

# "Love in the Wilds."

—OR—  
The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER III  
OFF TO LONDON.

Sixty or seventy years ago there were not the facilities for traveling as we lucky, or unlucky people, of the present day possess, and Hugh, though the son of a wealthy sire, had not seen the metropolis before.

It wanted half an hour to the grand dinner-time of seven as he turned in at the Marble Arch, drawn as by a loadstone by the string of horses and carriages, for Hugh loved horses, and, even with a heaving heart and the misery of a vanished home and an uncertain future ever before him could not resist the temptation of leaning against the iron railings and watching the procession of riders mounted on the finest cattle in Europe; for whatever else we behind-the-world English come second in, we take the lead in horse-flesh.

After this rest he walked down Piccadilly and through the busy streets until, toward night, he reached the humble thoroughfares of the East End. At a coffee-shop which looked clean yet unpretending, and which bore the legend "Beds" in a corner of its window, he engaged a room for the night, feeling half confused by the great city and its noises.

In the morning he breakfasted on a cup of coffee and a huge crust thinly scraped with an oily substance set down on the bill as butter, and strolled out to think on a plan of action.

Like all men whose knowledge of the world is bounded by a country village, Hugh had looked upon London as the golden El Dorado in which one had but to set one's feet and find employment and a fortune; but when he had reached it he was confounded by its magnitude and saw no way to turn.

He knew no craft save that of a farmer, had no friends, no letter of introduction.

What was he to do? As he asked himself this question he wandered on regardless of his whereabouts, until the spectacle of a huge wall, to which the high walls round the Dale were but pigmies, roused him from his reverie and set him making inquiries.

"This is the docks," replied a man, dressed like a sailor on shore for a holiday.

"The docks?" said Hugh. "Where the ships start from?"

"Yes," said the man. "Pretty nearly all of 'em. Which might you be lookin' for? The 'Mary Ann' or the 'Neptune'?"

"I am not looking for either," said Hugh.

"Oh, beg your honor's parding," replied the sailor, taking a long strip of negrohead from his pocket and cutting a slice off with a large clasp-knife that hung suspended from his waist by a tarred rope. "I thought you was a-goin' in one of the emigrants."

"The emigrants?" said Hugh, a sudden thought flashing through his brain. "Are there a number of emigrants?"

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grants going out in those two ships there?"

"Yes," said Jack. "The 'Neptune' be a-goin' to Australia, and the 'Mary Ann' be a-goin' to the Cape."

"The Cape of Good Hope?" said Hugh.

"In course," retorted the sailor, staring at his ignorance; "there ain't no other as I knows on, leastwise as is called 'Cape.'"

"Ah!" said Hugh. "And which do you consider the best place for an emigrant, the Cape of Good Hope or Australia?"

"All depends," said Jack. "If you're goin' gold-huntin', I should say Australia's the place; but if farmin' an' cattle-keepin' is the game, I'd say steer clear to the Cape."

"Have you been to either of the places?" asked Hugh, his heart beating with a flush of new hope.

"Have I been?" repeated Jack, stopping his munching and slapping his thigh with astonishment. "Well, that's a good un! This 'ere'll make my tenth to the Cape, please Heaven."

"And you like it?" said Hugh, almost ashamed to worry the man with any further questions, yet anxious to gain all the information he could, for something whispered to him that he was standing at the cross-road of life, and that a great deal depended on the path he took.

"Like it?" repeated Jack. "Well, middlin'. The climate is fair enough, an' the tackle ain't bad, but the Hottentots is p'ison."

"Hottentots!" said Hugh, whose knowledge of geography, as the reader will have discovered, was rather limited. "Are there black men there, then?"

Jack nodded.

"There be," he said, concisely; "black as ink, and cunning ones, too."

"You don't seem to like the Hottentots," said Hugh, with a smile.

"I hate 'em," said the sailor, heartily. "They're as nasty a lot as ever was turned out—leastways most of 'em. They stole my 'baces and a keg of the ship's stores last voyage, the thieves! Hottentots'll take the eyes out of your head and grin in your teeth while they're doin' it, shiver my timbers if they won't!"

Hugh could not repress a smile, sad and earnest as his thoughts were; and, still wanting more information, he proposed that they should go over the way to a little, low-browed public house with a representation of an extremely lively-looking sailor in very clean, white trousers hanging up over the door as a sign, and get something to moisten the hunk of tobacco, dirt, and treacle in the corner of Jack's mouth.

