BY THE CORNISH SEA.

BY THE

Rev. JOHN ISABELL,

AUTHOR OF "CORNISH TEMPERANCE TALES," ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.
1885.

[All rights reserved.]
LONDON:
PRINTED BY GILBEET AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.
CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.
THE STORM ........................................ 1

CHAPTER II.
ILL-WISHED ....................................... 11

CHAPTER III.
"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" ..................... 28

CHAPTER IV.
"NAME THIS CHILD" ................................ 43

CHAPTER V.
THE CHRISTENING OF JENIFER ................. 48

CHAPTER VI.
THE CHRISTENING FEAST ......................... 58

CHAPTER VII.
A SEAT OF LEARNING ............................. 70

CHAPTER VIII.
A MAN’S SCHOOL ................................ 81

CHAPTER IX.
WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS ....................... 89

CHAPTER X.
THE FIRST CIGAR ................................ 100
CHAPTER XI.
ON HEAVEN . . . . . . . . 113

CHAPTER XII.
A LITERARY MAN . . . . . . 124

CHAPTER XIII.
A PIOUS FOUNDER . . . . . . 140

CHAPTER XIV.
THE ANTIQUARY . . . . . . 152

CHAPTER XV.
THE WILD WAVES . . . . . . 181

CHAPTER XVI.
THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNES . 193

CHAPTER XVII.
CONFIRMATION . . . . . . 200

CHAPTER XVIII.
"GOING TO CELLAR" . . . . . 214

CHAPTER XIX.
THE PRIVY COUNCIL . . . . . 225

CHAPTER XX.
THE CHINA JAR . . . . . . 239

CHAPTER XXI.
SOME OF THE SPICE OF LIFE . . . 249

CHAPTER XXII.
"WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?" . . . 268

CHAPTER XXIII.
UNCLE ANTHONY . . . . . . 283
BY THE CORNISH SEA.

CHAPTER I.

THE STORM.

The wild wind and the remorseless dash of billows.

Don Juan.

The day is Sunday, the time nearly sunset, the place a small Cornish fishing town which we will call St. Enodoc. The voices of the pealing bells have died away in the old tower, the aisles of the noble church are thronged by hundreds of worshippers, the prayers are ended, and the petitions of the congregation, couched in the language of Fathers and Bishops and Martyrs, have gone up to

Vol. I.
the throne of the Almighty. A hymn is
given out by the clergyman. It is that
grand prayer-hymn beginning,—

"Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave."

It has, perhaps, never been sung with
more heartiness, for most of those present
have some relative on the great deep, or
themselves go down to the sea in ships,
either as seamen or fishermen. And
moreover, it can be sung at no more
fitting time, for while they are singing a
violent September storm is raging outside,
beating against the leaded windows of
the church, as if determined to force an
entrance, and swaying about the great
trees which stud the churchyard with a
mighty roar, which now and again seems
to drown the voice of the organ within.
The men present cannot hear the dash
of the wild waves in the bay beyond the
harbour, but they know by bitter experience what they are saying; the outlines of the cruel rocks, churning the mighty breakers into boiling foam, stand out before their eyes. Woe to the mariner found on such a shore on such a night as this.

But listen! what is that which is heard above the pealing of the organ and the sound of many voices and the roaring of the trees as they clap their hands together? It may be thunder, for the lightning is flashing and flinging its lurid glare into the dim light of the church. Boom! there it roars again, a sound of terror to the practised ear.

What can it mean? It means that men's lives are at stake, that a gallant ship is struggling with the mad waves on a lee shore. It is a signal of distress—pray God it may not be a funeral knell!

The men one by one steal quietly out of
BY THE CORNISH SEA.

the church, for they know well that strong arms and stout hearts are needed to make a fit response to that cry from the deep. The women would fain follow, but the voice of the vicar restrains them by saying, "Let the men render what assistance they can; but you, mothers and sisters and wives, sing once more that hymn for those in peril on the sea. He who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand is able to answer our prayers."

The hymn was sung with heartiness before, it is sung with passionate pleading now. The possible perils of their kinsfolk has softened their hearts: the thought of the certain dangers now about to be faced by their nearest and dearest brings floods of tears which almost still the music, as the falling rain hushes the voice of the storm.

It is ended at last, and, unable to re-
strain themselves any longer, they rush from the church to find that the life-boat has been placed on its carriage and is being drawn overland to the bay, where the vessel in distress is said to be. A quarter of an hour and life-boat and men are facing the wreck.

She is a large barque flying the English flag. Unable to stand out to sea, she has become embayed on this pitiless coast, and has, after parting her cables, drifted broadside on to a reef of rocks about three hundred yards from the shore. Even while they look a mighty wave dashes her with such force on the rocks that she parts asunder amidships, and her main and mizen-masts go over the side with a mighty crash. Two or three men are clinging to the rigging of the foremast, the rest of the crew have already apparently found a watery grave. If any-
thing is done, it must be done at once. But can the life-boat be launched in such a surf? Only let it fail to burst through the ring of breakers, and the crew will have to fight hard for their lives. But there are thirteen stout Cornish hearts on board, and when are Cornish-men wont to shrink from adventuring their own lives to save those of drowning sailors? A long run, a strong pull, and she will dash through the hostile waves, which send ashore their advance-guard of cloud-like spray as if daring them to the contest. A hundred strong hands seize the launching-lines, the crew hold their oars, the coxswains are at their posts. Hearts are beating hard now, for a slight mistake, a trifling error of judgment, may doom to death husbands and brothers and sons. Are you ready? Now! With the speed of horses and with the strength
of lions they dash up the beach, and like a steed panting for the fray, the noble boat leaps at the billows, cuts through them, and, amid a ringing cheer from the spectators, emerges into the comparatively smooth water beyond. Brave boat, brave crew, God speed you on your errand of mercy!

But look at that mighty wave bearing down on the battered barque. It curls and curls, and leaps and hisses as it nears its prey. Cling, poor waifs, to the warping cordage—cling for dear life.

The green waters rise like a huge mountain above their heads, and then with a roar fall on board. Only one is left in the rigging now. Three half-dead forms are tossed to and fro for a few moments by the hungry waves, as with feline playfulness, and then are swallowed up before the life-boat can reach them.
Strain at your oars, strong fishermen, tug with might and main, reach the shattered hulk before another dash of waters sweeps away the last poor wretch clinging to the dripping ropes.

The life-boat surges up under the lee of the barque. Now then, one spring and you are safe. Foolish man! grasping some prized possession in such a time of peril. Throw away that bundle and jump for your life.

He leaps at last on to the convex forecastle, or air-box, of the life-boat, but, hampered by his treasure, misses his foothold, and with a cry falls over the side, flinging forward into the boat the bundle which until now he has clung to. He evidently has struck himself in falling, for he sinks like lead under the troubled waters.

It is all over now, their voyages are
ended, their labour is done. The poor bodies have become the playthings of the tempest, the spirits have returned unto God who gave them. Keep the boat before the wind and make the harbour by doubling the point; you have failed to save your brothers, but you did your duty well. Toss overboard that fatal bundle, it caused a brave man's death.

Stay! What cry is that? It is an infant's wail, a little life is hidden under those woollen wraps. A tiny babe it is, so frail and fragile, the only survivor of all that ship's company. O precious child! who can tell thy worth? A gallant heart was given for thee. O brave, strong man! O noble soul! thou mightest have been saved, but thou didst count the life of another more precious than thine own. Starboard the helm a point, so; keep her dead before the wind now. How she
leaps on as she rises on the crests of the waves! Hard a port! There; she glides into smooth water and the danger is past.

The darkness has fallen, and the gleam of the pier-head lights falls on the lifeboat and the crowd assembled to witness the disembarkation. The coxswain leaps out on the quay, and heedless of the eager inquirers who attempt to stop him, hurries home with his treasure-trove—the little babe saved at such a cost—the child of the storm.
CHAPTER II.

ILL-WISHED.

As the old swain said, she can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked.

Comus.

"Theert ill-wished so sure as feeate, Mrs. Treleaven; teeake my word for it, theert ill-wished."

"Don't be so foolish, Betsy, who would be so wicked as to ill-wish me? What harm have I done to anybody? Besides I don't believe in ill-wishing?"

"What, my dear! doant ee believe in ill-wishing? Why, tes so true as the blessed Bible. I do knaw tes, for I've
experienced it. There's owld Tommy Roskilly, who died fower eear agone, wodn he ill-wished? He drovved hes dunkey cart wan day ovver wan of Patty Symons's chicks, and he never was a man no more. They do say that Patty fulled a bottle weth eearth and pins and needles, and buried it in the churchyard, and from that time Tommy cudn git no rest, hes flesh was all creepy like, and in two eear he was carr'd to his greeave. The doctor towld Tommy's wife 'twas Titus's deeance, but twodn Titus's deeance 'tall, twas pins and needles and nothin' else that broft the creepy feelins ovver un.'

The speakers were Betsy Polsue, the village nurse, and Mrs. Treleaven, the wife of a coastguardsman stationed at Pen-druthan, on the south side of the county of Cornwall.
John Treleaven was on duty at the boat-house, and his wife and Betsy Polsue were watching by the bedside of Arthur, the only child of the pair, who had been tossing for many days in the burning pains of a fever, but was now utterly prostrate, hovering on the borders of death, as if uncertain whether to go or stay. The room, a bright one in the daytime, was dimly lighted by one flickering candle, which cast distorted shadows of the mother and the old nurse on the white-washed wall behind. Two or three pictures representing such Scripture subjects as the infant Samuel praying, and Christ in the Temple, took off somewhat from the blankness of the walls.

The poor little sick lamb lay pallid and motionless on the white cot, breathing so feebly that at times life seemed extinct, and the nurse prepared to do the
last sad offices for the little frame. But again the spark of life brightened, and again the two watched on by the bedside.

Mrs. Treleaven was a fragile-looking woman of about thirty-five years of age. She was the only daughter of Captain Retallack, a master mariner, trading to the East Indies, and had married, seven years before, the coastguardsman John Treleaven, in spite of the bitter opposition of her father.

Captain Retallack, who was a widower at the time of his daughter's marriage, died a year after without showing any sign that he had forgiven her, and leaving all his savings to a distant cousin, with whom, in his lifetime, he had held no intercourse whatever. But Jane Retallack had married for love, not for money, and she felt less therefore at the alienation of her father's possessions than
at his refusal to see and forgive her before his death.

John Treleaven had made her a good and affectionate husband, and when, after about two years, a boy was given to her, she felt that no woman in England had more cause to be thankful than she. The fever which laid her boy low cast a black shadow on the brightness of her life. At first her hopes were stronger than her fears, but, as the days went on and the child grew worse instead of better, and the doctor began to shake his head and look very grave, her hopes gradually died away, and an intense dread settled upon her. She was a devout woman, and cries of agony, the agony of a mother praying for her child, went up from that sick room. "Lord, save my child," she pleaded in a passion of tears; "give me back my darling; I cannot give up my boy."
But the strength of the child ebbed away, and to-night the king of terrors was looking his intended victim full in the face.

Betsy Polsue was old, and withered, and brown. Her hair had long since disappeared, and a wig intended for brown, but with a decided inclination to brick-red, usurped its place. A couple of yellow fangs represented her erewhile ivory teeth; and when I say that Betsy was the owner of a well-defined squint, and that her ancient wig was usually set on awry, it will be easily understood that her personal appearance would be to few people a powerful recommendation. But notwithstanding her unpleasing aspect, Betsy was an extremely popular member of the community. There was no one in the parish, no, nor in half a dozen parishes round, who could boast of half the know-
ledge of the healing art possessed by Betsy. Her acquaintance with plants, if it did not range from the cedar-tree that is in Lebanon unto the hyssop that springeth out of the wall, certainly embraced most of the herbs and simples used by amateur practitioners of the healing art, while for nursing she was absolutely without a rival. Whether the malady was a fever, a wound, or even a broken bone, before a word was said about the doctor some one was certain to cry out, "Send for Betsy Polsue."

Even when the doctor had come and done his office, his patient often preferred Betsy Polsue's advice to his.

"Paw, Paw," Betsy would say in contempt, "what do doctors knaw? All they're good for es to mend booans. You hearken to me, my dears."

In consequence a chronic warfare was
waged between the doctor and Betsy. He hinted grimly sometimes that it would give him very great pleasure to perform a *post mortem* upon her ancient frame; he suggested to Betsy's patients that she was not over clean, which was certainly true; and among his own particular friends he described her with strong emphasis as, "that confounded old witch."

To call Betsy Polsue "a confounded old witch" was scarcely fair to that estimable person, for Betsy's exploits in necromancy consisted only in the use of sundry charms to stop bleeding, and to cure erysipelas and similar diseases. But though she was no professor of the black art, she was a firm believer in those who were, and in season and out of season, more particularly the latter, she never wearied of relating remarkable instances
of ill-wishing, and of the efficacy of charms and spells.

While watching the sick child she naturally drifted into her favourite topic, and in spite of Mrs. Treleaven's disinclination to pursue the subject, the garrulous old dame rambled on as I have described in the beginning of this chapter.

"Who would be so wickit as to ill-wish tha?" she continued after a pause. "Aw, my dear! wickit es it? Wicketness is plentiful nuff, goodness knaws. People es getting wiser and wicketer, ses I, wiser and wicketer. Why, there's owld Nancy Furze, cause Zaackle Thomas tookt the teetey ground what she wanted she ill-wished un, and arter that he was always in diffikittles. Fust hes pig died—he cudn ait no mait, Zaackle said, and then hes chembly falled in and nearly skat un
to pieces in hes bed, and then somefin' white banged up agen hes winder wan night, and that frightened un so that he govved up the teeaty ground to her the next mornin', and heve a been all right sence. I knaw tes true, for Zaackle towld me hisself."

"But what harm have I ever done to anybody?" repeated Mrs. Treleaven.

"No, theest never done no harm to nobody," replied Betsy, "tes your man, my dear, tes your man. Haben ee reed in the Bible that the sins of the feeathers shall be visited 'pon the cheldurn? Well, your man stopped Peggy Pentruse from carring off some tember that was washed in t'other day, and she've a ill-wished the booy to sarve out his feeather. There edn time to send to the white witch ovver to Redruth, but lave me say the charm back-wards, I bleev that'll teeake off the ill-wish
—the white witch told me the way when I seed un five eear ago— but tedn no good 'less you do give me your consent. Shall I do et, mistess?"

Mrs. Treleaven was a religious woman, but she was imbued with the superstitious feelings of her race, and in her distress was ready to grasp at any straw. "Do as you like," she said, "it won't do any harm, I suppose, if it does no good."

The old crone fortified herself by a good drink of gin-and-water, a beverage kept in the sick-room for her especial delectation, and then retired to a corner to perform her incantations. These consisted of some doggerel verses which she muttered to herself, making at the same time sundry circles, crosses, and other mystic signs. She had hardly concluded the charm when a gentle knock was heard, and the street door was opened by the doctor, who
walked upstairs without waiting for his knock to be answered.

Dr. Anderton was a jolly-looking man of about fifty years of age. His practice was a large one, embracing every parish within six or seven miles from Pendruthan. Skilful in his profession, a man of some culture, and a thoroughly good and kind-hearted man, he delighted all the old ladies by lending a sympathetic ear to the long tale of their many and complicated ailments. "He's a dear man if ever there was one," was their unanimous verdict. His house was perched on the hill behind the village, among a splendid group of firs known as the "Grove." He had only now returned to it from a long drive, but ran down to look at the sick boy before he went to bed. The first thing which met his eyes as he ascended the stairs was old Betsy performing her sorceries in the corner.
“Whatever is that old humbug up to now?” he muttered loud enough for the two watchers to hear.

This uncomplimentary question put Betsy into high dudgeon. “Humbug,” she grunted, “there’s more humbugs in the world than Betsy Polsue, teeake my word for et. Heeaf the doctor’s traade people drink es humbug in my opinion.”

“Hush, Betsy,” said Mrs. Treleaven soothingly, “hush, and hold the candle for Dr. Anderton.”

Betsy first took an immense pinch of snuff to compose her ruffled feelings and then brought the candle to the bedside. “The boy is decidedly better,” was the verdict; “he will probably fall asleep and then he will do well. Keep his lips moist, Mrs. Treleaven, and give him the mixture every three hours. I will look in again in
the morning. Good-night, Mrs. Treleaven, good-night, Mrs. Polsue."

"Dedn I say so?" said Betsy as the door closed, "dedn I say so? The charm have a worked. I knaw the doctor'll ony puff at et, and try to meeake people believe the mixyer, as he do call et, have a cured the booy. 'Whas the owld humbug up to now' ses a? Why I've a tookt off the ill-wish, thas what I've a done. 'Good night, Mrs. Polsue!' I'd Mrs. Polsue un ef I had my way."

Mrs. Treleaven soothed Betsy by another dose of her favourite beverage, and soon the two were joined by John Treleaven, whose watch at the boat-house was ended. He was overjoyed to find that his son was rallying from his stupor, and did not trouble himself much to consider whether to Dr. Anderton or to Betsy belonged the chief credit of the change.
"Thank God, mother," he said, "the fever is turned. You go and rest yourself, or you'll be knocked up. I'll stay up with Betsy the rest of the night; 'tis nearly one o'clock now."

John discouraged Betsy's rambling dissertations, and soon a dead silence reigned in the sick-chamber, broken only by the breathing of the two watchers and of the sleeping child. Hour after hour the boy slept on, the darkness gave place to daylight, the clock struck six, seven, and eight, without bringing consciousness. Between eight and nine o'clock the doctor again appeared. Old Betsy had gone home, and only the father and mother were in the room. The slight noise the doctor made in entering aroused Arthur, and he opened his eyes, and, for the first time for many days, recognized his parents, and, stretching out his little wasted arms towards
them, said, "Father, mother, kiss me, kiss Arthur."

"Thank God," said the doctor, "he will get on now. Take great care of him. Mrs. Treleaven, but I need hardly tell you that. What in the world was old mother Polsue about, as I came in last night? What extraordinary antics was she performing in the corner there?"

Mrs. Treleaven, in reply, repeated Betsy's story respecting the cause of the sickness, and of her charm to remove the ill-wish.

Dr. Anderton could not control his indignation. "She ought to be sent to prison for a rogue and a vagabond," he said, "and I am greatly surprised at a sensible woman like you, Mrs. Treleaven, believing in such rank nonsense. Give God thanks for restoring your child, and don't listen any more to impostors like old Betsy."
From that time the recovery of Arthur was assured, and it was not long before he won back again all his former health and strength.

In spite of Dr. Anderton's rebuke to Mrs. Treleaven, Betsy spread far and wide her part in the turning of the fever, and no inconsiderable portion of the community accepted it as a confirmation of their old faith in her as a sick-nurse and attendant worth all the doctors within a circle of fifty miles round.
CHAPTER III.

"WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?"

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?

Bridge of Sighs.

Daniel Trewhella, the coxswain of the St. Enodoc life-boat, burst into his house on the night of the scene described in our first chapter, and, to the astonishment of his wife, who was preparing warm and dry clothes, placed on the table the bundle saved from the wreck.

"Here, Rebecca," he said, "teeake this, we haben seeaved nothin' else."

"Law me, Dan," exclaimed his wife,
"what have ee got there? Why, seeave us, tes a cheeld. Poor tender dear, tes drippin' weth salt water, and so cowld as a stoone. Where's her mother, Daniel?"

"Dooant ee hear me say that all the other people es drowned and only this cheeld seeaved?" answered the cox-swain.

"Aw, the tender dear," said Rebecca, throwing away the black and white plaid shawl which was wound round and round the babe, "what a little beauty it tes to be sure, a regler little angel, edn she, Daniel?"

It was indeed a sweet child. Her age might be about ten or twelve months. The features were as regular as if shapen by the hand of a sculptor, and the complexion was like ivory for whiteness. The full black eyes of the child looked up at the kindly matron holding her so tenderly, and the little lips parted into a smile.
“Lord, love her,” said the kind-hearted woman, “I never seed such a little darling in my life. Hold her a minute, Dan, while I run upstairs and fetch some clothes belonging to my poor little dear thas gone—I never expected to use them no more—they’ll be jist the thing for her.”

It was fifteen years since Daniel Trewhella had held his own child in his arms, but the thought of that dear one, loved and lost, was borne back to him by the waif from the sea, and the hot tears rained down his weather-beaten cheeks as he rocked the child to and fro. Trewhella had a rough exterior, but a braver, more tender heart never beat than his. He was, indeed, a splendid specimen of the old Cornish race. Standing six feet in his stockings and being broad in proportion, Daniel possessed a mighty strength which equalled that of two ordinary men.
His hair was black as jet, his eyes, which were of the same hue, had that peculiar twinkle so often seen in the Celtish race. He was a skilful fisherman, and a brave and active seaman. While his neighbours often returned from their fishing expeditions with light baskets and heavy hearts, Daniel managed to secure good catches. No man in the town could handle a line or manage a seine like him. "It must be a very crafty fish," the old salts said, "which could outwit Dan." Whenever the life-boat was launched to succour distressed sailors he was always at his post, and many a poor wretch had he helped to snatch from the very jaws of destruction.

The death of his baby girl had been the great trial of his life. She had become so intertwined with the strong man through his great love, that she could not be torn away without leaving behind a lacerated
heart, out of which all the life seemed to be flowing. For a week his reason seemed to be tottering, and although at last his strong nature asserted itself, he never lost a certain sadness, the result of his bereavement, nor was he known through all the fifteen years to allude to the child or to his loss, but to his own tried and trusted wife.

Rebecca came downstairs to find her husband crying like a child.

"Why, Dan, whas the matter?" she asked in astonishment.

He had only time to sob, "Tes the beeaby, Becca, tes the beeaby," when the sound of voices and the confused trampling of a crowd was heard outside. The lifeboat crew had told the people assembled at the quay what had been saved from the wreck, and as with one accord they bent their steps towards Daniel Trewhella's
house to see, if possible, for themselves the coxswain's prize—the only survivor of all that ship's company.

"This'll never do, Becca," said Dan, as soon as he became acquainted with the cause of the gathering; "teeake the cheeld a minute, while I send um about their business."

This he soon accomplished, telling them that the child was well and was being cared for, and that if they wanted to see her they had better come the next morning.

When the morning came among the first who appeared was Mr. Carnanton the vicar, a kindly, middle-aged bachelor, who spent his life in trying to alleviate the miseries of the poor and distressed of his parish, and in carrying the message of his Master's love both to the sick and well. He was ever ready to take part in any movement calculated to benefit his people,
and in doing this spared neither strength nor money, although his strength was by no means robust, while his private means were small, and the stipend attached to the living extremely meagre.

"Well, Mrs. Trewhella," he said as he entered, "what is this I hear? They tell me that out of that dreadful wreck in Pen-silva Bay last night a little child was saved, and that you have it here. Where is it? Is it all right? Has the doctor seen it?"

"I should have sent for the doctor to see the cheeld last night, sir," answered Mrs. Trewhella, "but I knawed he was gone into the country, and I dedn like to disturb un when he comed home tired, and this mornin' the little dear doant want no doctor. Here she es, Mr. Carnanton; edn she a little beauty? What lovely black eyes, and ded ee ever see such a lovely
skin? She's like wexwork, edn she, sir?"

"If you think the doctor will not be needed no doubt you are right," answered the vicar; "you know more about babies, Mrs. Trewhella, than a bachelor like me. Yes, she is certainly very pretty, but she looks very pale; is she quite well, do you think?"

"Bless ee, sir," said Mrs. Trewhella, "there edn nothin' the matter weth she; ef you'd seen her aitin' just now you'd ha bin satisfied. I always says there's nothin' the matter weth cheldern ef they can ait."

"I called at the Castle as I came down," said Mr. Carnanton, "and Mrs. Dunstable asked me to say that if anything is wanted for the child you must send up for it. She will look in during the morning if she can manage it. Oh! here she is come already."
“Good morning, Rebecca,” said Mrs. Dunstable, a stately lady of about forty years of age.

“Good mornin’, ma’am,” said Rebecca, curtseying as she spoke.

