* had not met with the full approbation of his aristocratic commander, who had wished the situation for another ; and when, therefore, Captain Hartwell and he waited on him at his lodgings on shore, their reception was rather cold than cordial, and he briefly gave Frank his directions to go on board, and mention his name to the first-lieutenant, who would take care of him ; he should be off, he said, in the course of the day, and he hoped to be able to get under way for the Mediterranean the following morning, or, perhaps, during the night.

Mr. Markham, the lieutenant, received

Frank with kindness, when he stepped on board the *Syren*, took him to the gun-room, or apartment appropriated to the officers, and introduced him to the second-lieutenant, the surgeon, the master, and the purser; and having refreshed him with a glass of wine and a biscuit, conducted him to the midshipmen's berth. Frank had all along, in spite of his friend's assurances, been anticipating a cabin somewhat like that of the *Ariel*, for himself and his companions, and he was not a little amazed, to be shown the corner which was assigned to the midshipmen. It was a little room, about seven feet long, by three or four wide; a table occupied its entire extent, leaving only room for a bench which ran round it, and on which were seated four or five boys in uniform. It was impossible for them to rise on Frank's putting his head in at the door, since their knees were under the table, and there was not room between it and the form for them to stand up-

right. Mr. Markham, however, introduced him to his new shipmates, and he took a seat at one corner of the table. Here Captain Hartwell left him, having some business on shore, and promised to return in the evening to see him again, before the *Syren* sailed. Dinner was served in the midshipmen's mess, almost immediately after, and though the first-lieutenant was kind enough to invite Frank to dine in the gun-room, he preferred remaining where he was, and taking the earliest opportunity to learn at once the manners of his mess, and the characters and names of his future associates. It was an extremely hot day, the little apartment where he and his comrades, who now amounted to twelve, were sitting, was between decks, and there was no means of ventilating it, whilst the number of persons crowded into it, and the steam of the boiling meat, soon raised its temperature to an intolerable heat, and Frank was forced to open his coat and waist-

coat, and take off his neck-kerchief, whilst the perspiration was pouring from all his pores, and he could scarcely inhale a breath of air. A great boy who was sitting beside him, whose name was D'Aubrey, observed his confusion, and was rather rude in his jests upon his uncomfortable situation. Poor Frank was naturally timid amongst strangers, and was liable to extreme hesitation and modesty, arising from his constant residence in the country, and his little association with lads of his own age; he was in bad spirits, too, and he felt oppressed and unwell. Under these circumstances, he was badly qualified to fight his way amongst the boisterous set in whose company he found himself. He was, at the same time, rather surprised to find an attack made on him so early; but he was pleased with its familiarity, however he might feel nettled at its rudeness. He bore with good-humour enough all the taunts of D'Aubrey on his

hair, his complexion, and his want of appetite ; but he did not relish it quite so well, when the rough young urchin spilled, as if by mistake, a glass of water down his back ; and then, after a mock apology, assured him that it would serve most opportunely to cool him from the extreme heat under which he seemed to be suffering. The jest produced a loud laugh in the mess, and Frank felt, and no doubt looked, extremely angry. He however strove to swallow his resentment, and said nothing, or but little, to his tormentor, who, nevertheless, continued his persecutions. The lads could readily perceive that his heart was formed of gentle materials, and they next began to play upon his finer feelings. They saw that he was melancholy at parting from his parents, and they readily guessed the cause ; it was no unusual circumstance, and D'Aubrey knew well how to turn it to the best account for the amusement of his comrades ; he softened the

tone of his voice, and, in the kindest manner, began to enquire of Frank when he had left home, the number of his brothers and sisters, and all particulars of his family. This was at once the key to Frank's heart, and the direct means to gain his affectionate confidence. He told him all he could think of, whilst his ingenious tormentor still led him deeper into the snare, by dwelling on the joys of home, the kindness of sisters, and the pains of parting; and it was with difficulty that Frank could refrain from weeping, as he drank in, with a greedy ear, all this kind-hearted sympathy. At length, D'Aubrey became very pathetic, the lads around were all mute in expectation, and he recited in a most feeling voice, some stanzas of poetry which referred to the subject, and which ended with

“One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu!”

Poor Frank sat listening with a swelling

heart, but when D'Aubrey came to the closing line, he could refrain no longer, and he leaned his head upon the table and sobbed aloud. This was the catastrophe they had all expected; one universal roar of laughter burst from the lips that but a moment before were all closed in sembl'd sympathy, and as soon as it had subsided, all united in raising a feigned cry of weeping, in mockery of Frank's distress.

Frank started at the unexpected uproar, and chagrin and anger enabled him to overcome his tears; but, as he was sensible that he was acting childishly, he felt instantly ashamed of his conduct, and forced himself to join in the laugh, as the only means of putting an end to the ridicule he had provoked. D'Aubrey now affected candour, shook him heartily by the hand, called him an honest fellow, and ventured to predict that he would one day become an honour to the mess, and

an ornament to the service, as soon as he had a little rubbed off his land notions. The simple and ingenuous Frank was again caught by his wiles, the cloth was removed, the rum and water were placed on the table, and D'Aubrey proposed the health of the new comer as the first toast ; it was drank with loud applause, whilst he whispered Frank that it was requisite to return thanks, and drink a bumper to the health of the mess in return. It was in vain that poor Frank assured him he had never tasted spirits in his life ; he replied that he would never be a true sailor till he had learned to like grog ; and as it was a branch of his indispensable education, he could not begin it sooner, nor in the hands of better tutors. This argument, and above all, the speaker's *manner*, were irresistible, and Frank accepted the tumbler which he put into his hand ; he rose to make his maiden speech, blushed and stammered out a few words amidst a suppressed titter

of his comrades, when the awkwardness of his position, and a tug from D'Aubrey, forced him to his seat; a loud shout of applause followed, and in the hurry of his excitement, confusion and blushes, the imprudent boy drank off the potent glass of rum and water. All were now anxiously attentive to mark the result of this intoxicating draught; it shortly began to affect Frank's head, and in a few minutes he was completely tipsy. A new scene now commenced, and not D'Aubrey alone, but the entire party united in tormenting him. Frank at first smiled at their jests, but when they began to grow scurrilous, he felt enraged at the insults they conveyed; he was, however, totally incapable of either reply or defence, and was forced to sit still, whilst his persecutors were roaring with laughter at his rage and his indignation. At length one more vulgar than another ventured to play off some witticism against Frank's family; this was *too* bad; his blood was raging in his veins, he sprung up to strike the offen-

der, when the lad who sat on his right-hand held him in his seat; he struggled to get free, and was stretching across the table, when the tumult ceased at once on the appearance of Mr. Markham, who happened to be within hearing of this irregular uproar, and had hurried to enquire the cause. Poor Frank was too much enraged, and too much confused, to give him any account of the indignities he had been enduring; but Markham soon saw through it all, and after severely reprimanding the mess, he selected the names of D'Aubrey and three or four others, to be reported to Captain Medwin as soon as he should come on board.

He requested Frank to accompany him upon deck, and the poor fellow gladly complied. Here a turn in the fresh air soon served to dissipate the effects of the intoxicating draught he had lately swallowed, and by the time his uncle had arrived again from shore, he was perfectly restored to coolness and composure.

The haste in which he had been obliged to

come off from Portsmouth, had prevented him receiving from his tailor any other articles of dress than those which were barely requisite to enable him to join his ship in uniform. His uncle had now brought off the remainder of his equipments, and whilst dinner was served in the gun-room, he retired to the cabin of the first lieutenant, in order to tear open and examine their anxiously expected contents. One by one he tried on his dress and ordinary jackets, admired the hilt and tried the temper of his dirk, adjusted his cocked-hat with its gay loop and cockade, and strutting up to the glass, set himself in position; and whilst he gazed on his dashing dress and warlike accoutrements, felt himself, "ay, every inch," a sailor.

At length he summoned resolution to leave them, and returned upon deck. The sun was setting, and as twilight and darkness closed around, his spirits gradually sank within him. He leaned against the side of the vessel, and

looking out on the scene before him, he felt some regret on bidding adieu to the last day he was, for many years, to spend in England. He found that he was not happy, and involuntarily asked himself if this was the commencement of a life for which he had sacrificed all the comforts of home, incurred the displeasure of his own conscience, involved his mother in so much unhappiness, and given to all his friends so poor an opinion of his steadiness and perseverance: if, on the very first day of his entrance on a sailor's life, he had met with so much to discompose him, what was he to expect in the course of the ensuing years? In this mood he continued to pace the quarter-deck, till his uncle came to bid him farewell; he was, however, too manly to make any complaints of his situation, or perhaps too much ashamed to do so; he shook him by the hand, sent his love to his grandmamma, saw his boat shove off from the side, and then went down to sleep. His hammock was not, how-

ever, yet ready for his reception, and whilst the sailors were slinging it, he stepped again into the midshipman's berth; here he found all in good-humour, except D'Aubrey, who expected a severe reprimand for his conduct. Frank spoke to him, but he would not answer; and on his repeating his civilities, the rough youngster cursed him and told him to hold his tongue and mind his own affairs. His hammock was at length prepared, and the attendant came to tell him so, whilst all the mess hurried out along with him to mark his first awkward attempts at getting into it. Frank summoned all his philosophy to face the task, and waited anxiously to see some one set the example; but all were too wary, and at last he was forced to make the fatal trial. He laid hold of one side and attempted to scale into the canvass folds, but it was all in vain—he merely upset the whole concern, and brought the blankets tumbling on the deck; in his next

effort he did manage to climb up at one side, but it was only to rattle over at the other; and his attempts were repeated for four or five successive times ere he effected an actual lodgment, and covered up his blushing face in the sheets, whilst his mischievous messmates were leaning convulsed with laughter around him. This one day had been almost enough to convince Frank of his folly; at least it was sufficient to show his madness in one point, namely, in exchanging the tenderness of his mother and of home for the comfortless privations and heartless revelry of a man-of-war. He began, too, already to perceive the truth of his uncle's assurance, that he was not to judge of the life and manners of seamen from the elegance and pleasure of an excursion in a yacht; he could not avoid contrasting, in his own mind, the neatly-furnished cabin of the *Ariel*, from which he had formed his estimate, with the *stove* in which he had dined, and which was henceforth

to be his only apartment; and the dingy hammock and rough blanket in which he was wrapped, bore but a slight similarity to the damask curtains and snowy sheets in which he had slept on the night before the regatta. These reflections now forced themselves on his mind, but it must be admitted that they did not make a very deep impression, and that, in the warmth of his enthusiasm, he could overlook these initiatory hardships; besides, he was at all times too much of a man to be affected with such trifles as these, which a sailor ought to consider effeminate and unimportant. Full of this bold resolution to brave every thing, and to carry through with spirit the course which he had commenced, he rolled over on his side and composed himself to rest, but it was some time ere he closed his eyes. At last the sailors had all *turned in* around him; on every side his companions had dropped to sleep, and he himself tired out with the fatigues of the day, soon

sank into a profound slumber. Scarcely, however, were his wearied limbs at rest, ere his active mind was busily employed. He fancied himself already the commander of a fleet, and his imagination placed him in the midst of an action with the enemies of his country; bravery, however, was opposed by numbers, and the exertions of himself and crew were unavailing to protect their vessel; she was struck by a thousand shot, and torn to splinters by the guns of the victorious foe: like a hero, however, he resolved never to abandon her whilst a timber clung upon her ribs; he saw his men fall one by one, and at last his gallant ship began to sink; gradually she merged lower and lower in the swelling sea, and at last, with one tremendous plunge, she sunk. He awoke screaming—and found himself standing up to the arm-pits in a barrel of cold water, and shivering from top to toe. His mischievous companions, not content with annoying him during

the day, had placed it beneath him, immediately on his sinking to sleep, and then quietly undoing the lashings at the foot of his hammock, had gently lowered him into it. In the midst of his terror, it was impossible for Frank to comprehend immediately the nature of the novel situation in which he found himself; he called aloud for assistance, but no one answered him: it was pitchy dark around him, and the only sound he could hear was the suppressed and bursting laugh of D'Aubrey in an adjoining hammock. In a few minutes, however, he recovered his recollection, scrambled out of the barrel, and groped about to find his hammock. He got it, at length, but it was totally out of his power to fasten up the end which had dropped; he made some ineffectual efforts, asked some one who slept next him to assist him, and only receiving a curse in return, he picked up his blanket, drew off his wet night-clothes, and wrapping himself up, lay down upon the

deck to sleep. In spite of all his disturbance and apprehension, he soon sunk again into forgetfulness, and dozed till near daylight. It was still dark when the bell struck the hour of four, and the watch was changed; the noise awoke him, and he heard some one turn out beside him; he could not tell who it was, but he perceived they were dressing, and he conjectured it was some one going on deck to relieve the watch. He was just dropping once again to sleep, when he was startled by a plunge, and a dreadful sound beside him; the barrel in which he had been drenched an hour before rolled over, and the lantern of the quarter-master coming down, showed D'Aubrey, who had played poor Frank so cruel a trick, sprawling on the ground, and completely ducked from head to heels. He was caught in his own trap; he was too sleepy when he rose to go upon deck to be able to recollect that the barrel was still there, and in the dark he had stumbled head foremost

into it. One of the men now replaced Frank's hammock, and helped him into it; no farther accident occurred, and he slept soundly till he was called to turn out at eight o'clock the following morning.

CHAPTER IX.

SHIP SAILS.—A NEW COMPANION.—THE
NIGHT-WATCH.—SEA SICKNESS.

How gloriously her gallant course she goes,
Her white wings flying—never from her foes !
She walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.

CORSAIR.

DURING breakfast on this his second day of probation, Frank found his companions more cordial; the laugh being turned loudly against D'Aubrey for having been so foolish as to allow himself to be ducked in the same tub he had placed for the raw landsman; besides this, another individual had that morning been added to the mess, a boy about Frank's age,

who had come on board from Portsmouth, and was become, of course, the butt of the mess-room wit, in right of his being the junior member. This in some degree took the weight of annoyance from Frank, who now got intimate and on good terms with one or two of those who had the day before been his most tormenting assailants; and having been taught by experience, he was enabled to ward off some shafts of ridicule from young Godfrey, and put him on his guard against the tricks they were likely to play upon him. Breakfast was nearly concluded, when a shrill and prolonged whistle was heard upon deck, and one of the midshipmen exclaimed that the boatswain was *piping** the arrival of the Captain. Frank has-

* The boatswain, by peculiar and well-known modulations of his whistle, can indicate and order all the motions of the vessel; the officer of the watch issues his commands, the boatswain (or his mate) takes them up, and by the different sounds of his shrill pipe conveys them to the most distant part of the vessel.

tened upon deck, and saw Captain Medwin ascending the gangway. Mr. Markham and the other officers saluted him as he stepped on board; he then asked a few questions about the arrival of different articles and persons, and retired to his own cabin, after giving the first-lieutenant directions to get under way immediately. The boatswain now piped all hands aloft, and in an instant fifty fellows were clinging to the yards,* and shaking out the sails. This was no sooner done, than the deck resounded with the measured step of the men at the capstan,† as they hove up the massy anchor. In a few moments all was completed; the sails were set, the wind was fair, the vessel moved majestically round, and heading towards the sea, swept proudly out of the harbour.

* The beams of wood across the masts which support the sails.

† A large revolving machine worked by bars, against which the men place themselves, and is used to hoist up great weights.

