

paraded his profession habitually, as was the custom among sailors of his standing, by a blue frock with anchor buttons. In winter, he wore loose blue trousers, which, when the warmer days returned, he exchanged for white ducks. Upstairs he kept a uniform of surpassing splendour, with epaulettes, sword-belt, sword, gold lace, and an innumerable number of buttons. But this was reserved for ceremonies, as when a ship was launched, or when the Port Admiral invited the Captain to dinner, or when the Queen visited the Yard. On all other occasions, the blue frock with brass buttons formed the Captain's only wear.

He had great white beetling eyebrows which would have lent him a ferocious aspect but for the twinkling blue eyes beneath them. There were crows'-feet lying thick about those eyes which gave them a curiously humorous look, not belied by the mobile lips below.

You might see, by the light of the single pair of candles, that it was a plainly furnished room having in it little besides a small square table, a horsehair sofa, a wooden armchair, a bookshelf with a hundred volumes or so, most of them boys' school books, and a piano which was mine given me by Mr. Tyrrell. The walls were decorated with pictures of naval engagements and ships, cut out of illustrated papers, or picked up at second-hand shops, mounted and framed by the Captain himself. Above the mantelshelf was a print of the Battle of Navarino, showing the *Asia* engaged with two Egyptian and Turkish men-of-war, one on each side of her, the rest of the action being invisible by reason of the smoke. The Captain would contemplate that picture with a satisfaction quite beyond the power of words.

"'Twas in '27," he would say; "I was Lieutenant then: Sir Edward Codrington was Admiral. We sailed into Navarino harbour at 2 P. M. after dinner. Gad! It was a warm afternoon we had, lucky it was the lads dined before it. Something to remember afterwards. Don't tell me that Turks can't fight. A better fight was never made even by the French in the old days. But their ships, of course, were not handled like ours, and out of eighty odd craft, which made up their fleet, we didn't leave a dozen fit for sea again."

And on the mantelshelf was a model, made by the Captain, of the *Asia* herself.

The piano, I explained above, was my own. Everything else I had in the world came from the Captain; the clothes I wore were bought by him; it was he who brought me up, educated me, and lifted me out of the mire. I am bankrupt in gratitude to the Captain. I have no words to say what I owe to him. I can never repay by any words, acts or prayers, the load of obligation under which I rejoice to be towards that good man.

It began, his incomparable benevolence to Leonard and to me, like a good many other important things, with a crime. Not a very great crime; nor was the criminal a very important person; but as the Rev. Mr. Pontifex once said of it, it was emphatically a Wrong Thing, and like all Wrong Things ought to be remembered with Repentance. Mr. Pontifex, although he had never had the opportunity of reading a certain great Bishop's Treatise on the Sinfulness of little Sins, was as uncompromising as that Prelate could wish, and I hope that Leonard, who was the criminal, has long since repented. Certainly, it was the infraction of a commandment. Now Mr. Pontifex has repeatedly asserted, and his wife approved, that he who breaks one commandment breaks all. This is what was done.

The Captain's house, one of a row, stood separated from the street by the respectability of three feet clear and an iron railing. It was close to St. Faith's Square, a fashionable and almost aristocratic quarter, inhabited by retired naval officers, a few men who had made fortunes in business, and a sprinkling of lawyers. It was a plain square red brick house, with nothing remarkable but the garden at the back. This was not a large garden, and like others in the old town, was originally intended as a drying ground—all builders in those days were accustomed to consider a house as, in the first instance, a family laundry. The garden was planted with raspberry canes, gooseberry bushes, and currant-trees. Peaches and plums were trained along the walls. There one or two small pear-trees, and there was a very fine mulberry. In the spaces the Captain cultivated onions, radishes, and lettuce with great success. But the garden was remarkable in having no back wall. It looked out upon the Mill-dam, an artificial lake designed, I believe, to flood the moats of the fortifications if necessary. Projecting iron spikes prevented the neighbours on either hand from invading our territory, and you could sit on the stone-work at the end of the wall with your feet dangling over the water. It was a broad sheet periodically lowered and raised by the tide, which rushed in and ran out by a passage under the roadway, close to which was the King's Mill, worked by the tide. Sitting in the garden you could hear the steady grinding noise of the mill-wheels. The mill-dam was not without its charm. In the centre stood an island redoubt, set with trees like the walls, and connected by a light iron bridge. There was a single-storied house upon that island, and I remember thinking that it must be the grandest thing in the world to live upon it, all alone, or perhaps with Celia, to have a cask of provisions and absolute liberty to wander round and round the grassy fort, particularly if the iron bridge could be knocked away and a boat substituted.

