

pects of James Hampton were anything but cheering, and his own patriotism had proved an expensive pastime. At this date, when the general outlook was most unpromising, he was sitting at home one Saturday morning, when the old seafaring companions, William B—— and Thomas B——, made their appearance. Like James Hampton, these tars had had enough of fighting, of bleeding for Queen and country, and so on; and probably thinking that their country was somewhat indebted to them, they proposed that a collecting tour in the provinces should be undertaken. The war was all but finished; but the anti-Russian enthusiasm had not yet become extinct, and could be turned to profit. William B—— spoke like a man who thought the tide should be taken at the full. "Well, Jim," he said, "you may as well come out with us, you've got no home."

Jim felt his way as cautiously as a man should do whose powers had been sufficiently tested before Fort Constantine and its deadly ordnance. Though quite willing to become partner in a promising venture, as a veteran tar he would not catch at straws. "Well, what are you going to do?" he thus asked in reply.

"O, come down to Croydon, and you'll see!" cried the sanguine William B——. "There are times when a pale face, a bandaged arm, and a limping leg may be used as capital." William B—— thought that his friend Hampton was throwing away a fine chance while he sat moping away his hours in Searle's Place. The philosopher's stone was at Croydon, if he would only seek it.

The party set off to Croydon in high spirits, arrayed in sailors' clothes, decorated with their medals, and as Hampton limped along on a crutch, he presented an appearance which would be sure to excite the commiseration of all "true-born Englishmen."

After a toilsome march they duly arrived at their destination, sleeping accommodation was secured at a tramps' rendezvous, and then they prepared for action. It was Saturday evening, and the streets of Croydon showed their accustomed liveliness, for throngs of marketers with their week's earnings in their pockets were abroad. The quondam sailors took up a prominent position in the street to sing the song called "Miss Nightingale," as a likely bait to catch the ear of the public in the then excited state of that erratic creature's mind. The result showed that Cockney Bill, as William B—— was styled, had not miscalculated his chances of success. The public plaudits and the public coins came down upon the heroic trio in showers, until the receipts of that one night amounted to four pounds. Poor women, fathers of families, and little children were tempted to halt, and proved their kindness of heart and loyal patriotism by contributing to the common tribute paid to the brave by a grateful country.

After this success at Croydon, the singing tour was extended to other parts of England; but the receipts diminished, and at last became no more than sufficient to pay the expenses of the road. Under these conditions James Hampton grew weary of his wild freedom, and determined to seek a more congenial occupation. He again directed his thoughts to the sea, and now that he was healed of his lameness he determined once more to seek his future on the mighty main. He took leave of his boon companions, walked down to Gravesend, engaged to serve as an able-bodied seaman on board the *Abiroth*, and set sail for Halifax, in Canada. As the chalk cliffs of old England receded from view it became daily more apparent that the *Abiroth* was nothing better than a floating hell, and that the captain was a drunken demon with an