For the first few hours there was some bustle upon deck, but that soon subsided, and ere she had passed twenty miles from shore, all was again as quiet as a church; the anchor was secured, the cable was rolled up like a serpent between decks, the ropes were all coiled into their proper places, and the Syren proceeded on her voyage. It was noon before she passed the Isle of Wight; when she was off the southwestern shore, Frank mounted the side, and cast a wistful look towards that part of the island where Captain Hartwell's house was situated: he knew that his uncle and his grand-mamma would be looking out for the Syren, and he fancied that at that very moment their eyes might possibly be fixed upon her: amidst all the excitement of the moment he felt melancholy, and would have almost wished to be again on shore; but summoning all his courage to suppress his emotion, he stepped down upon the deck. Godfrey had been standing unper-

ceived beside him, and was evidently possessed by similar sensations ; Frank and he drew close together, and as they paced the deck, Godfrey told him his story. He was nephew, he said, to Captain Medwin, who was his maternal uncle ; his father, an officer in the army, had died at the head-quarters of his regiment in Ireland about a year before, and his mother and an only sister had returned to England, and were now residing in the vicinity of London, where her only support was her widow's pension, and the occasional munificence of an uncle, who was brother to her father. This kind old gentleman had been excessively attentive to Mrs. Godfrey and her children ; he had placed Charles and his sister at a boarding-school, and had been at the charge of completing his education ; at present, however, he found it impossible to procure an eligible situation for his nephew on shore, and he had accordingly written to Captain Medwin, to request him to take him as a midshipman on

board his vessel; with which the latter had complied, though with rather a bad grace, as he did not wish to be burthened with the charge of poor relations. For his own part, poor Charles had almost broken his heart at the thoughts of leaving home; he was very fond, he said, of the sea, but he could not bear the idea of leaving his mother alone in her sorrow: since his father's death she had never had an hour of either health or happiness; she was now separated from her children, and though she would see Sophia frequently, he knew, he said, that she could never reconcile herself to his absence; and then, the life he had embraced separated him from her in reality *for ever*; he could only see her once for a week or two in every three or four years, and he might virtually say that he had *lost* his kind affectionate mother: for him she might almost as well be dead, and he was sure, under all her present afflictions, she could not survive very long.

Frank listened to this account with the deepest interest, though every sentence went like a dagger to his heart; and he was forced, by his own guilt-struck conscience, to compare his disobedience and ingratitude with the affection and duty of his companion. But when Godfrey had done, and when he asked him in return to tell him something of his own history, he was unable to reply to him, he felt confounded and abashed, and self-condemned, and begged to be excused: at some other time, he said, he would satisfy his curiosity, and give him an account of the manner in which he had been induced to become a sailor, but that at present it recalled too many sorrowful reflections to be reverted to without emotion.

From the Isle of Wight, the Syren stood over towards the coast of France, and the islands of Alderney and Guernsey. As the sun was sinking, the shores of England began to grow faintly visible on the horizon, and Frank's spi-

rits began gradually to sink lower and lower. A new feeling took possession of his mind; he remembered, that he had once read, and often heard from his mother, that the "*path of duty alone was the path of safety*," that all others were beset by dangers; his own mind now told him that he had wandered far from the line of rectitude, which his parents had always pointed out to him, and which the dying charge of his father had enjoined; he felt that he had now lost all confidence in himself, that he had no consolation in his own breast to look to, should dangers occur; and with such a weight of condemnation on his conscience, how could he look to Heaven for protection, since he had despised all the benefits it had heaped upon him: he had rejected the kind offers of his affectionate mother; he had flung behind him all the comforts and securities of home; he had followed the dictates of his own perverse will, and he had rushed of his own accord, into disobedience

and danger,—what the consequences were to be he could not tell, but he shuddered to contemplate them. He remained till it was dark upon the deck, and then went below to his messmates. The evening was spent in amusements, in playing at draughts, and in reading, and about ten o'clock he turned into his hammock. Here again the thoughts which occupied his mind recurred to him in all their force; he pictured to himself the sorrows of Emily, the sad, sad regret of his mother, and the lonely situation to which he had reduced them both; he turned from side to side of his bed, but he could not sleep, and he lay in anxious agony, till the bell announced the middle-watch, and the rough hand of a sailor shook his arm to awake him, and desire him to turn out, and take his turn upon deck for the four following hours. He got up, dressed himself as well as he could in the dark, and followed in silence upon deck. It was a damp dreary night; the dew was falling

heavily on the cold planks, the wind was rising, the ship was beginning to scud along rapidly, and occasionally gave a slight plunge over the rising swell. For the first hour or so, Frank kept his feet pretty well, though he felt sleepy; but by and by, as the Syren drew nearer to the mouth of the Channel, and the heavy swell came rolling in from the Atlantic, at every movement of the vessel he reeled from side to side; whilst his awkward motions elicited frequent sarcasms and bursts of laughter from D'Aubrey and his companions, whom long practice had taught a steady pace, and an upright step. Towards the conclusion of his watch, too, he found his head beginning to swim, and his eyes to feel weighty; at every plunge of the vessel he thought he felt all his blood rush into his temples, and he knew, (for he had experienced the same sensation during his first voyage on board the Ariel,) that he was going to be sea-sick. Long before four o'clock,

when his watch expired, he was so ill as to be scarcely able to set a foot upon deck; he leaned his aching head against the mast, but D'Aubrey, with an oath, as usual, ordered him to get up, that there must be no "caulking there." This he thought peculiarly unkind and cruel, but he obeyed; and for another half-hour walked about with a heavy head and a heavier heart; he then went below, and tumbled into his hammock again. He had, however, slept but little, when at eight o'clock he was forced, sick as he was, to turn out, as according to the regulations of the vessel the hammocks were all removed at that hour upon deck; he would gladly have remained another hour in the blankets, but it was impossible; and amidst the jibes and jests of his comrades on his pale face, he dressed himself, and crawled up to the fresh air, where he seated himself, and leaned his bursting head upon his hand.

CHAPTER X.

MISERIES OF A MIDSHIPMAN.—UNPLEASANT
DISCOVERIES.—ARRIVAL AT MALTA.

Strangers alone are round him,—on each face
He meets some jibing insult of his woe;
No friendly voice is nigh to soothe his grief,
No kindred breast to fly to from despair.

MAURICE CROSS.

FRANK had not remained long in this situation till he had a crowd of his thoughtless messmates around him; they had themselves long since experienced all the suffering which he was enduring; but sea-sickness, like the

tooth-ache, never commands any hearty sympathy; perhaps, because neither is likely to prove fatal in its consequences, and the sufferers of the former are more often subjects of ridicule than objects of commiseration. Poor Frank was now undergoing a cruel probation; the breeze had increased considerably during the morning; the course of the Syren lay due south, and the swell of the sea came from the West, whilst the wind was so direct, as to be what the sailors call, "right aft." Frank was ready to expire with head-ache and heart-sickness, whilst the mischievous urchins played off all manner of tricks upon him; one held his head with affected tenderness, whilst another wiped his pale lips with a bunch of oakum; the poor fellow was too weak to make any resistance, and at last, after many faint but disregarded remonstrances, he was forced in his extreme weakness to have recourse to tears; all were now quiet for a

moment, and D'Aubrey stepping up, put his arm round his neck, and repeated with the most irresistibly comic expression :—

“ One kind kiss before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.”

Frank's patience could bear it no longer ; he rose, and tottering across the deck, was creeping down the ladder, when Mr. Markham again met him : he enquired the cause of his agitation, and having learned that he wished to lie down, but had no place to lay his aching head, the kind lieutenant had the goodness to take him to his cabin, and put him into his own bed, where Mr. Anderson, the surgeon, shortly visited him, and gave him something which a little relieved his sickness. In the mean time, poor Charles Godfrey had been undergoing the same tortures ; but Captain Medwin had permitted him to come in and lie down on the sofa in his own apartment. For nearly a week, whilst the vessel was tossing

in the Bay of Biscay, Frank Hartwell was scarcely able to raise his head; during the daytime he lay upon the couch of Lieutenant Markham, and at night he turned into his own hammock; he could eat nothing, he slept but little, and his hours were spent in sorrowful and bitter musings upon home, and his own folly. Ah! how often during that long dreary week, did he fancy to himself all the comforts of Elm Grove, and how sincerely did he sigh to be near his affectionate mother. He was now lying with no kind friend to comfort him, and no tender hand to support his aching head, or cool his pale burning forehead; he thought, with sad regret, of the illness which he had brought upon himself before he went to Southampton, and he recollected, with melancholy fondness, how his mother and Emily had hung over him, and attended to his every want; he was now far separated from them, he was among stran-

gers, and he was sick; but he had none to bend above him, none to cherish his weakness, or supply his wants. It is but justice, however, to say, that his sorrow was not selfish; it did not arise solely from his own sufferings; these he could, and he was resolved to have borne; but the conversation of Charles Godfrey had shown in its true light his cruelty to his mother, and he was half resolved to acknowledge his error, to plead for her forgiveness, and to return to his home as soon as his voyage was completed. Pride, however, condemned this generous course; he felt ashamed to be so soon and so easily convinced of his fault, and he resolved to brave all risks, to give his new scheme a fair trial of success, and prove whether the reality of a seaman's pleasures was equal to his own conceptions, and the pictures drawn by the books which had so long haunted his imagination.

As he found himself stronger, he began, at last, to move about, and to venture upon deck; in the course of a day or two his sickness had entirely disappeared, and even during the most boisterous weather which he endured off the coast of Portugal, before the Syren arrived at Gibraltar, he felt no return of his sickness, and no farther inconvenience from the weakness of his stomach, or the lightness of his head. His freedom from this affliction, was, however, but a slight step towards the attainment of his anticipated happiness. As he recovered his health, he was expected to take a share of the duties of the ship, and no day passed that did not bring with it some annoyance which had never entered into his calculations on shore. At night, if it was his turn to keep the first watch, he never got to bed until after midnight; if the middle one, he was awakened at twelve o'clock from his comfortable dreams to pace the deck in a cold

stormy night for four long hours; and, if the morning-watch fell to his lot, he was forced to rise at four o'clock, and before the termination of his allotted time, his hammock was sent upon deck, and there was no spot where he could retire to make up the night's rest of which he had been deprived. He thought at first that practice would reconcile him to this hard lot, but his expectations were vain; and he found that he had been too much accustomed to pampered comforts at home, to become readily inured to privations at sea. He rose every morning feverish and unrefreshed from the disturbance of his sleep, and all day he was dispirited, and mopish, and heavy. His allowance of salt-meat, too, did not well agree with him; he had never been accustomed to eat it so frequently, and it fired his blood, and made him ill; he did not like, at breakfast, to drink his tea without milk, and he could not much admire biscuits, from

which he was frequently obliged to shake out the vermin, which had collected in them through damp and age, and which were, nevertheless, his only bread; and again, he was forced to admit in his own mind, that he had been in error in drawing his estimate of *fare* on board a man-of-war, from the rich cream, hot cakes, clear coffee, and fresh provisions of the *Ariel*. These were, to be sure, to a young and ardent mind, mere trifles, but still Frank *felt* them, though he forced himself to despise them: but there were other matters which had not entered into his calculations; he had not reflected that he was to attend *school* on board the *Syren* as regularly as he had been accustomed to do at home.

It was certainly one of his secret motives, though one which he did not like to own, *even to himself*, that to get rid of the annoyance of *school*, would highly enhance the pleasure of the sea and of sailing; and it was therefore

with considerable chagrin that he found himself compelled to set for a certain number of hours each day to practise his writing and his English, and, in addition to his other studies, to learn the principles of navigation and the theory of nautical science. It had scarcely once entered into his head that such a thing was requisite, and when he began it, he found it much more annoying than the *Latin* for which he had lately conceived so violent an aversion.

Thus, between the tortures of an accusing conscience, his anxious longings to see his mother once more, sleepless nights, wearisome days, cold dreary watches upon deck, and vapid or unpalatable food at his mess, he did not consider life at sea so *very* interesting as the accounts of it appeared on land; and sometimes he caught himself, though he immediately checked the impulse, sighing to be again on shore and at home at Elm Grove, with all its quiet, and its seclusion and monotony. But, besides even all these, there were other matters

still to add to his vexation ; he did not find himself so independent as he had once been ; he was now in an inferior rank to almost all around him. Mr. Markham and the officers in the gun-room were, to be sure, very kind to him, when they paid him any attention at all ; but it very frequently happened that the duty of the ship forced them to order him about more authoritatively than he was wont to be treated, and necessity obliged him to curb his proud spirit and obey ; even their kindness to him had an air of *patronage*, and in every item he was made to feel that he was a subordinate.

With Captain Medwin he stood on still more disagreeable terms. I have already mentioned that his appointment to the *Syren* had occasioned his commander some dissatisfaction, and his manners never failed to show it. Mr. Markham had reported to him the conduct of D'Aubrey and the rest in carrying their jest against Frank to a pitch neither authorized by gentlemanly feeling, nor tolerable by human patience ;

and as the captain was thus forced to use even a slight exertion in reproving the offender, he ever afterwards spoke of Frank as *that youngster who gives so much trouble*. When he met him upon deck, he regarded him with a haughty look ; if he had an order to give him, it was always issued in the most imperious tone ; and when it was Frank's turn to be invited to dine at the cabin-table, he would gladly have dispensed with the honour, from the agitation and constraint to which it never failed to subject him. With the generality of his messmates he stood on little better footing. D'Aubrey was his declared enemy, and D'Aubrey was the favourite of the mess, because he always created the loudest laugh, no matter at whose expense it was furnished. Frank had no spirits to enjoy their mirth ; he was serious and dejected, and therefore he was intimate with none of his noisy associates, who, in fact, seemed to shun rather than court his society. Poor Godfrey was his only companion, and the only one who shared his dejected thoughts,

or could sympathise with his gloomy feelings. Frank was always delighted when they happened to be of the same watch, and then the two boys used to pace the deck for hours together, and talk of their widowed mothers and their beloved relations; they were both unhappy, but the grief of the one was the virtuous devotion of an affectionate child, that of the other the remorse of a repentant offender.

The first port for which the Syren was to sail was Genoa, where she was to join the squadron of the Admiral, and return with him to Malta. In consequence of contrary winds, it was the end of October ere she reached the first point of her destination, and early in November she again sailed for Leghorn; hence, after a delay of a few days, she went on to Naples, and finally, about the beginning of January, she came to anchor in the harbour of La Valetta, in the Island of Malta, where she remained three or four weeks before sailing on a second cruise.

CHAPTER XI.

ABSENT FRIENDS.—LETTERS.—CRUISE.—AN
ADVENTURE.

With trembling hand the yielding seal he bursts,
Fearful yet fain to glance upon the lines,
That speak perchance of joy, perchance of grief,
But surely tell of absence and of pain.

EDWARD GARDNER.

