

But the gale continued to increase; we pitched and plunged to no purpose; the boat was going bows in at every dip, and the straining of her timbers as she stooped out to every stretch, told plainly that we must either have started planks or an altered course again. The sailors, after some consultation, agreed on putting about; and, for reasons best known to themselves, pitched upon Strangford Lough as their harbour of refuge. Accordingly we altered our course once more, and went off before the wind. Day broke as we were still toiling ten miles from the coast of Down. The grey dawn showed a black pile of clouds overhead, gathering bulk from rugged masses which were driven close and rapid from the east. By degrees the coast became distinct from the lowering sky; and at last the sun rose lurid and large above the weltering waters. It was ebb tide, and I represented that Strangford bar at such a time was peculiarly dangerous in an eastern gale; nevertheless the old sailor who was now at the helm insisted on standing for it. When we were yet a mile distant, I could distinguish the white horses running high through the black trembling strait, and hear the tumult of the breakers over the dashing of our own bows. Escape was impossible; we could never beat to sea in the teeth of such a gale; over the bar we must go, or founder. We took in the last reef, hauled down our jib, and, with ominous faces, saw ourselves in ten minutes more among the cross seas and breakers.

The waters of the wide estuary running six miles an hour, and meeting the long roll of the Channel, might well have been expected to produce a dangerous swell; but a spring tide combining with a gale of wind, had raised them at flood to an extraordinary height, and the violence of their discharge exceeded our anticipations accordingly. We had hardly encountered the first two or three breakers, when Ingram was staggered from the fore-castle by the buffet of a counter sea, which struck us forward just as the regular swell caught us astern; the boat heeled almost on her beam ends, and he fell over the cabin door into the hold; the man at the helm was preparing for the tack as he saw his messmate's danger, and started forward to save him: he was too late; the poor fellow pitched upon his head and shoulders among the ballast; at the same instant the mainsail caught the wind, the boom swung across, and striking the helmsman on the back of the neck, swept him half overboard, where he lay doubled across the gunnel, with his arms and head dragging through the water, till I hauled him in. He was stunned, and nearly scalped by the blow. Ingram lay moaning and motionless; the boat was at the mercy of the elements, while I stretched the poor fellows side by side at our feet. I had now to take the helm, for the poor little Frenchman was totally ignorant of the coast; he continued to hand the mainsheet; and O'More, who all night long had been sitting in silence against the cabin bulk-head, leaped manfully upon the fore-castle and stood by the tackle there. We had now to put the boat upon the other tack, for the tide made it impossible to run before the wind. O'More belayed his sheet, and as the cutter lay down again, folded his arms and leaned back on the weather bulwark, balancing himself with his feet against the skylight. The jabble around us was like the seething of a caldron, for the waves boiled up all at once, and ran in all directions. I was distracted by their universal assault, and did not observe the heaviest and most formidable of all, till it was almost down upon our broadside. I put the helm hard down, and shouted with all my might to O'More—'Stand by for a sea, lay hold, lay hold.' It was too late. I could just prevent our being swamped, by withdrawing our quarter from the shock, when it struck us on the weather bows, where we stood: it did not break. Our hull was too small an obstacle: it swept over the fore-castle as the stream leaps a pebble, stove in the bulwark, lifted him right up, and launched him on his back, with his feet against the foresail: the foresail stood the shock a moment, and he grappled to it, while we were swept on in the rush, like a sparrow in the clutches of a hawk; but the weight of water bore all before it—the sheets were torn from the deck, the sail flapped up above the water, and I saw him tossed from its edge over the lee bow. The mainsail hid him for a moment; he reappeared sweeping astern at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. He was striking out, and crying for a rope; there was no rope at hand, and all the loose spars had been stowed away: he could not be saved. I have said that the sun had just risen: between us and the east his rays shone through the tops of the higher waves with a pale and livid light; as O'More drifted into these, his whole agonized figure rose for a moment dusk in the transparent water, then disappeared in the hollow beyond: but at our next plunge I saw him heaved up again, struggling dim amid the green gloom of an overwhelming sea. An agonizing cry behind me made me turn my head. 'O save him, save him! turn the boat and save him! O William, as you love me, save my father!' It was Madaline, frantic for grief, stumbling

