

good treatment in that city. The name of this worthy gentleman was Nicholas Adams, vice-admiral of Pembroke. While the Jesuits remained in this place, all kinds of people, some even from a great distance, came to see them. Ministers of religion, judges, gentlemen, and others, came to confer with them, even a Lord of the Grand Council wished to have the pleasure of confronting them, in discussion, with four clergymen.

After some time an answer came from London, and it became known that the ambassador of France had been notified of the arrival of this ship, and was pressing to have her given up, but particularly to have the Jesuits released, having been commanded so to do by His Most Christian Majesty. The Jesuits looked upon it as an interposition of Divine Providence, that their vessel had put into a port of Wales; for they saw enough to show them that if the merchants who had charge over Virginia had been able to mark their will, no stranger who had been in that colony would ever have returned to his own country.

At length the Jesuits were sent home. They were conducted by a roundabout way to the port of Sandwich, and, by command of the King, thence to Dover, whence they passed over to Calais, after having been nine months and a half in the hands of the English. The Sieur d'Arquien, governor of Calais, and Monsieur La Baulage, dean, gave them a warm welcome, and provided them with sufficient funds to enable them to proceed to their cottage at Amiens.

A little while after the deliverance of the Jesuits, the Sieur de la Motte also arrived in England, and loaded a vessel from Bermuda that had touched at Virginia.

Captain Argal had, in a generous manner, contended with Marshal Deal, in order to obtain from him permission for de la Motte to return; and Argal at length accomplished his object. But de la Motte, on arriving in England, was very much surprised to find, that all of a sudden no one spoke to him any longer, that no one came to see him, and that he was deserted by every body; and the worst part of the matter was, that he had fallen sick on board the vessel. He immediately suspected that he was in a dangerous position, and surmised from what quarter the peril came, namely, from the merchants of Virginia, who desired to make away with him, and did not know how it was to be done. He made use of stratagem, and found means to acquaint Monsieur de Bisceant, the French ambassador, with his condition. The representative of His Most Christian Majesty very quickly directed two gentlemen to visit him, set him free, and use him kindly, treatment he well merited for his courage and personal worth.

About the same time, Madame de Guercheville despatched La Saussaye to London, in order to ask that the ship be given up, and to seek reparation for the injuries received "by such an iniquitous robbery." The vessel was again placed in possession of her proper owners, but nothing further done at that time. And just as the ship was setting sail for France, who should make his appearance but her master, Captain Flory, who arrived in the nick of time to go aboard and take command.

Captain Argal, in returning to England, had plucked him out of the hands of the Marshal, and two other Frenchmen as well.

Father Biard, speaking of Captain Argal, says—"For a truth this same Argal has shown himself to be such, that we have occasion to wish, on his behalf, that hereafter he may serve in a better cause, where his nobleness of heart may be able to appear, not to the loss but to the gain of worthy people."

Of all the number who went to Virginia, three died and four still remained, for whose deliverance all exertions were making at the time Biard wrote this narrative.

**HOW TO RECEIVE A PROPOSAL.**—You ought to take it kind, looking downhill, with an expreshun about half-ticked and half scared. After the pop is over, if yure luvver wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind or take its own course.

## INGRATITUDE.

I had carried her basket through the wood,  
And helped to pile up its treasures sweet;  
I had torn my hands with the wanton briars  
Which would have hindered her dainty feet.  
My longing arm was her ready aid  
When we came to the side of the tiny burn,  
And she scarce dare trust to the stopping-stones  
Which the tricky ripple tried to turn.

Though the sun was sinking, her smile to me  
Was all the sunshine that e'er I sought;  
Though the birds were silent, it seemed to me  
Her voice the charm of their songs had caught.  
The arching trees shut out heav'n above,  
Their full-grown leaves hid the world around;  
But the summer earth was less glad than I;  
And in her presence a heav'n I found.

But a short half-mile round the woodland path,  
So brief, alas! was my term of bliss—  
And we came to the hedge which stood between  
The world that side and an Eden this.  
I skirted one end of the village green  
Where the children, chasing far and wide,  
Broke in on my dream as they laughed and played  
In the country's toilsome eventide.

Yet another turn we should reach the stile  
(I joyed to think the maiden fair  
Must seek my help when she strove to climb)—  
We came to the opening—one sat there  
Casting a shadow where else had been light;  
His back was towards us, but then, ah me!  
Well I knew by that blushing, tell-tale smile  
She felt the face which she could not see.

Ere our footsteps told him that we were near,  
Her gentle hands had him captive ta'en;  
Such a gladsome gaze met her beaming eyes,  
I knew that my only hope was vain.  
Long saw they me not though I stood close by  
So I called my dog and turned me back;  
Quoth he at her side, "Who's the boy, dear Nell?"  
Then she, "Oh! it's only my cousin Jack."

ST. SWITHIN.

## LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

### FOUNDED ON FACTS

"Well, did you see him last night, when you went for the supper beer?" said the housemaid of Twenty-one, Snowdon Terrace, N., to her sister in arms, the maid of all work at Twenty-two ditto, an arch smile meanwhile playing over her face, and digging pleasant dimples into her round ruddy cheeks, and dashing roguish sparkles into her sloe-black eyes. "Did you, eh?"

Twenty-two was a smart, active young woman, and almost as well-favoured as Twenty-one. Her cheeks were a little less rosy, her eyes scarcely as full and lively, but her face was well balanced, and her figure well proportioned. From a business point of view, Twenty-one, as a professed housemaid, completely threw the maid of all work into the shade. She had a style of handling a hair-broom which declared the adept, and was perfectly captivating. She would sweep her flight of steps with actual grace, and describe the most beautiful and elaborate flourishes with the hearthstone.

"I don't know what you mean," replied Twenty-two, lifting her brows with affected wonder.

"O, no; you don't know," continued Twenty-one, delicately frisking some particles of dust from behind the scraper. "Of course you don't. Well, I must say that I admire your taste. Quite a dashing fellow; tall enough for a policeman or a soldier, and dresses like a gentleman."

"Well, he just ain't a policeman, nor a soldier neither," said Twenty-two, quickly; unintentionally admitting that there was somebody who was looking after her. "I am not going to throw myself away on a soldier, I can tell you; and, as to policemen, they would make love to anybody, if they thought they could get anything by it. I am sure to see a policeman when I go for the supper beer, if I can't see anybody else. I don't mean anything personal, Mary, because I know you have got a brother in the police. A

good many girls that I know have got cousins policemen—at least they tell their mistresses so when they are caught gossiping at the area rails—and they always say they are sending their love to their aunts."

"Well, never mind," said Twenty-one; "It wasn't a policeman, nor a soldier either, but perhaps it was your cousin—there, now, don't laugh—that I saw you talking to four times last week, for at least a quarter of an hour at the stretch, just by the lamppost. You didn't see me watching you from the nursery window, did you? No wonder your master's been going on about flat beer lately. Mind what you're doing, or else he'll be taking a cask in again, and then you'll have nothing to run out for in the evening. Not that I blame you. If people won't allow followers, what can one do? I think it's very hard on a servant."

"And so do I, Mary," returned Twenty-two, earnestly. "Now, the young man you've seen me speaking to is most respectable, all his friends well off; and I think it's very hard he can't be treated like a Christian, and not be obliged to go hanging about the corners of streets like a dog. But, I say, Mary; both our families are off out of town to day, for a month or six weeks, and you, like me, are to stop at home and take care of the place."

"Yes; cook's going with our people, on account of not being in very good health."

"Well, then, it will be our own faults if we don't make the most of the opportunity. I can't think why masters and mistresses are so alarmed at the sight of a young man calling upon the like of us. They don't all come courting for the sake of what they can get. I've never seen much cupboard love, as they call it, wherever I've lived. Why, the cook at the last place I was at had a young man who used to come and see her three nights a week, regularly"—here she fell to thumping the door-mat upon the kerb-stone with the head of the broom, and glancing upward at the windows to see nobody was looking—"unbeknown, of course, to any but ourselves; and I'm sure he always brought something into the house instead of taking anything out of it. Ah, he was something like a sweetheart! Oranges, twelfth-cakes, filberts, cocoa-nuts, grapes, and I can't tell you what all. He never came empty handed."

"Did she have him?" asked Mary.

"Well, I'll tell you. You must know he was in the dry-fish trade, and came from Billingsgate. Once he brought cook a present of a quarter hundred of bloaters, and we thought we'd have a treat for supper; so what does cook do but put a couple on the gridiron. Just as we'd sat down, all three of us, the kitchen door suddenly flew open, and there was master. He hated bloaters, and the smell had got up-stairs. Cook fainted on the spot, and did it very well. I gave a tremendous scream; but the young man, though he turned very white, behaved like a true Briton, and tried to argue; but master, who'd been in the Royal Navy, threw a kitchen candlestick at him, and the poor young fellow ran up-stairs, and escaped over the garden wall. He never came any more, and poor cook was discharged the next week without a character, and—"

Here Twenty-two made a dead stop, and fixed her gaze on the opposite side of the way. Twenty-one naturally looked across also, and there, sure enough, was the young man she had so often seen gossiping with Jane. Smart, clean, well dressed, with a smile upon his lip, he looked as fresh as a daisy.

"Ah, how d'ye do, my dear, this morning?" said he, shaking his charmer heartily by the hand. "Why, you are an early riser. Not seven o'clock yet?"

Twenty-one was about to turn aside, but the young man fixed his eye upon her, gave a familiar nod, and inquired after the state of her health also. She blushed, and replied that she was quite well, and then withdrew, and began scrubbing down the steps.

"Where are you off to this morning?" asked Jane.

"Oh," returned the young fellow, "only to see a friend away on the Great Western. Couldn't pass the end of the street without taking a peep