THE morning of Frank's departure was a melancholy one at Elm Grove; his mother listened till the last sound of the chaise that conveyed him away had ceased, and then she and Emily sat down by the lonely fireside and gave free vent to their grief. They were now solitary, and henceforward their lives were to be spent apart from him who had once been the

joy of their hearts; to them poor Frank was virtually lost for ever; long years were to elapse ere the Syren was to return to England, and perhaps—it was a startling thought—but *perhaps* she might never return again. The plans of happiness which each had been forming for years, were now all dashed to the ground—they were to commence a *new* life henceforward. Frank was to enter no more into their schemes of domestic happiness, and one short year had effected all this: but twelve months before, he was so merry, and contented, and joyful, that his mother had never once dreamed of a separation; he was now gone, and to her gone *for ever*. Every object on which she cast her eyes had an altered look; the parlour was silent and lonely, and it almost broke her heart when she would enter Frank's bed-room, the bed was turned down, and the white napkins were laid upon the table, but ah! where was he who should use them? The garden looked deserted in the mornings

when she came down to breakfast, for she could not see her light-hearted boy working as he used to do at his own little flower-plot; and in the evenings, when she sat at the window, with Emily reading or working beside her, her ear no longer heard the glad shouts of Frank and his school-fellows, as he sported in the avenue and the lawn before her. She could not now lean on the arm of her manly son, as she paced, with a heavy heart, the pathway to the once loved church; and, as she passed the grave of her husband, a thousand busy recollections would so crowd upon her, that, for some time after she was seated in the pew, she could with difficulty collect her thoughts, or remember where she was. When she walked down to the village, the boys, as they chased each other over the green, would force her to sigh and to think of her son; and if by chance one of his former cheerful comrades came running up to her to ask if she had heard any

thing from dear Frank, it was with difficulty that her swelling heart would permit her to answer them distinctly: the fields seemed less green and gay than they used to be, and in her eyes the very sky was more gloomy than formerly. On many an evening, when it was too dark for her to sew, and her mind was too melancholy to permit her to read, she would sit by the window and watch the bright sun setting behind the hills, and think if Frank was looking at it too, and wonder in what far distant quarter of the world her poor orphan boy was then moving; and when night had closed in, and all grew dark around her, she would retire from the window, and sit down with Emily to repeat, for the thousandth time, the same hopes and the same wishes for his happiness and safety. Emily's health was not improving, and continual loneliness and grief were a great drawback to her recovery. She used to steal out when her mother was occu-

pied, and stroll down by the edge of the river and sigh and weep for her brother when she thought of the many bright evenings which they used to spend together, when children, in wandering amongst these very scenes, his arm on her neck, and hers clasped round his waist; and when she came to the banks where they used to sit together to pull violets and cowslips, and bring home nosegays for mamma,—her affectionate heart would be almost bursting to think that her kind innocent brother was now gone for ever; he was far far away among strangers, and perhaps in the midst of danger or distress.

Captain Hartwell came often to see them, and once they went for a few days to visit grandmamma; but the sight of the sea and the ships made Mrs. Hartwell so melancholy, that she returned in a few weeks to the rectory.

When Frank was about two months gone, she and Emily wrote him a long letter; it contained no upbraiding, but it was melancholy and serious. They told him all the little news

of the village, and of his school-fellows. Emily informed him of the sadness and grief of her mother, and Mrs. Hartwell dwelt much on the weakness and sorrow of Emily, whilst both sent him their dearest remembrances, and entreated him to write instantly, and tell them every particular of his situation, and whether he was happy. Frank and Charles Godfrey were on deck, and looking out at the massy fortifications of the little rocky island of Malta, when this long-looked-for letter was handed to him, which had just arrived from England, along with one for his companion. They both tore open the seals in an instant, and eagerly devoured the anxiously expected contents. Mrs. Godfrey's letter contained nothing but affection and encouragement; she endeavoured to advise Charles to keep up his spirits, and congratulated him on the manliness he had displayed in sacrificing all the comforts of London for a miserable life at sea, since it was the wish of his friends, and

since, unfortunately, she was unable to procure him advancement in any other profession. She assured him that she was not in low spirits; that she and Sophia had done every thing to drive away melancholy, and that she was now pretty much resigned to her lot, and always felt happy in the prospect of his return in another year or two. "May God bless you, my dearest Charles," she concluded, "you have ever been a kind, and dutiful, and obedient child, and I know that He will protect you as long as you continue to love and to serve him, and I have a firm reliance in his goodness that you will one day return to be a stay and a solace to your fond and affectionate mother."

The feelings of the two boys were very different on the perusal of their letters. Godfrey's heart was comforted and strengthened to find that his mother was so contented in the midst of her bereavement; and, in his own mind, he could not but feel happy and grateful

that he had been enabled hitherto to do his duty to his lonely parent. Frank was melancholy in the extreme; he had every thing to regret, both at home and around him; he had nothing on which to congratulate himself, and no quarter to which his conscience could turn for comfort, or his mind look for a palliation of his errors. He went down below, absorbed in melancholy, whilst his generous companion continued for a long time to pace the deck in calm and manly enjoyment of the pleasures arising from a consciousness of having done his duty.

When they met at dinner, news had reached them, that they were to sail the ensuing day on a cruise. The Admiral was about to proceed through the islands of the Archipelago, and thence to Smyrna, the celebrated commercial town of Turkey, from whence is imported almost all the dried fruit used in England; he was to be attended by the *Syren*, who was to sail on the following morning. Three months before, Frank would have

received this intelligence with rapture; he was now careless how or where the Syren was disposed of; he saw all the bustle and arrangements for departure without enthusiasm, and he listened to the accounts related by his messmates, of the beauty of the Cyclades, and the luxury of Smyrna, with apathy or discontent; his mind and his hopes were in another quarter, and he only sighed for an opportunity to return to home, and to throw himself at his mother's feet, and entreat her forgiveness: he was no longer emulous of being even an Admiral.

On the day of sailing, however, he felt a slight return of his former passion for adventure, when he was again cheered by the merry pace of the hands at the capstan, and saw the Admiral's vessel under weigh, and the Syren following in her wake: this emotion was, however, of but short continuance, and he checked himself with an involuntary start, as he found that he was again sighing after the pleasures

and the career of his disobedience. In two days after sailing from Malta, the *Syren* and her companions arrived off the coast of Greece; and after cruising along the shores of the Morea, the Admiral's seventy-four led the way towards the bay of Salamis, and the port of Athens, where they remained for a few days longer, whilst Frank and his companions were permitted to visit the ruins of the ancient city. Here he found all poverty, and gloom, and sorrow; the Turks, who were lately masters of the whole of Greece, were then carrying on a cruel war against the unfortunate inhabitants, who had risen in rebellion against their oppressors, and he saw hundreds of miserable wretches, who had been deprived of their property and their relatives by the horrors of war, wandering amidst the overthrown houses of the city and the ruined monuments of their ancestors, in rags and wretchedness. There was nothing to make his mind gay, or to lift his

thoughts from himself, and he returned to his ship sad and melancholy. He turned in to sleep, but he could not; he could merely lie and think on his mother and his beloved sister. He had not been in this situation, however, more than an hour, when he heard the watch upon deck hail a boat which was approaching the vessel, and presently the trampling of feet upon the planks above, told him that there were strangers coming on board. He was lying in thoughtful musings of what could cause this strange intrusion at such an hour of the night, when, all at once, he heard the shrill pipe of the boatswain, calling all hands to turn out: he started from his hammock, hurried on his clothes, and, on coming upon deck, heard that a vessel had been robbed by pirates in the morning at a short distance from the place where they were now lying; that the captain of the plundered ship had applied to the Admiral for as-

sistance to recover his property, and that the Syren had been ordered off to pursue the outlaws, who were supposed to be sailing towards the island of Negropont, or the point of Cape Colonna; and that, after having done justice to the injured party, they were to proceed to Smyrna, and there rejoin the Admiral.

In the mean time the anchor was raised; but as there was little or no wind to fill the sails, the boats were ordered out, and a hawser being attached to the point of one of the ancient piers, the Syren was slowly warped out of the harbour of the Piræus. During the night she made scarcely any way, and at sunrise she was lying becalmed below the island of Egina. After breakfast, however, a slight breeze sprung up; they saw it coming, curling over the surface of the glossy sea, and as it approached, the sails began to rise from their folds, a gentle ripple gradually gathered at the prow, and at length the stately vessel

bent gracefully over the waters, and glided onwards at a rapid pace towards the promontory of Cape Colonna. They expected in a few hours to overtake the vessel of the pirates; a fight was likely to ensue, and Frank, as he kept a look-out ahead, felt his breast agitated with many and varying emotions.

CHAPTER XII.

A SEA-FIGHT—AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

Now bursts the thunder of the ready gun,
Now sheets the lightning o'er the troubled sea,
And wave on wave the smoke curls dark and dun,
Shrouding the scene of death and destiny.

ROB. J. TENNENT.

ABOUT noon, all eyes were eagerly bent towards the direction in which the pirate-ship was expected to be descried, but no symptoms had as yet appeared to indicate her presence; till at last, a man at the mast-head announced a sail in the direction of the Island of Andros, but she was still so far ahead, that no por-

tion of her rigging or hull could be descried. The Syren now crowded all sail, and followed in the direction pointed out. In another half hour, the topsails of the distant vessel were visible, the man aloft could discover that she was a brig, and in a few minutes it was ascertained that she was armed. So far, her description tallied exactly with that of the Captain who had been robbed, and Captain Medwin tried every possible expedient to come up with her.

The pirate clearly perceived his determination, and altered her course so as to take shelter in the mazes of the adjacent islands. Her efforts were, however, all in vain; the Man-of-war was too nimble a sailer for her, and in another hour they were so near each other, that the Syren fired a shot over her, as a signal for her to bring to, and send her papers on board to be examined. This preliminary measure was, however, unheeded by the Corsair, although each moment was bringing the ship into inevitable contact, and the second step usual in

such cases was then resorted to, and a shot was fired at her. It was the first gun which Frank had seen discharged in earnest, and when the smoke blew off, he saw the ponderous ball splash into the water within a few yards of the enemy. It was now clearly discerned by the help of a spy-glass, that the pirate was preparing his decks for action. That of the Syren had long been cleared; the *tompions** were taken from the mouths of the guns, and the lashings which bound them to the bulwarks of the vessel were unloosed; all was adjusted for the conflict, and with a steady helm, and determined hearts on board her, the Syren bore down upon the course of the Corsair.

In the meantime, the hostile vessel had evidently made similar arrangements, and seemed to await, in desperate firmness, the approach of the foe. An awful interval now ensued, whilst either party was waiting to open his battery

* *Tompions*, blocks of wood to keep the damp from entering into the guns when not in use.

and pour death amongst his assailants. Frank's heart was sinking within him; he felt as if there was a choking in his throat, he breathed thick and weightily, and his lips were parched, and dry, and feverish. He was stationed along with a few men at a gun near the stern, and his tormentor, D'Aubrey, was quartered near him: fear never entered into his mind, but he was oppressed with feelings much more sublime and overwhelming,—enthusiasm, excitement, curiosity, alarm, ambition, and a sense of danger, were all working within him, whilst each was counteracting the effects of the other; and all were producing a compound sensation, for which language has no name, and feeling no parallel. He spoke not, he could not speak, but thought was busy with him,—his mother, his sister, his home, were all floating before him, but he could dwell on neither; and his mind was veering about from the enemy to England, and from every other point to the one grand object, the foe. His sensations,

however, were far from agreeable, for his conscience was not at rest; and when for a moment he glanced at the possible event of the battle, as regarded his own life, he shrunk from the consideration, when the words of his mother rushed with appalling force into his remembrance, "the path of duty alone is the path of safety!" He was busied in thought, when in an instant, as his eye was bent upon the hostile vessel, he saw a flash of lightning burst from her port-holes, another, and another, and another followed in quick succession, as she poured forth a broadside against the Syren. She was, however, too far off to reach her, and the balls, after coming within a short distance, with a booming sound, like the deepest notes of an organ, fell one by one foaming and dashing in the sea, whose snowy spray closed quietly above them. The suddenness of the affair made Frank utter an involuntary exclamation, and start from his place; whilst D'Aubrey turned, and with an insulting sneer, ask-

ed him if he wished to make his retreat so soon. Frank's mild reply was drowned in the explosion of a second discharge; and at the same moment a ball passed thundering through the rigging of the Syren, and a heap of ropes came rattling on the deck. The word was now given to prepare to fire, and in another second the Syren discharged nine hissing balls against the pirates, and the crew could perceive the pieces of timber fly off as some four or five of them took effect on her hull.

The enemy had fired a third broadside, before the Syren could be brought to bear upon her a second time. Frank was stooping towards his gun at the moment, when all at once he was crushed by the fall of a mass of ropes, and heard the tremendous crash where a shot had penetrated within a few yards of him. He rose immediately, and was horrified at perceiving the carcase of D'Aubrey stretched at full length beside him, and the limbs still quivering in the agony of death. He had not a

moment, however, to spare; the guns were already loaded, and the second broadside of the *Syren* was discharged in an instant. He now lent a hand to help off his companion to the surgeon, but his services were in vain, the poor fellow was dead: the ball had struck him near the breast, and literally carried away nearly one-half of his body. The sailors laid his corpse out of sight, and returned to the work of slaughter.

Broadside after broadside now followed in quick succession, but the wind was so faint that it was impossible to manœuvre the ships with readiness and expedition, and thus put a speedy termination to the contest. Hitherto the enemy had had the advantage, but as the vessels came into close quarters, she began to give way a little; she altered her course for one moment, and in the next the *Syren* took the wind of her, and poured in a destructive broadside; it told terrifically; and above all the din of the action the British tars could hear the

cracking timbers, and dying shouts of the miserable Greeks who manned her. A few seconds now decided the battle; and, after another death-dealing explosion, they lay side by side, and the crew of the Syren proceeded to board the foe. The men seized their pikes and cutlasses and sprung upon the deck of the Greek. As Frank placed his foot upon the chains of the enemy, a pistol was presented at him by a wretch within, and a ball which struck his forehead threw him senseless into the arms of the seaman who was behind him: he was immediately repassed on board the Syren, and taken below to the surgeon's apartment, where, whilst he lay under his hands, the fight was concluded, the English gained possession of the pirate, and her flag was pulled down.

Frank's wound was not a material one; the ball had grazed his forehead as it passed it obliquely, and the shock had rendered him for a few moments insensible, but he quickly recover-

ed ; his head was bandaged up, and he was helped into the fresh air upon deck. It was some time, however, before he returned thoroughly to a recollection of his situation, and then he found Godfrey seated beside him, and holding his hand. The poor lad had escaped without a touch in the fray, but his mind was in distraction for the safety of his friend, and his delight was beyond bounds, when he learned that his wound was not of the slightest consequence.

The scene around Frank was now awful in the extreme ; close beside him lay the corpses of his friend Markham, and his oppressor D'Aubrey ; the countenance of the latter was convulsed with the fixed expression of the agony in which he had expired ; his lips apart, his eyes half-closed, and his nostrils filled with blood ; whilst that of poor Markham, who had fallen by a pistol-bullet, was mild and gentle as in life, and his colour as fresh as it had been on the day before. Eight or ten of the seamen had been killed,

and he heard in all quarters the groans of numbers whose limbs had been shattered in the fight; the deck was covered with fallen rigging, and here and there gored with blood, and all hands were busy in trimming the ship, and attending to the wounded and the dying. The vessel of the pirates was lying alongside, torn, shattered, and disabled, its decks strewn with carnage, and echoing with expiring groans.

The surviving Lieutenant went on board to secure the remainder of the crew, and take possession of the person and papers of the commander. In the course of the afternoon, affairs were again put to rights, the disabled rigging was cut away and replaced, the decks were cleaned and cleared, the wounded were taken to their hammocks, and the dead were removed to a convenient part of the ship. Long before sunset, order was completely restored on board the Syren; Godfrey was sent, along with a party of men, under

the command of the second-lieutenant, to take possession of the conquered ship, and the two vessels steered for Hydra, where the Greek pirates were to be given up to the constituted authorities of the island.

CHAPTER XIII.

BURIAL OF THE DEAD.—SMYRNA.

Shade of ambition, and is this thy crown !

Fame, honour, pride, is this thy glittering meed !—

Go wave a shroud, thy banner 'tis renown,

And glory's fires burn brightest o'er the dead.

One hour, one peaceful hour, remote from strife,

Outweighs the age of woe, miscall'd a warrior's *life*.

J. NELSON.

THE following day was calm and beautiful ; the sun rose from the verge of the ocean like a globe of molten gold, the mists that curled around the islands of the *Ægean* melted into morn, and

“ Light awoke the world.”

