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## MILES WALLINGFORD

BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER XXIV

"Bome shout at victory's loud acclaim, Some fall that victory to assure, But time divulges that in name, Alone, our triumphs are secure."

The Briton had come out of the Oove of Oord, only a few days before, and was bound on service, with orders to run of to the westward, a few hundred miles, and to craise three months in a latitude that might cover the homeward-bound running ships, from the American pro-vinces, of which there were many in that early period of the war. This was not appeable news to us, who had hoped to be landed somewhere immediately, and who had thought, at first, on seeing the ship earrying a press of sail to the westward, that she might be going to Halifar. There was no remedy, however, and we was no board the first vessel that offered, and that was as much as we had a right to ask of him. More than two months passed without The Briton had come out of the

More than two months passed without More than two months passed without the Briton's speaking, or even seeing, a single sail 1 To these violasitudes is the seaman subject; at one time he is in the midst of craft, at another the ocean seems deserted to himself alone. Cap-tain Rowley ascribed this want of suc-cess to the fact that the war was induc-cess to the fact that the war was inductain knowley that the war was induc-cess to the fact that the war was induc-ing the running ships to collect in con-voys, and that his orders carried him too far north to permit his falling in with the Americans bound to and from Liver-the Americans bound to and from Liverfar north to permit his falling in with the Americans bound to and from Liver-pool. Whatever may have been the reason, however, the result was the same to us. After the gale of the equinor, the Briton stood to the southward, as far as Madeira, such a change of ground being included in her instructions ; and thence, after crulsing three weeks in the neighborhood of that island, she shaped her course for Plymouth. In the whole, the frigste had, at that time, brought-to and boarded some thirty sail, all of whom were neutrals, and not one of whom was bound to a port that would do us any good. The ship's water getting low, we were now compelled to go in, and, as has been said, we made sail to the north-ward. The afternoon of the very day the Briton left her second cruising ground, a strange ship was seen directly on her course, which was pronounced to be a frigate, before the sun set. The Briton manceuvred all night to

The Briton manceuvred all night to close with the stranger, and with success, as he was only a league distant, and a very little to windward of her, when I

very little to windward of her, when 1 went on deck early the next morning. I found the ship clear for action, and a degree of animation pervading the vessel, that I had never before witnessed. The people were piped to breakfast just as I approached the captain to salute him with a "Good morning."

"Good morning to you, Wallingford," cried the old man, in a cheerful way; "you are just in time to take a look at "you are just in time to take a look at yonder Frenchman in his glory. Two hours hence I hope he'll not appear quite as much of a beau as he is at this moment. She's a noble craft, is she not, and quite of our own force."

"As for the last, sir," I answered, "there does not seem much to choose— she is what you call a thirty-eight, and mounts fifty guns, I dare say. Is she certainly French ?"

certainly French ?" "As certainly as this ship is English. She can do nothing with our signals, and her rig is a character of her. Who ever saw an Englishman with such royal-masts and yards ? So, Master Wallingford, you must consent to take you breakfast an hour earlier than common breakfast an hour earlier than common, or go without it, altogether. Ah-here is the steward to say it waits for us." I followed Captain Rowley to the cabin, where I found he had sent for

Marble, to share our meal. The kind-hearted old gentleman seemed desirous of adding this act of civility to the hundred others that he had already shown us. I had received much generous and liberal treatment from Captain Rowley.

bis habits being certainly as much op-posed to liberty as those of Napoleon himself. Although the reader prob-ably will not understand the drift of his question, it was not lost on me. I an-swered, therefore, like one who fully comprehended him. "I am afraid, Moses," said I, "there is were little reamblicanism in France just

"I am afraid, Moses." said I, "there is very little republicanism in France just now, nor do I know that resemblance in governments makes nations friends. Unless the resemblance be complete, I rather think they are more disposed to quarrel about the differences, than to allow the merits of the points of affinity. As between England and France, how-ever since we are at peace with both, we Americans have nothing to do with their quarrels."

quarrels." "I thought that would be your idee, Miles, and yet it would be awkward to be in the midst of a fight and take no part in it. I'd give a \$100 to be on board that Frenchman this minute." " Are you so much in love with defeat as to wish to be flogged?" "I don't know how it is, but it goes agin the grain to take sides with John Bull."

