

"Pegson came back, stepping gently across to me.

"Has she taken all?" he said? "oh, I'm glad. And the boy asleep? Very good."

"Here," I said, taking some money from my pocket, "Pegson, go and get some food, some milk, a loaf of bread, a little brandy."

"No," he said, "she won't touch that; never would, poor soul. She said she knew what brandy had brought him to, and she would never wet her lips with it, were she dying ever so."

"Then what do you think best? something for the child, and some meat for yourself," I answered. Well, young gentlemen, she recognized me before she died, and told me a bit of her history. "It was drink," she said, "that ruined him. We moved about from one town to another," she said, "and we got poorer and poorer, and the poorer we got the more he drank. Oh, James, how badly I behaved to you, and you so kind! if any girl was ever sorely punished for her flirting, foolish, deceitful ways, it's me. And what I could have seen in him, I'm sure I've often wondered!"

"She could hardly draw her breath, and I was afraid of her speaking too much. 'Oh, but I've so little time,' she said, 'so little time; and I want to tell you all before he comes in again.'"

"She did not know, and she could not see the ghastly thing lying in that ugly corner, as I did. I had never recognized him, I doubt if even his own mother would have known him now."

"Oh, James," she continued, "I'm ashamed to ask you, but what can I do? I can't die in peace and think of his father having him! and with her thin trembling hands she pushed her boy's curly head toward me. I promised I would take him and rear him as if he had been my own, and she cried and blessed me. She only said a few words after I had promised. 'I took him to church; Harry, Harry,' she repeated, to show that was his name.' I knelt down, and said, 'Our father.' 'God bless you,' she said, and never spoke again. In an hour or so it was all over."

"I got Pegson to arrange about her funeral and she was buried that same evening; him and me followed her to the grave, with the baby in my arms. Then I made poor Pegson a present, and leaving that wretched house, went to the railway inn, near the station, where I was to start from next morning. Mother didn't know when I was coming, so she had not been frightened at me not arriving: I had only written I would get away as soon as Mr. Hamilton could spare me."

"I had a good bit to go by coach at the end, but we reached Ilfracombe at last, and catching hold of a boy, I bade him run to Mrs. Abbott, and tell her a sailor man told him to say James Abbott would be home that evening; so I found mother all ready on the lookout for me. She looked surprised at the child at first. 'It's poor Susan's mother,' I said; so she gave him a drink of milk, and then took him off with some hot water, and brought him down again, looking quite different."

"Mrs. Hobbs had died while I was away, and the few friends we had mother told about Harry. But he grew up to call her Granny and me father always, and he always said his name was Harry Abbott, and I never said nothing against it. He was the very image of his poor mother, her pretty, light curly hair and all; didn't feature or favor his father, even in a look, and that was a comfort. As he grew bigger, nothing would please him but the sea; and so, when he was about 15, and I had a letter from Mr. Hamilton to say he had come into a large property and had married, and was going to take Lady Hamilton (he was Sir John Hamilton now) a trip in one of the best yachts ever built and if I had a mind he'd be glad of me to go with them—I spoke to mother, and we agreed to accept; and I offered Harry to go along with me."

"So we joined the Emerald at Davenport. I thought if Harry liked it as he expected, he should enlist on board a man-of-war afterward. We were only to be a year away. Ten months had passed, and we had left Madeira homeward bound; there had been a bit of a squall and a heavy sea running all day, and I had taken a turn of the watch, as I often did to save Harry; he was growing fast, and I liked him to get the morning watch as much as possible, not to break his rest. So I had just turned in at eight bells; (that's 4 o'clock), and was dozing off, when I was sure I heard a cry of 'Father, father!'"

"Before I could leap out of my berth, came that dreadful sound, 'Man overboard!'"

"I was up in no time, and tore along the deck. The yacht had heaved to, so I seized the rope they were just going to throw to him, and plunged in. The sun was rising, and it was quite light, but a heavy sea on still. I saw his curly head above the water as I leaped overboard, and swam for dear life toward him, but the sea was rough, and they thought on board he had struck against something in falling."

"I never saw my Harry again—never saw his curly head no more. They hauled me back on board, more dead than alive, and when I came to myself again, we were plunging along with a stiff breeze, ten knots an hour. I knew we had left Harry miles behind, all alone in his watery grave."

"Oh, Captain," said the two Sinclairs, "I am so sorry!"

"They had altered their position several times as the interest increased, but now they stood up by him, and put a hand kindly on each shoulder. 'I am so sorry,' they repeated."

"How long ago is it?" said Alfred."

