FROM ONE TO ANOTHER.

I.

Far overhead
An amber heaven, and the faintest gray;
Sky stooping to sea, sea there, gray to sky,
Were exile on wave, forever, night on night—
The death of day.

II.

Art thou too dead?
The sea that rolls between, is that death's sea?
Sky so much touch, so silence whom I see,
Moss answering my if one to other call.
From land or sea?

III.

Canst thou hear?
Wandering forever on some unknown shore,
Living or dead, I know or care not then—
Purchased by best at last have found a rest
For evermore!

IV.

Living or dead.
Star-eyed and pale thy face seems ever near;
Remembering, love, in life one hour, one day,
Call once from out the dark, then turn away—
One heart may bear.

V.

Hast thou heard
Passionate moan of waves that break in tears,
Break on, and fall, and still may not forget
The infinite perdition of regret—
These many years?

(Macmillan's Magazine.)

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A SIMPLETON;

A Story of the Bay.

BY CHARLES READE.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"Well, I should look *sharp*—hang all the ringleaders at the yardarm, clap the rest under hatches, and shoot the mutinous remainder."

"Oh!" said Tadcaster, and digested this scheme a bit. At last he perked up again, and made his final hit. "Well, I shouldn't care, for one, if you didn't hang us."

"In that case," said Captain Hamilton, "I'd flog you—and stop your six ounces."

"Then, once the sea I that is all I say."

"Why, you have not seen it; you have only seen the British Channel." It was Mr. Fitzroy who contributed this last observation.

After dinner all but the Captain went on deck, and saw the Eddystone lighthouse ahead and to leeward. They passed it. Fitzroy told his lordship its story, and that of its unfortunate predecessor. Soon after this Lord Tadcaster turned in.

Presently the Captain observed a change in the thermometer, which brought him on deck. He scanned the water, and the sky, and, as these experienced commanders have a subtle insight into the weather, especially in familiar latitudes, he remarked to the first lieutenant that it looked rather unsettled; and, as a matter of prudence, ordered a reef in the topsails, and the royal yards to be sent down. Ship to be entered W. by S. This done, he turned in, but told them to call him if there was any change in the weather.

During the night the wind gradually headed; and at four bells in the middle watch a heavy squall came up from the south-west.

This brought the Captain on deck again; he found the officer of the watch a little prudent; and at work. Sail was shortened, and the ship made anything but easy weather.

At 4 a.m. it was blowing hard, and being too near the French coast, they were the ship, that opinion was had for Lord Tadcaster. While the vessel was on the starboard tack, the side kept him snug; but, when they came about, of course he had no less heard to keep him in. The ship gave a lee lurch, and shot him clean out of his berth into the middle of the cabin.

He shrieked and shrieked, with terror and pain, till the Captain and Staines, who were his nearest neighbours, came to him, and they gave him a little brandy, and got him to bed again. Here he suffered nothing but violent sensickness for some hours.

As for Staines, he had been swinging heavily in his cot; but such was his mental anguish that he would have welcomed sea sickness, or any reasonable bodily suffering. He was in that state when the sting of a wasp is a relief from the sting of a bee.

Worn out with sickness, Tadcaster would not move, he lived by breakfast, he swore faintly, and insisted on dying in peace. In last exhaustion gave him a sort of sleep, in spite of the motion, which was violent; for it was now blowing great guns, a heavy sea was rolling, and the wind was dirty in colour and created with raging foam.

They had to wear ship again, always tickling, uncertain in weather like this.

A tremendous sea struck her quarter, stove in the very per abreast of which Jack little lord was lying, and washed him clean out of bed into the lee scuppers, and set all the screws round him.

Didn't he yell, and wash about the cabin, and grab at all the chairs and tables and things that drifted about, nimble as eels, avoiding his grasp.

In rushed the Captain, and in staggered Staines. They stopped his *voyage en tour de la chambre*, and dragged him into the after saloon.

He clung to them by turns, and begged, with many tears, to be put on the second lead; a rock would do.

"Much obliged," said the captain: "now is the very time to give rocks a wide berth."

"A dead whale, then—a lighthouse—anything but a beast of a ship."

They pacified him with a little brandy, and he sat between twenty-four beam bearers, by opened his mouth, except for a purpose it a needless to dwell on. We can treat to our terrestrial readers personal uneasiness, and loss of limbs, weather rolls, and their faithful consequences.

At last they wriggled out of the Channel, and soon after that the wind abated, and next day veered round to the south-west, and the ship sailed almost on an even keel. The motion became so sagacious and so gentlemanly, and the passengers so sagacious and so gentlemanly, that they ventured on deck, and could hardly be got to turn in to their cabins, even for sleep.

