

He comes the Lord of David's line!
King of a kingly race,
Legions attend his mission here,
Far from his Father's throne.
Remember of the law divine,
Guided by Bethlehem's beams,
Workship with adoration meet
Behold its star-like gleams.
Wait ye! they kneel, while on them falls
In gentle, soothing light,
For now a sun illumines their way
And aids their noble fight.
The trembling feet, the white men come,
And priceless gifts they bring!
Toll-worn and weary ones are they,
Who greet the new born King.
Their country's crowneth not a gem,
Nor mines in their retreat
Contain a treasure vast enough
To lay at Jesus' feet.
No stars of royalty
To deck his brow is given,
But swaddling bands of poverty
Attire the heir of heaven.
Then welcome to our hearthstone's light,
And to our hearts and homes:
All hail! despised Nazareth,
The true Messiah comes!

For the Agitator.
A Mother's Love.

A mother's love—O, who can tell
The depth of that exhaustless well.
Sure 'tis a fountain clear and pure,
A mine of wealth, a fund secure,
A germ of life, a gleam of heaven,
A priceless gem to mortals given.—L. A. S.

THE BATTLE FIELD.

THE BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Correspondence of the London Morning Herald.

BRITISH CAMP, Nov. 7, 1854.

We have again had a pitched battle with the Russians—a battle which, for duration and loss of life, is only to be equaled by the tremendous conflicts of Napoleon at Austerlitz and Leipzig. In a word, the enemy, with an overpowering force, attacked the right of our entrenched camp at day-break on the morning of Sunday, the 5th of November. Their immense superiority of numbers enabled them to carry several strong positions, and penetrate into the center of the camps of the Light and 2d Divisions; but the opportune arrival of re-enforcements enabled the allies to recover their lost ground, and eventually repulse the attack, with such loss to the enemy as is, perhaps, unparalleled in the history of modern warfare.

The fighting lasted about eight hours. No terms of praise are too high for the desperate courage which the enemy showed in this assault upon our lines. Their conduct and coolness, under fire, literally seems inexhaustible. I never thought any but British troops could have showed such perfect daring.

On the morning of the 4th, the enemy approached Balaklava in two bodies, about 35,000 or 40,000 strong: of course, as they nearly always are, day and night, the defenders of the batteries had to get under arms, and fired several shells into the enemy's columns. The latter gave not the least sign of a wish to attack; on the contrary, beyond moving out of the range, and remaining drawn up in order of battle, they barely appeared in notice us. We in the batteries were astonished at their apathy, and remained admiring the beautiful order in which they were drawn up in one huge semi-circle, glittering squadrons of cavalry on either flank, the infantry in dense columns of battalions, and a perfect cloud of artillery in front of all. We were remarking on the beautiful "pom-pom of war," and calculating the probabilities of an attack, when suddenly a sentry, who was posted on the hill, came down, and informed us that another large army was moving up the plain of Balaklava, to the part under the chain of hills on which our right rested. We hurried up the hill and found that the astounding report was too true. Pouring along the plain to the north, where the huge dark masses of Russian infantry, with long glittering lines of cavalry upon the flanks. This spectacle certainly astonished us. Not less than 80,000 were in the plain below us. I instantly started off to the camp, crossing, on my way, part of the plain, instead of going round among the batteries. By this short cut along our outposts, I was enabled to approach close to the Russians—within 1,000 yards. At that distance I could plainly estimate their numbers, and note that they moved in open columns with the most beautiful regularity. Their artillery, in particular, excited my close attention. I never saw such masses of guns with any troops, and some of them had ten and twelve horses. They appeared to have artillery enough for 200,000 men. At the first approach of this formidable body, our lines in the rear were manned. The enemy, however, displayed no hostile intentions, but moving along under the base of the plateau on which our camp is fixed, poured into the valley of the Chernaya. Part crossed the river and seemed to rest near Inkermann Light; part remained in the valley of Chernaya in the plain under the hill on which the two-gun battery I have mentioned is posted. From this eminence all their movements could be noted with perfect accuracy. It was about 1 o'clock in the day. By this time most of those who had crossed the Chernaya had poured under the hills toward the north side of Sevastopol, where they were met by a detachment of about 5,000 infantry. Here, after remaining for a couple of hours, they occupied the high ground near Inkermann Light, and seemed to be inspecting the whole of our line of defenses.

