ing, with the exception of Yellow Dick, took their way to Samphire Cottage, and Uncle Jacob claimed the right of communicating to Mrs. Freeman her son's return.

"Madam, your son has returned!" These words struck home, and uttering a faint shriek she fell back in her chair.

In a moment Charles Freeman was by his mother's side holding her hand in his own.

The day succeeding his return, in company with Uncle Jacob, Charles Freeman appeared at the Priory. When their arrival was announced to Clara she felt her former courage to be failing her. Repeatedly would she have given all she possessed to have seen him once more, but now that he was actually near to her, her heart sank, and she would gladly have excused herself the happiness she secretly longed to enjoy. Alice saw her agitation, and employed her every effort to reassure her mistress. But Clara was not foolish, and commanding herself, she entered the room where they were awaiting an interview. With Uncle Jacob she shook hands as with a dear old friend; but when she turned to Charles Freeman, who advanced to meet her, and looked on his manly countenance, now pale and worn from confinement and sorrow, she spoke not, and regardless of the presence of the old man, she threw herself into his embraces and laying her head on his shoulder wept in deep emotion.

Clara then requested Charles Freeman to accompany her and together they entered the apartment occupied by the deceased baronet who had a day or two before met with an awfully sudden death.

Taking the hand of Charles Freeman in her own, and uniting them both with that of the dead, lifting her eyes toward heaven, Clara exclaimed, "Great Father, I am faithful to the vow I made to Thy dying saint, my mother! Difficulties lay in the way of our happiness, but Thy providence has removed them; and now that Thy will appears, we crave Thy blessing by the side of the dead. In life he refused to consent; but he is gone, and could he now speak, would he not approve our doings?"

To make this effort Clara had taxed her energies to the utmost, and now that it was ended she fell exhausted into the arms of Charles Freeman. Supporting her from the room she quickly recovered, and having delivered her over to the charge of Alice, the two men retired.

"Nobody knows what is on the road of life until he meets with it," said Uncle Jacob to himself, as he stood, back to the fire, with his hands beneath his coat tails, with one heel resting on the edge of the fender, and leaning against the mantelpiece in the parlour of Samphire Cottage. "Here am I without a relation in the world, and although I came to reside in this place in the belief that I should be peaceful and quiet, I am tossed and tumbled about in every direction."

This little soliloquy was indulged while Madame and Lisette were enjoying a conversation.

"How old are you, Madame?" he now enquired.

"I cannot tell you, sir; I must be near ninety."

"Phew! You must have been a woman before I was born."

"That is possible, sir."

"Come, tell me your story. I am down in the dumps to-night, and it will be a change.

"My life has for years been a blank."

"Through being shut up with that rascally Frenchman, aye? I wish I had him here, I'd make the villain cry parbleu!"

"Monsieur Du Boulay was a bad man."

"Bad, aye? I don't know the meaning of the word bad when you were a girl, but it'isn't strong enough to use against such a fellow now-a-days."

"He will get his reward."

"He would if I had the dealing out of matters, and a little over too, just by way of acquaintance; but tell me the story of your life."

Madame then related the story she had told Lisette. During the narrative Uncle Jacob became very fidgety, and gave vent to his feelings in poking the fire, and in snuffing the candles. When she had finished, he replied,

"It is a good job I have not to govern affairs, I should make short work of it with some persons. But what became of the children?"

"Well sir, I heard of them only once, and that was from a native of this town, a prisoner of war in France, who in company with others, was being removed from one place to another, and resting near to the cottage where I was then in confinement, requested of me in his language a glass of water. On hearing his voice I drew him on one side and learnt from him that the boy had gone to sea, to the East Indies, and that the girl was in service."

"Is that all that you know of them?" enquired the old man, now highly interested in the narrative.

"That is all I know, with the exception of the name of the ship in which the dear child sailed, and also the name of the person with whom the girl lived in service. These I wrote down at the time, and learnt them too well to forget them."

"And what was the name of the ship?"

"The *Two Brothers*, of London."

"Coin my heart into pearl buttons!" he exclaimed, in tones so vehement that Madame and Lisette started from their seats. The *Two Brothers*, of London! and you an old woman of ninety. Can it be? Is it possible? Let me look at you!" and taking the candle from the table he held it close to the face of Madame. This outburst of feeling being over, he stood as motionless as a statue. His thoughts were playing with the past, and he was subdued.

