

again, to play. A child's heart is soon touched by gentle people; and a Child's Hospital in London, through which there should pass yearly eight hundred children of the poor, would help to diffuse a kind of health that is not usually got out of apothecaries' bottles:

We have spoken only of five children; the sixth was not in bed and not at rest. He was a literary character, studiously combining into patterns letters of the alphabet; but he had removed his work so far out of the little world to which he belonged, that he attracted no attention from his neighbors. There are larger children in a greater world who do the like. The solitary child was lonely—not from want of love—its thoughts were at home wandering about its mother; it had not yet learned to reconcile itself to temporary separation. We seemed to leave the shadows of our day-dream in attendance on it, and to take up our young surgeon again.

Having paid as we were able brief respects to each member of the little company, and having seen the bath-rooms on this floor, we continued our progress upward. Of course there were no more stately drawing-rooms, but all the rooms were spacious, and, by modern care, had been, moreover, plentifully furnished with the means of ventilation. There were bath-rooms, of course; there were wards cut off from the rest for fever cases. Good thought had been evidently directed to a good purpose every where.

Having seen all these things, we came downstairs again, and passing through the surgery—upon whose jars and bottles our eyes detected many names of compounds palatable to little mouths—we were shown through an excellent consulting-room, into a wide hall, with another of the massive chimney-pieces. This hall is entered from a side street, and is intended for a waiting-room for out-patients. It had always belonged to the brave house in Great-Ormond-street, and had been used at one time for assemblies.

What we have said of the few patients admitted at the early period of our visit, will have shown the spirit in which a Child's Hospital should be conducted. Of course, to such an institution a garden and play-ground for the convalescent is an essential requisite. We inquired, therefore, for the garden in Great Ormond-street. We were shown out through a large door under a lattice, and found a terrace in the old style, descending by steps to a considerable space of ground. The steps were short, suited to little feet; so also in the house, according to the old style, which curiously fits itself to the modern purpose. We found that an air of neatness had been given to that portion of the ground immediately near the house; but the space generally is very ample, and is at present a mere wilderness. The funds of the hospital have only sufficed to authorize the occupation of a building, and the preparation for a great useful work. For means to plant the roses in the garden, and to plant the roses in the cheeks of many children

besides those who come under their immediate care, the Hospital Committee has support to find.

So large a piece of garden-ground waiting for flowers, only a quarter of a mile from Holborn, was a curious thing to contemplate. When we looked into the dead house, built for the reception of those children whom skill and care shall fail to save, and heard of the alarm which its erection had excited in the breasts of some "particular" old ladies in the neighborhood, we felt inclined to preach some comfort to them. Be of good heart, particular old ladies! In every street, square, crescent, alley, lane, in this great city, you will find dead children too easily. They lie thick all around you. This little tenement will not hurt you; there will be the fewer dead-houses for it; and the place to which it is attached may bring a saving health upon Queens-square, a blessing on Great Ormond-street!

THE LAST REVEL.

A TALE OF THE COAST-GUARD.

WHEN I was quite a lad, a servant lived with us of the name of Anne Stacey. She had been in the service of William Cobbett, the political writer, who resided for some years at Botley, a village a few miles distant from Itchen. Anne might be about two or three and twenty years of age when she came to us; and a very notable, industrious servant she was, and remarked, moreover, as possessing a strong religious bias. Her features, every body agreed, were comely and intelligent. But that advantage in the matrimonial market was more than neutralized by her unfortunate figure, which, owing, as we understood, to a fall in her childhood, was hopelessly deformed, though still strongly set and muscular. Albeit a sum of money—about fifty pounds—scraped together by thrifty self-denial during a dozen years of servitude, amply compensated in the eyes of several idle and needy young fellows for the unlovely outline of her person; and Anne, with an infatuation too common with persons of her class and condition, and in spite of repeated warning, and the secret misgivings, one would suppose, of her own mind, married the best-looking, but most worthless and dissipated of them all. This man, Henry Ransome by name, was, I have been informed, constantly intoxicated during the first three months of wedlock, and then the ill-assorted couple disappeared from the neighborhood of Itchen, and took up their abode in one of the hamlets of the New Forest. Many years afterward, when I joined the Preventive Service, I frequently heard mention of his name as that of a man singularly skillful in defrauding the revenue, as well as in avoiding the penalties which surround that dangerous vocation. One day, he was pointed out to me when standing by the Cross-House near the Ferry, in company with a comparatively youthful desperado, whose real name was John Wyatt, though generally known among the smuggling fraternity and other personal intimates, by the *sobriquet* of Black Jack—on account, I suppose, of his dark,