Toward 4 o'clock the great body moved down into the valley, and took up their quarters on the Chernaya, on our right flank, and just at the base of the hill on which the two-gun battery was placed. In this order, viz., about 40,000 at Balaklava, and 40,000 on our right in the valley, they settled down. A little after 4, on the morning of Sunday

the 5th, when a heavy fog shrouded everything from view, the various garrisons of the redoubts at Balaklava were "roused out" by the noise of large masses of troops approaching. This time scouts were instantly sent out, and returned with the intelligence that a large army was moving against them; that it was impossible to say on what point the attack would be directed. "The fog" and darkness were so dense, that it was quite impossible to distinguish anything ten feet below the battery. Yet still the noise round the hill continued. I have already described the high, steep hill facing the battery, and overlooking it. No one suspected, or believed it possible that the enemy could get guns up this in a single night, so the place had been but little regarded. Yet it was from this spot that the Russians opened the fire from about ten guns, full on the two-gun battery, and the light and 2d divisions, which lay about half a mile in the rear. The instant the cannonade began, and the first emotions of utter astonishment and surprise were passed, the 55th picket kept close under the earthwork of the battery, and the shot flew over them, doing but little injury. The enemy had, some way or other, managed to get up their guns during the night, but having to point them in the dark and fog took but a blind aim, yet nevertheless their shot and shell flew in all directions for the space of nearly twenty minutes, while the cannonade in rear of the line at Balaklava was also redoubled, so that it seemed impossible to say which would prove the true and which the feint attack, or whether they were both true or both feints. The latter opinion was adopted by many, who said that the enemy would never dare attack us in our entrenchments, but rather distract our attention while a sortie was made from the town upon the trenches. As if to confirm this surmise, the instant the cannonade in the rear recommenced, all forts, redoubts, and batteries round Sevastopol opened with a tremendous roar, which seemed to shake the earth.

The scene at this moment was awful. The whole camp, except to the sea, seemed encircled by fire, as flash after flash lit up the foggy air in all directions. The uproar was perfectly deafening, for our batteries began to reply, and both sides firing shell increased the din two-fold. The shower of these terrible explosives, which rained into the camp like hail, baffles description. No place was safe from them. They killed men and tore the tents to pieces on places which we had hitherto considered out of range. Every minute or so you were compelled to throw yourself upon your face as the terrible missile came roaring through the air, and pitching within a few yards, sent its fragments humming over the spot where you crouched close to the earth. For about ten minutes the stunning noise, confusion, and incessant bursting of shell made the whole place seem perfectly unearthly. The horror of the scene was increased by the obscurity of the morning. It was not 6 o'clock, the darkness and fog were still thick, and through the heavy air the broad red flashes of the guns and their tremendous reports seemed ten times louder than ever. For all that could be seen or told to the contrary, the Russian batteries seemed within fifty yards of you on all sides. Of course the troops remained under arms, but did not attempt to move; every one knew that before the real attack commenced the artillery would cease and the sharp crackling fire of musketry begin. Until that was heard, there was no knowing on which of the three points the enemy intended to advance. The report of the muskets was therefore anxiously listened for, and it was soon heard.

The instant the men of the 55th were enabled to hear what was moving in their own immediate neighborhood, the noise of an immense body of men advancing was heard close upon the batteries. The picket instantly prepared to defend the place, and then in the hour of need the great deficiencies of the battery were discovered. In the first place it had no guns, and in the second place no steps were made to enable the infantry to fire over its high parapet.