The tolling of the bell announced the approach of the last ceremony over the remains of those who had fallen in the action. The crew had all assembled, and an expression of grief appeared in every countenance. The bodies were brought upon deck, each sowed up in a hammock, and a shot of many pounds weight attached to their feet, in order to ensure their sinking to the bottom when cast into the sea. It was a melancholy spectacle, as each was one by one launched over the gangway and Captain Medwin, in a slow and impressive manner, read the burial service, and pronounced above each the awful words, "We commit his body to the deep to be turned into corruption."

Frank heard the weighty mangled corpse slide along the grating and plunge into the depths of the ocean, whilst a few yeasty bubbles rose to the surface of the water, and again all was quiet and unruffled. His heart grew sick within him at revolting reflection, and he went after the ceremony below, and leaned his

aching head upon the table in the midshipmen's berth: some other lads shortly after joined him, but mirth was now banished from that spot which was lately so gay and so noisy; one of its lightest hearts was gone, and even Frank could not avoid shedding a tear over the memory of poor D'Aubrey. Markham was universally regretted; he had been so kind, and gentle, and affectionate, to all under his command, that he had gained the goodwill of every one, and the officers of the gun-room were as dejected for his loss, as the midshipmen were melancholy on account of *their* companion who had fallen. On the deck were groups of the seamen, each recounting some episode of the fight in which he was himself the principal actor; but Captain Medwin did not make his appearance from his own cabin during the day.

Again reflection was at work with Frank: And is this, said he, the pleasure of a sailor's life; is this the glory I have been dreaming of? How many aching hearts has the work of one

short hour occasioned? He pictured to himself the agony of his mother should he have chanced to fall in place of D'Aubrey; and again in all its aggravated colours he saw the misery which he had entailed upon his affectionate parent, by exposing her mind to even the apprehension of an event so awful. He leaned upon the carriage of a gun, but rose on finding that he had smeared his hand with some clotted blood, which was still adhering to it from the carnage of yesterday; and as he went below to wash off the nauseous stain, he inwardly hoped that he might never see another action.

A very short sail was sufficient to bring the Syren and her prize to Hydra; the plundered goods were restored to the vessel from which they had been taken; and the pirates being delivered up to the primates of the island, the Syren again got under weigh to rejoin the Admiral at Smyrna. Ships sailing in the Mediterranean have many advantages to prevent delay above vessels in other seas; and one in particu-

lar, arises from the fact of there being no tides throughout it, as there are along the shores of England. There is at all times abundant depth of water, and all that is wanted is a favourable wind; and this, though light, is much less variable than elsewhere. In general, during the day, there is a cool breeze from the water towards the land, and at night the wind takes an opposite course, and blows from the land towards the sea. The water, owing to its immense depth, is purer than that with us; and its colour, instead of being of a brown or yellowish green, is blue as the sky above it. The Syren now sped rapidly on; in the course of thirty or forty hours she had reached the Island of Scio, and the same night she anchored in the bay of Smyrna.

The following morning Frank rose early and gazed upon the beautiful prospect around him; he was now in the midst of Turkey, and on the coast of Asia; he went on shore in the course of the day, and was in delight with every new object which he saw: the singular-looking, flat-

roofed houses, the gorgeously apparelled Turks, the splendid mansions, and richly-clad Jannisaries and Dragomans of the British Consul, and the delicious grapes, peaches, melons, and all kinds of fruit which were piled at the corner of every street. It was like a new scene of existence, and it reminded him of his feelings when he first arrived at Southampton, and Southampton again reminded him of home. Oh ! if mamma and Emily were but here to admire all this along with me ! he inwardly sighed : but, alas ! he was alone ; he had no one to sympathise with him ; he had deserted his friends, and had rushed into danger and vicissitudes without a counsellor, and without a companion ; he found that when a person has once deserted the path of duty, no hour is free from annoyance, and even pleasure never comes unalloyed by pain.

A very few days were sufficient to render him weary of this new scene, for his heart was not at rest, and novelty itself had ceased to have a charm. Added to this the intolerable heat of

the sun produced continual head-aches: during the day the berth of the midshipmen was glowing like a stove, and at night myriads of mosquitoes were booming and hissing round his hammock; he was thoroughly delighted when orders were again issued for sailing, and the *Syren* prepared to put to sea on another cruise. The weather was now beautiful, the winds were light, but as haste was not an object, even this conspired to add to the pleasure of the cruise. The Admiral's flag-ship and the *Syren* sailed together, intending, after a visit of some few weeks to the coast of Egypt, to return round the Island of Candia to Malta: they kept close along the shores of Asia Minor for some few days, and having touched at the celebrated Island of Rhodes, shaped their course to the southward, and steered for Alexandria.

It was now nearly eight months since Frank had left Elm Grove, and during that period his mother had never heard from him once. In the early part of his career, he had too

much to think of around him, and too few opportunities of forwarding news to England, to be able to write home, and latterly he had had nothing to communicate which he was anxious about. A second letter had by this time arrived for him at Malta, and was forwarded with those of Captain Medwin. It contained the melancholy news that poor Emily was confined almost constantly to her room, with what she now feared was a confirmed consumption; and Mrs. Hartwell expressed a doubt, that if Frank's vessel did not arrive in England sooner than was expected, he would have no kind sister to welcome his return.

This communication was, of course, shown almost immediately to Godfrey, and at the same time Frank unbosomed to him his whole heart. He told him of his madness and disobedience; expressed his conviction of his error, and his firm resolution to take the earliest opportunity to make amends for it, and return to comfort and support his sorrowful and afflict-

ed mother. The advice of his friend tended strongly to confirm him in his determination ; and he promised the following morning to write to his mother by the same conveyance with the Admiral's dispatches, to tell her of his repentance, and solicit her to take some immediate steps to procure permission for him to return. It was the first moment of real happiness he had enjoyed for months when he had thus made up his mind. He felt within himself that the course he was about to pursue was in accordance with the long-suppressed dictates of his own conscience, and the first return to the "path of duty" from wandering in the ways of disobedience. But, alas ! that good resolution came too late ; its fulfilment was never destined to gladden the care-worn bosom of his mother, or give joy to the dying heart of his fond adoring Emily. When we have in one instance given way to error, it does not remain in our own power to place limits to the extent of the mischief it may produce ; nor is it in all

cases possible for even the best intentions to remedy the evil which a momentary failing may have created. That letter was never written, and an awful catastrophe too soon intervened to place it beyond Frank's power to do so.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HURRICANE.—THE SYREN LOST.—A
NARROW ESCAPE.

One wildering moment of stir and commotion,
And down went the ship, like a bird of the ocean.

HOGG.

IT was on Thursday that Frank received his mother's letter, and on the following evening the dispatches of the Admiral were to be forwarded to Malta, and thence be transmitted to England. He lay almost all night awake, meditating on the contents of his intended reply, which he expected to write the first thing in the morning; but, when the morning came,

he was sent for, almost immediately after breakfast by Captain Medwin, and detained by him till near noon, when it was his turn to take the watch upon deck ; and it was four o'clock ere he could sit down to put his project into execution.

The vessel was moving gently along towards the coast of Egypt, there was scarcely a breath of wind to curl the surface of the sea, and there was no agitation of the ship to prevent his writing with the greatest ease. He had, however, scarcely commenced, ere he heard a foot hurrying rapidly down the companion, and bursting into the gun-room ; in an instant, the messenger returned upon deck, followed by one or two of the officers ; the boatswain piped aloud all hands aloft to reef the topsails, and a midshipman came rushing into the berth, to say there was a *squall* approaching, and the sky to windward was as black as midnight. Godfrey was just sealing a letter to his mother, he handed it to Frank, and requested him to take charge of it for the captain's clerk, who would en-

close it in the packet for England. Frank thrust it into his bosom, and his companion ran hastily upon deck.

In some parts of the Mediterranean, there are, at all times, to be apprehended sudden and violent gusts of wind, denominated by the seamen "*squalls*," which come on almost as sudden as lightning. Their first appearance on the verge of the sky is like a dense black mass of clouds, and in the next moment they will be seen darkening the surface of the water, and rushing towards the vessels which lie in their direction, which are instantly enveloped in the midst of their fury, and frequently are unable to shorten sail rapidly enough to prevent them from oversetting, and sinking them to the bottom. Such was now the case with the Syren. Frank, terrified at the confusion and unwonted bustle overhead, rose from the table at which he was writing, and flew in a panic upon deck; he saw

the sky as black as pitch around him, that but a moment before had been clear, and bright, and beautiful; and, in the distance, the immense seventy-four of the Admiral, was tossing like a cork in the midst of the tempest.

He had not time, however, to attend to any thing but the concerns of his own ship; the men were now in confusion, scrambling about the rigging, and endeavouring to take in the expanded sails, and leave nothing but the bare masts exposed, so that the hurricane might blow over. On deck, the officers were running from one quarter to another, issuing orders, but it was all in vain. The topsails were almost untouched, when the squall reached them, and the mainsail was only half clewed up, when the impetuous gust of wind filled it in an instant, and rendered it totally impossible to take it in; the whole ocean had become suddenly swoln and billowy, whilst the raging

wind blew sheets of foam from every wave that curled above it, and rushed with a terrific sound through the masts and rigging of the Syren. All this had passed in a shorter time than I have taken to relate it: terror for a moment seemed to paralyze the efforts of the crew, and in the next, the resistless tempest laid the vessel on her side, the sea rushed in impetuously, and as the storm continued to bear her stern under water, she filled in an instant, and sunk into the terrific gulph; a tremendous whirlpool accompanied her descent, and as the waters closed above her, a gurgling rush of snowy foam arose to the surface of the sea, bearing with it some floating spars of timber and some water-casks, which had been lying on the decks.*

At the moment of her descent, Frank grasped

* An appalling accident occurred, as above narrated, in the Mediterranean, in the summer of 1826, when Admiral Sir Harry Neale commanded in the *Revenge*, and witnessed the loss of a brig of war which sunk during a squall, as I have described.

convulsively the mast, but the powerful current of the whirlpool quickly disengaged him from his hold, and he rose half-stifled to the surface: here again he was rapidly sinking, when a wave threw him towards a beam of timber which came up close beside him. He grasped it with desperate force, and finding that it was sufficient to support his weight, he continued to cling to it, in spite of the buffeting of the waves. It was now so dark that the Admiral's vessel was totally hidden from his sight, nor could he distinguish any object, even at a very few yards distance, but all around him he fancied he could hear the dying gurgling screams of his drowning comrades. At the same moment he felt the hand of some struggling wretch lay hold upon him; and, on turning round, he saw the writhing features of poor Godfrey for an instant, as he was sinking for ever beneath the remorseless billows. Trembling with terror and overpowering agony, he grasped still closer

the floating beam to which he was clinging ; but he heard, nor saw, nor felt no more ; he became totally insensible to what was passing around him, and some hours seemed to have elapsed, when he again recovered his consciousness.

The sun was setting, and the storm had ceased ; the sky was again pure, and calm, and cloudless, but the sea was heaving, and troubled, and billowy. He saw the *Britannia* at a distance, cruising about, and evidently in search of the survivors from the wreck, and he perceived with agony that it would be pitchy dark before she could come near to where he was ; he strove to rise and stand upon the plank which feebly supported him, but he was unable ; and, mad with terror and disappointment, he screamed and shouted at the distant ship, till his lungs grew sore with the exertion, and his heart sick with dread and apprehension. Yet still she came not near, she kept on her course in one direction, whilst the wind and the cur-

rent were rapidly bearing him in another, and carrying him off towards an island which lay to the east of the spot where the Syren had sunk. At last he saw the hurrying sun go down, and darkness brooded over the face of the great deep; he saw the Britannia bear away in the direction she had at first been steering for; and as the last ray of hope failed him, he abandoned himself to despair; he was left alone on the face of the wide, wide sea, with no companions but his thoughts, and no means of protection save a piece of floating timber. But, oh! the agonies of that fearful night no tongue could tell, and no heart, save that which had endured them, could conceive. The acts of Frank's whole life seemed to pass in review before him, and his own accusing conscience painted them all in the blackest and most fearful colours. He thought of his home, and his widowed mother, and his dying sister; he recalled all the hours of past happiness which

he had enjoyed, and he bitterly sighed for those comforts and that security which he had despised and cast behind him : above all, he fancied that he again stood beside the death-bed of his expiring father, and whilst he listened to his awful denunciation of a curse upon his disobedience, he felt within himself that he had been guilty of the very crime he had been so solemnly warned against, and he shrunk at the reflection that the hour of retribution was now arrived. Again his mind would revert to the awful scene from which he had so miraculously escaped ; he thought of the black terrific sky, the deafening roar of the tempest, and the overwhelming force of the engulfing sea ; he recalled the fearful scene upon deck, as the sinking wretches, screaming with terror, clung to the devoted ship ; he felt again all the hideous sensations of stifling and of struggling death ; and again he saw the wild and ghastly look of Godfrey, his sinking, dying friend.

During the night, no sound disturbed his meditation save the ripple of the sea that swept him along, and no object met his gaze throughout the dull expanse of the ocean, except here and there the gleam of a distant watch-fire on some lonely island. Long ere it was midnight, he fancied that the morn must soon be breaking; and when hour after hour elapsed, he thought the sun was never more to rise: for the thoughts and the agony of his mind had made that weary night appear the length of years in its duration. At last a faint line of light began to streak the eastern horizon, and as the sun rose gently from the sea, he found that he had drifted far from the scene of yesterday's terrific catastrophe. On his left was an island apparently of considerable dimensions, and he could descry the white walls of a building on the summit of one of the loftiest crags; but as yet no ship was visible on either side. Shortly after sunrise he saw a white sail put off from

the shore, but as it only kept along the coast, he knew that it was merely a fishing-boat, and in about an hour he observed it slowly returning. It was one of those clear, brilliant days that are only to be witnessed in the east; there was not a single cloud to break the blue expanse of the heavens, or intercept the burning rays of the sun, as they darted fiercely down upon the water, which seemed almost to rise in vapours from their heat; and poor Frank was now lying exposed to all their influence, with no shelter for his burning head, and not a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. About noon-day he saw a speck of white upon the utmost verge of the sea, and he soon discovered that it was a sail; but he was again doomed to suffer disappointment, as it bore away without coming within many miles of him. Evening was fast approaching, and he began already to anticipate the horrors of another night exposed to the mercy of the waves; since,

though he was drifting towards the shore, he was still too far distant to reach it before another day had passed. Hunger, too, was fast assailing him, as he had eaten nothing since the morning previous; but terror kept it for some time aloof. Again it occurred to him, that the spot where he was floating abounded with sharks, and once or twice, when he saw a piece of dark-coloured wood floating past him, he fancied it the fin of one of those ferocious animals which is frequently apparent above the water, whilst the hungry monster is gliding close beneath the surface of the sea. He deemed himself deserted by God and man; for he had no confidence to look for help from the one, and no relief to hope for from the other. To add to his dismay, he found that the wind was beginning to increase, and he feared that a tempest, should it ensue, would be but a speedy termination to his torments, as he had not enough of strength remaining to buffet with

the stormy waves. He prepared to resign himself to his fate, and with a faint and fearing heart he addressed a fervent prayer to Heaven, to entreat its protection, not as an act of favour to him who was so unworthy of it, but of mercy to his sorrowing and desolate mother : he then leaned his burning cheek against the plank on which his safety depended, and closing his wearied eyes, he abandoned himself to the care of that God whose protection he had humbly, though unworthily, implored.

CHAPTER XV.