heavy-browed, scowling figure-head, one of the most repulsive, I think, I have ever seen. Anne's husband, Henry Ransome, seemed, so far as very brief observation enabled me to judge, quite a different person from his much younger, as well as much bigger and brawnier associate. I did not doubt that, before excessive indulgence had wasted his now pallid features, and sapped the vigor of his thin and shaking frame, he had been a smart, good-looking chap enough; and there was, it struck me, spite of his reputation as "a knowing one," considerably more of the dupe than the knave, of the fool than the villain, in the dreary, downcast, skulking expression that flitted over his features as his eye caught mine intently regarding him. I noticed also that he had a dry, hard cough, and I set down in my own mind as certain that he would, ere many months passed away, be consigned, like scores of his fellows, to a brandy-hastened grave. He indicated my presence—proximity, rather—to Wyatt, by a nudge on the elbow, whereupon that respectable personage swung sharply round, and returned my scrutinizing gaze by one of insolent defiance and bravado, which he contrived to render still more emphatic by thrusting his tongue into his cheek. This done, he gathered up a coil of rope from one of the seats of the Cross-House, and said: "Come, Harry, let's be off. That gentleman seems to want to take our pictures—on account that our mugs are such handsome ones, no doubt; and if it was a mildish afternoon, I shouldn't mind having mine done; but as the weather's rather nippy like, we'd better be toddling, I think." They then swaggered off, and crossed the Ferry.

Two or three weeks afterward, I again met with them, under the following circumstances: I landed from the *Rose* at Lyminster, for the purpose of going by coach to Lyndhurst, a considerable village in the New Forest, from which an ex-chancellor derives his title. I had appointed to meet a confidential agent there at the Fox and Hounds Inn, a third-rate tavern, situate at the foot of the hill upon which the place is built; and as the evening promised to be clear and fine, though cold, I anticipated a bracing, cross-country walk afterward in the direction of Hythe, in the neighborhood whereof dwelt a person—neither a seaman nor a smuggler—whose favor I was just then very diligently cultivating. It was the month of November; and on being set down at the door of the inn somewhere about six o'clock in the evening, I quietly entered and took a seat in the smoking-room unrecognized, as I thought, by any one—for I was not in uniform. My man had not arrived; and after waiting a few minutes, I stepped out to inquire at the bar if such a person had been there. To my great surprise, a young woman—girl would be a better word, for she could not be more than seventeen, or at the utmost eighteen years old—whom I had noticed on the outside of the coach, was just asking if one Dr. Lee was expected. This was precisely the individual who was to meet me, and I looked with some curios-

ity at the inquirer. She was a coarsely, but neatly attired person, of a pretty figure, interesting, but dejected cast of features, and with large, dark, sorrowing eyes. Thoughtfulness and care were not less marked in the humble, subdued tone in which she spoke. "Could I sit down any where till he comes?" she timidly asked, after hearing the bar-woman's reply. The servant civilly invited her to take a seat by the bar-fire, and I returned, without saying any thing, to the smoking-room, rang the bell, and ordered a glass of brandy and water, and some biscuits. I had been seated a very short time only, when the quick, consequential step, and sharp, cracked voice of Dr. Lee sounded along the passage; and after a momentary pause at the bar, his round, smirking, good-humored, knavish face looked in at the parlor-door, where, seeing me alone, he winked with uncommon expression, and said aloud: "A prime fire in the smoking-room, I see; I shall treat myself to a whiff there presently." This said, the shining face vanished, in order, I doubted not, that its owner might confer with the young girl who had been inquiring for him. This Lee, I must observe, had no legal right to the prefix of doctor tacked to his name. He was merely a peripatetic quack-salver and vender of infallible medicines, who, having wielded the pestle in an apothecary's shop for some years during his youth, had acquired a little skill in the use of drugs, and could open a vein or draw a tooth with considerable dexterity. He had a large, but not, I think, very remunerative practice among the poaching, deer-stealing, smuggling community of those parts, to whom it was of vital importance that the hurts received in their desperate pursuits should be tended by some one not inclined to babble of the number, circumstances, or whereabouts of his patients. This essential condition Lee, hypocrite and knave as he was, strictly fulfilled; and no inducement could, I think, have prevailed upon him to betray the hiding-place of a wounded or suffering client. In other respects, he permitted himself a more profitable freedom of action, thereto compelled, he was wont apologetically to remark, by the wretchedly poor remuneration obtained by his medical practice. If, however, specie was scarce among his clients, spirits, as his rubicund, carbuncled face flamingly testified, were very plentiful. There was a receipt in full painted there for a prodigious amount of drugs and chemicals, so that, on the whole, he could have had no great reason to complain.