Bull." "There is no necessity for taking sides with either, though we can remem-ber how these people have saved our lives, how kind they have been to us, and that we have literally lived three months on their bounty. "Neb, I'm glad to see, makes fair weather of it on the berth-deck."

that may be better than none. Your standing idle in a fight must be trying work!" Marble and I conversed a little longer on this subject, when a gun fired from the upper deck gave us notice that the game was about to begin. Each hastened to his intended post, without more words. When I reached the quarter-deck everything denoted the eve of a combat. The ship was under short canvas, the men were at quarters, the gums were cast loose, and were levelled, the tompions were all out, shot was distributed about the deck, and here and there some old salt of a captain might be seen squinting along his gun, as if impatient to begin. A silence like that of a deserted church reigned throughout the ship. Had one been on board her intended adversary at that same instant, he would have been deafened by the clamor, and confused with the hurried and disorderly manner in which preparations that were long before completed on board the British, were still in progress on board the Frenchman. Four years earlier, the same want of preparation had given Nelson his great victory at the Nile. The French, in order to clear their Nelson his great victory at the Nile. The French, in order to clear their outer batteries, had lumbered those in-shore, and when half their enemies un-expectedly passed inside, they found their ships were not prepared to fire-ships that were virtually beaten before they had discharged an effective shot. "Wallingford," said my old friend the captain, as soon as I approached him THE CATHOLIC RECORD

would not be right for us to take part would not be right for us to take part in your quarrels. I will not hesitate to say, however, that I have received so much kindness on board the Briton, that I should feel miserable in not being permitted to share your danger. Some-thing may turn up that will enable me to be of assistance—ay, and Neb too." The man gave me a keen look, mut-tered something between his teeth, and walked aft, whither he was proceeding when we met. I looked in the direction in which he went, and could see he was speaking in a surly way to Captain

I when we met. I looked in the direction o in which he went, and could see he was o speaking in a surly way to Captain Rowley. The old gentleman cast a look forward, shook a finger at me, then smiled in his benevolent way, and turned, as I thought, to look for one of the midshipmen who acted as his aids. A t that moment the Frenchman went in the stays, delivering his whole broad-o side, from aft forward, as the guns bore. The shot told on the British spars smartly, though only two hulled her. A as matter of course, this turned the thoughts of Captain Rowley to the main business in hand; and I was forgotten. A sfor Neb, he immediately made him-self useful. A shot cut the mainspring-stay just above his head, and before I had time to speak, the fellow seized a stopper, and caught one of the ends of the stay, applied the stopper, and was hard at work in bringing the rope into i its proper place, and in preparing it again to bear a strain. The boatswain applauded his sotivity, sending two on three fore-castle-men to help him. From that moment, Neb was as buay as a bee a loft, now appearing through openings

months on their bounty. "Neb, I'm glad to see, makes fair weather of it on the berth-deck."
"Ay, there's more in that than you dream of, perhaps Mr. Clements, the splauded his activity, sending two or fare a poplauded his activity, sending two or fare a splauded his activity, sending the two ships as the splauded his activity, sending two or fare a splauded his activity, sending the two ships passing the hurt. I sholl go on the two ships passed each other, within the splate fare than the guarch. Stil, we may appear on deck, unles or fare a spin ing of the real war, and warm enough it was, for half an hour or most standing idle in a fight must be trying work!"
Marble and I conversed a little longer on this applied the and I conversed a little longer on this a splack the splate than the guarger. That may be better than none. Your standing idle in a fight must be trying work!"

of the enemy's fire on the Briton, as well as the manner in which the English repaid all they received. While stand-ing near the mainmast, in the battery that was not engaged, Marble made me out in the smoke, and came up to speak

"Them Frenchmen are playing their "Them Frenchmen are playing their parts like men," he said. "There's a shot just gone through the cook's cop-pers, and another through the boats. By the Lord Harry, if the boys on this deck do not bestir themselves, we shall get licked. I wouldn't be licked by a Frenchman on any account, Miles.. Even little Kitty would point her finger at me."