"Well, sir, this day twenty-four years I land-

ed in Southampton, and it's nearly eight years since Harry's death; he was nearly 16. Mother said she thought he was about 14 months old when I brought him home that night. I often think when him and me, please the Lord, meet again, will he call me father still, or will he know that I wasn't his father. They know everything up yonder, no doubt," said Abbott, looking up at the blue sky, "and I often wonder. I never told a real lie about it to him, never. Sometimes he would ask me how long he had been at Ilfracombe, and I could tell him since he was a little more than a twelvemonth old. And where had he been before? I could tell him that too; and if he asked, was he born at Southampton, I used to say yes, for I could not tell of any other place for certain. So I did my best to tell no lie. Often he'd ask, was I very fond of his mother? Perhaps he thought it strange I was away with Mr. Hamilton, when he was born, that made him ask that; but I could truly say, 'Yes, my lad, I was very fond; that was truth any how; so I hope if he understands now all wasn't just as he thought, while he was with us, that he sees how I did it for the best all the while—I hope he does."

"A more dutiful, good lad to me and his Granny, as he always called her, could not have been, no son ever behaved better to his father than my Harry did to me never, and no father could have been prouder of his lad, nor missed him more sorely when he was taken away than me—I'm certain sure of that. Almost too pretty for a youngster he was; his eyes as blue as the skies; and his face so sweet and fresh, like a basket of white hearts till he got sunburned a bit, and his hair all bright and curly, just like his poor mother's."

"When we joined at Davenport, Sir John looked at him and then at me and said, 'Why, Abbott, he's not a bit like you!' and I said 'No, sir; he's the image of his mother.' And lady Hamilton said, 'I'm afraid your mother was sorry to part with you,' and Harry answered, so innocent like, 'Mother's dead, my lady.'"

"Lady Hamilton took his picture a many times. 'I want to draw a sailor boy,' she said, 'and Harry will do beautifully; so she had him in the cabin often and gave him fruit and sweet biscuits; very kind she was. She gave me one of the pictures of him afterward, the best she had, she said, and I have it betwixt the leaves of my Bible."

"I had never read my Bible much, young gentlemen, before I lost him. I used to sit and listen while my mother read a chapter, or a bit of one, before we went to bed, out of respect, but I had never taken to it much myself; now since Harry went, I've read a deal of it, and particular all the chapters about heaven. It must be a grand place. One verse says there shall be no more sea—but another talks of a sea of glass, and the beautiful fruit and leaves of gold, and gates made of pearl, and all them precious stones."

"I don't suppose myself they're the little bits of things we call gold and precious stones here, but only as we set more store by them than anything else in the world, the Lord has used them to show us how beautiful everything will be; more beautiful than ear has ever heard, or eye has ever seen, or mind can think, however clever the mind may be."

"It isn't always the cleverest that sees or hears or understands most, though, by no means. It's the innocent mind that thanks God for making everything beautiful or wonderful that gets most knowledge and most pleasure, to my thinking."

"I mind always the difference I saw in a clever man that came from London, and I heard knew the names of every fish, and every shell, and every stone in the Kingdom, and his little girl. They came down here one day; she had her basket and red cloak on, and was running about picking up every thing she could find, and all of a sudden she came near me. I was sitting on that rock yonder; and lifting up the seaweed, she saw one of them sea anemones; so she called out, 'Papa, papa, oh do come here!' And he came—very fond of her he seemed—and she said, 'Did you ever see anything so beautiful, papa?' And he patted her head, and said, 'Oh, that's only a'—something or other with a very long name I can't remember; it was not English he spoke, and passed on; and she stood still, with her hands clasped behind her, looking at them, and at last she said, half shyly, to me: 'Don't you think it was good of God to make these things so beautiful with these bright blue spots, just like a tiny necklace of blue forget-me-nots; and if I hadn't found them there was nothing but the seaweed to see them, besides God himself.' And I said, 'Yes, my dear, I think it was, and if you see these anemones in the water, you'll think them more beautiful still.' And I showed her some shells and things she had never seen, for it was her first visit to the sea—that was."

"But, indeed, young gentlemen, it must be time for you to run home, I expect, for your dinner, and I hope I haven't kept you too long."

"Oh, no, Captain, not a bit too long," said Alfred. "I've been wishing mother had heard you, for she would have written a story directly about it if she had."

"Would she, sir?" said Abbott, smiling, "you'd better tell it her then; but it would be rare odd to see all about an old fellow like me in a book. Good day, sir, good day."

"The boys sprang up the steep path leading to the town; but in a few moments Alfred came tearing back, catching Abbott before he pulled off in his boat."

