

scent on the English colonies, and to sweep the coast from New Hampshire to Carolina.

On his arrival in France, he was confined in a small hole or dungeon for two years, without being permitted to see any one other than the person who fed him with his victuals through a grate. At the expiration of this time, a gentleman who had noticed these daily supplies had the curiosity to inquire who the prisoner was, and to speak to him, and offer his services. Mr. Nelson desired no other favor than the transmission of a letter from him to his friends in England; in consequence of which, a demand was soon after made for his exchange or release. He was then considered as a person of some importance, and was taken from his dungeon, and sent to the Bastille; where he remained until shortly before the termination of the war by the Peace of Ryswick, when he was allowed to go to England on his parole, and on security being given by a French gentleman (tradition says in the penal sum of twenty thousand pounds) for his return. Soon after this peace was concluded; and, the circumstances of his situation and conduct having excited some attention, he was questioned respecting by King William, who also asked him if he intended going to France; observing, that, as the war was then ended, his doing it was unnecessary. Mr. Nelson replied, it was his intention to return; and mentioned the security that had been given for him. The King, with some warmth, repeated, that it was unnecessary, and forbade him to do it. 'Will your majesty then pay my bonds?' was asked. 'No!' said the King. Then Nelson replied, 'Please God I live, I'll go!' and go he did. And as an evidence of respect for his memory, and admiration of his integrity and independence, one of his remote descendants, your present correspondent—has adopted his answer as a motto for the coat-of-arms on which those of his ancestor are quartered.

The sequel of the history of Mr. Nelson is neither a very grateful nor a very uncommon one. After delivering him-