

her long cloak she paced the deck in silence. Her thoughts were deep and anxious. Another chapter in her plan was entered on, and what would be the issue? Brave and faithful hearts surrounded her: men grown hoary in life's campaign, and whose cool judgment had weighed well the chances of success were in attendance on her; but what could abstract courage do in the matter? The work in which she was engaged not only required courage, but cunning. The courage and faithfulness of those with her she knew would lead them to take their share in the undertaking, and to discharge their duty at any risk. But their venture was on the sea, and at any moment they could hoist their sail and flee before the face of danger. Her own work was on the land, in an enemy's country, and in the society of a man almost, if not altogether, unfathomable to herself. She thought she knew the depth of his soul in the matter engaging her effort, and she only thought so. He might at any time present a new appearance, which might frustrate her designs. It was true she had gained the confidence of Monsieur; but what had been his reflections since her departure? It was also a matter of deep consideration with her how he whom she loved, and whom she had left behind to take part in the plan during her absence, had conducted himself. That he was clever and brave she knew; that for her sake he would willingly discharge the duty laid upon him she was certain; but he was sometimes impetuous, and it was possible that in hurriedly seeking to fulfill his promise to her he had become prompted to perform some act of indiscretion which had revealed him to Monsieur. She knew, should such be the case, that in self-defence he might commit an act which would separate them for ever. Then, again, how had the prisoner conducted himself? Had he lost heart through the long delay of release? and, deeming the matter to be only a *ruse*, an effort to betray him to commit himself to Monsieur, had he refused to listen to the counsels of Anthony? Or had he by his impatience showed any suspicious sign which could be construed into a sufficient cause for removing him, none could tell whither. These thoughts filled the mind of Lisette with anxiety for the ultimate success of her plan, and with the tactfulness of her race, when any purpose is to be reached by silence, she kept them concealed in her own mind, and paced the deck absorbed in her own reflections. Once only she paused in her walk, and then it was to lean over the bulwark of the vessel and to watch in a dreamy silence the shining of the light on the pier-head at Calais.

Toward morning the sky became overcast, the stars became shut out from view, and the darkness became denser. Still Lisette paced the deck in silence. What would she not at that moment have given for a friend to whom she might confide the feelings of her heart. She could have told her thoughts and apprehensions to Uncle Jacob, but his manner was too impulsive, and his thoughts too wild and vague to afford her sympathy. She wished to relieve her burdened spirit to someone, whose faithful mind would not repeat, even to herself, what she might relate.

Had Lisette possessed a Christian education, when thus perplexed and oppressed in striving to carry out a work of humanity and restitution, she would have opened her mind and laid bare her thoughts and desires before the eye of Providence. But the want of this formed a blank in the moral existence of the gypsy. The idea that Heaven takes an interest in the doings of mortals had never been conveyed to her mind; she had been taught that the success of every enterprise alone rested in human resources and perseverance, and now, when her own capability, insignificant, and, perhaps, useless, and when the hope of her doings trembled in the balance against the possibility of failure, she had nowhere to turn to seek relief for her agitated mind but to herself. Yet, more than once, guided by the power of instinct, she turned her eyes upward as though she would speak with Heaven. The voice of Nature within her—a voice to her unknown, called on her so to do; but her soul was not trained to walk in such a path, and faltering at the first step, it turned aside discouraged, and she again sought to find rest within herself. While Lisette was thus walking the deck, agitated and distressed with perplexing thoughts, the voice of the "look-out" rang out to the helmsman:

"Port your helm! Head a port!"

In a moment the head of the vessel obeyed the will of the steersman, and her sails shivered in the passing breeze. This quick response came just in time to prevent a collision. Looming through the darkness, and now just at hand, was seen approaching a vessel, before whose bows the waters hissed in seething foam. That vessel had caught the wind abeam, and was rushing through the water with a force destructive in the event of colliding. It being evidently the intention of the stranger to conceal her course, she had no lights burning, and this fact, together with the increased darkness, prevented her from being sooner seen by the "look-out" on board the *Speedwell*.

"That rascal ought to have a round dozen at the gangway," said John Williams, as the stranger shot past, bawling to the man at the helm to keep her away.

"He'll have something more than that some day," replied Dick Backstay.

"Do you know the vessel, Dick?"

"I shouldn't have known the ship, for it is too dark even to see the colour of a black pig; but anybody knows that fellow's jaw bawling to the man at the helm."

"Anybody may, but I don't."

