THE MOST FASCINATING OCEAN ROMANCE SINCE THE DAYS OF COOPER AND MARYATT.

CHAPTER I.

Heaven's artillery, or man's mockinance, that awakened the echoes of ward Point, on the Kentish coast of ingland, on the night of a drear No-lagland, in the year of Grace, 1822.

a sullen boom came the dull sound the surging sea and then with a sharp, echo, the concussion would die away Wagner ?" jee to face of the rugged cliff, until reiby a following report that again agit-

the murky air. in a hissing roar, too, upon the pebbly the dense mist of that wintry eve an end of it !" es and land, folding up in its murky ark embrace cliff and beach, and rock was about, but in reality, from the moment d J. C. Landon offace of the sea.

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a little hollow formed by a dip of the The man had at the moment of lighting

hen it was with startling earnestness removed himself, and then he cried : tone of those persons spoke, and by the reof his companion, and that compan- stay there." is voice, although there was distress in its was sweet and gentle and lingered

soft music on the murky air.

"Why, Miss Grace," he said, "who of lustre of the glorious satellite.

est-breaking accents she pronounced the meaningless in all other respects.

me of Gerald!

od care of him. Hem!"

eruel, so very cruel to take him! I will i her young heart. h where a fero the here; I will go far away; I shall "Yes, the Rift!" said Joseph. Tall the days and nights that are to come.

beating up before the wind for the deep bay that was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished by the was at that part of the coast and which had surplished be would be some the bright flash of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and was through had soon perceive; but, by the aspect of the wind, and the first of the wind, and t

"Don't you go on so, miss. Ah "This exclamation from the man who was William Bitty was Grace, in an D W Cantiboo, ar, for the teasioned by rather of carrieds on the last gun on beard the And you. Martin, is this your care of your last there was an agitation in the air that "And that?" She indicated the other speaking triumpet of the lieutenant, and then "I locked him in the aft cabin." is practiced eyes saw betokened wind was manifest by the manner in which the mist ad become parted on the surface of the sea bed its operations considerably, bove the lis Majesty's revenue schooner, Miss dissipate.

As the wind set, the vapor considerably, bove the list Majesty's revenue schooner, Miss.

As the wind set, the vapor considerably bove the list majesty is revenue schooner. take a tolerably clear night atmosphere, all captain. There, Miss Grace, now you have below being a dense, moving mast of vapor, thich hid all things. The phenomenon we to a did know it. He told me." thich hid all things. The phenomenon we are alluded to was the sudden projection

" Nothing, Miss Grace nothing." "Ah, I see! A shower of blue lights from the sky !"

She had seen the last of the rocket, and in another moment all was darkness again. " Is it a broken star ?" she said.

" Perhaps so, miss; but indeed, miss, you must not stay here !" " I will stay here !"

"But I-really, miss-where is Mrs.

"I don't know, Joseph. I don't want to know. You are not so so unkind as the rest, and you will let me stay ?"

"Spikes and bolts !" muttered the man ame the huge rollers from the storm- to himself. "I can't help it; I can't make hannel and deeper and deeper still her go. The signal must show and there's Grace had not been able to see what he

and lighthouse top and rocking buoy that he had seen the rocket emerge from the afounding earth and ocean in one seeth- misty sea, he had been busy; for it was a of white vapor, through which glis- special duty he was placed there to perform. the saline particles that floated above From a small case that looked as if it might inclose a fishing-rod, he took a piece of iron came the sullen-sound again; and rod, about four feet in height, one end of there followed a sharp, rattling sound, which was spiked and sharpened, and by to a practiced ear, might suggest the that means he stuck it up in the scant loam of small arms, although where the that covered the chalk cliff. This iron rod contest could be going on-whether was hollow, and in the upper end of it he actual coast or to the left, bending to inserted what looked like an iron saucer, forthem Ocean, or to the right, where with a projection at its under side, to fit raters of the channel washed the most into the hollow of the tube. Into that saucer de shores of England, it was difficult to then he broke what looked like a cartridge. is owing to the many different densi- Another moment and he had lit a match, the atmosphere the sounds were de- which lie protected in the hollow of his hand. linvarious directions most capriciously. He placed the match in the saucer among there were two persons on the shore the contents or the seeming cartridge. There either from accurate forknow was a slight evolution of smoke and then a or instinctively from the interest they beautiful blue flame shot upward and cast in a something, that these sounds sug- its radiance upon the old cliff and streamed out upon the mist and the sea.