A RESCUE.—NEW COMPANIONS.—FRESH
MISERY.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But *now* I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

T. HOOD.

IN this state of torpor and inaction, Frank had remained for about an hour, when his ear was struck by the report of a gun at no great distance; he started, and on raising his head saw a large boat, impelled by oars, standing

in towards him, and not more than two or three miles distant: the wind was fresh, and having suddenly rounded one of the headlands of the island, it had appeared to him thus unexpectedly; he immediately raised himself as far as he could above the water, and waved his arm as a signal for them to draw near to his rescue. It was some time before they observed it, but he eventually saw them haul round, and pull towards him. In a few moments they drew near, and Frank was pulled up the side of their little vessel; but judge of his surprise, to find it manned by the very crew of pirates whom he had but ten days before left under custody in the prisons of Hydra! Whether they had been dismissed by their countrymen, who were almost all engaged in the same unlawful pursuits, or that they had succeeded in making their escape by stealth, he could never learn; but he now stood, hungry and helpless, in the midst of them, with no other expectation than to be cast headlong into that

element from which they had picked him up, or, perhaps, poniarded on the spot, as each was armed with a shining yataghan, or dagger, and the boat was filled with swords, guns, and small-arms of all kinds. Fortunately for him, none of them understood English, nor could he speak either Greek, Albanian, or that mixed language, called "*Lingua Franca*," which prevails all along the shores of the Levant. They spoke to him, but he, of course, could neither comprehend their questions, nor make any reply; he could only make them understand by signs, that his ship had sunk, and as they did not seem to recognize him, they merely directed him to seat himself in the stern-sheets of the boat, where they supplied him with some hard bread, some leeks, and a draught of nauseous wine, which tasted strongly of turpentine. He took his place on some gravel, which served for ballast, in the bottom of the boat; and observed that, for a short time, their conversation evidently referred to him; but in a few moments

he became totally overcome by weariness, and fell asleep. He had not lain long, however, before he was wakened by receiving a most unceremonious shake of the shoulder, and on opening his eyes, the intruder pointed to an oar which he had just left; and though Frank could not comprehend his words, he understood him to wish that he should rise and take his place. Remonstrance was in vain; and, sick and faint as he was with hunger, watching, apprehension, and fatigue, he was obliged to comply. For some moments, he was almost unable to pull a stroke, but his execution improved as he got a blow on the head for his awkwardness; and the wretch, whose seat he had taken, showed him how to hold the oar, and shook his dagger at his breast, to threaten him with death if he did not do as he was directed. He pulled with might and main; but owing to his want of practice, his hands soon became covered with blisters, and as these burst, his raw fingers,

dripping with blood, were still forced to hold the weighty oar till nearly an hour was elapsed, and one of his tyrants succeeded to his seat, by rudely flinging him backwards from his bench amongst the ballast.

During the entire of the following day, they continued to sail with a favourable wind through the islands of the Archipelago; and early on Sunday morning they landed at a little bay in an island called Nicaria, on the coast of Asia Minor. As they came on shore, a few dirty-looking women, and one or two men, came to meet them. A long colloquy ensued, and from the gestures made use of, Frank could readily perceive that they were giving an account to their countrymen of the fight with the Syren, and the loss of their vessel. When this was ended, they proceeded towards the interior of the island, and he who seemed to be the principal person amongst the crew, throwing a weighty parcel on Frank's shoulders, motioned to him to carry it and fol-

low him. The path was rough and rugged; his shoes had been so destroyed in consequence of being first wet, and then hardened in the sun, that he could not wear them, and he was forced to follow barefoot as he was, his feet bruised with the sharp pebbles of the road, and his hands swollen and suppurating with the wounds inflicted on the day before.

The house of Lambro Panagiottis was at least four miles from the shore, on the acclivity of a steep barren hill. Here his wife and three or four boys, of from four to twelve years of age, came running to welcome him; and after some affectionate embraces, he and Frank were ushered into the house. It consisted of one miserable apartment, with a fire of wood burning in the centre, and the smoke issuing from the door and the holes of the roof. Frank threw down his bundle, and was seating himself near the fire, when Lambro motioned him back, and he was forced to stand behind his

master, whilst he squatted down upon the earthen floor, and commenced eating some boiled rice and fowl. When he had done, Frank brought him a draught of the same wine he had tasted in the boat from a goat-skin in one corner of the room, and finally held the basin whilst the ferocious pirate washed his greasy hands; he was then permitted to satisfy his own hunger with the leavings of his master, and having subsequently washed the dishes, and set aside the board on which they dined, he was allowed to seat himself at the door of the hut. This was all very galling to one who had always been accustomed to luxury and ease; but Frank saw clearly that it was at once a matter of necessity to obey, and that his present suffering was a necessary consequence of his former disobedience to his parent and his friends. He complied with a sigh with all the orders and looks of his tyrannical master, and if on some occasions he dared

to mutter a remonstrance, a blow or a scowl soon reduced him to recollection and acquiescence.

The sole occupation of Lambro seemed to be the feeding of sheep for exportation to the adjoining Islands of Samos and Patmos; or the cutting of fire-wood, to be sold at the town of Scala Nuova, on the adjacent coast of Asia Minor. In each of these occupations Frank was daily employed; sometimes, early in the morning, he drove a flock of sheep to the summit of the mountain on which the house of his master was built, and there remained till sunset warned him to return; his only food during the day being the crusts of hard, dry bread which he brought with him from home, and his only drink a draught from a neighbouring stream. There, for the livelong day, he would sit upon some giant cliff, and cast his longing eyes over the dark blue sea; but it was seldom that he caught a glimpse of a passing sail, since the island lay at some distance from

the tracts frequented by seamen. And then, when he saw the sun sinking towards the west, he would think of his own loved home, which lay in the same direction to which it was verging, and wish that he had wings to accompany it in its descent. At other times, he accompanied the companions of Lambro to the glens and cliffs of Nicaria, to cut down the brushwood which grew in abundance around them. Here his legs were torn with brambles and briars, and his hands were cut with thorns and splinters of wood; and in the evening he was obliged to take up a faggot on his shoulders, and carry it, perhaps for miles, to the boat on the shore, or the house on the side of the hill.

Of the two, he preferred by much the tending of the sheep, for he was then permitted to be alone, and he was freed from the taunts and insults of his cruel comrades; and when the flock were quietly wandering about him, he would seat himself upon some sheltered spot to weep and think of home and his beloved family.

The only relic which he had preserved from the wreck was Godfrey's letter; he had found it on landing, wet and crumpled in his pocket, but he had smoothed it, and dried it in the sun, and he hoped one day to be able to forward it to his mother. Oh! how many looks did he cast during these solitary hours towards that rolling sea which alone could enable him to rejoin his friends; and how often, when he saw the boat of his master spread her sail to the wind, and steer for some distant island, did he sigh to think that he was not permitted to accompany her, and weep that so little hope remained of his being ever able to effect his escape. The clothes which he had on when the Syren sunk were the only dress in his possession, and as they were, of course, soon worn out, his only substitute was a cast-off jacket of his master's, which, from his being forced to wear it from month to month, was quickly too filthy to be borne, had he had any other to supply its place. His face, unsheltered by a hat, was

exposed from morning till evening to a burning sun, and was soon turned to the colour of copper by its rays; whilst his breast, unprotected by a shirt, was blistered by the noon-day heat. At night he had no bed on which to stretch his weary limbs, and he was glad to content himself with a heap of leaves, or a bundle of straw, in the corner of the hut. He gradually began to learn the language of those around him, and before he was two months on the island, he could converse with considerable fluency. He now learned from the eldest boy of Lambro, that his father was a corsair by profession, that he was at present fitting out another vessel at an adjoining island, and that, as soon as she was finished, he and his former crew were to set off on a piratical expedition, through the Archipelago. At this intelligence Frank's heart began, for the first time, to glow with something like hope, as he fancied that he might then be permitted to accompany Panagiotis, and, perhaps, be enabled to effect his escape

at some port, where he could get on board an English vessel and return towards home. The new ship was expected at Nicaria in the course of a few weeks; and, in the interval, he began to use every artifice to win the favour of Lambro, and, if possible, ingratiate himself so far in his good graces, as to be permitted to accompany him in the approaching cruise.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFFAIRS AT ELM GROVE.—DEATH OF EMILY.

—A MOTHER'S SORROW.

To meet the meek uplifted eye
That fain would ask relief,
Yet can but tell of agony—
This is a mother's grief.
Through dreary days and darker nights,
To trace the march of death,
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shorten'd breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief,
Though all is ended with its close—
This is a mother's grief.

REV. T. DALE.

FOR some months after Frank's departure from Elm Grove, Mrs. Hartwell had struggled

against grief, and determined, for the sake of her daughter, who so much required all the care and tenderness she could bestow, to maintain that energy of character which could alone support her under such a trial as the absence of her only son. The hope, too, of hearing from him in a short time, was a strong consolation; and she looked forward to his first letter as one of the sweetest events she could anticipate. If it told that he was happy, it spoke all that a mother's heart could wish for, even in loneliness and separation; and if, on the contrary, it bore tidings of discontent and repentance, it would bring a promise of his speedy return. Long and anxiously did she wait for the period when she knew that a letter *might* arrive, and with many a heavy sigh would she exclaim that a month had never appeared to her so long a space of time before. Each morning as she rose, and each evening as she retired to rest, Frank was her earliest and her latest thought; and often as she sat alone would she form fond

conjectures of where he then was, and what he was employed in. To Emily, his absence was a source of much more serious solicitude; her health was too precarious to endure the slightest shock, and when by day she spent one half her time in weeping and melancholy, and could not sleep by night for thinking of her brother, the agitation of her mind began to make a serious alteration in the appearance of her person; she lost her appetite and her spirits, she loved to be alone, and her pale, sallow cheek, told that her hours of seclusion were not spent in pleasure or enjoyment. Mrs. Hartwell's first letter had remained unanswered much longer than she had any right to expect, and she began to fear that Frank was ill. Emily was of the same opinion; and, after some days' melancholy and sadness, she was forced to take to her bed, and from that bed she was doomed never to rise. It was at this juncture that her mother had written her second letter to Frank, and the contents of it I have already mentioned. A double anxiety now

preyed on the distracted mind of Mrs. Hartwell; from morn till eve her thoughts were wandering from her dying child to her absent boy, and in either she saw little to hope for, and nothing to render her happy. At last, one evening the boy from the little post-house came running up with a parcel; it was a newspaper and a letter from Captain Hartwell; the one contained a circumstantial detail of the action of the Syren with the pirate ship, and the unsatisfactory intelligence, that a Lieutenant, *one* midshipman, and ten sailors, had fallen in the engagement, besides about fourteen who were severely wounded. Mr. Markham's name was afterwards particularised, but no clue was given to the afflicted widow to discover whether her truant son was the other individual who had perished. The letter mentioned that Captain Hartwell would instantly make every enquiry as to the name of the sufferer, and let her know without delay the result. She had never been accustomed to keep her affairs a secret

from Emily; in the present crisis, she needed all the consolation which her dutiful and affectionate child could bestow, and she therefore communicated to her at once the import of this new and unexpected intelligence. Its effect on the weak nerves of the poor girl was deadly,—it was overwhelming; she was too much debilitated to reason well on any subject, or take a considerate view of the matter; and besides, despair is always the result of feebleness, whilst hope requires an exertion and an effort either to produce or to sustain it. Day after day elapsed, and still no tidings came, whilst doubt and sorrow were undermining the little remaining strength of Emily. At last one fatal evening the dreadful intelligence arrived, and another newspaper was put into Mrs. Hartwell's hand, in which she read the report of the total destruction of the *Syren*. It stated, that she and the *Britannia* had been sailing in company during a calm and sunshiny evening; that a squall had come on with all

the rapidity of lightning; that the crew of the admiral's vessel had been for a moment occupied in taking in sail to prepare for it, and in the next, on turning to look for the Syren, she had vanished from the face of the deep; they had cruised all night around the spot where she was supposed to have sunk, but no trace was ever found, and no human being had survived to tell the horrid tale of her destruction. Doubt now gave way to despair, and cruel certainty usurped the place of hope; her child, her darling boy, was no more; he had perished by a violent death, and even now his remains were corrupting at the bottom of the fathomless ocean.

This second shock was not long in deciding the fate of her daughter; the change for the worse was in one or two days so apparent, that Mrs. Hartwell wrote for her mother to come and assist her in her attendance on what she now clearly saw was the death-bed of her last remaining child; but before that letter

reached its destination, Emily was beyond the need of commiseration or the reach of kindness. She died with her hand fondly pressing that of her disconsolate parent, and her last faint accents breathed the name of her brother. She was interred in the same grave with Mr. Hartwell, and the inscription on their simple tombstone, recorded at once the matured and estimable virtues of the one, and the premature decay and early decease of the other. The widow had now no child, she was lonely in her sorrow; the last tie that connected her with her fellow-beings was dissolved, and she felt that she stood severed and disunited from all around her. She had formerly lived in a little world of her own; it had passed away, it was destroyed, and she alone remained amidst the heedless crowd of existence, where there no longer remained for her aught to love or to live for. The persuasions of her mother and Captain Hartwell were, however, unable to induce her to leave her

cottage in the village and reside in the Isle of Wight; it was there, she said, that her first hours of happiness had been spent, and there would she wear out the slender thread of life, amidst the memorials of her brighter days; every object around her, every tree, every flower, every mossy bank, had a melancholy charm in her eyes, for it had been sown, or tended, or beloved by her children. Her grief was never loud nor passionate; sometimes she would wander down, about twilight, to the grave of her husband, and sit by it to pluck away the weeds that sprung amidst the roses she had planted around it; and at others, she would stroll down the path by the river, which had once been the favourite walk of Frank and of Emily. But ah! she could no longer see them run to pull the violets and cowslips from the banks for her, nor hear the sound of their merry footsteps and innocent voices, as they strove who should first present the nosegay

to mamma. On the sabbath morning, when the tolling of the village-bell echoed along the valley, clad in her mournful weeds she moved slowly along towards that church which had once resounded with the voice of her husband, but with no fond arm to lean on, and no affectionate child to accompany her footsteps. She never sought to fly from grief; she knew that it was her lot, and she prepared to encounter it. Wherever she turned her eyes she met some memento of her faded hopes; and even those objects which had once been a source of gladness were now merely incentives to regret. Nor did she attempt to remove them; Emily's unfinished embroidery still stood in its frame in the parlour, and her piano-forte remained unclosed since the last time her fingers had struck its chords. But her deepest regret was never for her daughter; she had died without pain, and without a struggle; her last moments had been watched by friendly eyes, and her last wants had been

tended by the hands of affection; but when she recurred to the shuddering reflection that Frank, her darling Frank, had been swallowed by the engulfing sea; that he had died surrounded by terror and dismay, amidst shrieks, and dying groans, and stifled cries; that that life which she had watched so tenderly had been yielded up in all the strong convulsion of writhing agony; and that those lips which she had so often kissed, and those limbs which she had so fondly nursed, were now blanching amidst the rolling waves, or decaying in the depth of the unfathomed deep, the reflection was almost too hideous to be dwelt on for a moment. And when she would enter what was once his bedroom, and which she had still kept in order in hope of his return; when she saw his books and his toys arranged upon the walls, and gazed on that bed where he had so often lain, she could not refrain from throwing herself upon it, and kissing again and again that pillow which his head had pressed. But alas! with

regard to him, her reflections were those to which no frequent recurrence could reconcile her, and her sorrow that which no lapse of time could soothe. Month after month rolled past, but saw no alteration in her; she was still the same meek, broken-hearted, uncomplaining widow: she seldom moved from home, and when she did, there were few eyes that did not look upon her with commiseration, and few hearts that did not swell with pity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PIRATE'S SAIL.—MURDER OF AN AUSTRIAN CREW.—FRANK ESCAPES.

Blood hath been shed ere now i' th' olden time,
Ere human statute purged the general weal ;
Ay, and since, too, murders have been perform'd
Too terrible for th' ear.

SHAKSPEARE.

