The Merchant AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.

VOLUME II. BOWMANVILLE, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1871. NUMBER XXVII.

THE MERCHANT.
AND GENERAL ADVERTISER.
Circulates largely in the Townships of Darlington, Clarke and Cartwright. It is a common platform, open to the free discussion of all questions in which the general public are concerned.

TERMS.

Seventy-five cents per annum, in advance. The 'Merchant' and 'Observer,' $2.00.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One column	- -	$35 per annum.
Half do.	- -	19 "
Quarter do.	- -	10 "

Transient advertisements, 5 cts per line first insertion, and 2c. per line, each subsequent one.

CHANGE OF TIME.

Trains leave Bowmanville Station, Bowmanville time, as follows.

GOING EAST.		GOING WEST.	
Mail	7.30 a.m.	Passenger	7:30 a.m.
Mixed	3.35 p.m.	*Express	9.20 a.m.
Passenger	7.35 p.m.	Mixed	3.35 p.m.
Express	9.00 p.m.	Mail	9.20 p.m.

*This train does not run on Monday.

Business Cards.

Bowmanville Veterinary Surgery.

A. J. MARTIN, R M P S G B.

Office on King Street; east of Henderson's Hotel. Residence, Liberty Street, near the Railway Station, Bowmanville. Calls punctually attended to. Veterinary medicines always on hand. 1y-bp-mn20-on8

DR. DAVIDSON,

GRADUATE of the Royal College of physicians of England, and University of Victoria College, Cobourg; Undergraduate and prizeman of the University of Toronto, and University of Queen's College, Kingston. Member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario. Surgery and Residence, on King Street, second door east of Mr. Maynard's Hotel.
Bowmanville, Dec. 15th, 1870. n11-m&

T. H. SWEETMAN,

OVER FIFTEEN YEARS TEACHER IN DARLINGTON,
Commissioner in the Court of Common Pleas, Conveyancer, &c., &c.
Deeds, Mortages, Leases, Agreements, &c., drawn with accuracy and despatch.
WRITING AND BOOKKEEPING TAUGHT.
MERCHANTS BOOKS POSTED.
Office: S. W. ANGLE, Lot No. 14, 5 Con. Darlington.
1y50

BEAUTIFUL TEETH!

J. M. BRIMACOMBE, L. D. S.
Member of the Dental Association of On. Rooms over McClung Bros. Stores.
Bowmanville, Oct. 1st, 1870.

CAMBRIAN WOOLEN MILLS,

Orders promptly attended to.
J. WILLIAMS.

PRIME MEATS.

IF YOU REALLY WANT a good joint of meat, fit to place before your friends, call at
Mrs. E. Cawker's
old stand, Stall No. 1. Market Buildings.
Bowmanville, March 10th '70. n231y

R. PEATE,
TAILOR.
Gentlemen's & Boy's Garments.
MADE IN THE
NEWEST STYLES.
Bowmanville, July, 27, 1869.

CHARLES TOD,
BREAD AND BISCUIT BAKER.
NEAR POST OFFICE
BOWMANVILLE,
Orders Punctually Attended To.
Oct., 1st. 1870. 1y-n1

Farewell, McGee, & Rutledge,
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS,
Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public
OFFICE AT BOWMANVILLE—McFeeter's Block, opposite entrance to Town Hall.
OFFICE IN OSHAWA—First door north of the Post Office.
Money to loan at low rates of interest.
E. FAREWELL, L.L.B. R. MCGEE, B.A.
JAMES RUTLEDGE, B.A.
Bowmanville, Dec. 17th, 1869.

J. Fletcher,
GENERAL GROCER,
KING STREET, BOWMANVILLE,
NEXT door west of Dunstan's Fancy Store.
If you require good and cheap goods, give them a call.
Bowmanville, Oct. 15th, 1869. n3

AUCTIONEERS
For the Township of Darlington.

H. T. PHILLIPS,
HAMPTON.
Prompt attention given to sales, &c, on reasonable terms.

Wm. Barton,
ENNISKILLEN.
Sales promptly attended to on reasonable terms.

Mrs. C. BOUNSALL,
KING ST. BOWMANVILLE,
BEGS to announce to the public that she is now opening a choice selection of
BONNETS, HATS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, FEATHERS, VELVETS, and MILLINERY,
in general, which will be sold at the lowest possible price.

Silk, Velvet, or Straw Bonnets cleaned, &c., as usual.
Bowmanville, Oct. 1st., 1869. tf-n1

Marriage Licenses,
ISSUED BY
ROBERT ARMOUR.
Bowmanville, Dec 10, 1869.

CASH FOR WOOL.