They have filled up the mill-dam now; pulled down the King's Mill; destroyed the redoubt; and replaced the bright sparkling sheet of water with an open field, on which they have made a military hospital. The garden at the back of the house has got a wall too, now. But I wish they had let the old things remain as they were.

It was in this garden that the Captain was accustomed to sit after dinner, except when the weather was too cold. One day, nine or ten years before my story begins, he repaired thither on a certain sultry day in August at half-past two in the afternoon. He had with him a long pipe and a newspaper. He placed his arm-chair under the shade of the mulberry tree, then rich with ripe purple fruit, and sat down to read at his ease. Whether it was the languor of the day, or the mild influence of the mill hard by, or the effects of the pipe, is not to be rashly decided, but the Captain presently exchanged the wooden chair for the grass under the mulberry tree, upon which, mindful of his white ducks and the fallen fruit, he spread a rug, and then leaning back against the trunk, which was sloped by Nature for this very purpose, he gazed for a few moments upon the dazzling surface of the mill-dam, and then fell fast asleep.

Now at very low tides the water in the mill-dam would run out so far as to leave a narrow belt of dry shingle under the stone wall, and that happened on this very afternoon. Presently there came creeping along this little beach, all alone, with curious and wondering eyes which found something to admire in every pebble, a little boy of eight. He was barefooted, and bare-headed, a veritable little gutter-boy, clad almost in rags. It was a long way round the lake from the only place where he could have got down, a good quarter of a mile at least, and he stopped at the bottom of the Captain's garden for two excellent reasons, one that he felt tired and thirsty, and the other that the tide was racing in through the mill like the rapids at Niagara, that it already covered the beach in front and behind, and was advancing with mighty strides over the little strip on which he stood. And it occurred to that lonely little traveller that unless he could get out of the mess, something dreadful in the shape of wet feet and subsequent drowning would happen to him.

He was a little frightened at the prospect, and began to cry gently. But he was not a foolish child, and he reflected immediately that crying was no good. So he looked at the wall behind him. It was a sea wall with a little slope, only about five feet high, and built with rough stones irregularly dressed, so as to afford foot and hand hold for any boy who wished to climb up or down. In two minutes the young mountaineer had climbed the dizzy height and stood upon the stone coping, looking back to the place he had come from. Below him the water was flowing where he had stood just now; and turning round he found himself in a garden with some one, a gentleman in white trousers, white waistcoat, and white hair, with a blue coat sitting in the shade. His jolly red face was lying sideways, lovingly against the tree, his cap on the grass beside him; his mouth was half open; his eyes were closed; while a soft melodious snore like the contented hymn of some æsthetic pigling, proclaimed aloud to the young observer that the Captain was asleep.

The boy advanced towards the stranger in a manner common to one of tender age, that is, on all-fours, giving action to his hands and arms in imitation of an imaginary wild beast. He crept thus, first to the right side, then to the left, and then between the wide-spread legs of the Captain, peering into his unconscious face. Then he suddenly became conscious that he was under a mulberry tree, that the fruit was ripe, that a chair was standing convenient for one who might wish to help himself, and that one branch lower than the rest hung immediately over the chair, so that even a child might reach out his hand and gather the fruit.

This was the Wrong Thing lamented by the Rev. Mr. Pontifex. The unprincipled young robber, after quite realising the position of things—strange garden—gentleman of marine calling sound asleep—ripe fruit—present thirst—overwhelming curiosity to ascertain if this kind of fruit resembled apples—yielded without resistance to temptation, and mounted the chair.

Five minutes later, the Captain lazily opened his eyes.

Boom—boom—boom—the mill was going with redoubled vigour, for the tide had turned since he fell asleep, and was now rushing through the dark subterranean avenues with a mighty roar. But except for the tide and the mill everything was very quiet. Accustomed noises do not keep people awake. Thus in the next garden but one, two brothers were fighting, but as this happened every day, and all day, it did not disturb the Captain. One was worsted in the encounter. He ran away and got into some upper chamber, from the window of which he yelled in a hoarse stammer to his victorious brother, who was red-haired, "J—J—Jack—you're a c—c—c—carrotty thief."

