mature years and well preserved beauty; at her neat servant girl attire and the under raiment, pronounced by female keys to be unusually fine.

But the soft low voice, calm equanimity, mild cheerfulness of the gentle prisoner, constrained them as they crowded together in the dayrooms and yards to silence and respectful decorum. A respect increasing day by day, as some obtained from Mary hopeful glimpses of emancipation from the bondage and sorrows of bushwhacking.

Silence at first; then courtesies of manner; next confidence in her goodness, love for her and admiration; one striving with another to win her smile. Then snatches of personal histories were told. All, without exception all had the tale of a fall from a purer life to tell; the tale of man's duplicity to trustful loving woman. Tales of fair girl idolators, believing for a season in the alluring revelation of the young human god who proved to be a demon.

As the day of Mary's departure from prison approached many wept. They wept and clung to her at the last, those tainted sisters of sin, sorrow, bush and prison.

They had no intimation, not a hint, that this prisoner was a lady of rank and fortune; though all felt she was guiltless of any offence other than the innocent accident of "loitering."

But day by day Mary was planning in her own rich mind how to establish Female Colleges of Refuge for the hunted outcast white girl bushwhackers.

Said Renshaw to his gentle prisoner one day:—

"I hear you expect to see old England again?"

"I enjoy that pleasing expectation; but will not return to England yet, not for a year or two. You, being long away, don't think of revisiting your native Lancashire, perhaps?"

"Not think of it! Think of it always. Thought of it ever since I came away. Came away at first intending to go back almost immediately."

"I understood you came as a free-grant settler on Crown lands?"

"In a manner I came as a settler, but couldn't settle. Thou hast spoken so gently to me, though I were roughish in talk with thee at first, that I'll just hint how it was. I couldn't settle on the land. They said it were drink, but that weren't the reason; any way not all the reason, not by half. True, I gave away Lot Eighteen when it was wild bush, for a trifle of dollars some whiskey and tobacco. That same Lot where Steelyard's Mills be now—the great flour mills and woollen factories; the farm which is homestead to the larger estate where so many choice cattle and horses are bred. Steelyard is our Member of Parliament, and was a poor hand-loom weaver like myself once; as most of the landed gentry of this county were."

"Mr. Steelyard, as a poor weaver, must have been a careful person?"

"Yes; he got his own Lot and he got mine from Inkle, who keeps the bank now, also a hand-loom weaver; and with it the water privileges, which were granted to me as a military and unconditioned settler, but would not have been granted to either of them as weaver immigrants and conditioned occupiers. Steelyard made a better use of the water privileges than I could have done, my mind unsettled as it were. I had a great thing on my mind then, and occasionally since, even now in a manner. But for that I might have made as good a landed squire as Steelyard, or any of them as be gentleman farmers now. I expected to make the beginning of a fortune out of that thing on my mind, and do other persons far from here a great service too; a very great service indeed; and out of their gratitude to me for that service, to get more land by a long sight than Lot Eighteen."

"Are you married?"

"Yes, ma'am. Before I came out I married a woman—a widow—who had a grown-up son same age as I, or a year older; the Widow Lud, of Irldale."

"Stop, please. Lud! Lud! I've heard that name—must have heard that name; Widow Lud, of Irldale? No, I may be in error, proceed, please."

"She has proved a good woman to me; yet, in a sense, our marriage was a misfortune to both of us. Her son hated me for marrying his mother, as why should he not? Had any man married my mother I'd have detested that man and done much as Abram Lud did?"

"Abram Lud! I must have heard that name in connection with ——— proceed, please."

"In connection with the Blanketeer rising to do battle with cotton mills, capitalists, kings, governments, no doubt. The Luds were great leaders in loom-breaking. Simon, the uncle, was hung. Abram, my wife's son, led the Blanketeers out of Lancashire on march to London to fight parliament and compel enactment of a law putting down cotton mills, or failing putting down cotton mills to give compensation to hand-loom weavers thrown out of work by mills and machinery."

"It seems but fair they should be compensated, or be provided with other employment."

