

**A Shadow and an Echo.**

The quiet of the solemn midnight hour  
Overhangs the world;  
In the garish evening tender flow'r  
Has its petals fury'd.

In his kennel down in your back-yard  
The watch-dog lies asleep;  
Silently upon the boulevard  
Dewy cherubs weep.

From the house lamp on that window blind  
Falls the golden light;  
Solo oasis that the eye can find  
In the desert night.

'Cross the light band of the linen screen,  
Swift as message word,  
A figure passing fitfully is seen  
Scantly attend'd.

And, like penance-doing monks of yore,  
This a burden bears,  
While it looks as if 'twas vex'd sore—  
Overwhelm'd with cares.

Breaking in upon the hush profound  
Comes an echo world;  
What can cause that weird and woeful sound?  
Surely 'twas a child.

Suddenly upon the puzzled brain  
Flashes all the truth—  
Papa's hands as if to-night again;  
Baby's got a tooth.

**NO RELATIONS;**

**A Story of To-day.**

She was quite quiet; her face was very pale; her lips were set. I learned, afterwards, to love her. But at first I was afraid of her.

"This," said Stephen, "is the very dooce an' all. What's to be done now?"

"Who are you?" I asked. "Oh! tell me if you, too, are in a plot with these wretched men?"

"I am the wife of the man who calls himself Captain Ramsay," she replied. "There stands my husband."

"It's a lie!" shouted the captain, emphasizing his words in manner common among men of his kind. "It's a lie! She has been divorced by the law of the country. I have no wife."

"I wear your wedding-ring still." She showed it on her finger. "I refuse your divorce. I will not acknowledge the law which allows a man to put away a wife without reason. I am still your wife. I shall follow you wherever you go. I came across the Atlantic, to Liverpool, after you. I came on board this ship after you. I shall make the voyage with you."

The captain laughed. "You shall," he said. "Hang me if you shall leave the ship till I let you. You shall follow me—whether you like it or not—to Dixie's Land."

"Even there," she said though she shivered, "I will venture. I know what is in your wicked brain. Yet I am not afraid. I am here to protect this innocent girl. As for you," she turned to the unfortunate pilot, "I have heard of you. You are still, old man, as you have always been, the stupid tool of this man. At his bidding, and for no use to help yourself, you are ready to throw away your immortal soul. Get out of our sight! Go, I say!"

Stephen straightened his back with an effort, and cleared his throat. He looked at me, who was now clinging to Olive, and then at his chief, who stood biting his lip, with an angry flush upon his cheek, and a look that meant revenge if he could get it.

"Come, cap," said Stephen, "we can do no good here. Come on deck." He led the way, and mounted the companion with alacrity. "Phew!" he whistled on deck. "Trouble a-brewin' now. What shall we do next?"

"If I could—the captain began, but stopped short.

"You can't, captain," said Stephen. "The men would see it; Avis would see it. Put it out of your thoughts. Now mind. When I said I'd help the gell aboard, I never bargained for Olive as well. What about Nassau?"

"Now," said Olive kindly, when we were alone, "tell me who you are, and what has happened."

"Oh! he has stolen me! He asked me to come on board; he pretended to be my friend; and he has stolen me. And Jack is coming back on Saturday to marry me!"

"My poor child!"—her tears fell with mine—"this is terrible, indeed. But courage. I am here. We are on his ship, and cannot choose but go with him. Yet—yet I do not think he will dare to harm either of us. My dear, he is afraid of me."

"Are you indeed his wife?"

"It is my unhappy lot," she replied, "to be the wife of the worst man, I believe, in all the world. Yet needs must that I follow him, whatever be the end."

I waited to hear more.

"I learned when the ship would sail, and I came aboard and hid myself. I ought to leave him to his fate," she went on, sitting with clasped hands. "I have been beaten by him like a disobedient dog; I have been cursed and abused; I have been robbed and starved; I have been neglected and deserted. But I cannot abandon him. I am driven to follow him wherever he may lead. It may be I shall yet—but I do not know. His conscience is dead within him; he is no longer a man. From the first week I knew him to be gambler, drunkard, and manslayer; a defier of God's laws; one of those who work evil with greediness; yet I cannot choose but go after him, even if my choice land me again on the shore of North Carolina."

"And why do you fear to go there?"