"Don't know Jack Pegden?"

"Was that he?"

"In course it was." On hearing the name of the smuggler skipper, Lisette awoke from her reverie, and walking forward to where the sailors were standing, she eagerly enquired:

"Are you sure that vessel which has just passed us is the *Nancy*?"

"Well, marm," replied Dick Backstay, "I couldn't swear to the vessel, you see, because it is so dark, and I shouldn't like to take a Bible oath unless I was sartin; but I would swear by anything, from the cap'n's wig to the Bible, covers and all, that it was Jack Pegden as shouted as he went to the leeward of us."

"Do you think he knows us?" enquired Lisette in a voice tremulous from excitement.

"It isn't likely, marm, unless he's got cat's eyes and can see in the dark, and I don't believe he has, or he wouldn't a come so near to us; and none of us opened our mouth."

"It is good," she replied, and again walked abait.

The *Speedwell*, yielding to the breeze, dashed onward through the water as if in sport. The object of Uncle Jacob was to keep out of sight of land during daylight and at nightfall to drop down along the French coast and land Lisette. This being his design, the vessel held on her easterly course until long after break of day, and then he threw her up in the wind that she might lie to until darkness again approached. With the dawning Lisette retired to rest, nor did she leave her cabin again until night had covered the surrounding scene. Nothing occurred to interrupt the plan of the adventurers through the day, and the wind, shifting a little more northward, gave a renewed hope to Uncle Jacob, and confirmed his opinion of the good luck attending the sprinkling of the helm with a glass of spirits at the commencement of a voyage.

As the sun, having pursued its now shorter way across the sky, was again descending below the line of the horizon, the sails of the *Speedwell* were hoisted to the wind. Onward again dashed the gallant vessel, and this time running along the French coast with a cheerful speed, as though conscious of the work she was engaged in, and anxious to do her best to perform it. Soon the distant lights appeared, marking the position of the shore to the benighted mariner—lights the captain of that vessel was better acquainted with than with his alphabet and could read their meaning better. To him, every nook and headland from Flushing to Havre was distinctly known; and being from this conscious of the certainty of his situation, he disdained to consult the chart, which Uncle Jacob, with the utmost carefulness, was employed in picking out.

"Starboard your helm; ease away the jib sheet! That's it!" shouted the captain of the cutter; and in obedience to his orders the *Speedwell* turned her prow toward the Frenchman's land. "Lower the boat," was the next order given; and the little boat floated on the water. Having stood in a few minutes toward the shore, the vessel was hove to, and the boat was hauled alongside.

"All right at the gangway!" shouted the captain down the companion hatchway, to where Lisette and Uncle Jacob were sitting.

In a moment after the old man ascended to the deck, followed by the gypsy, and together they stood, looking toward the shores of France. It was a noble sight, as Uncle Jacob stood holding the hand of Lisette in his own, to see those two—one in the beauty of youth, the other drawing nigh to the grave, with their hearts filled with the lofty sympathy of humanity, and prepared to risk life itself that they might do good to a fellow-creature.

Leading Lisette to the gangway, as she descended to the boat, Uncle Jacob placed his hand on her head, and as the tears arose to his eyes, exclaimed:

"Good-bye, my daughter! May the Justice of Heaven give success to your endeavour!"

"Thank you," was the reply.

"She is gone," said the old man to himself, as the dull thud and splashing oars told that the boat was being rowed to the shore. "She is gone," he repeated; "and shall we ever see her again? and, should we, will she come to us in company with my dear young friend?"

Slowly, and almost noiselessly, the boat was rowed toward the shore. It was imperative such should be the case, as one could tell the sort of lookout kept by the Frenchman. In a few minutes the keel grated on the strand, and as Lisette leaped out, the best wishes of that boat's crew were showered upon her. Landing, she refused to permit any of them to accompany her a single yard. She wished now to be alone, and to take the risk of her doings on herself.

A heaviness fell on the soul of Lisette as the boat pushed off. Her friends were leaving her exposed to difficulty and danger, and as she thought of it, while standing in the darkness, she felt the loneliness of her situation. Seating herself on a rock, she listened in painful emotion to the sound of the parting oars, until it became lost in the distance.

"This is no time for reflection!" she exclaimed, as she leaped to her feet. "I have commenced the work, and I must go through with it. As the soldier on the battlefield, I must think only of conquest. Come, courage! You it is that must support me now."