The instant the Russians caught sight of the battery through the fog, though they seemed utterly spent by their exertions in climbing the hill, they rushed forward with a dash we hardly gave them credit for. Nothing daunted by the immense disparity of numbers, the 55th waited till the enemy was within ten feet, and then gave one tremendous volley, which stretched 200 of the enemy in the dust; and then each man, loading and firing as fast as he could, kept up an incessant discharge of musketry upon each Russian as he approached. The Russians halted for a moment, and then, with wonderful courage, rallied up and returned a close and deadly fire. In less than five minutes they again attempted to storm the battery. In an instant they rushed on, and poured over its banks and through its embrasures in overpowering numbers. There was a moment of desperate struggle, during which our gallant 55th fought hand to hand and foot to foot with their numerous assailants. It was but a moment, and in the next they had repulsed the attack and preserved the battery.

But it was in vain our fellows displayed all this courage—the enemy already outnumbered them at the rate of 40 to 1, and fresh masses were coming up every minute. A perfect semi-circle of fire from small arms ranged round the battery, and our men fell by dozens, as from the want of a proper place to fire from, they were exposed themselves to the embrasures before they could return a shot. Their numbers diminished every instant, while those of the enemy increased. Suddenly, the Russians made another charge

and this time with more effect. From every point they swarmed into the battery, like bees, in truly irresistible numbers. The 55th true to their post, again met them at the point of the bayonet; and driving the enemy back for a moment, seemed as if they would keep the battery in spite of the awful odds against them; but at last, the mere weight of the enemy's masses began to prevail, and the 55th, after more than two-thirds of the picket lay dead around, retired from the battery.

It was now nearly 7 o'clock. Most of the troops in the English camp were moving up to the scene of action. I saw most of the troops, for the fire was still so hot in the rear and the left, toward Sevastopol, that it was thought necessary to keep strong reserves to meet any emergency that might arise. Though it was daylight, the fog still hung so thick that it was impossible to distance. In fact, unless actually with the troops in action, it was impossible to see how the battle was going. I went twice into action with our regiments, in the hope of seeing things more distinctly, but I am willing to confess that the awful rapidity with which the men fell, and the shots whistled, disturbed my composure far more than the most dense fog could have done.

The rattle of the musketry was deafening. The incessant volleys and effects of the fire firing dispersed the fog, and replaced it with the thick white smoke of gunpowder, which hid everything equally well. At this the enemy, who were losing ten men to our one, showed no signs of giving way. On the contrary, they advanced toward the wall, firing volleys with as much coolness and regularity as if on parade. I am bound to say no troops could have behaved more splendidly than the Russians. They appeared utterly insensible to the fear of anything but a charge. When threatened with that, as I have said before, they dispersed in all directions.

About this time our batteries of artillery began to fire against the enemy's battery on the hill, which was doing us a considerable amount of mischief. Under the splendid management of General Sirangways, they soon so far turned the fortune of the day as to leave their infantry, attacking ours beyond the wall, entirely without support. Advantage was instantly taken of the change to advance the 20th and 47th regiments to the right, for the purpose of retaking the two-gun battery. These two regiments splendidly upheld the fame of the English troops. In spite of a tremendous cross-fire, they advanced at the bayonet, and as they neared the battery, poured in one tremendous volley and charged. In less than a minute the Russians were driven out, with fearful loss. Yet, hardly were they clear of the battery, when the Russians rallied again, and returning the round-shot, poured in volley after volley into the columns of the gallant 20th and 47th, and at the same time the Russian artillery re-opened on the battery in such a manner as neither friend nor foe could hold it. Under these circumstances the 20th and 47th were compelled to fall back, and the enemy again occupied the Two-gun Battery for a moment. This turn of possession was, however, but brief; our fellows again dashed up at it, and again they literally massacred all in the place. The battery itself, and all its approaches, were now covered with English and Russian corpses and wounded. The latter were few in the extreme, as when ever the enemy occupied the contested spot, they bayoneted all our fellows who gave the least sign of life. This is no battle-field rumor, but a fact, for the truth of which I can myself vouch; for, later in the day, when the battle seemed going against us, I saw the Russians killing the wounded who remained on their part of the ground.