The quiet which succeeded this extravagance of feeling on the part of Uncle Jacob, was received with pleasure by both Madame and Lisette, who had become alarmed lest his excitable temperament had driven him mad.

The *Two Brothers*, of London, bound to the East Indies, there was no small boy on board that ship but myself." These words muttered in a low tone by Uncle Jacob, were not lost upon Madame, who in turn sat surprised at what she heard. "Had you nothing by means of which you could have identified that boy, had it been your lot in life ever to meet with him?" enquired the old man.

"Yes; on that fearful night, while I lay in the snow with the dear child in my bosom, he became frost-bitten, and it resulted in having the little finger of his left hand amputated at the first joint."

"Is it possible!" he exclaimed, now excited almost beyond control.

"It is true, sir."

"Then look at this hand," said the old man. "I was the boy from Folkestone who sailed in that ship for the East Indies; and is this the hand which was frost-bitten, and the finger that suffered amputation?"

In reply to this question Madame looked him full in the face, and was silent. Then, as if the powers of her memory had obtained supernatural aid, the figure of a boy came before her, and comparing the features of the child with those of the man into whose face she was intently gazing, a conviction of their being the same settled in her soul, and rushing toward him, she exclaimed,

"My Fred! My Fred! My long-lost boy!"

The scene which followed can be omitted; but the next distinct feature in it was that of Jacob Winter shouting at the top of his voice, "Hip! Hip! Hurrah!" and finishing by calling for old Betty.

The old servant heard the imperious demand for her presence; but being used to these wild freaks of the old man, did not pretend to hurry, but simply grumbled out as she crept towards the door, "There he is afoolin' agin." This tardiness set the bell in motion with a vehemence which threatened to destroy the mechanical contrivance with which it spoke, and she at length appearing, he enquired,

"Betty, with whom did Alice live when a girl?"

"With me."

"And who did you live with?"

"I lived with my master and mistress."

"And who were they?"

"Why, Jacob Winter you're allays afoolin' about now."

"Tell me at once!" shouted the old man furiously.

"Why the father and mother of Lady Chillington, them that's dead and buried.

"The name! the name!" screamed out the old man.

"Simpson," she replied; and then left the room grumbling.

"The asylum's the place for you; you're booked for Bedlam."

"How strange!" said Uncle Jacob, on hearing the name mentioned, for Madame had previously told it. "It is her! she is my sister. Years had rolled away since we parted, but there was that in her countenance which as I saw it drew me irresistibly toward her. I felt that I had seen her before, and now I am certain of it. Thank God I am no longer alone in the world! I have found a relative, and to you, Madame, I owe the blessing of discovery without the power of repaying you."

"Not to me, sir, but to Lisette."

"What can I do for you, my child? tell me," said Uncle Jacob, sobered even to tears of gratitude for what he had found out.

"My dear sir, you can do much for me," replied Lisette.

"Name it, and I will do or dare anything to show my gratitude."

Lisette then told him of her betrothal to "Yellow Dick," and requested him to devise some means for them to forsake their fugitive life, that they might become house-dwellers and live by honest industry.

"Leave that with me; I will do it, and more than that."

Lisette arose to thank Uncle Jacob, but he requested her to retain her seat, and demanded that she should ever consider him a friend. Madame then told the old man his real name, and as much of his parents as she knew; but her knowledge of them was too slender to excite any great desire to search out his pedigree. He believed he had found a sister, and with her was contented.

"Well," said Uncle Jacob, when the excitement of his brain had subsided, "I shall not change my name. Jacob Winter I have been, and Jacob Winter I mean to be; I have had bother enough lately, and now I mean to settle down in peace and quietness."

(To be continued.)

"To sum it up, six long years of bedridden sickness and suffering, costing $200 per year, total, $1,200—all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their own benefit."

"JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y."

NEWFOUNDLAND.

Newfoundland is a large island enclosing the Gulf of St. Lawrence on its eastern side; separated from the mainland on the N. W. by the Strait of Belle Isle, 60 miles long and 12 wide. It contains an area of 35,850 square miles. Trinity Harbor is only 1,834 miles from Valentia Bay on the S. W. coast of Ireland, and these plans were, therefore, chosen as the termini of the Atlantic Telegraph cable.