THE HIGHEST cash price will be paid for any amount of Merchantable wool at the
DURHAM WOOLEN MILLS.
ORONO.
All orders for
Roll Carding, Spinning, Cloth Dressing,
and Cloth Manufacturing, promptly attended to.
CRONKHITE & GORDON.
June 4th, 1870. n3

R. R. LOSCOMBE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY, &c.
OFFICE,—Over McClung's Store, same flat as J. M. Brimacomb's Dental Rooms.
Bowmanville, Oct. 27th, 1868. 1y

JAMES BIGHAM,
Painter, Glazier, Paper-Hanger, &c., &c
All kinds of work promptly attended to, and satisfaction guaranteed.
Residence—Next door east of the Bible Christian Church, TYRONE.
Tyrone, March 8th, 1869. 22-tf

For Sale, Or To Rent.

THE HOUSE, Outbuildings, and Orchard, with or without Seven and a half Acres of land, at present occupied by Dr. Davidson, apply on the Premises, or to
DR. DAVIDSON.
Bowmanville, July 14th, 1870.

Insurance.

RELIANCE
Mutual Life Assurance Society.
ESTABLISHED 1840.
CANADA CHIEF OFFICES.
131, ST. JAMES STREET MONTREAL, PQ.

DIRECTORS.
WALTER SHANLY, Esq., M.P., Chairman,
DUNCAN MACDONALD, Esq.
MAJOR T. E. CAMPBELL, C.B., St. Hilarie,
THE HONOBALE JOHN HAMILTON, Hawksburg, Ont.
RESIDENT SECRETARY,—JAMES GRANT

SPECIAL FEATURES.

THE ENTIRE PROFITS belong to and are divided amongst the *Policyholders.*

LIVES, DECLINED BY OTHER COMPANIES, or on which *an extra Premium would be required,* can be assured at *the ordinary rates* of this Society, *under a special arrangement.*

SPECIAL NON-FORFEITABLE POLICIES issued, under which only 10, 15 or 20 Annual Payments are required, each payment securing a Policy for a sum assured proportionate to the number of premiums paid, and *free from future payment of premiums.*

MODERATE PREMIUMS and most liberal conditions.

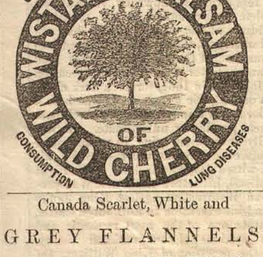
Prospectuses, Proposal Forms, &c., supplied on application at the Head Office, or any of the Agencies.

JAMES GRANT,
Res. Secretary.

AGENT FOR BOWMANVILLE,
C. BARKER,
"Observer Office," King St.
23-1y
Bowmanville, June 24th. 1870. 39.

Imperial Fire Insurance Co.
OF LONDON.
(Established 1803.
HEAD OFFICES.—1 Old Broad St., and Pall Mall, London.
GENERAL AGENCY FOR CANADA:—24 St. Sacrament Montreal.

Subscribed and invested Capital and Reserved Fund, £1,965,000 Sterling.
Funds invested in Canada— 105,000.
Insurances against loss by Fire are effected on the most favorable terms, and losses paid without reference to the Board in London.
J. DODSWORTH, RINTOUL BROS.
Inspector. Gen. Agents, Montreal.
R. R. LOSCOMBE, Barrister., Agent for Bowmanville and Vicinity.
Bowmanville, June 14th, 1860. 36



Canada Scarlet, White and
GREY FLANNELS
At S. F. HILL'S.

THE HOLIDAYS.

WE HAVE just received a New supply of Books, specially adapted to the season, and at prices to suit all comers, give us a call. We are resolved to dispose of our Toys at prices hat defy all competition.
C. BARKER.
Bowmanville, Dec. 21st. 1870.

PROSPECTUS OF THE
FIRESIDE FRIEND.

A Monthly Periodical for the Home Circle. Devoted to Literature, Science, Health, Amusement and Useful Information.

Containing Forty-eight three column pages to the number, filled with choice stories, Sketches and poems from the pens of best writers in America. Articles on Scientific subjects, health and reform.

A department for the children, filled with instructive and amusing articles.

A Masonic department, containing valuable information to the members of the fraternity.

Temperance department, in which will be advocated those principles, without which there can be no happy homes or pure morals.

Brilliant Scraps and Diamonds of Thought, gathered from correspondents and other sources and arranged with care, making it eminently suited for the Home Circle of every family in the land.

TERMS—CASH IN ADVANCE.