AUTUMN was far advanced before Lambro Panagiottis arrived at Nicaria with his new vessel. She was a brig of about two hundred tons burthen, and had been purchased of a merchant at Smyrna, under the pretence of disposing of her as a fire-ship for the use of the Provisional Greek Government. From morning

till night he was now busied in fitting her out for sea, in baking biscuit, and preparing dried fish for stores, and in conveying arms and ammunition on board her. In all these preparations Frank feigned to take the most intense interest, and in his movements he was, in appearance, all life and all enthusiasm, whilst grief and anxiety sat heavy at his heart. He, however, succeeded in his object; and one evening, after a day of more than usual toil, Lambro asked him if he would not choose to go again to sea, in preference to remaining on shore to cut fire-wood and attend the sheep. He accepted the proposal with gladness, but still so as to betray no suspicious enthusiasm, and Lambro desired that he should be ready to go on board the ensuing evening. It was sunset on the following day when they sailed; a monk from an adjoining monastery had been sent for to give his blessing to the ship and to the crew;—for amongst the Greeks, however wicked a man may be, he is never totally free

from the shackles of superstition, nor regardless of the *forms* of his religion. The pirate's wife and his children accompanied him to the beach and bade him farewell as the vessel weighed anchor, and then, the sails being all set, they issued from the little bay where the vessel had been lying. They first directed their course to the passage between Mycone and Naxos, and for two days continued beating about the wide channel to the west of those islands, since Lambro was aware that this was a track much frequented by merchant vessels on their way to and from Smyrna. On the third morning, at daybreak, a bark was descried bearing towards them. The pirates immediately hoisted a British ensign, under which they knew that they could not be easily suspected of malpractices. The day was very calm, and it was almost noon ere the two ships drew near to each other. Lambro was so impatient of delay, that he immediately sent off his boat to demand the name and destination of the stranger, and desire

him immediately to bring his papers on board his vessel. On the master coming to him, he told him that his ship was an Austrian; that she was sailing from Adramyti to Alexandria, and that he had on board a cargo of various articles, cloths, silks, and wine. Whilst this conference was passing below in the cabin, Lambro privately gave orders to send off his own men, and desire them to secure the crew of the Austrian. This being accomplished, he threw off the mask, took the unfortunate captain back to his ship, in order to force him to disclose each spot where his money and valuable goods were deposited, and complete the plunder of the vessel. Frank was ordered into the boat to row off the pirate to his prey, and when his master ascended into the unfortunate bark, he was directed to stay below and take care of the parcels which were handed down to him.

It was some hours ere the matter was completed: the sailors of the Austrian were but six in number, whilst their enemies were nearly fifty,

so that it was in vain to think of resistance. Three several times the boats of Lambro rowed off to his brig laden with booty, and at last a fourth cargo was stowed, and the pillage was completed. A pause now ensued on board, and Frank heard the pirates descending with their victims into the hold of the vessel; in an instant he heard a scream of terror, and immediately the report of a pistol silenced the unfortunate wretch who uttered it; shouts for mercy then arose from the miserable creatures below, and he could distinctly hear the hewing of the sabres, and the hacking of yataghans, as the slaughter commenced. A moment or two was, however, sufficient to complete the work of death, and one by one the barbarous corsairs returned upon deck, wiped the blood from their swords, and hastening into the boat, rowed off for their vessel. Frank was sinking with terror, but he was forced to conceal his emotion, and endeavour to look unconcerned. He remained in the last boat

with Lambro, and, when all had departed from the plundered Austrian, two of the Greeks went upon deck, and fastened down the hatches to prevent the mangled bodies from floating out, and then making large holes in the bottom of the ship, she was filling and sinking rapidly, when they shoved off and left her. They had not proceeded many yards, when she began to move gently from side to side, her head then suddenly sunk beneath the water, and in an instant she descended to the bottom, a tremendous whirlpool marked the spot where she went down, and a few floating bubbles rose to the surface of the sea; but all grew calm again in a moment, and the ponderous ship, with its freight of murdered carcasses, was hidden for ever from the scrutiny of man. Even the crew of the pirate's boat seemed to feel a momentary emotion on beholding a sight so sublimely terrific: Lambro started to his feet as she sank, and the men rested upon their oars; but when the last bubble had died away he resumed his

seat with a forced smile of encouragement, and they rowed onwards to the pirate-ship. Dinner was then served on board, and the crew soon drowned in noisy mirth the stings of conscience, and the recollection of crime. When the meal was finished, the booty of the Austrian was piled in heaps upon the deck for division, and an image of the Saviour was placed beside them, on which each took an oath to abide by the dictates of justice in the distribution. For some hours nothing was heard but noisy wrangling and loud dispute, but at length all was adjusted, and each bore off his share to his proper quarters. Frank had hung back during the progress of the arrangement, nor did he advance any claim to remuneration for his services. Lambro, however, threw him a silk shawl and a roll of broad cloth, and slapping him on the back, complimented him on his spirit, and said he had no doubt but, by a little perseverance and resolution, he would soon become as bold as the wildest of his lawless comrades.

A council of war was now held, and it was determined to set sail for the Island of Syra, and there to dispose of their booty. This was precisely the object which Frank had been sighing for; for, as he knew that at Syra there was always a large quantity of shipping from all parts of the Mediterranean, he had no doubt that he should be enabled to effect his escape to one of them, and, perhaps, procure a passage to Malta or to England. It was with no slight joy, therefore, that he saw the sails trimmed, and the vessel departing towards the north; he lay down on his hard bed in better spirits than he had enjoyed for months before, when he was told that the following morning he should see the town and harbour of the island for which they were steering. It was long, however, before he could compose himself to sleep; he was now alone, and those emotions which, during the day, he had been forced to suppress, he was thus enabled to give free vent to. Again his ears were ringing with the hideous screams of the butchered

Austrians, and again he marked with fixed and horror-struck eyes the awful descent of their sinking ship; and when he did give way to slumber, the same terrific scenes were haunting him in fearful dreams; he fancied himself already beneath the knives of the inhuman Greeks, and he awoke screaming for mercy: whilst his cries alarming those who lay nearest to him, collected a crowd around the corner where he was stretched, who, however, again retired, laughing heartily at his ludicrous vociferations. By day-break they had reached the entrance of the harbour of Syra, and before the sun was fully risen, they had anchored near the shore, amongst a crowd of small craft, which are constantly plying between that and the adjacent islands of the Archipelago. Immediately after breakfast, Lambro went on shore to find a merchant for his goods, accompanied by some three or four of the principal individuals of his crew. Frank now cast a wistful eye around him, to discover some

means of effecting his departure from his present associates ; but there were no large vessels near him, though one or two were anchored at some distance on the other side of the harbour. From the little boats alongside he had nothing to hope, since a change to one of them might be but a repetition of the indignities he had been suffering. He then thought of going on shore to find the British Consul, but this the vigilant eye of his comrades rendered totally impossible. He was lost in perplexity, when he saw Lambro returning accompanied by two strangers. One of them was a merchant, resident at Syra, and the other the owner of a little Italian brig which lay in the harbour. The goods of the plundered ship were now produced, and the captain assured his friends that he had brought them direct from Salonika; that he wished to go on with all haste to Zante for a cargo of currants, and that he was therefore desirous of disposing of his silks and other merchan-

dise here, in order to procure ready money to purchase the fruit which he wanted to take on board at the next port. This tale, which bore all the appearance of truth, was readily credited by the Syriot merchant, and they immediately began to treat about terms. In the mean time, the Italian, who had been speaking to one of the seamen, and looking at the ship, came up, and taking up a piece of silk, about the price of which they were disputing, declared that it could never have been brought from Salonika, as it bore his own name in one corner, and he had but seven days before disposed of it to an Austrian at Adramyti, who sailed with it the following day for Alexandria. It was in vain that Lambro persisted in his story, the Italian was positive, and could not be deceived; high words rose between them, and the affair was proceeding to blows, when the Italian looking suspiciously about him, muttered something of *pirates*. At the sound of this

word, Lambro at once gave him a thrust of his yataghan, and staggering backwards he fell headlong into the hold. The Syriot was proceeding to scream aloud for assistance, when a sailor beside him dexterously threw his shawl across his mouth, and completely silenced him, till he was carried down below and secured in the cabin. All was now hurry and confusion on board; one party was for setting sail immediately, whilst others were fool-hardy enough to persist in remaining, and making another attempt to accomplish the object for which they had touched at the island. Lambro, however, sided with the former, and orders were issued without delay to weigh and stand out to sea. This was a fearful crisis for Frank; he saw that not a moment was to be lost, and that then or never should he have an occasion of escape. He watched his opportunity, darted over the taffrail, laid hold of a rope which swung astern, and lowered himself into a boat

which lay close beneath him: no one was on board it, and he was enabled, unperceived, to hide himself beneath a pile of sheep-skins which lay in the stern-sheets. All this was done in a twinkling, whilst the corsairs were employed in the fore part of their vessel getting up their anchor; in a few moments he heard their clamour and bustle cease, their sails were rapidly spread to the wind, and as he raised his head from his place of concealment, he saw them bearing out for the mouth of the harbour, and steering again to the eastward.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A NEW FRIEND AND AN OLD ENEMY.

Upon the gale she stoop'd her side,
And bounded o'er the swelling tide,
As she were dancing home :
The merry seamen laughed to see
Their gallant ship so lustily
Furrow the green-sea foam.

SCOTT.

THE first moment that he felt himself safe, he sprung from his place of refuge, and scrambled from boat to boat till he reached the beach. Here his first enquiry was for the house of the British Consul, and having found it, he ran in breathless haste to present himself before him, and claim his protection and assistance.

Just as he reached the door, however, he began to reflect on the situation in which he stood, and the propriety of disclosing the real state of the case. In the present bronzed condition of his complexion, and the filth and raggedness of his person, it was totally improbable that the Consul should believe his story of being a midshipman in his Majesty's service; and then, how was he to account for his arrival? should he run no risk in stating that he had arrived in a ship which, in the course of a few minutes, must be known to have murdered one individual and carried off another, and whose sudden disappearance was already creating surprise throughout the town? He, however, thought of Godfrey's letter, which would at once prove his identity and establish his reputation: he put his hand in his bosom to search for it, but it was gone; and as he recollected having it whilst concealed in the boat on the shore, he determined to return with all speed and search for it there. He ran back

instantly as fast as his feet could carry him, and on coming to the beach was surprised to find the caique* crowded with men, and preparing to get under weigh. He hailed it, however, and a boat was sent off to inquire his business. The young man who owned it, perceiving by his accent that he was not a Greek, asked him whence he came, and on his replying that he was an Englishman, his interrogator immediately addressed him in his own language. To Frank's ear, the sweetest music never sounded half so delicious as those long-looked-for accents, though spoken by a Greek. He had not for months heard one single word of English, and he felt ready to jump into the arms of the man who had spoken to him. He immediately told him his story; that he had been left desolate at Syra by a vessel which had just sailed away without him, and that he feared that in crossing his caique to come ashore in the morning, he had dropped a paper which was

* Caique, a sort of boat peculiar to the Levant.

of the utmost consequence to him, and he only requested permission to return and search for it. This was a favour easily granted; he stepped on board, and in a moment recovered his lost treasure, wrapped, as it was, in a piece of dirty cloth, which was the only envelope he could find to preserve it from chafing in his bosom. He was again returning with many thanks, when the kind-hearted boatman asked him where he meant to go for assistance, or what his object was in returning. He replied, that he had no particular destination; that he wished to find a vessel for England, and would be perfectly willing to work his passage home, should any captain be found good enough to receive him on board his ship. The Greek replied, that he and his companions belonged to the Island of Milo, whither they were now setting sail; that it was a spot inhabited solely by pilots, whose occupation it was to conduct strange vessels through the mazes of the Archipelago; and that, if he chose to come with them, he would

be certain in a very few days to find some vessel returning from Smyrna, which would take him to England. Poor Frank embraced his proposal with alacrity, and, without a moment's hesitation, took his seat by him in the caique; the sail was then hoisted, his new friend, whose name was Micheli, took the helm, and in the course of an hour from his leaving the deck of the pirate, he was safe on board a friendly boat and sailing for Milo. As they got out to sea, Lambro's vessel was still visible in the distance; but none of those who were around him asked him any question as to her destination, and the cause of her sudden departure, and he, of course, conceived it most prudent to make no voluntary communications, though his own heart was forming wild conjectures as to what was passing on board her, where he was almost certain that a fresh murder was adding to the enormities of yesterday, and still no disclosures of his could prevent its perpetration, as there were no ships of war at

hand to follow and bring her back. On board of the caique he was treated with kindness and attention; Micheli shared with him his own provisions, and at night he laid down his cloak in the bottom of the boat for him to sleep on. About sunset the following evening they reached Milo, and, entering its sheltry harbour, came to anchor at the usual landing-place. Here Frank went on shore with his companions, and a walk of about two hours brought him to the residence of the British Consul in the Upper Town. To him he told his story, without alteration or concealment; and nothing could exceed the old gentleman's amazement, when he listened to the account of his miraculous preservation from the loss of the Syren. He immediately took him into his own house, furnished him with fresh linen and new clothes, and promised to supply all his wants till the arrival of a vessel, which he expected in a very few days.

Frank now felt happier than he had been for

a long, long time before ; he was amongst those who, though poor themselves, were disposed to befriend him, and he had the prospect of a speedy return to his home and his family : he had long since repented of his disobedience, and his every action for some time past had been an effort to return to the path of duty, and make amends by future good conduct for former follies. He felt happy, because his conscience was not upbraiding him ; and convinced that, in his present course of proceeding, he was capable of ten times greater energy for the accomplishment of a virtuous object, than he had ever yet exerted to attain a culpable one. The steep and conical cliff on which the town of Milo is built commands an extensive prospect of all the islands around it, and the sea for many miles distant. Here Frank would sit from morning till night to watch the approach of the vessels which were continually passing and repassing ; but ah ! how different were his feelings now, from the time when he sat by the

shores of the Isle of Wight to mark the progress of the many sails that skimmed the British Channel, and imbibed those tastes and those predilections, which had been the cause of all his after years of misery. Day after day, however, elapsed, and still the expected ship had not arrived; and as she was merely to touch at the island, put ashore her pilot, and sail again towards home, it required the utmost vigilance to observe that she did not pass during the night, by which means Frank might miss her altogether.

At length, one morning, the Consul came to awake him, and say that she had just made her appearance in the offing. He sprang instantly from his bed, hurried on his clothes, and having swallowed a hasty meal, bade farewell to his kind hostess and her family, and accompanied the old gentleman in his boat to the entrance of the harbour.

The vessel was called the Pacific, and her captain, whose name was Edwards, was re-

turning from Turkey to Sicily, from which place he was finally to sail for London. The Consul went on board to speak with him about Frank, but he positively refused to take him on board as a passenger, unless the money to be paid for him was either secured or deposited by his friend. The poor old man was, however, totally unable to do either; and at length, after considerable delay, he obtained, with difficulty, permission for Frank to come on board on the terms of his working his passage homeward as a cabin-boy. A few months before, such a proposition would have been considered by him most degrading; but he had been now so far subdued by misfortunes, as to be glad to accede to any terms, provided their result was only to restore him to his friends. He mounted the side, shook the Consul affectionately by the hand as he departed, and prepared to enter on the duties of his office. He stood, however, on the deck for some time, without any one taking the slightest notice of

him, as Edwards was drinking below in the cabin, and the mate had turned-in to take his sleep, his watch having interfered with it during the night. Frank went back to the after part of the ship, and leaned over the taffrail in ecstasy; he was going *homewards*, his very heart was bursting with delight, and he scarcely knew whether to weep or to laugh with the excess of joy: as he watched the waves dancing away behind him, he felt delighted that he was bidding them a last farewell, and already he was forming sweet dreams of his return and his reception. He was convinced in his own mind that Emily was now quite well, at least, he could not permit himself to fancy her dead; for this he felt would destroy one-half the pleasures he was anticipating; he was tracing back in remembrance all the varied occurrences of the last two years, his late scenes of murder with the pirates, his shipwreck, the sea-fight on board the *Syren*, and his voyage from England. Every circumstance, as he drew nearer to the period of his leaving home, ap-

peared more delightful than the rest; and he recalled with rapture his feelings when he sailed at the regatta on board the beautiful *Ariel*, with his uncle and his friends; of home, no impression was without absolute enchantment; school, with all its privations, was a paradise; every trifling adventure of his early days and with his boyish companions, was more dear to his memory than all the later exploits he had witnessed; he had even brought himself to feel that he could forgive the rough, unmanly wretch who had beaten him when a child, and flung him into the river at Elm Grove, when his meditations were interrupted by a rude blow on the shoulder, and a voice behind him exclaiming, "Come, my youngster, no loitering here! off to the cook, and take his orders for dinner." He turned his head immediately, and was petrified with astonishment on seeing before him that identical Harvey of whom he was thinking, and who had treated him so inhumanly so long before.