"Bless your heart! How compensate hundreds and hundreds of thousands? They were driven by force of famine to compensate themselves as best they might. I was drill master of yeomanry then, taken from a cavalry regiment on purpose to train a new corps of yeomanry. We attacked the Blanketeers as they marched for London, at Stone Grove. Mayhap you've heard of the battle of Stone Grove in Cheshire, near Lillymere Hall?"

"I may have heard of it, but am not so well informed of those occurrences as you seem to be. What happened at Stone Grove?"

"We scattered the Blanketeers; rode them down, drove them home; took some of them prisoners. Steelyard was a prisoner, our member that now is and chairman of this prison board. Abram Lud was a prisoner. He, being leader, would have been hung only for the good interference in behalf of them all of Earl Royalfort of Lillymere. The Earl told in parliament that the weavers had been punished enough at the battle, and more than enough every day of their poor lives by starvation."

To herself Mary said: "Just like the Earl, dear, good, generous soul!" but didn't speak? this discourse of the head key being now of most thrilling interest to her. Renshaw continued:

"They were hand-loom weavers, the Earl was reported to say to other members of Government, compelled to live in idle times and starvation through the new inventions. Good for the country at large as the inventions were, they starved the hand-loom weavers. The Earl said that; and pleaded for them, and pitied them; he pitied and pleaded for them."

"And did not you pity them?"

"I was a military man doing my duty, ma'am. A military man is not to judge of who be right or who be wrong; of what be right or be wrong in politics. The Government judges. The soldier is the servant of Government to execute its orders, like as I be in this prison to execute orders of the board. I may have a private opinion, but all prisoners are to me guilty, if sentenced. Guilty I take them to be—even you, begging pardon, Miss. I think your arrest was a mistake, and should not have been made; but being arrested and committed, I was bound by duty to think you guilty—well, I have some discretion, and use it, as you may have noticed."

"You are head turnkey, I'm told; does that mean governor?"

"The office of governor, Miss, has been vacant a time. I'm to be promoted to it. Our county member, Squire Steelyard, has procured me that appointment. And he will, I expect, induce the County Council and Government to build a new gaol, more commodious than this. Also, a governor's residence. Then I may see my good old woman in the place of superior comfort she ought to have been in all her life, bless her! So much for that; now to return to what I was saying."

"Yes, return, please. What happened after the affair at Stone Grove?"

"Somehow I got to know the widow Rhoda Lud at Irldale, and after a time she and I were married. Her son, Abram, was a prisoner at Knutsford and like to be hung. I think I did something towards getting him out, for the old Earl asked many questions of me about hand-loom weavers, knowing I had been one; and I told how they were beaten out of home and work and life by change of times. I think I did Abram Lud some good, but he hated me for marrying his mother, which I don't wonder at a bit. I'd twist the neck of any man who married my mother Besides, Abram had cause to hate me for doing my military duty against the Blanketeers, of which he was leader, marching to battle with parliament at London. So, hating me, Abram, in a manner, forsook his mother. He came to this country but did not stay on seeing me come; he was that disgusted at a man marrying his mother. He and orphan children of Simon Lud, who was hung, went away right south, and out to Mexico, as I've been told. It was to go after him and get some things—trinkets and a child's dress belonging to his mother he ought not to have carried away, that made me to get money sell Lot Eighteen. The money given by Inkle was too small, and I never came up with Abram, though I travelled South. If he be alive he has the trinkets and child's dress still, for no doubt he meant turning them to account in the same way I did."

"To Mexico! And took Simon Lud's orphan children with him? What children, how many?"

"Little Jonathan and two girls. The girls were long since married to rich Mexican Dons. I heard Jonathan was drowned in the Rio Grande."

"Drowned! And was there no other boy? No other young Lud?"

"There was another boy—a young Lud, so to speak; but not a real Lud. It was about him I had all the trouble of mind already hinted at He was not a Lud. At Stone Grove, when the yeomanry scattered the weaver Blanketeers, there was a waggon, two or more waggons, with young people and women; of whom were one of the Lud girls, and this child passing as one of them, but not one of them. They were ridden over not designedly, but being in the way the troop rode them down. In all hostile military operations, small or great, innocent persons, women and children suffer the most. They were ridden down, trodden under hoof and scattered, except they as could not run. That child separated from the rest was badly hurt. It was carried to the dispensary at Lillymere and then to the poor's house. When well enough to be questioned it gave the name of Toby Oman, but could tell no more of itself, except, "mamma go die in coffin; mamma carried long way, put in deep hole in ground." It was quite a young thing, about two years old, perhaps. That boy remained in the parish workhouse, was put to the common school, then to a superior school at instance of Earl Royalfort, in belief that he was one of Simon Lud's orphans. Then he was, I've heard, sent to be clerk in the law office of Schoolar and Schoolars, the Lillymere law agents, and is there now, I suppose."