1 Copy, 1 year,		2 00
3 copies,	"	5 00
4 copies,	"	6 00
5 copies,	" and one to getter up	8 00
8 copies,	" "	12 00
11 copies	" "	16 00
14 copies	" "	20 00

Valuable presents given to the getters up of clubs, at the regular subscription price, 2.00 per annum. Specimen copies sent free to any address.
J. W. VAN NAMEE.

All letters relative to business must be addressed to the publisher,
R. L. HAMILTON,
Post Office Box 4952, New York.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1871.

THE First Edition of One Hundred and Fifty Thousand copies of Vick's Illustrated Catalogue of Seeds and Floral Guide, is published and ready to send out—100 pages, and an Engraving of almost every desirable Flower and Vegetable. It is elegantly printed on fine tinted paper, illustrated with Three Hundred fine Wood Engravings and Two beautiful Colored Plates. The most beautiful, and the most instructive Floral Guide published. A German Edition published, in all other respects similar to the English

Sent free to all my customers of 1870, as rapidly as possible, without application. Sent to all others who order them for Ten Cents, which is not half the cost. Address,
JAMES VICK,
Rochester, N. Y.
n54

FULL SUPPLY.

SPLENDID SELECTIONS of
Fall and Winter Goods,
AT
D. W. MCLEOD'S,
GENERAL STORE,
exceedingly cheap
FOR CASH,

All orders for
Tailoring
PROMPTLY EXECUTED.

Also Agent for the well known
FIRST-PRIZE WANZER SEWING MACHINE,
at
MANUFACTURES PRICES.
Enniskillen, Nov. 24th, 1870. n8-tf

DRUGS AND MEDICINES
AT THE
Bowmanville Drug Store.
J. HIGGINBOTHAM,

WOULD most respectfully tender his sincere thanks to his numerous friends and customers, and to the public generally, for the very liberal support he has received since his commencing in business; and hopes by continued strick personal attention to business, and offering nothing but the purest articles, at the most reasonable prices, to ensure a continuance of public patronage.

J. H. would call special attention to his very superior stock of

DYE STUFFS,

which are sure to give the best satisfaction.

A well-selected stock of
DRUGS,
CHEMICALS,
PATENT MEDICINES,
BRUSHES,
COMBS,
SHOULDER-BRACES,
SUPPORTERS, Etc., Etc.
kept constantly on hand.
OILS, PAINT;
COLORS, VARNIHSES,
and WHITE LEAD,
at the very lowest prices.

Horses and Cattle Medicines.

N. B.—Country Storekeepers supplied on the most advantageous terms.
A choice selection of LAMPS, for sale cheap
Bowmanville, Dec, 9, 1868. 6m

PAPER BAGS
AT MONTREAL PRICES!

WE HAVE NOW A COMPLETE assortment of Paper Bags, which we will sell at Montreal Prices. The paper is of the best quality, and we guarantee that none of the Bags stick together. The following is the

PRICE LIST PER 1000.

No.	Size	Manilla.	Brown.
¼	5 by 7	95	.90
½	5¾ " 8¼	1.30	1.20
1	7 " 9	2.00	1.50
2	8¼ " 10	2.30	2.20
3	8¾ " 11	2.80	2.55
4	9¼ " 12½	3.30	2.80
5	10 " 13½	3.55	3.30
6	10 " 15	4.25	3.75
7	11 " 15	5.20	4.35
8	11 " 17	5.80	4.95
10	12 " 17	6.60	5.60
12	13 " 18	7.40	6.60
14	14 " 19	9.80	8.55
20	14 " 21	11.90	10.00
25	14 " 23	14.00	11.50
30			

WHITE TEA BAGS.

No.	Size	
¼	5¾ by 8¼	$1.70
½	7 " 9	2.30
1	8¼ " 10	2.75
2	8¾ " 11	3.25

Sole Agent between Port Hope and Toronto.
N. B. Flour Sacks in Stock.
C. BARKER.

EVERYTHING IN ITS SEASON!!
at Mr. John Muirs' old stand,
KING ST., BOWMANVILLE.
RICHARD MARTIN

Invites the attention of the public to the fact that he is prepared to supply, manufactured after the most approved taste,

PIES,
TARTS,
AND CONFECTIONERY

of every description, wholesale and retail. All persons who require good pastry will do well to give him a call.

THE BEST TEMPERANCE DRINKS,
always on hand.

GENERAL GROCERIES.

In his department, he can promptly meet the wants of his friends.

Don't forget the place, Muirs' old stand.

Bowmanville, April 27th, 1869. 1y29

A few only of those splendid
TWEED SHIRTS
at S. F. HILL'S.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE. 1871.

THE GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY gratefully acknowledge the support extended to their several publications throughout the length and breadth of Canada during the past year. Twenty-seven years have rolled by since the establishment of *the Globe* in Toronto. From its first appearance to the present hour, its prosperity and influence have been always advancing; but at no time has it ever before held so firmly, or so satisfactorily, the position universally conceded to it, as the leading newspaper of British America.