of the beetling cliffs on either side of it, this beacon flying himself flat in the hollow, thich little hollow led by an irregular out the young girl had risen from her crouchright down a jagged, slippery and ing position to her feet and the beautiful athway to the storm-lashed beach, dame shone on her fair face and clustering these two persons. The mist of the ringlets, making her look like something mber eve was about them in pulsating more than mortal in her wondrous beauty The damp exhalations settled and for a moment or two so mazing the eyes ally on their clothing; but for a time they of Joseph that he was unable until he had rel not and spoke not—all other senses gazed upon the lovely vision for some time mel absorbed in the one of intense listen- to recollect that he ought to remove her from proximity to the light even as he had

"Oh, Miss Grace-Miss Grace-don't that the other gave and his sudden ex- stand there. The captain will see you with Fight! yes that must surely be it and it carried strained more easily to the wind. ration of surprise it was evident that up his night glass, and you know what he is that moment he did not know of the pre- when he has his fits of rage upon him. Don't "Oh, how beautiful!"

With a whirling rush, in a moment more, the mist disappeared from the face of the | well to port. Shut in-caught-sacrificed! imperatively, he cried: Gerald! Gerald! dear Gerald! they will sea; it was encountered by a fresh breeze him, and who will love me then? He from the southeast, which crumpled it up por and so weak! Gerald! Gerald! they chased it away thousands of miles to far-off oceans, or, decomposing it, caused it to fall agony of tears followed these few into the huge Atlantic in millions of sparkmis and from the tones and from the tears ling particles. Bright, beautiful and staterough man who was on that pinnacle of ly to them appeared the broad disk of a full Threw who it was that stood by him, or moon in the east, and in an instant every her crouched by him—although he could wave was crested with the glow of molten like some fair spirit of the mist that brightness, and earth, air and water became to the sea. each moment more suffused with the gentle

had better go back, miss; there's a gale Grace, as she clasped her hands and stepped lowing seaward and it will blow great vet closer to the verge of the beetling cliff. through the old gorge when it does The scout had flung a heavy piece of Go back, miss; you really had much tarpaulin over the blue-light and extinguish-

young mothers and and the young girl—the child we may call "Spikes and bolts!" were the only words ere's anything killer: for scarcely fourteen years had passed he had nattered the expression being alone and dot hat that gentle head-still wept, and in favorite one in the way of exclamation, and she loved so well-her own dear brother,

"The Rift—the Rift!" cried Grace, now "It's no use, miss," said the man; "he's as she stood still nearer to the verge of the mpty is ridicular to his first voyage, though that he cliff in the luxuriant fair hair, being now ald like to know the like is not; but on his first wentures cannot be the night breeze, was scattered in may call it, and Captain Dolars all take wild and autiful confusion about her neck and shoulders.

said to the party to himself to mark the equivocal sort of the back—he will not go again. Bear Gerlarriage must be that was to be taken of the person in the lears again started to her eyes and Spikes and bolts! it is a close brush to- own boy, Gerald—sixteen years of age. Ha "He will be killed," sighed the young took the place to her of the mist that had night." "He will be killed !- gentle, good, been upon the sea, for they obscured her vi-

all have meret and dear Gerald! There! You hear that? sion for a few seconds, during which she sobm hear, Joseph ?" Boom ! boom ! came bed bitterly; for a dread that Gerald, of rapid reports of cannon. "Oh! my whom she spoke in such terms of fond affecor dear brother, my poor Gerald! It was tion, might be hurt or killed, lay heavily at

se energetic, que Gerald! There, again!—the cruel beating up before the wind for the deep bay

was unusually steady, would have run great | gunner of the Spray.

the channel, and at about a couple Grace the Sorry in chase of the Rift, hundred feet over the surging water, there smuggling cutter, Captain Dolan owner and

se tried to do so, they pursued him, and called it wrong, and wicked, and smuggl-

"I don't know; but he should not take

There was a long streak of cloud, into which the rapidly rising moon now swept, and a gloom came over the sea and the shore. The wind seemed to blow with keener fury; and but dimly could be seen the Rift, as she scudded directly for the deep bay.