We are only passengers, you know, Moses; and can have little concern with victory or defeat, so long as the striped and starred bunting has nothing to do with the credit of the thing." "I am not so sure of that, Miles. I do not like being flogged, even as a passen-ger. There i Just look at that, now, two or three more such raps, and half our guns will be silenced !" Two shot had come in together, as Marble thus interrupted himself; one of them knocking away the side of a port, while the other laid four men of its gun on the deck. This gun was on the point seldom dared to allude to the thing, 'It is my opinion he heartily regretted his conduct, to his dying day. As for Neb, all seemed right enough in his eyes; for though he well understood the distinctions between flags and countries, he always imagined it a duty to stick by the craft in which he havened to be

them knocking away the side of a port, while the other laid four men of its gun on the deck. This gun was on the point of being discharged, as the injury was inflicted, but the loss of its captain pre-vented it from being fired. The lieuten-ant of the division caught the match from the fallen seaman, gave it a puff with his breath, and applied it to the priming. As the gun came leaping in, the lieutenant turned his head to see where he could best find men to supply the place of those who had been killed, or wounded. His eyes fell on us. He asked no questions; but merely looked in our direction. "Ay, ay, sir," said Marble stripping off his jacket, and taking the tobacco from his mouth. "In one moment. Just hold on, till I'm ready." I scarce knew whether to remonstrate or not; but hard at it he went; and de-lighted by his zeal, the coficer clapped him on the back, leaving him to act as captain of the gun. Afraid the con-tagion might extend to myself, I turned, ascended the ladder, and was immedi-ately on the quarter-deck again. Here I found old Captain Rowley, with his hat off, cheering his men, the French-man's main-top-mast, having just gone over his side. It was not a time to make my report, nor was any needed just then; so I walked aft, as far as the taffrail, in order to get out of the way, and to make my observations as much removed from the smoke as possible. This was the inderstood the distinctions between flags and countries, he slways imagined it a duty to stick by the craft in which he happened to be. Ten days after I had been living under the regime of "new lords and new laws," we fell in with a frigate, in the chops of the Channel, and encoanged signals with her. The reader will judge of Marble's and my dissatiafaction, when we heard it annonced that the ship which was then fast approaching us was the Speedy. There was no help for it, however; she was already within gunshot, and soon rounded-to, within hall of the Briton, which ship had hove-to, to wait for her. In a few minutes, Lord Harry Dermond, in person, was alongside of us, in a boat, to show his orders to Captain Rowley, and report himself, as the junior captain. I could not quit the quarter-deck from a desire to ascertain, if possible, what had become of Sennit and his compapions though prudence dictated concealment. Clements met the young nobleman at the gangway, and apologizing for not going on board the Speedy, on account of the state of his boats, reported the late action, and its results. Lord Harry then found himself the senior, instead of the junior commander, and he immedi-ately began to ask questions. He was in the midst of these interrogatories, when his sye suddenly fell on me. He and Clements were walking on the quarter-deck together, and I had gone into the gangway, to escape his notice, when this unexpected recognition took place. It occurred as the two were turning in their walk, and were so near me that I could hear what was said be-tween them. " Who have you there, leaning against my observations as much removed from the smoke as possible. This was the only opportunity I enjoyed of noting the relative positions, as well as condi-tions, of the two vessels. The Briton had suffered heavily aloft; bet all hear minimal answer still stood