The improvements recently made on *The Weekly Globe* have immensely extended its popularity and circulation; and the publishers confidently claim that it is not only the most widely circulated Journal in British America, but that it is "the largest, the handsomest, the most carefully conducted, and the cheapest weekly paper on this Continent.

During the coming year—which is likely to bring with it most important and exciting events affecting the political and material interests of the Dominion—the Editorial and News Departments will continue to be sustained with the ability and vigor that have gained for the paper its present position. A reliable summary of the Debates in the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures will always be found in its weekly columns; and the news from all parts of the world will be published up to the latest hour of publication.

THE AGRICULTURLAL DEPARTMENT, that has given such universal satisfaction this year and that it is acknowledged by every farmer to be alone worth the subscription price of the paper—will be maintained in 1871 with undiminished interest under a still more efficient staff of editors and correspondents than before.

☞ Several new and exciting tales," from the pens of popular authors, will appear during the year. No expense will be spared in securing the very latest intelligence by means of Special Telegraph Dispatches, Market Reports, Prices Current, and General Commercial Intelligence from all parts of the world, will receive unremitting attention. Every department of the paper will be maintained in the higest state of efficiency.

Notwithstanding the great enlargement and improvement of the Weekly Globe that have recently been made, the subscription will continue to be only TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, payable always in advance—and the following will be the

CLUB RATES FOR 1871.

A Club of Five Copies, one year		9 00
Do. Ten	do	17 00
Do. Twenty	do	32 00
Do. Thirty	do	45 00

And each additional copy over thirty, at one Dollar and Fifty Cents.

Large Prizes are given to parties who get up Clubs, a list of which will be sent to any one who will apply for it by letter or personally at the office. Any one is at liberty to *set up* a Club on his own responsibility; and those desiring to do so, should send at once for a Circular showing the terms.

Each Club paper shall be addres sed separately, and may be for any Post Office.

Orders and Remittances to be addressed to
THE GLOBE PRINTING COMPANY,
Toronto.

Forty-First Year.

GODY'S LADY'S BOOK for 1871

The Cheapest of Ladies' Magazines, Because it is the Best

It has always been the care of the publisher to combine in its pages whatever is useful, whatever is elevating, whatever is pure, dignified, and virtuous to sentiment, with whatever may afford rational and innocent amusement. For its Literary Department, in past years, *The Best Writers* in the literary world have contributed, and will continue to furnish articles for the year 1871. Such names as S Marion Harland," "Mrs Churchill," "Louise S. Dorr," "Metta Victoria Victor," "S. Annie Frost," "Mrs. Dennison," "Mrs. C. A. Hopkinson," and others, cannot be found on the Prospectus of any other magazine.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL PLATES, of these the LADY'S BOOK contains *fourteen* each year, superior (we challenge comparison) to any published in this country, either in book or periodical.

OUR COLORED FASHION-PLATES

have a reputation for correctness the world over.

EMBROIDERY PATERNS.—We give frequently a presentation sheet to our patrons containing twenty, thirty, and sometimes forty designs in embroidery.

ORIGINAL MUSIC.—GODEY'S is the only magazine in which music prepared expressly for it appears

MODEL COTTAGES.—The only magazine in this country that gives these designs is the LADY'S BOOK.

DRAWING LESSONS.—In this we are also alone. We have also a "Children's, a Horticultural and a Health department."

GODEY'S INVALUALE RECEIPTS upon every subject, for the Boudoir, Nursery, Kitchen, House, and Laundry.

TINTED ENGRAVINGS.—This is a series of engravings that no one has attempted but ourselves. They give great satisfaction.

LADIES' FANCY WORK DEPARTMENT.—Some of the designs as in this department are printed in colors, in a style unequalled.

TERMS FOR 1871.

One copy, one year	3 00
Two copies, one year	5 00
Three copies, one year	3 50
Four copies, one year	10 00
Five copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making six copies	14 00
Eight copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making nine copies	21 00
Eleven copies, one year, and an extra copy to the person getting up the club, making twelve copies	27 50

Godey's Lady's Book and Harpers' Magazine will be sent one year on receipt of 5.50.

Godey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine will be sent one year on receipt of 4.50.

Godey's Lady's Book and The Children's Hour will be sent one year on receipt of 3.50.

Godey's Lady's Book, Arthur's Home Magazine, and Children's Hour will be sent one year on receipt of 5.00.

The money must all be sent at one time for any of the clubs, and additions may be made to clubs at club rates.

