

Canadian Literary Journal

DEVOTED TO

SELECT ORIGINAL LITERATURE

AND THE INTERESTS OF

CANADIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES.

VOL. I.

MAY, 1871.

No. 11

THE TWO NEIGHBOURS,
OR,
REVENGE REPAID BY KINDNESS.

Continued from page 197.

BY ROBERT RIDGWAY, TORONTO.

CHAPTER VI.

With gaping mouths, and great, wide, staring eyes,

The list'ning ignorant catch the news which flies;

Enlarge, extend, remodel, and retouch,
Here take away a little, there add much.

So simple facts, misunderstood at first,
Are blown like bubbles, till at length they burst,

Then ignorance laughs, and superstition smiles,
Dupes of their own imaginings and wiles.

The News Bag.

Wyatt and Jim Snarr left the "Red Bull," soon after the conversation we have given. As they went up the village, Wyatt noticed three men in the rough dress of day laborers, or more properly "stone getters," slouching along up the other side of the street. Fustian coats, with pockets of unusual dimensions, told Wyatt what their occupation, at night, very often was. The poacher, to Wyatt, was an object of suspicion; he might be said to possess a professional antipathy to

the class, which in return was repaid by hatred to him personally. On first noticing the men he thought they were all strangers, but closer examination showed him his mistake; he soon recognised one of them as an old acquaintance, and a most inveterate poacher. He asked Jim Snarr if he knew any one of the three men, but after eyeing them over pretty closely, Jim was quite sure he had never met one of them.

"Yond fellow with the red neckcloth," said Wyatt, addressing Jim, 'is Jake Welch, he was sent to Knutsford for three months, at hard labour, for an affair in "Hollingworth Wood;" to look at him one would imagine he had never seen me before."

Such was the fact, the man indicated, and his two companions, had looked across the road at Wyatt and Snarr, but, to all outward appearance, with the most complete indifference and absence of anything to imply recognition.

"If I am not very much mistaken those fellows intend mischief," said Wyatt, "and are looking out for a chance. I believe they are watching me now to see what way I'm going home."

"We can easily find out that," said Jim. "We'll stop talking just at the end of the bridge yonder, and see what they'll do. If they come forward and pass us, and turn up to the left in the field road, we'll go forward down the