He soon reappeared, and took a chair by the fire, which, after civilly saluting me, he stirred almost fiercely, eying as he did so the blazing coals with a half-abstracted and sullen, cowed, disquieted look altogether unusual with him. At least, wherever I had before seen him, he had been as loquacious and boastful as a Gascon.

"What is the matter, doctor?" I said. "You appear strangely down upon your luck all at once."

"Hush—hush! Speak lower, sir, pray: The

fact is, I have just heard that a fellow is lurking about here— You have not, I hope, asked for me of any one?"

"I have not; but what if I had?"

"Why, you see, sir, that suspicion—calumny, Shakspeare says, could not be escaped, even if one were pure as snow—and more especially, therefore, when one is not quite so—so—Ahem!—you understand?"

"Very well, indeed. You would say, that when one is *not* actually immaculate—calumny, suspicion takes an earlier and firmer hold."

"Just so; exactly—and, in fact—ha!—"

The door was suddenly thrown open, and the doctor fairly leaped to his feet with ill-disguised alarm. 't was only the bar-maid, to ask if he had rung. He had not done so, and as it was perfectly understood that I paid for all on these occasions, that fact alone was abundantly conclusive as to the disordered state of his intellect. He now ordered brandy and water, a pipe, and a screw of tobacco. These ministrants to a mind disturbed somewhat calmed the doctor's excitement, and his cunning gray eyes soon brightly twinkled again through a haze of curling smoke.

"Did you notice," he resumed, "a female sitting in the bar? She knows you."

"A young, intelligent-looking girl. Yes. Who is she?"

"Young!" replied Lee, evasively, I thought. "Well, it's true she *is* young in years, but not in experience—in suffering, poor girl, as I can bear witness."

"There are, indeed, but faint indications of the mirth and lightness of youth or childhood in those timid, apprehensive eyes of hers."

"She never had a childhood. Girls of her condition seldom have. Her father's booked for the next world, and by an early stage, too, unless he mends his manners, and that I hardly see how he's to do. The girl's been to Lymington to see after a place. Can't have it. Her father's character is against her. Unfortunate; for she's a good girl."

"I am sorry for her. But come, to business. How about the matter you wot of?"

"Here are all the particulars," answered Lee, with an easy transition from a sentimental to a common-sense, business-like tone, and, at the same time, unscrewing the lid of a tortoise-shell tobacco-box, and taking a folded paper from it. "I keep these matters generally here; for if I were to drop such an article—just now, especially—I might as well be hung out to dry at once."

I glanced over the paper. "Place, date, hour correct, and thoroughly to be depended upon, you say, eh?"

"Correct as Cocker, I'll answer for it. It would be a spicy run for them, if there were no man-traps in the way."

I placed the paper in my waistcoat-pocket, and then handed the doctor his preliminary fee. The touch of gold had not its usual electrical effect upon him. His nervous fit was coming on again. "I wish," he puffed out—"I wish I was safe out of this part of the country, or else that a

certain person I know was transported; then, indeed—"

"And who may that certain person be, doctor?" demanded a grim-looking rascal, as he softly opened the door. "Not me, I hope?"

I instantly recognized the fellow, and so did the doctor, who had again bounded from his chair, and was shaking all over as if with ague, while his very carbuncles became pallid with affright. "You-u-u," he stammered—"You-u-u, Wyatt: God forbid!"