PORT HOPE, LINDSAY, & BEAVERTON RAILWAY.

Trains will run as follows:

GOING SOUTH—MAIL TRAIN.

Leave Lindsay, at	9.15 a.m.
Arrive at Port Hope	1.10 p.m.

MIXED.

Leave Lindsay	12.35 p.m.
Arrive at Port Hope	4.20 "

GOING NORTH—MAIL TRAIN.

Leave Port Hope at	3.00 p.m.
Arrive at Lindsay, at	6.30

MIXED.

Leave Port Hope at	5.45a m.
Arriveat Lendsay, at	10 a.m

PORT HOPE AND PETERBOROUGH RAILWAY.

GOING NORTH—MAIL TRAIN.

Leave Port Hope at	10.10 a.m,
Arrive at Peterboro	12.35 p.m.

MIXED.

Leave Port Hope at	1.15 p.m
Arrive at Peterboro' at	3.20 p.m.

GOING SOUTH—MAIL TRAIN.

Leave Peterboro, at	3.30 p.m.
Arrive at Port Hope	5.50 p.m.

MIXED.

Leave Peterboro at	5.30 a.m'
Arrive at Port Hope at	8.05 a.m.

T. WILLIAMS,
Superintendent.

Our Paper Bags
are admitted to be the
BEST IN THE MARKET.
A good Stock on hand, and fresh supplies every few days.
C. BARKER.

POETRY.

Crucifixion of Christ.

City of God! Jerusalem,
Why rushes out the living stream?
The turban'd priest, the hoary seer,
The Roman in his pride are there!
And thousands, tens of thousands, still
Cluster round Cavalry's wild hill.

Still onward rolls the living tide,
There rush the bridegroom and the bride;
Prince, beggar, soldier, Pharisee,
The old, the young, the bond, the free,
The nation's furious multitude,
All maddening with the cry of blood.

'Tis glorious morn;—from height to height
Shoot the keen arrows of the light;
And glorious in their central shower,
Palace of holiness and power,
The temple on Moriah's brow
Look's a new-risen sun below.

But wo to hill, and wo to vale;
Against them shall come forth a wail;
And wo to bridegroom and to bride,
For death shall on the whirlwind ride;
And wo to thee, resplendent shrine,
The sword is out for thee and thine.

Hide, hide thee in the heavens, thou sun,
Before the deed of blood is done!
Upon that temple's haughty steep
Jerusalem's last angels weep;
They see destruction's funeral pall
Blackening o'er Sion's sacred wall.

Like tempests gathering on the shore
They hear the coming army's roar;
They see in Sion's halls of state,
The sign that maketh desolate,—
The idol standard—pagan spear,
The tomb, the flame, the massacre.

They see the vengeance fall; the chain,
The long, long age of guilt and pain:
The exiles' thousand desperate years,
The more than groans, the more than tears:
Jerusalem a vanished name,
It's tribes earth's warning, scoff, and shame.

Still pours along the multitude;
Still rends the heavens the shout of blood;
But in the murderer' furious van,
Who totters on? A weary man:
A cross upon his shoulders bound—
His brow, his frame, one gushing wound.

And now he treads on Calvary;
What slave upon that hill must die?
What hand, what heart, in guilt imbrued,
Must be the mountain-vulture's food?
There stand two victims, gaunt and bare,
Two culprit emblems of despair.

Yet who the third? the yell of shame
Is frenzied at the sufferer's name;
Hands clench'd, teeth gnashing, vestures torn,
The curse, the taunt, the laugh of scorn,
All that the dying hour can sting,
Are around thee now, thou thorn-crowned King!

Yet cursed and tortured, taunted, spurned,
No wrath is for the wrath returned!
No vengeance flashes from the eye;
The sufferer calmly waits to die:
The sceptre-reed, the thorny crown,
Wake on that pallid brow no frown.

At last the word of death is given,
The form is bound, the nails are driven;
Now triumph, Scribe and Pharisee!
Now Roman, bend the mocking knee!
The cross is reared. The deed is done.
There stands Messiah's earthly throne!

This was the earth's consummate hour;
For this had blazed the prophet's power;
For this had swept the conqueror's sword,
Had ravaged, raised, cast down, restored;
Persepolis, Rome, Babylon,
For this ye sank, for this ye shone.

Yet things to which earth's brightest beam
Were darkness, earth itself a dream—
Foreheads on which shall crown be laid,
Sublime, when sun and star shall fade—
Worlds upon worlds, eternal things,
Hung on thy anguish, King of kings.

Still from his lips no curse has come,
His lofty eye has looked no doom:
No earthquake-burst, no angel brand,
Curses the black blaspheming band;
What says those lips by anguish driven?
"God, be my murderers forgiven!"