The waves and storms of the ocean have eaten their way into the coasts of this island on all sides and have formed the massive and lofty lines of cliff which everywhere meet the approaching mariner. The first view to a visitor from Europe is very imposing. The grand precipices of slate rocks, dipping almost perpendicularly to the south, which compose Cape Spear and the adjacent coast, look like some gigantic wall rising from deep water, against which the vessel is on the point of being dashed.

But suddenly a cleft appears, and she passes safely between two fine headlands, 600 and 700 feet high, into the land-locked and capacious harbour of St. John. This is the capital and chief port. The city is on the north side of the inlet, built on the side of a hill. The south coast is diversified by groups of islets of every form and size. The scenery of the Humber Bay ranks among the boldest in Newfoundland. Perpendicular cliffs, hundreds of feet high, rise out of the deepest water. The interior of Newfoundland is very imperfectly known; it contains numerous lakes, emptying themselves by rivers which are mostly torrents hurrying to the sea. The inhabitants are too much employed in fishing to care about exploring a tract which does not seem to offer many advantages. Many fishing-stations exist on the coast of Labrador, which are partially deserted during the winter. Forsean, on the Strait, and Battle Harbour, just outside it, are the most frequented.

The climate is necessarily much tempered by the surrounding ocean. According to Dove, the hottest month at St. John's is August (58° Fah.) and that of February, the coldest (23° below); but these figures are far from indicating the extremes of heat and cold. Even in July, immense icebergs drift southward along the eastern coasts, chilling the air in their neighbourhood.

The fisheries are, as they have always been, the absorbing object of interest in Newfoundland. The population, 123,000, is reduced to less than one half during the fishing season.

Fish is the crop, whose abundance means comfort, and failure, distress. The majority of the people live on salt fish, pork and spruce beer. Boys are fishermen at 10 years of age, and even their noted breed of dogs are fishers by instinct.

The Great Bank is the site of the largest fisheries. This vast submarine plateau is 600 miles long and 200 broad. The depth over it varies from 25 to 95 fathoms. The warm Gulf Stream (of which we shall pulibsh shortly an interesting double page) washes its southern side where it falls in rapid slope to 3,130 fathoms, and on the banks the cold current from the north brings a temperature often 20° lower than that of the water from the tropics. It is this meeting of such unequally heated currents which produce the prevailing fogs. To the cool waters from the Arctic regions is due the excellence of the codfishery here so extensively followed, for the best fish are always found in the colder seas. And even the Banks themselves, as Lieutenant Maury suggests, may owe their existence to the same currents. Enormous icebergs come down Davis Strait by hundreds, all having some burden of rocks or gravel. As they drift southward, their number is thinned by the increasing heat; but none pass the northern edge of the Gulf Stream, and the Great Bank is the accumulation of the solid matter thus furnished.

The fisheries on these banks and off the adjacent shores have been an object of contention for centuries. France, Spain, and England quarrelled for their possession from the time of their discovery, till the peace of Utrecht, in 1713, when the supremacy in these waters passed to Great Britain, leaving only the small islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon in the hands of the French.

They retained, besides, rights of fishing which were again in complete abeyance during the last war with France, while England so monopolized the fisheries that, in 1814 the fish and oil sent home were valued at £2,604,000. Upon the peace which followed, the French resumed their rights, and have since established new settlements on the N. E. extremity of the island, where they pretend to have the sole claim to the fisheries.

In the meantime, a new and formidable competitor appeared in the United States. By a convention, signed in London, in 1818, a concurrent right to all our deep sea fisheries was conceded to them, on the express condition that they were not to fish within 3 miles of the British shores, nor land there except in distress. This stipulation was quickly and constantly broken. The Americans landed on the less-peopled coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick upon the most flimsy pretexts, introducing smuggled goods, and, with the connivance of the inhabitants, even curing the fish caught within the proscribed limits. Besides illegal fishing, it was complained that they spoiled the in-shore grounds by throwing their offal overboard in the bays, and by taking fish at improper times. With their intimate knowledge of the sea-board, it was easy to avoid the few cruisers of Great Britain. Their own war vessel was reported as lying in the Bay Chaleur, "all hands fishing." The law was weak, its infringers were strong. Official remonstrance had no effect; quarrels were frequent, and national misunderstandings were always imminent. The Americans either could not, or would not, keep the treaty; and we yielded the sole right of fishing in our own waters by the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854.