“I am come to see about this baby,” said Mrs. Dunstable; “what a sweet child it is. I asked Mr. Carnanton to mention that anything you wanted you might have from the Castle, but on second thoughts it occurred to me that it would be best to send the child up to us; we could care for it so much more conveniently than you. Of course it will be only for a short time until inquiries are made and the child’s friends found.”

“Thenky, ma’am,” said Rebecca, “but if I may be so bowld, I should like to keep the dear cheeld weth me. I’ll tesake ceeare of it, ma’am, you may be sure.”

“Oh, very well, Rebecca, do as you
wish,” said Mrs. Dunstable, “but don’t forget to send up if you want anything.” And the good lady gathered her skirts about her and departed.

Mr. Carnanton also went his way. But Mrs. Trewhella was not long left alone, for all through the day old and young came to gratify their curiosity by a good look at the babe, until at last Daniel’s patience was exhausted, and he positively refused to let one person more cross his threshold.

“Anybody would think we kept a penny peep-shaw,” he growled; “tes ony a beeaby, weth wan head and two legs and two arms. I should think you’ve a seed plenty of cheldurn before to-day.”

In the course of the day a part of the wrecked barque was found with the name “Mary, of Liverpool” painted on it. The owners were at once communicated
with, and the names of the crew obtained. But no clue could be discovered that would enable those who had undertaken the business to find out the friends of the child.

The owners could give no information on the subject. No member of the crew had his wife with him when the Mary left Liverpool on the outward voyage to Calcutta, and so far as the officials at the latter port could ascertain, no woman or child had left in the ship. Possibly the poor little waif had with others been rescued from some sinking ship on the voyage home. At all events, nothing could ever be learned of the child's parentage or even of her nationality.

All this inquiry took up a considerable time, and the child was nearly two years of age before all hope was abandoned, and it was clearly understood by her friends
at St. Enodoc that her future was entirely in their hands.

What should that future be?

"Put her into the workhouse," said some; "we can't expect Daniel Trewhella to provide for people he helps to save by the life-boat; it is very well to save them."

"The ship hailed from Liverpool," said others, "the guardians there had better maintain her; our rates are heavy enough without being burdened with strangers."

"Can't some orphan home be found for her?" inquired a third set.

Mrs. Dunstable was inclined to favour the last plan, but finding that objections were raised by the Trewhellas to this as well as to the other modes of providing for the child, she, after long conference with her brother, came forward with a scheme of her own.
"I want to speak to you very seriously," said she one day to Daniel and his wife. "I have a proposal to make respecting the future of the baby. Mr. Treleigh and I have been considering the matter, and we have come to the conclusion, as we have no children of our own, to adopt the little one ourselves. She will be educated and brought up as if she were our own. Of course you will understand that it will not be well for her to come here or into the town very often—I mean, of course, when she is able to take care of herself—but you will be able to see her now and then at the Castle. When will it be convenient for you to bring her up to us?"

"You are very kind, ma'am," answered Rebecca, "but I cudn beear to have the little dear tokt away from me almost altogether, after I have had her nearly
twelve months—'twould be nearly so bad to us now as losing our own cheeld. I've bin spakin' to Dan about it, and we've agreed to keep her ourselves if you've no objection, ma'am."

"I do not know that I have a right to object," said Mrs. Dunstable, "but I think you are very unwise; you and your husband are not very young, and to saddle yourselves with the charge of a child at your time of life is most imprudent. What is to become of her if anything happens to your husband? She would be much better provided for with us; and beside, we had set our hearts on having her. I am sorry, Rebecca, that you should thwart us in this way."

"I am sorry too, ma'am," answered Rebecca, "for you have been very kind, but we cudn part weth her now—we cudn, ma'am. We cudn bear it, could we, Dan?"
"No, ma'am," said Dan, who had remained silent during the conversation between Mrs. Dunstable and his wife, "she do come too clooose to us now for us to lose her again. I'm mortal sorry that we ceeant do what you want, ma'am."

"Oh, very well," said Mrs. Dunstable, "if your minds are quite made up it is useless to say any more on the subject. But remember, Rebecca, I shall not cease to take an interest in the child, and if help of any kind is needed, come to me at once. Good-morning."

Thus it came to pass that the shipwrecked, and probably orphan, child found kind friends and a new father and mother.
CHAPTER IV.

"NAME THIS CHILD."

What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet.

Romeo and Juliet.

Since the day when the friends of Zacharias took upon themselves to name him whom men called John Baptist, after the name of his father, many a family has debated earnestly and somewhat hotly the important question, "What shall the baby be called?"

For it is an important question so far as the child is concerned. Although names do not now, as in the olden time, indicate the character or appearance of the owner, yet a ludicrous name, or one of ill-
repute, undoubtedly influences for evil the prospects of the poor unfortunate who bears it.

Who would choose for himself such a name as Cain, or Judas, or Lazarus? Who but a Puritan could be comfortable under such a prænomen as Hew-Agag-in-pieces, or Bind-their-kings-in-chains? Who would enjoy life knowing that his parents had bestowed upon him the euphony name of Satan, or Philadelphia, or Mahershalal-hash-baz. Yet poor wretches have been thus endowed. Even when the Christian name standing alone is irreproachable, its combination with an unpleasant surname turns it to a jest and a byeword. Such names as these, and they are genuine, and Cornish to boot, must have been almost unendurable: Degory Dagge, Degory Doubte, Pentecost Tremble, Bartholomew Slye, and Gentile Fuide.
A Cornish sailor known to the writer, selects names for his offspring long before they are born, and all the entreaties of wife and friends avail not to change his mind when once it has been made up. But this summary way of settling the matter is not to be commended, and is one likely to be attended by a considerable amount of domestic friction. Most mothers like to have their fair share of the preliminary weighing of the names suggested as appropriate to their babes. And one cannot in fairness say that they are unreasonable, for to say the least a moiety of the children is theirs.

As soon as it was finally decided by the Trewhellas that the little orphan should be adopted by them, the question naturally suggested itself, "What shall she be called?"

"For," said Daniel, "we ceeant go on
calling her Beeaby just as if she was a kitten or a canary bird without a neeame. She must be tookt to church and christened, o' course, like other civilized cheldern."

This was admitted by all, and it only remained to decide upon some particular name. Mary, the name of the barque which brought her to their coast, was first suggested, but was rejected at once.

"We doant want to be always bringing to her mind that bad day, when she growns up," said Daniel. "Mary weeant do."

Mrs. Dunstable thought Margaret would be suitable, as the child, like a pearl, was plucked from the sea. Mr. Carnanton liked Ruth, because like Ruth she had come from a far country to dwell among strangers.

At last Dan spoke and said,—
"I'll tell ee why all they neeames weeant do. The beeaby is become to me so dear as my own cheeld Jenifer who was carr'd to her greeave sixteen eear agone, and I want to have her called Jenifer too. P'raps she'll make up to me for the wan thas gone."

And so it was resolved that the child should be baptized Jenifer—a name lightly esteemed by the ordinary Englishman, but sweet to the Cornish ear, for was it not the name of their own Arthur of Tintagel's peerless queen—the loved, the fallen, the repentant, the pardoned Guinevere?
CHAPTER V.

THE CHRISTENING OF JENIFER.

My lord of Canterbury,
I have a suit which you must not deny me,
That is, a fair young maid that yet wants baptism;
You must be godfather and answer for her.

I long

To have this young one made a Christian.

*Henry VIII*

The ancient town of St. Enodoc looked very beautiful as one entered it on the afternoon of a bright September day. Fine trees—the graceful ash, the silver beech, and here and there a fir giving a darker tint to the foliage—formed natural arches over the steep hill which led down to the market-place and quays. Over the tops of the houses it was possible to
catch a glimpse of the sea beyond—a sapphire in a setting of emerald. Above the belt of firs which fringed the opposite shore rose great hills of sand, grey and desolate-looking, but the home of myriads of strange insects and birds, and the favourite singing ground of the lark. There could be no question that, looked at from the entrance, St. Enodoc was very picturesque.

But the town itself was not quite so charming. Old houses with antique gables and drooping eaves, dropped seemingly at random along ill-paved pathways, scandalized the burgesses of more enlightened towns. They were not streets at all, these scoffers said, but mere rocky bridle-paths. And in truth, with the exception of Church Street, they were not much else.

These so-called streets were connected by narrow openings, called "drangs," from
which there usually proceeded a compound of scents such as Rimmel in his highest flights would never dream of. The smells were decidedly ancient, but it would be a libel upon the finny tribe to say they were fish-like.

St. Enodoc was certainly very charming—at the distance of five hundred yards.

Church Street, as its name implies, was the street which led to the church. The other terminus was the quay, where four or five small vessels engaged in the coasting trade and half a dozen "drift" boats used in the pilchard fishery were drying their sails after a morning shower. The red-brown sails of the latter were in admirable keeping with the stained and weather-beaten thatch of the antiquated houses which formed the greater part of St. Enodoc.

The great boast of the inhabitants was
their church. Its date was unknown, but was certainly a very ancient one; so every man, woman, boy, and girl stoutly maintained. Nothing in the world, however, would induce them to fix upon any particular date—they preferred to leave the matter in the mist of antiquity. "'Twas built in the back days," that was quite enough for inquisitive strangers.

One old gentleman, carried away by his veneration for the old church he loved, was wont to declare his opinion that it was built in "the forestolic ages." These he placed, it is supposed, some few years after the Flood.

St. Enodoc Church was a noble building capable of holding nearly a thousand worshippers. The style was early English. The beautiful east window was filled with rich glass, representing in exquisite workmanship the twelve Apostles standing
round their Master, who was calling Lazarus from his long sleep. The north windows were a series of sermons. There was first the old man's window, a venerable patriarch with flowing beard holding a scroll inscribed, "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." Then came the young man's window, a picture of a strong young fisherman with the inscription, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth;" and the child's window, bearing the text, "Suffer little children to come unto Me," over a child kneeling in prayer. Then came the sailor's window, the very scrolls containing the texts bellying out like the topsails of a ship; the soldier's window, with the shield and helmet and breast-plate and sword; and lastly the farmer's window, with the reaper and his full sheaves, and
the significant text, "The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels."

The inhabitants of St. Enodoc were very proud of these silent preachers, and never failed to point them out to strangers, but there was one portion of the sacred building they prized even more than the windows—the font was the great glory of their church. And no wonder they loved it, for it was very beautiful. The style was Norman, the material the hard iron-grey Catacluse stone found in a Cornish quarry. It did not require much knowledge of architecture to tell that the font was very old. The very noses of the twelve Apostles on the four sides, and of the figures at the corners representing the holy Evangelists, were worn quite flat, so that their owners could boast of no profile worth mentioning. It must have taken
many centuries of rubbing to effect so remarkable a change in their personal appearance.

But these venerable personages were looking quite gay to-day, if not absolutely juvenile. Beautiful sprays of clematis were wreathed round the four corner pillars, while the main support in the centre was hidden quite by a bed of snow-white dahlias and asters. And the panels in which the aforesaid figures had stood for ages were almost covered by wax-like camellias, leaving only the ashen grey faces of the Apostles visible. What was the meaning of the decoration of the font? All the rest of the Church bore its usual aspect.

Why, sir, you must be a stranger in these parts—it was the day of the christening of the child rescued from the barque *Mary*, of Liverpool, and the primitive
people, touched by the strangeness of her advent, and by her beauty, were making it a gala-day. The good, simple-minded vicar had acceded to their wishes, and the font had accordingly been wreathed with spotless flowers, and in a few minutes the children of the Sunday-school would be trooping in to see the ceremony.

Here they come. Throw open wide the great southern door, and let the long procession in. In they pour, chubby-faced boys and bright-eyed girls, each carrying a white flower, until the nave is full, and they overflow into the north and south aisles. All the old ladies of no particular occupation make their appearance, and as many mothers of families as can escape from their own chubby faces at home, and matrons in futuro a great company, and a thick sprinkling of the harder sex completes the gathering. No, there is some-
thing still wanting—the babe and attendant "gossips." The sponsors are, Mrs. Trewhella's great friend Mrs. Craddock, Mrs. Sims, her sister, and Mr. Josiah Toms, postmaster of St. Enodoc, a great admirer of the coxswain of the life-boat. It is to be hoped they will not keep the congregation waiting. No, they appear with wonderful punctuality, before the clock has quite finished striking three.

The service began with a hymn—"a bairn's hymn"—which affected the susceptible Mrs. Craddock so profoundly that that estimable lady shed copious tears. The allusions in the baptismal prayers to Noah and his family in the ark being saved from perishing by water, and to the ark of Christ's Church bearing the child safely through the waves of this troublesome world, struck many beside Mrs. Craddock as being peculiarly appropriate to
one saved by the modern ark, the life-boat.

Mrs. Trewhella herself carried the child to the font, arrayed in a beautiful chrisom given by Mrs. Dunstable. As it was uncertain whether or not the baby had been already baptized, the vicar used the conditional form provided for such an emergency: "Jenifer, if thou art not already baptized, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen." The cross was traced upon the brow, and the child was "made a Christian."
CHAPTER VI.

THE CHRISTENING FEAST.

The infant is replaced
Among the happy band; they smilingly,
In gay attire, hie to the house of mirth,
The poor man's festival—a jubilee day
Remember'd long.

Grahame.

The sponsors wended their way, when the service was over, to Daniel Trewhella's house, where a tea, which was, as Mrs. Sims remarked, something like a tea, was prepared in honour of the occasion. It was a rare thing for Mr. Josiah Toms to accept an invitation to take a meal in a friend's house. He was a confirmed bachelor and resolutely avoided the society of the ladies, with the excep-
tion of his housekeeper, Mrs. Pinnock, who was old and stone-deaf, and therefore by no means dangerous from Mr. Josiah's point of view.

The Trewhellas were agreeably astonished when he accepted their invitation to become godfather to their adopted child, and still more so when he signified his intention of partaking of the christening tea afterwards. But he was second cousin to Daniel, and so admired the honest courage and sterling worth of his relative's character, that for once he relented upon being pressed to do a friend's office and "stand" to the child.

It was in one of his weak moments that he promised to do what Daniel Trewhella asked, and he soon returned to his normal state, and regretted that he had consented to spend an hour with the beings whom in heart he held in utter
contempt. "The discourse of old women," said he, "is the thing on earth I most despise. I deserve to be horsewhipped."

It never occurred to Mr. Josiah to politely excuse himself, or to shuffle out of his engagement by pleading a pressure of business, or rheumatism, or the tooth-ache.

Whatever his faults he was never known to break his word, and the good people of St. Enodoc firmly held to the belief that if Mr. Josiah made an appointment to meet the hangman at a certain time and place he would be there to the minute, however painful he might imagine the interview would be.

Few people would have considered Mrs. Trewhella's tea one of the disagreeables of life. The room was cosy, the tea was hot and strong, and the heavy-cake was baked to a turn. The very smell of the
latter was enough to make one's mouth water.

As soon as the ladies had divested themselves of their church-going bonnets and shawls, they settled themselves near the fire—for it was a cold day for September—and began to discuss the ceremony of the baptism, while Mrs. Trewhella gave the finishing touches to the tea-table.

"Aw, 'twas beautiful, wasn't it?" said Mrs. Craddock; "the cheldurn singed like little angels. I never heerd anything like it in all my days, It comed ovver me so I could hardly tell what to do. If ever I had good feelings in my life I had um then."

"Mrs. Craddock," said Mr. Josiah solemnly, "I quite agree with you, the service was very touching. But I couldn't help saying to myself that human nature is very deceitful, and the world is very evil,
and that many of those children singing so happily are doomed to misery and poverty and disease. Some, perhaps, will find a prison their home, and some will walk the gloomy path to the gallows. Ah, 'tis a sad world, a sad world, Dan."

"I doant think this world so very sad," broke in Mrs. Trewhella, good-humouredly, as she took the steaming heavy-cake from the oven, "there's a lot more good in the world than people think. Now look at we this very afternoon, Mr. Josiah; this heavy-ceedeake now, and this good hot tay es very cheering, and everything es comfortable, and here's the cheeld, little Jenifer, for us to love and tend. Bless your heart, there's a lot of joy in this world ef you'll ony look about a bit for it."

"All superficial, ma'am," said Mr. Josiah, in a more sepulchral tone than ever, "all superficial. We are, as it were,
walking upon a thin sheet of ice; upon lava, burning, molten, just beneath the surface."

"Mercy me, Measter Josiah," said Mrs. Craddock, "you are 'nough to frighten a woman out of her wits; why I sheeant slape be night for draming about it. Dost a think the world es a goin' to be burnt up soon? Our praicher towld us t'other day that 'twas time for us to git ready for it, and I think so too, ef the fire es got so fur up as that."

"My good woman, you misunderstand me," said Mr. Josiah, "I'm using a figure of speech."

"Well," said Mrs. Craddock, "I doant knaw much about figures—larnin' wodn thought much of when I was young—but my daughter's cheeld she's a good wan at figures, sure 'nough. She can tell the substraction teeable right through, pence
and shellens and all—no cheeld in her class can figury like she."

"Well, never mind figures," said Mrs. Trewhella, "draw foath and have your tays. Teeake the arm-cheer, Measter Josiah; you set there, Mrs. Craddock. That'll do, Dan, you needn' rock the creeadle any more, Jenifer'ill slape all right now. Kezia, you set here alongside me."

"Iss, iss, Rebecca, to be sure," sniffed Mrs. Sims, "tedn the fust time I've a sot alongside of you in this here parlour, and glad enough I am to set alongside of anybody, times es so bad—millinery edn what it used to be, I can tell ee, and so many new falderals and fashins do come in that I'm drove to me wit's end. Ah! this is a good drap of tay, Becca."

"Like the women, Daniel," said Mr. Josiah, "like the women, always thinking
of externals, 'Wherewithal shall a man be clothed,' et cetera. Mrs. Sims, I'll ask you this question, What was man made for?"

"My greeacious me," answered Mrs. Sims, turning up her eyes until they were as white as the ceiling, "I ceeant tell ee nothin' 'bout that, you'd better ax Mrs. Craddock, she's more of a fillysopher than me. What was man made for, Mrs. Craddock?"

"Aw," said that amiable old lady with a grunt, "meeade for? why to pleeague the wemmin, I spoase, I ceeant tell what else they're meeade for. Ax your pardin, Meeaster Josiah, but I spake of a man as I find un. Now there's my owld man, he's dead and gone, plaise sure, and we mustn't spake no harm of the dead, so the Scriptures do say, but what was he meeade for? Aw, it do meeake me sweat when I think about it. Grunt, grunt,
growl, growl, alays comin' home with basely shoes, meeakin' the mats in a sheeape, and worriting my life out weth tobacco smoke and beer. Aw, tes wickit to say so, I knaw, but I doant want to see he no more."

"Hush, hush, Mrs. Craddock, doant ee talk like that; he's gone, poor man, and I hope to a better pleace," said Mrs. Trehwhella. "But I always says there's faut boath sides. If Daniel or me have a word or two sometimes, tes generally six of wan and heeaf a dozen of the other, edn it, owld man?"

"I reckon it tes," answered Daniel, "and the sooner we meeake it up the better we're plaised, arn't we, Becca? I'll tell ee my opinion, Meeaster Josiah. I doant know zackly what the men was meeade for, but I can tell ee to a T what the wemmin is made for—to full a man's
house with sunshine, and to draw un
towards goodness like a fifty-horse power
injin. Now there's my owld Becca there,
I wouldn swop she for the gowld in the
Bank of England. I do love her ten
times more now than when I went a-
courtin'.”

A bashful blush overspread Rebecca's
comely face at this open avowal of her
husband's love, and she laid down her cup
to make a fitting reply, when Mr. Josiah
again took up his parable.

“A wife is very desirable to sew on the
buttons to a man's shirt, and to cook his
dinner, but she can't minister to the other
side of his nature, she can't feed his
intellect.”

“I'm Joan plain,” snorted Mrs. Crad-
dock scornfully, “and what I says es this
—when a man wants hes dennar whas the
good to talk about feeding hes hinterlect?
Have a hinterlect got a mouth? A good turmut pasty es a bra’ dale better’n feedin’ hinterlects.”

Mr. Josiah went as near smiling at this outburst of Mrs. Craddock as it was possible for that austere philosopher and despiser of women to go, but he drank his tea and munched his heavy-cake in silence—it was beneath his dignity to prolong the discussion with such an illiterate woman.

Daniel Trewhella, however, felt called to make one other remark, and he responded to the call.

"Measter Josiah, you weeant be offended weth me, for you do know I wish ee nothin’ but good, but I say to ee what I’ve said a bra’ many times aready, doant you be a bachelor no longer, but git a good wife of your awn, and you’ll soon be of my opinion, that a wife es the
best piece of furniture you can have in the house."

"Daniel, my friend," said Mr. Josiah slowly and solemnly, "I have a great respect for you, and I take what you say in good part, but mark my words, whenever you hear that Josiah Toms has tied himself to a wife, I give you full permission to call the policeman and give him in charge—he's lost his wits, he's mad, as mad as a hatter."

After this decisive and energetic declaration there was nothing more to be said, and as one cannot go on for ever eating heavy-cake and drinking strong tea, the party soon broke up, and Daniel and his wife were left alone with the little Jenifer.
CHAPTER VII.

A SEAT OF LEARNING.

Infant reason grows apace and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.

_The Seasons._

The time was come when Arthur Tre-leaven's education must begin. He was now six and a half years of age, and strong and healthy for his years. His father had wished to send him to school as soon as he was completely recovered from the fever which nearly proved fatal to him, but was overruled by the mother.

"Give him a year's run," she said, "he'll be strong by that time, instead of growing
up a pale, sickly child through overmuch confinement."

But the year of grace had expired, and Arthur—"will he, nill he"—began to climb the steep hill of knowledge. There was no discussion in the house of Treleaven to settle what academy should have the honour of educating the heir. Ancient custom had settled that matter.

"Of course, Mrs. Treleaven, you will send Arthur to Mrs. Warder's school?"

"Oh, of course."

The man who would begin his child's education at Pendruthan by sending him to any other preceptor than Mrs. Warder, would be set down at once by respectable people as a violent radical—a person who wanted to turn this rightly ordered world of ours the wrong side up.

John Treleaven was a sober citizen, believing firmly in his Bible and in the
articles of war, and therefore, as a matter of course, sent his son to imbibe the philosophy imparted by the erudite Mrs. Warder.

Mrs. Warder was a lady of about fifty years of age. Her husband, a master of a small coasting-vessel, had died six years after her marriage, leaving her at thirty totally unprovided for. Mrs. Warder was not one to sit down quietly when there was anything to be got by standing up, and with a promptitude characteristic of her she founded, a month after the decease of the lamented Captain Warder, an establishment for implanting in the minds of juvenile Pendruthan the rudiments of useful knowledge.

She was favoured in her enterprise by the fact that Mrs. Harris, the recognized youth's instructor at Pendruthan for the last quarter of a century, had recently
laid down her rod, moved thereto by age and feebleness, and had retired into private life on half a crown a week from the parish. Indeed, but for this Mrs. Warder would never have assumed the professorial gown—she was not the one, as she herself said, to take the bread out of another woman’s mouth. Upon the deserted ruins, therefore, of Mrs. Harris’s seat of learning, the house of Warder, educationally speaking, was built.

Do not imagine that the school-building itself was an imposing one. No tall towers threw dark shadows across the street, no massive parables in stone soared aloft and half hid the sky. It was no outward magnificence that gave celebrity to Mrs. Warder’s school, but rather the dignity of Mrs. Warder herself, and the facility she possessed of imparting knowledge to the possibly future bishops and
senators and their wives entrusted to her care.

Mrs. Warder, it has already been intimated, was about fifty years of age. Her education had been somewhat limited, but what she lacked in culture she made up by a natural shrewdness and force of character. Her work would now probably be called preparatory, for it consisted for the most part in laying first principles. Her pupils, if not exactly babes, were certainly not out of the milk stage of education.

