

was again broken, and the cry of, "stop it, Jack!" came forth on every hand. Having obtained what was necessary for such a purpose, the wound was closed, and the blood staunching.

"What brought you here, Sally?" enquired the smuggler, as he watched the increasing signs of her restoration. As soon as she could again speak, she replied.

"You are wanted at home."

"Who is it wants me?"

"Two men; one is dressed as a gentleman, the other is a gipsy."

"Let us go and see what they want," and taking the wounded child in his arms, Jack Pegden left the Jolly Sailor.

## CHAPTER. XX.

### WHAT THE BARONET THINKS OF CLARA'S ACCIDENT.

When an accident occurs, such as commands the exertion of more than one person to rescue those in danger, it is marvellous with what eagerness claims are advanced to be considered the chief agent in affecting deliverance. This appeared in connection with the misfortune of Clara Chillington. There being but little likelihood of the facts of that case becoming known in the kitchen of the Priory, as the groom in attendance on that occasion was the only informant, and as it was the only opportunity he ever possessed to distinguish himself he took advantage of the circumstance to raise himself in the esteem of his fellow servants. Saving the life of Clara being such a matter of thankfulness with the servants at the Priory, and the groom laying claim to that honor, he became considerably enriched in some things from the offerings poured into all places but his pocket. It is true he was compelled to admit that Charles Freeman took a minor part in the matter, he having attended Clara home; but then he did not come upon the scene until the groom himself, riding in pursuit, had overtaken my lady, and by a sudden jerk of the reins had brought the horse to the ground.

The indisposition which followed the accident, became more protracted than either Clara, or her friends, thought of when it happened. But neither one nor the other produced any softening effect upon her father, nor did he as an ordinary parent on hearing that an accident had befallen his child, hasten home, and to her apartment, that he might know the worst, and express a sincere gratitude that nothing more serious had occurred.

Under the feeling of what had taken place, and what was likely to arise from it, the baronet paced his room with heavy tread, and clenched his fist, and set his teeth in stern defiance. His first thought was to curse his fate. Having done this to his satisfaction, the impious man, forgetful of the reverence which should surround the memory of the dead, vented his bitterest execrations on the recollections of his departed father.

Sir Harry had been drinking hard during the day, and the excitement under which he laboured arousing him to crave for a further stimulus, he drank freely of brandy. Ordinarily to drink himself into a state of stupefaction appeared an impossibility, his giant frame defied the power of ardent spirits to cause him to succumb, and being now excited he poured the fiery liquor down his throat with no other effect than that of resuscitating his powers of memory, and of increasing his fury by the visions which passed through his inflamed brain.

It was in the midst of his bitterest cursings, and when his wrathful feelings were at their highest, that memory dragged from the shades of death the figure of Lady Chillington, and she stood before him. On seeing the illusion the baronet started,—stopped,—and being provoked afresh by what he saw, was about to roll from his tongue a bitter curse against the remembrance of the dead, when a small time-piece standing on the mantel, which had been the admired of her ladyship when living, rang out in silvery tones the hour of midnight. The vision of his brain, and the ringing of the clock, the sweet sound of which seemed as the voice of mercy warning the wicked man to repent before entering on a new day, for a moment subdued his rage, and filling his mind with apprehension, he felt as though he were actually confronted with the deceased in person.

Standing still in the room at the point where the appearance of the vision first arrested his progress, as he gazed in a wild vacant stare the phantom seemed to be drawing closer to him, and driving out the air as it approached, until he felt that he should be suffocated. Sir Harry stood as though an irresistible hand had fixed him to the spot, and as the vision still approached his eyes started, his hair as though endowed with life stood erect, and falling again seemed to be wriggling to escape from his head, his mouth became parched, his tongue refused to articulate, a cold perspiration suffused him, and the only sound he could utter was a low hissing noise. He was panic-stricken, and having at length dragged himself into a seat, he closed his eyes in the hope of excluding the tormenting vision.

The latter effort was employed by the baronet in vain, and the sense of guilt the image of the departed had raised within his soul seemed to be conveyed with burning effect along every nerve of his body. Throwing himself back in the chair he struggled to regain mastery of his senses, but he felt that the vision stood at his

elbow, and suspended every function of life. He was afraid to open his eyes, and while dying from being unable freely to respire, it was as though the voice of the phantom whispered in his ear, "Foolish Sir Harry, repent, nor permit your opposition to the desire of Clara to hurry you away until it sinks you in destruction!"

