

were refulgent with countless stars, and a full moon, like a burnished shield, shone forth, gliding the still waters, as they lay clear and deep beneath her.

The man paced round the deck, then he leaned over the ship's side, and gazed on the silent tide. There were only three other vessels in the harbor, and those were merely coasters, manned with Brazilian sailors.

Dodd suddenly turned round. He thought he heard footsteps near him. As he turned, he saw a dark, elfish-looking figure dart under the long-boat, and disappear.

Without pause, the sailor cried out, "Who's there?" But not being replied to, he flew after the figure, and caught hold of it. Dodd was strong enough now. This time, Pldgers (you are aware that it is he) had one of superior strength to contend against.

"Now, I've got yer!" cried the sailor, forcibly dragging out the struggling ruffian. "I aren't afraid of yer; sperrets don't kick and plunge after this sort o' fashion! Come into the light, and let me look at yer ugly figure-head!"

Confinement, and lack of proper food and water, had done their work upon Pldgers; and his resistance was but a feeble one at the present moment.

Dodd had pulled the rascal into the broad moon-light, and was there holding him firmly.

"Now," said the sailor, shaking the man in his grasp,—"now answer me, ye son of a sea-cook—ye scurvy of the galley coppers! Who and what are ye but a tarnal thief that I shall give up to the Captain, to be served as ye deserves to be served?"

"Let me go, go," spluttered Pldgers,—"let me go, and I'll promise to make yer rich!"

"Rich, ye lubber!" sneered the other. "None of your crocodile whinnies here, I don't understand any such lingo! I know what ye are, I say again; and having been made to suffer for your misdoings, I've made up my mind to hev my revenge on ye!"

Saying which, the sailor raised his voice; but his accents were suddenly checked. Pldgers had snatched a knife out of the man's belt, and plunged it deep into his breast.

Dodd's hand at once relaxed their hold, and he fell back on the deck, bleeding, and lost to all recollection.

At this instant, a man's form emerged from the cabin, and ten powerful fingers were gripping Pldgers' throat, and a loud voice was summoning the watch on deck.

Aroused by the well-known tones of their commander, the crew turned out of their hammocks, and rushed to the spot whence the cries proceeded, where they found the Captain cording a man's writhing form about the main-mast.

"Here's the fore-castle thief!" cried the Captain, addressing his men, and speaking in excited syllables. "I've caught him at last! Here, two of you lads, relieve me of this fellow—who has, I fear, done for poor Dodd yonder—and secure him hand and foot, until you can place him in irons! Pah! I feel contaminated by his very touch!" he added, in positive disgust. "The wretch would be all the better for a good towing overboard!"

Several of the crew had now taken possession of Pldgers' limbs, and, for him, all chance of present escape was entirely over.

"Carry him down below, and iron him heavily—do you hear?" pursued Captain Williams. "What do you think of your spirit, boatswain?" he continued, turning to that individual, who was standing, gaping with astonishment and perplexity, at a loss to comprehend the scene. "You see here the fellow who made those raids upon your rations and your grog! Do you recognize the pea-jacket he has on?"

"I does, Cap'n," replied the boatswain, "and werry much I wonders how he kin a-bear to wear it, in sich a roasin' toasin' latitood as this! Ah, you infarnal rogue! Where's my pannikin, eh?" he went on, turning to Pldgers, who was sullenly submitting himself to be bound hand and foot.

The Captain had crossed the deck, and, with others, was assisting the wounded seaman, who was borne at once into the cabin, which was all in commotion, the gentlemen passengers having left their state-rooms in order to ascertain the cause of the tumult on the deck.

"Do you know anything of surgery, Mr. Symure?" the captain demanded, addressing Desmond, who was standing near, pale as any ghost. "Here is a case for you, if you have only a little skill. The poor fellow has been stabbed by a rascal who has been concealed in the hold ever since we left Sydney Harbor!" he added, in marked accents, at the same time exchanging significant glances with Desmond. "I am much afraid that his is a hopeless case—that he will only linger out a few short hours!"

Desmond approached the man, and ripping open his flannel shirt, proceeded to examine his wound, from which the blood was quickly flowing.

"Great heaven!" cried Desmond; "the man is dying fast. No surgeon, however skilful such might be, could save him. He will never rally out of his present state; he will pass away without any knowledge of his sufferings."

"Suppose I send a boat ashore for surgical aid?" said the Captain. "I should only be performing my duty by so doing."

"True," rejoined Desmond; "but there will be great difficulty in finding a surgeon at this hour, and in a foreign place. The man will be past all aid before the boat can reach the shore. See, see! He is drawing his last breath even as I speak."