The interior arrangements of the school-room were of a primitive order. The seats consisted for the most part of planks laid on sections of a tree, each about eight inches long. Desks there were none. As a rule the pupils wrote on slates, and these they held in their hand or rested on their knees, as the
fancy moved. True, there were two tables, but it was not safe to count on one of these.

One was an article of a superior order, garnished with foreign shells, relics of the late lamented Mr. Warder, a case of stuffed birds on a base consisting of a so-called family Bible, a few glasses of various shapes and sizes; and two ancient but well-polished brass candlesticks. It is evident to any well-constituted mind that no youngster not absolutely given over to iniquity would dare to practise his pothooks and hangers on this sacred shrine.

Table number one was super-mundane, table number two was given over to earth and earthly things. There was no absolute prohibition of resting slates, dogs'-eared books, and other school paraphernalia on its broad top, but who could
use it with comfort and advantage when it was intended in the economy of the household as a base of operations in preparing leeky pasties; onion and turnip stews, and other greasy dishes, well enough in their way, but entirely out of harmony with the aforesaid pothooks and hangers?

Unfortunately the revenue arising from the school pence was not quite equal to the expenses of the household, and Mrs. Warder was driven to some other form of labour to eke out her living. Teaching and knitting seemed not altogether incompatible yoke-fellows, therefore to knitting Mrs. Warder turned—her eyes I was going to say, but this would be slightly inaccurate, for only at long intervals did her gaze rest on the blue worsted being worked into guernsey frocks for the fishermen of Pendruthan—
to knitting, I say, Mrs. Warder turned her fingers.

This amalgamation of professions caused her teaching to become somewhat disjointed. For example, a class are standing round their mistress reading a chapter from the book of Ezra, a favourite book with her, for some inscrutable reason. Mrs. Warder counts her stitches in an undertone while the children read the verses in turn.

"Now therefore, T-a-t-n-a-i," (with a rising inflection on the last letter).

"Tatnai," says Mrs. Warder. "Now then, Tommy Watts, I'll give you a cutting if you arn't quiet."

"Tatnai," repeats the boy, "governor beyond the river, S-h-e-t-h-a-r-b-o-z-n-a-i."

This is rather a nut even for Mrs. Warder to crack, but she makes the best of it, and calls it "Shetarbozny."
“Shetarboznj,” repeats the boy, (“Twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one,” counts Mrs. Warder), “and your companions,” (“I’ll give you the ceeane, Billy, you naughty boy you, I ceeant hear meself spake”), “your companions the A-p-h-a-r-s-a-c-h-i-t-e-s” (“Apharsactites” from Mrs. Warder), “Apharsactites which are beyond the river,” (“Doant ee spake so loud,” from Mrs. Warder again, “do ee think I’m deef?”), “be ye far from thence.”

“Forty-one, forty-two,” said Mrs. Warder as the boy concluded, “that’ll do, sit down and learn your teeables while I meeake a pasty for dennar. Jeeames, you skin the teeaties; Jessie, you peel they two onions; Tommy Waters and Freddy Wilton, you wind off they there two hanks of worsted, and mind you doant git it into a tangle.”

And do you really mean to say that
Arthur Treleaven was sent to such a school as this! Verily, O reader, I do, and make bold at the same time to affirm that good work was often produced from such unpromising material. A knowledge of the doings of Shetarbozny and the Apharsactites may not perhaps be of any great value commercially speaking, and Mrs. Warder's pronunciation of the last letter of the alphabet as "ampassy" may be called in question, but learning how to avoid tangles and how to peel potatoes economically is by no means to be despised, especially when you have the multiplication table up to four times, and pothooks and hangers thrown in.

Arthur remained for two years under the care of Mrs. Warder, the monotony of which was varied by the operation known as "breeching," and a slight attack of measles. At the end of that
time his heart was gladdened by a piece of news of inestimable value to a high-spirited boy: he was for ever to throw off the yoke of petticoat government (at least until he took to himself a wife); he was going to study away from the distraction of female society; he was going to "a man's school."
CHAPTER VIII.

A MAN'S SCHOOL.

There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.

_The Deserted Village._

Yes, Arthur Treleaven was going to a man's school, that is, not a school for men—he was not yet old enough for the university—but a school kept by a man.

It was a national school, and supported, as many national schools are, to a large extent by the parson. Thirty-five children at threepence, and twenty at twopence, would only produce the munificent sum of twelve shillings and a penny sterling.
per week, supposing everybody brought his pence with the regularity of the sun, a most extravagant supposition. Deduct from this the money required to keep a respectable coat on the master's back and to keep a fair supply of canes in pickle for refractory pupils, and it is evident that the unfortunate individual would become extremely attenuated in a short time were not some liberal hand held out to keep the meat-tub supplied.

Pendruthoran National School was not a very imposing edifice, nor was it fitted up with great elegance, but it inspired great awe in the mind of Arthur Treleaven, accustomed only to the lesser glories of Mrs. Warder's school. Instead of pictures of mediæval saints, the walls were adorned with maps yellow with age, for they had served their generation at the rectory before they found their way to
the national school. A map of the world in two hemispheres was a puzzle to Arthur for many a day. He could not at all understand how the two sides of the orange-like globe could be got to look one way without presenting flat surfaces at the back. He managed to look behind the map one day when the master was out of the room, but failed to discover anything likely to help him out of his difficulty.

As a set-off against this it must be confessed that some of his difficulties were solved very summarily.

For example, he found it hard, after the laxity prevalent at Mrs. Warder's, to imitate the Psalmist and to hold his tongue and say nothing. But Mr. Potts was something of a martinet, and an application to a tender part of Arthur's frame taught him that it would be well in future to hold
his peace—yea, even from good words—if he desired to preserve his skin intact.

Once he fared badly for not speaking, so perversely does Dame Fortune deal with her minions. The master was giving a reading lesson to the boys in the first class, and, as no education code vexed the soul of Mr. Potts in those primitive times, and no pupil teachers were provided to teach what they themselves did not understand, the class in which Arthur found himself placed was thrown pretty much upon its own resources, and left to acquire a knowledge of arithmetic by intuition. But soon a hum which sounded quite unlike that of the busy bee proceeded from the idle accountants, and Mr. Potts, finding that his cane was being worn out by severe applications to the wooden walls all to no purpose, decided to exchange this wooden monitor for one of flesh and blood.
"Arthur Treleaven, you sit on the seat opposite, and call out any boy you see talking."

"Yes, sir," answered Arthur, taking the seat of vigilance with fear and trembling.

A dead silence reigned, and Mr. Potts led his flock into the devious paths of science without further distraction. Nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen became in their mouths as household words, much, it is to be hoped, to their edification. Unfortunately that bad boy, Jemmy Nash, took it into his head when Mr. Potts was, as he thought, quite absorbed by his scientific researches, to make a few remarks to Richard Hooker, who being evidently not related to the well-known judicious person of the same name, made a few further remarks.

"If you talk I shall call you out," said
Arthur to the refractory couple in a stage whisper.

"If you do," returned Master Nash, "I'll punch you when we get out of school."

Here was a dilemma, indeed! Which was better, to be thrashed indoors or punched out? I am sorry to say the moral aspect of the case never presented itself to Arthur. He thought not of his duty, but of the consequences. The thrashing he might avoid, the punching he could depend upon if he called out his friend Nash. Whatever Nash's vices might be, he kept his word—at all events when he had promised to oblige any one with a punching. Unfortunately for all concerned, Mr. Potts drew off his attention from the hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen just at the crisis of their naughtiness, and instantly there was an explosion. I mean
that Mr. Potts exploded, not the afore-
named gases.

“Come here, you three,” he shouted in
a tone which filled the breasts of the
delinquents with terror. They knew well
that Mr. Potts never invited any of his
flock to meet him without giving them
something to keep in remembrance of
him.

“Hold out your hands,” said Mr. Potts.

Three unclean little hands were stretched
out.

“Hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen,” said Mr.
Potts as he brought down his cane in turn
on the three hands.

“Now your left.”

Once more the man of science impressed
the three odious gases upon their memories,
beginning with Arthur this time, instead of
Master Nash,

Surely this is the end? No. “Right
again," said the stern dominie; and this time Richard Hooker had the honour of leading off with hydrogen.

"My young friends," said Mr. Potts with a sarcastic smile, "go back and hold your hands if you are not able to hold your tongues.

After this melancholy incident Arthur Treleaven came to the conclusion that it was not all pleasure even to go to a man's school.
CHAPTER IX.

WEDDINGS AND FUNERALS.

Thou art a dewdrop, which the morn brings forth,
Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks;
Or to be trail’d along the soiling earth!
A gem that glitters while it lives,
And no forewarning gives;
But at the touch of wrong, without a strife,
Slips in a moment out of life.

Wordsworth.

"Now, Jessie, you must be the parson, and marry me and Jenifer. Hold up your head and speak big like Mr. Carnanton. Say, 'Mr. Rundle, will you have Miss Trewhella?' and I'll say 'Yes.'"

"But I don't want to be married, Mark; let us play at something else."

"No, I'm going to play weddings,"
answered Mark, "and you must do what I say. Women must always do what the men tell them; I heard Mr. Josiah say so when he was talking to your father."

Three children were playing in a garden at St Enodoc. The girl of ten was Jenifer—Jenifer Trewhella as she was always called. It was nine years since our story opened, and the child had become a girl of ten. She had not lost the beauty which her infancy foretold. Tall and straight, with her pale complexion and lustrous eyes as of old, she bade fair to become possessed of such a wealth of beauty as woman is rarely dowered with. But that the future must unfold. She was now the child of ten—and childish for that age, for at St. Enodoc precocity had little to feed upon, and the faculties ripened at a somewhat late season of the year.

Mark and Jessie Rundle were the chil-
dren of neighbours of the Trewhellas, Jeremiah Rundle and Elizabeth, his wife. Jerry Rundle, for nobody dreamt of calling him Jeremiah except his wife when she was in what Jerry called her tantrums, was a flourishing rope-maker, "carrying on his own treeade," as his townsmen put it. He had carried it on to such good purpose, and had gone wrong end before to such an excellent result, that his son, Mark, who was somewhat given to boasting, although so young had whispered to Jenifer in confidence that his father had five hundred pounds in the bank—he had heard him tell his mother so.

Mark and Jessie were the constant companions and playmates of Jenifer. The boy, who was just her supposed age, was a fine little fellow with a bright face, and dark clustering hair. He was quick and clever, and bade fair to turn out well.
One quality he had, unpleasant enough in any, but peculiarly disagreeable in one so young—a habit of boasting. His father's ropes were stronger than the ropes of other people, his boats were faster, his ducks were fatter, the eggs they laid larger, his donkey was a noble animal, equal in fact, to other people's ponies. He could work multiplication sums better than Tom Clemence could do addition; if any other boy took six birds' eggs from a nest, that was nothing, he had often taken ten. Billy Chard's father's pig weighed twenty score; what of that? the pigs belonging to the house of Rundle often pulled down twenty-six score and made nothing of it.

This sort of thing did not quite suit Mark's schoolfellows, and on one occasion it cost a severe fight to maintain the honour of the Rundle pig, but in his own little
circle it was received with respectful acquiescence, and Jessie and Jenifer, although they disliked boys—most girls do from nine to fifteen—regarded Mark as a person possessed of immeasurable superiority over the ordinary boyish kind. Therefore when Mark insisted that Jenifer should be his bride, and Jessie the parson to tie the knot, the two girls yielded after Jenifer’s ineffectual protest.

"Well, Mark," said Jenifer, "you must only marry me for ten minutes, I want to play at shows after that."

"Very well," said Mark, "but you’ll be my wife when I’m big enough to keep a horse and cart of my own, won’t you, Jenifer?"

"Yes," answered the bride-elect, "but I don’t want to leave Jessie. Can’t you marry Jessie, too?"

"No, you foolish," said Mark, "but I’ll
tell you what—when we're married, Jessie shall come and light the fire, and clean the boots, and wash the clothes."

Jessie agreed to take this humble position in the future household of her brother, and Mark went on,—

"I'm going to have a big house then, with a green door and a knocker; and when anybody knocks, you must open the door and say, 'Now, then, wipe your dirty shoes, and don't bring the mud in about the house,' just like Mr. Josiah's Mrs. Pinnock."

"What's that? what's that?" said Mr. Josiah himself, emerging as he spoke from the back of Trewhella's house; "what are you youngsters up to?"

"Oh," answered Mark, "we're playing at weddings. I'm going to marry Jenifer, and Jessie is to be the parson."

"Playing at weddings!" said Mr. Josiah.
“What next will you play at? You had much better play at funerals, they are far better than weddings, if I’m any judge. Dear, dear,” he continued, as he retired into the house, shaking his head, “what are people coming to? They chatter of marrying from the time they learn to talk until they are ready for their coffin. Wedding-rings, cakes, banns, bridesmaids, sweethearts—’tis dreadful to think of. Better they thought a little about the quarrelling, and the howling babies, and the bread and butter needed to stop their mouths. If it goes on much longer like this, the world will be past bearing with.”

“What’s the matter with Mr. Josiah?” said Jenifer to Mark as soon as the door was closed; “doesn’t he like us to play at weddings?”

“No,” answered Mark, “there’s something the matter with him. I heard Mrs.
Craddock say he has got the mollygrubs, but I don’t know what that is. Mother says that Mrs. Pinnock is enough to turn any dairy sour: perhaps she makes Mr. Josiah cross. I would as soon play at funerals as weddings, only somebody must die, or you can’t have a funeral. Will you die, Jessie, and then we’ll dig your grave here under the apple-tree. Lie down and die, and don’t be long, ’cause I want to go in and learn my lesson for to-morrow.”

“I won’t die on the grass,” said Jessie, “’tis too wet. Let me lie down and die on your lap, Jenifer.”

Jenifer held her little playmate until she was considered dead enough, while Mark dug a pit for a grave. When all was ready Mark seized his sister by the shoulders, and Jenifer carried her feet. Unfortunately Mark, walking backwards towards the grave, tripped over a big stone, and,
letting go his hold, his sister's head came with great force upon it, rendering her completely insensible. The screams of Mark and Jenifer brought out Trewhella and his wife and Mr. Josiah, and between them they carried the child to her own house next door. The doctor was sent for. He came at once, but looked very grave when he had examined the child.

"Concussion of the brain," he said. "It may be serious, Mrs. Rundle; you must not be surprised if she remains unconscious for some time."

All through the night they watched without seeing any sign of returning consciousness. At twenty minutes past nine o'clock the next morning, they perceived a tremulous movement of the eyelids, and in a little while she was able to recognize her friends.

They hoped that now the worst was
passed, but in this they were sadly mistaken. It soon became evident to all that she was slowly sinking, and the doctor, when he came, told them to expect the worst.

Poor Mark was in bitter distress. It was bad enough to lose his sister, but the thought that it was his own carelessness which was causing her death was almost more than his little heart could bear.

Jessie did not seem troubled when they told her that she was going away from them. She only said,—

"I want Jenifer, send for Jenifer."

As soon as Jenifer came Jessie took her hands, saying,—

"Jenny, mammy says I'm going away."

"Going, where?" asked Jenifer, somewhat dazed by her grief.

"I'm going to heaven," answered Jessie gravely; "won't you come, too, Jenny, as soon as you can?"
"You don’t want to go, Jessie, and leave poor mammy," said Mrs. Rundle, through her tears.

"No," she answered, "I don’t want to leave you, but I’m tired, and teacher told me that Jesus do carry the little tired children in His arms. Carry me, please, carry me," she continued, looking up and stretching out her arms.

For a moment or two she remained in this attitude and then her arms sank by her side, her blue eyes closed, and saying softly, "I’m sleepy," she fell asleep, never more to wake in this world of pain and weariness.

Jenifer had found her first great trouble, and her mimic wedding was turned into a real and sorrowful funeral.
CHAPTER X.

THE FIRST CIGAR.

My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throb'd awhile, then beat no more:
The skies spun like a mighty wheel;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel.

*Byron.*

It was the duty of Mr. Potts to watch his flock as well on Sundays as on weekdays. Classes were held in the schoolroom on Sunday mornings to teach the Church catechism in the vulgar tongue, and to instil into the minds of young Pendruthan their duty towards God and their neighbours.

About a quarter past ten o'clock, Mr. Potts drew up his pupils in military fashion
and marched them off to the parish church, which was a good two miles away. This afforded great delight to Arthur. The quiet church by the river-side inspired him with great awe and admiration. Its three bells struck him as something sublime, for, poor lad, he had been accustomed only to one.

The ceiling never failed to interest him, for the bosses of the rafters had been painted by the rector himself with arms and devices, some natural, some grotesque, but all impressive. The tombstones, too, always afforded matter for rumination, they were so old and moss-covered, and bore such quaint inscriptions, and commemorated such paragons of virtue.

The service itself, it must be confessed, was not altogether edifying, for no books were provided for the youthful wor-
shippers, and consequently time sometimes hung rather heavily upon their hands. Arthur thought that perhaps this was his own fault, for one old gentleman who was a thatcher on weekdays—a very prodigy of erudition—was able to manage the Litany just as well as the parson, without so much as looking into a Prayer-book.

On Wednesday evenings Arthur and his school-fellows attended service at Pendruthan held by the rector in a chapel of ease. It might possibly be fitly so called, so far as the parish church was concerned, but assuredly the worshippers found little ease in it, for the seats were narrow and straight, and the backs bolt upright,—some, I fancy, with a slight inclination forwards; the kneeling-stools had such a decided slope that only a desperate grip saved one from slipping to the floor; and
the building was so draughty that some letters of the alphabet were almost unheard through the colds in the heads produced thereby. Indeed, it was so uncomfortable that a stout Churchman once declared that only one parson had ever succeeded in sending him to sleep in it, whereas in the parish church the very dullest preacher would soothe him and give him something to dream about.

To this chapel of ease Arthur went as in duty bound. One Wednesday night, for some mysterious reason, he left the church before the time came when men take their rest in sleep, to find the reason for which it will be necessary to go back a step or two.

A month before an Austrian barque had, during a storm, found her last resting-place on a rock jutting out from
one of the headlands which bounded the little harbour of Pendruthan, the crew being fortunate enough to reach the beach in their boat without any mishap save a drenching.

The captain decided to dismantle his ship and to sell whatever they could land, as it was obviously impossible for the derelict vessel ever to float again. One of the cellars used for curing pilchards being empty, the crew made it their home during the time they were employed in destroying the ship.

These Austrian sailors, fourteen in number, with their strange dress and language afforded great entertainment and some little instruction to the Pendruthan lads. It must be confessed that the knowledge they imparted could scarcely be classed under the head of useful. Not that they, poor fellows,
intended to corrupt the morals of the artless youngsters who sought their society. They were good-natured, honest, and sober, and conducted themselves generally in such a satisfactory manner that, as Mrs. Betsy Polsue observed, they need not be ashamed to get wrecked again on the same spot. It is possible that Mrs. Polsue's judgment was slightly warped, for, to tell the truth—it will not harm her, she is long since gone from this ill-wishing world—Betsy was fond of a whiff of tobacco, and the good-natured Austrians in return for some little service she was able to render kept her pipe well supplied. I say this tobacco-smoking may possibly have clouded the judgment of the austere old lady, but whether this were so or not, it certainly proved a means of attracting the goodwill of the lads. But why?
Why? Is it nothing for a lad to be able to disport himself with an enormous cigar in his mouth just like any grown person at no expense whatever? This desirable consummation—to boys—the worthy Austrians placed within their reach.

True the elementary stages of cigar-smoking are somewhat painful, and—so ribald scoffers say—the advanced stages are of little worth. But what of that? Boys are not, as a rule, in the habit of looking at things from a utilitarian point of view, and as to the inconvenience of any possible course of action, is it not a fact patent to all observers that a boy “who is a boy,” as old Peter White the miller used to say, makes a point of entering a field across a thorn hedge instead of by the open gateway, and of walking through a deep puddle in pre-
ference to the uninviting dry part of the path?

Arthur Treleaven was not a lad to miss a good thing when it was to be had for the asking, and he was therefore soon initiated into the mysteries of smoking. Like many another novice he discovered that the thing he had longed for was not all his fancy pictured; nay, he even hated his former love. Inward qualms, not of conscience, superinduced bitter remorse.

This was partly owing to the fact that Arthur had no judicious friend to suggest a proper method of acquiring the difficult art. Instead of beginning with a mild whiff or two, and then going on gradually to perfection, from a smoker's point of view, he procured from one of his Austrian friends an enormous cigar measuring some eight inches, and, seeking
a quiet nook on the beach, he opened a fresh chapter in his life.

When, by great pluck and perseverance, he had got half-way through, it occurred to him that perhaps, on the whole, it would be well to reserve the remainder of the cigar for a future day.

The bell struck out just then for the usual Wednesday service, and at once his mind was made up; he would spread the pleasure over two days instead of ending it in one. He therefore wended his way in pensive mood to the church. He had heard Mrs. Polsue say that she was a martyr to heart-disease, which disease, by the way, she professed to keep under by strong doses of gin—nothing but gin will touch the heart, said Mrs. Polsue—and it now struck him for the first time that perhaps it was his fate to endure a like martyrdom, for "within
measurable distance” of his heart a new sensation had arisen which foreboded future woe.

This inward pain so increased that Arthur was unable to follow the rector further than the second lesson, and Mr. Potts was devoutly following the reverend gentleman when he was scandalized by the sight of one of his boys darting out of church like an arrow from a bow before his very eyes. Without waiting for the usual “Here endeth the second lesson,” the little gentleman started in pursuit. If this sort of thing goes on, he thought, canes had better be abolished by an Act of Parliament.

When Mr. Potts reached the little yard surrounding the church he found it empty; the boy had disappeared as if on wings. But what was that huddled together on the grass in the corner? It
was the truant boy. In a moment the avenging Mr. Potts was glaring down upon his intended victim.

"What are you doing here, you young rascal? Get up, and come into church. I’ll warm you to-morrow for this."

"Please, sir," moaned Arthur, "I’m bad."

"That’s true enough," said Mr. Potts, "but what’s the matter with you?"

"Oh, sir, I’m sick."

"Well, get up then, and go home; you’ll make yourself worse lying there upon the grass."

But Arthur’s legs seemed unequal to the work of transporting him home, and the relenting Mr. Potts said,—

"Wait a minute then, and I’ll send some one home with you."

Unfortunately the boy called out to perform this charitable office was Arthur’s
evil genius, Master Jemmy Nash, who made matters still more uncomfortable by saying to the master,—

“He’s been smoking, sir; I saw him with a whacking great cigar.”

“Take him home at once,” said Mr. Potts, irate again, “and tell his father all about it.”

Poor Arthur, crestfallen enough now, was, in obedience to this mandate, dragged by the malicious Nash through the most populous lanes of Pendruthan, a laughing-stock for all the little boys who did not attend church, and at last was safely landed at his father’s door.

Master Nash detailed Arthur’s iniquities, with a copious supplement of his own devising, and John Treleaven, who was somewhat of a martinet, in spite of his fondness for his son, gave him a severe
thrashing and sent him supperless to bed.

From this chapter it will be gathered that Arthur Treleaven was a very naughty boy, and that naughtiness usually brings its own punishment.
CHAPTER XI.

ON HEAVEN.

Alleluia we sing, like the children bright,
With their harps of gold and their raiment white,
As they follow their Shepherd with loving eyes,
Through the beautiful valleys of Paradise.

Hymn.

Two years had passed since Jessie Rundle died, but her image was still fresh in Jenifer's memory. It was easy for a boy like Mark, thrown more into the society of his school-fellows, as he grew older to forget gradually the one great grief of his life.

But Jenifer had never made bosom friends of any but Mark and Jessie, and now the one was taken from her, and
the other saw her less frequently, she was thrown more upon her own resources for amusements, and trained, little by little, to find food for thought in her own memories and speculations. Jessie’s death-scene was imprinted indelibly upon her mind, and often, sitting by herself in the little parlour, or silent in the midst of others by the kitchen fire, she formed fancy pictures of Jessie’s appearance and surroundings and occupations.