And now a tremendous struggle ensued for this position. The number of the enemy in and around the battery was a least 6,000, yet the Coldstreams charged and broke their way through all opposition, and got to the work. The instant they had done so, the enemy seemed to redouble their efforts to take and keep the place. Fresh regiments came up the hill, and threw themselves into the battery from all points; but the Coldstreams held their ground, fighting with perfect desperation. The battery was now completely encircled in front, flank, and rear; and, as the Coldstreams say, every man in the place gave himself up for lost, and determined to sell his life dearly. Three times did the Russians throw themselves upon the battery, and by the sheer weight of their masses surmount and cross the walls, yet each time they were driven back again. The melee was frightful. So close were the antagonists, that after once firing there was no time to load. The men then stood up and charged with the bayonet, or beat each other down with the butts of their muskets. Each time the Russians were repulsed they left heaps of dead behind, and it was over the corpses of their comrades that they advanced each time to a fresh attack.

After the last repulse the Russians for some time did not renew the contest. Observing that the height of the walls prevented our men from over, they collected in masses close under them, and began throwing the muskets and bayonets of their dead comrades spear-wise into the battery, with huge stones. For this species of attack our men were also quite prepared, and in turn hurled out the rough fragments of rock upon their assailants. For nearly ten minutes this stone-throwing continued without intermission on both sides. And every now and then the Russians made a desperate dash to enter by the embrasures, but were bayoneted in the attempt till the embrasures were choked with corpses.

The fight was now quite among the feet

of the 2d and Light divisions. All the canvas of the tents was cut and blown to pieces by the storm of shot and shell. But at this spot the tide of fortune turned. The enemy were now completely out of the bush which had screened and sheltered them on their advance, and upon fair ground, they stood no chance with our men. Our regiments halted, extended their line to the left, and commenced a tremendous fire. The enemy, in disorder, hardly returned a shot, but stood their ground, and fell by hundreds and hundreds. Thrice they moved up solidly to break our line on the left, and were met each time by terrible volleys of musketry, until they closed in, when our fellows charged and massacred them at the point of the bayonet. The fortune of the day still hung doubtful. The enemy were getting up all their strength for a final effort, when Canrobert came up with three regiments of Zouaves, five regiments of French infantry, and a strong force of artillery, and commenced a terrible attack on the enemy's right flank.

This occurred at about 11 o'clock, and from that moment the Russian chance was hopeless. Yet, though under the French fire they were literally falling by battalions, they never showed the least signs of trepidation or disorder. On the contrary, they formed up in the most beautiful order, altered their front so as to meet the attack of the French, and extending their line to the left, prepared to resume their attack upon the English. At that time, however, our men were well prepared, and without any order or arrangement flung themselves headlong upon the enemy, charging with the bayonet. The Russians boldly charged with the bayonet also, and for the space of five minutes the 30th, 41st, 49th, 88th, and six or seven Russian regiments were snibbling, bending, and firing at each other in the most fearful manner. At last the enemy gave way, and began retiring in good order, across toward the Inkermann heights. Until I saw it, I never in my life could have believed that any troops in the world could have retired under such a murderous fire in such perfect order. The French and English, with a whole mass of artillery, followed close upon the retreating battalions, pouring in volleys of grape-shot, shell, and musketry. In fact it was a perfect carnage. Yet in spite of this the enemy kept their order, retreating almost at slow time, and every five or ten minutes halting and charging desperately up the hill at our men and the French. In these charges the Russians lost fearfully. We received them with volleys of musketry, and then dashed at them with the bayonet. In one of these charges the 50th French regiment of the Line recaptured the two guns which in the commencement of the day we had lost. By 2½ o'clock the great mass of the enemy had completely fallen back, leaving between 7,000 and 8,000 dead upon the field behind.