The sound of this imaginary voice broke the spell which had rested as a fearful incubus on the baronet, and with the return of reason he arose from his seat and began to abuse his folly. He was perfectly aware that what held him fascinated was nothing more than an illusion, yet he dreaded to think of it, lest it should return to him with fresh distinctness, and with a renewed tormenting force. Having again drunk deeply, and as a barrier against further fear, as well as in the hope that in doing so he should obtain fuller relief from the unhappy influence which still lingered in his mind, he retired that he might for a time bury all his thoughts in forgetfulness.

The baronet, in his jealous fear, had conceived and indulged a secret feeling that the accident of Clara was but a ruse, an effort to soften his opposition to Charles Freeman by giving to him the character of a deliverer, that he might stand before him, and on the ground of having saved her life solicit her hand in marriage. This feeling embittered his soul yet further, and with his heart filled with passions most unholy he entered on a new day.

(To be continued.)

### A MONTREAL FAVOURITE.

It is a matter of interest to those of our readers who have been charmed with Mrs. E. A. Osgood's voice to learn the triumphs she has been achieving in England. Her engagements have been numerous and of the highest order. From our exchanges we gather that she has appeared at the concerts of the Plymouth Vocal Association, where she took a prominent part in Galsworthy's "Lord of the Isles," at those of the Sacred Philharmonic Society, Exeter Hall, London, in Mendelssohn's Oratorio "St. Paul," and she was announced to sing on the 4th March, at the seventh concert of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society. Mrs. Osgood has been kept busy in various parts of the United Kingdom during the past two months, as the following well deserved notices testify. Of her singing at a concert of the York Musical Society, the *York Herald* says:

"Mrs. Osgood, who appeared for the first time before a York audience, at once confirmed the high reputation which had preceded her. Possessed of a sweet, clear voice, the faultless style and the genuine expression in which she sang Spohr's exquisite air, 'Rose, so softly blooming,' won for her the highest opinions, and twice did she return to bow her acknowledgments before the applause subsided. Her success was fully as great in Roedel's song, 'That traitor love,' her interpretation of which was so fine that she was compelled to accede to the general acclamations, and gave 'Comin' through the rye.' Mrs. Osgood also took part in Verdi's 'Miserere,' with Mr. Shakespeare, and in the terezetto, 'Zitti, Zitti,' from Rossini's 'Barbiere,' which highly favourable criticism is thus endorsed by the *Musical World*:

"Mrs. Osgood, who made her first appearance in York on this occasion, justified her London reputation by an unaffectedly expressive rendering of Spohr's 'Rose so softly blooming' (*Azur and Zonira*), after which she was twice called back to the platform and more and more applauded. Mrs. Osgood also gave Roedel's 'That traitor love,' and being again applauded and called back, sang 'Comin' through the Rye' with charming naïveté."

The *Daily Post* does justice to her singing at the Military concert given in Liverpool, in the following terms:

"Mrs. Osgood, by her refined and cultivated style simply entranced the audience. We have frequently spoken in praise of this lady's pathetic manner of singing, both in oratorio and ballad music, but her infinite simplicity of expression, coupled with that strong dramatic instinct which many of her confidantes so unfortunately lack, seemed on Saturday evening to arouse her listeners to an unusual degree of enthusiasm. In the old Scotch ballad, 'Comin' thro' the rye,' Mrs. Osgood gave an entirely new and original reading, and both in the words and music captivated the large audience by the freshness and purity of her delivery. In response to an enthusiastic encore, mingled with repeated cheers, she gave in a most expressive and pathetic manner, 'Home, Sweet Home.' We sincerely trust that it will not be long before Mrs. Osgood again visits Liverpool, where she has undoubtedly and permanently established her reputation, and gained for herself so many friends."

And lastly, the *Sussex Daily News* writes about her appearance at Madame Trebelli's concert at Brighton:

"Mrs. Osgood soon aroused the sympathies of the audience by her chaste and refined rendering of Spohr's melodious air, 'Rose, so softly blooming,' which she sang with such delicacy and tenderness, as to elicit warm applause and a double recall. The American soprano, who was in splendid voice, also sang Roedel's song, 'That traitor love,' and again her expressive vocalization met with most unanimous applause, the accomplished artist being not only recalled, but at last prevailed upon to sing the ever-welcome 'Comin' thro' the rye.'"