"We want to know, Captain, about your

mother; you did not tell us. Is she dead?" he asked slowly.

"Ay, ay, sir," said Abbott quietly. "I've been alone in the world now these five years."

"I'm so sorry about Harry," said the boy, taking the rough hand in his own; "so very sorry."

"Thank you kindly, Mr. Alfred. I'll be ready for your fishing at sunset, if you've a mind. Good day, sir; there's your brother up there waiting for you. You'd better be off; it's nigh upon 2 o'clock."

THE HAMILTONIAN CLUB.

Perhaps you will find it interesting to have a few words about those few good-natured, undomesticated Bohemians, who have already been introduced to your notice through this column. Mr. McGuffinsby is back from Paris. The cut of his clothes is now something immense. Snufflers (don't you remember Snufflers?) has just returned from an extended trip up the upper lakes. He has been prospecting for copper along the shores of Lake Superior, and some of his friends are willing to bet that the brass in his face will now outweigh the ore in his carpet-bag. Slicer, the sentimentalist, has been away down the St. Lawrence. Fitz Wiggles spent several weeks at Manhattan Beach and Coney Island. Heavysiege got home a few days ago after an absence of a year in some unpronounceable place in Asiatic Turkey. The Club rooms have had a deserted and woe-begone appearance of late. To tell the truth, the place has looked more lonesome and melancholy than a country schoolhouse in the holidays. But the jolly fellows had a grand reunion the other evening, and the old walls once again rang with

"A sound of revelry by night."

The wanderers must each have had a glorious holiday, but, like the prodigal of old, they were glad to return again to the haunts of their boyhood. It was a royal night. Fitz Wiggles was particularly happy. He appeared to be elated by some secret satisfaction, and his friends concluded that he must be in love. As he finished the narrative of his experience down at Manhattan Beach, he took a copy of the *Oil City Derris* newspaper from his pocket, and laughingly exclaimed:

"Fellows, here is one of the most witty items I've seen for a long time: 'A young Oil citizen calls his sweetheart Revenge because she is sweet.'"

"Take care, Fitz," said Snufflers, seriously; "see here what the *Burlington Hawkeye* says: 'The young married man on Southhill calls his mother-in-law Delay, because she is dangerous.'"

"Sweethearts are all very well, no doubt," observed McGuffinsby; "but, Fitz, my boy, let me draw your attention to a remark which I find in the *Boston Globe*: 'A North-end man calls his wife Fact because she is a stubborn thing.'"

"Speaking of wives," remarked Slicer, as he placed his glass upon the table, "the *Yonkers Gazette* fellow seems to have hit the nail on the head when he says: 'A man in this town calls his wife Frailty, because Shakespeare says, 'Frailty, thy name is woman.'"

"Those are all harmless jests," observed Snufflers, dryly; "but I am of opinion there must be a vein of deep hidden hypocrisy in the character of the man referred to in the *New York Herald*. It says: 'A New York insurance agent calls his wife Honesty, because he finds it the best policy.'"

"Villains! all of them," exclaimed Fitz, savagely, as the boisterousness began to subside; "men who can write such things have no idea what woman's love is."

"I hardly agree with you on that point, Fitz," argued Heavysiege. "I am of opinion that all those poor fellows speak from reflections occasioned by sad experience."

"Their minds have been warped by false philosophy," said Fitz, as he rose to his feet. "They have no soul! Such men could never feel what Othello felt, when he said—"

"For know, Iago,

But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
I would not my unhoused free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth."

"Bravo, Fitz!" exclaimed some of them.

"Pure, and fair, and gentle though Desdemona was," remarked McGuffinsby, "had Othello never met her, his great name would not have been handed down all blemished with the crime of wife-murder."

"Iago, his false friend, was responsible for that," said Fitz, "and, believe me, fellows, I am beginning to think there are too many Iagos in the world."

Whereupon Snufflers calmly and deliberately walked over to Fitz Wiggles, and, without the least sign of a smile upon his face, grasped the astonished Fitz by the hand and said:

"Mr. Fitz Wiggles, allow me to congratulate you. It is to me more than gratifying to know that henceforth you are one of us. Malthus was right. The population of the world is increasing too rapidly. It is only a question of time until Governments are forced to acknowledge the truth of the views set forth by that great man, and which we, his humble followers, are endeavouring to substantiate."

"I object—I protest!" shouted the unhappy Fitz, but his voice could scarcely be heard above the noise. He was confidentially informed by Dicer that no explanations were necessary, as they all understood each other. They all insisted upon regarding Fitz as a convert to the

Malthusian belief in spite of his angry protestation. By way of celebrating the event, the rascals struck up that jingling chorus—
Come, laudlord, fill the flowing bowl,
Until it doth run over,
For to-night we'll merry, merry be,
And to-morrow we'll get sober."

