

breathing creature beneath her, the misery she was made to suffer.

Poor child, poor child! a woeful reckoning at the last awful day will they have, who, to feed their own sinful vanity, destroyed thee!

Years have passed since the day I last saw her; but writing thus, and knowing what afterwards befell, my heart swells high with indignation, and I feel, as I so often did then, as if the house were abandoned by Heaven, or such shameful tyranny would not be suffered to go on.

It did go on, however, as countless other enormities do, and helped to make such a home as not unnaturally drove its master to seek peace and refuge anywhere else. But of all who in that sad place felt its unspeakable wretchedness most, and had least power to escape it, was poor Miss Huntingdon. Upon her, poor, helpless, friendless, humble creature, fell the concentrated energies, the unspent passions of the whole family. The dregs of rage which Mrs. Elliot could not exhaust upon her niece, the revenge of the tormented child, the petty malice and domineering of Miss Lawson, were all lavished upon the governess, who, crushed and broken-hearted, the petted darling of a once wealthy, then ruined father—whose proud spirit had sunk beneath his misfortunes, and left his widow, son, and daughter to struggle with the world he shrank from facing—could not protect herself against her oppressors.

Still, wretched as it all was, I resolved to stay and endure it patiently, until some other situation or means of supporting myself offered. Nothing, I determined, should induce me to leave while it was possible to remain, and thus undo all I had done by coming, and, for the same reason, I cautiously abstained from letting Mary know the real state of affairs, so that she and John, comforting themselves with the belief that I was perfectly happy, began to look forward to their removal into the North with satisfaction and pleasure.

Thus the winter went on. People came to town and London filled. Party-giving recommenced, and the house in Grosvenor Place was again involved in a whirl of dissipation.

Over and over again, during this time, Mrs. Elliot attempted to entrap me into the performance of duties which, once accepted, I knew that I should never afterwards be allowed to escape, and which I would have performed gladly, pleased to have had an opportunity of obliging, had it been right or honourable that I should do so, or had I not known that if I could have been inveigled into the performance of Miss Huntingdon's especial avocations, the opportunity would instantly be seized upon to dismiss her. And such a consequence, most unhappy as the shelter she now received was, would have been terrible to the governess, for, alas! she had no other refuge. Her brother was gone out on board a merchant vessel, brave and hopeful, to work his passage to Australia; where, in the pride of his youth, and strength, and energy, he resolved to build up a home for his mother and sister, unconscious that that mother, sinking fast after her boy's departure, was dying slowly in the dreary attic which was all that Ellen's miserable salary enabled her to provide for the parent whom she idolised. For Miss Huntingdon's sake, therefore, as well as my own, I not only resolutely refused to exceed my engagement in the most trifling point, but by making her lessons of the utmost importance, strove, indirectly, to impress upon our employer's mind an idea that her services were absolutely indispensable. In several other small ways also, I was fortunately able to assist my colleague, for the lady, finding I was of less patient material than her other victim, seldom came to an open rupture with me, although, lest I should be too happy, she revenged herself by indulging abundantly in that cowardly and most irritating system of annoyance, the habit of talking at the offender; so a certain sort of peace was preserved between us, of which poor Ellen Huntingdon reaped some benefit, not the least of which was, that I, receiving my salary punctually, as I had from the first insisted upon doing, was enabled to aid her, whose pittance was always in arrear. Often too, when all was revelry downstairs, and she (condemned to finish some elaborate piece of fancy work) would have been obliged to sit up hours and hours beyond the proper time of rest, I have completed the task for her, while, at my earnest entreaty, she laid down and slept the heavy, unrefreshing sleep of utter exhaustion.

But all this was, of course, carefully hidden from the family. Before them, Ellen and I were only coolly civil to each other; and although, galled beyond expression by the conduct I was compelled to witness, I frequently and indignantly remonstrated with Mrs. Elliot and her niece against it, they never

expected that personal regard or esteem for the sufferer had any influence upon me, or if a doubt ever did flash across the lady's mind, she was too well satisfied with Leonora's progress in her musical studies, too glad to show off her governess's singing at her parties, to say more than was politic.

