

Tell me, for he anxiously wished me to inquire of you, whether Helen Henry is yet unmarried."

"It is Earnest! it is Earnest himself!" exclaimed the maiden, as she started from the widow's bed. In a moment after, she was locked in his arms. But why dwell on a scene which I feel myself unfitted to describe?

It was ill before evening with old Eachen Macinla. The fatigues of the present day, and the grief and horror of the previous night, had prostrated his energies, bodily and mental; and he now lay tossing, in a waste apartment of the storehouse, in the delirium of a fever. The bodies of his two sons occupied the floor below. He muttered unceasingly, in his ravings, of William and Earnest Beth. They were standing beside him, he said; and every time he attempted to pray for his poor boys and himself the stern old man laid his cold swollen hand on his lips.

"Why trouble me?" he exclaimed. "Why stare with your white dead eyes on me? Away, old man; the little black shells are sticking in your gray hairs; away to your place! Was it I who raised the wind on the sea? — was it I? — was it I? Uh, u! — no — no; you were asleep, — you were fast asleep, — and could not see me cut the *swing*; and, besides, it was only a piece of rope. Keep away; touch me not; I am a free man, and will plead for my life. Please your honor, I did not murder these two men; I only cut the rope that fastened their boat to the land. Ha! ha! ha! he has ordered them away, and they have both left me unskaited." At this moment Earnest Beth entered the apartment, and approached the bed. The miserable old man raised himself on his elbow, and, regarding him with a horrid stare, shrieked out, "Here is Earnest Beth, come for me a second time!" and, sinking back on the pillow, instantly expired.