"A penny for your thoughts, Jenny," said Daniel Trewhella to her one winter’s evening, as she sat before the fire with some knitting in her hand, pursing her lips and knitting her brows, and staring at the fire of logs, not a spark of which she really saw.

Dan had left work for the day, and was in a quiet, meditative way smoking his evening pipe. Mrs. Trewhella and
Mrs. Craddock were debating a knotty question concerning the form of a pair of stockings which the former was knitting. Mrs. Craddock maintained vigorously that it was high time to "abate" the leg, while Mrs. Trewhella as vigorously contended that it was necessary to knit sixteen more rounds before that evolution took place.

"Sixteen rounds more," said Mrs. Craddock, "theest meeake a putty stocking of it; why the leg will be all ceealf. It might do for owld mother Trevarton who's got legs like helephants through the dropsy, but I'm sure Daniel Trewhella's legs are more ship-shape than that."

"Thenky, Mrs. Craddock," said Dan, laughing, "thenky for your good opinion of my legs, but you needn't be afraid of Beeca, she'll meeake em fit like a skin."
"Aw, iss," said Mrs. Craddock, "you'll stick up for your wife, but I've knitted a passel more stockings than she in my day, and ought to know something about it."

Jenifer had been silent all through this debate, and noticing her abstraction, Daniel made her the munificent offer above mentioned.

"A penny for your thoughts, Jenny."

"I was thinking about heaven," answered Jenifer, rousing herself.

"Law, massy me!" exclaimed Mrs. Craddock, "what things cheldurn do think about nowadays; I'm sure I dedn think of no sich treede when I was young."

"No," said Jenifer gravely. "Mr. Carnanton told us the other day that some people never think of heaven."

"Horty torty," exclaimed Mrs. Crad-
dock, "what does Mr. Carnanton knaw about what owld wemmin have a got in their heads, tes enough for he to do feeding hinterlects, as Mr. Josiah says. Parsons are very fond of tellin' people what to do, semmin' to me, not that I've got anything to say against Mr. Carnanton, he's a very kind gentleman, and sent some fust-rate soup to my owld man afore he died—not that soup could seeave un. I knawed he was goin', and I says to un when Mr. Carnanton was there, says I, 'You'll never go out of this house, John, afore theert car'd out. Our passon here'll soon have the buryin' of thee.' 'Iss, I believe he will,' he said, and so he ded."

"But what was you thinking about heaven?" asked Daniel, checking Mrs. Craddock's loquacious reminiscences.

"Oh!" answered Jenifer, "I was won-
dering if Jessie has got wings like the angels in our big Bible. Have all the people in heaven got wings, father?"

"I'm sure I can't tell," said Daniel, who was somewhat prosaic and not a very deep theologian; "I spoase the wings are for the little wans; they that have got strong legs can walk about, I should think, if they want to go anywhere."

"I expect Jessie can fly then," said Jenifer, "for she isn't big enough to walk far. Perhaps she'll have the flowers to weed and water just like she used in her little garden down here. Teacher told me we shall be in a garden again like Adam and Eve, and they used to tend the trees and flowers."

"I hop' I sheeant be put to tend flowers," said Mrs. Craddock, "I am sure I shall git the rheumatiz wuss than I've a
got it now. Our praicher says he ceeant tell 'zactly what we shall do up there, whether 'twill be these things, or thicky or t'other, but he do think it'll be some-thin' like a mittin', singin' and like a that."

"P'raps," said Mrs. Trewhella, "instead of inquiring what they do up to heaven, we had better teeake a little trouble to git there. I'm sure we arn't none of us too good."

"No, that we arn't," assented Mrs. Craddock, "and other people es a passel wuss. Look at the people who do live boath sides of me, what a set they be. I'm sure I often say like David, 'My sawl es among lions, and their tongues are drawn swords.' A basely owld cat wan of 'em do keep es the pleague of my life. Yesterday I had the beautifullest rabbit you ever seed govve to me, and I only left
it on the teeable five minutes while I went to the pump to fetch a turn of water, and when I come back ef that owld cat hadn a yaffled un up so as a wodn fit to ait. It govve me such a turn that I was ready to cry about it. But as I was goin' to say they have revival services down to our chapel in the winter, though why they doant have 'em in the summer I doant knaw; do they think God ceeant seeave sawls in the summer? Mr. Carnanton said to me t'other day, 'How many times have you been converted, Mrs. Craddock?' 'Three times, sir,' says I, 'and I am waiting for the next revival to be convarted again.' 'Dear, dear,' says he, 'what heathenism, to be sure; you had better turn and serve God at once instead of waiting for the next revival.' I doant know 'zactly what he maint by heathenism, only I could see he wodn very well plaised
—no more was I for that peart. What harm, I should like to know, es there in being convarted three times. I'm afeard from what the parson said about it he edn a convarted man hisself."

"I dunno 'bout that," said Rebecca, "but you'll have to go a long way to match Mr. Carnanton. He's the kindest gentleman that ever I seed, and so loving to the children, and when people are sick he's ready to see 'em and spake to 'em night and day."

"Iss, iss," answered Mrs. Craddock, "I doant conterdick 'ee, but people doant like very well to be called owld haythens. But I must be goin', my dears. I wish 'ee well, good-night," and so saying Mrs. Craddock took her departure.

"Well, Jenny," said Daniel to his daughter, who had remained silent during Mrs. Craddock's harangue, "do 'ee think
Jessie will be always tending flowers? She'll get rather tired of that, I think."

"She won't play at weddings and funerals, I suppose," answered Jenifer, "for Mr. Carnanton told us last Sunday that the people up in heaven don't die, and we read in school yesterday that the people don't have any weddings up there. They'll have to practise a lot, I expect, for the singing, and when they aren't singing Jesus will lead the lambs—that's the children—all about the meadows and by the river's side, teacher says. I should like that, and when He said, 'Jenny, you keep near to Me,' I would go as close as ever I could."

"Bless your dear little heart," said Mrs. Trewhella, kissing her; "but come, my love, say good-night to father, 'tis time to go to bed."

The good-night was said, and in a few
minutes a little white form was kneeling at the bed-side, with clasped hands, committing herself to the Good Shepherd who loves the lambs of His flock.
CHAPTER XII.

A LITERARY MAN.

A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.

_The Deserted Village._

When Arthur Treleaven had been at the national school between two and three years the boys were astounded one morning by the news that Mr. Potts had determined to lay down his rod of office. It was not that the worthy man was tired of his work, or that he found the Pendruthan boys unmanageable; the truth was, the revenue arising from the payments of his pupils, even when supplemented by "voluntary contributions," failed to fur-
nish Mr. Potts with a decent living, and a living for a wife was out of the question. Now Mr. Potts, like Francis Bacon, had found "a handsome maiden to his liking," and to secure her found it necessary to exchange short commons for Doctors' Commons, and the Education Department for the Home Office.

For a week or two there was an interregnum, a state of things not much relished by parents who had to calculate carefully the cost of boots and jackets, but appreciated greatly by all the boys, whose naughtiness had been restrained by Mr. Potts. At last another Pharaoh arose who was to appear before the boys on the following Monday. Stimulated by curiosity the boys took their places with unwonted punctuality on the eventful morning.

At ten minutes past nine steps were
heard outside, and the tumult which had reigned was hushed. "He's coming," was whispered. The door was knocked, and then opened, and in walked—Master Jemmy Nash. This wily individual had made sure that the new master was not yet arrived, and then practised upon the credulity of his fellows.

This artifice naturally disgusted the dupes, and half a dozen of the biggest boys, seizing Nash, proceeded to inflict a suitable punishment upon that part of the human frame provided for the purpose, when again the door opened, and in walked the rector, a gentleman in spectacles, and a lady with long drooping curls.

"Boys, boys, what's all this?" asked the goodnatured rector.

Nash was a youth not easily dismayed, and assuming a perpendicular attitude and an air of innocence, he answered,—
"Please, sir, they threw me down because I told um to be quiet."

"Did they really?" said the rector, "that was very wrong; but sit down, James, here's a penny for you, and mind you are always a good boy."

The boys generally were so astounded at Nash's audacity, that they made no remonstrance, and settled down quietly to examine the new master.

"Boys," said the rector, "I have brought you a successor to Mr. Potts, and I hope you'll behave as well in the future as you generally did in the past. This is your new teacher, Mrs. Thornlake, and I hope you will obey her and like her."

"Whew," said Nash in an undertone, "'tis a she one."

"Well, I think I shall like her better than owld spectacles," whispered Richard Hooker.
Mrs. Thornlake soon showed that she was able to wield the rod; for, the very first afternoon, turning quickly, she saw Nash with his thumb to his nose and his fingers pointing straight at her. Nash explained that he was merely scratching his nose, which was inclined to itch sometimes.

"Very well," said Mrs. Thornlake, "probably your back also is itching and wants scratching, and, as it is difficult for you to reach, I will scratch it for you."

She thereupon scratched the patient’s back to such good effect that it cured not only Nash’s back, but also his nose, for, so far as could be ascertained, the latter never more itched while he was under Mrs. Thornlake’s care.

Mr. Thornlake was a literary man, and rarely encroached on his wife’s special province. Not that he ever wrote a book or even a magazine article; he confined
himself to distributing at a moderate profit the works of others. It is to be feared that his efforts in his own chosen line were not adequately appreciated at Pendruthan. Mr. Thornlake, who possessed a talent for forming schemes for making large sums of money—which always proved abortive, but not from any fault of his own—bethought him of opening a book-stall on Pendruthan Quay on market days. The public, he felt sure, would recognize his philanthropic design in the most practical way, and bear to their homes the stores of edifying literature, leaving behind in his pocket the current coin of the realm. On the next Friday morning, therefore, Mr. Thornlake, assisted by two lads, placed in a commanding position a large kitchen table (borrowed for the purpose), and on this he arranged sundry copies of the "Pilgrim's Progress," a few first numbers
of an illustrated Family Bible, John Wesley's "Sermons"—these, Mr. Thornlake thought, would have a rapid sale in such a Wesleyan community; Baxter's "Saint's Rest," a "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte," and some miscellaneous story-books.

Mr. Thornlake opened early, for he purposed to re-order any books which half a day's trial showed to be popular by the afternoon post. At nine o'clock, therefore, he seated himself at the table in a green kitchen chair, and waited for customers, having previously procured from his wife several shillings' worth of silver and copper "to give change." Perhaps it was the cold east wind which kept the customers away, but, whatever was the reason, noon had passed before a single customer appeared. Several gentlemen of the seafaring persuasion had inspected Mr. Thorn-
lake's stall and the owner thereof much as they would gaze at the sea-serpent or any other strange animal, but they did not make any offer for Baxter's "Saint's Rest," or the "Pilgrim's Progress." One man, more irreverent than the rest, observed that "a good pipe of baccy" was more in his line, but most of them contented themselves with remarking that the wind was sharp, and they hoped he would not get rheumatism.

At a quarter-past twelve a customer came. At noon Mr. Thornlake's spouse had dismissed her scholars, according to custom, and some of the more enterprising boys, including Arthur and Jemmy Nash, discovering the forlorn bookseller—perhaps book-keeper would be the more correct word—reading to wile away the time, by the aid of a pair of spectacles and a powerful eyeglass, determined to get some
fun out of him. Nash suggested that they should send various innocent-looking boys to inquire for articles which they knew he did not sell. This idea was approved of, and Arthur was selected to be Mr. Thornlake's first customer. Mr. Thornlake was immersed in a chapter of the "Saint's Rest" when he was aroused by a knock on the kitchen table, and, looking up, he saw Arthur, whom he had some faint recollection of having seen at the school.

"Well, my lad, what can I do for you?" said Mr. Thornlake.

Business was so slack, that it was well to be civil even to a small boy.

"Please, sir, for a penn'orth of shoemaker's wax."

This was an unfortunate slip of Arthur's. He had been told sealing-wax, but getting nervous in the presence of Mr. Thornlake, had substituted the word "shoemaker's."
Mr. Thornlake's temper was not a very sweet one at the best of times, as his wife knew by experience, but now he waxed furious.

"You young rascal," he shouted, "to come here insulting me. I'll put my stick about your back if you're not off."

Arthur took to his heels as soon as he discovered that his fun was likely to involve him in trouble, but Nash and his companions added to the fuel of Mr. Thornlake's ire by shouting from their safe retreat,—

"Five eyes, owld five eyes."

The result of this diversion was by no means satisfactory, for, to the horror of the delinquents, Mr. Thornlake appeared at the school in the afternoon, and formally arraigned some boys unknown on a charge amounting to high treason, namely,
for calling him, Mr. Thornlake, the mistress's master, "owld five eyes," which derogatory term had doubtless some far-fetched reference to his combination of eyes, spectacles, and magnifying-glass.

"Did Mr. Thornlake know the boys?"

He could not lay claim to that pleasure. There was one boy he thought he could recognize, who came to him with an insulting request for a pennyworth of shoemaker's wax.

"Would Mr. Thornlake endeavour to point him out?"

He would, with great readiness.

Accordingly, the aforesaid five eyes were brought to bear upon the rows of faces, much to the amusement of those who had taken no part in the wax incident. Arthur, Jemmy Nash, and their associates failed to see the comic side of this inspection, Arthur expecting a thrashing on being recognized,
and Nash fearing that Arthur would reveal his share in the transaction. At last Mr. Thornlake stopped in front of Arthur, and surveyed him minutely with his five eyes.

"This is the boy, Mrs. Thornlake," said her aggrieved spouse; "I am confident that this is the boy."

"Arthur Treleaven, did you ask Mr. Thornlake for a pennyworth of shoemaker's wax?" inquired the mistress.

"Yes," answered Arthur, "but I forgot, I meant sealing-wax."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Thornlake, "if you meant sealing-wax you would have said sealing-wax; you are only making matters worse by telling a lie about it. Who shouted 'five eyes'?—tell me."

Arthur remained silent.

"Who shouted 'five eyes'?" interposed Mr. Thornlake.
"Mr. Thornlake, please leave the matter to me," said his wife.

"But I was insulted, and I will ask," exclaimed Mr. Thornlake.

"Remember, Mr. Thornlake, that I am the mistress of this school, and do not intend to give up the reins even to you."

"Yes, you are the mistress," retorted Mr. Thornlake, "and the sooner you teach your pupils how to behave the better."

"Mr. Thornlake, I will not be lectured by you."

"And, Mrs. Thornlake, I will not be dictated to by you."

"If you do not know how to behave, Mr. Thornlake, you had better go and look after your bookstall."

"Confound you and the bookstall too," exclaimed the enraged Mr. Thornlake, rushing out of the room, and banging the door after him.
Mrs. Thornlake did not allow this little altercation to put an end to the judicial proceedings, but saying in a sarcastic tone,—

"You must take no notice of what Mr. Thornlake says, he is suffering from a bilious attack," she resumed the cross-examination.

"Arthur Treleaven, who shouted 'old five eyes'?"

No answer was returned.

"I will loosen your tongue," said Mrs. Thornlake, fetching the cane. "Hold out your hands."

Arthur obeyed, and received a stinging blow on each.

"That is for the shoemaker's wax," said Mrs. Thornlake; now tell me who shouted 'old five eyes,' or I will give you two more cuts."

Still the culprit refused to answer, and
the mistress kept her promise by giving him two more blows, which sent the blood tingling up his arm. Again this was repeated without effect. The boy absolutely refused to turn informer, and Mrs. Thornlake, seeing that further questioning was useless, gave him three or four sharp blows over the back, and placed him in the corner, with his face to the wall, for the rest of the afternoon.

Master Nash was struck with admiration at this magnanimity, and, when school was dismissed, proposed to the five boys who had joined him in sending Arthur on his unfortunate errand, that they should present him with a testimonial for sparing their hands and backs at the expense of his own. This was carried unanimously, and each of the boys searched his pockets for a suitable offering. Jemmy Nash gave a peg-top slightly damaged, Richard
Hooker a stick of slate pencil, Tommy Trebilcock a lead medal, Peter Tonkin a pocket-knife with one blade gone, and the other rather the worse for wear, and Fred Peters a squirt-ball and half a dozen marbles.

With these tributes of friendship in his pocket Arthur wended his way home, as much elated as any great general when, after a deadly battle, he receives an intimation from his sovereign that she intends to confer a peerage upon him, and to recommend Parliament to grant a pension in consideration of his distinguished services.
CHAPTER XIII.

A PIOUS FOUNDER.

There I was birch'd! there I was bred!
There like a little Adam fed
From learning's useful tree.
The weary tasks I used to con!
The hopeless leaves I wept upon!
Most fruitless leaves to me!

Hood.

Soon after the events recorded in our last chapter, Mrs. Thornlake, for domestic reasons, retired into private life for a few weeks, and Mr. Thornlake gave up his bookstall, which had failed to justify his sanguine expectations, to attend to his wife's duties.

It is a question whether a long vacation
would not have been on the whole as profitable for the minds of the boys—it certainly would have been better for their bodies. Mr. Thornlake detested his scholars, and they hated and despised him. Consequently, whipping had to do duty for instruction. Flogging, it has been said, is a good thing in every station of life. This may be true, but a plethora of good things is apt to pall on one, and a month's flogging was quite as much as the boys of Pendruthan cared for. At the end of that time Mrs. Thornlake returned, bringing with her a diminutive copy of her respected husband, to whom she administered at odd minutes the beverage duly provided by nature.

Mrs. Thornlake soon discovered that the work done in her absence was not of a high order. She therefore carefully collected all exercise-books, and selecting
the most untidy pages, wrote at the beginning, "Mrs. Thornlake left," and at the end, "Mrs. Thornlake returned." Alas! alas! for the honour of woman, many of the blots thus fathered upon Mr. Thornlake came into existence without the cooperation of that maligned gentleman.

The Thornlakes found in a short time that residence at Pendruthan was not conducive to obesity, and therefore departed to a more generous locality. Another mistress was procured, but she soon followed the Thornlakes. It seemed likely that if some vigorous steps were not taken Mrs. Warder would have all Pendruthan to find mental food for.

The church had had its innings: it was the turn of the Bryanites to go to the wickets. Mr. Jonathan Bawden, the leading personage among this sect, a substantial butcher with a family of ten
children, all boys, bethought him of a plan which would conduce to the prosperity of the local Zion while furnishing the young people, including a moiety of the aforesaid boys, with the instruction which they so much needed.

"Fix some desks with hinges to the seats in the chapel," said he, "and the thing is done. Turn them up on weekdays and you have your school; turn them down on Sundays and again the building becomes a chapel. Buy some slates and slate-pencils, tell the boys to bring their own copy-books and pens, and you can open school as soon as you like. As for reading-books, there are plenty of Bibles, wanting perhaps part of the book of Genesis and some of the Revelations, but still quite good enough for the purpose."

There was one thing lacking—a school-master, but Mr. Jonathan Bawden was
not a man to forget such an important factor. He had his eye on a suitable individual, Mr. Simon Beckerleg, a person the shady side of fifty, a widower with one daughter, who would be able to help him in his business. Mr. Simon Beckerleg had passed most of his life in the humble occupation of stone-breaking, but that was nothing to his disadvantage—he was a very erudite stone-breaker, and, besides, his profession would have taught him to wield the birch with good effect, to hit, in fact, the most telling blow in the most fitting place. Mr. Simon Beckerleg therefore, upon an early day, as parliamentary usage puts it, assisted by his daughter Jemima, assumed the function lately performed by the lamented Mrs. Thornlake.

The building was calculated to inspire a great awe in the minds of all but hardened reprobates like Jemmy Nash.
A flavour of the previous Sunday's discourses seemed to pervade the schoolroom, and boys with a vivid imagination could almost hear the sounding thumps given by some particularly energetic Boanerges on the pulpit Bible. The light was dim, very dim, if not religious, and the back walls presented a pleasing green appearance, the result of drainage operations on the higher level at the rear. It must be confessed that the result of the combination of educational advantages with sound Divinity did not answer Mr. Jonathan Bawden's expectations. The lads came readily enough to the day-school, which was nothing extraordinary, seeing there was nowhere else to go, excepting Mrs. Warder's; but the "round preachers" might thump the Bible into shreds and bawl themselves hoarse on Sundays without enticing any lads from "the other
sexes,” as Mrs. Polsue phrased it. They were so satiated on weekdays that they preferred other fare on Sundays. At the end of ten months the experiment was given up, and Mr. Simon Beckerleg returned to his stone-breaking, varied with an occasional jaunt to sell fresh pilchards.

The chief event which occurred to Arthur during his stay at Mr. Beckerleg’s school was his first stand-up fight. It was very wicked to fight, I know, but truth compels me to give a plain, unvarnished tale, and to relate Arthur’s vices as well as his virtues. It happened in this wise. Several boys were playing in a disused sawpit one evening, Jemmy Nash, Arthur Treleaven, and Peter Chard being of the number, when a quarrel arose through Peter Chard making a rude remark about John Treleaven.

“Your father,” said he, “stole a piece
of timber and two oars from old Dick Bastard."

"He did not," said Arthur; "he took the timber and oars from Dick just after they washed in, and carried them to the watch-house."

"My father said he saw your father cutting it up for firewood," persisted Peter.

"Then your father told a lie," said Arthur hotly.

"And your father is a thief," retorted Peter.

"I'll hit you if you say that again."

"Your father is a thief," repeated Peter deliberately.

Arthur's blood boiled at this aspersion upon his father, whom he looked upon as a personification of bravery and goodness, and without considering Peter's extra four inches of stature, he struck him a blow in the breast with all his might.
Jemmy Nash slapped his knees in great glee, for a fight afforded him immense enjoyment, and he felt that nothing but a real hard combat would meet the requirements of this particular case.

"You back up Chard," he whispered to Richard Hooker; "I'll look after Treleaven. "You'll fight, I suppose?" he said aloud to Chard.

"Yes," answered Peter, "I'm ready for him at any time."

"Will you fight?" Nash inquired of Arthur.

"I don't want to fight," was the answer, "but I will unless he says that my father did not steal the oars. Will you say that, Chard?"

"No, I won't; he did steal them, and I would have punched you before now if Nash hadn't interfered."

"Come at it, then," said Arthur.
"Take off your jackets," said Nash; "let's have it all fair—put your toes together and wait till I give the word to begin."

The two stood facing each other.

"Now," said Nash, "at it you go."

Chard's style of warfare was not at all to Nash's taste. Planting his head about the middle of his adversary's stomach, Peter struck out wildly, without doing any particular damage; while Arthur, coached by Nash, aimed his strokes as best he could at his opponent's concealed features.

Several rounds were fought in this way without any definite result. Then, at Nash's suggestion, a little variety was introduced. Up to this point each round had been opened by Chard, the next was begun by Arthur. While Master Peter was debating how to begin, Arthur dealt him a sharp blow on the nose with his left
hand, which at once put an end to the battle. It must have given Chard some unpleasant sensations, for he burst into tears, saying,—

"You struck me unawares, you struck me unawares!"

"Get along," said Nash, "'twas fair fighting, and you were licked. Did you want Treleaven to stand waiting for you all night? Well done, Arthur," he continued, patting the victor over the back. "Whenever you fight, my boy, always hit 'em as hard as you can across the nose, it makes 'em see blazes in quick time."

Arthur’s explanation of his dishevelled appearance to his father and mother when he reached home was received in different ways.

"Don’t go fighting, my dear," said the mother, "'tis very wrong, and you’ll get hurt by great rough boys."
"That's a good boy to stand up for father," said John Treleaven, with secret pride in his son's loyalty and prowess; "but don't fight unless you are struck first, and don't take any notice of what that young rascal Peter Chard says, he's like his father, given to evil-speaking, lying, and slandering."
CHAPTER XIV.

THE ANTIQUARY.

Sometimes he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith.

*Henry IV.*, Pt. 1.