Wyatt was, I saw, muddled with liquor. This was lucky for poor Lee. "Well, never mind if it *was* me, old brick," rejoined the fellow; "or, at least, you have been a brick, though I'm misdoubting you'll die a pantile after all. But here's luck; all's one for that." He held a pewter pot in one hand, and a pipe in the other, and as he drank, his somewhat confused but baleful look continued leveled savagely along the pewter at the terrified doctor. There was, I saw, mischief in the man.

"I'd drink yours," continued the reckless scamp, as he paused for breath, drew the back of his pipe-hand across his mouth, and stared as steadily as he could in my face—"I'd drink your health, if I only knew your name."

"You'll hear it plainly enough, my fine fellow, when you're in the dock one of these days, just before the judge sends you to the hulks, or, which is perhaps the likelier, to the gallows. And this scamp, too," I added, with a gesture toward Lee, whom I hardly dared venture to look at, "who has been pitching me such a pretty rigmarole, is, I see, a fellow-rogue to yourself. This house appears to be little better than a thieves' rendezvous, upon my word."

Wyatt regarded me with a deadly scowl as he answered: "Ay, ay, you're a brave cock, Master Warneford, upon your own dunghill. It may be my turn some day. Here, doctor, a word with you outside." They both left the room, and I rang the bell, discharged the score, and was just going when Lee returned. He was still pale and shaky, though considerably recovered from the panic-terror excited by the sudden entrance of Wyatt.

"Thank Heaven, he's gone!" said the doctor; "and less sour and suspicious than I feared him to be. But tell me, sir, do you intend walking from here to Hythe?"

"I so purpose. Why do you ask?"

"Because the young girl you saw in the bar went off ten minutes ago by the same road. She was too late for a farmer's cart which she expected to return by. Wyatt, too, is off in the same direction."

"She will have company, then."

"Evil company, I fear. Her father and he have lately quarreled; and her, I know, he bears a grudge against, for refusing, as the talk goes, to have any thing to say to him."

"Very well; don't alarm yourself. I shall soon overtake them, and you may depend the big drunken bully shall neither insult nor molest her. Good-night."

It was a lonely walk for a girl to take on a winter evening, although the weather was brilliantly light and clear, and it was not yet much past seven o'clock. Except, perchance, a deer-keeper, or a deer-stealer, it was not likely she would meet a human being for two or three miles together, and farm and other houses near the track were very sparsely scattered here and there. I walked swiftly on, and soon came within sight of Wyatt; but so eagerly was his attention directed ahead, that he did not observe me till we were close abreast of each other.

"You here!" he exclaimed, fairly gnashing his teeth with rage. "I only wish—"

"That you had one or two friends within hail, eh? Well, it's better for your own health that you have not, depend upon it. I have four barrels with me, and each of them, as you well know, carries a life, one of which should be yours, as sure as that black head is on your shoulders."

He answered only by a snarl and a malediction, and we proceeded on pretty nearly together. He appeared to be much soberer than before: perhaps the keen air had cooled him somewhat, or he might have been shamming it a little at the inn to hoodwink the doctor. Five or six minutes brought us to a sharp turn of the road, where we caught sight of the young woman, who was not more than thirty or forty yards ahead. Presently, the sound of footsteps appeared to strike her ear, for she looked quickly round, and an expression of alarm escaped her. I was in the shadow of the road, so that, in the first instance, she saw only Wyatt. Another moment, and her terrified glance rested upon me.

"Lieutenant Warneford!" she exclaimed.

"Ay, my good girl, that is my name. You appear frightened—not at me, I hope!"

"O no, not at you," she hastily answered, the color vividly returning to her pale cheeks.

"This good-looking person is, I daresay, a sweetheart of yours; so I'll just keep astern out of ear-shot. My road lies past your dwelling."

The girl appeared to understand me, and, reassured, walked on, Wyatt lopping sullenly along beside her. I did not choose to have a fellow of his stamp, and in his present mood, walking behind me.

Nothing was said that I heard for about a mile and a half, when Wyatt, with a snarling "good-night" to the girl, turned off by a path on the left, and was quickly out of sight.

"I am not very far from home now, sir," said the young woman, hesitatingly. She thought, perhaps, that I might leave her, now Wyatt had disappeared.

"Pray go on, then," I said; "I will see you safe there, though somewhat pressed for time."

We walked side by side, and after awhile she said in a low tone, and with still downcast eyes: "My mother lived servant in your family once, sir."