Ah! if I had time and space, what a sad and profitable page of household misery and deception I might unfold; proving to my fellow-labourers, the weary and sorrowful day-workers in this world of trials, that wealth and rank, and every outward means of comfort, do not produce true or real happiness, and that those whom they so needlessly envy, knowing so little of their inner lives, are often far, far more to be pitied than themselves.

As I have said before, it was part of my duty to attend Leonora in her walks, an opportunity of breathing the fresh air which I should have hailed gladly, if it had not been a custom of Mrs. Elliot's to send us almost every day into town upon some trifling errand, which a servant would have executed much better, but which, being too insignificant to merit her own attention, she did not choose to entrust to them.

Sometimes, too, when it did not suit the lady's whim that her niece should go out, she would take a fancy to some absurd thing, which she affected to think no one could procure properly but me, and then—rain, wind, or snow—off I must set at once to obtain it.

Against this selfish caprice I never remonstrated but once, and that was when, suffering from a severe cold, I was desired, upon a pouring wet morning, to go into Oxford Street to match a piece of chenille which Mrs. Elliot had purchased there the day before. But, as I might have known, the request to be allowed to defer the journey either until the next day, or the weather was better, was received in such a manner, as to determine me never again, under any circumstances, to seek exemption from any duty, which, even by straining the terms of our engagement, Mrs. Elliot might choose to fancy I had undertaken.

I was to walk every day; and although rational people would have supposed bad weather to be an understood, if not expressed exception to the rule, it had not been mentioned, and therefore I had no right to claim it. It was not too wet for Miss Gurney to go out, and, consequently, it was not too wet for me.

I went, therefore, without another word of deprecation; little dreaming of what awaited me in the end.

Fortunately for me as it happened, a lady before whom Mrs. Elliot was anxious to parade Leonora's new acquisitions, called just as we were leaving the house, and I received a message to send my pupil back to the drawing-room, and proceed alone upon my mission: I did so of course, and, after a much pleasanter walk than I had expected, for the rain soon cleared off, reached my destination.

The shop was full of customers, a long line of carriages standing before the door, and after waiting some time in the hope of being served, I was requested to walk into the show-rooms above, where a box of chenille should be brought to me.

"And you too, madam," said the attendant addressing a lady, who, closely veiled, had just alighted from a carriage, asking to see some embroidery; "there's no one in the show-rooms; and if you please to go up, you will have more light and space than here, where we are so crowded."

The lady bowed and went up, saying she was in no haste, and I followed, throwing back my veil, and advancing to the centre table, on which were spread a variety of articles for exhibition and sale; while my companion walked to the fireplace, thus precluding the possibility of either seeing the other's face.

After a time, however, she turned to the window, and then, almost immediately, as if tired of waiting, came forward to the table also.

Her veil was raised, and, as our eyes met she changed colour, and uttering an exclamation of mingled terror and amazement, grasped the back of a chair that stood by, gazing upon my countenance as if she saw a spectre, while exclaiming slowly and with choking breath—

"Who are you?"

The tones, so different from the half-murmured words I had heard below, struck upon my heart like ice.

No need for her to speak her name to tell me who it was that questioned me; I knew her.

It was my aunt! my mother's enemy—Eleanor Aylmer.

(To be continued.)

SCARBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.
SCARBOROUGH has been called the queen of watering-places, and although there are many other aspirants to that high dignity whose claims cannot be denied, we must admit those of Scarborough to be both weighty and important.

Rising like an amphitheatre to a considerable height, the appearance of Scarborough from the sea is very striking and imposing; the lofty cliffs and castle-crowned rock, the successive tiers of houses commanding the German Ocean, the wide sweep of the ample bay, the esplanade and sands presenting a gay and animated scene; the commodious harbour and handsome piers, the showy-coloured bathing-machines, half-wheel deep in the water; the busy throng of pleasure-takers, old and young; make up a very charming picture of life at the sea-side.