He dies! in whose high victory
The slaver, death himself, shall die.
He dies! by whose all-conquering tread,
Shall yet be crushed the serpent's head;
From his proud throne to darkness hurl'd,
The god and tempter of this world.

He dies! Creation's awful Lord,
Jehovah, Christ, Eternal Word!
To come in thunder from the skies;
To bid the buried world arise;
The earth his footstool; heaven his throne;
Redeemer! may thy will be done.

ANON.

LITERATURE.

THE CHILD OF THE WRECK; or THE SAILORS ORPHAN.

"To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence; an exemption granted only to invariable virtue. But guilt has always its terror and solicitude; and to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight but their power of betraying."—JOHNSON.

CHAP. X.—VISITORS AT THE "BUOY AND ANCHOR."

Continued.

"I took notice, as you desired me, of my young countryman, at the barrack-gate, who certainly is a remarkably fine fellow, and, for a recruit, surprisingly at home in his regimentals. But the expression of his eye is not in his favor. I caught a glance that was intended, I believe, for some one else, and a more determined look of defiance, not unmixed with malignity, I have rarely encountered."—THE DESERTER.

On the following evening Richard Slipper and companion had sat for some time in the parlor of the 'Buoy and Anchor,' steadily watching all who entered. At last Slipper touched the hand of his friend with the hot bowl of his pipe, thereby inflicting unintentional pain, and eliciting a very rough ejaculation. Slipper squinted his solitary orb towards a new comer. His companion saw the glance, and gave a stealthy look in the direction indicated.

'Him!' whispered Slipper.

'Oh!' replied the other.

The gentleman whose entrance gave occasion to these monosyllabic commentaries appeared to be about twenty-six years of age. He was rather tall, and finely built. He carried a riding-whip in his hand, and had spurs in his boots, and gave one the idea of a gentleman farmer, or, perhaps, the son of a well-to-do country squire. His face was sallow, and by no means prepossessing. There was something unsatisfactory in his look; it was restless, or, at any rate, it appeared so. An uncharitable person would have judged that he had a double part to play in the drama of life, and that he did not derive all the satisfaction from it of which his nature was capable. His voice, however, was pleasant enough when he asked for brandy and water, a cigar, and the *Morning Chronicle*—at all events, the landlord of the 'Buoy and Anchor' seemed to think so, for he waited personally upon him, and was obviously anxious to show him all possible respect.

'Good evening, Mr. Fennill,' said the landlord, as he placed the various articles we have enumerated before his customer; 'terrible storm last night, sir. Glad you didn't pay us a visit, for you would have got wet through, and the lightning might have frightened that fine animal of yours. I hope there was no damage done up your way.'

'There was, though,' said Mr. Fennill, lighting his cigar, 'a great deal, Brown.'

'Dear me! I'm sorry. What may it have been, sir?'

'Trees blasted by the lightning, crops much injured, and the fine old conservatory almost demolished.'

'Dear, dear,' said Brown, 'how sad!'

'Fact, anyhow,' remarked Mr. Fennill.

The landlord returned to his bar. Scarcely had he reached it when Slipper exclaimed in a loud voice, striking the table at the same time—

'A lie!'

Mr. Fennill was puffing his cigar, and turning over the *Morning Chronicle*—the *Times* of that day, but, alas! now defunct—and would not probably have looked in the direction whence the voice proceeded, had not another voice immediately responded with deep emphasis and equal loudness.

'A truth! Captain Law, of the ill-fated *Kelso*, told me with his own lips.'

The pre-arranged signal had the desired effect.

Mr. Fennill glanced instantly towards the speakers. They saw that their words had rushed home, but they affected ignorance, and continued their conversation in a low voice, while Fennill listened eagerly.

'It is a truth, I tell you,' continued the last speaker. 'I sailed two voyages with him—fine hearty fellow was Law; pity he was drowned! Saw his wife and child, too, not long since.'

'Wife and child!' exclaimed Slipper, with an incredulous laugh. 'Best of all! Pretty story. True, too, I suppose! O yes, of course, of course.'

'Why not true?'

'Because it isn't.'

'Well, I should know best,' said the other carelessly, rising immediately and saying, 'I must heave anchor anyhow.' Slipper also rose, and made first for the door. He was followed by his companion, who felt his shoulder touched lightly. Looking round Mr. Fennill was standing behind him, and seemed in deep thought.

'Pardon me,' said he, 'I think you mentioned the name of an old friend of mine, Captain Law.'

'Captain Law,' said the sailor, touching his forehead. 'Yes, I named him, sir.'

'Ah!' said Mr. Fennill—'a dear friend of mine. Are you in a hurry? I should like to know all you can tell me respecting him.'