When the singing had come to an end, Heavysiege managed to get a hearing, and went on to say:

"Speaking of Malthus and his views, my friends, let me relate to you an incident that came under my observation to-day. In passing down one of the streets this afternoon, I came across a feeble old blind woman, who was being led along by a bright-eyed, curly-headed, but dirty little child. My first impulse was to pity the child. I stood and watched them for a time. The woman had a basket, in which she carried some small wares, and the child led her from door to door, and thus the blind woman found customers for her goods. It was the most touching scene I ever saw. It taught me two lessons, viz.:

"First, that the whole human race is dependent one upon another; and, second, that there are none so low and humble but they can be of help to a fellow being."

W. F. McMAHON.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE ADDRESS TO LORD DUFFERIN.—A full description of all the circumstances attending this notable ceremony will be found on another page.

FRONT PAGE.—At the present time, when we hear of almost nothing else but regattas, sculling matches and other aquatic exhibitions, our readers will be pleased to have in one group the portraits of the principal oarsmen of America. The only prominent figure wanting is that of Courtney, which we have not been able hitherto to obtain, but which we shall publish shortly.

UP THE OTTAWA.—We particularly call attention to the letter-press connected with the illustrations under this head. Our Special Correspondent has written a most graphic account of the lumberer's life and adventures in the woods and waters of the Upper Ottawa, and the information which he imparts will be found valuable in more respects than one.

THE LATE QUEEN MARIE CHRISTINE.—The ex-Queen Marie Christine, who was formerly the wife of Ferdinand VII., King of Spain, died on Thursday week last, at Sainte-Adresse, near Havre. Marie Christine was born at Naples, April 27, 1806. Her father was Francis I., King of Naples, and her mother Marie Isabel, daughter of Charles IV., of Spain. On the death of Ferdinand (September 29, 1833), she became regent, and presently conceiving a violent passion for Ferdinand Munoz, a private soldier, whose parents kept a tobacco shop at Tarancon, she married him secretly, December 28, 1833. Obligated, finally, to leave Spain, her daughter Isabella meanwhile being declared queen, she retired with Munoz and their ten children to France, and resided at Malmaison, once the home of the ex-Empress Josephine. She subsequently removed to Paris, but resided part of the time at Beaumont Lodge, near Windsor, England. In 1864 Marie Christine returned once more to Madrid, and remained till 1868, when she and her daughter Isabella were driven from the country. She returned to Paris, but after a time moved to the neighbourhood of Havre, where she resided until her death. Munoz died in 1873. Marie Christine's second daughter by Ferdinand VII., was married in 1846 to the Duke of Montpensier, a son of the late King Louis Philippe.

AUSTRIANS IN BOSNIA AND HERZEGOVINA.—There was a threefold movement, the points of which are, in Herzegovina, the towns of Livno, Mostar, and Stolac, approached by General Jovanovich from Dalmatia; in Bosnia, the Capital city, named Serajevo or Bosnia Serai; and Zvornik, on the Drina, which is on the Serbian frontier. The troops of General Jovanovich met with slight resistance at Citluk, but took possession of Mostar, the capital of Herzegovina, next day, without any more fighting. The Austrians were received by the municipality and townspeople with expressions of welcome. Livno and Stolac have also been occupied; but at Ravonica, a detachment of Austrians was attacked by Moslem insurgents in superior force, and got the worst of it. The operations in Bosnia have been far more difficult and important. General Baron von Philippovich is the Commander-in-Chief, with General Szapary commanding his left wing, on the road from Doboj towards Zvornik, and with General Tegetthoff and the Duke of Wurtemberg holding minor commands. The main body of the forces advanced from Brod, on the Save, by Derbent or Dervent, to the River Bosna at Doboj, and marched up the Bosna Valley, suffering temporary check at Maglai, from an ambush laid for one of the Hussar regiments, but defeating the enemy at Zepee and two or three other places, in the following days. In the meantime another army corps was moving southward from Banjaluka, where the Archduke John Salvator had established his headquarters. Travnik was occupied and a junction was soon afterwards effected between the right-hand column and the main army. A battle was fought at Han Belalovac, in which the Mohammedans were defeated with much loss. Tegetthoff then pushed on to join the advanced guard of the main army in storming the town of Serajevo, which was effected on the 19th ult., but not without a sanguinary resistance, and terrible havoc and slaughter of the townspeople.