With a quarter of old Jamaica before him, Jack waxed friendly, and wound up a general summary on seamanship, with the advantages and disadvantages of a life on land—in which, according to his view, the disadvantages preponderated—by informing Hugh that the "Mary Ann" was only waiting for one or two able-bodied seamen to leave the docks, her cargo and passengers being already stowed aboard.

Hugh thought for a moment, then surprised the sailor by suddenly asking him if he thought the captain of the "Mary Ann" would accept him in place of one of the missing men.

Jack looked him up and down, and scratched his head.

"You come along to the skipper, my hearty, and hear what he says," he replied.

Hugh walked to the door at once, and, stopping only to finish the ale which Hugh had left, Jack rolled out after him.

The skipper of the "Mary Ann"—a little man with a brown face and gray eyes that danced, when he laughed, like the waves he had so often traversed—after saying Hugh for a moment and rubbing his shin, told him he would do; and Hugh, agreeing to work his passage out to Cape Town, signed the name of "Laurence Harman" on the roll-book.

So Hugh Darrell, the heir to the Dale, existed no longer, and from his ashes sprang Laurence Harman, sea-

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man-emigrant on board the "Mary Ann," bound for the Cape of Good Hope, with "Ask for Stewart's Corner" was his watchword and anchor sheet.

### CHAPTER IV. THE FRUITS OF PRIDE.

I will instruct my sorrows to be proud. For grief is proud, and makes his own stoop.—SHAKESPEARE.

For twenty minutes after Hugh had left the house, Squire Darrell stood stern and motionless at the door through which the stubborn son had passed.

At the end of twenty minutes his frown relaxed, and he commenced pacing the handsomely carpeted room, muttering:

"The impudent jackanapes! What is the world coming to, when one is to be beard by the young scamps who owe you everything, even the very breath that—that—I wonder how long he'll wander up and down the village?"

This was said more softly, for the squire had never a doubt that his stubborn son had been playing heroics, and that he would come in with the candles, perhaps a little sulky and obstinate still, yet safe at home.

But the candles came, and no Hugh. Nay, the candles burned down in their sockets, and still the chair opposite the squire's, in which Hugh used to smoke his cigar or look over the country news sheet, remained empty.

There the squire sat and went through a battle, his pride, warring against his natural affections, in which the latter, unused to being called upon, were utterly routed by the pride which was always in arms.

At midnight the squire was white, yet firm. He rang the bell until it rang like a county alarm, and, when the servant hurried to the room, sternly ordered him to lock all the doors and get to bed.

The man, who was quite ignorant of the termination of the last quarrel between father and son, ventured to stammer that Mr. Hugh had not returned.

The squire brought down his fist upon the table with an exclamation.

"If you mention Hugh Darrell's name to me again, you rascal, I'll kick you out of doors after him!" he roared; and the man, white and all

excitement, hurried down to the kitchen with the news that Mr. Hugh had been turned out-of-doors, and that it would be worth more than any one's head was worth to even name him to the squire.

One of the village tradesmen, happening to partake of ale and cake in the kitchen at the moment, hurried off to the village with the weighty news, and before morning the tenants and trades-people had received their warning not to give the fatal name tongue if they valued their leases and the Dale custom.

All night the squire tossed about on his bed, and waited with that dreary hopefulness which grows at night for the sound of the gate-bell, but no Hugh came repently back to ring it, and he arose in the morning hardened to stone, and now he had got over the first qualms of affection and remorse, as determined as flint.

The squire did nothing by halves, and having disowned his son, he set about removing all traces of his existence. Every article pertaining to Hugh—his old hats, walking-sticks, cigar-cases, and odd knickknacks which strewed the mantle-shelves and corners—were taken up to the room he had occupied, the door of which the squire himself not only looked but screwed up.

Having "done his duty" so far, he sat down to his old oak desk, and, taking out the black-edged letter from his pocket, carefully spread it out before him.

It ran thus:

Sir,—I have to inform you that Mrs. Betsy Darrell died here on the twenty-second instant, leaving behind her a daughter, aged seventeen, and a sum of money amounting to two hundred pounds. As I have ascertained that you are her nearest relative I lose no time in informing you of her decease, and respectfully requesting instructions for the disposal of the estate and Miss Grace Darrell, her daughter.

"Your obedient servant,  
WM. LAWSON, Attorney."

After several minutes of profound reflection, the squire, knitting his brows, and taking up a pen awkwardly and gingerly—he already missed Hugh, who did all the correspondence and what accounts were necessary—wrote in reply:

(To be Continued.)

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