Dr. Staines became a favourite with the officers. There is a great deal of science on board a modern ship of war, and, of course, some quiets Mamas, a Cambridge wrangler, and a man of many sciences and books, was an oracle. Of others he was simply liked, but a nasty and quick pupil. He made up to the navigating officer, and learned, with his help, to take observations. In return, he was at the gunnery officer, and, in a trigonometrical problem, and he amused the midshipmen and young lieutenants with analytical tests, some of these were applicable to certain liquids disposed by the purveyor. Under one of them the port wine assumed some very dull colours and appearances not proper to grape-juice.

One lovely night that the ship clove the calm sea a blaze of phosphorescence, and her wake streamed like a comet's tail, a midshipman had got a bucketful hoisted on deck, and asked the doctor to analyse the. He did not much like it, but yielded to the general importunity, and by dividing it into smaller vessels, and dropping in various reagents, and manipulating and stirring, and what not. But he declined to repeat the experiment. "No, no; one is plenty. Horrible! horrible! I've seen much that Sampson already."

As for Tadcaster, science had no charms for him; he lay flat, groaning, and, at his palace, for he cursed about the forecastle, and there the quartermaster and captain sometimes found him cursing and groaning in his berth.

But one day my lord had a fit on the quarter-deck, and a bad one; and Staines found him smoking strong of rum.

Of this to Captain Hamilton. The Captain caused strict inquiries to be made, and it came out that my lord had given liquor to men, with money in both pockets, and bought a little of one man's grog, and a bits of another, and had been sipping the furtive but transient joys of solitary intoxication.

Captain Hamilton talked to him seriously; told him it was suicide.

"Never mind, old boy," said the young monkey; "a short life and a merry one."

Then Hamilton represented that it was very ungentlemanlike to go and tempt poor Jack with his money, to offend discipline, and get fogged. "How will you fight, Lord Tadcaster, when you see their backs bleeding under the cat?"

"Oh, d—n it all, George, don't do that," says the young gentleman, all in a hurry.

"Then the commander saw he had touched the right chord. So he played on it, till he got Lord Tadcaster to pledge his honour not to do it again.

The little fellow gave his pledge, but revolved his mind as follows:—"This is a cursed tyrannical hole, this tiresome old ship, and I want to do what you like to do."

"Well, but im more you can in the grave, and that is the agreeable residence you were carrying to, but for his honour and the ship."

"Lord! no more you can," said Tadcaster, with sudden candour. "*I forgot that.*"

The airs were very light; ship hardly moving. It was hot, and very tedious; and one day a sail was sighted on the weather bow, and they ran down to it, to speak her, she was seen, by the cut of her sails, to be a man-of-war, evidently homeward bound. Captain Hamilton ordered the main-royal to be lowered (to render signal more visible) and the "Union-jack" hoisted. No notice being taken of this, a gun was fired to draw her attention to the signal. This had the desired effect, down went her main-royal, up went her "Number." On referring to the signal-book, she proved to be the "Vindictive," from the Pacific Station.

This being ascertained, Captain Hamilton, being that captain's senior, signalled "Close and prepare to receive letters;" in obedience to these she bore down, ran fore and rounded to; the sail in "Amphitrite" was shortened, the main-royal hauled to the mast, and a boat lowered. The Captain having finished his despatches, they with the "Vindictive" from the boat, which shoved off, pulled to the lee side of the "Vindictive," and left the despatches, with Captain Hamilton's compliments. On its return, both ships made sail on their respective courses, exchanging "Bon Voyage" by signal, and soon the upper sails of the homeward-bound were seen dipping below the horizon; longing eyes followed her on board the "Amphitrite."

How many hurried missives had been written, and despatched in that hail, hour. But as for Staines, he was a man of few thoughts, and had a volume ready for his dear Mary.

Lord Tadcaster wrote to Lady Cicely Treherne. His epistle, though brief, contained a hint or two.

He wrote—"What with sailing and fishing, and eating nothing but roast meat, I'm in tolerable health."

This amused her ladyship a little, but not much; she thought he had put down the neatest thing in its way she had met with, and she had some experience, too.

"P. S.—Let Cicely know I should like to marry you. Would you mind?"

Let us duly inform the lady, that you Lady Cicely's reply. "I should enjoy it of all things, Taddy. But, alas! I am too old."

N. B.—She was 27, and Tad 16. To be a rapid and wonderful man, it is about that might very well give him a fresh start in London. They need not be parted a whole year, he thought. He sent her a very long letter, and also such extracts from his sea journal as he thought might please her. After dinner they inspected the town, and what struck them most was to find the streets paved with flagstones, and also the carts drawn by bullocks or sledges. A man every now and then would dart forward and drop a greasy cloth in front of the sledge, to lubricate the way.