But invective of this kind, not addressed to himself, only gently tickled the Captain's tympanum; the sun was still very bright, and I think he would have fallen asleep again but for one thing. A strange sound smote his ears. It was a sound like unto the smacking of tongues and the sucking of lips; or like the pleased champing of gratified teeth; a soft and gurgling

sound; with, unless the Captain's ears greatly deceived him, a low breathing of great contentment. He listened lazily, wondering what this sound might mean. While he listened, a mulberry fell upon his nose and bounded off, making four distinct leaps from nose to shirt-front, from shirt-front to white waistcoat, from waistcoat to ducks, and from ducks to the rug. That was nothing remarkable. Mulberries will fall when over ripe, and the Captain had swept away a basketful that day before dinner. So he did not move but listened still. The noises were accompanied by a little *frou-frou*, which seemed to betoken something human. But the Captain was still far from being broad awake, so he continued to wonder lazily. Then another mulberry fell; then half-a-dozen, full on his waistcoat, caroming in all directions to the utter ruin of his white garments, and a low childish laugh burst forth close to him, and the Captain sprang to his feet.

To his amazement there stood on the chair before him a ragged little boy, barefoot and bare-headed, his face purple with mulberry juice, his mouth crammed with fruit, his fingers stained, his ragged clothes smirched; even his little feet so dusty and dirty, standing in a pool of mulberry juice.

The captain was a bachelor and a sailor, and on both grounds fond of children. Now the face of the child before him, so bonny, so saucy, so full of glee and confidence, went straight to his heart, and he laughed a welcome and patted the boy's cheek.

But the fact itself was remarkable. Where had the child come from?—Not through the front door, which was closed, nor over the wall, which was impossible.

"How the dickens—" the Captain began. "I beg your pardon, my lad, for swearing, which is a bad habit—but how did you get here?"

The boy pointed to the wall and the water. "Oh!" said the Captain doubtfully. "Swam did you? Now that's odd. I've seen them half your size in the Pacific swim like fishes, but I never heard of an English boy doing it before. Where do you live, boy?"

The child looked interrogative. "Daddy's dead, I suppose. Drowned, likely, as many a good sailor is. Where's your mammy?"

The boy looked a little frightened at these questions, to which he could evidently give no satisfactory reply.

"The line's pretty nigh paid out," said the Captain, "but we'll try once more—Who takes care of you, boy, finds you in rations and serves out the rope's end?"

This time the boy began to understand a little.

Then Captain put on his hat and led him by the hand to the *quartier* where the sailors' wives did mostly congregate. In this he was guided by the fine instinct of experience, because he felt, in spite of the rags, that the boy had been dressed by a sailor's wife. None but such a woman could give a sea-going air to two garments so simple as those which kept the weather from the boy.

He led the child by the hand till presently the child led him, and piloted the Captain safely to a house where a woman—it was Mrs. Jeram—came running out, crying shrilly,

"Lenny! wherever have you bin and got to?"

There was another ragged little boy with a round back, five or six years old, sitting on the door-step. When the Captain had finished his talk with Mrs. Jeram he came out and noticed that other boy, and he then returned and had more talk.

HEARTH AND HOME.

ORIENTAL MAXIMS.—When anger would overcome thee, curb it. When thou speakest, well weigh thy words. When thou makest a promise, be sure to keep it. When thou judgest, be impartial. When thou hast cause for animosity, forgive thine enemies. When thou hast the ability, be generous. When thou possesseth power, treat thy dependents kindly.

WIVES.—I am acquainted, says a writer, with a great many good wives, notable and so managing that they make a man anything but happy—and I know a great many others who sing, paint, play, and cut paper, and are so accomplished that they have no time to be useful. Pictures and fiddles, and everything but agreeableness and goodness, can be had for money; but as there is no market where pleasant manners, and engaging conversation, and Christian virtues are to be bought, methinks it is a pity the ladies do not oftener try to provide them at home.

AMUSING CHILDREN.—To keep them constantly employed, one way or another, is certainly the best plan with children, and the moment they appear to be getting tired of one game have another ready to set them to. Nothing pleases children better than for the nursery maid to enter into their games, and this she can easily do without moving from her seat. If she agrees to be the mistress of the doll house, she can keep the children in plenty of exercise by sending them messages to different corners of the room, where various shops are supposed to be; and as all children have powerful, lively imaginations, the more she exercises her own the better they will like it.