"Can nothing be done to save him?" the Captain wildly exclaimed.

"Nothing!" returned Desmond, solemnly. "He is gone already."

"Dead?" cried all, in shuddering horror.

"Yes, he is dead," answered Desmond, turning away with a shiver, and dropping into a seat near him.

"(Good heavens!" ejaculated the Captain. "Murder has been done on board of the *Mary Ann*!"

"Murder! by whom?" queried the Count d'Auvergne, in considerable terror, retreating to the other end of the cabin as he spoke. "Dear, dear; pray explain matters, Captain Williams! My poor Marguerite will not, I hope, hear anything about this fatal and horrible affair!" he added, in great nervous trepidation. "I do trust she is fast asleep in her bed; the sight of this man's body would shock her exceedingly!"

"Is the murderer secured?" asked Colonel Symure, speaking to the Captain. "I am almost confounded—this occurrence is so terrible!"

"It is terrible, Colonel!" returned the Captain. "But rest content; the miscreant who struck the cruel and deadly blow is already heavily ironed, and thrust between hatches—where he shall remain until we sight British land; when he shall be handed over to justice, to meet his just deserts!"

As the Captain uttered these words, a loud shout rose on the air.

Captain Williams rushed out of the cabin, and reached the deck, just as another shout, louder even than the one before, assailed his ears.

The flood of moonlight, after the dimly-lighted cabin, for an instant almost blinded the Captain; but the scene that burst upon his sight was quickly understood.

The men had fastened ropes around Pldgers' body, and were towing him overboard; dragging him up the side of the vessel one moment, and in the next, letting him drop into the water; all this being accompanied by derisive shouts from the crew, and frenzied shrieks from the victim.

"Duck him ag'in, mates," cried the boatswain, in vengeful glee. "A good souse now for the pannikin o' rum he stole of me. Now fur it, mates!"

"Hold!" thundered Captain Williams, in tones of stern authority. "Is this the way in which the men I command obey my orders? Haul up the man directly; and let every one of you remember this, that your grog will be stopped during the remainder of the voyage. Boatswain, I am amazed to find you foremost in the disgraceful affair; an old seaman, like yourself, ought to have set his shipmates a better example than this!"

There was a confused murmur of dissatisfaction from the sailors, who did not relish the notion of losing their daily allowance of rum; but they knew their captain's word would be law, and that he would not readily depart from that word whether such were uttered in passion or otherwise. Surlily enough they hauled up the dripping, half-drowned man, whose arms and legs being bound with cords, was wholly unable to assist himself in any way.

"Unbind the ruffian; give him a dry shirt and trousers, and then put him in irons, and under the hatches, until we reach London. Give him plenty of food, for the miserable wretch will have to swing for the deed he has done this night. Dodd is dead!"

"Dead!" repeated the men, with a shudder of horror.

"Heaven preserve us all!" uttered the old boatswain, reverentially taking off his hat, and casting his eyes upwards.

Pldgers did not articulate a single syllable; he stood with moody looks, shaking in every limb. He was being baulked of his revenge on Desmond—balked of a revenge for which he had been suffering whole months of darkness, cold, hunger, thirst, and wretchedness. But, oh! more terrible than all, he had killed a man, and he would have to answer to the law for the horrible deed he had done.

He did not feel much remorse for the awful act he had recently committed; remorse was not in Pldgers' line. He felt almost mad to think that he had been so frustrated in the plans he had arranged and he was beginning to wish that he had been left in the water wherein he had just been so mercilessly immersed.

He glanced furtively in the direction of the cabin, thinking that he might, perhaps, obtain a glimpse of Desmond or Colonel Symure; but his expectation in that respect was doomed to be disappointed, for not a single glimpse of either of them did he obtain.

The wretch did not entirely despair; even when loaded with manacles, he still continued to anticipate carrying his designs into effect.

He crouched in the inky darkness, and ground his teeth, venting curses many and deep. Oh, if he could but gnaw his fetters off—if his limbs were but once free again! There was blood on his hands—a fellow-creature's blood; yet he bestowed but little thought on that matter, he was thinking solely of his own malicious, base self.

He did not care for either the darkness or the loneliness of his place of imprisonment; for weeks and weeks Pldgers had been in gloom and solitariness both night and day.