running off nearly dead before the wind. I do not know how it happened by the relative positions, as well as condi-tide not know how it happened by the relative positions, as well as condi-tide a dray horse. The master's mate, the other hand, ber antagonist had lost me for my assistance, in a oheerful voice, saying, "We'll thrash 'em in an an arizen-toymast, and her note under a quarter-taking free, too hour Oaptian Wallingford." This was the first conscioueness I had, that my hands had entered into the affair at all i I had now an opportunity of ascer-taining what a very different thing it is to be aspoctator in such a scene, for the taglishman a little on the Prench-tin is 803, that mogrel gun, being an actor. Ashamed of the forget-tiness that had sent more to be breacy, thank if the south is nore under a quarter-taking free, too being an actor. Ashamed of the forget-tiness that had sent more to be breacy, thank if the south a scene, to was already flowing freered. Warey cannoade and a moderato breace, the wind had died away, or be-the gangway, to escape his notice, was already flowing freered. Kerey the south from the possition he cooupled but myself, was at work, for life or and those on the quarter-deek to fue forget-the triming of the site were then-the triming of the site of the forget-the triming of the site of the forget-the triming of the site were then-the triming of the samed of the forget-the triming of the samed is the south from the possition he cooupled but myself, was a twork for life or and those on the quarter-deek to fue for the south spot on the game and the tries for the south spot on the quarter-deek to fue formation to predict the result of the souther of mine, I i rather thank not, my lord—i's a yang.-'' Tour servest, Mr. Clements?' demanded the triming of the site, while the forgets in the firm and lite a site attending to the triming of the site were then south spot of the result to bas there. South spot in the triming of the s

and on every side, enabling him to over-look the whole scene of life from its commencement to its close, and to form an opinion of his own place in a drama that is about to close. Like many of those who exhibit themselves for our amnsement, and to purchase our applause he is only too spt to quit the stage less satisfied with his own performances, than the thoughtless multitude, who re-garding merely the surfaces of things, are too often loudest in their approba-tion when there is the least to praise. T shall pass over the next ten days, with a very brief allusion to their events. The first proof I had of Mr. Clements being commanding officer, was ny being transferred from the cabin to the gun-room. It is true, there was no want of space in my new spartment, for officering and manning the prize had left several state-rooms vacant in the Briton's gun room, which fell to the shares of the French prisoners and my-self. Poor Captain Rowley was pre-served in spirits ; and then things went on pretty much as before, with the ex-ertion that our crippled condition and reduced crew rendered us no longer anxious to fall in with Frenchman. I my say, in this place, also, that now the scittement which had carried him away, was gone, Marble was profoundly ashamed of the part he had taken in the iselom dared to allude to the thing, it is my opinion he heartily regretized his conduct, to his dying day. As for riper art. It is pleasant to think that time brought about the fulfilment of at least one of his youthful dreams in his subsequent ownership of that rambling Kentiah mansion, Ga's Hill, past whose gates he had been led by his father in childish days and promised that some time he might come to live there if he worked very hard and was good. It was the enchanted palace of his shildhood and there were dragons to be slain and a way to be hewn through the forest of difficulty, but the goal was ultimately won and there were thirteen happy hospitable years in legend-haunted gazed with dimmed eyes upon the fam-ous picture of the novelist's deserted and, entitled "The Vacant Chair." Tirst lessons in reading were given Dickeas by his mother, after which, with his elder sister Fanny, he was sent to be eschool of one William Giles who recognized his pupil's exceptional abili-ties, and recolved that they should not i fallow for lack of cultivation. How-ever, it seems probable that his best education was found in a deserted bed-room of his father's how where he dis-covered some dog-eared volumes of the words of Fielding and Smollet, assimu-lating the beauties and rejecting the ocarsences with the bleased innocence of childhood. In as much as carking cares and sordid worries were soon to cloud

lating the beauties and rejecting the coarseness with the blessed innocence of childhood. In as much as carking cares and sordid worries were soon to cloud his youth and that the busy days of his authorship held scant leisure for reading it is fortunate that his early literature was good of its kind, or when not good at least gay. In 1821 his family removed to London, bis father's salary having been reduced

In 1821 his family removed to London, his father's salary having been reduced in consequence of an effort at depart-mental retrenchment. Thenceforward John Dickens was perennially involved in financial difficulties, and perennially, certain of an ultimate bettering of his affairs. In fact, though his son dearly loved him and carefully arranged for the comfort of his declining years, certain external trails seem to indicate him as the orig-inal of the whimaical, mercurial Micawinal of the whimsical, mercurial Micaw

ber. Who does not recall with a smile the

Who does not recall with a smile the description of the latter individual de-olaring gloomily at suppertime that nothing was left for him but the jail, and at bedtime calculating the cost of adding hay windows to the house "in case of anything turning up." From a literary standpoint we cannot regret these years of stress and difficul-ty immortalized in the pages of Copper-field, for on his own confession its early chapters are practically an autoblogra-phy. Murdstone and Grinbys Ware-house were in reality Warren's Blacking phy. Murdstone and Grinbys Ware-house were in reality Warren's Blacking Factory, but the menial work and scanty pay, the uncongenial surroundings and speculative devices of the dinner hour, the visits to the debtors' prison, where his father's distress had found its climax, were actual experiences to which Dick-ens' mind never reverted without a shadar.