Summoning to her aid that natural energy which had somewhat cooled in the moment of parting with her friends, Lisette prepared for action. Ascending a road cut in the face of the chalk cliff, she was quickly on the road to the

chateau. Her appearance was now once more that of a French peasant girl.

Almost as soon as those at the old house were awake, Lisette was at the door. The first person she saw was Anthony, who, with apparently idiotic glee, ran to meet her, and taking her hand in his own, kissed it and patted it in well-sustained simplicity. A few words, uttered in the jargon of the gypsies, passed between them, which set her mind at rest on the progress made by him during her absence.

The meeting of these two had been secretly observed by Monsieur, but he little thought that keener eyes than his own were aware of her presence, and worked accordingly. Coming forward to meet Lisette, he welcomed her back to the chateau, extolling the good conduct of Anthony during her absence.

(To be continued.)

FOOT NOTES.

THE DOMINION OF CANADA.—In the May number of *Scribner's Monthly Magazine* there begins a series of finely illustrated articles on Canada, which it is proposed to make the most comprehensive series on this great subject ever published in a magazine. The illustrations, drawn by Henry Sandham and others, and cut by the best engravers in America, will be an interesting feature. The first four papers, written by Rev. Dr. Grant, President of Queen's University, Kingston, are as follows: "The Brave Days of Old," "The Political and Social History," "The Dominion," "The North-West," "The Present Position and Out-look." There will then follow papers by Charles H. Farnham and Charles de Kay, on special features of Canada,—including a finely illustrated account of the picturesque city of Quebec; a paper on the Ursuline Convent in that city; and probably the most complete description of the wonders of the Saguenay River yet printed, written by one who has thoroughly explored its beauties, in a canoe, from source to outlet. The series from the pen of Dr. Grant covers the political, social, and material development of Canada from its discovery, nearly three centuries and a half ago, by Jacques Cartier, traces the history of the settlements by de la Roche and Champlain, the French and English wars, the consolidation of the British colonies in 1867, the formation of the Dominion of Canada, and brings the reader down to the present day of a powerful and united government.

RUSSIANS AT COURT.—In the Romanoff gallery of the Winter Palace, at St. Petersburg, the attention of the visitor is attracted by a green curtain on one of the walls; it conceals a table inscribed with the very curious rules which Catherine the Great caused to be observed at her assemblies. These regulations were as follows:—(1) Leave your rank outside as well as your hat, and especially your sword. (2) Leave your right of precedence, your pride and any similar feeling, outside the door. (3) Be gay but do not sport anything; do not break or gnaw anything. (4) Sit, stand, walk as you will, without reference to anybody. (5) Talk moderately, and not very loud, so as not to make the ears and heads of others ache. (6) Argue without anger, and without excitement. (7) Neither sigh nor yawn, nor make anybody dull and heavy. (8) In all innocent games, whatever one proposes let all join. (9) Eat whatever is sweet and savoury, but drink with moderation, so that each one may find his legs on leaving the room. (10) Tell no tales out of school; whatever goes in one ear must come out at the other before leaving the room. A transgressor against these rules shall, on the testimony of two witnesses, for every offence drink a glass of cold water, excepting the ladies, and, further, read a page of the *Telemachid* aloud. [The *Telemachid* was the work of a very feeble and evidently much despised poet named Trediakolsky.] Whoever breaks any three of these rules during the same evening shall commit six lines of the *Telemachid* to memory; and whoever offends against the tenth rule shall not again be admitted.

CHEAP LIVING.—In these days of dire distress we call the attention of our readers to the following:—Dr. Charles Mackay, in his "Recollections," gives an interesting account of Colonel Fitzgibbon, an agent of the Canadian Government. "The Colonel at this time was upwards of seventy years of age, and while in London was wholly dependent upon remittances from Canada. On one occasion these remittances, anxiously expected, failed to arrive, and he found himself alone in the mighty city, reduced to his last sovereign. He resolved, if possible, to make that sovereign suffice for his subsistence until he could write to his Canadian friends to know the reason of the non-arrival of his funds and receive the answer. He found that he could live on sixpence a day—upon four pennyworth of bread, one pennyworth of milk, and one pennyworth of sugar. He cut the bread into three equal portions, sprinkled it with sugar, and made a kind of pudding of it by the aid of a cupful of boiling water. These served for breakfast, dinner, and supper—the pennyworth of milk in addition being reserved for the latest meal. He threw so well upon this frugal diet, and found his health and strength so greatly increase upon it that he continued it for many months—long after the necessity for the experiment had disappeared—and found when the delayed remittances arrived, in about a month afterwards, that there still

remained five shillings of the sovereign. At the time when Colonel Fitzgibbon told this story he had persevered in his temperate diet for two years, and had devoted all the money which he had thus been enabled to save to the support or establishment of infant-schools in various of the poorest districts of London."