The scene that now took place, at a distance of not more than three-quarters of a mile from the shore, was deeply interesting, and as seen by the scout and by Grace from the cliff-top, had a strange aspect of nearness, and yet disconnection with them, that imparted to it a curious and mysterious character.

Still tearing along through the water, with every inch of canvas she could carry, came the king's ship, and it was quite evi dent that she decreased the distance between her and the cutter at a rate that was, or that should have been, very alarming to the

But to the surprise of all on board the Spray, doubtless, it was evident that the Rift was shortening sail-shortening sail just as she might have done had she been quietly beating in to some friendly port, with no enemy, intent upon her destruction, at her heels.

condition of some, of the top-hamper of the schooner and a white jagged streak, that | sea once or twice nearly broached her to. looked splinter-like, on the side of the Rift, cool embaying herself with her implacable foe rushing on the wings of the wind behind her and now as she—that is the cutter—was cut off from some of the breeze by the projecting headland, that foe made three feet to one in progress of its chase—what could it

Bang! bang! went the two stern guns of the schooner and the dense smoke then broke over the king's ship and for a few moments wrapped it up in that cloud of its own creating. Then what the cutter meant to do seemed to be apparent-ridiculously apparent, congratulatingly apparent—to all on board the king's ship-madly apparent.

To fight! Yes, surely the cutter Rift meant to fight, ned, heavily armed and with nothing to fear; that miserable little cutter—fleet as a bird. but only ever finding safety in flight. That cutter, with its ten men and four guns! a point to the north and the light canvas she had chosen the more still waters of the bay The foam rippled past her with a freshening for the contest. It can mean nothing else. I noise, and she evidently made more headway it is in a trap. The tall cliffs are on her bow I than he had done. Captain Dolan looked starboard and a long line of beetling cliffs scowling brow, and then, waving his hand

A wild ringing cheer came over the water; it arose from the crew of the Spray, who for not want to go; he clung to me—to me, like a scroll in the fire, and in an instant fourteen weary months had done nothing the cutter and gathered in a disorderly but chase, cruise and lose the Rift. It was a special duty of the Spray to capture, sink, blow to atoms and burn the Rift, and now they had her—now, now! "Hurrah, hurrah!"

" Hurrah, hurrah !"

the world would suppose you to be here? "Beautiful, oh, beautiful!" again cried it took its light, sparkling way—beautiful in the now very faint beams of that still speculation of captain and owner." glorious, though partially obscured, moon. the surface of the bay, and Grace on the cliff top swooned in dismay as she seemed to through the dear heart of her Gerald, whom

who was all the world to her. him now! Gerald—Gerald !" She sank down close to the face of the cliff | imprisonment—the other is death!" and wrung her hands in agony

me man coughed, as if he found it neces- "The Rift! I see it now; and Gerald will Gerald will be killed. Oh, Joseph! he bent forward to catch all that passed. is it not wicked—very wicked?"

shortening sail still as she went, one by one, I me now?" the canvas wings fluttered for a moment,

quarters to take possession of the Rift.

an awful silence seemed to succeed to the

firing from the king's ship rolled over in protte a pirate; I will not be a smuggler.

and with a fuller food bigliony | the eyes of Dolan, and a compression of the

The smoke from the cannopade rolled up "Wretch!" he said, " is this your duty the faces of the cliffs and toppled over, and to your own father, who has ha! ha! who was whirled away by the breeze inland. Sea, Gerald-poor, dear Gerald? Heaven help and beach, and chiff shone clearly out in the silvery light, and there was the Spray besting off and on in the offing. There were her two boats in the middle of the bay.

But where was the Rift? Gone ! utterly gone, and left not a vestige behind, vanished, resolved into the elements. Deep in the "salt waves of the vasty deep," known seas gone ! gone ! There were the white, tall cliffs; there the high tide that roared and lashed their bases; there the headland; there the land-locked bay and there the surging sea. But the Rift? Gone! gone!

CHAPTER II.

THE PIRATE BROUGHT TO BY A BOY.

It was early dawn on the morning of that same day, the evening of which had seemed to close so disastrously for the smuggling cutter Rift, that, looking like a sea bird in the Wintry mist that hung upon the water, she slowly fought her way against almost a head-wind within a few miles of the French

Dim and indistinct, with only here and there a headland that rose into a more | for you and we will try not to think harshly prominent relief against the leadened color- | of you. It may be that we shall not be able That a contest had taken place between ed aky, appeared the coast hills. A baffling, to love you, but we will never forget—never the two little vessels was evident from the | wind at times threw the Rift a point or two | -never, that we are your children and we out of her course, and a peculiar wash of the.