Toward evening I walked over the battle field; but I can never describe to your readers what it was like. Its horrors began at description—12,000 dead and wounded English, French and Russian lay upon the heights and the grounds and screams of agony were rising up from all parts. Alma was a mere skirmish to it. What made the scene worse was that the Russians from the ships in the harbor and the fortifications to the north were throwing a perfect storm of shell all over the field, killing their own and our wounded.

Nov. 9.—On the evening of the battle, I went over the field. I think I have said, over and over again, that it was a sight which could never be described. A considerable number, some 800 to 1,000, Russian killed and wounded were lying among our tents, and here also were many, too many, corpses of Zouaves and French infantry of the line. All our wounded have been removed, and the wounded of the enemy are being gathered in. The kindness and attention of our fellows to their helpless enemies was beyond all praise. They brought them water, got knapsacks to put under their heads, and burrowed blankets in which to cover them from the raw night air; here and there small groups of them stood absorbed in pity round some prostrate foe, to whom their kindness came too late, and who, either through the head or lungs, gnawed out his existence in painful sobs, or terminated it in a horrible convulsion which made your blood curdle to heart. A little above the line of tents was the brow of the hill overlooking Inkermann Light. Here was the spot where the allied artillery engaged that of the enemy after the retreat, and here the sight was sickening indeed. There is nothing so awful as the spectacle of the bodies of those who had been struck down by round shot and shell. One poor fellow of the 95th had been struck by two 24 pounders in the head and body. A shell afterward burst on him and tore him to pieces, and it was only by the fragments of cloth, with the regimental buttons adhering, that you could tell that the rough bloody mass which lay in the road had ever been a human being. But it is useless to dwell on these sickening details; suffice to say that here, among the carcasses of some 200 killed and wounded horses, lay the bodies of our brave English and French artillerymen, all more or less frightfully mangled. Some had their heads taken off at the neck, as if with an ax; others their legs gone from the hips; others their arms, and others again, who were hit in the chest or stomach, were literally as smashed as if they had been crushed in a machine. But it was not alone the allies who lay here; on the contrary, there were ten Russian corpses for one of theirs; but the latter were all killed by musketry before the artillery came up. On this spot the Russians kept dropping shells the whole night, but their vindictive efforts were in vain; all who lay in reach of

their missiles had suffered the last which they were to endure on earth. Passing up the road to Sevastopol between heaps of Russian dead, you came to the spot where the Gurkhas had been compelled to retire from the defense of the wall above Inkermann Valley. Here our dead were nearly as numerous as the enemy's. Across the path, side by side, lay five guardsmen who were killed by one Russian shot as they advanced to charge the enemy. They lay on their faces, in the same attitude, with their muskets tightly grasped in both hands, and all had the same grim, painful frown upon their features, like men who were struck down in the act of closing with their foes. Beyond this, the Russian guardsmen and line of regiments lay thick as leaves, intermixed with dead and wounded horses. The latter, with fractured limbs, were, now and then rising, and after staggering a few steps, rolling over among the corpses, starting and plunging fearfully. Up to the right of the wall was the way to the Two-gun Battery. The path lay through thick brushwood; but the path was slippery with blood, and the brushwood was broken down and encumbered with the dead.

