



ILFRACOMBE, NORTH DEVON.

as mental torture went it was not unlike a trestle net we once saw without gauze, where a gaunt frame was stretched, with myriads of sand-flies, mosquitos, and stinging insects sucking his heart's-blood. Sometimes the icy eyelids closed, as if they were a film of ice forming over the blue, icy orbs within; and again the cold fabric cracked, and they were wide open once more. They could read too—those frozen orbs—and like heavy flakes of snow falling on blood-stained decks, till it covered with a weight of lead the stark, stiff corpse beneath, they yet tried to pierce into the frozen region beyond. And the heart beat with a cold and measured tramp, like a moose crunching through the sharp, treacherous crust of snow; and then stood stock-still! Had a letter, traced with the fingers of an icicle, been congealed a hundred feet deep in the heart of a toppling iceberg on the coast of Labrador, those eyes could have read it as clear as day!

"You infamous pirate, Captain Brand!" it began—"the son of the man who destroyed the pirate schooner and her crew, and the boy whom your brutal mate tore from the mother you saw at dinner to-day, are near you! That calm, stern, determined doctor, too, whom you laced down on the trestle for poisonous insects to kill, has been on your track for the past seventeen years, and will soon hold you in his iron gripe! There will be no mercy then!"

The eyes closed, the heart stopped beating, and the thin lips and tongue, as dry as cartridge-paper, now took up the strain, while the mutilated hand clutched convulsively, as if there were fifty fingers fingering knives and pistols.

"Shall I assassinate my old doctor, and run the risk of being arrested and hung? No! He thinks me dead, and I will go back to the island, redeem my treasure, and pass the remainder of my life tranquilly in the Highlands of Scotland!"

Don't be too sanguine, Colonel Lawton, for though your ten thousand pounds in gold is still in the vault, yet there is Don Ignacio Sanchez, whose estates have been confiscated, and who has just got out of ten years' imprisonment in the Moro of Havana, glad to save his neck from the iron collar, and without the little jewel-hilted blade up his sleeve, is now turning about to see how he may re-

deem his lost fortunes. Don't be an hour too late, I pray you, Captain Brand, for that sharp eye of Don Ignacio has already, perhaps, looked at the shiny cleft in the crag, and thinks he knows what lies hidden there! Oh, si! nothing but mouldy beans and paper cigars to live upon for ten years, and fond of more substantial food, even though it were yellow greenish gold, mildewed by damp, but yet solid and refreshing. *Cierto*—certainly! *Quien sabe*—who knows?

But be careful, Don Ignacio! Don't take your old wife with you on that projected expedition; for you have treated that old woman who resembles a rotten banana—badly! You have won back in monté all she ever won by cheating, besides the half ounces you used to give her for the church—cheated her by drawing two cards at a time when you saw the numerals with that spark of an eye, and when you knew that she would win if you drew fairly! Yes, you have, you old sinner, for more than two score of years! And she hates you now—though you don't think it—worse than you did Captain Brand! Have an eye to that old banana!

So passed that short night—long enough, however, for somebody—and before the fresh land-wind had woke up to creep down the valley, there was a mettled barb, with open nostrils, galloping on the broken road as if he had the enemy of mankind on his back!—as perhaps he had, or Colonel Lawton, or Captain Brand; possibly all three, but it makes very little odds to us.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES.

ILFRACOMBE.

ILFRACOMBE—an increasing and improving town in North Devon, on the south side of the Bristol Channel—is distant about two hundred miles from London. Its situation, and the irregularity of its steep and narrow streets, give the place a very singular appearance. It is built in a valley and along the side of a hill, parallel with the sea. The principal street is almost a mile in length. The Capstone Parade—one of the finest marine prome-

nades on the coast—is "a conical, flag-crowned mound of shale with veins of white quartz;" and is equally creditable to the energy, skill, and liberality of the town. Lantern Hill is approached from the quay, and the building on the top was once a chapel dedicated to the patron Saint of Fishermen, and now used as a lighthouse. This lighthouse is a hundred feet above the sea. On the other side of the harbour mouth is the majestic Hillsborough, five hundred feet high, commanding an extensive view of the coast and inland scenery. On the west of Capstone Hill are the Tors—consisting of several shaggy peaks; and to the west is the frowning bluff of Bull Point. The whole aspect of the scenery is singularly grand and romantic; the beautiful bay and the glorious expanse of the Bristol Channel contributing an inexpressible charm to the landscape.

The town of Ilfracombe is of very ancient date, and is mentioned in the public records before the Norman Conquest. In the reign of Edward III. it contributed six ships, with a complement of seamen, to the siege of Calais. It maintained some importance as a seaport—augmented at a later period by the herring fishery—until within the last thirty years. Since then the shipping trade and fishery have declined, and the town has risen into a popular and fashionable watering-place. The long, irregular street stretching through the town, has gradually been surrounded by new and fashionable residences. Terraces have appeared on the cliffs; villas, commanding magnificent sea-views, have risen up in every direction; hotels have taken the place of old inns; and an assembly room, on Coronation-terrace, caters for the amusement of the visitors with balls, *soirées*, concerts, &c., during the season.

The pier was built in 1781, and has been twice repaired and improved. It is 850 feet in length.

The old church was erected in the twelfth century, and consists of a nave, chancel, and aisles. The height of the tower is about fifty-eight feet. The new church, begun in 1851 and consecrated in 1857, is a beautiful and commodious building, in the decorated style. Christ Church, in Portland-street, is not under episcopal control; but the services are conducted according to the usages of the Established Church.