"I've hev to swing him, eh?" muttered he to himself. "Not if I knows it! I war only a defendin' of myself when I used his knife. I did not go for to kill him—nout o' the sort. Oh, let 'em bring me afore the judges, I've able to stand up fur myself; an' as fur sweerin', I've sweer as weel as the best on 'em. I don't care fur the irons a single bit; let 'em put me on heavier ones if they loikes, it'll be all the same to me. I sees through that blessed cap'n, though he don't think I does, not he; sailors is al'y's a

stoopid set—knows nothin' at all. I'd loike to o' clapt my two eyes on Maister Desmond; but he war too wise to come out o' th' cabin, an' show hisself; oh, ay, he knowed a card worth two o' that. In coorse, they thinks that they has got me safe yere, an' that because I've gotten my legs an' arms fast; I've not use my tongue; but they're varry much mistaken, as they'll quickly find out to their sorrow. Red Hand! My gracious, won't I thunder out that name as soon as ever I gets a chance o' doing so? I didn't come here to be nearly starved to death—to lie night after night a screwed up atween the wool-bales, wee rats as big as kittens a playin' an' screechin' all about me—an' all that for nothin'. I never does nothin' from nothin', I don't see no good as comes o' that sort o' work. If my teeth war only edged loike files now, I'd hev these irons off in less than no time. Weel, weel, we shall see; I've not give up, spite o' everythin'; fur I aren't none o' yor cowards; I've gotten some pluck o' my own, I has. Goo on, then, Maister Desmond in th' cabin, wee all yor good eatin' an' drinkin'—goo on, I says; yor day's now, mine I'll be by-an'-by, when nobody 'll be dreamin' on it. I've be able to ruin this cap'n fellow; I knows that they'll put him in prison, an' try him fur helpin' of a convict to run away from the colony. Oh, I'll sarve him out for his treatment o' me, never fear fur that part o' the business! But I've bide my time—I've bide my time!"

On the following day the ship took in a supply of fresh-water, meat, and eggs; then a breeze springin' up, the *Mary Ann* once more put out to sea, over which she scudded pleasantly, prosperous gales filling her white sails. The body of the murdered man was consigned to the deep, and, despite the lovely weather and the favoring winds, a gloom hung over all on board of the *Mary Ann*.

Desmond looked upon himself as being the causer, indirectly, it is true, of the sailor's death, and reproached himself, accordingly. Thinking it wisest and best to confide to his father and friends the whole truth of the matter, he did so at once. And the Count and his daughter, and likewise Colonel Symure, were made fully acquainted with the painful facts, exactly as they existed.

As you may well imagine, the Colonel was greatly alarmed and shocked on hearing the story. Pldgers, his son's direct and most resolute foe, on board of the *Mary Ann*! Great heaven, what was to be done? How was Desmond to escape this man's malicious intentions?

As for the Count and Marguerite, they were quite in despair on Desmond's account, and the lady's anxiety was so harassing to herself, that she became ill through it, and gradually drooped, until she seldom felt able to quit her bed.

Captain Williams assured our friends that they had no earthly cause for all the solicitude they were suffering. "I have the villain in security," he said; "and as I have the law on my side, I can keep him in such, until I give him into the hands of authority. There is then no occasion, whatever, for you to quake about him—the adder is harmless without his sting. Again, I beseech you to put full faith in me, and in my promises also."

Now there was great dissatisfaction manifested by the crew, in consequence of the stoppage of their accustomed allowance of rum, which several times they came aft to demand. But the captain had issued his command, and the steward knew his duty too well to disobey those commands.

The men did their work with gloomy looks, and discontented mutterings were heard from one end of the ship to the other. Still the captain did not yield, although he could see a storm impending.

Hitherto his men had been well-conducted and faithful, now they appeared to be changed into a troop of mortal fiends, so unruly had they become, so strangely altered and violent were they in all their ways.

The captain kept a sharp eye over their every look and act; he was preparing himself to resist any attack that they might make upon him. He knew that some men's appetites were their masters, and he was not blind to that fact on the present occasion.

The men drew up a petition to their master, and came aft to present the same. But he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, and ordered them all to go about their business.

"Were you asking me for anything but rum, I might be won to listen to your wishes; as it is, I can only repeat to you my former denial," he replied.

The boatswain now stepped forward as spokesman, but Captain Williams refused to hearken to anything he could say.

"Go about your business, all, and do not again come aft on your present errand," he said, in authoritative accents, and turning aside as he spoke.

The men did not stir, and several loud oaths reached the master's ear.

"Am I to be obeyed or not?" he demanded, loudly and sternly, his face flushing as he spoke.