"The deuce! Your name is Ransome, then, I suspect."

"Yes, sir—Mary Ransome." A sad sigh accompanied these words. I pitied the poor girl from my heart, but having nothing very consolatory to suggest, I held my peace.

"There is mother!" she cried in an almost joyful tone. She pointed to a woman standing in the open doorway of a mean dwelling at no great distance, in apparently anxious expectation. Mary Ransome hastened forward, and whispered a few sentences to her mother, who fondly embraced her.

"I am very grateful to you, sir, for seeing Mary safely home. You do not, I daresay remember me?"

"You are greatly changed, I perceive, and not by years alone."

"Ah, sir!" Tears started to the eyes of both mother and daughter. "Would you," added the woman, "step in a moment. Perhaps a few words from you might have effect." She looked while thus speaking, at her weak, consumptive-looking husband, who was seated by the fireplace with a large green baize-covered Bible open before him on a round table. There is no sermon so impressive as that which gleams from an apparently yawning and inevitable grave; and none, too, more quickly forgotten, if by any resource of art, and reinvigoration of nature, the tombward progress be arrested, and life pulsate joyously again. I was about to make some remark upon the suicidal folly of persisting in a course which almost necessarily led to misery and ruin, when the but partially-closed doorway was darkened by the burly figure of Wyatt.

"A very nice company, by jingo!" growled the ruffian; you only want the doctor to be quite complete. But hark ye, Ransome," he continued, addressing the sick man, who cowered beneath his scowling gaze like a beaten hound—"mind and keep a still tongue in that calf's head of yours, or else prepare yourself to—to take—to take—what follows. You know me as well as I do you. Good-night."

With this caution, the fellow disappeared; and after a few words, which the unfortunate family were too frightened to listen to, or scarcely to hear, I also went my way.

The information received from Dr. Lee relative to the contemplated run near Hurst Castle proved strictly accurate. The surprise of the smugglers was in consequence complete, and the goods, the value of which was considerable, were easily secured. There occurred also, several of the ordinary casualties that attend such encounters—casualties which always excited in my mind a strong feeling of regret that the revenue of the country could not be assured by other and less hazardous expedients. No life was, however, lost, and we made no prisoners. To my great surprise I caught, at the beginning of the affray, a glimpse of the bottle-green coat, drab knee-cords, with gaiter continuations, of the doctor. They, however, very quickly vanished; and till about a week afterward, I concluded that their owner had escaped in a whole skin. I was mistaken.

I had passed the evening at the house whither my steps were directed when I escorted Mary Ransome home, and it was growing late, when the servant-maid announced that a young woman, seemingly in great trouble, after inquiring if Lieutenant Warneford was there, had requested to see him immediately, and was waiting below for that purpose. It was, I found, Mary Ransome, in a state of great flurry and excitement. She brought a hastily scribbled note from Dr. Lee, to the effect that Wyatt, from motives of suspicion, had insisted that both he and Ransome should be present at the attempt near Hurst Castle; that the doctor, in his hurry to get out of harm's way, had attempted a leap, which, owing to his haste, awkwardness, and the frosty atmosphere and ground, had resulted in a compound fracture of his right leg; that he had been borne off in a state of insensibility; on recovering from which he found himself in Wyatt's power, who, by rifling his pockets, had found some memoranda that left no doubt of Lee's treason toward the smuggling fraternity. The bearer of the note would, he said, further explain, as he could not risk delaying sending it for another moment—only he begged to say his life depended upon me.

"Life!" I exclaimed, addressing the pale, quaking girl; "nonsense! Such gentry as Wyatt are not certainly particular to a shade or two, but they rarely go that length."

"They will make away with father as well as Dr. Lee," she shudderingly replied: "I am sure of it. Wyatt is mad with rage." She trembled so violently as hardly to be able to stand, and I made her sit down.

"You can not mean that the scoundrel contemplates murder!"

"Yes—yes! believe me, sir, he does. You know the *Fair Rosamond*, now lying off Marchwood?" she continued, growing every instant paler and paler.

"The trader to St. Michael's for oranges and other fruits!"

"That is but a blind, sir. She belongs to the same company as the boats you captured at Hurst Castle. She will complete landing her cargo early to-morrow morning, and drop down the river with the ebb-tide just about dawn."