"Child, you do not know the Southern States." She laughed bitterly. "They are the home, in your English papers and your New York correspondents, of the chivalry and nobility of America. They are also the home of the slave. There are black slaves, brown slaves, olive-colored slaves, and white slaves. I was a white slave. I am one of those unfortunates for whom they are fighting. I am a darkey—a Negro."

"You?"

"Yes; I. You would not think, to look at me, perhaps, that I have been a slave. Yet it is true. The young ladies with whom I was brought up had not whiter skin than mine. Yet my great-grandmother was a black woman. So I was a slave. You are not an American, and so you do not shrink back loathing. I was a slave, and one day, being then seventeen years of age, and unwilling to be the mother of more slaves, I started on a long journey by the Underground railway, and got safe to Canada."

"Is it possible?" cried Avis, forgetting for a moment her own troubles.

"Yes; it is true. I went to Montreal, where I hoped to find employment and friends. There I met Captain Valentine Angel—as he then called himself—who was

so good as to fall in love with me, and I with him. We were married. And now you know my story."

"And if you go back again to North Carolina?"

"In the old days, if a runaway slave was caught, they flogged him. Now, when the Northern soldiers are gathering round them, and their cause is hopeless; now, when they tremble least fresh stories of cruelties to blacks should be invented or found out, I think they would hardly dare flog a white woman. Yet one knows not. The feeling is very strong, and the women are cruel—more cruel than the men."

We then began to consider how we could best protect ourselves on the voyage. Olive advised that we should go on deck as much as possible, so that all the sailors should know that we were aboard, and grow accustomed to see us; that we should never for a moment leave each other; that we should share the same cabin; that we should refuse to listen to, or speak with the captain or his accomplice.

"Lastly, my dear," said Olive, "among wild beasts it is well to have other means of defence than a woman's shrieks. I have—for the protection of us both—this."

She produced a revolver.

"A pretty toy," she said, "but it is loaded, and it shall be used, if need be, for defence of you as well as myself."

Thus began this miserable voyage, wherein my heart was torn by anxieties and fears. What would be the end?

Presently we went on deck. The land was nearly out of sight; we were on the broad Atlantic. The ship rolled in the long swell; the day was bright; the breeze fresh. Beside the helm stood the captain, who scowled but said not a word.

The crew were lying about the deck, except one or two, on watch in the bows. As the ship carried neither yards nor sails, there was little or nothing to do, and they mostly sat sleeping or telling yarns all the voyage. Olive led me forward. Stephen, although the pilot, and therefore a person of great importance, was among the common sailors, sitting in the sun, his pipe in his mouth, with two or three listeners, foremost among the spinners of yarns. They were such names as sailors give each other, such as Liberty Wicks, who was quarter-master; Soldier Jack, so called because he was reported to have been a deserter from an English regiment in Canada; Old Nipper, the meaning of whose name I do not know; Long Tom, a lanky thin man of six feet six, with a stoop in his shoulders caused by stooping continually 'tween decks; Pegleg Smith, who went halt; and the Doctor, as they called the cook. They grinned, made a leg, and touched their foreheads; they knew that Olive was the captain's wife; they knew that she was a stowaway, and had come after her husband; they knew that I had been entrapped aboard. That was what Olive wanted.

"For, my dear," she said, "suppose my husband was to catch me by the heels some dark night and tip me overboard, which he would very much like to do, these men would miss me, and by degrees the thing would become known."

"That would not restore you to life."

"No, my dear; but it might make things safer for you."

The captain seemed to have no objection to our talking with the sailors. It was not his plan to show the least unkindness on the voyage; we were to be perfectly free. We found them a rough, reckless set of men, of the kind who would follow a leader anywhere, provided he gave them plenty to eat, drink, and to smoke. In a few days they would be under the port of Wilmington, their cargo landed and sold, their private ventures converted into dollars, and their craft taking in cotton for the homeward run.

"One thing," said Olive, "my husband might have done. He dare not do it, though, because he would lose the respect of all Americans. He might tell them that he has married a colored girl. You would witness, then, for yourself something of the loathing which the presence of the negro blood rouses among Americans."

I have mentioned the boy's and quarter-master, Liberty Wicks, who was often at the wheel. Now, one day, soon after the voyage began, a very singular thing happened.