The fishermen of Newfoundland have almost entirely withdrawn from the Great Banks. The summer fisheries are situated further from the land than those of the winter season; but usually within reach of the salting and curing stations. The codfishery is mainly pursued during the summer, commencing in June. The seal-fishing of Labrador and the Strait is the next important branch of this industry, occupying the time from March to June. Salmon are caught abundantly on the Labrador, whence they are exported fresh, preserved or in ice. Herrings are also plentiful in the Strait, and are caught in enormous quantities; a seine-net at a single haul securing 120,000 fish, and sometimes thrice as many. The dried cod are chiefly sent to Portugal, Spain, and other parts of the Mediterranean, and to the West Indies and Brazil. Salmon and herrings are shipped to the United States, while we receive the greatest quantity of the oil, cod, seal, dog-fish and seal-skins.

The visitor will find no lack of hospitality, though he may have to drink his spruce-beer out of a tea-cup. If he be an artist, he may revel amid scenes of grandeur and beauty rarely equalled; if a sportsman, he may spear his own salmon, shoot his own cariboo, venison, and net his own curlew; and if gastronomically inclined, may judge for himself whether these fish, flesh and fowl are not excellent viands. And to these recreations he may, if he chooses, add the pleasure of studying a simple-minded, hardy race of men whose respect for the old country is only paralleled by their attachment to the new.

THE LIGHTHOUSES OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

CAPE RACE, which keeps watch and ward ove the scene, like a sentinel posted on a battle-field. The gulch is about 250 feet in depth. The cliffs, which are 200 feet high, overhang the water so that there is no possibility of reaching the top except by rope.

The light revolves every 30 seconds; visible 19 miles. Height of centre of the light above high water mark, 180 feet.

LA PRUE.—314 feet high; visible 24 miles.

ST. PIERRE.—2 white flashes and 1 red; interval, 20 seconds; visible 26 miles; fog gun.

CAPE RAY.—One white flash-light every 10 seconds; flashes not visible at a great distance; a fog gun is blown at intervals of 50 seconds during fogs or snow storms; heard during calms or when the wind is favorable, about 8 or 10 miles off, otherwise less than half that distance.

POINT RUSH.—White flash-light every 15 seconds; 130 feet high.

POINT AMOUR.—Visible 18 miles; 155 feet high; fog gun.

POINT NORMAN.—White light; revolving every 2 minutes; 138 feet high.

BONAVISTA.—Light revolving every 45 seconds, red and white alternately, 150; visible, 16 miles.

BACALIEN.—Light every 20 seconds; 380 feet high; visible, 20 miles.

ST. JOHN'S.—114 feet high; visible, 16 miles.

CAPE BROUGH.—200 feet high; visible 16 miles.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MME. CARLOTTA PATTI'S Australian tour has not proved a success.

THEODORE THOMAS talks of making a trip to Europe this summer.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN will return to this country with a new burlesque opera, which he is now writing, early in October.

MISS ANNIE CARY'S European visit the coming summer is for rest and recreation, not to join Mapleson's company.

VERDI'S new composition, "Pater Noster," the words taken from Dante, has been performed at La Scala, Milan, with great success. Verdi himself conducting.

MANAGER STRAKOSCH has secured Mme. Marie Roze as the prima donna of the Strakosch & Hess English Opera Company next season, "Aida," and "Carmen" being included in her repertoire.

P. S. GILMORE has secured, during his trip abroad in search of novelties, Hughes, the famous opheclede player, the only performer upon this instrument in England, who will be remembered as one of Julien's favourite soloists during the visit of the popular maestro to the United States. Also Sig. Raffayollo, a marvellous performer on a combination brass instrument with two bells, named the euphonium-trombone. His execution is said to be something startling, suggesting to unmusical hearers the howling of a menagerie in an uproar.

Doctors Gave Him Up.

"Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple a remedy?"

"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"

"Well-a-day! If that is so, I will go this minute and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."

NOTICE.

In order to prevent any delay in the delivery of the NEWS, or loss of numbers, those of our subscribers who change their place of residence will kindly advise us of the fact.