"The deuce they will! The cunning rascals. But go on. What would you further say?"

"Wyatt insists that both the doctor and my father shall sail in her. They will be carried on board, and—when at sea—you know—you understand—"

"Be drowned, you fear. That is possible, certainly; but I can not think they would have more to fear than a good keel-hauling. Still, the matter must be looked to, more especially as Lee's predicament is owing to the information he has given the king's officers. Where are they confined?"

She described the place, which I remembered very well, having searched it not more than a fortnight previously. I then assured her that I would get her father as well as Lee out of the

smugglers' hands by force, if necessary; upon hearing which the poor girl's agitation came to a climax, and she went off into strong hysterics. There was no time to be lost, so committing her to the care of the servant, I took leave of my friends, and made the best of my way to Hythe, hard off which a boat, I knew, awaited me; revolving, as I sped along, the best mode of procedure. I hailed the boat, and instructed one of the men—Dick Redhead, he was generally called, from his fiery poll—a sharp, clever fellow was Dick—to proceed immediately to the house I had left, and accompany the young woman to the spot indicated, and remain in ambush, with both eyes wide open, about the place till I arrived. The *Rose* was fortunately off Southampton Quay; we soon reached her, shifted to a larger boat, and I and a stout crew were on our way, in very little time, to have a word with that deceitful *Fair Rosamond*, which we could still see lying quietly at anchor a couple of miles up the river. We were quickly alongside, but, to our great surprise, found no one on board. There was, however, a considerable quantity of contraband spirits in the hold; and this not only confirmed the girl's story, but constituted the *Fair Rosamond* a lawful prize. I left four men in her, with strict orders to lie close and not show themselves, and with the rest hastened on shore, and pushed on to the doctor's rescue. The night was dark and stormy, which was so far the better for our purpose; but when we reached the place, no Dick Redhead could be seen! This was queer, and prowling stealthily round the building, we found that it was securely barred, sheltered, and fastened up, although by the light through the chinks, and a confused hum, it seemed, of merry voices, there was a considerable number of guests within. Still, Master Dick did not show, and I was thoroughly at a loss how to act. It would not certainly have been difficult to force an entrance, but I doubted that I should be justified in doing so; besides, if they were such desperadoes as Mary Ransome intimated, such a measure must be attended with loss of life—a risk not to be incurred except when all less hazardous expedients had failed, and then only for a sufficient and well-defined purpose. I was thus cogitating, when there suddenly burst forth, overpowering the howling of the wind and the pattering of the rain, a rattling and familiar chorus, sung by at least a dozen rough voices; and I had not a doubt that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were assisting at a farewell revel previous to sailing, as that Hope, which tells so many flattering tales, assured them they would, at dawn.

Such merriment did not certainly sound like the ferocious exultations of intending assassins; still, I was very anxious to make ten or a dozen among them; and continued to cast about for the means of doing so, our attention was at length fixed upon a strange object, not unlike a thirty-six pounder red-hot round shot, not in the least cooled by the rain, projecting inquiringly from a small aperture, which answered for

a window, half-way up the sloping roof. It proved to be Master Dick's fiery head, but he made us out before we did him. "Is that Bill Simpson?" queried Dick, very anxiously. The seaman addressed, as soon as he could shove in a word edgewise with the chorus and the numerous wind-instruments of the forest, answered that "it was Bill Simpson; and who the blazes was that up there?" To which the answer was, that "it was Dick, and that he should be obliged, if Bill had a rope with him, he would shy up one end of it." Of course we had a rope; an end was shied up, made fast, and down tumbled Master Dick Redhead without his hat, which, in his hurry, it appeared, he had left behind in the banqueting-room. His explanation was brief and explicit. He had accompanied the young woman to the present building, as I ordered; and being a good deal wrought upon by her grief and lamentations, had suggested that it might be possible to get Dr. Lee and her father to a place of safety without delay, proverbially dangerous. This seemed feasible; inasmuch as the fellow left in charge by Wyatt was found to be dead-drunk, chiefly owing, I comprehended, to some powerful ingredients infused in his liquor by Dr. Lee. All was going on swimmingly, when, just as Dick had got the doctor on his back, an alarm was given that the crew of the *Fair Rosamond* were close at hand, and Dick had just time to climb with great difficulty into the crazy loft overhead, when a dozen brawny fellows entered the place, and forthwith proceeded to make merry.