The surrounding neighbourhood exhibits a great variety of romantic scenery, being richly diversified with hill and dale. The bold, rocky slope on which the town is situated descends to the smooth, firm, sandy beach of the spacious and beautiful bay. The houses on the cliffs command the most delightful views—and an extremely high rent during the season. It is only in the season that such is the case, the lodging-house keepers here, as everywhere, "making hay while the sun shines."

One of the principal ornaments of the town is the Cliff Bridge, an elegant structure thrown across a ravine, connecting the higher town with the Spa. This bridge consists of four cast-iron arches, resting on pyramidal piers seventy-five feet above high water mark. This handsome structure was erected by public subscription, at a cost of £9,000, and was completed in the year 1828. It forms a delightful promenade, between the town and the Spa for which Scarborough is celebrated.

The harbour of Scarborough is considered as one of the safest on the English coast. It is protected by a handsome stone pier—erected by Smeaton. The harbour, unfortunately, labours under a deficiency of water, but, notwithstanding this drawback, is tolerably efficient. Foreign and coasting trade is still carried on to some extent, and the fishing is very considerable; but the chief source of Scarborough prosperity is its attraction as a watering-place, compared with which its shipping and trade are of little importance.

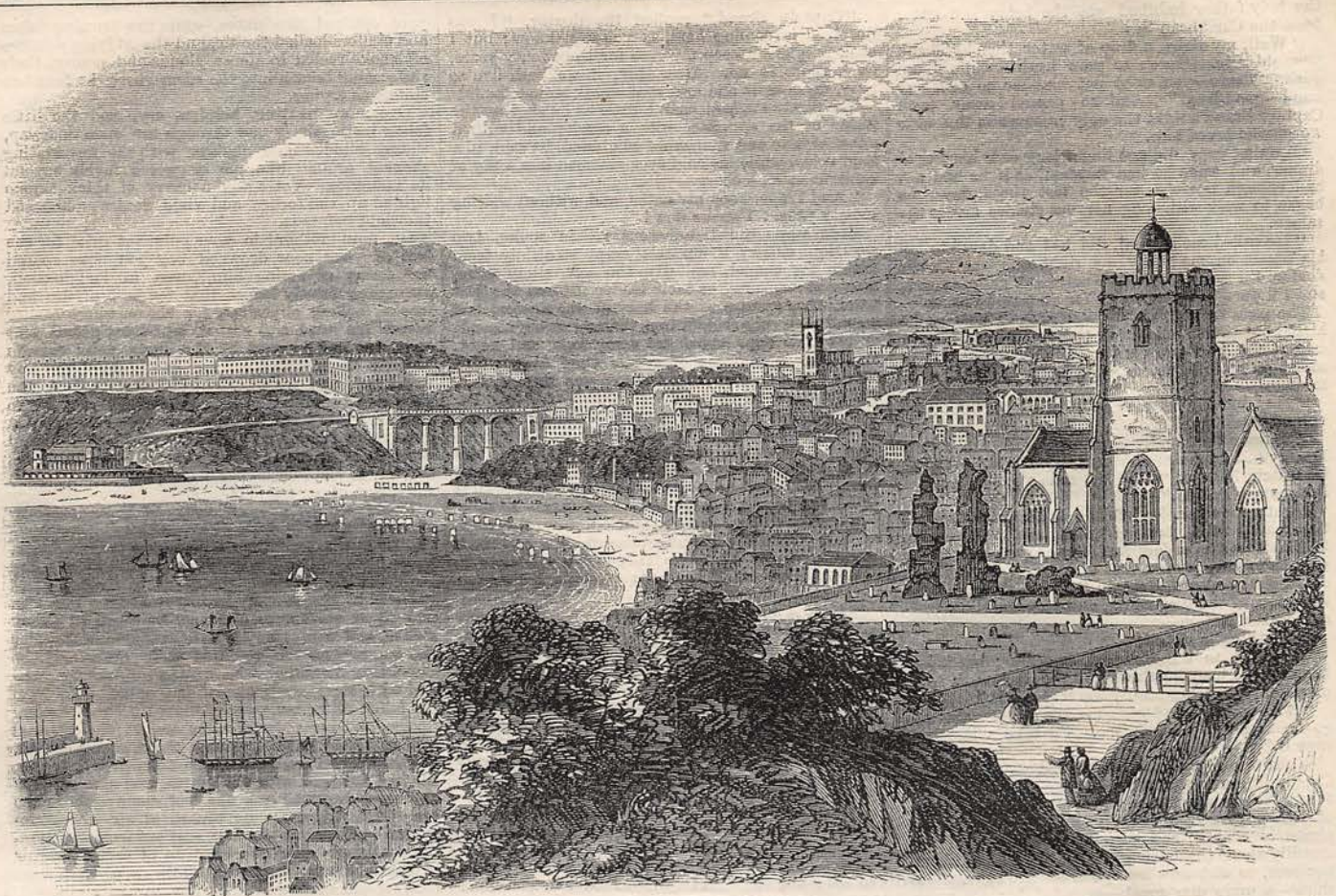
Scarborough offers excellent sea-bathing, and a spa consisting of two springs. The virtues of these springs were discovered in the early part of the seventeenth century by Mrs. Farrow, and within a few years became celebrated. The two springs differ to some extent in the proportions of their compound elements. The northern is known as the chalybeate, and the southern as the saline well. According to an analysis of the water published by Richard Phillips, in 1840, the contents of a gallon are