### ONE GLEAM OF ROMANCE.

I am afraid that I am only a prosaic sort of being. Now and then the young ladies whom I meet in society think me unromantic and perhaps uninteresting. The gay hues of morning become lost in that "light of coming day" which belongs to the afternoon of life. For me it is a quiet, cheerful, happy afternoon, with the music of the voices that I love, the fragrance of the flowers I tend. I know, too, that for me the bracing evening breezes will rise and the evening skies be flushed with immortal hopes. Once I had a gleam of romance, which grew, indeed, into a steady radiance, and plain and prosaic as I am now—and it is mainly the ordinary episode of a woman's life—I think it, perhaps, more romantic than happens to most young ladies of the period, and I hope that they, too, may have a gleam equally propitious.

We were the six daughters of a country vicar; we lived four miles from the county town, which was also the cathedral city. We were a very happy nest of girls, save for certain unpropitious love affairs, which, however, came all right before the end of the third volume. Our squire's son was very attentive to my elder sister, and our squire, though very civil to us, was not supposed to like it, for he had trotted off his son for a long tour, and nobody knew for how long it might be. My second sister was engaged to my father's curate; helplessly, hopelessly engaged. He had only a hundred a year, and was not to think of marrying until he had at least another hundred. I came third, the rest of my younger sisters have become engaged to the series of subsequent curates. My father could not afford to send us to school, but we grew up somehow, and like flowers, we grew up towards the sunlight. The education our good mother gave us was something like "Shakespeare, taste, and the musical glasses," but our father added a more robust fibre. He considered that boys and girls ought, to a certain extent, to have the same education. Like Shakespeare, aforesaid, we had a little Latin and less Greek. As far as Greek goes I never got beyond the irregular verbs—those rocks which have shipwrecked many a young scholar—but in Latin I read several of the easier classics. I did not compose any Latin verses, because my father very properly said that young ladies should not write verses, but have verses written to them. I had done the first three books of "Æneid," and, in algebra, had gone as far as quadratic equations, but not into them. I do not mention these humble attainments boastfully, but because it will be soon seen that they have something to do with my little story.

My father was able to give us a good home, but then I knew it was not a home that would last always. I did not see that there was any necessity in the nature of things that we six maidens should always be living together. Of course, it is necessary that one or two girls should always be at home looking after the father and mother, but half a dozen were really more than sufficient. I made up my mind thus: I should like to go out as a governess. My father and mother did not at all like the notion. The living was a fairly good one, and the notion had never entered their heads, but it had fully taken possession of mine. I was naturally fond of teaching, and had done even more than my share in teaching the younger ones. Moreover, I should like to see a bigger world than that which our village made up, except that on Saturday we went to the neighbouring city, where we did some shopping and marketing, walked about, and went to hear the anthem in the cathedral. One day I saw an advertisement which seemed to suit me precisely. A governess was desired by a country gentleman in the midlands, to teach three little boys. Now it was that my boyish education came in excellently. These lads were intended to go to Rugby, and it was discovered after some little correspondence and comparing notes, that I should be able to educate them up to the point of entering Rugby; even my father said so, and my father was a man who was sternly just and particular in these things, and would not for worlds let any of his children fly false colors. Then this gentleman and lady wanted my photograph, and I was rather ashamed to send it, for I was only a poor small brown little creature. Those who loved me said that I had loving eyes, just like our dog Pompey, who, I am sure, had eyes that were simply magnificent, only eyes do not come out very well in photographs. However, the matter was ultimately arranged between my father and these people. I suppose few young ladies made so good a first start off in the governess world as I did at nineteen, and all because I was able to teach the boys Latin and mathematics. I was to have fifty guineas a year, with laundress and travelling expenses, so that I really should not have to pay away anything out of my salary. In fact the Rev. Jones, who was engaged to my sister Fanny, told me that I was a great deal better off than he was. When he had paid all his expenses he was hardly fifty shillings to the good. If it had been guineas instead of shillings, he thought he might be tempted to perpetrate matrimony on the strength of it.