He was himself so altered both by time and suffering, that Harvey did not recognize him. The latter had served out his apprenticeship, and was at present first-mate on board the Pacific, so that Frank was of course completely within his power in almost every respect. Frank's first emotion on seeing him was surprise—he had long forgiven him for his cruelty, and he now held out both his hands to assure him of the pleasure he had at meeting with him so unexpectedly. Harvey drew back with a look of suspicion, and asked him, with an oath, who he was that claimed acquaintance with him. “And is it possible,” replied Frank, “that you do not remember Frank Hartwell, with whom you used to play so often, and sail the little canoe on the river at Elm Grove?” For an instant he was incredulous, but then recollecting his features, he replied, “Ay, well I do remember the young spiteful urchin who lodged a complaint with my owners, and had me kept to hard labour and harder

knocks for a long half year. And you have been playing the vagabond, my younker, have you, and got yourself into hot water, I suppose : run off from mamma, no doubt. Very well, my young gentleman, you need not thank the wind that blew you under my orders, for I shall now take special care to have ample revenge for all the mischief you have caused me ; and trust me, before we reach England, you shall dearly rue the hour your friends wrote to lodge a charge with his masters against Jack Harvey, for sousing you in a ditch." So saying, he caught him by the collar, and flung him half way up the deck, cursing him at the same time to go get the cook's direction as to what he was to do in preparing the table for the cabin-dinner ; there was here again no room for refusing, and Frank obeyed, half grumbling and half indignant, at the brutality of this petty tyrant.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TYRANNICAL CAPTAIN.—MISERIES OF A
MERCHANTMAN.—CRUELTY.

No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
No temperance, nor no regard for season,
Did thenceforth enter in his mind;
But cruelty, the sign of currish kind,
And 'sdainful pride, and wilful arrogaunce,
Such follows those whom fortune doth advance.

SPENSER.

EDWARDS, the commander of the Pacific, was a man of vulgar mind and debauched habits: on shore or in port he was all activity and attention to the orders of his owners, nor did he at any time neglect their interests; but at sea he was an absolute beast in his habits;

scarcely ever moving from his cabin, where his meat was brought to him, and leaving to his second in command the exclusive conduct of the vessel and management of the crew; from morn till eve the pipe was never seen from his hand, nor the bottle from his table, and tobacco and brandy occupied every moment of his time, and almost every consideration of his mind. By his crew he was at once hated and despised; towards them the tyranny of Harvey, who was his deputy in every affair, was galling beyond endurance; and their appeals or complaints of him to Edwards were either unheard, or unattended to. The whole of the ship's company was by this means split into two factions, one consisting of the captain, the cook, and the mate, and another of the remainder of the hands. With the latter Frank soon became an especial favourite; he was so manly and spirited by nature, and then so mild and uncomplaining, under all the cruelties and privations to which he was subjected, that every

one at once admired and pitied him. But unfortunately no interference of theirs could protect him from insult and ill usage; and their sympathy, when observed by Harvey, only served to aggravate his malice, and increase his brutality towards the unresisting and helpless boy. The cook, who readily chimed in with the wishes of the mate, was most ingenious in tormenting him, and had unluckily the best opportunities of doing so. If any thing belonging to the cabin went astray, it was Frank who was always in fault; when any thing was broken, it was he who did it. Was the dinner ill-dressed, or the table unprepared, each was alike laid to the charge of the cabin-boy, and in his own person he expiated all the crimes of his tormentors. Harvey, on his part, was always sure to call him away at the moment when he was preparing some matter for Edwards, so that he had an opportunity of blaming him with inattention and idleness; nor did he ever let pass an occasion of prejudicing

the sottish and stupid captain against the unfriended lad, whose defence was either unlistened to or unbelieved. From sunrise to sunset he was constantly employed in running from one quarter of the ship to another on the business of Edwards or his mate, and his hands were never free from the most servile and disgusting offices in attending on them. Even during the night, the few moments sleep which he was enabled to enjoy were wantonly disturbed by their calling him to perform the most trifling matters, which would have cost themselves neither exertion nor annoyance.

In this perpetual round of misery he existed till the arrival of the *Pacific* at Alicata, on the southern coast of Sicily, where she was to be detained for some weeks in taking in a cargo of sulphur. One day, whilst waiting here, a ship arrived on the same errand from Malta, and brought intelligence of the capture of Lambro Panagiottis and his crew. The Syriot merchant had contrived to make his escape, and

give notice of the atrocities committed on board to a British sloop of war, by whom she was finally captured. One of the men, the same who had wounded Frank in his first engagement on board the *Syren*, and afterwards forced him, on the day of his preservation from drowning, to ply his oar, had turned King's evidence, and informed against his companions. He had stated all the barbarous circumstances of the slaughter of the Austrians, and confirmed the merchant's story of the subsequent murder of the Italian skipper by Lambro. They had all been committed to prison by the Governor of Malta, and on the day that the vessel sailed which brought the intelligence, it was expected that Panagiottis, and the chief ringleaders of the expedition, would suffer death on the ramparts of the fortress. An involuntary horror took possession of Frank's mind as he listened to this terrific account, since he could not avoid feeling in some degree interested for the fate of those with whom he had been so long associated, and who, though cruel

to others, had been, on many occasions, kindly disposed towards him ; and, added to this, had been the means of rescuing him from inevitable destruction on the evening when they picked him up from the wreck of the *Syren*. He felt grateful, too, to Heaven for his escape from their detested ship, since, had he been taken in their company, he might have run the same risk of a violent death with themselves ; as he had no means of proving his innocence, should the same miscreant, who betrayed his companions, have chosen to implicate him in their guilt.

It was thus, from every circumstance, he was now beginning to derive happiness in the consciousness of his being in pursuit of his duty ; nor did this cheering satisfaction once desert him, although, during the stay of the *Pacific* at Sicily, every day brought fresh aggravations to his misery. In fact, illness now began to be added to his other annoyances ; he was obliged to be almost constantly employed in assisting to stow

the cargo, and as the large square blocks of sulphur were cast, one by one, into the hold, a cloud of fine dust rose from each as it broke in the descent, which covered every object, and penetrated even the finest crevices. This powder was from hour to hour getting into poor Frank's eyes, where its irritating qualities produced an inflammation, which almost deprived him of sight. Yet, during all this weakness, Harvey relaxed nothing of his persecutions; and ill and feeble as he was, Frank was ordered about with as much unfeeling rudeness as before, till at last, between daily exhaustion and nightly want of rest, he was so far reduced as to be unable to leave the miserable pallet on which he lay; and as this was stretched in a narrow berth in the cabin, it was impossible for any of his friends amongst the sailors to render him either consolation or assistance.

The labour of taking on board the cargo was at last completed, and the Pacific sailed from Alicata. Frank was still weak, and un-

able to undertake his former duties, but this was no plea for his exemption. The moment he left his bed, (and the taunts of his cruel companion made him do so sooner than he ought,) he was ordered to resume his accustomed offices, and from morning till evening his limbs were aching with forced and severe exertion; but even this would have been bearable, had it been rewarded with kind treatment, or moderately gentle words.

In the course of about a fortnight, the *Pacific* passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and in ten days more, by an unusually favourable wind, she reached the northern cape of Spain and the Bay of Biscay. A circumstance here occurred, which, as it was the last of Frank's trials, I shall not omit to mention. The day before entering the British Channel, Harvey had had a dispute with one of the seamen upon deck, and after some most abusive language, had proceeded so far as even to strike the man. This, however, was an indignity to which he would not tamely submit;

he had resolution enough to curb his passion, and refrain from returning the blow ; but walking down to the captain, he insisted on having his charge heard, and his complaint of the unwarrantable conduct of the mate redressed. The injured person happened on this occasion to be one of the most esteemed and valuable of the hands on board ; and Edwards, though sluggish and besotted on other occasions, was now forced to listen to him, and inquire into the cause of the dispute. Harvey, confident in the partiality of the captain, attempted a frivolous excuse, but when he found the matter was taken up more seriously than he had anticipated, he called down Frank, who had been the only witness to the transaction, to prove his innocence, and support him in his denial of the charge. Frank, however, was too manly to tell a falsehood, even had it been to exculpate himself, much less to injure a suffering friend, and he boldly, but modestly, declared the real state of the case, which, of course, militated strongly

against the mate, who received, as he merited, a severe reprimand.

Harvey's wrath was now at its full height, but for some hours he had no means of giving vent to his exasperation; at length, however, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night, the captain retired to rest in his state-room, and the mate took his watch upon deck. Still boiling with rage, he sent for Frank, and cursing him for a sneaking wretch, demanded, with a tone and an expression like a fiend, how he dared to assert such falsehoods, as he had that evening reported to the captain. The mild reply of the trembling lad served only to add fresh fuel to his anger, and, after giving utterance to his passion, in a volley of disgusting oaths, he ordered him to go aloft to the fore-top-gallant-yard, and there to remain till he gave him permission to come down again upon deck.*

Winter was now fast approaching, and the

* A mode of punishment sometimes resorted to at sea.

night was cheerless and bitterly cold: poor Frank had, however, no alternative, and no appeal. He ascended the rigging with the firmness of a martyr, and took his place, as directed, on the lofty yard; the wind was blowing pretty fresh, and he was not granted even the favour of clinging to the lea-side of the sail, which would have afforded him a partial shelter from the cold biting air. The ship was rolling about from side to side, and at every inclination of the mast it required his utmost strength to keep his hold, and prevent himself from being pitched into the sea, which was rolling far beneath him. All around was as black as midnight; occasionally he could descry the lights hung out by the vessels, which were now beginning to appear in numbers at the entrance of the British Channel, but, with that exception, no object met his eye, save the broad expanse of the foaming sea, and the pitchy darkness of the starless sky. In this terrific situation he remained for nearly six

hours, till day-light was slowly beginning to dawn. At another time, this cruel punishment would have been almost unsupportable, but Frank bore up, under it all, with resolution, for his heart was swelling with the assurance that, on the following morning, he should see once more the shores of England.

It was nearly six o'clock when Edwards turned out of bed; as they were now drawing near to land, he was forced to be active, to arrange his accounts for his owners' inspection, and to keep a sharp look out upon deck, as the crowd of vessels which hurried past the Pacific was becoming every hour more and more numerous. He called, as usual, for Frank to get up and put the cabin in order, but no voice answered him; he repeated the summons after a short interval, but still there was no reply; he then hurried on his clothes, and proceeded with anger in his looks to awaken the lazy urchin, who, he fancied, was too far overcome by sleep to hear his call; but he was surprised to find his bed untouched,

and Frank himself absent. He ran up on deck, and shouted aloud for the "boy" to come to him, and after repeated calls, he heard a feeble voice replying from the shrouds above. He fancied that he had only gone up for a few minutes to catch, if possible, the first distant glimpse of land, and as it was now a slight shower, he conjectured that he could not have been long aloft; when, however, he saw the poor little fellow come down upon deck, drenched to the skin, and dripping with the rain, his face purple, his eyes bloodshot with the cold, and his hands swollen and powerless, he asked, in astonishment, what he had been doing so long aloft. Frank calmly replied, that he had been placed there by Harvey, with orders not to come down without his express permission; and the captain at once saw the inhuman means which the vindictive spirit of the mate had devised in order to retaliate on the unoffending boy for daring to speak the truth.

Edwards was not, in reality, a hard-hearted

man, though his sottish and sensual habits made him often incapable of preventing mischief and injustice, which he would not himself have committed. He immediately desired the revengeful wretch to be summoned on deck; and on his appearance, demanded an explanation of his motives for such wanton barbarity. Harvey started on looking at Frank, but it was in vain to attempt denying the charge, or offering any palliation; he could only urge in his defence, that he had meant to keep him there but for a short time, and designed to have called him down before his own watch on deck was terminated, but that he had forgotten to do so, and the poor lad had, in consequence, been obliged to remain till the captain found him. Edwards sternly reproved him for his unfeeling conduct, and told him to prepare, on coming into port, to leave the Pacific, and find himself a situation in another ship, as he could not think of keeping in his vessel a man so totally divested of all feelings of humanity;

and turning to Frank, he took him down below, where he gave him some warm tea for breakfast, and ordered him to lie down in bed till his benumbed limbs should recover their usual elasticity and warmth.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FIRST LAND.—AN UNEXPECTED
FRIEND.—HOME.

How welcome from the dizzy mast—
The watchful seaman's stand—
Sounds o'er the billow and the blast
The joyful cry of "Land,"
Which, veiled within a misty shroud,
Lifts o'er the waves its peak of cloud.

Ah! who but he, whose weary eye
Hath long been doomed to dwell
Upon the waste of sea and sky,
The raptured throb can tell,
The boundless burst of joy that fills
The heart that hails earth's distant hills.

At once upon the gaze they come,
With mingled smiles and tears;
With beauteous visions of our home,
And days of other years—
Reflected from the past that throw
Around their heads a sunset glow.

J. MALCOLM.

FRANK slept soundly till about mid-day,
when he was awakened by an unusual motion

of the ship, and the frequent trampling of the men upon deck; he rose and dressed himself, and hastening above, saw all hands employed in taking in sail; the wind had increased to a hurricane, and the Pacific was driving before it at a tremendous rate; the sky all around was dark, cloudy, and tempest-like; the vessels in sight were all scudding along under a very slight press of sail; the captain dreaded the approach of a gale, and he was making all ready for bad weather.

In addition to this gloomy prospect, he found, on consulting the log-book,* that the account had been so incorrectly kept by Harvey, that he could not readily tell the exact distance he was from shore, though he knew that he must now be very near the coast of England, and the wind was blowing him directly towards it. In this dilemma, he dreaded

* Log-book; a journal kept at sea of the daily progress and rate of sailing of the vessel.

the approach of night, lest, during the darkness, he might unawares drive upon some rock or headland, where the vessel would inevitably be lost; and his only resource was to endeavour to come close to a passing ship, and enquire of her his exact situation, which would enable him to run for the nearest port in case of a stress of weather compelling him to seek a refuge from its fury. The wind, in the meantime, was every moment growing more tempestuous, and the sea becoming gradually billowy and disturbed, till its giant waves, as they rolled towards the Pacific, seemed ready to burst upon her stern, and sink her in an instant to the bottom. Every inch of canvass was furled, except one stay-sail, which was necessary to render her obedient to the helm, and keep her head before the wind, as she lay almost motionless in the sea, whose snowy waves were every moment bursting across her. The noise of the storm, as it rushed through

her rigging, was so deafening, that the men could with difficulty hear their own voices; and, as the yeasty waters rose in turbulent billows over the deep, the force of the blast blew their foaming crests before it, till the whole ocean was so white, that it seemed formed of moving snow.