A brief council was now held, and it was unanimously deemed advisable that we should all climb up to Dick's hiding-place by means of the rope, and thence contrive to drop down upon the convivial gentlemen below, in as convenient a manner as possible, and when least expected. We soon scaled the loft, but after-proceedings were not so easy. The loft was a make-shift, temporary one, consisting of loose planks resting upon the cross rafters of the roof, and at a considerable height from the floor upon which the smugglers were carousing. It would, no doubt, have been easy enough to have slid down by a rope; but this would place the first three or four men, if no more, at the mercy of the contrabandists, who, I could see, through the wide chinks, were all armed, and not so drunk but that they thoroughly knew what they were about. It behooved us to be cool, and consider well the best course to pursue. While doing so, I had leisure to contemplate the scene below. Wyatt was not there; but around a table, lighted by two dip-candles stuck in the necks of black bottles, and provided with abundance of liquor, tobacco, tin pannikins, and clay-pipes, sat twelve or thirteen ill-favored fellows, any one of whom a prudent man would, I am very sure, have rather trusted with a shilling than a sovereign. The unfortunate doctor, pale and sepulchral as the death he evidently dreaded to be near at hand, was sitting propped up in a rude arm-chair; and Ransome, worse, I thought, than when I had

seen him a few weeks previously, was reclining on a chest, in front of which stood his wife and daughter in a condition of feverish excitement. There at first appeared, from the temper of the roisterers, to be no cause for any very grave apprehension; but the aspect of affairs soon changed, and I eagerly availed myself of a suggestion of Dick Redhead's, and gave directions that preparation for its execution should be instantly and silently commenced. The thought had struck Dick when perched up there alone, and naturally looking about for all available means of defense, should he be discovered. Let me restate my position and responsibilities. It was my duty to rescue Lee, the agent of the Customs, from the dangerous predicament in which he was placed; and the question was, how to effect this without loss of life. It would no doubt have been easy enough to have turned up one or two of the loose planks, and have shot half the smugglers before they could have made their escape. This, however, was out of the question, and hence the adoption of Dick's proposal. It was this: in the loft where we lay, for stand upright we could not, there was among several empty ones, one full cask, containing illicit spirits of some kind, and measuring, perhaps, between forty and fifty gallons. It was wood-hooped, and could be easily unheeded by the men's knives, and at a given signal, be soused right upon the heads of the party beneath, creating a consternation, confusion, and dismay, during which we might all descend, and end the business, I hoped, without bloodshed.

This was our plan, and we had need to be quick about it, for, as I have said, the state of affairs below had suddenly changed, and much for the worse. A whistle was heard without; the front entrance was hastily unbarred, and in strode Wyatt, Black Jack, and well did he on this occasion vindicate the justice of his popular designation. Every body was in a moment silent, and most of those who could stood up. "What's this infernal row going on for?" he fiercely growled. "Do you want to get the sharks upon us again?" There was no answer, and one of the men handed him a pannikin of liquor, which he drank greedily. "Lee," he savagely exclaimed, as he put down the vessel, "you set out with us in half an hour at latest."

"Mercy, mercy!" gasped the nerveless, feeble wretch: "mercy!"

"Oh, ay, we'll give you plenty of that, and some to spare. You, too, Ransome, prepare yourself, as well as your dainty daughter here—" He stopped suddenly, not, it seemed, checked by the frenzied outcries of the females, but by a renewed and piercing whistle on the outside. In the mean time, our fellows were getting on famously with the hoops of the huge spirit-cask. "Why, that is Richards's whistle," he exclaimed. "What the furies can this mean? Unbar the door!" This was instantly done, and a man, a sailor by his dress, rushed in. "The *Fair Rosamond* is captured, and the preventive men are in possession of her."

My "Quick! quick!" to the men, though uttered too loud, from the suddenness of the surprise, was happily lost in the rageful outburst of Wyatt. "Hell-fire!" he roared out. "But you lie; it can not be."

"It is true," rejoined the man. "I and Clarke went on shore about an hour ago in the punt, just to get a nip of brandy this cold night, as you won't let us break bulk on board. When we returned, Tom went up the side first, was nabbed, and I had hardly time, upon hearing him sing out, to shove off and escape myself."