"Keep her easy!" roared Captain Dolan, seemed to indicate that a shot or more had as he suddenly emerged from his cabin, with struck her, still this shortening sail—this an inflamed countenance and every appearance of having indulged in early potations. "Keep her easy! Is it headway or leeway: you mean kindly and think this the only that the lubber is making? Where's the Coquette ?"

"Why, I take it," growled Ben Bowline, the mate of the cutter-" I take it that she is rounding the headland, thereaway."

one of the two guns that the Rift, when out | tears of grateful sympathy in both our at sea, got up from her hold and prepared for service. He took a long look in the direction of the French coast and ran his eye from bay to headland, and along the narrow, bright bit of sand that marked a portion of it, and then. pausing in his search he said:

"I see her. As lubberly as usual-yawnto have a ship-to-ship set-to with the Spray | ing about like a dead whale. Keep off a —to engage a vessel double its size, with point, Martin. That will do. Let her come four times its force a king's ship, well man- out with her cargo. I won't hug the shore for any Frenchman that lives."

" Ay, ay, sir !" The course of the Rift was slightly altered the Spray on her track—the headland to from one to the other of his crew with a

> "All aft here! All aft!" The smugglers emerged from all parts of throng a little aft of midship, when Dolan, in a hoarse, harsh voice, addressed them:

"It's share and share alike, shipmates, in all our ventures, except two for the captain and one for the Rift. It's share and share How that ringing cheer came upon the alike of all danger; but I know there are night wind; how it echoed from the bold some of you who think, because I said this see sufficient of her form to make her silver. The huge cliffs reflected back the face of the old cliffs and surged back again should be the last year of the Rift with me as her owner and captain, that I meant to play you false; and, like old Morgan of the And no sound from the Rift. On—on still | Wisp that you have all heard of, sell cutter and crew to the Philistines, as the last good

A growling kind of murmur passed among Shot after shot from the Spray tore over | the crew, which it would have been difficult to take for either assent or dissent with any certainty. Captain Dolan paid no heed to it, see each of those deadly missiles winging but proceeded, while a flash of indescribable cunning and malignity came from his eyes.

"But," he roared, "but I am going to prove to you all that I can't and won't be-"They will kill him with, they are killing | tray you. To smuggle is one thing—to fire on a king's ship is another: one is fine and

A look of deepening interest came over "We have no mother-none, nene-no the faces of the crew, and the man at the father. He is no father to us; and now wheel leaned heavily on the iron spokes, as

"You hear that, all of you," added Dolan, "Hush, Miss Grace! Hush! Look again. in a high, cracked voice. "My sen my ha! ha! You see, I laugh. My own flesh The crew of the Spray cheered and fired and blood—I don't mean to say that his at the Rift for some ten minutes, and the mother would be pleased, but his father is. cutter still sailed on, taking no sort of no- | What you all stand committed to so stands tice. Right into the centre of the bay, he too. He is my hostage... Do you trust

and then collapsed and were furled still then one was about to speak, when, with a From the motion of his hand toward the her headway was great and she was right rush up the companion-way from the chief did love me no one ever loved me but sea and from the direction of his gaze, it was before the wind. The Spray was hidden in the came a youth subset singular He woods traid—dear, dear Gerald! I will go to the evident that, by this name Rift, he indicated the smoke from her own guns, but a quuple beauty and intelligent aspect were in strikwill tell all all I know.; I will a mile significant was apparently of boats were manning and arming from her ling contrast to the gloomy and morose faces of the major portion of the crew of the cut-

"Pirate!" cried Dolan-"you hear, of all

A groan of anger burst from the crowd.