The scene from the battery was awful—awful beyond description. I stood upon the parapet at about nine at night, and felt my heart sink as I gazed upon the scene of carnage around. The moon was at its full, and showed every object as if by the light of day. Facing me was the Valley of Inkermann, with the Chernaya like a band of silver flowing gracefully between the hills, which, for varied and picturesque beauty, might vie with any part of the world. Yet I shall never recall the memory of Inkermann Valley with any but feelings of loathing and horror; for around the spot from which I surveyed the scene lay upwards of 5,000 bodies. Many badly wounded also lay there; and their low, dull moans of mortal agony struck with horrible distinctness upon the ear, or, worse still, the hoarse, guttural cry and vehement struggles of those who were convulsed before they passed away. Around the hill small groups of men with hospital stretchers were searching out for those who still survived; and others, again, with lanterns, busily turning over the dead, looking for the bodies of officers who were known to be killed, but who had not been found. Here also were English women, whose husbands had not returned, hurrying about with loud lamentations, turning the faces of our dead to the moonlight, and eagerly seeking for what they feared to find. These latter were far more to be pitied than the inanimate forms of those who lay slaughtered around. The ambulances, as fast as they came up, received their load of sufferers, and even blankets were employed to convey the wounded to the rear. Outside the battery the Russians lay two and three deep. Inside the place was literally full with bodies of Russian Guardsmen, 55th and 20th. The fine, tall forms of our poor fellows could be distinguished at a glance, though the gray great-coats, stained with blood, rendered them alike externally. They lay as they fell in heaps, sometimes our men over three or four Russians, and sometimes a Russian over three or four of ours. Some had passed away with a smile on their faces, and seemed as if asleep; others were horribly contorted, and with distended eyes and swollen features, appeared to have died in agony, but defying to the last. Some lay as if prepared for burial, and as though hands of relatives had arranged their mangled limbs, while others, again, were in almost starting positions, half standing or kneeling, clutching their weapons, or drawing a cartridge. Many lay with both their hands extended toward the sky, as if to avert a blow, or utter a prayer, while others had a malignant scowl of mingled fear and hatred; as if, indeed, they died despairing. The moonlight imparted an aspect of unnatural paleness to their forms; and, as the cold, damp wind swept around the hills, and waved the boughs above their upturned faces, the shadows gave a horrible appearance of vitality; and it seemed as if the dead were laughing, and about to rise. This was not the case on one spot, but all over the bloody field.

The Russian soldiers, I have already remarked, were infinitely inferior in appearance to those we met at Alma. In all that relates to discipline and courage, our late antagonists were far superior. They were all clean, but ragged in the extreme. None had knapsacks, but merely a little canvas bag of that disgusting, nauseous-looking stuff they call their bread. No other provisions were found on any. The knapsacks, I presume, were left behind, in order that they might scale the heights on our left with greater facility. Every man wore a strong, well-made Wellington boots, of a stout but rough-looking brown leather. On none, that I have heard of, were found either money or books. On many were miniature of women, and locks of hair. They appear to have been veteran troops, as a large number bore the scars of previous wounds. The dead officers, as at Alma, were with difficulty to be distinguished from the men. Their officers behaved very well.

Two hundred and eighty prisoners, not wounded, or only merely grazed, fell into our hands. One among them is now about the largest and most powerful man in the camp of the allies. He stands nearly six feet six inches, and is broad in proportion. He surrendered, when pursued, without attempting resistance. Our allies appear to have been taken completely by surprise in the spot made by the enemy upon their trenches. The Russians had got possession of Nos. 1 and 3 Batteries, and spiked the guns before the French were in a condition to oppose them. They were then attacked and after an obstinate defense driven off with much slaughter. The French followed up their vic-

tory into the center of the town, but having no reserve, and not knowing the result of the attack of our lines, they were retired.

THE WOUNDED STOCKING
"Father, will you have done the great chimney to-night, won't he, mother?" said little Tom Howard, as he stood, waiting for his father's breakfast which he carried to him at his work every morning.
"He said he hoped all the scaffolding would be down to-night," answered his mother, and that he was a fine sight, for I never like the seeing of those great chimneys—it's so risky—thy father's to be his last up."
"Oh, then, but I'll go and see him, and help him to give a shout before he comes down," said Tom.
"And then," continued his mother, "if all goes right, we are to have a frolic to-morrow, and go into the country, and take our dinners, and spend all the day amongst the woods."
"Hurrah!" cried Tom, as he ran off to his father's place of work, with a can of milk in one hand and some bread in the other. His mother stood at the door watching him as he went merrily whistling down the street, and then she thought of the dear father he was going to, and the dangerous work he was engaged in, and then her heart found its sure refuge, and she prayed to God to protect and bless her treasures.