| | NORTH SPRING. | SOUTH SPRING. |
|-----------------------------------|------------------|------------------|
| Azotic gas | 6.3 cubic inch. | 7.5 |
| Chloride of sodium (common salt) | 26.64 grains | 29.63 |
| Crystallised sulphate of magnesia | 142.68 | 225.53 |
| Crystallised sulphate of lime | 104.00 | 110.78 |
| Bicarbonate of lime | 48.26 | 7.80 |
| Bicarbonate of protoxide of iron. | 1.84 | 41.81 |
| | 323.42 | 415.35 |

The ordinary temperature of the water is 49°.

By a very singular occurrence, the springs were in imminent risk of being lost to the town and public in 1737, when part of the cliff above them sank in the course of a few hours, with a number of cattle grazing on it, to a depth of fifty-one feet below its former elevation; the sandy ground below rose to the height of twenty feet above its former level, and the springs disappeared. On digging, however, to a considerable depth, they were again found, and their medical efficiency was even alleged to have been improved by the convulsion. In cases of debility and nervous diseases, the waters are generally regarded as exceedingly beneficial. They should be taken before breakfast, fresh from the spring; the quantity being regulated by the taste of the consumer, or the advice of a medical man.

The town of Scarborough is well built, and the streets of the upper portion are spacious and well paved, the houses having generally a handsome appearance. The principal public buildings, besides the bridge and harbour, are the parish church of St. Mary, an ancient structure, retaining much of its original grandeur; Christ Church, erected about thirty years ago; and St. Thomas, East Sandgate. There are, in addition, several dissenting places of worship, a town hall, assembly rooms, news rooms, sea-bathing infirmary, a seaman's hospital, almshouses, several scholastic institutions, and a mu-



SCARBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.

seum, a classical rotunda, constructed of Kelloway limestone. The museum is of recent erection, but already contains a very highly interesting collection of local curiosities; the seaman's hospital dates from the time of George II.; the grammar school was founded in the ninth century; and the castle was built about 1163. The crumbling walls of the old tower form an interesting feature in the picturesque aspect of the town, and its eventful history is of course identified with that of the town.

Unmindful for a while of the modern houses and their fashionable occupants, of the green and white bathing-machines, and the animated groups on the promenade and sands, of the visitors seeking pleasure in the assembly rooms, and the invalids seeking health at the Spa, we may visit the old castle, and recall some of the circumstances belonging to the ancient history of Scarborough.