hudder. "All rescue from this existence," he

"All rescue from this existence," he writes, "I considered hopeless, though never for an hour was I reconciled to it, or other than miserably unhappy. It is pleasant to realize that his misery was of brief duration. Soon re-leased by a happy accident from this unworthy environment, he was put in the way of such an education as fell to the lot of most boys of the class to which he belonged.

the lot of most boys of the class to which he belonged. A club of fellow students was soon founded for the purpose of circulating short stories written by Dickens, and he was also manager of the theatricals they inaugurated. He describes him-self as, "A writer when a mere baby, an actor always," and throughout his life his love for both avocations persisted. Kindly references to the player folk abound throughout his works, and we cannot better illustrate the Catholicity of his sympathies in this respect than

of his sympathies in this respect than by recalling that they range from Vincent Crummals and his Infant pheno-menon to Mrs. Jarley's wax works. He even describes himself as an entranced pectator, an exhibition where an inMAY 18 1912

The year 1836 was a very notable one in the life of Dickens, witnessing as it did his marriage to Catherine Hogarch, daughter of the friend who had encour-aged his early efforts in the Morning Chronisle, and also the publication of that work by which he leaped into the full light of fame—"Pickwick Papers." So marvellous has been the success of this work that a few facts concerning its origin may be of general interest. Encouraged by the success of his sketches Messra. Chapman and Hall suggested that he should write a month-ly paper to act as a sort of text for illustrations to be prepared by the comic illustrator Mr. Seymour, and either author or publisher conceived the idea of a Nimrod club of unlucky sportamen, whose adventures should The year 1836 was a very notable one in the life of Dickens, witnessing as it sportamen, whose adventures should provide a congenial theme for pen and brush, but reversing the original intenbrun, out reversing the original inten-tion Dickens very reasonably main-tained that the pictures must grow naturally out of the text. Only one number had appeared when Seymour died by his own hand, and

Thackersy, who was Dickens' senior by a few months, applied for the vacant post of illustrator. As his style as draughteman was singularly unsuited to the text, and as he was so soon to achieve immortality in his own field, it is fortu-nate that his application was unsure Immortailty in his own field, it is fortu-nate that his application was unsuccess-ful. Finally in no very fortunate hour for some of Dickens' books Hablot Browne received the vacant appoint-ment. Fast upon the publication of Pickwick followed that of Oliver Twist, Dickens fort novel with an avound nue. ment. Fast upon the publication of Pickwick followed that of Oliver Twist, Dickens first novel, with an avowed pur-pose, namely that of putting before his readers a picture of the dregs of life never before portrayed in their loath-some reality. The heroism of Nanoy, the gay, good nature of Charley Bates, and the merry quips of the artful Dod-ger, are bright spots in the dark realism of this strange under world. Very many of Dickens' novels had to do with his work as a social reformer, and as such do not fall within scope of this paper. In this category, we include Little Dor-rit, where he thrusts a lance against the abuses of a Debtors' prison; Nicholas Nickleby with its arraignment of York-shire school conditions; and Bleak House whose personages are more or less influenced in life and character by the bilghting delays of a Chancery suit. We note its effects in the gradual de-terioration of young Richard Carstone, his growing auspicions, his feverish pur-suit of the shadow of fortune dependent as it is upon the ultimate settlement of his suit, and his abandonment of all the suit of the shadow of fortune dependent as it is upon the ultimate settlement of his suit, and his abandonment of all the serious purpose and earnest endeavor which make for success in its best sense. We have another victim of the effects of deferred hopes in Gridley, the Angry Man from Shropshire, and we have poor little Miss Flite whose wits have goad astray in a vain effort to follow Chan-cery's mazy windings. The book abounds in sharply drawn portraits, forcical and serious. We