"You say that boy was not a Lud; who was he? What did the name Toby Oman mean?"

"Well, that is coming to the point. That you may understand, I must repeat as said before, my wife is a kind-hearted woman; far out of the common of kind-heartedness even. Most extraordinary person for gathering helpless fellow creatures around her. She has a houseful of orphans, or waifs of children now. Has always had some poor outcast woman and babe, and fatherless children ever since I knew her, and before I knew her. As an instance: Last year when Inkle's bank was building, scaffolding fell and a man was killed. His little son came to the work carrying breakfast, but saw only the father's empty boots. They had been taken from the body when laid out for doctors to examine wounds. The weeping, sobbing child returned home, close beside our house, to his mother, two little sisters and brother, the merest children all; he carrying the father's empty boots. No father to eat the breakfast, or ever again come home; only the empty boots. My wife has had the children on hand ever since, the mother being a poor ailing creature. And since then she has gathered yet more castaways, doing for them all as if her own children."

"With your consent, I may assume?"

"My consent, yes! Wouldn't for the life of me contradict or question what my Rhoda does. Rhoda O'Loney was her maiden name. She is Irish. Then she was Rhoda Lud, and now Rhoda Renshaw."

"She may not be any poorer for all that kindness to the helpless!"

"Poorer, no! She says her satisfaction at being useful is riches. She cannot be otherwise; it is her born nature. I don't know hardly how many orphans, or half orphans, or waifs from this prison, or lost, lost creatures of one sort and another we have at home; or out at service, or working their apprenticeships to trades; she doing as a mother for them all; poor unfortunate women, some of them with no homes of their own. Her gathering in of orphans began as I said, before I knew her. That Toby Oman we spoke of, was one of them."

"How did she come by him?"

"A travelling gipsey woman, Moll Fleck by name, came to Irldale in Lancashire, carrying that child. Death was on the woman when she, poor creature, entered the house. She was refused admission at all lodging-houses, till some one told of the private cottage of Rhoda Lud. Coming down from the moors long exposed to weather, Moll Fleck was then past recovery. She told at point of death, the secret of the child's parentage. It was the infant heir of Lillymere. Stolen by some of her tribe in Scotland at instance of somebody else; they gave out it was killed by eagles. It fell to her hand to be made away with, in interest of some who wanted no heir of Lillymere of its family. Her woman's nature recoiled at dealing with the dear thing unfairly. To protect it alive the faithful creature wandered in all lonely places, on the hills, in the dales, among moors and mosses, carrying that precious creature; infant of Lady Lillymere, heir of the Earldom."

"Gave she any proof of its identity?"

"She had the clothes it wore when lost; trinkets with its name and age."

"Where—where are they?"

"With Abram Lud in Mexico."

"Alas! alas! They may never more be seen."

"They exist, we know that much. But apart from them, my wife would recognise Toby Oman again if seen among ten thousand; by his birth marks and otherwise. She was very, very fond of Toby—of Eustace De Lacy Lillymere, that was the inscription on one article, a child's coral. The necklace of Essel Bell, a companion nurse was also with the babe. It was to restore him to his birthright that I was troubled in mind and could not settle on Lot Eighteen. It was to get money to follow Abram Lud into the States to try could I recover the trinket proofs of the child's identity that I sold Lot Eighteen."

The second day after this conversation Mary's term of thirty days expired. The women of the prison, poor outcast bushwhackers, who had frowned at her superior refinement at first, hung around her now, weeping, clinging to her clothes, to her feet—kissing her feet some of them, praying not to be forgotten in her prayers.