The captain was on the bridge, Stephen was forward, no one was aft except Olive and myself and the quarter-master, who, as usual, was making his two eyes do double duty. We were sitting in silence, when we became aware of a hoarse whisper. "There's friends aboard," it was Liberty Wicks. "Friends. Don't fear nothing. Wait till you get to North Carolina. Don't look at me. Don't answer."

After this we were comforted, on every possible opportunity, with the assurance that there were friends aboard.

Then, day after day, the ship held her course, and we two women remained unmolested, walking on deck, or sitting in the little saloon unnoticed. We talked little, having too much to think about.

So that, in the silence, our senses seemed to quicken, and one night, sitting in the saloon after nightfall, we heard voices above us on the deck.

One of the speakers was Stephen.

"It's a bad business, cap'en," he said. "Look at it any way, no way I like it. What are we to do next?"

"I don't know, Steve. That is a fact. Your girl and me won't run easy in harness so long as the other one is about; they must be separated before we can do anything else."

Olive caught my hand. We listened for more.

"Land 'em both at Nassau, and be shut of the whole job," counselled Stephen. "No good ever come to a voyage with a passel o' women aboard. Might as well have a bishop or a Jonas himself."

"I might put Olive ashore," said the captain; "and we could carry the other on to Wilmington. Olive would scream a bit, but then she'd have to go. As for Nassau, we are not going to New Providence at all. Don't you think, Stephen, after it's cost me all the money to ship my crew, half paid down and all, that they're going to have the chance of getting ashore and staying there. Why, once ashore, it might be a fortnight before I could get them all back again. No; the coal's lying on Stony Cay, where we'll take it on board, and so off again. We might land her on the Cay, to be sure, but there's no rations and no water."

"You can't land the woman there, cap'en. The men wouldn't stand it."

"I can't, because I've got a white-livered

lot aboard who'd make a fuss. I could if I had the crew with me that I had twenty years ago when we made that famous run. You hadn't gone soft then."

"Courage, Avis," whispered Olive; "courage, child; we are not separated yet; there is always hope. Even a shot between wind and water, and a sinking of the ship with all her wicked crew, would be better than such a fate as the man intends for you. But that fate will not be yours. Some women, my dear, are prophesses; I think I am one; and I see, but I know not how, a happy ending out of this for you—but not for me."

There is an islet among the Bahamas lying just at the entrance of Providence channel, some sixty miles northeast of Nassau. The small maps do not notice so insignificant a rock, but on the charts it is called Stony Cay. Two or three men were there in charge of the stores, and, as a warning to American cruisers, the Union Jack was kept flying from a mast. Thither we steered, and here the men made their final preparations.

"Patience, Avis," said Olive. Three days more will bring us to the end of this chapter."

The steward told us what we pretty well knew before, that they were going to run the blockade into Wilmington, on the coast of North Carolina; that the place was about seven hundred miles distance from the Bahamas, and that the real danger was about to begin. Hitherto there had been none, except the chance of bad weather, for the Maryland, built for nothing but speed, and just heavy enough to stand the waves of an ordinary stiff breeze, would infallibly have gone down in a gale.

"The danger may mean deliverance, my dear," Olive said for Avis' consolation. "The cruisers may take us. In that case you are safe; you have only to seek out the British consul, and tell him who you are, and why you were on board the ship. As for me—"

"As for you, Olive?" asked Avis.

"I must follow my husband," she replied. "If we are taken, he will go to a New York prison; and I must go, too, to look after him."

When the sun went down on the third day, the engines got up steam; by midnight the Maryland was out of the narrow waters and rolling among the great waves of the gulf stream. The night was exactly the kind of night which blockade-runners, buccaneers, privateers, and pirates always most delight in; a dark night with a new moon; cloudy, too. The steamer carried no lights. By the wheel stood the captain, and old Stephen ready to take his place as pilot. As for us, we were too anxious to stay below, and were on deck looking and waiting.

"Stephen," we heard the captain say, "I have got a note from Nassau. The Yanks expect me; they don't know that I've arrived and started; but there's a notion among the cruisers that I'm to be met with somewhere about this time. I know what their ships are, and where they're stationed. Twenty-five steamers are lying off Wilmington this night as close as they can lie—out of the range of Fort Fisher. Half a dozen more are cruising about these waters. I make no count of them. Now, Stephen the only thing to decide is whether it's best to dash through the line, or to creep along the coast."