PARTY COLOURS.—Ere another week has passed there will scarcely be a dead wall or boarding, or a public-house window in the United Kingdom which will not exhibit a printed appeal, or appeals, to local voters, to decide this way or that on the momentous issues now before the country. It may be that the placard which will meet their eyes will urge them to record their suffrages in the furtherance of these principles to which England owes, wholly and entirely, her present material prosperity—the time-honoured ones of peace, retrenchment and reform. On the other hand, they may be solicited to declare that they believe in the Beaconsfield policy of brag, bounce, and broils, as that most calculated to sustain the honour and dignity of Great Britain, and to further her chief interests. Wherever, though, such addresses appear side by side we may be absolutely sure that they will be printed on paper of different colours, as a tangible means of appealing to the less thoughtful or more ignorant of those in whom the franchise is vested. Now, it is a very curious fact that these distinctive colours vary all over the country. The Tory party at present affect "True Blue" as their distinguishing colour; but this was a Presbyterian badge in the days of the Commonwealth. The Gordon rioters, too, in 1789, when engaged in sacking London in defence of Protestantism, all wore blue ribbons. Blue and buff have long been recognized as pertaining to the Whigs. Charles James Fox always dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, and a buff waistcoat—colours worn both by the men and women whose political views were coincident with his own. It is a familiar fact that they continue to co-exist on the cover of the *Edinburgh Review*, which is or was until it has recently exhibited a certain tendency to backsliding regarded as the acknowledged organ of the Whig party. In Cumberland and Westmoreland blue and yellow are dissociated, blue being the Liberal colour and yellow the Conservative one. During the pending election, it is certain "t'blue" and "t'yellow" will be much more often in the mouths of the Dalesmen than the names either of Tufnell, Lowther, or Lord Bective. A Westmoreland man invariably speaks of himself as "a Blue" or "a Yellow." Blue is the Liberal colour in Lincolnshire, and the Tory colour in Suffolk; as it is in that stronghold of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Exeter. At Norwich Mr. Colman's supporters fight under a blue and white banner. The Liberal party have adopted green as their colour in many parts of England. In Sussex it is pink, while the Tories have appropriated the blue.

DR. RICHARDSON ON DRESS IN RELATION TO HEALTH.—Dr. Richardson lectured to the members of the London Institution recently, on "Dress in Relation to Health," the object being to indicate what reforms in the dress of both sexes were most required in order that dress might minister to health. The lecturer said that the character of dress stands so closely to the character of the person who wears it that it is hard to touch on one without introducing the other. All kinds of sympathies are evoked by dress. Political sympathies are in the most intimate of relationships with dress; social sympathies are indexed by it; artistic sympathies are a part of it. Proceeding to lay out the plan of the lecture, the lecturer begged it to be understood that it was altogether apart from his purpose to deprecate good fashion in dress. It was the duty of every one to cultivate good fashion, and every woman ought to make herself as becomingly beautiful as she possibly could. Good health and good fashion would always go well together. What was wanted in the reform of dress was good fashion for both sexes, and for everyday life in social intercourse some uniform costume that shall tend to bind more closely together the various classes of the community. He deprecated an adaptation that led to unequal pressure and to tight bindings about the body in any way. A dress should be loose, and the weight of it should be borne by the shoulders. In men's modern dress this was fairly accomplished, but in women's dress, dragging from the waist, there was produced such a waste of physical power that if women were in all respects free as men they could never approach to the position of men as active workers until they had emancipated themselves from this physical bondage. Dr. Richardson equally condemned the strap and belt worn by boys and some by working men when they were about to run, leap, lift or perform other physical feats. Comparing the clothing of men with that of women, the lecturer expressed the view that, faulty as the male attire might be in artistic points of view, it was in relation to health perfection as compared with the dress worn by women. The reform he suggested in the dress of women was that it should in all practical details have the same advantages, and should be, in fact, the same, with the exception of the exterior robe or gown. The long dress for women, which even trespasses slightly on the ground, was the most becoming. Among the other subjects considered were the proper ventilating powers of materials used for dress and their colour, the colour of material worn in contact with the skin, and the colour of outer garments in relation to climate.