"And I broke my way out," added the "Spray Spray ?" Oh, that is the name sharp reports and the smoke from both of thoy, as he held up a short-handled hatchet the vessels gradually began, to earl up and that had hitherto escaped observation." As the wind set, the vapor caused by the your words and to dery your power. I will huge masses toward the cliffs and the Rifts connot, and I will not, father! Father! I while that in which the sminggling cutter call you by that name now, which has not had enveloped itself hung about it and oc- passed my lips for many a day. I call you discovery in Egypt, by Prof. Maspero, of a cupied very much of the space lying between father now, and I beg of you not to care for tomb quite untouched by the defiling and

has brought you up so tenderly and who would yet make a man of you—and such a man, too, as your father ha! ha never was before you, such a man that he would fail to

know you such a man that he would see you gibbeted for piracy, and yet only at the last moment, when the roar and the execrations of the multitude that came to see the execution—only at that moment would be or whirled off in some wild tornado to un know you, and not then unless some one whispered or shricked in his ears the truth. Back ! back ! I say ; imp of evil. Avoid my vengeance! Back, I say!"

"Father, father!" "Not a word. Why do I not kill you? Since when have you thought proper to call me father? I thought, by some freak of hate, you had left that off.'

"I did leave it off when you struck Grace and she left it off. We agree-"

'Oh, you agreed, did you? Rank mutiny." You struck the dear child and the blood was upon her sweet face. I saw you, and from that moment-"

"Well? and from that moment?"

"I will not say it. You do not love either of us. Let us both go and we will seek our own bread, if it be from door to door; and in the time to come, father, we will yet pray will not hate you; ch, no no no! But you know that Grace is so young and so gentle, and you know that we love each other very, very dearly. It may be, father, that you think and believe that you are acting kindly by me in bringing me here. It may be that mede of life for me within your power; but, oh! think otherwise! I will be no burden 1 to you, nor will Grace. Let us both go—let us both go hand in hand into the world together. Heaven will look down upon us and keep us, and if you let us go with only one Captain Dolan sprang on to the carriage of . kind word, that word shall be written in hearts. We will yet try to love you, father -father !"

TO BE CONTINUED.

In Bunhill Fields.

[Bunyan and De Foe are buried in Bunhill fields,

Calm Bunhill! in thy bosom sleep, Beneath the mossy stone, A gentle pair whose names and deeds To all the world are known. Tis sweet to hear the linnet sing, To see the grasses blow, Above the almost hidden graves

Of Bunyan and De Foe! One eve I plucked a little flow'r, Star-kissed from-clustered dome, And laid it on the breast of him Who guided Christian home. The twilight zephyrs gently stirred The clover in the vale; And poor blind Mary sang for me Her songs from Bedford Jail.

And when I sought another grave, Between a tear and smile, I seemed to be a boy again With Crusoe on his isle. I blessed the book—the best of all My boyhood's treasures few,-And thanked the necromancer great For all the boys I knew!

How gently sleep the honored pair ! The years that come and go But add new lustre to the names Of Bunyan and De Foe. To-night the stars look softly down, The sky its dew-drops yields, And Love recrowns the famous dead In quiet Bunhill fields.

Real Ability.

Those who think that industry, however assiduous, and preparation, however thorough, will produce as good results where talent is absent and tastes are averse as when they coincide err exceedingly. Nothing can give that living power, that keen insight, that warm enthusiasm, which vitalize endeavour and breathe a soul into labour but a nature attuned to and in love with the work in hand. The expression, a born artist, or poet, or teacher is not without a real meaning, though often misunderstood. It does not mean that such a one can ever rise to greatness in these directions without assiduous effort and careful preparation, but that he has within him those qualities which, if developed, may lead to heights perhaps un-

The Harvest Moon.

The phenomenon known as the harvestmoon is altogether independent of harvest The crew looked in each others' faces and and of terrestrial latitude and longitude. The nearest full moon to the autumnal equinox, when the sun is in Libra, is the proper harvest-moon. She then rises sooner after sun-setting than at any other period of the year, and nearly at the same time for days together, occasioning a number of

to follow the example of Col. Crockett: Hand him the decenter and turn your back.

Mr. Joseph Arch declared at the Trades Union Congress that during the past year he had cultivated a rood of land, and had raised £9 worth of produce from it. If Mr. Arch could do this in the intervals of Parliamentary and platform work, what would he not do with a piece of land if he devoted his undivided attention to it? But Mr. Arch should impart the secret of his success to others. At this rate a labourer could make £100 a year profit from four acres. after paying all outgoings.

Relie hunters will be glad to hear of the one out of this misty ocean right up into the state of th

Freehorn, Part Parings, M. I. reshoon, J. W. L. rasens work, O. S. Bowes, Thos Girar, Wool