'Can't stop, sir. Must go aboard. My ship sails early in the morning. Sorry I can't stay.'

'Stay,' said Mr. Fennill.

'Can't, sir. Mustn't lose my ship. All hands must be aboard to-night.' And so saying the sailor once more made towards the door.

'Stop!' eagerly exclaimed the other, thrusting a five-pound note into the sailor's hand. 'Let your ship go. A strong tar like you will get another any day. You shall not lose by complying with my request.'

'Well,' said the sailor, irresolutely, 'if it must be so, I will risk it for your honor. But I must be off now. Come to-morrow night at the 'Pipe and Jug.' We can be quiet there. It's a poor place, but you'll excuse it. Well enough for a sailor's lodgings. My name is Jenkins, but I will be on the look-out for you.'

This arrangement was decided upon, and our muscular sailor, whom we must now recognise as Jenkins, departed either to the 'Pipe and Jug,' or elsewhere, feeling his five-pound note with considerable satisfaction, and studying the substance of what he should say to his new acquaintance on the following evening.

There are some subjects of study comparatively easy, and then there are others surrounded with perplexing difficulties. The student of the latter class of subjects is more likely to arrive at a headache than a logical conclusion; and if it had been a physical possibility for James Jenkins to be visited with a headache, he certainly would have had such a visit that evening. His chief difficulty was not so much from what he would say to Mr. Fennill as from what Mr. Fennill might possibly say to him. Were the talk all on his part, his course would be comparatively clear; but as there are necessarily at least two parties to a dialogue, his utter ignorance of the line of remark to be adopted by Mr. Fennill sorely perplexed him.

You may naturally think, ingenuous reader, that James Jenkins created for himself an utterly superfluous difficulty. 'What,' you ask, 'was it to him what Mr. Fennill should say? He had simply to speak the truth, and his way was clear.' Aye, so you think; and truly there is something in that—something which commends itself at once both to the intellect and moral nature, we should hope, of the great majority of Englishmen; but then you do not yet know all that Jenkins knew respecting the history of Mr. Fennill, nor are you as yet aware that Jenkins had a personal object in view, the attainment of which was most desirable, by a simple statement of the truth, of course, if that seemed most likely to facilitate it, but most desirable at any rate. Under all these circumstances, he thought it best not to perplex himself much more about it, but to wait and hear what his visitor had to say, especially as he had strong confidence in his own judgment, and was determined, come what might, to turn the forthcoming interview to his own advantage. That was the haven of his voyage, and, foul or fair, he meant to steer for it.

CHAP. XI.—CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

"The two gentlemen held a conversation with closed doors, for the subject of discussion was important to them both, though for different reasons."—SERWOLL.

Mr. Fennill and James Jenkins are closeted in a little back room of the not over-reputable public-house known as the 'Pipe and Jug.' It is redolent of tobacco smoke. The walls are adorned with certain pictures of naval engagements, upon which swarms of flies have left so many black marks that no human being can speak with certainty respecting the sea-fights of which they were meant to be pictorial memorials. The table and forms bear the queerly-cut initials of many a visitor, and the little window, though not of stained glass in the usual sense of the term, is sufficiently stained to render quite unnecessary the rag of a blind that hangs triangle fashion from its top; but the gentlemen are not in the mood to criticise household furniture. They have matters of higher moment to attend to, and they are both unquestionably in earnest, though it is equally unquestionable that very different motives give force to that earnestness in their minds respectively.

'Did I understand you to say, Mr Jenkins,' asked Mr. Fennill, in a melancholy tone of voice, 'that Captain Law was married?'

'Yes, sir—at least,'—replied Jenkins, slowly,' it was so reported.'

'Aye, reported,' said Mr. Fennill, heaving a sigh. 'I trust it was a false report; for the sake of Captain Law's memory, I trust it is false, but especially for the sake of a young lady to whom he was engaged—a beautiful creature, Jenkins, and as good as she is beautiful. She has been in a sad way ever since his death, but, if she were to hear this report, it would certainly kill her. What did you say Captain Law told you?

Oh! said Jenkins, seemingly a little confused, I ax pardon, sir. Never saw Captain Law in my life; never sailed with him. I merely said it to plague that fellow that was with me.

Mr. Fennill was wonderfully relieved. Then, said he, you have merely heard the story of the marriage?

That's all.

Where did you hear it?

In the place where the woman lived after the ship was lost.'

Was she taken from the wreck?

Yes, sir.

But there were other ships lost at the same time and place; and in the fearful storm and confusion who could be sure that she had been on the *Kelso?*

Could not be known for certain, acquiesced Jenkins.