We were now ready, and two of the planks just over Wyatt's head were carefully turned over. He seemed for a moment paralyzed—for a moment only. Suddenly he sprang toward Mary Ransome, grasped her hair with one hand, and in the other held a cocked pistol: "You," he shouted—"you, accursed minx, have done this. You went out two hours ago—"

I lifted my hand. "Hurra! Take that, you cowardly lubber!" roared Dick Redhead; and down went the avalanche of liquid, knocking not only the pistol out of Wyatt's hand, but himself clean off his legs, and nearly drowning Mary Ransome, her mother, and half-a-dozen others. A rope had been made fast to one of the rafters, down which we all quietly slid before the astonished smugglers could comprehend what had happened. Resistance was then out of the question, and they did not attempt it. I took Wyatt and one or two others into custody, for having contraband spirits in their possession; and the others were permitted to make themselves scarce as quickly as might be—a license they promptly availed themselves of.

I have but a few words to add. Henry Ransome died, I heard, not long afterward, of pulmonary consumption, brought on by the abuse of alcoholic liquors, and his wife and daughter ultimately got into respectable service. Mary Ransome married in due time, and with better discretion than her mother, for she does, or did, keep one of the branch post-offices in Bermondsey. Dr. Lee disappeared from the neighborhood the instant the state of his leg enabled him to do so, and I have never seen him since. John Wyatt, *alias* Black Jack, was transported for life, under the *alias* of John Martin, for a highway robbery near Fareham, in the year 1827. Lately I saw him on board the convict hulk at Portsmouth.

DROPS OF WATER.

AS all, or very nearly all, the animalcules found in water are invisible to the naked eye, no subject can be more interesting than that of these wonderful atoms, which, we have every reason to suppose, are by far the most numerous of those beings possessing life. The variety of form, the extraordinary construction, the rapid movement of some, the stationary life of others, and many other peculiarities, will prove subjects of interest and delight to the thinking mind. The one idea that a single drop of water may afford amusement and excite astonishment for hours to the investi-

gator, is sufficient proof of the wonderful powers of the Creator in this minute portion of his works. These little creatures prove quite fascinating; and hour after hour will be spent in watching their habits and movements, till the powers of the student are exhausted. A good microscope, in fact, opens a new world to the possessor, a world of beings totally different from any thing we have been accustomed to see; and the substance of which they are composed is in general so transparent, that the internal structure is visible to the eye—even the act of digestion can be perceived, and the food traced from its entrance at the mouth to its passage into the internal cavities; the eggs, also, can be seen within the body. These and many other peculiarities have been discovered only by very patient investigation, and several naturalists, both English and foreign, have almost devoted their lives to the study; and let no one say it is a useless one, for whatever can help to prove the power and wisdom with which this world was created can not be time thrown away. To those who only use the microscope as an amusement (and it is a never-ending one), a short time occasionally is well bestowed on one of the most beautiful parts of the creation.

There are upward of seven hundred species of Infusoria known and described. These are of all shapes and forms, some even assuming a variety in themselves; many possess eyes, others have none; some move so rapidly that the eye can not follow them, and others are attached to various substances; some have very many stomachs, or internal sacs, and others have only one; others, again, form a compound mass, that is, many individuals live in the same transparent case, and some are so minute, that by the aid of the best microscopes they can not be clearly discerned. Many people are disgusted after viewing water through a microscope, and suppose that all water abounds in living creatures, and that, consequently, we drink them in myriads. This is an error: there are none, or very few, in spring water, and, as no one would think of drinking from a ditch or stagnant pool where plants abound, there is little to fear. If necessitated to partake of water abounding in life, the person is either ignorant of its state, or the want is so urgent that the thought does not occur; and even should it arise, these delicate transparent little atoms would not be perceived by the taste—this fear or disgust may therefore be dismissed. Many waters abound in the larvæ of gnats and other insects, and minute creatures of the crustaceous order, but these can generally be seen by the naked eye.

In all parts of the world, and in most waters where aquatic plants in a healthy state abound, these invisible creatures may be met with, and not only in stagnant pools, but in running streams and the broad ocean. Among water-plants these little beings find shelter and food; therefore, when water is brought from these localities, some of the vegetation peculiar to the pool or stream should be procured at the same time.