A lady and two gentlemen were seated at breakfast in the dining-room at St. Enodoc Castle. The lady was Mrs. Dunstable. Twelve summers had come and gone since we first made her acquaintance, but they had treated her kindly, and she was still as stately and good as ever.
One of the gentlemen was her brother, Mr. Treleigh. He was nearer the winter of old age than his sister, and had consequently suffered more at the hands of time. Mr. Burlington, who completed the trio, was a cousin to the late Mr. Dunstable, and had, after much pressing, accepted Mr. Treleigh’s invitation to spend a few weeks in Cornwall. In appearance he presented a marked contrast to his host. Mr. Treleigh with his seventy years was a fine fresh-looking old gentleman. His hair and beard were white as snow, but his massive frame was as erect and his eye as keen as ever. In his younger days he had been noted as a daring horseman, but for some years he had resigned that exercise to others,—more, it must be confessed, from necessity than choice, for gout had completely mastered his organs of locomotion and totally incapacitated
him from even the shortest walk unaided. This state of things could not be laid to the charge of the fine old port in the Castle cellars, for Mr. Treleigh had through life been abstemious. If he suffered for anybody's sins it must have been for the sins of some ancestor, who, unfortunately, strictly entailed the gout as well as his broad acres. Mr. Treleigh was a well-informed man with a taste for poetry, a keen politician, a straightforward and fearless magistrate, a liberal landlord, and a good master. To say that he was universally loved in St. Enodoc would be an exaggeration, for ill-disposed persons are always to be found ready to grumble at perfection itself; but all St. Enodoc, whose opinion was worth having, declared that there was not a better nor a kinder man than Mr. Treleigh in the county of Cornwall.
Mr. Burlington was an antiquary—irreverent people said a fossil. His long straight coat with immense pockets had an antediluvian appearance, and might have been worn by Methuselah in his declining years. The body which it covered was lean and long, and was surmounted when out of doors with an extremely tall hat, which had, apparently by natural selection, assumed the shape most in keeping with the substructure it was intended to crown.

"A charming county, charming county," said Mr. Burlington, "so wild and romantic, and so full of interest to the antiquary. Why, I'll be bound, Mr. Treleigh, that in this very parish I shall find objects of interest to employ my time for the whole fortnight I am with you; such things as old crosses—I understand you have a number of them in Cornwall—and
remains of ancient religious buildings and the like."

"Yes," answered Mr. Treleigh, "you can find plenty to do in that way; but, my good sir, you don't mean to mope over old crosses all the time, do you? Marian must take you to see some of our notable places; I only wish my legs permitted me to accompany you. You must see the Land's End, of course, and the Logan Rock, and Mount's Bay, and the Lizard, and Tintagel, and when you are tired of sightseeing you can pass the time fairly well in my library. I flatter myself that my collection of the English poets is unique."

"Perhaps Mr. Burlington is not fond of poetry," said Mrs. Dunstable; "you know, George, you are quite an enthusiast on the subject."

"No," said Mr. Burlington, "I care
very little for poetry, it is too dry for me: give me a well-written book, now, on the fossil fish of the red sandstone, or on the reconstruction of Gothic buildings from typical fragments, and I should not consider my time wasted in its perusal."

"Well, well," said Mr. Treleigh, laughing, "please yourself, you know; we want you to do just what is most agreeable to yourself. Of course, Mr. Burlington, you know Milton's beautiful reference to antique pillars and storied windows in 'Il Penseroso'?"

"I do not remember it," was the answer, "but I have read with very great interest a work by a friend of mine, Mr. Tedyas, on the same subject, containing six hundred and thirty-seven pages quarto; a most interesting volume I can assure you. As you feel an interest in such matters, Mr. Treleigh, perhaps you would
like to read the work. I can easily send it down to you."

"Oh, thank you very much," said Mr. Treleigh hastily, "but please don't trouble, my time is so taken up by one thing and another, that I am afraid I could hardly manage to read it in any reasonable period. 'Tis very kind of you to offer to send it me."

"Would you care for it?" asked Mr. Burlington, turning to the hostess.

"No, thank you," that lady replied. "As for poetry, I leave that to George; and with respect to arches and pillars, I think when they fall down the simplest thing is to replace them by new. I'm not at all sentimental in the matter."

"A great pity," said Mr. Burlington, shaking his head; "these important studies should be introduced into the school curriculum, and not left to be acquired at
random as at present. I think I shall write to my old friend at Oxford, the present head of Oriel, to suggest that he might use his influence to effect the desirable change. But I must not linger or it will not be worth my while to go out before luncheon."

"Where would you like to go first?" asked Mrs. Dunstable. "Shall I take you to see some of our cliff scenery, or would you like to inspect the church?"

"Thank you very much," was the answer, "but I could not think of troubling you; and indeed you would find it extremely dull, I fear, to wait about while I am pursuing my researches. I like best to wander about just as the fancy takes me, with only a lad as guide. Could you procure a sharp lad for me? I have the list of the farms in your parish which you made out for me last night."
"You had better have one of the men," said Mrs. Dunstable. "I suppose Parker can be spared, George?"

"Oh, by all means," answered Mr. Treleigh.

"Thank you," said Mr. Burlington, "but I much prefer a sharp boy. As a rule men have opinions of their own, and will maintain, in the face of the clearest evidence, that stones of whose antiquity and value you are convinced, are nothing but ordinary door-steps or pigs' troughs, or some such rubbish, whereas an intelligent boy takes it for granted that you know more about the matter than he, and holds his tongue. I have found some valuable relics with no companions but cow-boys and scarecrows."

"We can get you as many boys as you please," said Mrs. Dunstable. "I should think Rundle's son would suit, George, he
is a sharp lad, and is not at school now, nor working, for the Rundles haven't quite made up their minds what to do with him: he's hardly fourteen; do you think he's old enough for you, Mr. Burling-ton?"

"Quite," was the answer.

"Then I'll send for him," said Mrs. Dunstable, ringing the bell. "Spry," she continued, to the man who entered, "send to Rundle the ropemaker and say I want him to send up his boy Mark at once, if he's at home."

In about a quarter of an hour Mark arrived, and after some explanation was installed as guide to Mr. Burlington.

They made their way first, at Mr. Treleigh's suggestion, to Tremadoc Farm, for near the house were the remains of an ancient monastic building overlooking a large pond, which might, perhaps, have
furnished the monks with fish in pre-Reformation times, but which now contained nothing but a layer of mud two or three feet thick. The ruins disappointed Mr. Burlington, for the stones were so much decomposed by atmospheric influences and age, that almost nothing remained to indicate their original architectural features.

The occupant of the farm, Mr. Docton, who on hearing Mr. Burlington's errand, had volunteered to show him the ruins, now informed him that some carved stones were supposed to be lying at the bottom of the pond; he had never seen any himself, even when the water was low in the summer, but possibly they were imbedded in the mud.

"Ahem," said Mr. Burlington, "excuse me, but would it inconvenience you to put your men to drain out the pond for me? I think it would quite repay the labour."
"I don't know about that," said Mr. Docton, "but my men are busy preparing the ground for turnips; I couldn't call them away from that to search for old broken stones. You are quite at liberty, though, to do what you like with the pond."

"Perhaps I might find out something about the stones if I took off my boots and stockings and waded in," suggested Mr. Burlington. "What depth of water is there do you think?"

"Oh, there isn't much water," answered Mr. Docton; "perhaps a foot in the deepest part."

"I bathed here once with two or three boys belonging to our school," interposed Mark, "and we got covered with mud, but didn't feel any stones except a round one in the middle of the pond, three times as big as your head."
“Ah, the stones are there,” said Mr. Burlington to the farmer; “of course, boys wouldn’t examine such things very closely. It is a good deal to ask of you, Mr.—a—Docton, but perhaps you would not mind wading in on the opposite side while I go in here, and you, my boy—you are called Mark I think—you go in at the lower corner.”

“I must ask you to excuse me,” said Mr. Docton; “but—but—the fact is, I’ve been suffering a good deal from rheumatism lately, and perhaps it mightn’t agree with me.”

“Oh, perhaps not, perhaps not; you go in on the opposite side then, Mark, instead of Mr. Docton.”

The two explorers divested themselves of their lower garments and entered the pond. Mark, knowing by experience the nature of the bottom, did not show any
great eagerness in the enterprise, but Mr. Burlington made up in zeal what he lacked in knowledge, and went boldly in. Unfortunately a sunken branch lay across his path, and catching his foot in this he went floundering into the black greasy mud. Mark bravely rushed to the assistance of his patron, who, despite his mis-hap—nay, in consequence of it, was clinging to a large boulder which he had struck in his fall.

It is a matter for regret that Mr. Docton's antiquarian bump was so poorly developed, but the truth must be told that, instead of assisting the over-eager Mr. Burlington out of his difficulty, he remained standing on the edge of the pond, while a broad grin spread over his face—perhaps this was the result of a twinge of the rheumatism!

When the stone had been deposited on
the bank and examined, Mr. Burlington had to confess that, at any rate so far as that particular stone was concerned, Mark was right; it was only a common felspar boulder.

Mr. Burlington had, in consequence of his mishap, to return to the Castle for dry clothing. Mr. Treleigh and his sister hoped, when they heard the tale, that this disaster would cause the abandonment of the antiquarian pursuits for a day or two, but they were undeceived when, at luncheon, Mr. Burlington declared his intention of spending the afternoon in walking about St. Enodoc, examining the most ancient buildings, and looking into the gardens.

"I have often found valuable pieces of carving," said he, "in back-yards and in use as borders for flower-beds."

During the next few days, therefore,
Mr. Burlington astonished the inhabitants of the little town by peering into their gardens and back premises, and by examining intently sundry gate-posts and door-steps. The result of this was that stones which formerly were valued by their owners at the smallest coin of the realm, now were worth, if Mr. Burlington cared to buy them, "a good round sum," and others which aforetime were counted mere rubbish now had their market value.

Mr. Burlington's chief discovery during his fortnight's sojourn at St. Enodoc was an enormous granite cross, the largest, he said, in the county of Cornwall. The base with about four feet of the shaft had been found a few years before in digging a grave, some five feet below the surface. It bore the marks of chisels as if it had been wantonly broken during the reign of the
Puritans. With great labour it had been raised from its grave and placed in a corner of the churchyard. Mr. Burlington chanced to espy this weather-beaten fragment, and at once set himself to discover the missing portion of the cross, which, he felt convinced, must be lying about somewhere in the neighbourhood.

"Do you know of any crosses in the parish?" said he to Mark.

"There is one in Mr. Carnanton's garden," was the answer, "but it is not so thick as this."

"No, no, certainly not; it oughtn't to be if it belongs to this. I will go and see it at once."

Mr. Carnanton met the explorers and, on learning their errand, turned back with them. The cross, he said, was in the Vicarage grounds when he came to the parish, but he doubted whether it stood
on its original site. Indeed there was a tradition that it had once stood in the churchyard.

"But there it is," he continued as they reached the Vicarage gate, "you can examine it at your leisure."

It consisted of a shaft set in the earth, measuring about seven feet in height, surmounted by a beautiful Greek cross. Mr. Burlington was enraptured. He went round and round it, scrutinizing the tracery and admiring the proportions, and ended by taking careful measurements of its length and breadth and depth and height.

"If this belongs to that fragment in the churchyard," he said, "the cross as it stood complete must have been an enormous one. If you will kindly wait a minute or two I will work out the figures," Mr. Burlington continued, seating himself on
the grass regardless of ulterior consequences, and pulling out his note-book. "The bevel appears to be the same," he said, after a page or two had been covered with his calculations, "but it would take ten or twelve feet more to complete the cross unless I am mistaken. I should not be surprised—people are such Vandals—if the missing piece is in use somewhere as a gate-post, if indeed it has not been broken up by profane hands and put to still baser uses. Do you know, Mr. Carnanton, of any old gate-posts which might perhaps be what we are looking for?"

"There is an old granite gate-post on the way to a farm called Tregulls; you know it, Mark, I am sure. Mr. Hobarts will give you any assistance you might want in examining it."

"Then I'll go there at once."

"I must say good-morning," said Mr.
Carnanton, "as I have some business in the town, but Mark knows where to take you."

"Good-morning; I am extremely obliged to you for your help. Now then, Mark, we will set out for Tre—what do you call it? Tregulls."

The post was well worn, but Mr. Burlington detected, or fancied that he detected, some carving which corresponded with that of the cross in the Vicarage garden.

"It is possible," he remarked, "that the stone below the surface is not so much weathered; let us ask Mr. What's-his-name, the farmer, for assistance."

Unfortunately Mr. What's-his-name, the farmer, was from home, and the antiquary had to fall back upon his own resources. He was far too eager in the quest to wait until the next day. Perhaps some one could
be procured to dig around the post. Could Mark suggest anybody?

Mark thought the grave-digger would undertake the work if asked.

"The very man," said Mr. Burlington; "go and fetch him at once."

Mark ran off to seek this auxiliary while his patron lighted his favourite pipe to while away the time until his return. In about half an hour Mark reappeared escorting the sexton, an elderly, grizzled, wiry man without a spice of romance in his composition, who regarded his clients, not as departed human beings with husbands or wives, parents or children, but simply as so many "jobs."

"Look here, my man," said Mr. Burlington, "will you dig away the earth from the side of this post? you are accustomed to digging I understand. I want to examine the bottom of it."
“I’ss sure, sir,” was the answer, “I’ll dig it for ’ee. I beeant perticler whether tes pertaties or greeaves or geeate-postes I’m diggin’ so long as tes a job. Are I ’customed to diggin, ded ’ee ax, sir? Iss, I reckon I be. I’ve a buried a purty many people in our churchyard in my day, sir, and I hope to bury a passel more yet. Nobody ceeant say as I wornt never ready to bury ’em. Do ’ee want un digged up altogether, sir, or what?”

“No, not altogether, ’twill be sufficient to clear away the earth this side so that I may see what I think was the front of the cross.”

After the sexton had expended much time and strength, for the ground was extremely hard, Mr. Burlington was able by going down on his knees to see the whole length of the post. His inspection did not result in the discovery of any
carving, but he accounted for this by remarking that evidently it had been obliterated. More measurements were taken and more calculations gone through, and at length the antiquary announced to his assistants that this was evidently a portion of a great cross twenty-five feet in height, the finest in the county of Cornwall, that it was once joined to the pieces in the churchyard and in Mr. Carnanton's garden, and that a piece of granite about six feet long was wanting to restore the cross to its original state.

"It is getting late," he added, "we had better stop for the day. Run into the farm, Mark, and ask Mrs. Hobart to tell her husband that we will come to-morrow at three to make the post secure, and that I shall be very glad to see Mr. Hobart then if he is at home. What have I to pay you, my man?" (turning to the sexton).
"Well, sir, spoase we do say the seeame price as I do charge for digging a greeave. I'd sooner dig a greeave than a geeat-post, the ground is more freer a bra' dale."

"Very good, what do you charge for making a grave?"

"Three and six; and tdn a farden too much: though there be some people to grumble at the odd sixpence."

"Do they? I suppose you charge the extra sixpence on account of the melancholy associations connected with your calling?"

"Melancholy 'sociations, sir? I doant see no melancholy 'sociations in havin' a job to do; the moast melancholiest 'sociations, seemin to me, es when nobody weeant die for a month at a stretch. Thank the Lord, that edn very often."

"Ah, that's a new way of looking at it; but here we are at the Castle gate. Good
evening, my friend, good evening; don't forget to meet me here to-morrow at three."

On the following day, Mr. Carnanton, taking a walk to Tregulls, was somewhat surprised to see Mr. Hobarts beating down the rubbish at the foot of the gate-post with a large iron bar.

"What are you doing?" he inquired.

"Oh," answered Mr. Hobarts, "I'm filling this pit which that strange man who is staying at the Castle made here yesterday. He sent word that he would be here at three o'clock, and now it is after four. I'm afraid that unless the pit is filled, the post will fall and kill somebody. I might have got a couple of my men to do it, but I relied upon Mr. Hurlington, or whatever his name is, keeping his promise, and sent them all away with teams to Pontiford for manure."
"An odd man, I imagine," said Mr. Carnanton. "I am afraid I have caused you this trouble by suggesting the post to him, but I never dreamt that he would dig a pit like this, and then leave it for you to fill. I am going in to see Mrs. Hobarts, and dare say I shall see you again before I go back."

"Yes," said Mr. Hobarts, "I dare say I shall finish this in about twenty minutes, when I will come in."

Before Mr. Carnanton had been seated in the farm parlour a quarter of an hour, Mr. Hobarts appeared, limping painfully; for the heavy iron bar had fallen upon his leg and severely bruised it. This accident had not inspired him with any friendly feeling towards the antiquary, indeed he was disposed to anathematize him and all his works.

"What a nuisance that man is," he
exclaimed, "to give me all this trouble, and nearly break my leg in the bargain; the sooner he leaves the parish, the better I shall be pleased."

"I am sorry he gave you all this trouble," said the vicar, "but I dare say he forgot his appointment. People of that kind are apt to be forgetful. I am going into the town, and if I see him I will jog his memory."

Mr. Carnanton found Mr. Burlington sooner than he expected, for when he reached the post which had caused all the trouble, there was that worthy standing in the middle of the road, with an enormous pipe in his mouth, gazing blandly through his goggles at the grave-digger, who was busily engaged in making a second pit on the other side of the post.

"Well," said the vicar, "you are still working at the post, are you? Mr. Hobarts
was disappointed to find that you did not come at three, and, in trying to fill the pit himself, has injured his leg by striking it with the iron bar he was ramming down the rubbish with."

"Dear me, dear me," said Mr. Burlington, "how very clumsy some people are; he should have left it for my friend here, he would have done it beautifully. If the skin is broken, he had better apply a fig to the wound—a most excellent thing, I assure you."

The vicar went on his way, wondering what would be the state of Mr. Hobart's feelings when he became aware of the fresh attack upon the foundation of his gate-post.

The following day he met him, and was not surprised to find that he was still more incensed.

"That man," he exclaimed indignantly,
"undermined the foundation of that post so that it fell in the night, bringing down the gate with it. I, with two of my men, have had three hours' hard work to-day placing it in position again. I hear he's going away this afternoon, and I hope he won't come this way again, to pester people to death in this style."

This report proved to be correct, and Mr. Burlington, leaving his explorations in an unfinished state, hied him to fresh woods and pastures new.
CHAPTER XV.

THE WILD WAVES.

Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragged down by the wave.

*Maud.*

"I have been all round the island," said an old Welsh skipper, "and I have never seen a place I like so well as Pendruthan."

There was warrant for this partiality. The little village-town, nestling under the hill by the sea-side, looked so clean and peaceful and beautiful, that strangers fell in love with it at first sight. Many of the houses stood in gardens bright and scented,
except in the cold days of winter, and they were not many in that sheltered situation; for it was not only the hill behind which shielded it from the nipping blasts—the water which washed its shores was only a mile wide, and the land opposite was high and wooded. Beyond this natural breakwater, and overlapping it, but at the distance of eight miles, the land stretched out making yet another shelter—from the west this, as the other from the south and east. The land immediately opposite Pendruthan was covered in nearly its whole extent with firs, whose blue-green foliage, variegated by a few elms and dwarf oaks, made a soft framework for a mansion and an adjoining ancient and beautiful little church.

The distant western land, with its one steeple-crowned church, presented no distinct picture, except when a coming
tempest brought it near and revealed, as if by a telescope, its green fields and fallow lands, and dotted homesteads. The rocks which formed its limit seawards were hard and rugged, as many a shipwrecked sailor had found to his cost, despite the bell-buoy which rose and fell with the waves within a cable's length.

Within this long sweep of land lay, to the west and north of Pendruthan, the magnificent harbour of Penmaen, of which Pendruthan was only a creek, capable of furnishing anchorage-ground for, not a fleet merely, but a navy, and that at all times of the tide. Two ancient castles, like grim sentinels, stood guarding the entrance, Penmaen the one, Pendruthan the other. In the centre of the harbour's mouth was a dangerous reef of rocks, called the Greenways, marked by a lofty granite beacon surmounted by an iron cage,
dangerous not so much to ships entering the harbour, as to those which might happen to be caught by a storm when riding at anchor to windward of them. But Penmaen and Pendruthan were so sheltered, that only when exceptionally severe storms blew was the shipping in danger. At long intervals, however, havoc had been wrought among the forest of masts and costly hulls, and cargoes brought from the four quarters of the globe, by fierce blasts which no cables nor timbers could resist, and to guard against this a life-boat had been stationed at Pendruthan by the noble institution which is one of the glories of our land.

On one Wednesday in February—a black day for Pendruthan—this life-boat was sent on her errand of mercy. An unfortunate schooner had drifted on to the Greenways in a fierce hurricane from the south, and,
unless help soon arrived, was certain to prove a coffin for her crew. The cry, "Man the life-boat," was raised in Pendruthan as soon as the critical state of the schooner was perceived. One of the crew, a young fisherman with a widowed mother, had only just recovered from an attack of pleurisy, but he took his place in the boat with the rest. John Treleaven, who did not belong to the regular crew, seeing the brave fellow's pale face, offered to take his place.

"You arn't strong enough," he said, "you'll die with the cold; let me go instead."

"No," was the answer, "I'll go, I feel quite strong again now."

"No, no," shouted the bystanders, "let Treleaven go; jump aboard, John."

Treleaven solved the difficulty by springing over the side and lifting the
weak but spirited fellow clean out of the boat.

"Tell mother to cheer up, we'll be back again soon, and tell her I said 'God bless her,'" shouted John to his son Arthur, as the boat took the water.

There was no possibility of reaching the schooner on the leeward side, as the reef of rocks stretched away inside her for thirty yards or more. The only chance of saving the men was to row to windward, and then drop down upon her. It was a most hazardous undertaking, but the crew of the life-boat were brave men who had looked death in the face more than once without flinching. Shielded by the peninsula opposite Pendruthan, they rowed out somewhat to windward of the Greenways before they felt the force of the tempest, but as soon as they left this friendly shelter and made for the wreck, the storm
burst upon them. One oar after another was snapped off short as if they had been reeds, until it became apparent that they would never reach the schooner, and that they must run up the harbour before the wind and waves, or they were not likely to save their own lives; for the mouth of the harbour was now one mass of foam, in which scarcely any boat could hope to live.

The "drogue," a canvas cone so towed behind as to act like a drag, had been cast out to keep the boat steady. If the rope held, they would doubtless reach the land in safety; if the strain proved greater than its strands could bear, they must probably battle with the waves for dear life. The rope was composed of the very best material, and had been subjected to a severe test before being put on board the life-boat, so that there was every hope of its proving true. But no gale like this had tried it.
The boat was lifted on every wave, and sent forward with a rush which made the strong rope quiver. At last a mighty billow gave her such an impetus that the strands of the rope broke asunder like tow, and, with nothing to keep her steady, she became the sport of the waves. These were so furious that before the men could realize their peril the stern was buried, and the boat not merely capsized, but flung end over end, and the crew tossed out to struggle for their lives.

The men wore cork jackets, but even with these it was doubtful whether many of them would ever reach the land. Three of them never rose again, having probably been struck by the boat when she was thrown over; another soon succumbed and sank: the other nine, among whom was John Treleaven, drifted slowly up the harbour. The water was smoother further
in, and if only they could hold out for a little while, the boats which put off from the shore when the accident was seen would save them. When the boats were not more than two hundred yards from the inside man, another poor fellow showed signs of yielding to the cold and exposure. John Treleaven saw this, and, forgetting himself, supported his comrade until a boat approached.

"Pull in Tom first," he shouted, "he's nearly done for."

Two men seized Tom, and dragged him over the side, but before they could perform the same kind office for John Treleaven, a wave dashed him against the side of the boat, breaking with the blow the straps which bound his cork jacket around him. He must have been stunned, for he sank like a stone before a hand could be stretched out to save him. The remaining
seven were, after some difficulty, secured and brought to land.

But what of the stranded schooner? The waves were mighty enough to break her into fragments, even were she built of steel, and soon her timbers were shattered and borne up the harbour. Five men formed the crew, and three of them perished. The others were thrown against the granite beacon, and managed to cling to the iron clamps fastened to its side, and to ascend, bruised and bleeding, to the iron cage which surmounted it. There they remained until the morning, when, the gale having ceased, they were rescued, frost-bitten and almost dead, after having been exposed for sixteen hours in that hazardous situation.