Tom, with a light heart, pursued his way to his father, and, leaving him his breakfast, went to his own work, which was at some distance. In the evening, on his way home, he went round to see how his father was getting on. James Howard, the father, and a number of other workmen had been building one of those lofty chimneys, which in our great manufacturing towns, almost supply the place of our other architectural beauty. This chimney was one of the highest and most tapering that has ever been erected; and as Tom, shading his eyes from the rays of the slanting sun, looked up to the top in search of his father, his heart almost sunk within him at the appalling height. The scaffolding was almost all down; the men at the bottom were removing the last beams and poles. Tom's father stood alone on the top. He looked all round to see that everything was right, and then waving his hat in the air, the men below answered with a long loud cheer, little Tom shouting as heartily as any of them. As their voices died away, however, they heard a very different sound—a cry of alarm and horror from above! "The rope! The rope!" The men looked round, and coiled upon the ground lay the rope, which, before the scaffolding was removed, should have been fastened to the chimney, for Tom's father to come down by! The scaffolding had been taken down without their remembering to take the rope up. There was a dead silence. They all knew it was impossible to throw the rope up high enough to reach the top of the chimney; or if he could it would hardly have been safe. They stood in silence and dismay, unable to give any help or thing of any means of safety.

And Tom's father. He walked round and round the little circle, the dizzy height seeming every moment to grow more fearful, and the solid earth farther and farther from him. In the sudden panic he lost his presence of mind, and his senses almost failed him. He shut his eyes; he felt as if, the next moment he must be dashed to pieces on the ground below.

The day had passed as industriously and swiftly as usual with Tom's mother at home. She was always busily employed for her husband and children in some way or other; and to-day she had been harder at work than usual, getting ready for the holiday to-morrow. She had just finished all her preparations, and her thoughts were silently thanking God for her happy home and for all the blessings of life, when Tom ran in; his face was as white as ashes; and he could hardly get his words out. "Mother! Mother!" he cunna get down."

"Who, lad! Thy father?" asked his mother.

"They've forgotten to leave him the rope," answered Tom, still scarcely able to speak. His mother started up, horror-struck, and stood for a moment as if paralyzed, then pressing her hands over her face, as if to shut out the horrible picture, and breathing a prayer to God for help, she rushed out of the house.

When she reached the place where her husband was at work, a crowd had collected round the foot of the chimney, and stood there quite helpless, gazing up with faces full of sorrow. "He says he'll throw himself down," exclaimed they, as Mrs. Howard came up. "He is going to throw himself down."

"Thee munna do that, lad!" cried the wife, with clear, hopeful voice; "three muck-na do that. Wait a bit. Tak' off thy stocking, lad, and unravel it, and let down the thread with a bit of mortar. Dost hear me, Jim?"

The man made a sign of assent, for it seemed as if he could not speak; and taking off his stocking, unravelled the worsted thread, row after row. The people stood round in breathless silence and suspense, wondering what Tom's mother could be thinking of, and why she sent him in such haste for the carpenter's ball of twine.

"Let down one end of the thread with a bit alone, and keep fast hold of the other," cried she to her husband. The little thread came waving down the tall chimney, blown hither and thither by the wind, but at last it reached the outstretched hands that were waiting for it. Tom held the ball of string, while his mother tied one end of it to the worsted thread. "Now pull it up slowly," cried she to her husband, and she gradually unwound the string as the worsted gently drew it up. It stopped—the string had reached her husband.

"Now hold the string fast, and pull it up!" cried she, and the string grew heavy, and hard to pull, for Tom and his mother had fastened the thick rope to it. They watched it gradually slowly uncoiling from the ground, as the string was drawn higher.

There was but one coil left. It had reached the top. "Thank God, I thank God!" exclaimed the wife. She had been in her hands in silent prayer and expectation, and now the rope was up. The task, to which it should be fastened, was there all right; but would her husband be able to