"The coast," said Stephen, "is a awkward coast. There's nothing to steer by, there's sands, and there's never a light."

"We can show a light from the inshore side. They will answer it; they are on the look-out all night."

"I would rather," said Stephen, "make a dash for it. Once inside their line they will find it hard to stop us."

"Can you find the mouth of the river in the night?"

"I can find the mouth of that river blind-fold; never fear that; what I think is the shifting sands along the coast, if we have to creep in."

"Pray heaven!" whispered Olive, "that one of those half dozen cruisers catch us."

We passed a sleepless night. Half a dozen times, at least, the engines were stopped on an alarm being given from the watch in the fore-top, and we expected to hear a cannon-shot crash into the vessel, or an order, at least, to lay to. Presently the engines would go on, and the ship proceeded on her way, though perhaps on another tack. We awoke no light; our coal gave out little smoke, and that little, as I have said, was discharged from the stern, the funnel lying flat along the deck.

At daybreak we arose and went on deck again. None of the men seemed to have gone below. Stephen and the captain stood together by the wheel; all hands were at the watch, though as yet it was too dark to see far; and the men, if they spoke at all they spoke in whispers. As the sun rose behind us, we found ourselves alone upon the ocean; not a sail was in sight.

"No cruiser yet," I whispered to Olive. "Shall we reach Wilmington to-night?"

"A steamer," cried the man at the fore-top, "off the starboard bow!"

I could see nothing; the broad face of the ocean glowed in the bright sunshine.

"He sees," said Olive, "a faint wreath of smoke."

I suppose we altered our course, because we saw no more of that steamer. We ran till noon without further adventure; then another, and another, and another alarm were given in quick succession, and the wheel went round and the vessel changed her course. There was no waiting to make out the distant ship; every stranger was a supposed enemy.

"I almost hope," said Olive, "that we shall get through them."

In the morning, which was cloudy with a little fog, though there was a steady breeze from the northwest, we made our first escape. It was just before day-break; we, who could not sleep, were on deck again. All night there had been frequent alarms, but happily (or unhappily) we passed the danger. This time, however, things looked as if our run had come to an end.

The mist had thickened; the day was slowly breaking; we held our course but at half speed; suddenly there seemed to spring out of the water a cruiser three times our size, under steam and sail. We were almost under her bows; they shouted to us; their men sprang into the rigging to furl the sail; we saw them hastily run out the guns.

"Avis!" cried Olive, "you are saved!"

Not yet. Captain Ramsay gave an order in his quiet voice, the wheel flew round, and the next moment we were astern of the vessel, at full speed steaming in the teeth of the wind. With such way as was on the cruiser,

she was out of sight in the mist almost before we had time to look. There was a great popping of guns, and one cannon-shot, but no damage was done; and when the mist presently cleared, and the sun rose, we could indeed see her smoke away on the north horizon, but we were invisible to her.

That night we were to run the blockade. The blockading fleet was chiefly concentrated round the port of Wilmington. There were, as the captain said, twenty-five vessels lying or cruising in a sort of semi-circle, ten miles round the mouth of the river, on one bank of which was Fort Fisher. It was prudent to keep outside the range of that fortress' guns. And without the circle were some half-dozen fast-steaming cruisers always on the lookout. That evening the captain called the men aft.

"My lads," he said, "I had intended to make a dash for it, as I have often done before. You are not the men to be afraid of a shot or two; but this unfortunate falling in with one of their ships makes it seem best to try creeping along shore, for the alarm will be given. Therefore, every man to his post, and not a word spoken; and, with good luck, we will be inside Fort Fisher before day-break."

The men retired. Then night fell, and we could hear the beating of our hearts.

Stephen now took the wheel himself, and the captain became a sort of chief officer. At the helm, proud of his skill and new employment, Stephen looked something like that beautiful old man whom I had found sleeping. The cunning, sensual look was gone from him; he stood as steady as a lion, yet eager and keen, with every sense awake. Presently he ordered half speed; then we sounded; then he forged ahead a bit; sounded again; then before us I saw, low and black in the night, the coast of America.