Mrs. Treleaven was preparing supper for her husband, when the door was opened and her old friend Captain Pen-
bole walked in. He looked paler than usual, but that she attributed to the severe cold.

"Well, Mrs. Treleaven," he said, "I hope you are very well."

"Yes," she answered; "but you are looking white, captain, I'm afraid the cold weather doesn't agree with you."

"Perhaps not; but I've come from watching the life-boat—she's had a rough time of it."

"Has she? it doesn't seem to be blowing very hard."

"No, we are sheltered here, but the wind is very strong in the harbour; the boat shipped some heavy seas, and I'm afraid some of the crew are hurt; but don't be frightened, Mrs. Treleaven."

"Frightened!" she exclaimed, beginning to see from the captain's uneasy manner that something was wrong.
"What is the matter, Captain Penbole? Is my husband hurt?"

"Well, I am afraid he is, rather seriously; the fact is, the life-boat has been upset, and some of the men have gone down."

"Is my husband one of them?" inquired Mrs. Treleaven, calm now by reason of her great agony of suspense.

"Yes, I'm afraid he is," answered the captain; "the men saw it from the point: they were watching with their glasses, and they knew John because he was the only one who hadn't a red cap on, and the boat that picked up some of the men brought the news that five are drowned altogether. Try to bear it, Mrs. Treleaven, try to bear it," continued the honest old tar, not knowing what better to say.

"O God! O God!" exclaimed Mrs. Treleaven, wringing her hands, "then I am a widow, and my poor boy is fatherless."
CHAPTER XVI.

THE ARCHITECT OF HIS OWN FORTUNES.

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
   A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
   A hand that points, and pallèd shapes,
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought,
   In Memoriam.

Arthur Treleaven left Mr. Simon Beckerleg's school some little time before its dissolution. Educational matters in Pendruthan seemed, like the familiar toast, to descend by easy stages from the bishops and clergy to the ministers of all denominations. The Church had responded, the Bryanites (otherwise Bible Christians) had said a few words; it was now the turn of the Wesleyans to come forward. Not
caring to turn their gaily-painted chapel into a school for children, who would be pretty sure to leave their private marks wherever they could reach, they had first to erect a suitable building. This, with commendable enterprise, they set about doing. The contract was secured by Arthur Treleaven the elder, a brother of the deceased coastguardsman, who, needing a boy to assist him, suggested to his sister-in-law that Arthur might give up school while the building operations were going on, and when the new school was opened, he himself would defray the cost of another year's education. Mrs. Treleaven, now her husband was gone, was unable to resist this proposal. Her son's earnings, small as they would be, were not to be despised, and perhaps by the time the prospective year's schooling was ended, something might present itself which would mark out Arthur's future course.
Mrs. Treleaven proposed to earn a livelihood for herself by her needle. In her younger days she was thought to possess quite a talent for lace-work, and this talent she hoped would stand her in good stead. The only fear she had was that her health would suffer from the confinement, for she had never been very strong, and her husband's tragic death had shaken her terribly.

In accordance with these plans Arthur left Mr. Simon Beckerleg's school, and began to earn his bread in the sweat of his brow. His work was to wheel the bricks used in the erection of the school buildings from the roadside, where they were deposited by carts, to the site itself, a distance of thirty yards. This was a new experience to Arthur, and not altogether a pleasant one. In the first place, undeterred by his father's fate, he hankered
after a seafaring life, and in the second place the bricks were not pleasant things to handle. Arthur's hands were as yet somewhat tender, and the rough bricks had a tendency to remove the skin in a decidedly disagreeable fashion. Mrs. Treleaven's tender heart and affection for her boy prompted her to suggest, when he came home at the close of the day with bleeding hands, that the work did not suit him. But Arthur was a boy of spirit, and made light of such matters.

"My dear," she said, "your hands are quite raw. I don't think you ought to go to-morrow; I'm sure your poor father would grieve to see his boy doing work like this. I'm sorry now I agreed to Uncle Arthur's proposal."

"Oh! this is nothing, mother," replied Arthur sturdily; "my hands don't smart much, and uncle told me that the skin will
get hard in a week or two, and won't rub off."

"I'm sure your father wouldn't like it," sobbed Mrs. Treleaven, rocking herself to and fro. "Oh! that he should be washed about by the cruel waves and his poor boy have to work like this."

"Don't mind me, mother, I shall get big soon, and then you won't have to work so hard, and I know father would be pleased to see me doing what I can for you."

"Bless your heart," said the mother, kissing him, "I know you'll be a good boy; you are your father's own son. He was a dear, good father, Arthur; try to be like him for your mother's sake."

Arthur went on bravely with his brick-wheeling, bearing all the hard knocks and rubs for the sake of his mother. In a few months the school was finished, and Arthur,
whose proud boast it was that he had handled every brick in the building, had his name enrolled as the first scholar. He had always been a diligent reader, and, in spite of the smallness of the home library, had acquired a fair stock of general knowledge. There were lads who excelled him in penmanship and in arithmetic, but his superior ability in "answering questions," as one of the boys put it, enabled him to hold his own with the best of them. At the first annual examination he was bracketted, with two others, above all his fellow-scholars, and carried home, to the delight of his proud mother, a beautifully-bound copy of Milton as a prize. This precious volume was ever regarded as too sacred to be touched by profane hands. Arthur himself only read it on special occasions, but it awakened in the lad his first love for poetry, and, for that reason.
was always regarded by him with more than ordinary respect, and was given a prominent place in his modest library.

As some thoughts were entertained of obtaining a situation for Arthur as clerk in a mercantile office, it was judged expedient that he should acquire the French language, and a kind-hearted sea-captain, on the retired list, undertook to give him the necessary lessons. Unfortunately, for reasons which will be hereafter given, Arthur's school-days came to an abrupt end, and all the French retained as a reminiscence of his explorations in that language was the interesting fact, which had been carefully impressed upon him, that non was represented vocally by nong, pronounced through the nose, instead of through the ordinary organ of speech.
CHAPTER XVII.

CONFIRMATION.

Strongest sinews fail,
And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek,
Under the holy fear of God turns pale,
While on each head His lawn-robed servant lays
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
The covenant.

Wordsworth.

"Are you going to be confirmed, Jenifer? The bishop is coming next month, so Mr. Carnanton told mother."

"I don't know if I'm old enough—I think I should like to be."

"How old are you? I was fifteen last January."

"I don't know exactly—you know why, Esther, but mother says she calls the day
on which I was saved from the wreck my first birthday; that would make me fourteen the 21st of last September. Do you intend to be confirmed?"

"No, not I; what's the use of being confirmed? Aunt Craddock says it is only a form; you can be good without having the bishop's hands put upon your head."

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Jenifer, "I find it hard enough sometimes to do what's right, try as much as I will."

"Pooh! I don't try, I do just what I mind to. Of course you're very pious—you say your prayers, I've no doubt, as a good little girl should?"

"Oh, yes," said Jenifer, "I never miss; but don't you say your prayers, Esther?"

"Prayers! not I. What's the good of saying prayers?—can you sew any better for them?—does Miss Jink find it any
easier to teach you dressmaking than she does me?—are you better tempered for it? I'm sure you looked black enough when Miss Jink made you rip out all the stitches in the sleeve of that black French merino dress."

"Yes, I know I did, but that was my fault, not the fault of the prayers. I stitched it badly, and then I was vexed to have to do it over again when I wanted to get home early. But I shan't be persuaded to give up my prayers, although I nearly did when I was staying at Liskeard last summer with uncle Wilton. Ada and Annie, my two cousins, you know, used to laugh at me every night when I knelt down, and sometimes they would pull my hair and throw the pillows at me; but I promised mother before I went that I would always say them, and so I did, although very often I felt ashamed."
"I shouldn't have said mine at all," said Esther; "but if anybody threw things at me, like that, I should see what boxing her ears would do, that is, if I was big enough; nobody ever served me a trick without being well served out for it. Miss Jink made me stitch a dress a second time a little while before you came, but I managed to serve her out by spoiling a whole width of alpaca—not on purpose, of course, oh no, quite by accident. You should have seen what a state the old thing got in, I believe she was almost provoked enough to knock me down. And once I upset a bottle of ink by accident over some velvet she made a fuss about. She thinks twice now before she bothers me. Here we are at the school door. I wish we had some other teacher than Miss Summercourt, she's too particular—you mustn't talk, and you mustn't laugh, and you
mustn't look around. I wish she'd get married, and give up teaching. As mother says, she's old enough to be married, for she's not far short of fifty. Now, Jenifer, in you go."

Esther was the daughter of Job Mansell, the St. Enodoc blacksmith. Job was a very good workman, but was far too fond of the "Red Lion" to prosper in his business. Mrs. Mansell, a younger sister of Mrs. Craddock, was a somewhat slatternly matron of forty-five or thereabouts, much given to finding fault with her neighbours. Mention any name you like to her, and she would undertake to point out a blot upon it. As, for example,—

"Mrs. Polglaze is a kind-hearted woman."

"Perhaps so; but she carried off her mother's silver spoons before the breath was well out of the old lady's body."
“Nick Penrose is a good workman.”

“I have nothing to say against him, but I should like to know whose corn it is that makes his pigs so fat.”

“Mrs. Simcox is very reasonable in her charges for groceries.”

“She ought to be, for she well waters her trycle; and as for her vinegar, 'tes so sour as grab.”

With home influences such as these it is no wonder that Esther Mansell grew up ill-natured and without the slightest inclination to choose the right for its own sake. It was a question of expediency—if it were more profitable to do right than wrong, or to tell the truth rather than to lie, why, then by all means do good and eschew evil. But could not the Sunday-school teach her better things? It could and did, but when two hours on the Sunday are counteracted by, say thirty-six
in the week, it is eighteen to one against the Sunday-school.

Esther's theory of a Sunday-school was that it was a divinely ordained worrying-place for teachers. If Miss Summercourt passed a pleasant afternoon there that was no fault of Esther's. Bibles had a tendency to fall on the floor—the law of gravitation managed that matter. Forms were inclined to upset, but that was clearly owing to their narrow base. The class were often set a-giggling by some cause unknown to Miss Summercourt, but giggling is a complaint to which girls are unfortunately subject. Esther never giggled when Miss Summercourt's eyes were lifted from her book, she confined herself to making grimaces so as to set the class in a titter, and assumed an injured expression when the teacher mildly inquired the cause of the merriment.
"What are you laughing at, girls?"

"Esther Mansell is making faces."

"Oh, you story-teller, I am not; 'tis the wind in my stomach, Miss Summercourt."

"Girls, girls, 'tis very wrong of you to laugh if Esther is not well," said that good lady. "I must say she behaves very well; better than most of you."

When prayers were being said on the afternoon in which the conversation at the beginning of this chapter took place, Esther, instead of closing her eyes like the rest, was engaged in inserting something with a pencil inside the cover of Jenifer Trewhella's Bible. Whatever it was, it was finished before the Amen was said, and the Bible restored to its place.

As soon as Jenifer opened her book to find the lesson for the afternoon her eyes lighted upon Esther's handiwork, and her
surprise drew the attention of her neighbours, and their scrutiny of the Bible caused Miss Summercourt to inquire the cause of their smiles and whispers.

"Jenifer Trewhella has been drawing you in her Bible," said Kate Tremain, somewhat officiously.

"I haven't," said Jenifer.

"Well," retorted Kate, "there it is in your Bible. I don't suppose anybody else put it there."

"I saw her looking in her Bible at prayer time," interposed Esther.

"Oh, how can you say so?" said Jenifer in astonishment; "I had my eyes closed all the time, and never saw the drawing until I was going to find the lesson."

"Hand the book to me," said Miss Summercourt.

The Bible was passed on, and the astonished teacher saw a caricature of
herself with an inscription beneath, "What a beauty to be sure." To tell the truth, Miss Summercourt was not particularly handsome, but her nose was certainly not so long and crooked as the picture indicated, nor was her mouth quite so capacious. She felt therefore that she did well to be angry.

"You wicked girl," she exclaimed to Jenifer, "to put this into your Bible; I shall tell Mr. Carnanton."

"But I didn't do it," protested Jenifer.

"Hold your tongue," said the teacher, "you are making matters worse by telling a lie."

Jenifer's tears began to fall at this, and she sobbed, "I didn't, indeed I didn't, Miss Summercourt. I wouldn't do it for the world. How could you be so wicked, Esther, as to say you saw me with my book open during prayers?"
“Hold your tongue, and take up your book and go home,” said Miss Summer-court, quite losing her temper. “I shall see your mother and Mr. Carnanton, and tell them both of your bad conduct.”

Jenifer arose and went home sobbing, and told her mother all the story.

“Never mind,” said Mrs. Trewhella consolingly, “I believe you, Jenny; don’t cry about it, it’ll all come right soon, I hope.”

But it did not come right for a considerable time. Mr. Carnanton saw the girls, but they all adhered to their story, and the good vicar could only let the matter drop, knowing that there had been hard lying somewhere.

“Neither Jenifer Trewhella nor Esther Mansell,” he said, “even if they wished it, must think of confirmation until it was shown which of the two was the culprit.”
The vicar was inclined to believe Jenifer, but could not get over the fact that, apart from other testimony, the caricature was found in her book.

About a month after this incident occurred, Esther was attacked by fever and seemed at the point of death. One day, fearing that her end was near, she sent to Mr. Carnanton, begging that he would come at once and see her. He had already visited her two or three times, but had derived little satisfaction from his visits. Esther listened to his remarks, but made no response. But now she was eager to speak.

"I want to tell you, sir," she said, "about that drawing in Jenifer Trehella's Bible; she didn't do it at all. I did it when her eyes were closed in the prayer, and put the book again by her side."

"How could you be so wicked as to
insult Miss Summercourt, and then to tell such untruths about Jenifer Trewhella?" asked Mr. Carnanton,

"Because I wanted to serve her out."

"Serve her out, what for?"

"Because Miss Jink makes more of her than she does of me. I only did it for fun at first, but when Miss Summercourt saw it, I thought I would throw the blame on Jenifer. I know I'm very wicked, but I always feel that I must serve people out."

"Dear, dear," said Mr. Carnanton in astonishment, "this is a dreadful state of things: a young girl like you so spiteful and malicious."

"Do you think God will forgive me, sir?"

"Forgive you? yes, of course He will, if you ask Him; but you must not harbour malice in this wicked fashion, and if you recover you must try hard to keep our
Lord's last commandment, 'Little children, love one another.'"

Mr. Carnanton, after a little more talk, knelt at Esther's bedside and prayed for her earnestly and simply, and then went his way to minister to his other sick parishioners.

Esther did not die as she anticipated, but in a few weeks was able to go to her work again. It is to be feared that her contrition was not very deep, for she soon displayed as evident a liking for serving people out as heretofore.

The Confirmation was held before Esther was strong enough to go out of doors, and there was therefore no question raised as to her becoming a candidate; but Jenifer, now her character was cleared, received Mr. Carnanton's most willing permission to present herself to the bishop for the imposition of hands.
CHAPTER XVIII.

"GOING TO CELLAR."

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish carrion, Mistress Quickly, to him?

_Merry Wives of Windsor._

"Mother," said Arthur, rushing in one day after school, "the seines are 'shut,' and they say they have caught a lot of fish; shall I go to cellar to-morrow? I dare say they'll give me eighteenpence a day."

"Go to cellar!" exclaimed Mrs. Treleaven, "of course not; your uncle will be put out if you come away from school now you are getting on so nicely."

"But I have seen uncle, mother, and he
says that he has no objection to my going. I must please myself about it."

"Well, my dear, I can't say but that a few shillings would be very handy. I haven't been well enough to do much lately, and there's that bill to pay for boots; but I'd rather work my fingers to the bone than you should do such dirty work against your will."

"But mother, I want to go; it won't be worse for me than for the others, and I know that bill is troubling you."

So it was decided that Arthur should "go to cellar," and on the following morning he commenced his work. That work was to carry pilchards from the paved open sheds, where they were deposited when landed from the seines, to the inner cellars where they were "bulked," the said "bulking" consisting in arranging them in layers one above the other, beginning
on the ground, until the bulk was too high for the workers. Another "bulk" was then begun outside, and, when high enough, was used as a platform to get at the first. In this way, step by step, the "bulk" was built until the ceiling put an end to extension upward. Between every two layers of pilchards was strewn a thick layer of coarse salt. The pilchard curing was done, for the most part, by the wives, mothers, and daughters of the fishermen, but usually a place was found for everybody who was not absolutely disabled, or too proud to go to cellar, or too fastidious to handle fish not over clean, and sometimes, when labour was scarcer than pilchards, not over savoury.

The actual "bulking" was done by the ancient fishwives, who were kept supplied with the raw materials for their edifice by the younger generations of both sexes.
Arthur was employed as an attendant on the "bulkers" for a fortnight, when the last fish was put under salt, and had the satisfaction of carrying home to his mother twenty-five shillings, the odd shilling of which was a present from the owner of the seine for his good conduct. It is to be hoped that this amount more than sufficed to propitiate Mr. Sammy Webb, the Pendruthan shoemaker.

On the last day but one of the work in the fish cellar a stranger came in to see the pilchard curing. There was nothing singular in this—few visitors failed to see the curious sight; but there was a good deal of singularity in the appearance of the gentleman. He was very tall and very thin, and wore a coat of more than ordinary length, furnished with enormous pockets. Green spectacles, large and ugly, assisted his visual organs, but undoubtedly
detracted from his personal appearance. It was none other than Mr. Burlington, who was on a second visit to Cornwall, and, after spending a week at St. Enodoc Castle, was exploring the southern part of the county unaided, and in his own peculiar fashion.

"Are there any crosses in this neighbourhood?" he asked his landlord that morning.

"Crosses? no, sir; we arn't Roman Catholics here," was the answer, "If you want to worship crosses you'll have to go over to Penmaen, there's a Roman Catholic Chapel ovver there. The owld priest do come ovver sometimes to see two of our coastguards."

"My good man," said Mr. Burlington, "you misunderstand me; I don't want crosses to worship. I only want to know if there are any ancient granite crosses by the wayside anywhere in the neighbourhood."
"I ax your pardon, sir, I thought from the look of your coat you was some sort of a furriner. All furriners are Roman Catholics, arn't they? But I see what you do mane now, owld stoanes stucked up by the side of the rooad. There was wan, sir, when I was a booy, up by a pleace they call 'Blaw the cowld winds,' but owld Jerry Parsons knacked he to bits years ago to build up his pig's house."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed Mr. Burlington, "to destroy a relic of antiquity in that barbarous fashion; the Government ought really to preserve these priceless treasures."

"Jerry dedn ceeare much for relics," said the landlord, "but he took a powerful dale of trouble with his pigs. I dooant 'zactly knaw what you do mane about Aunt Hickity, he hadn no such relation that I knaw of. If it belonged to any
aunt, it must ha' been my owld Aunt Mainwaring, for her little piece of teeaty ground was just inside."

"I see I have made a mistake in coming here," said the antiquary; "they were blessed with one valuable relic, and that they wantonly destroyed. But is there nothing else worth looking at?"

"Aw, iss, sir, there's plenty to look at. There's the say, and the rocks, and the ships, and the castle—ould King Harry, what had a bra' many wives, he built he, so they say—and there's the pilchards. If I was you, sir, I should go to the fish-cellar to see um 'bulking' fish; everybody amoast do go."

"Oh, very well, then I'll run down, and be back again in time for lunch—say half-past one."

When Mr. Burlington arrived at the fish-cellar, he addressed himself to Arthur
Treleaven, who happened to be standing near the door.

"Is this the place where they are curing the fish, my lad? May I come in?"

"Yes, sir," answered Arthur, "you can walk about where you like."

"But will you tell me what is going on? What are these fish lying on the ground?"

"They are pilchards just landed."

"And these boys and girls, what are they doing?"

"Carrying salt and fish for the 'bulkers,' and the women you see on the fish are the 'bulkers.'"

Before Mr. Burlington had time to inquire the meaning of the word 'bulkers,' the oldest and most unsavoury of the ladies so designated approached him, and, taking a dry corner of her capacious apron in her hand, knelt down before him. This curious
proceeding astonished and scandalized Mr. Burlington.

"What are you doing, my good woman?" he asked, drawing back.

"I want to wipe your boots," was the answer.

"Wipe my boots! thank you very much, but they are quite clean now."

"But they must be wiped," persisted the fishwife.

"But I would rather not," urged Mr. Burlington.

"I tell 'ee what it tes, sir; I intend to wipe they there shoes before you go out of this cellar."

"Dear me," said the antiquary, "this is very unpleasant. Is the woman mad?" he whispered to Arthur.

Before Arthur had time to explain that this ceremony of wiping the boots was only an expression of the desire of the old ladies
to drink Mr. Burlington's health, the "bulker" deputed to perform the time-honoured custom rushed at the antiquary's boots, and he, in doubt as to her intentions, incontinently turned and fled. There was an unwritten law by which persons refusing to pay toll for the boot-cleaning received condign punishment, and this punishment Mr. Burlington was not fortunate enough to escape. It consisted in being pelted from the cellar with volleys of pilchards accidentally crushed and trodden upon, known as "mun." Sad to say, Arthur fired the first shot. A well-aimed pilchard thrown with all his might, knocked off Mr. Burlington's tall hat, and while the hat was being rescued, strong reinforcements arrived, who straightway commenced belabouring the frightened gentleman with volleys of "mun," and only ceased firing when he was out of range. Mr. Burling-
ton's hat and coat were sights to see when he presented himself to the landlord. "Mun" is exceedingly useful in its place, but it certainly does not improve good broadcloth, nor does it impart to those upon whom it is bestowed a pleasing fragrance. The landlord tried to soothe the unfortunate victim by assuring him that there was no harm intended: they only meant to protest against his hasty retreat, but the injured gentleman insisted on having his bill at once. He was determined for the future to confine his attentions to antiquity, and leave the modern inhabitants of Cornwall to their own barbarous pursuits and unmannerly customs.
CHAPTER XIX.

THE PRIVY COUNCIL.

It is a business of some heat: the galleys
Have sent a dozensequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already.

_ Othello._

The council had been summoned, and the
councillors were seated round the table.
It was neither a council of war, nor a
council of state. It could hardly be called
a general council: it might possibly be
described, without doing violence to the
language, as a privy council. At all events,
it was a council, a private council, called
to discuss a definite subject, and the coun-
cillors were all in their places.
The council-chamber was Jeremiah Rundle's parlour, and a nice, comfortable apartment it was. The low, open grate was piled up with immense logs, which crackled and sparkled and bade defiance to the keen December atmosphere. The large mahogany table, which had just been relieved of its burden of Christmas cake and strong, steaming tea, and jellies, and preserves, by the combined efforts of the councillors, and Sally, the little maid-of-all-work, was still in a decidedly inflamed condition. Several glasses were giving out a spirituous odour, and Jeremiah was, with the assistance of a long clay pipe, offering incense to the spirit. Sundry pictures of clipper schooners, some painted, some worked in wool, gave a nautical air to the walls. The perspective, it is true, was somewhat at fault. At all events, it was unlikely that a schooner's masts would be
much taller than Vesuvius, but a trifle of that kind did not trouble Jeremiah. Moreover, Vesuvius was "furrin," and Jeremiah was not the man to stand up for "furriners," or "furrin" things.

In the most comfortable arm-chair was seated Robert Rundle, an old patriarch of eighty-five, bald and wrinkled, habited in a swallow-tailed coat of a greenish-black hue, and wearing at his watch-chain an enormous bunch of seals. A white necktie imparted a somewhat clerical appearance to the old gentleman, but Robert, though of a decidedly ecclesiastical turn of mind, had never attained to the dignity of a local preacher, much less that of a "rounder." He was a good specimen of the older generation of Methodists, delighting much in relating anecdotes of the sayings and doings of the Popes and Fathers he had been fortunate enough to
meet at missionary meetings and such-like gatherings. He was not able to read much now, for his eyes were dim with age, but there was still one book beside the Bible which he delighted to pore over, and that was the "Minutes of the Conference." It was to Robert Rundle his Shakespeare and his daily newspaper rolled into one.