In order to get to my "place," as we laughingly called it, down in the shires, it was necessary that I should go up from our cathedral city to London, and then go down into the country by another line. Donnington was a very long way from the railway. At this time our railway system was still young, but even at the present time, though there are four or five rail-

ways in this neighbourhood, none come within four or five miles of Donnington. I was to go down to Manningham Road Station, which was ten miles from the market town of Manningham itself, and then the village of Donnington was five miles on the other side of Manningham.

It was late in a September afternoon when I came to Manningham Road Station. The station itself was in a little village, but it ambitiously preferred taking its title from the market-town, which was many miles off. The arrangement was that I should be met by one of the Wilmslow's in their trap, which should take me and my belongings over to Donnington. Everything was taken out, but, unfortunately the Wilmslow's conveyance had not arrived. The porter knew them very well, and said that they were sure to be there before very long. It was a long way to come, and they might have business at Manningham. So after waiting a rather long time I left my luggage on the platform, where the porter assured me it would be quite safe, and took a stroll about the village—a very little one, but presenting two remarkable features. The churchyard was very much timbered, almost grove-like in character, and with an avenue of fine branching elms. Moreover, the church doors were unlocked, with every appearance of that being the normal state of things, and the church was gently filled with a dim suffusion of religious light. I paced that avenue and sat quietly in that church, and my eyelids being heavy with a little wholesome crying, it is just possible—I admit this confidentially—that I may have slumbered for a few minutes in a most comfortable, large square pew which I gratefully recall to the present day. At last the thought occurred to me that I might in my turn be keeping the Wilmslow's waiting at the station, and so somewhat hurriedly I retraced my steps.

When I got once more upon the platform I noticed with dismay that my luggage had vanished.

"Well, porter," I said, "what about my luggage? I suppose you have put it in the cloak-room?"

"Oh, miss, be that you?" said the porter. "Who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

"But where's my baggage?" I answered, "and I wonder how long I shall have to wait?"

"The luggage, miss—why, Mr. Wilmslow's got it. He are not been out of the station-yard six minutes."

"Gone, and without me!" I exclaimed, perfectly thunder-struck.

"Why, miss, he came and asked for you. I said you had left your luggage here, but how it was my belief that you had walked on because he had kept you so long a waiting. Whereupon his man whisked up your luggage and they started off after you."

I was in absolute despair, and asked if he could by a short cut get to any point where he could attract their attention by shouting or waving a handkerchief. At our place at home it was possible to resort to a move of this kind; but the railway porter only grinned, and explained that it was quite impossible. Then, having caused me this inconvenience and annoyance, the fellow touched his cap, and unconsciously expected a tip.

I was in a great quandary. What would it be best to do? Surely, Mr. Wilmslow would return after he had gone a few miles, and found that I was not to be overtaken. Perhaps it would be best, after all, to hire a fly and go after him. It would be annoying to spend one of my few precious sovereigns; and it would be also annoying to meet Mr. Wilmslow returning to meet me, perhaps as soon as I had started. This part of the question was speedily set at rest by the porter informing me that it was impossible to hire anything. No fly was to be obtained nearer than Manningham; so I determined to walk, if necessary, to Manningham itself, and hire from there. We Leslie girls were strong, and I had done my ten mile's walk often before to-day. But it would be much pleasanter to be picked up, and I persuaded myself that it was this which was going to happen. I did not know that a few miles before you came to Manningham there was a road which left the town on the left, and went on to Donnington, saving three-quarters of a mile. It afterward transpired that Mr. Wilmslow, with a man's natural stupidity, took this by-road, supposing that every one must needs know the road which he knew best himself. If a girl had been driving she would have had more sense.

So I walked on, a solitary damsel, along that interminable country road. I walked in good spirits, and am always delighted when I first see a new prospect unfolding before me; but I had somewhat miscalculated my physical strength. It is one thing to walk out in the fresh morning, and another thing to make a forced journey after the morning's work is done. I got quite angry with myself for feeling tired almost on the outset of my walk. I felt that I should be very glad if I could make friends with any good-natured driver who could give me a lift. Sometimes when we came back on a market-day father did not at all mind our carrier, who was parish clerk, giving us a lift in his covered waggon. But this seemed to be a lonely road through an uninhabited country. There drove up a perfectly white man in a cart full of meal-bags, but there was hardly room for himself among his bags, and I besides did not want to be perfectly white. By the irony of fate there also came by a coal waggon; but I had as little wish to be black as to be white. Then I came to a little roadside inn which had a board with a painted remark about being "drunk on the premises." I rather quick-