THE TASTEFUL WOMAN.—A tasteful woman can make a garret beautiful and home-like, and

at little cost; for the beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon wealth. If there is no artist in the house, it matters little if there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorance or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves and lichens and ferns for adorning the unpicturesque rooms. A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few dollars can convert the plain window into a conservatory.

PROSPERITY.—Very few men can bear prosperity. It intoxicates them, like wine. It turns their head, and then throws them off their balance. Others cannot bear adversity. They have no fortitude, no courage, no hope. They are not like the old sailor who said he always felt happiest in the height of a storm, because he knew that the next change that took place, whatever it might be, must necessarily be for the better. They cannot realize that there will be any change. When the sky is once clouded and overcast they will not believe that the sun will ever shine again. Young men should make it a point to keep their heads cool under all changes of circumstances, to preserve their equanimity, and not be duly elated by success or too much cast down by disappointment.

DRESS.—It is quite as foolish to decry dress as it is to make dress the first object in life. A proper attention to it is not only necessary, but praiseworthy. We speak advisedly when we say *necessary*. We believe that a person, male or female, seeking employment, who is modestly, neatly, and becomingly attired, will stand a much better chance of securing a situation than one who repels by slovenliness and carelessness of dress. Nor does this necessarily involve an expensive outlay; as combs, soap, water, and towels are not even in such circumstances quite unattainable; nor is a neatly mended or threadbare garment, carefully put on, of necessity inconsistent with good appearance. A person may spend hundreds upon dress and yet always look untidy; while that person who counts every penny of it as it goes may look much better even in his well-worn suit. In short our moral is—avoid extremes in talking, dressing, eating, drinking, and every other duty or occupation of life.

LITERARY.

MR. TREVELYAN is engaged in writing a life of Charles James Fox.

A NEW book is to be shortly published, entitled *The Kheidi's Egypt*. The author is Edwin de Leon.

MR. SMILES, the author of *Self-Help*, and other popular works, is at present in Thurso, collecting materials for his forthcoming biography of Mr. Robert Dick, the Thurso scientific baker.

AMONG the books likely to excite some interest next publishing season, will be a biography of Garibaldi, probably with extracts from his correspondence. The author will, it is understood, be a Glasgow man, merchant, poet, and journalist.

THE attendance of novelists at the trial of the three detectives, in London, has been enormous. Our masters and mistresses of fiction were there every day and all day, making studies for their unborn books, giving new views of criminals and their custodians.

EMERSON has not made from his remarkable little volumes over \$20,000. He has gained nearly as much more by lecturing; and yet, by excellent management, which one might not expect from the high idealist, and by a serene philosophy of a practical sort, he continues to live on his small property.

J. G. HOLLAND is frequently named as an author who has amassed wealth. His books have sold as largely as those of any American writer, and whatever may be thought of his ability he still has a vast constituency. He is not at all rich in the New York sense; he may be worth \$200,000, but most of this he got by his partnership in the *Springfield Republican*.

GWENDOLEN, the name of the heroine of George Eliot's last novel, is an Anglicised form of the ancient Welsh *Gwenllian*. The pronunciation of Gwendolen in Welsh is pretty nearly given by Gwendolen. The *ll* in Welsh is an aspirated sound peculiar to that tongue, but nearly like the Italian *gl* and the Spanish *ll*. The name Gwendolen is still a common one in Wales.

NEAR Scituate, Mass., is the village of Green-bush and a yard where one drinks a glass of water pumped from the well which inspired Samuel Woodworth to indite his famous poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket." The old place now has two cottages upon it and plenty of woodshed. These cottages are occupied by two married brothers named Northey. The well which is now close to an annex, is covered over and water is pumped from it; but those who delight to gratify their curiosity and want to say that they have drunk water "drawn" from the well of the old "moss-covered bucket," have the privilege of lowering a bucket into the shaft and drawing it up filled with the best of spring water.

PIUS IX. is approaching the completion of his *Memoirs*, on which he has been engaged for more than forty years. In preparing this work, which is being executed on an elaborate scale, his Holiness has had no aid except from Father Bresciani, one of the most learned of the Jesuits. The Pope has now handed over his autobiographical notes and accessory documents to Father Bresciani, who is to put them in order for the press. Among the manuscripts to be used in the preparation of the *Memoirs* is the correspondence of the Pope with Charles Albert, King Victor Emmanuel, Napoleon III., and the Count de Cavour. By a special codicil to his testament his Holiness orders that the *Memoirs* shall not be published until ten years have elapsed after his death.

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