The book abounds in sharply drawn portraits, farcical and serious. We have the Sir Leicester Dedlock, true chivalrous gentheman beneath his stiff-ness and pomposity; we have Chadband, the style of unctuous hypocrite most re-pugnant to Dickens, who reminds us strongly of Pecksniff, and we have Mrs. Jellyby, nominal mistress of a neglected home-sometimes an ethereal warning to long distance philanthropists. We have the hopeless crossing sweeper Jo., forever "moving on," a hounded, piteous, forlorn little figure, against whom fates sling and arrows spend their utmost spite. Who has not choked a little over his terse creed of gratitude lowards his his terse creed of gratitude towards his almost only benefactor—"He vos good

almost only benefactor—"He vos good to me, he vos." Dickens' books followed each other in such rapid succession that it would be impossible in the brief space of a single paper to linger over them as one fain would do. Never a page but we are arrested by some felicitous phrase, some striking characterization, or some epi-sode immortal in the realm of fun or tragedy. What more farcical than the breach of promise trial in Pickwick or the passage at arms between Sairey the passage at arms between Sairey Gamp and Betsy Prig, and at the other end of the scale, what more sublime than spectator, an exhibition where an in-trepid female entered a cage of wild beasts and feigned sleep upon the back of the principal lion while the ring master exclaimed dramatically the while, "Behold the amazing power of woman." When circumstances once more forced No other writer has so identified him-self with the festival of Christmas. Irresistible, indeed, is the infectious otheer of Pickwickian Christmas with the hospitable Mr. Wardle at Dingley Dell, brimming with hilarity from the moment when Sam Weller thrusts his merry face into Pickwick's chamber with the announcement that the water in the wash basin was a mash of ice. in the wash basin was a mash of ice. Each recurring Christmas finds a new generation making its delighted ac-quaintance with the Christmas Carol and an older one renewing, with un-dimmed satisfaction, its acquaintance with Scrooge, the regenerated, the Bob Cratchit and Tiny Tim — immortal Christmas folk of whom we never grow age-wearled or custom-staled. Amid the manifold activities of his life Dickens found time for a series of readings from his own works, marvelreadings from his own works, marvel-lously successful both in England and the United States. From Baltimore he writes his son that he seems to stand on the beach of a roaring sea of re-sponse-and indeed this phrase seems

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liberal treatment from Captain Rowley, but never before had he seemed so much disposed to act toward me as a father would act to a son, as on that morning. "I hope you have done justice to Davis' cookery, gentlemen," he said, after the assault on the estables began to abate a little in ardor, "for this may be the last opportunity that will offer to enjoy it. I am an Englishman, and have what I hope is a humble confidence in the superiority of an English over a French ship ; but I very well know we never get even a French ship without working for it ; and yonder gentleman may not leave us any crockery, for to-morrow. He evidently means to fight us, and I think will do himself credit." "I believe you English always go into action against the French with a confi-dence of vistory." I remarked. "Why, we have brought our lads up to that feeling, certainly, though I would not have you fancy I am quite of that way of thinking. I am too old, and have seen too much service, Wallingford, not to know that every battle is liable to

to know that every battle is liable to accidents and vicissitades. There is ome difference in service, I must suppose some difference in service, i must suppose though not half as much in men as is valgarly imagined. The result is in the hands of God, and I do think we are fighting his battles, in this fearful war; therefore, I trust He will take care of

I was surprised to find Captain Row-ley, who was usually cheerful and gay, talking in this manner; but it did not become me to pursue the subject. In a minute or two we rose from table, and I minute or two we rose from table, and I heard the order given to the steward to report to the first lieutenant, as soon as the table was cleared away, that the cabin bulkheads might be removed. Marble and I then passed below into a canvas berth that had been made for him, where we could compute together with carvas berth that had been made for him, where we could consult together with-out danger of interruption. Just as we reached the place, the drum beat to quarters. This carried nearly every one else on deck, and left us virtually

alone. "Well, Miles," commenced Marble, "Well, Miles," commenced Marble, "this v'y'ge will beat any other of our v'y'ges, and give it fifty. We have been twice captured, once wrecked, have seen a fight, and are about to feel another. What do you think patriotism and republican varioo require us to do in such a crisis ?"