His son Jeremiah was a close-fisted, pushing man of business, whose chubby, good-natured visage strangely belied his character. His generous opinions and wishes were charming to listen to, but try to borrow half-a-sovereign, and business would become so bad and a heavy bill so pressing, that you must see for yourself that it would be quite impossible to lend it. "One must be just before being generous, you know; another time I shall be most happy to oblige a friend like you,"
and the friend was left to digest his chaff as best he could.

Jeremiah's wife, Maria, was good-natured in her way, but in all matters of finance was under the absolute domination of her husband. Only where one person was concerned did she ever venture to assume an antagonistic attitude. On behalf of her son Mark she was ready to do battle with all comers, Jeremiah included. In so far as Mrs. Rundle possessed any practical religion at all, Mark was her presiding deity.

Daniel Trewhella, who sat next to the master of the house, was smoking a pipe which appeared to be twin brother to Jeremiah's long clay, and had before him a glass of the above-mentioned beverage, which derived its aromatic odour from some Hollands gin, which Jeremiah, albeit very partial to, only permitted himself and
friends to indulge in on state occasions like these. Rebecca Trewhella had also a steaming glass before her, but showed, by her shrugs and small sips, that she was only an amateur.

Aunt Charity, the only other adult present, was Mrs. Rundle's sister, an old maid, but, like most old maids, a most invaluable personage. It was she who was called upon in any emergency, sickness, or trouble, or death, and she never failed to respond to the call. She was always ready to advise or to work, to love or to suffer. People might sometimes suggest that she was not over-wise, but nobody ever accused Aunt Chatty of an unkind heart.

"Well," said Jeremiah, clearing his throat, "you all know what we've a meet for to-night—to put our heads together to see if we can't settle what's the best thing we can do with Mark. 'He's too old to go
to school—I don’t believe in putting too many things into a boy’s head; and he’s too old to be lopping about the streets, and ’tis time for him to be airning his own living. Times is very bad, and rope-making isn’t all profit. Now, father, you are the oldest, what’s your opinion on the subject?"

"My opinion?" said the old man, rousing himself from a reverie; "I’m an owld man, my dears, and my opinion edn wuth much, the youngsters knaw more than the owld people nowadays; but ef you ax my opinion, I should say, ‘Jerry, my son, meeake the booy a local praicher.’"

"The poor owld man is getting tooatlish," whispered Aunt Chatty to her sister.

"Tedn a job for Sundays we’re thinking of, father," said Jeremiah; "we want to talk about what we can put Mark to, to airn his own living. Local praichen’ es
more work than pay, I'm thinking; 'tes all very well to be invited to dennar by the good payers, but there must be a lot of shoe-leather weared out traapsing about the country. I want to put the boy to something what'll pay."

"Jeremiah," said the old man solemnly, "I'm often carr'd away, I knaw, by my thoughts, and sometimes I do see strange sights, and feel that I am like the Apostle on the island, looking at beautiful sights of angels, and hearing lovely singing, and harpers harping with their harps, but when I come to myself I find I'm still on airth, and that I'm getting blind and deef, and the world is nothing to me. I'm tired, and I want to get home to rest, so p'raps I ceeant tell much about what you are axing; but I still say what I said first, 'Jeremiah, my son, meeake the booy a local praicher, meeake un a local praicher.' Maria,
give me my candle, I think I'll go to bed."

Mrs. Rundle tenderly led old Robert to his bedroom, and then returned to the parlour, saying, with a shake of her head, as she entered,—

"I'm afraid poor father is breaking up; he edn long for this world."

The company, who had remained silent, sipping the grog, and puffing out the tobacco, gave a melancholy assent to this expression of opinion.

"Well," said Jeremiah, "we must get along, or we shan't be no wiser for having put our heads together. What do you think about it, Chatty?"

"I think," was the answer, "that, as I used to read when I went to school, 'there's nothing like leather.' Why, there's owld Pender Williams have airned a fortune by shoemaking, and have got now a nice
little farm, and a plenty of yaws and lambs he've a turned out this spring, to be sure."

"Thank you, Aunt Chatty," interposed Mark, looking up from his drawing-book, which he was showing to Jenifer at a side table, "but I don't intend to be a shoemaker. I would rather work in the rope-walk with father."

"Shoemaking won't do," said Jeremiah decidedly. "I dedn send Mark to school so long, and larn un vulgar fractures and things of that kind, so as he might cobble old shoes. I want un to do something so as he can wear a black coat and look respectable, and yet pick up money. But he'll do that, I'll be bound; there was never a Rundle yet but what was sharp enough to look after number one."

"Why doant 'ee put un in the Consul's office?" asked Daniel Trewhella; "I hear that Captain Shortridge's clerk is going to
lave for a better sitivation in Cardiff next month. They don’t git much wages when they are larning, but they meeake a lot of money afterwards, I hear.”

“I thought of that,” answered Jeremiah, “but it won’t do; Mark can’t pally voo, and a boy who can’t pally voo edn no use where so many furriners come to do business.”

“Meeake un a draper,” suggested Rebecca Trewhella, “and after a little while, Mr. Rundle, you can set un up in business.”

“No,” said Aunt Chatty, “whatever you do, doant ’ee meeake un a draper. Tom Paddy’s son, who is just come from London, told me that the lies drapers do tell is wisht, sure ’nough; but he says, says he, ‘all the lies we do tell in business is put down to the governor,’ but that, seem-ing to me, is a poor way of doing things.
Lies is lies, and cheating is cheating, and everybody will have to answer for his own wickedness.”

“You’re a little bit too particular, Chatty,” said Jeremiah, “you’ve got to be pretty sharp in business nowadays to make both ends meet. Not that I would advocate cheating; but if a man hasn’t sense enough to hold his own, why, that’s his look-out.”

“I don’t think we ought to take advantage of people with weak interlects,” said Aunt Chatty warmly; “do what’s right is my motto; it’ll pay best in the long run.”

“Well, well, Chatty,” said Jeremiah, “we’re running away from the subject. I don’t suppose every draper is dishonest, more’n every ropemaker.”

“I should think,” said Dan, “that a sharp youngster like Mark would do very
well in the post-office; there's no pally vooing wanted for that. Mr. Josiah told me last night that young Judson has got notice to lave; there've been several complaints lately for his being oncivil. Mark might do wuss than that, for Mr. Josiah says a clerk who goes away from here with a good character is sure of a good sitivation."

This suggestion met with general approval, and Mark declared that he thought he should like it very much.

"There's one difficulty, though," suggested Jeremiah; "we haven't been very friendly since my dog Ponto killed that old tom-cat of his. P'raps you wouldn't mind sounding the old gentleman, Dan; I'm afraid he'll bite my nose off if I ask any favour from him."

"Aw, iss," answered Dan, "I'll spake to un if you like. I'll do it to wance."
Hand me my hat, 'Becca; I'll be back again in five minutes.'

Daniel's interview with Mr. Josiah was a satisfactory one. Mark was already somewhat in favour with the postmaster, and it could be arranged for him to begin work in a fortnight, if his parents wished.

This important point being settled, the company abandoned themselves to the enjoyment of grog, tobacco, and mild scandal.
CHAPTER XX.

THE CHINA JAR.

I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere.
   The sin is sinn'd, and I,
Lo! I forgive thee, as eternal God
Forgives: do thou for thine own soul the rest.

Idylls of the King.

"Why, Jenifer, what's the matter?" asked Mr. Carnanton, as he entered Daniel Trewhella's house, and found Jenifer looking ruefully at the fragments of a jar lying on the floor, while a pungent odour filled the room.

The jar was a beautiful one, and was held in high honour by the Trewhellas. Daniel had brought it in his younger days, before he had settled down to fishing, from
Canton. It ostensibly contained Cayenne pepper. No proof of this pretension had been sought—Cayenne pepper was not much in Daniel's line—and the jar remained sealed, the central ornament of the mantelshelf. It was evident now, however, that it had contained Cayenne pepper, pure and unadulterated, for the pungent condiment set Mr. Carnanton and Jenifer coughing and sneezing with a vigour which the most powerful "cough-no-more" lozenges would have had some difficulty in coping with.

"Whatever—aticha—aticha—is the matter?—aticha," asked the vicar.

"'Tis father's china jar," answered Jenifer as best she could through her sneezing; "the timber-waggon going down the street shook the shelf, and the jar fell, striking the fender, and smashing all to pieces."

"It must have been very near the edge, I should think, to fall over with such a shake as that; it is thick and heavy."

As he said this Mrs. Trewhella entered. She had been doing her weekly marketing, and Jenifer, as her mother was not very well, had been allowed by Miss Jink to remain at home to help her.

"Why, Jenny!" she exclaimed, "you doant mane to say you've broke father's chiney jar? he'll be in a fine way."

"She says the waggon shook the shelf and the jar fell on the fender," said Mr. Carnanton; "it must have been near the edge, I should think."

"You've been dusting the mantelshelf," said Mrs. Trewhella to Jenifer; "you dedn knock it over, ded 'ee?"

"No mother, I didn't," was the answer.

"Did 'ee put it near the edge?"
Jenifer, blushing deeply, replied, "I might have put it further out than it was before, but I don't remember doing so."

"What are you crying for then?" inquired the mother.

"Oh, as for that matter, I'm crying too," said Mr. Carnanton; "when I entered, the house was almost unbearable from the pepper, or whatever was in the jar. It set me sneezing so that I could hardly stop. I came to inquire for you, Mrs. Trewhella; I heard that you were not very well. I'm glad to see that you are not confined to the house."

"Oh, I hope 'tes nothing serious," was the reply; "the doctor says he will soon bring me round again."

"Well," said the vicar, "'tis Saturday, and you are busy; I will not stop now, but will call next week to see you. Good-morn-
ing. I hope Daniel will not be put out at the loss of his jar, though I know he valued it very highly."

Daniel came home to dinner in about an hour, and was shown the broken pieces of the jar.

"The sooner we git it over with father the better," Mrs. Trewhella had said to Jenifer.

Daniel’s equanimity was not nearly so much disturbed as they had feared.

"'Tes a poor job," said he; "I wouldn’t ha’ lost that jar for a bra’ many shillings, but a haccident is a haccident. Never mind, Jenny, if you ded put un too near the edge, it’ll tach ’ee to be more care-ful next time; tedn like as ef you was meddlin’ where you had no business to be."

Jenifer hung down her head and made no reply to this consoling speech, and all
through the dinner she spoke only in answer to questions, and then in monosyllables.

"What's the matter with Jenny?" asked Daniel of his wife, when their daughter had left the room.

"I ceeant meeake out," Rebecca answered; "seemin' to me she's more troubled about the chiny jar than she need be ef the waggon shaked it down. Why should she turn red and peeale and hang down her head? Ef she dedn allays tell the truth I should think she brokke it herself."

"Jenny spake false!" said Daniel warmly, "not she. I'd back she against anybody for tellin' the truth. P'raps she edn very well."

"Shell I spake to her about it?" asked Rebecca.

"No, lave her alooane, she'll come to, ef there's anything wrong."
Jenifer came in at this juncture, and the conversation was dropped. All the day she continued ill at ease and preoccupied, and even the night failed to bring her its wonted rest. As soon as Daniel left in the early morning to look to one of his boats, Jenifer entered her mother's room, and crept into her bed, and threw her arms about her neck, sobbing all the time as if her heart would break.

"Kiss me, mother, kiss me," she said.

Rebecca kissed the troubled girl, and soothed her as best she could.

"Tell mother what the trouble es all about, my dear," she said soothingly.

With face hidden in Rebecca's kindly bosom she sobbed out,—

"Oh, mother, I told a lie, I told a lie. It was not the waggon that broke the jar at all, I broke it myself."
"Poor dear," said Rebecca, sobbing too, "I was afraid there was something wrong about it, but I dedn believe my Jenny would tell a lie," and hugging one another the two went on crying together for some minutes.

Then Jenifer prayed in broken sentences that her grievous fault might be forgiven, and Rebecca in her simple, motherly way prayed that her daughter might be what they had always thought her, and had been so proud of, a truth-teller and a lover of truth.

"Tell me all about it," said Rebecca after a while.

"I was dusting the mantelshelf," said Jenifer, "and when I came to the jar I thought I should like to see what was inside, and after a lot of trouble I managed to unfasten the stopper. I thought I could put it right again with sealing-wax."
Well, just as the stopper came out, the jar slipped out of my hands and fell on the edge of the fender, and was broken to pieces. Before I had time to think, Mr. Carnanton came in, and I said the waggon shook the shelf, and then when you came home from market I was ashamed to say I had told a lie. Oh, mother, forgive me, forgive me,” she continued, bursting into tears again.

“Forgive ’ee, my love?” said Rebecca.

“Yes, I’ll forgive ’ee, and God will forgive ’ee too, if you’re sorry for it, but you must go to Mr. Carnanton after breakfast, and tell un all about it.”

“Oh, I can’t do that, mother; I should not be able to speak to him for shame.”

“But I think you ought to go. Mr. Carnanton has been so good to ’ee, and I’m sure you ceeant go to the Communion again unless you tell un all about it.”
"But can't you tell him?" asked Jenifer.

"Iss, I could, but you told he the lie first, and I think it ud only be fit to let un knaw the rights of it yourself. You did wrong, my dear, and you must expect to suffer for it. Sin and suffer, sin and suffer, my owld mother used to say, and I'm sure she was right."

Jenifer at last gave way and agreed that the vicar should hear the story that morning from her own lips.

Mr. Carnanton was deeply grieved to hear such a revelation from his most promising girl pupil, but glad at the same time that she had the moral courage to confess her fault. He did not expect to find human nature perfect; it was enough for him to know that it aimed at perfection.
CHAPTER XXI.

SOME OF THE SPICE OF LIFE.

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air?

*Julius Cæsar.*

The next two or three years of Arthur Treleaven's life were chiefly distinguished by the variety of the occupations he turned his hand to. Mrs. Treleaven would have been glad if her son could find something less hazardous than the life of a fisherman, but her poverty was more pressing than her pride, and bread must be obtained, and obtained honestly. Arthur himself had no particular objection to become a fisherman. It was, he felt, much more alluring than
wheeling bricks. There was the fascination of finding and capturing the fish, there was the peril of wind and wave and rock and darkness, there was the free life and the utter absence of monotony. He would have preferred a sailor's life if he could have had his choice, but as his mother shrank with dread from any long absence, he settled down contentedly to work, which, he hoped, would enable him to maintain his mother and himself without depriving her of his company.

His uncle at certain seasons of the year gave up his building operations for a time to act as watchman over some oyster-beds. The pay was good, and there were no bad debts; this latter consideration especially making the post and pay of watcher extremely desirable.

Just before the oysters, which had been lying in mud beds to grow and fatten,
were transferred in vessels known as "smacks" to the oyster-beds in Kent, they were gathered up by their respective owners, the fishermen who had previously dredged them up in Penmaen Harbour, and sold at the current price per "tub" of about a thousand oysters. As the merchant bought them he placed them on a hard beach in long piles, called "parks," until a cargo was completed, when the "smack" grounded, and was loaded between the going out and the coming in of the tide. It was when the oysters were lying in these parks that the watchman was needed. Oysters were valuable, and the parks were a mile from any human habitation. What could be easier than to "convey" a "tub" or two of oysters on a dark night so as to have the pleasure of selling them over again on the following day? To prevent any enterprising persons
from carrying out any projects of this kind, Mr. Sammy Short, the merchant, employed Arthur Treleaven the elder, at 20s. per week, to keep his eye on the oysters when the tide permitted him, and to discharge the contents of an ancient blunderbuss into the bodies of any of her Majesty's liege subjects who attempted, in defiance of Mr. Sammy Short's rights, to carry them off.

The watching was somewhat dreary work when the nights were dark, and Arthur Treleaven was glad to have the company of his nephew whenever he felt inclined to stay up with him. Arthur enjoyed this immensely on the whole. It was so pleasant to boil the kettle, and make a little meal off broiled bacon, in the very middle of the night, when other people were wrapped in slumber. Then the blunderbuss was a never-failing amusement. It
made a report when fired as if it were a piece of ordnance, and when fired in the dead of night over the river where the oysters were laid, it raised such echoes, that it seemed as if five or six guns were answering each other from hill to hill. No robbers ever appeared to disturb the watcher's repose. This may have been because the blunderbuss was fired off about every third night to indicate that there was a warm reception awaiting them if they came. I say, advisedly, no robbers appeared to disturb the watcher's repose, for Uncle Arthur made a point of stretching himself on his couch of old nets in the shed allotted to the watcher, to take a comfortable nap, whenever his nephew kept him company.

Arthur, although a big lad, like most of his race was a firm believer in ghosts and other unearthly personages. Conse-
quently his blood curdled every now and again as he paced the lonely beach in the darkness. A noise like a footstep, the hoot of an owl, something white, apparently moving, sufficed to raise his superstitious feelings. He did not mind so long as he had a substantial wall at his back, but to feel that while standing out in the open or under the lee of a boat, a ghostly hand might seize you by the nape of the neck, was decidedly unpleasant. From what Arthur had heard, even a blunderbuss was no protection from a ghost. But on moonlight nights the oyster beach was still more weird. Crafts of all states and sizes, from an abandoned schooner to a tiny punt, cast dark shadows. The sighing of the wind in the rigging, the tapping and creaking of the swaying ropes, brought to Arthur's mind all the thrilling ghost stories he had heard or read. It was no wonder
if Polvarth beach were well-stocked with ghosts, there were so many lurking-places ready to their hand. The very buildings were ghostly, being dark cellars used for storing nets, and tenanted by lawless lodgers in the shape of rats. But even all these horrors failed often to keep Arthur from falling asleep at his post. Nature would assert her sway, and, as he could not venture to stretch out for a minute or two in a boat, not knowing when he would wake again, but was compelled to maintain an upright attitude, sent him to sleep as he stood.

But worse than the watching was the going home. Uncle Arthur insisted that his assistant should stay up with him half the night only, and then go home to bed. Half the way lay through a narrow lane, and the other half through some fields. The latter part Arthur did not mind so
much, but the former was a severe trial to his nerves. About the middle of the lane was a farmyard, with a barn and cattle-house, but no dwelling. To pass this was an ordeal indeed. Familiarity is supposed to breed contempt, but it certainly failed to do so in this case. It was quite as unpleasant on the last night of watching as on the first. There was the anticipatory dread on approaching the gloomy buildings, there was the feeling that you were in the very territory of the ghosts, and then who could tell what they would be up to when one's back was turned? Somehow Arthur never dreamed of running, but walked deliberately past, with his hands in his pockets, as if human flesh was peculiarly irritating to the disembodied spirits, and with his eyes fixed upon the place from which they were likely to emerge. His head turned slowly as he passed, and only
when he was quite out of reach of their malice did he look straight before him again: even then he cast a glance behind him now and again to make sure no sprite of more than ordinary wickedness was following him.

One night he received a severe fright. It was pitch dark, and he was following the path through the first field as best he could, and congratulating himself that the ghosts were far in his rear, when he became conscious of some presence near. A thundering sound seemed to shake the earth beneath him. He turned cold for a moment, and then the very roots of his hair seemed on fire. Had the ghosts come at last? To his great relief he found that the noise proceeded from no supernatural enemies, but from a number of horses, which in the darkness he had not perceived, and which
from sudden panic went off simultaneously at a gallop.

Towards the end of the oyster season he had a change of occupation.

"A plenty of mackerel have been seen in the bay," said Mrs. Treleaven to her son one forenoon, as he came downstairs from his bed, where he had lain later than usual to make up for his vigil the night before. "Captain Vingoe has been here to say that the seine is going out after dinner, and he wants you to go."

Arthur was delighted to hear this. Mackerel-fishing was new to him, and the price of mackerel was high, so that a good catch would be very profitable. In the afternoon the seine Good Hope started for the fishing-ground. It consisted of three boats—a large boat manned by seven fishermen, containing the seine proper, a smaller boat with a crew of four
men, with a seine called the "stop seine," and a smaller boat still, containing Captain Vingoe, the master seiner, and two others. Arthur, with his old schoolfellow, Jemmy Nash, were selected to accompany the captain.

After an hour's pull at the oars they reached the bay, and soon were fortunate enough to see a shoal of mackerel darting through the water.

"Shut away! shut away!" shouted Captain Vingoe in high excitement.

Tarpaulins were thrown off the nets in both boats, and in a few minutes the two nets were in the water. The boats rowed in opposite directions, the two making, but in unequal proportions, a complete circle, for only in this way could the swift-swimming mackerel be enclosed. As soon as the seine was shot it was the business of those in the smallest of the three boats to
pull the two ends of the larger net together, while the open space was guarded by the smaller. This operation was termed "stopping" the seine. Arthur found that stopping a seine under the supervision of Captain Vingoe was a somewhat trying performance. The captain was irascible at the best of times, and, when excited, would have had considerable difficulty in deciding whether his head or his heels were uppermost.

"Pull!" he shouted to Arthur and Nash, "pull for your lives, or we shall lose every mackerel."

They pulled with all their might and main, but the two ends of the seine were far apart, and could not be brought together in a moment.

"Drop the rope, Treleaven, and beat down!" screamed the captain.

Arthur took the "minnace," a stone ball,
weighing six or seven pounds, at the end of a rope, and threw it into the sea repeatedly to frighten the fish back from the opening.

"Pull again!" yelled Captain Vingoe; "Jemmy, you arn't half pulling."

"What a poor-tempered old chap he is," whispered Nash to Arthur.

Unfortunately this remark reached the captain's ear, and threw him into quite a paroxysm of rage.

"Poor-tempered owld chap am I?" he roared. "You young rascal you, if you give me any of your impudence I'll thraw 'ee ovverbooard, that I will. You two are enough to meeake Job poor-tempered. I never seed such a lazy pair in my life."

In his rage the captain quite forgot the business in hand, and was only brought to himself by an admonishing shout from one of the other boats.
"Now then, what are 'ee knocking up all that capperouse about? You are 'nough to frighten every mackerel in the say. While you're jawing, the mouth of the seines wide abroad."

"Aw," groaned Captain Vingoe as he threw his hat into the bottom of the boat, "I'm plagued with the wishest crew that ever was; but there's no time to argy 'bout it now. Pull, booy, pull with all your might."

At last the stopping was completed, and the work of pulling in the seine was begun. Captain Vingoe and his crew watched eagerly and anxiously to see if any mackerel came up entangled in the meshes, as this would give some indication of the presence of fish in the "cod," or baggy part of the seine, where they always were compelled to retreat, and which came up last. But not a glimmer gladdened their
eyes, and their hopes died away as yard after yard of the dripping net came up empty. Just as the "cod" was reached, their hopes were raised for an instant, to be again destroyed. Something white showed itself, but it was not the gleam of mackerel. For an hour fourteen men and boys had been toiling, and all the result was a large skate and a spider-crab.

"I knawed how 'twould be," said Captain Vingoe; "all the fish went out while Treleaven and Nash was fiddling about. I doant knaw what the young fellahs are like nowadays: they're like as if they was driving snails to market."

"'Twodn their faut," said one of the crew. "I doant believe we ever headed em at all; but wha's the good of grumbling? Lev' us overhaul the seine and look out for another school."

This practical advice commended itself
to all but Captain Vingoe, and, leaving him to grumble and mutter like a volcano in pain, they soon placed their nets in position for shooting again.

"There they go," exclaimed Arthur almost before the work was completed, as a shoal of mackerel went rustling through the water just ahead of the boats.

"Iss, there they go, sure 'nough," said the captain. "Shut away boys, we shall have 'em yet."

This time the seiners were more fortunate, for when the net was being taken up the meshes were seen to be studded with glittering, quivering mackerel, foretelling a rich harvest in the "cod" of the seine. Nor was the prophecy unfulfilled, for no less than six thousand mackerel were secured by this one haul.

Captain Vingoe forgot all his former vexation when he saw the beautiful fish
with their blue and green and yellow backs and silvery sides taking up so much room in the seine-boats.

"Aw, the beauties!" he exclaimed; "they're putty in the water, but they're twice as putty in the boats. Now, me sons, look sharp and teeake 'em across to Penmaen before it 'comes dark, and doant 'ee sill a single mackerel under three ha' pence."