I should think not. And this woman's child?

Was born, I've heard say, about a couple of months afterwards.

Has she any papers to prove that she was the wife of Captain Law?

Bless you, not a scrap! replied Jenkins.

No, I should think not, said Mr. Fennill, with a satisfied expression of countenance, at the same time rapping the table vigorously with the handle of his riding-whip.

What do you drink, my friend?

Anything, anything, said Jenkins, so be it bites!

Capital—good! laughed Fennill. Well, shall it be rum?

Aye, aye, sir, rum's the thing.

Rum was accordingly ordered, and the conversation proceeded.

And I suppose she found some people to take care of her, and to show her much respect under these romantic circumstances? sarcastically remarked Mr. Fennill, as he puffed the curling tobacco-smoke towards the well-seasoned ceiling of the room.

Aye, aye, sir. Everybody was kind. The parson especially.

The parson! exclaimed Fennill, abruptly. What fools those parsons are! They believe all sorts of cock-and-bull stories. There is no class of men so easily imposed upon. Good-natured simpletons! I suppose, now, this tender-hearted parson believes this woman's absurd story.

He, doesn't he?

'She's a clever wench, ain't she, Jenkins? Your health, my friend.

Thank yer honor. Yours!

Well, now, what is to be done? It is morally wrong, you know, Jenkins, to allow people to be deceived when you have it in your power to set them right, is it not?

Oh, aye, be sure it is.

And in this case there is this worthy clergymen imposed upon. I have profound respect for the clergy, Jenkins. They are an invaluable body of men, take them altogether, and I think it doubly wrong to let one of *them* lie under a mistake. Don't you think so, too?

Aye, to be sure.

Indeed, I may call it a service to religion to put them right when any wicked imposter has deceived them, is it not?

Oh, in course, said Jenkins, who was just then plagued with a choked pipe, the clearing of whose throat was a greater matter to him than the opening of the eyes of the clergy.

And we should all render what service we can to religion, for we can't do well without it; indeed, we should all be religious ourselves, should we not? I hope you are, my sailor friend?

But the only reply his sailor friend made to this devout observation was to dash the stubborn pipe in the fireplace, and take another in the hope that it would behave better.

Ah, some people don't care about religion, continued Mr. Fennill, sipping his rum and water, but it's a mistake—quite a mistake. But, as I said before, what's to be done? Will you undertake to stop the false report of the marriage? It would be a good deed to society, and, of course, I should not expect you to be out of pocket by it in any way. That would be wrong. I should feel it my duty to pay you for your time and trouble, and if you succeed in convincing the clergyman and all the people who took an interest in this woman that her story is false, you shall be liberally paid.

But everybody believes the woman's story. So much greater the moral obligation resting upon honest people to undeceive them.

This was a line of argument somewhat beyond the grasp of Mr. Jenkin's mind at that moment; nevertheless, he nodded assent, and filled his pipe for fresh operations.

As she has no proof to show, continued Mr. Fennill, people are sure to discredit her, when they hear that she has been passing herself off for what she is not. But why does she not go back to her friends, if she be what she says?

Has no friends, sir.

Has no friends?

No, sir.

Ah, ha! very suspicious that, isn't it?

Looks like it.

And Captain Law's friends—how is it that she has never visited or written to any of them?

It *is* queer, said Jenkins; but she told the parson that she does not know anything of Captain Law's relations.

Eh, what? asked Mr. Fennill, eagerly.

Fact, sir. Doesn't know where he was born, or whether he has any relative in the world.

Mr. Fennill emptied his tumbler, leaped to his feet, spun round on his heel two or three times, and then sat down and burst into a hearty fit of laughter.

Now, said he, come, more rum, Jenkins—that is about the best thing I ever heard! A woman marries a man in utter ignorance of his native place and his kindred—he! he!—ha! ha! ha! Why, no stronger proof of the falsehood of her story is possible. The thing is palpably absurd! Not know anything of the relatives of her lawful husband! Pooh, pooh! ha! ha! ha! Your task is easy, Jenkins. Come—to business. When will you set about the matter?

At once, if I am well paid

How much do you want?

Well, you see, sir, it will require much travelling; and I shall have to employ agents, and then, you know, I've lost my ship.

Much travelling—how?

Why, I must go to the place where she lived after the wreck, and then to Southampton—

Southampton?

Yes, she lives there now, a parish schoolmistress, or something of that kind.

A schoolmistress! Such a person to impart moral lessons to children, said Mr. Fennill, whose sense of propriety seemed shocked.

And then you see, sir, continued Jenkins, if the woman tries to prove her marriage—

Tut, tut! the thing is impossible.

But if she does, which in course she will, I shall have to meet all her