The name is of Saxon origin, signifying *scar*, a rock—*burg*, a castle. There is some reason for supposing, however, that it was a Roman settlement, before the blue-eyed, fair-haired children of the German forests descended on our English coast. The castle was built by William le Gros, Earl of Albemarle; since which time it has been the frequent scene of strife. Here it was that Piers Gaveston—his coward heart trembling at the approach of Pembroke's legions—capitulated in 1212. Hither came the Yorkshire insurgents during the revolt known as the Pilgrimage of Grace (1536), but found its "strength laughing a siege to scorn." And here, by a cunning trick—which has given rise to the proverb, a Scarborough warning—Sir Thomas Wyatt, in the first Mary's time, obtained possession of the fortress. He came with thirty followers, disguised as countrymen, on pretence of seeing the castle, and seized it when the garrison suspected no harm. His triumph, however, was short-lived, as the castle was recaptured by the Earl of Westmoreland. During the wars between the King and the Commons (1644-5), Sir Thomas Fairfax invested the town with his parliamentary forces. Sir Thomas Meldrum, a Scottish general, assaulted and took the town, and Sir Matthew Boynton, who succeeded him on his being mortally wounded, took the castle, after an obstinate resistance. In July, 1648, both

town and castle revolted from the Parliament and declared for the King; but, before the close of that year, both had again been taken by the Commons. Since that period, no hostile force has assailed the walls of Scarborough. A portion of the castle was repaired in 1745, and barracks were subsequently built in its immediate vicinity.

The town received its first charter from Henry II., and has sent two members to parliament since the days of Edward I.

CAPTAIN BRAND;

Or, The Pirate Schooner.

A TALE OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAUGHT IN A NET.

At the first grey blush of dawn on the following day Captain Brand was astrid again, and before the sun went down behind the waves the schooner had been transformed into a brigantine, her foremast reduced, new standing rigging fitted for it, with a new bowsprit and head-booms, her rail raised four or five feet on shifting bulwarks, and a temporary house built on deck over the long gun. She was also painted afresh, with a white streak; and with false head-boards on her bows to hide her snake-like snout of a cutwater, no one, unless in the secret, could have known that the clumsy box of a merchantman lying there was once the low, swift, piratical schooner which had made so notorious a name in the West Indies. Still the work was driven on with scarcely any intermission—a few hours' repose for the crew at night, and an hour for dinner in the day; but as for Captain Brand, he never slept at all—a doze for an hour or two, perhaps, on his settee in the saloon, and a cup of tea in the morning, with cigar-smoke, satisfied his frugal requirements. The next day by noon the water and stores were got on board the brigantine, her magazine stowed, the dunnage of the crew transferred from

the sheds, the captain's camphor trunks on board, the cabin in order, the sails bent, anchors on the bows, and, swinging to a hawser made fast to the rocks, the vessel was ready to put to sea at any moment.

"Pedillo," said Captain Brand, as his vigilant gaze took in all around him and then rested on the schooner—"Pedillo, you may warp the vessel down to the mouth of the Tiger's Trap so soon as you have strewed some faggots ready for lighting in the sheds. When you get to the Trap tell the gunner, Gomez, to take a gang of hands and give that battery a good coat of coal tar, plug the vents of the guns, and bury carriages and all in the sand beside the magazine. Tell him to destroy the powder, and pitch overboard all he can't conceal; and let him bear a hand about it, for we shall sail with the last of the sea-breeze toward sunset.

"And, Pedillo"—here the pirate's voice dropped to a whisper—"come back after the vessel is secured, and bring that Maltese fellow without a nose with you. It will be as well, perhaps, for you to provide yourself with a few fathoms of raw-hide strips, as we may have occasion to use it. *Quien sabe?*"

Señor Pedillo's black wiry beard fairly bristled as he grinned understandingly at his superior, and, getting into a bit of a canoe at the jetty, he paddled off to the brigantine to execute his orders.

Meanwhile Captain Brand slowly bent his steps towards the house under the crag, and entered his spacious saloon for the last time. On the bare table, too, was his last dinner, served on a few odd dishes and cracked plates.

"Babette, old girl," said he, as he sat down to this repast, "you have a bottle of old Madeira and a flask of hock left. No?"

The negress shook her head violently, made the sign of the cross, and by other telegraphic motions gave her master to understand that Padre Ricardo had dropped in, drained both bottles, and then had reeled off on board the brigantine.

"The drunken, selfish beast!" muttered Captain Brand; "it will be the last taste of wine he will swallow for a long time."

The pirate was quite correct in his schemes for the padre's reform; for the next copious draught