This last piece of advice was found impracticable; some of the mackerel were small and clearly not worth "three ha'pence," and some buyers, ladies of course, were so "pleasant spoken" that the susceptible young fishermen could not resist their blandishments; nevertheless, most of the fish were sold at the captain's own price.

The money was shared on the following day, and Arthur, who was appraised at
two-thirds of a man's value, received for his afternoon's work, in current coin of the realm, one pound, ten shillings, and sevenpence halfpenny. The odd sevenpence halfpenny Arthur laid out in snuff for Mrs. Betty Polsue, who, although nearly ninety, was still able to enjoy a pinch.

"It's so refreshing, my dear," she was wont to say; "it's so refreshing as washing your face, not that mine is washed very often, thenk the Lord; it doant want it. There's only wan thing more refreshing than a pinch of snuff, and that's a drap of gin." "Thenky, my dear," she said when Arthur made his offering; "thenky, my dear. I allays said there's no such cheeld as thee in Pendruthan, and I'll stick to it. Why the very fust time I had thee in my arms I said to Mistess Treleaven, says I, 'What a lovely beeaby 'tes, plaise sure;
and goodness guide me if he haben got a tooth afore he's born. Ef theest keep 'un from being ill-wished he'll graw up a regler bender of a booy,' and plaise sure, my son, you're grawing every day. I sheeant see 'ce graw much more, for I ceeant continny long, I ceeant continny. Will 'ee have a pinch of snuff, Arter?"

"I don't like snuff; use it all yourself, Betsy. But I must be running home to mother, she'll be glad to have the money to go to the shop with."

And Mrs. Polsue was left with her snuff.
CHAPTER XXII.

"WILT THOU BE MY DEARIE?"

Lassie, say thou lo’es me;
Or if thou wilt na’ be my ain,
Say na’ thou’lt refuse me.

Burns.

"I’m glad I met you, I want you to go fishing with me," said Mark Rundle as he met Jenifer in Church Street in the month of August. "George Roskilly and his sisters were out last night and caught eighty-five chads. They’ve come into the bay with this spring tide, George says. Will you go, Jenny?"

"I hardly think I can manage it," answered Jenifer; "we are rather busy
at Miss Jink's now, and have to work late."

"But surely you might manage to get away for once just to please me; I don't know when I shall have the chance to go again, for I shall have to start for Bristol to-morrow morning."

"Start for Bristol to-morrow!" exclaimed Jenifer; "why I thought it was settled that you should go about the middle of next month."

"So it was, but a letter came this morning saying that the arrangements had been altered, and that I must be at the post-office by ten o'clock on Thursday morning. Well, will you go chadding with me or not?"

"I don't care much for fishing," answered Jenifer, "but if it will be any pleasure to you Mark, I'll go, that is, if Miss Jink will spare me."
"Then that's settled," said Mark; "mind you're not late. We had better start about six, so that we may have a good two hours' fish, and be in again before dark."

Jenifer looked so charming in her light print gown and wide-brimmed straw hat shading her fair face from the hot sun, that it was not to be wondered at that Mark followed her with his eyes, down the whole length of the street, until she turned the corner to enter Miss Jink's house.

Mark was eighteen now, tall and straight, with good features and thick clustering black hair. Jeremiah Rundle was exceedingly proud of his handsome son, more especially as he possessed, in an eminent degree, the Rundle propensity for looking after number one.

"He'll get on," Jeremiah was wont to
say, "and’ll marry somebody with a little heap of what our parson do call filthy lucre. Mark won’t throw hisself away for love, I’ll be bound; he’s a Rundle."

Jeremiah would have had his faith in the Rundle instinct rudely shaken if he had seen his son stare down the street after Jenifer. At any rate, Mark’s friend, George Roskilly, who had, unobserved, been watching him for some time, said in a stage whisper as Jenifer disappeared,—

"Hullo! Mark, my boy, what are you staring at in that moonstruck fashion?"

"Staring at?" said Mark, recovering himself; "what do you mean?"

"Oh, come now," remonstrated George, "you needn’t pretend that you’ve been having a nap, or been dreaming, or anything of that kind; you’re in love, my dear fellow, that’s your complaint, it
doesn't take a very powerful pair of spectacles to perceive that."

"In love, nonsense," returned Mark; "do talk rationally, that's a good fellow."

"So I will, when you act rationally. If I may be so bold, may I ask what kept you gazing so long down Church Street? Was it the tower you were admiring? Or were you thinking how nicely Miss Jink brings on her pupils, as evidenced by the exquisite set of Miss Treleaven's print dress?"

"I can't stay listening to stuff like this," said Mark; "I must run down to the quay at once, I'm wanted there."

"Good-bye then, my love-sick friend," shouted George after him as he strode off.

Punctually at six Jenifer appeared on the beach, but, to Mark's evident annoy-
ance, Esther Mansell accompanied her. Jenifer had raised various objections when Esther proposed that she too should go a-fishing with Mark, but Esther had made up her mind to go as soon as she heard Jenifer asking Miss Jink for leave, and, therefore, overruled them all. Esther managed to leave her work earlier than Jenifer; "her tooth," she said, "was so painful, that she could scarcely hold up her head; might she go home?"

"By all means," said the good natured mistress, "and I hope you'll be better by the morning."

Mark had planned to take no one with him on this expedition but Jenifer, and he determined to get rid of Esther by fair means or foul.

"Well, Mark," said Esther, "I think you might have asked me to go, but as you didn't, I've asked myself."

VOL. I.
"I should be very pleased to take you," said Mark, his looks belying his words, "but I'm going to take the small boat, and she'll hardly be safe with three."

"She was safe for four last week," retorted Esther, "when you and George Roskilly and his two friends went up the river. Has she gone smaller since?"

"No," answered Mark, "but the bay is rougher than the river."

"Come now," said Esther, "I'm too good a sailor for you to make me believe in such an excuse as that. Why there's not a breath of wind stirring, and the sea is as calm as a millpool."

"But there are only lines enough for two," pleaded Mark in despair, as his excuses broke down; "I'll take you another time, Esther."

"But I want to go to-night. Just wait a minute and I'll run home for a line."
Mind you don't start before I come back, Jenifer."

As soon as Esther had disappeared, Mark said,—

"Come Jenny, I'm going to start at once."

"No, Mark," she remonstrated, "perhaps you had better wait; she'll be dreadfully put out if you don't."

"Well, let her be put out," answered Mark wrathfully. "I'm determined that she shan't go fishing with me to-night."

"But haven't we as good as promised?"

"Promised? no: she only said, 'Don't start before I come back.' Jump aboard, Jenny, I won't wait another minute."

Jenifer did as she was bidden, and Mark, putting out the oars, pulled away for the bay as if he were rowing against time and were somewhat doubtful of the
result. Before the boat had left the land a hundred yards behind, they heard loud shouts, and looking, saw Esther waving her fishing-line for them to stop.

"Esther's come," said Jenifer to Mark, "won't you go back for her?"

Mark had seen her before Jenifer, but continued rowing all the same. He now shut his eyes, saying,—

"She may wave that line as long as she likes, I can't see her. She must pester somebody else if she goes fishing tonight."

In about half an hour they came to a little group of boats moored abreast of the lighthouse, whose occupants, young men and maidens for the most part, were busily engaged in pulling in the chads, which came to their hooks as soon as the lines were thrown overboard. Mark moored his boat, and when she had swung
around with the tide, prepared and baited a line each for Jenifer and himself. In a short time the bottom of the boat was all alive with leaping chads. Mark had little to say to Jenifer, and she rallied him upon his absent-mindedness, when, after unhooking a fine fish, he threw the hook into the boat and the chad into the sea.

"Why, whatever is the matter with you, Mark? are you fretting because you left Esther behind?"

"Not I," was the answer; "I wanted you, and nobody but you to come with me. You've got a fine fish to your line this time."

Jenifer lifted the fish over the gunwale of the boat and endeavoured to take it off the hook, but handling it awkwardly, the sharp back spines entered her hand, causing her considerable pain. Her little scream brought Mark to the rescue. In a
second he removed the hook from the chad and seized Jenifer's hand to examine the wound. It was not serious, though the poisonous spines made the hand smart for the time, but Mark's examination was a very prolonged one.

"That'll do, Mark," said Jenifer when he had minutely looked at every puncture made by the spikes; "that'll do, 'tis nothing of consequence; let go my hand."

"I should like to look at that prick in your forefinger again; the spikes are poisonous, you know."

"Don't be foolish, Mark," remonstrated Jenifer. "I won't be held like this; the people in the other boats will see you."

At this Mark reluctantly brought his examination to a close. But he was, as his father said, a Rundle, and soon invented a scheme which would enable him,
if so disposed, to pursue his surgical studies unopposed and unmolested.

"I should like to catch a bass or two before we go in," said he. "I think, Jenny, I'll row the boat a little nearer the lighthouse; they come in over the rocks there about this time of the tide."

Jenifer had no desire to move from the chadding-ground, but she raised no objection to Mark's proposal. Without further remark he pulled up the anchor and moved the boat three hundred yards away, where they were practically unseen and unheard. Mark seemed to have forgotten the object of his coming to this new station, and did not attempt to attract the aforesaid bass. He cleared his throat twice as if he had some idea of making a speech.

"Oh!" said Jenifer, when she found that Mark remained silent, "have you forgotten your text?"
"You seem inclined to poke fun at me," said Mark, rather irritably, "but I want to speak seriously to you, if only you'll listen for a minute."

"What do you mean by seriously? Is it really a sermon you are going to deliver?"

"Now be quiet a moment, do, Jenny," pleaded Mark. "What I want to say is this—I'm going away to-morrow from St. Enodoc, and before I go I want to be sure of one thing. When we were little we used to call one another husband and wife, and since we have grown older we have been fond of one another—I think I may say that—and lately you must have seen, Jenny, that I cared more for you than for anybody else. Will you promise me that when I am out of sight in Bristol you won't forget me, and that when we are old enough to marry you will be my wife?"
“But that’s an engagement,” said Jenifer; “we had better wait awhile; you might change your mind, you know.”

“No, I shan’t,” he protested; “but do you love me enough to wait, Jenny?”

“I don’t know. I like you, of course, but—”

“I shall have a good situation in the post-office by that time—I know Mr. Josiah thinks me well up in my work.”

“I wasn’t thinking of that, but—”

“It isn’t that you like George Roskilly better, is it?” asked Mark suspiciously, as the remembrance of his friend’s attention to Jenifer at a tea-party a week or two before darted across his mind.

“George Roskilly, no,” answered Jenifer; “I don’t care for George Roskilly; but I don’t think I love you well enough to become engaged. We had better go on as friends, ’twill be time enough to
think about it when you come home from Bristol for your holiday. I suppose that will be at the end of a year or so?"

"Won't you say any more than that?" asked Mark dejectedly.

"No, I had better not."

"Give me one kiss, Jenny dear," pleaded Mark, "only one."

"They will see you from the other boats," remonstrated Jenifer.

"No, they won't," said Mark, "they're too far away, and the light is going. Will you, Jenny?"

"Yes, if you wish," said Jenifer, lifting up her beautiful face to her young lover. The kiss was given and taken, with passion on his part, with sweet sisterly affection on hers, and then in silence the anchor was weighed and the boat rowed slowly to land.
CHAPTER XXIII.

UNCLE ANTHONY.

Boatswain. Heigh, my hearts! cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare! Take in the topsail. Tend to the master's whistle.

The Tempest.

"Here's a funny letter I've got for you," said Arthur Treleaven to his mother as he entered the house; "Mr. Frost gave it to me as I passed the post-office. Just look at the address: 'Mistess Treleaven, widow woman, Pendruthan. N.B.—If she's gone, send it to her.' Whoever can it be from?"

"I don't know the writing," answered his mother. "The postmark is St. Enodoc. I don't know anybody there. Oh, yes,
there's uncle and aunt Barker, but I haven't heard from them but once since your poor father was drowned. I don't know if they're dead or alive. I wonder if it's from them."

"Perhaps you had better open it and see," said Arthur.

Mrs. Treleaven agreed to this, and the curious-looking epistle was unfolded and read. It was as follows:—

"St. Enodoc,

"Febury 19, 18—.

"My dear Nece and grandnevy,—I set down to Rite these fu lines, hopping to fine you all well, as it leves me at Present, thank God for it, Amen. Your poor Ant is dropped of. She died last Nite weak, and was buried the day before yesterday. She sufred from the brown Titus, and the Doctor couldn do nothing for her, so she died. And what I wants to kna' es this:
I am seventy 4 come next Mikelmas day, and I'm very lonsome, and I'v a got nobody to look after me and do my little chores, and will you come? There's the house, there's not no rent to pay 'cause I'v a got a least on He, and when I drops of He drops of, so there's not no rent to pay. My little pinching from gove'ment is not much, 30 pound a 'ear, that's what it do raich to, but I'v a got a bit of money put by, and if you'ł come, when I drop of 'tes yours, and so will you come? My Nevý he can go fishing, for Sent Enodoc is very good for pilcherin'. And if so be as you'ł come, when will you come? Please excuse all Miss takes, for I'm no Scholard, and I can't see very well; my hornin' spertakls es broke. And please leve me knaw as soon as you can, and I hop' you are all well.

"From your unkle,

"Anthony Barker."
"I say, mother," said Arthur, "you won't go, will you?"

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Treleaven, "we must think it over; I've not got much to keep me here, the lace-making isn't very profitable. But there's you to think of, and what shall we do with the furniture?"

"Had we better ask him to come and live with us?" asked Arthur.

"I'm afraid he wouldn't come; he's old, you know, and old people don't care to leave a place where they have lived a long time. Uncle Barker has lived at St. Enodoc ever since he left the man-of-war and joined the coastguard, and that's thirty years ago if 'tis a day. Besides, there's his little house, he can't very well leave that. To be sure he might find a tenant for it."

"Suppose we write and ask him before we decide?" suggested Arthur.
This suggestion was adopted, and Arthur wrote a letter by return of post, asking Uncle Anthony whether it could not be arranged for him to come to Pendruthan, and promising that if he came they would receive him gladly, and give him a comfortable home.

In little more than a week another letter came, addressed to Mrs. Treleaven, "widow woman," to this effect:

"Sent Enodoc,

"Febury 28, 18—.

"My dear Nece,—I’ve received a letter from my grandnevy Arthur, and I’m glad He’s such a scholard, ’tes like a book Mrs. Craddock says—she’s the woman what have a lookt arter me since my poor old woman dropped of; and I’m glad you are well, as I’m the same. You says, says you, will you come down to Pendruthan to live with we? My dear, I’m to owld to go galli-
vanting round the country, and besides, I can’t take my house with me as if He was a gipses’ van, and he’s on a least, and must stay where he is, and I should like to end my days in He, so I says again, says I, come if you can. Never mind bringing your furnitur’, my poor dear woman keep the Howse well suplide. Have a survey of your things—I suppos’ you do call it a Hokshon down along with you—and the sooner you can come the better for Mistess Craddock—that’s the owld woman—she isn’t very good-tempered, and do take things as a trouble; and so wishing you well,

“I sine myself,

“Your unkle,

“Anthony Barker.”

“Well, mother, what do you think about it?” asked Arthur.
"If I had only myself to think about," answered Mrs. Treleaven, "I should certainly go. I don't like the thought of the poor old man being there with nobody to care for him but strangers; and then, while he lived there would be no rent to pay, and with uncle's pension, and what we could earn besides, we might get along very comfortably. But it is you I'm thinking about. I couldn't think of going for one moment if you would rather stay at Pendruthan."

"Oh! as to that," said Arthur, "I would as soon go to St. Enodoc as stay here: there is very little doing, and if we wait for fish we are likely to starve, unless we run into debt, and I would just as soon starve as do that."

"I am so glad to hear you say that," said his mother; "I was afraid you would not be willing to go. Shall we take
uncle's advice then, and sell our few things by auction? 'Twould cost too much to carry them to St. Enodoc, and if we carried them, uncle would never be able to find room for them. We can take out any little thing we might like to keep."

These plans were carried out, and in about three weeks from the receipt of the second letter Mrs. Treleaven and her son were welcomed by Uncle Anthony to their new home. Arthur, who had never seen his uncle, was curious to know what the old gentleman was like. He, now and again, as they descended the steep hill which led down to St. Enodoc, thrust his head out of the van to see if he could catch a glimpse of the ancient pensioner. But he failed to see anybody resembling the picture which he had framed in his mind of the writer of the two letters.

"We can't be far off," he was saying to
his mother as they reached the bottom of the hill, when a loud shout of "Heave her to, mate, and let go the anchor," caused him to turn quickly round.

A little, old, shrivelled man, with piercing eyes under bushy eyebrows, was standing in the gateway of a small well-kept garden, which fronted a cottage covered to the very tops of the chimneys with ivy. It was Anthony Barker. He was, so to speak, in court uniform to receive his distinguished visitors. His blue coat with brass buttons, which usually saw the light only on the Queen's birthday, and one or two other great festivals, surmounted by his glazed naval hat, gave a decidedly dignified and official air to the little antiquated representative of "the service."

"Are the passengers aboard?" he shouted again to the driver, who was pulling in his horses.
“Yes,” was the answer.

“Clew up the sails then, and get the cargo out,” said Uncle Anthony, going to the door of the van. “Glad to see ’ee, glad to see ’ee,” continued he, shaking hands with his niece and nephew. “Why, Jane, how white you’re looking, ’tes too close here in the hold of the van, you ought to have travelled on deck. Well, Arter, my boy, how are ’ee?—I s’poase ’tes Arter, Jane? Why, I ’spected from his pottygraph he’d be a booy, but he’s a man for size; but then I’ve had the pottygraph eight or ten years or so, so I have. Go along in, Jane; me and Arter will bring the things in.”

A sumptuous meal had been spread for the travellers, under the direction of Mrs. Craddock. An enormous Cornish pasty graced the head of the table, flanked by cold beef and boiled eggs, while at the other end a fine dish of fried whiting, cooked to a turn, tempted the hungry
palate. Mrs. Craddock, although somewhat caustic in her words and cynical in her temper, was not, on the whole, a bad-natured dame, and had spared no pains to welcome Mrs. Treleaven and her son in a becoming manner. Arthur cunningly won her favour at once by taking a paper from his pocket and inviting her to take a pinch of snuff.

"What a nice chap he es," said Mrs. Craddock to Mrs. Trewhella, when describing the new-comers in the evening at her friend's house, "what a nice chap he es, why a'mooast the fust words he said was, 'Why, Mrs. Craddock, how d'ye do; will 'ee oblige me by tewing a pinch of snuff?' He had my neeame so pat as you plaise, and he said he brought the snuff all the way from Pendruthan a purpose to give me."

All this was true, but Arthur did not think it necessary to explain that it was
bought for Betsy Polsue, who happened to die before it could be presented to her, and that he brought it to poke fun at Mrs. Craddock, more than from any affection for that estimable lady.

"Now fall to," said Uncle Anthony when the luggage had been all brought into the house, "fall to, my dears, you must be hungry, sure 'nough, after such a long journey; and when you've finished your tay I'll teeake Arter down upon the quay for a turn, and will shaw un to Capen Shortridge."

"Show me to Captain Shortridge! what for?" asked Arthur.

"Aw, to survey 'ee," said Uncle Anthony, laughing; "he's Lloyd's surveyor, you know, and as you're a new ship, you must be ovverhauled. Doant 'ee be frightened, Jane, I'm only joking. Capen Shortridge es the head of the fishing company here, and when I was spaking to un wan day
'bout your coming, he axed me to bring un down when he comed, and said he would give un a job to look after the boats and nets when 'tes out of saison, and that's half the year, and he can go a-fishing when the nets are put aboard in the latter peart of the summer. Five shellen es the pay to look arter the things, but then it weeant teeake up much time, and Arter can go fishing all the seeame."

"How very kind of you, uncle, to interest yourself about Arthur in this way," said Mrs. Treleaven.

"Aw, that's no consegence," replied Uncle Anthony; "Capen Shortridge es very friendly, 'cause I keep a heye to his office when he's out and his clerk edn there. Tedn 'zactly a gove'ment office, but he's the Counsel, and wan thing and t'other, so o' course as I belong to the service, why, when I'm about I'm on duty, and must keep a heye to things. Doant 'ee hurry,
Arter; ait so much as you can, my son, 'twas all cooked for 'ee to ait. Would 'ee like a glass of grog to warm 'ee up nicely?"

"No, thank you," said Arthur, "I'm a teetotaler."

"Aw, are 'ee? There wodn many of they when I was young, but they're gitting putty plentiful. I'm so good as a teetotaler myself. I only drink a glass of grog wance a week, and that I drink on Sunday nights arter I come from church in honour of the day. Iss, my dears, I'm so good as a teetotaler. Are 'ee ready? We'll start, then. You'd better lie down a bit on the sofy, Jane, to rest yourself. Mrs. Craddock here will look arter 'ee."

"The owld gentleman es failin'," said Mrs. Craddock mournfully, as soon as Uncle Anthony and Arthur were out of sight; "the owld woman's death have a finely shook un, but there, we ceeant
expect to live for ever—I'm sure I doant, Mrs. Treleaven."

"No, I expect not," was the answer; "but you're pretty well, arn't you, Mrs. Craddock?"

"I look putty well, but I'm railly a poor wisht woman so fur as strength is consarned, and my life es a burden to me; I've got such a wisht lot of neighbours. I say sometimes to Mistess Trewhella—she married a second cousin to my poor owld man's fust wife's brother—I says to her, says I, 'Mrs. Trewhella, we've all a diviated from the path of rectitude, but my neighbours! aw, my dear! their teeth are set on fire and their tongues are sharp swords.'"

"But why do they molest you?"

"Molest me? why, out of wicketness, I s'poase, not for nothin' else. There's the owld man who do live next door to me, awnly yesterday he rapped
out a oath to some children who was playin' round his door, and when I says,
'Aw, my dear man, where do 'ee think you're goin' to?' he says, says he, 'Hould
tha tongue, I'm a mile furder off from hell than you are.' He meeade my blud run
cowld, iss a ded, and I was forced to say to un, 'Doant 'ee booast yourself of your
wicketness, for you're awnly a poor vain man like me.'"

"But there's nothing wrong with your health, is there?" inquired Mrs. Tre-
leaven.

"That's what the people do ginerally ax me," replied Mrs. Craddock, "and it
do worrit me to hear it. Tha's cause I've got a rosy complexion, my dear; nobody
weeant believe there's anything the matter weth me, no, not if I'm dyin' off my legs.
But I do knaw from my own feelins that the seeds of mortality es sowed so strong in
me that I ceeant last long."
"Why don't you move to another house," suggested Mrs. Treleaven.

"What's the good, my dear, somebody'll be sure to pester me to death wherever I go. I've a lived in six houses sence my owld man died, and wan es so bad as an- other. I'm a tried corner-stone, my dear, I'm a tried corner-stone."

"Have you any children?"

"I have, and I haven't," answered Mrs. Craddock. "There's a married woman in this town who do call me mother, but she might as well call anybody else mother as me, for all the comfort she es to me."

"I should have thought you would live with her."

"Well, she axed me to come weth her, but wha's the good? We're of two minds, my dear, we are of two minds, and a cat- and-dog life weeant suit me. I said to her the other day, 'Susan,' says I, 'thee'rt like tha feeather of tha, and he was, as
the Scripture says, a fly in my pot of ointment.'"

"I hope," said Mrs. Treleaven, rather alarmed at Mrs. Craddock's description of the unamiable tempers of the people of St. Enodoc, "I hope our new neighbours are not so difficult to get on with as yours appear to be."

"Neighbours!" snorted Mrs. Craddock, "neighbours! there's no neighbours nowadays, there's awnly livers-by, and that you'll find when you knaw um so well as I do."

With this parting sting Mrs. Craddock assumed her rusty widow's bonnet, and repaired to her home, where, if she were to be believed, the wicked never ceased from troubling and the weary were never at rest.

END OF VOL. I.