Stephen kept her on her way slowly and cautiously; the screw never ceased, but we crept slowly along, hugging the shore as near as he dared.

"A few yards nearer, pilot?" asked the captain.

"No, sir. I daren't do it. We are as near as—What's that? See now."

A long, grating sound as the bottom just touched the sand. The ship cleared the shallow, and continued her slow, silent crawling along the shore.

I suppose it must have been 2 o'clock in the morning, or rather later, the ship still cautiously hugging the dark line of coast, that the end came.

We were moving so slowly that the motion of the screw could hardly be felt; the night was very still and dark; the sea a dead calm. We were as close to the shore as the pilot could possibly take her; the men in the bows were sounding perpetually, and sending the depth aft in whispers. We had shown a light on the inshore side; this was answered by two lights, so faint as to be invisible farther out; they were the lights to guide the pilot into the harbor. Success was already in the captain's hand; a few minutes more and the last few yards of the long voyage would be run in safety.

Then there was a snapping as of wood in the bows, a cry of alarm; and the next moment a rocket shot high in the air. On our starboard, not a hundred yards from us, was lying one of the cruisers, and the rocket had gone up from a rowing barge sent out to signalize a chance blockade-runner, which boat we had nearly run down.

It would have been better for Captain Ramsay had he run her down altogether.

"Put on all steam," shouted the captain, as the rocket was answered by a gun, and then another. "Let them blaze away now, then. Five minutes' run lads, and we'll be out of danger. Steady, pilot, steady!"

"Steady it is, sir," answered Stephen, as another cannon shot struck the water close to our stern, sending the spray flying.

"If there is to be fighting," said Olive, "we had better be below, where, at least, we shall be a little safer."

We went below; but we could not escape the horrible banging of the cannon, which seemed to be firing all around us, nor the rattling of the rifles. They fired at random, because they could not see us.

The men lay on the deck, thinking to get shelter from the bullets if any should come their way; but the Captain stood by the Pilot.

"Plenty of water, Pilot?" he asked.

"Deep water, sir. Only keep her head straight. As for them lubbers with their guns why—" Here he stopped, and fell heavily to the deck with a groan. The wheel flew round; the little steamer swung round with it, and before the Captain could put up the helm, she ran bows on heavily into a sand-bank and stopped.

"We are ashore," said Olive quietly. "I think, my dear, that we are saved."

On deck we heard a great trampling. The crew ran aft and jumped to ease her off; the engines were reversed, but the ship was hard and fast.

No one took any notice of the unfortunate Pilot, the only man struck by the shot. He lay motionless.

"Cap'en," said the quarter-master and boy's, Liberty Wicks by name, of whom I have already spoken, "this is a bad job."

Captain Ramsay replied by a volley of oaths.

"They're putting off a boat from the Yankee, sir. Shall we lower boats?"

"A New York prison or a run in the Southern States it is, Cap'en."

Still his Captain made not reply.

Then the chief officer came up.

"There is no time to lose, sir. The men are lowering the boats. Shall we put in the women first?"

The Captain, still silent, went down the companion, followed by the first officer and the boatswain.

Olive had lit our lamp by this time.

"Courage, Avis!" she whispered. "Now is the moment of your deliverance!"

"Come," he said roughly. "The ship is aground. Avis, and you other, come on deck and get into the boats."

"No," said Olive; "we shall remain here."

"I tell you, come."

Olive stood before me.

"She shall not come!"

"Stand aside!" He added words of loathing and hatred which I will not write down. "Stand aside, or by the Lord I will murder you."

"She shall not go with you. Oh, villain! she shall not go with you!"

"Cap'en, there's no time," growled the quarter-master.

The Captain drew his revolver; the chief officer knocked up his hand.

"No murder, Captain Ramsay," he said, "unless you murder me and the boy's'n too."

"The Yanks are on us!" cried the man. They seized the Captain, one by each arm, and dragged him up the companion. We heard a trampling on deck, a shouting, a pistol shot, and a sound of oars in the water.

"They are chasing the blockade-runners," said Olive. "They will be back presently to scuttle the ship and destroy the cargo. Let us go on deck."

It was too dark to see much. We heard in the distance the regular fall of the oars; we saw a flash from time to time. Then there was silence for awhile, and then we heard the oars again.

"The cruiser's men are coming back," said Olive.