Evening was now drawing on, and every hour Edwards's perplexity was increasing; he saw occasionally some few scudding ships, but all so distant that it was impossible to hail them, and induce them to draw near to the Pacific, or leave their own course. He was afraid to run for land, lest he should come upon some point which afforded no security, and he saw no other alternative than to "lie to" all night where he was, and await the morning's dawn. The sun at last went down, but the sky was too densely clouded to permit them to mark his declining course; and they only knew that he

had set, when they saw thick darkness close in around them. All hands were ordered to keep a sharp look-out upon deck; lights were hung at the mast-head, to prevent other ships from running foul of them during the night; the deadlights* were put up in the cabin-windows, and every necessary precaution being taken, the crew prepared to await with fearful patience the approach of day. Frank never once retired to rest; he was sick with disappointment, and perhaps, too, in some degree, with fear; for he saw anxiety painted on the countenances of those around him. But still that buoyant hope, which had all along supported him, kept up his spirits, and during the entire night he never once left the side of Edwards, or complained of his cold or sufferings. About midnight the storm began to

* Deadlights. Large pieces of wood made to fit into the cabin windows, and prevent the sea from bursting through them during a storm.

abate a little, and there were some hopes of its final cessation, but before an hour had elapsed, it returned with double fury. Edwards now began to be alarmed, lest the cargo, which was rolling about from side to side, at every plunge the vessel made into the sea, should start a plank or spring a leak, in which case the usual remedies would be unavailing, as the water would unite with the crumbled sulphur, and choke up the pumps. It was with no small satisfaction therefore, that he saw the first glow of light brightening the east, and by and by, as day slowly broke, he descried a number of vessels, like himself, *lying to*. It was nearly noon ere he was enabled to come close by one of these; she proved to be a Prussian, but, unfortunately, the wind was too boisterous to permit the voice of Edwards to be heard; he, however, chalked upon a board the question which he wanted to put to them, and hung it over the side.

Soon afterwards the stranger displayed a reply, in the same manner, containing the bearings and distance of the nearest headland, from which the captain of the *Pacific* understood that he was then within about fifty miles of the Isle of Wight : he shaped his course accordingly, and before evening, as he ran along towards the east, he descried through the mist and clouds the steep cliff of Portland Bill, and the rugged coast of Corfe Castle. Frank's delight was now almost perfect : he had seen the hills of his own dear home, and he knew that in a few hours more he should again place his foot upon the shores of his long-wished-for England : he stood gazing over the side till towards evening, when he caught the first glimpse of the summit of the Isle of Wight, and when this was obscured by darkness, he still continued to watch in rapturous abstraction the floating beacon which marked the western entrance to the harbour of Portsmouth.

The wind now partially subsided, and a quick passage during the night brought them the following day to Dungeness, where they took on board a pilot, and proceeded to the Downs. Here the captain got on board some fresh provisions and bread—it was the first that Frank had tasted for nearly a year, and to him, the most delicious luxury had never borne the same enchanting flavour, as the sweet butter and soft white bread of England. They now got on rapidly, and the following morning, after lying-to all night to catch the tide, they rounded the North Foreland, and came to anchor off the town of Sheerness, in order to have the ship's papers examined, and obtain permission to proceed up the Thames to London, which they reached on the evening of the succeeding day.

On coming to the Downs, Edwards had sent off a notice of his arrival to the merchants who owned the *Pacific*, and as she was slowly working up the river, a boat came off to them at Gravesend, on board of which was one of the pro-

prietors of the ship. He was a good-natured, lively old gentleman, whose every look and word bespoke kindness and good-humour. The tones of his voice seemed somehow or other familiar to Frank's ear, though he could not recollect where he had heard them; and as he bustled about the cabin, he every moment remarked the similarity of his looks to some one whom he had seen before. The old gentleman, too, seemed struck with the appearance of the cabin-boy; he was so neat in his person, and so respectful and polite in his manner, that he at length asked Edwards where he had met with him. He replied, that he had come on board at one of the islands in the Mediterranean, but how he got there, he had never asked him: "he was a quiet, well-disposed lad," he said, "and had been, during the whole voyage, peculiarly attentive to his business." This explanation was not altogether satisfactory: he felt some secret impulse inclining him to like the lad, and Frank, on his part, was

unaccountably attached to him. At length, as he sat at dinner, the old gentleman asked him some unimportant questions about himself, which he answered as briefly as possible. He still laboured, in fact, under the unsubdued consciousness of all his errors, and he felt his cheek glow with a blush of shame, as often as he was spoken to on his late adventures; for he imagined that every one knew as well as himself how very disobedient he had been, and would despise him for it: nor did he make any display of his being by birth a gentleman, since his present menial occupation was at once a disgrace to his friends, and a convincing demonstration of the folly he must have been guilty of to bring him to such a situation.

The stranger, under these circumstances, was unable, without questioning him directly, to find out the particulars of his story, and he at once perceived that he was shy in speaking of the matter at all; he was, therefore, giving over the subject, when he chanced to ask

him, whether he had any brothers: "No," replied Frank. "Then, perhaps," said his interrogator, "it was yourself with whom I once came in the mail-coach from Southampton to Elm Grove?"

As sudden as lightning Frank now recollected the features of his former travelling companion, and the remembrance was so fraught with his associations of home and his mother, and the delight he had been in when they had last met, that he flew to him, and clasped his hand, exclaiming, "Oh, yes, Sir, I do now well remember you, and it was I, indeed, whom you speak of; but ah, Sir, I have been very disobedient and very unhappy since I saw you then."

"But how does it come," said the merchant, "that I find you in such a situation on board the Pacific, when you were then comfortable, and apparently under the charge of wealthy guardians?"—"It is a long story, Sir," said Frank, "and to me a very painful one; but when dinner is removed, I shall tell it all to

you." Edwards had never paid so much attention to the boy's manner before, but he now saw that there was something about him more than he had yet observed; he was astonished, too, to see his employer take so much interest in him, and for the first time he invited him to take a seat at the table beside him, and let them hear his adventures immediately. He complied without hesitation, and began; he recounted all the affairs of the regatta, his wilful and continued opposition to his mother's wishes on his return to Elm Grove, and his final appointment to the Syren. At this word the old gentleman started round, and exclaimed, "The Syren, my lad! and pray when or where did you leave her?"—"Not till she sunk in the waters of the Mediterranean," said Frank, with a shudder. "And did you then know Charles Godfrey?" continued the old man with hurried eagerness. "Indeed I did!" replied Frank, whilst the tears started into his eyes; "he was the dearest, and almost the only friend I had

on board, and I lived to see him perish with the wreck of our vessel."—"Then it is you," rejoined Mr. Godfrey, with the same earnestness, "who have been so often mentioned in my poor nephew's letters to his mamma and myself. Pray, Sir, is not your name Hartwell?" Frank replied in the affirmative, whilst he could scarcely speak from the effects of sorrow and surprise; "And I have at present on board," said he "the last letter which poor Charles was writing, almost at the moment when the Syren sunk, addressed, too, to his mother." He ran instantly and produced the paper, covered as it was with the cloth which he had wrapped round it in the pirates' island; Mr. Godfrey looked at it for a moment in silence, and then bursting into tears, wrung affectionately the hand of Frank, who had so long and so carefully preserved it. He then desired him to continue his tale, which he accordingly did. He recounted every item of his preservation, his adventures with Panagiottis, and his companions, his escape, and

his subsequent arrival on board the vessel where he now found him. Mr. Godfrey listened to it all with the deepest attention, and as the vessel had come pretty nigh London by the time he had concluded, he desired Frank to get together all his clothes, and prepare to come on shore with him. This it did not require very long to do, and in the course of another hour he had bade adieu to Edwards and the Pacific, and was seated in a carriage, and rolling along to the house of Mr. Godfrey, in one of the squares at the west end of London.

CHAPTER XXI.

GOOD NEWS.—A MOTHER'S GRIEF.—THE
RETURN.

On thy calm joys with what delight I dream,
Thou dear green valley of my native stream ;
Fancy o'er thee still waves th' enchanting wand,
And every nook of thine is fairy land.

BLOOMFIELD.

THE first thing which Frank did on his arrival was to write to his mother, informing her of his being still living, and at that moment with his kind friend in London. Mrs. Hartwell was sitting alone and melancholy in the little parlour of the Rectory, when this precious letter was brought to her by the post-boy: twelve months before she would

have started in rapture at the sound of his knock, but now she had nothing to hope for; she took the letter carelessly from the hand of the old faithful servant who presented it, and she fancied it might be from Mr. Avonmore on the business of her house, or some other matters connected with the village. She opened the seal, after glancing at the address, which was in a hand-writing she was not familiar with, (Mr. Godfrey's;) she could scarcely believe her eyes, when she saw it commence with "My dearest mother," but when she turned over the page, and there found the real signature of "her affectionate son, *Frank Hartwell*," she almost fainted with surprise and ecstasy. A recovery from the very grave could not be more astonishing or unexpected, for she had long mourned him as dead; nor had she for an instant encouraged the idea that he might, by any possibility, have escaped; which, indeed, the fact of her having never since heard from him, would

have amply contradicted, had she even supposed the thing possible. For some time she did not know how to act; she could not read the letter, she was absolutely bewildered and frantic between joy and amazement; she rang the bell violently, and as old William entered the room, he thought her almost beside herself, when she told him, in a voice scarcely articulate between weeping and ecstasy, that the letter in her hand came from Frank, her dear and long-lost child, whom she had supposed to be buried in the deep. He entreated her to read it, but she could not; she looked at a few lines, and then left off again, to weep and rejoice in the same breath. William requested her permission to take it up, which he did, and read the whole aloud; there could now be no doubt about the matter; he was absolutely alive; he was in London, he would be home in a day. The wealth of worlds, and the happiness of an age, could not be an equivalent for that delight, the en-

chantment of that single moment. William immediately rushed out to tell his fellow-servants and the village of the glad news, whilst Mrs. Hartwell sat down to read again and again, and to kiss the dear letter which had made her so happy. She would that night have set off for London, but that Frank in his haste had omitted to date from the residence of Mr. Godfrey ; and she was forced, therefore, to remain at home, and await his arrival, which would be on the evening of the next day but one. But ah ! when the first burst of pleasure had subsided, her thoughts recurred to one other subject, which lay equally near to her heart, but from which she could never hope to derive any pleasure. Poor Frank would have no kind sister to welcome his return. Emily, her kind, affectionate Emily, was no more.

She was sitting on the sofa in a delirium of mingled happiness and pain, when all at once she saw several persons approaching the door ; it was

a party of her friends in the village, whom William had been to inform of Master Frank's arrival in England, and who were now coming in breathless haste to learn if it *could* be true, and to congratulate the delighted widow on the recovery of her son. They came into the room in a body, and again and again the welcome letter was read aloud for their information. At every fresh perusal they discovered some important item which had before escaped their notice; and as Frank had deferred all particulars of his adventures till he should arrive to recount them in person, each was dying with friendly curiosity to see him, and to hear from his own lips the circumstance of his miraculous story. It was nearly midnight ere they had all dispersed, and then Mrs. Hartwell retired to rest, but not to sleep. She never closed her eyes till the sun had fairly risen, and then she got up to walk about the garden, and sigh, and smile, and weep alternately, and anticipate

the arrival of her son. All day she was employed in satisfying the curious enquiries of a hundred friends, and in showing Frank's letter to all his old school-fellows, who came in breathless haste to read it, and then flew off, shouting and screaming with delight, to tell the glad news to their joyful companions.

In London a different scene was going on : it required more precaution to disclose to Mrs. Godfrey the intelligence of Frank Hartwell's arrival in England; but this the kind old gentleman undertook to do; he went himself with Charles's letter to the house of his mother, and with all the delicacy possible, he placed it in her hand; it was absolutely written but a moment before his death, and it mentioned the approach of the very storm in which he, an instant after, perished; it was a melancholy, but precious memorial of his fate, and a thousand times did his sorrowing mother press it fondly to her lips.

Mr. Godfrey then informed her of her son's kind companion being at home with him, and induced her to come off immediately, along with him, to see Frank. On the way, they called for Charles's sister at the school where she resided, and all three returned to his house together. It was a mournful interview, its only object being on one hand to listen to a tale of despair, and on the other to relate a story replete with horrid reminiscences. Frank dwelt much on the happier hours of poor Charles's life on board, and touched but slightly on the hideous circumstances of his death. He recounted all he could remember of his habits, his words, and his conversation of home and his mother, and to all the afflicted widow listened with a bursting heart, but with the most resigned composure. She finally took her leave, with a request that Frank, should he again come to London, would not fail to visit her; and an assurance, that as the friend of her son, she would ever feel for him the affection and interest of a parent.

The important day at last arrived for Frank to leave London, and return to his mother and his home: Mr. Godfrey saw him to the mail, which started for Southampton late in the afternoon, and was to pass through Elm Grove on the succeeding evening; he shook him affectionately by the hand, and Frank having bade him farewell, and promised to write to him immediately on his arrival, the coach rolled away, and he threw himself back in his seat to muse upon his own happy situation, and form bright anticipations of the joy which awaited him on the morrow. In spite, however, of the activity of his mind, and the noise of the coach, he shortly after fell asleep, nor did he awake till nearly breakfast time on the following morning.

It was a bright, sunshiny, beautiful day in the latter end of autumn, the mellow-leaves still hung in thick clusters on the trees, and the merry birds were singing and flitting through the branches; all was light and gay, and in unison with the feelings of Frank's heart. He

rolled on rapidly from town to town, and through one village after another, till at last, about four o'clock, he reached within five or six miles of Elm Grove. Here he was familiar with every house; every tree and rock was an old acquaintance, and he sat in rapture, renewing every instant some fond and dear association.

As it drew near the time when the mail was expected to arrive, Mrs. Hartwell's anxiety became intolerable: some attentive friends had spent the day with her, and a number of Frank's early comrades, the same who had bade him farewell on the eve of his departure, were invited to welcome his return. At last, a merry peal from the village bells announced that the coach had reached the top of the hill which overlooks Elm Grove. Mrs. Hartwell flew to the window and saw it rapidly approaching; her feelings now completely overcame her, she thought at one moment of her darling son, and on the next of

the dust that lay in the village church-yard; of those hearts that would once have beat high with rapture as her own, of the eyes that would have sparkled to welcome her returning child, but which now lay cold and sealed in death: the gladsome bells rang out their cheerful peal above them, but ah! those bosoms, that would have swelled with transport at their tones, were now insensible to the gladsome, happy, sounds.

In the next instant she heard the voices of Frank's companions, as they came running up the avenue, and, as she looked to the window, she saw her son himself advancing with smiles to meet her, whilst his delighted playmates were clinging around him, and again and again shaking his outstretched hand. In a few moments all the past sorrow was forgotten; Frank was seated on the sofa in the parlour beside his mother, the room was crowded with his friends, and after a thousand kind enquiries and solicitations, he promised in the evening

to gratify all their curiosity, and tell them the tale of his escape from the Syren, and his voyage to England. Immediately on his entrance he had missed Emily, and the dreadful conviction of her death flashed at once upon him. Mrs. Hartwell traced in his countenance the emotions of his mind, but she did not advert in any degree to their cause: Frank asked no questions, but seated himself by his mother, and for some moments they were both silent, and each was conscious of the thoughts which occupied the bosom of the other. Their reflections were, however, quickly interrupted by the eagerness of Frank's companions to hear him recount his travels. After tea, he seated himself by the fire-side, whilst his friends formed a circle around him; his story commenced, almost as I have told it, with his departure from Elm Grove, and concluded with his arrival in England. Often during the recital he was interrupted by interrogatories of curiosity, and exclamations of horror and