In such a crisis ?" This was the first time I had ever heard my mate mention republicanism,

they had discharged an effective shot. "Wallingford," said my old friend the captain, as soon as I approached him, "you have nothing to do here. It would not be proper for you to take a part in this action, and it would be folly to ex-pose yourself without an object." "I am quite aware of all this, Captain Rowley, but I have thought your kind-ness to me was so great as to permit me to be a looker-on. I may be of some service to the wounded, if to nothing else; and I hope you think me too much of an officer to get in the way." "I am not certain, sir, I ought to per-mit anything of the sort," returned the old man, gravely. "This fighting is serious business, and no one should meddle with it whose duty does not command it of him. See here, sir," peinting at the French frigate, which was about two cable's lengtha distant, with her topgaliant-sails clewed up and the courses in the brails; "in ten minutes we shall be hard at it. and I

been looking about you; how do you think it is going?" "This ship will—must beat, Captain Rowley. Her order and regularity are most beautiful." "Ay, I'm glad to hear you say as much, Wallingford, for I know you are a seaman. Just go down on the gundeok and cast an eye around you; then come up and tell me how things look there."

Here I was, fairly enlisted as an aid. Down I went, however, and such a scene, I never had witnessed before, certainly. Although the season had well advanced Although the season had well advanced into the autumn, the weather was so warm that half the men had stripped for the toil—and toil it is, to work heavy guns, for hours at a time, under the ex-citement of battle; a toil that may not be felt at the time, perhaps, but which leaves a weariness like that of disease behind it. Many of the seamen fought in their trousers alone; their long, hard one us lying on their naked backs.

with her toggaliant-sails clewed up and the courses in the brails; "in ten minutes we shall be hard at it, and I leave it to yourself to say whether prudence does not require that you should go below." I had expected this, and instead of contesting the matter I bowed, and walked off the quarter-deck, as if about to comply. "Out of sight, out of mind," i thought; it would be time enough to go below when I had seen the beginning of the affair. In the waist I passed the marines, drawn up in military array, with their officer as attentive to dress-ing them in line as if the victory de-pended on its accuracy. On the fore-

in their trousers alone ; their long, hard queues lying on their naked backs, which resembled those of so may sth-letæ, prepared for the arena. The gun-deck was full of smoke, the priming burned in-board producing that effect, though the power which exploded in the guns|was sent, with its flames and sul-phurous wreaths, in long lines from the power toward the enemy. The place pended on its accuracy. On the fore-castle I found Neb, with his hands in castle I found Neb, with his hands in his pockets watching the marcouvres of the French as the cat watches those of the mouse. The fellow's eye was alive with interest, and I saw it was useless to think of sending him below. As for the officers, they had taken their cue from the captain, and only smiled good-naturedly as I passed them. The first lieutenant, however, was an exception. He never had appeared well disposed toward us, and, I make no doubt, had 1 not been so hospitably taken into the cabin, we should all have got an earlier taste of his humor. phurous wreaths, in long lines from the ports toward the enemy. The place appeared a sort of pandemonium to me. I could perceive men moving about in the smoke, rammers and sponges whirl-ing in their hands, guns reeling inward, ay, even leaping from the deck, under the violence of the recoils, officers sign-ing with their swords to add emphasis to their orders, boys running to and fro on their way to and from the magazines, shot tossed from hand to hand, and to give its flercest character to all, the dead and dying welting in their blood, amidabips. He never had appeared well disposed toward us, and, I make no doubt, had 1 not been so hospitably taken into the oabin, we should all have got an earlier taste of his humor. "There is too much good stuff in that fellow," he dryly remarked, in passing, pointing toward Neb at the same time, "for him to be doing nothing at a moment like this." "We are neutrals, as respects France, Mr. Clements," I answered, "and it

cheer would arise in some part of the ship; but these, and the cries of the hurt, were almost all the sonnds the were heard, except those of the conflict, with an occasional call, or a word of en-couragement from some officer. "Warm work, Wallingford !" Captain Rowley said, as I came close upon him in the smoke. "You have no business here, but I like to see the face of a friend, notwithstanding. You have been looking about you; how do you think its is going?" "This ship will-must beat, Captain Rowley. Her order and regularity are most beautiful." "Ay, I'm glad to hear you say as