Next day, after breakfast, they ordered horses—these, on inspection, proved to be of exceedingly broad, either from Australia or America—very rough about the shoulders. Started for the Grand Canal—peopled down that mighty channel, which had the appearance of an immense mass having been blown out of the centre of the mountain.

They lunched under the Great Dragon Tree near the brink, then rode back admiring the bold mountain scenery. Next morning at dawn, rode on horses up the hill to the convent. Admired the beautiful gardens on the way. Remained a short time; then came down in the hand-sledge—little basket, slung on poles, guided by two natives; these sledges run down the hill with astonishing rapidity, and the men guide them round corners by sticking out a foot to port or starboard.

Reached at 11.30 a.m.

At 1.30, the men having dined, the ship was got ahead to weigh for the Cape of Good Hope, and all sail made for a southerly course, to get into the N. E. trades.

The weather was now balmy and delightful, and so genial that everybody lived on deck, and could hardly be got to turn in to their cabins, even for sleep.

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SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

"Questions respecting sport in this Department will be answered to subscribers, but communications on sporting matters in the Mail office should be addressed thus following:

A Weekly Synopsis of Shooting—Fishing—Pistoring—Hurdle-racing—Steeple-chasing—Trotting—Sculling—Swimming—Boat-racing—Pedestrianism—Athletics—Cricket—Croquet—Lacrosse—Skating—Swimming—Base-ball—Billiards, &c.

"MAIL" OFFICE,
Toronto, Feb. 18.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. B. R., Campbellford—Of course the winner of the cock had to dispense the $5 wager. He bought the turkey with all the proceeds. Glad you like the game. Scarborough, Stratford, also Provoked. Lent, was brought to Canada by Mr. G. Beatie, of Markham, in 1860, and was then a year old. We believe he is still in good stock. We never saw the horse; but, judging from his sire and dam, he must be a good one to be so highly spoken of. He is thoroughbred. His breeding is "Bellsbolt," but may be none the worse for that. He was sired by Van Tromp out of a mare by Middleton. Van Tromp, eventually exported to Russia, was by no means a big horse at the prime, but he won the Leger and Goodwood Cup and was himself a remarkably good stayer. We have heard his pedigree as being a very near relation to the Flying Dutchman, that illustrious hero being by Day Mildew out of Barbelle, Van Tromp's dam. On his sire's side Lent was by Bay Middleton, his dam Miss Letty, by Judge, a son of Galaxor and a mare by Sedater. The said Judge was the sire of the celebrated Miss Letty, who was the dam of Voltigeur, who won the Hunt Cup as a mare. We cannot prove that Lent is entitled to the additional lbs. he carried, but we know that he was the sire of Orville; but Van Tromp, the grandsire of Orville, refer to Orville, Orphan, Orphan Girl, Orphan Boy, Orphan Child, Orphan Maid, Orphan Lad, Orphan Lass, and Orphan Boy, and you will find that Orville's pedigree includes the name of Orville, Orphan, Orphan Girl, Orphan Boy, Orphan Child. All the information you want is there. Adelaide, Toronto, Mr. Marler from Toronto, Mr. J. Gemson—Your objections appear to a letter in the sporting department of the Mail, dated from Montreal. Sparrows and starlings are used in Europe. The process is to fasten a sparrow between two long poles, one of which after dark the owner holds in his hand, and, when the bird is covered tree. The beaker has a long pole with which to threaten the bird, and, when it flies, he hits it with the net. We have seen 20 caught in one tree. Sparrows are very numerous in Europe. Some of Landseer's pictures are engraved, and they are of sparrows. We cannot say that we have seen any of them Dunham's would do you. Good rating pictures are hard to get. There is a shop close to Bonsecours where you can find them sometimes; but they are quickly snapped up now-a-day. The Canadian work you mention is no longer; and the pictures are trash. We know, because we have some of them! Bonsecours—You were quite right. We can give your answer one instance that occurs to us. There was a Jackdrinson in height between Birmingham who beat Priam for the Leger in 1836, and Daniel O'Rourke, who was then a horse of about better over 17 and 14 hands respectively. Thanks for your good opinion. Toronto—Your letter is expected to-morrow. Mr. Lloyd's Vicky Vicky has run ride the weight, and is a 7 lb. filly. Vicky was by her brother out of Lady Lizzie, by Lord Lyon, by Bellona, by Sir Hercules, by Mulgrave, by Sir Peter, by Pantaloon, by Sir Peter, by Pantaloon, by Sir Peter, by Pantaloon