"Already you have transgressed, and by so doing have brought punishment upon your own heads; transgress again, and by heaven I will put you all in irons, and send you to keep company with yonder murderer below."

The boatswain turned the quid in his mouth, and silently slunk away, followed by the rest of the sailors, who were all complaining of the injustice and bitterness on their present lot.

But the captain, notwithstanding that he was a generous man, was a strict disciplinarian in every respect. He honored his word, which, when given, he held as sacred as any oath he could make. He had said that the men's allow-

ance of grog should be stopped, and nothing would ever induce him to unsay those words. The Captain had always been so beloved by his men, that he could not believe that they would ever injure him in any way. He heard, then, their muttered menaces without much fear—little dreaming that they would seek to carry those menaces into effect.

"Are you as bad as the other lads?" he asked, turning and addressing the scowling man at the wheel.

"Yes, sir," he replied. "It ain't right for you to rob the men for'ards of their honest due! I speak my mind, sir, and don't care whether you likes it or not!"

The Captain opened his eyes, in amazement and anger. Never, in his whole life, had he been so insulted as now. He looked at the man steadily and sternly before he answered him.

"Perhaps you would like to take the entire command of my ship, eh?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Many's the true word uttered in jest!" was the meaning and rude rejoinder.

Captain Williams started, unwilling to credit his own hearing. But the man was grinning in the face of his commander, who could no longer doubt the testimony of his ears.

"You'll be made to suffer for this, my man," observed the master. "You seem to forget that there's law to be had in the land we are so quickly nearing. I'd recommend you to keep a still tongue in your head."

The sailor made no reply; and the Captain left the deck, and went into the cabin, where, seeking Desmond, he drew him aside, and related to him the scene which had just taken place between himself and the man at the wheel.

"I'm beginning to think that there's some evil abrewing towards me," said the Captain, shaking his head; "I'm almost sure there is."

"Amongst the crew?" questioned Desmond.

"Assuredly."

"On account of their rum being stopped?"

"Ay."

"You fear a mutiny?"

"I fancy I have cause to do so!"

Desmond was silent. Here, again, he felt that he was the source of trouble; wherefore he went, he carried with him mischief and tribulation. There was no peace for him, he feared—neither was there peace for any that befriended him.

"I am reproaching myself of being the cause of this terrible turmoil," Desmond sighed. "It is because of me that you are being thus distressed. Great heaven! it seems as if I am doomed to bring misfortune upon every hand that stretches itself out to aid me."

"My dear Mr. Symure, set your mind perfectly at rest about this unpleasant affair. Do not let it disturb you in the least," returned the Captain, very kindly. "The rascals will come round by-and-by, perhaps."

"Perhaps?"

"Well, one can make certain of nothing in this world, save death."

"True."

"We must, however, prepare ourselves for the worst that can happen; it will be only prudent so to do. I do not positively anticipate violence from the men, yet they might offer such; it is just within the range of probability that they might mutiny, you understand."

"They have no fire-arms of any kind?"

"None, that I am aware of."

"While on the other hand, you are well provided with such?"

"Yes; they'd meet with a desperate resistance at our hands—at four pairs of hands all so well skilled in the use of arms. But have you no fear? In the words of the proverb, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'"

Desmond shook his head sadly. His heart was full of alarm, and his hitherto firm nerves were fast succumbing to fresh terror.

(To be continued.)

Is it very unfair to suspect ladies who complain of the extravagance of fashions (says the "Globe"), which they nevertheless feel themselves obliged at any expense to follow, of being just a little insincere? If such a suspicion is unjust, now is the time to express it frankly, because there is at this moment an admirable opportunity for showing it to be unfounded. The queens of fashion in Rome are preparing costumes that fill the milliners with despair. Coarse shawls are being bought to cut into polonaises; and "tallico," which, under a high-sounding name, means nothing more magnificent than mattress-ticking, is being made up into dresses trimmed with innumerable metal buttons. The cause of this singular rage for tearing beds to pieces in order to turn bed-clothes into day-clothes seems to be a caprice of the Prince as Margherita, who bought a piece of blue and white striped ticking for her summer dress—a proceeding which has set every body else wild to follow so illustrious an example. The idea savors of genius in respect of the infinite number of its possible developments. A bed-curtain, for instance, trimmed with its brass rings, would be quite as long, and perhaps quite as graceful, as many trains that have already dragged their passing hour. It is curious to observe, however, how invariably extremes meet. A squaw has hitherto been regarded as eccentric for looking upon a blanket as the height of the mode and perhaps by next season a fine lady will be "not fit to be seen" unless she is dressed in a counterpane.