And so she parted from them, emerging through the great gates, slowly walking up the street. Luggy being on the look-out raised a halloa:

"Eliquester girl! Eliquester girl out of gaol again! Out of gaol again. Mind your spoons! Mind your pockets!"

And the *Ariel* had a paragraph next morning in nearly the same words.

(To be continued.)

[*Written for the Canadian Illustrated News.*]

IN HOSPITAL.

(For private, but I hope extensive, circulation.)

I.

Without at all arrogating the title of an "amateur casual," I have certainly at strange seasons and places managed, half by accident, half for adventure's sake, to find myself mixed up in somewhat unwonted company, and thus involved in somewhat unaccustomed scenes. For example, I have camped for many days with overlanders in the far Bush, as well as with our own *voyageurs* on the raft and in the shanty. I have twice dwelt on the tented field, once was at Wimbledon, but the time before was with a real army. I once, having foolishly forgotten a latch-key, sat out the summer's night on the benches of St. James's Park, right under the Duke of York's column, the object of curiosity to weary tramps and of suspicion to vigilant policemen. Under similar circumstances last winter I spent all the morning hours walking up and down and round and round the Champ de Mars, to the intense disgust of the lamp-lighter, who, resenting this Companion of his Solitude, turned the Square into darkness a full hour before the dawn. I have spent two days in the forecastle of a collier brig, and, as a matter of course, have crossed the Atlantic as a steerage passenger. Each of these experiences seemed curious enough at the time, as I believe they would do to any other average commonplace Englishman indisposed to the ready formation of chance acquaintanceships. But there is one experience which I have omitted, and before which they all seem tame. I have been a patient in the public ward of a General Hospital! If anybody else has ever been the inmate of a Workhouse, of an Asylum, or of a Penitentiary, I have nothing more to say, and yield the *pas*. If any speak; to him do I surrender. Nobody speaks, and I am left master of the field.

I don't suppose that any reader of this page has ever found himself a patient in the public ward of a General Hospital. I decline to admit such a supposition. I never knew anybody who would have permitted it to be hinted of him. Therefore I hold the experience to be unique and interesting, and I proceed to relate it as does one who has escaped from among cannibals, or crossed to St. Helen's Island the last day of the *débacle*.

It happened, let me see, about one hundred and fifty years ago, in a city some 20,000 miles from Montreal. I had been unwell for some days, and one particular evening showed symptoms which, from past painful personal experience, I imagined, in my low and nervous condition, to be premonitory of typhoid fever. Some kind friends expressed much commiseration and anxiety for my judicious treatment—out of their neighbourhood and off their hands. They suggested Hospital—best medical attendance, kindest of care, everything that skill and gentle nursing could do to hasten convalescence, pure atmosphere, judicious diet, perfect rest and quiet, total absence of anxiety, all that sort of thing, you know. This sounded very pleasant. Fancies of such Chicking as left undying impression upon Little Dorrit's Maggie's memory, and made "aint it horspitaily?" her most rapturous expression of enthusiasm; of cooling drinks to which the iced sherbet of the Arabian Tales was as ditch-water; of the touch of the skilful leech to whom Ambrose Paré was an imposter, and Sir Astley Cooper a dunce; of the soothing music of gentle, compassionate tones, the tones of nurses such as nursed Mirabeau—crowded upon and bewildered me. My thoughtful friends assisted me to rise, and called a cab—they had cabs even in that strange city and that forgotten age. I thanked them with feeble gratitude, and vowed mentally to regard them as the best of men, the most thoughtful of Samaritans. I have no other evidence of delirium, but I know, when I remind myself of this thankful disposition to these people, that I must indeed, for the moment, have been raving mad. They knew it too, and made the cabby go at top-speed, so that I should have no time to recover. Alas, in that strange city and that forgotten age strikes were unknown!

The resident-physician—house-surgeon they would call him here—received us blandly. The anxiety of my conductors had wrapped me up in some child's overcoat, which pinioned me like a straight-waistcoat, and bereft me of all power of voluntary muscular action; so they made me sit down where they would. [Note.—I had the most lively satisfaction in bursting every seam of that garment before it came off, but *they* never made good the boy's loss.] They spoke a few whispering words, words, as I knew, of tenderest commendation. But for the straight-waistcoat I could have embraced them. I