In ten minutes they came along-side, and we saw them climbing on deck. There were twenty of them, armed with cutlasses and pistols, headed by a young Federal officer.

He was greatly surprised to find two ladies on board. But he was civil, asked us who we were, and what we were doing on board a blockade-runner.

Olive told him that I was an English lady who had been brought away against her will, that her own business was my protection.

"We have no business in the South," she said; "and we have no papers."

"What can I do with you?" he asked, evidently not believing the statement. "If I take you aboard, we shall not know whether to treat you as prisoners or not. If I land you, you would be worse off than before. What is the name of this ship?"

"The Maryland, of Liverpool," said Olive.

"This is her first run."

"And her captain?"

"Captain Ramsay."

The officer whistled.

"I wish I had known," he said. "Well, ladies the best thing I can do, as you have come all the way to the coast of North Carolina, is to put you ashore on it. No doubt that is what you want; and I wish you joy of Dixie's Land."

"We would rather," said Olive, "that you took us to New York, even as prisoners."

He shook his head and laughed.

Here a deep moan interrupted us, and we became aware for the first time that poor old Stephen was lying wounded at the helm, where he had fallen.

"Water," he groaned.

I fetched him water. Olive raised his head.

"Which of them is this?" asked the Federal.

"He is the pilot," I replied, thinking no harm in telling the truth.

"The pilot, is he? Well, if he recovers, he will find out what the inside of a prison is; because you see, ladies, a pilot must know the shore, and a pilot must, therefore, be a Reb."

He felt Stephen's pulse.

"It is very low. I doubt he is dying."

I gave him the water, and he opened his eyes.

"Is that you, Avis? Keep clear of the captain," he whispered slowly; "he's well-nigh desperate."

"Tell me," I said; "was that story true about the raft?"

"You was," he said, "a Pick-me-up, off a raft in Torres Straits; wropped in bandannas; and your mother was a Knobling. Your father, he was admiral to the Sultan of Zanzibar." Here he fainted again.

"Come," cried the officer, "we have no time. Bo's'n."

"Sir."

"Put these ladies into the boat, and land them as quickly as you can. Have you anything you wish to take with you?"

"Nothing," said Olive.

"Then—" He raised his cap, and we followed the boatswain.

We were closer to the shore than I thought. In ten minutes the sailors stood up to help us to land. Then they put off again.

The voyage was over; the ship was ashore; the cargo was lost; the blockade-runners were disappointed; and we were standing, friendless and helpless, on the shores of the New World.

To be continued.

**More Heresy in Scotland.**

The prosecution of one of the authors of "Scotch Sermons" for heresy seems now to be inevitable. The Presbytery of Glasgow, by a small majority, lately appointed a committee "to confer" with him, and this decision, on appeal to the Synod, has been confirmed by a substantial majority in that body. A second appeal has been taken to the General Assembly in May, but probably without much hope of altering the result. Should the General Assembly sustain the Presbytery and the Synod in requiring a conference, everything will depend on the explanations that may be offered by the incriminated clergyman. His prosecutors have hinted that they will be satisfied with very little in the way of an apology, and a statement that the heretical doctrines complained of were not put forth as the author's own views would probably meet all the difficulties of the case. This would be the best, though not the most heroic, way out of what threatens to be a very awkward affair. The Kirk cannot afford to trifle with her reputation or orthodoxy, nor can she very well sustain the distractions of a great polemical tuggle.—*Full Mail Gazette.*

Venor, in concluding his essay on "Forecasting Weather," and more particularly referring to the presence of birds as a sign of spring, says: "In fine, birds, either considered as a whole or as individuals, do not afford us any clue of value to the making out of the 'weather problem.' They know bad weather when it comes; so do we. They fly before it and find better quarters, while we poor mortals, as a majority, have to grin and bear it. In by far the greatest number of cases the movements of the birds and the changes of the weather are too simultaneous to permit of our attaching any weight to the arrival and disappearance of our winter visitors; but, on the other hand, there are times when, could we, we would most assuredly warn these birds of many a 'relapse of the weather' yet to come, concerning which, it may easily be perceived, they remain blissfully ignorant, and during which they often perish in numbers."

George Fawcett Rowe has completed a new comedy, in which he will appear as the father of a theatrical family, which will be produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York, in August.