"The captain cannot live half an hour," this gentleman said to me aside, " and all we can do will be to give him what he asks for. At present he is stupified by the shock of the blow, but, in a few minutes, he will probably ask for water, or wine and water; I wish, sir, you would indulge him in his wishes, for you can have no duty to call you on

sir, you would induge him in his wishes, for you can have no duty to call you on deck. This will be a lucky hit for Clements, who will run off with more than half the credit of the battle, though I fancy the Frenchman has as much a home a locate " much as he wants, already." And so it turned out, literally, in the

And so it turned out, literally, in the end. About twenty minutes after I went below, during which time the Briton did most of the fighting, we heard the cheer of victory on deck. These sounds appeared to cause the wounded man to revive. "What means that, Wallingford ?" he asked in a stronger voice than I could have thought it possible for him to use. "What do these cheers mean, my young friend ?"

with this gentleman, and must ask the

favour of your company and his, for a few minutes, in your cabin." No objection could be raised to this request; and I followed the two officers into the Briton's cabin.

TO BE CONTINUED

A GLIMPSE AT THE LIFE AND WORKS OF CHARLES

DICKENS

The following very clever paper or the great novelist, Dickens, is from the pen of Maud Regan, now Mrs. J. W. Rigney, of Kingston, Ont. For many years literary contributions from her pen were eagerly sought by some of the best magazines. Her short stories and sketches possess a charming literary finish. We hope she will continue her contributions to the literature of our

day. With Dickens she is particularly at home, and her thoughts reveal an intimacy with those charms in his characters which will live as long as the English language is spoken.

Of the important centenaries marking the year 1912, perhaps none is of wider interest or more universal appeal than that of the genial, kindly, wondrously

have thought it possible for him to use, "What do these cheers mean, my young friend ?" "They mean, Captain Rowley, that you have conquered — that you are master of the French frigate." "Master !-am I master of my own life? Of what use is victory to me, now? I shall die-die soon, Wallingford, and there will be an end of it all ! My port wife will call this a melancholy victory." Alas ! what could I say? These words were only too true as respect ence, and that calmly, with all his senses about him ; but I could see he had his which attended his end, was fulfilling all the objects of his being. The near twe of death places a man on a moral g eminence, whence he commands pros-to pots before and behind, on each side

When circumstances once more forced Dickens into the struggle for a liveli-hood, he drifted into the office of a Grays Inn Solicitor. During his eighteen months' legal experience he mastered sufficiently all legal techni-calities to subsequently write without rudimentary errors upon the processes of the law

rudimentary errors upon the processes of the law. To this period we are doubtless in-debted for the portraits of Mr. Spenlow, of Mr. Talkinghorn, of Sergeant Buz-Fuz, and countless other legal luminaries. At the age of seventeen Dickens began his work as parliamentary reporter for the morning Herald. In this con-nection it will be interesting to quote his own description of hardships inci-dental to such an avocation in the early 30's.

30's. "I have often transcribed for the printer from my shorthand notes importprinter from my shorthand notes import-ant speeches, where strictest accuracy was required, writing on the palm of my hand by the light of a dark lantern as we galloped through a wild country in the dead of night. I do verily believe I have been upset in almost every description of vehicle known in the country. I have been belated on miry byroads towards the small hours, in a wheelless coach with exhausted horses and drunken post boys, and still got back in time for publication; and as a over of hyrnroduct of those adventures

back in time for publication; and as a sort of by-product of those adventures there remain to us incomparable plotures of old coaching days, of genial coachmen and loquacious guards, of pleasant pauses at quaint old inns with leaping fire and sauded floors and hos-pitable cheer for man and beast." Verily the "wheelless coach" was to

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