over, and unconsciously treading on the wounded men as she rushed from the cabin, and cast herself upon her knees before me. I raised my eyes to heaven, praying for support; and though the clouds rolled, and the gale swept between, strength was surely sent me from above; for what save heavenly help could have subdued that fierce despair, which, at the first sight of the complicated agonies around, had prompted me to abandon hope, blaspheme, and die? I raised her gently, but firmly in my arms; drew her, still struggling and screaming wild entreaties, to my breast, and not daring to trust myself with a single look at her imploring eyes, fixed my own upon the course we had to run, and never swerved from my severe determination, till the convulsive sobs had ceased to shake her breast upon mine, and I felt the warm gush of her relieving tears instead: then my stern purpose melted, and, bending over the disconsolate girl, I murmured, 'Weep no more, my Madeline, for, by the blessings of God, I will be a father and a brother to you yet!' Blessed be he who heard my holy vow!—when I looked up again we were in the smooth water.

## AN INDIAN STORY.

"I know where the timid fawn abides  
In the depths of the shaded dell,  
Where the leaves are broad, and the thicket hides,  
With its many stems and its tangled sides,  
From the eye of the hunter well.

I know where the young May violet grows,  
In its lone and lowly nook,  
On the mossy bank, where the larch-tree throws  
Its broad dark bows, in solemn repose,  
Far over the silent brook.

And that timid fawn starts not with fear  
When I steal to her secret bower,  
And that young May violet to me is dear,  
And I visit the silent streamlet near,  
To look on the lovely flower."

Thus Maquon sings as he lightly walks  
To the hunting-ground on the hills  
'Tis a song of his maid of the woods and rocks,  
With her bright black eyes and long black locks,  
And voice like the music of rills.

He goes to the chase—but evil eyes  
Are at watch in the thicker shades;  
For she was lovely that smiled on his sighs,  
And he bore from a hundred lovers his prize,  
The flower of the forest maids.

The boughs in the morning wind are stirred,  
And the woods their song renew,  
With the early carol of many a bird,  
And the quickened tune of the streamlet, hear  
Where the hazels trickle with dew.

And Maquon has promised his dark-haired maid,  
Ere eve shall redden the sky,  
A good road deer from the forest shade,  
That bounds with the herd through grove and glade  
At her cabin-door shall lie.

The hollow woods, in the setting sun,  
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay;  
And Maquon's sylvan labours are done,  
And his shafts are spent, but the spoil they won  
He bears on his homeward way.

He stops near his bower—his eye perceives  
Strange traces along the ground;  
At once to the earth his burden he heaves;  
He breaks through the veil of boughs and leaves,  
And gains its door with a bound.

But the vines are torn on its walls that leant,  
And all from the young shrubs there  
By struggling hands have the leaves been rent,  
And there hangs on the sassafras broken and bent,  
One tress of the well-known hair.

But where is she, who, at this calm hour,  
Ever watched his coming to see?  
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower,  
He calls—but he only hears on the flower  
The hum of the laden bee.

It is not a time for idle grief,  
Nor a time for tears to flow;  
The horror that freezes his limbs is brief—  
He grasps his war-axe and bow, and a shief  
Of darts made sharp for the foe.

And he looks for the print of the ruffians feet,  
Where he bore the maiden away;  
And he darts on the fatal path more fleet  
Than the blast that hurries the vapour and sleet  
O'er the wild November day.

'Twas early summer when Maquon's bride  
Was stolen away from his door;  
But at length the maples in crimson are dyed,  
And the grape is black on the cabin side,  
And she smiles at his hearth once more.

But far in a pine-grove, dark and cold,  
Where the yellow leaf falls not,  
Nor the autumn shivers in scarlet and gold,  
There lies a hillock of fresh dark mould,  
In the deepest gloom of the spot.

And the Indian girls that pass that way  
Point out the ravisher's grave;  
'And how soon to the bower she loved,' they say,  
'Returned the maid that was borne away  
From Maquon, the fond and the brave.'

W. C. BYRANT, AN AMERICAN.

PICTURE OF ENGLAND—Drawn by Napoleon at St. Helena.—After such romantic and unparalleled success, after having been favoured by God and by accidents, in the manner you have seen, after effecting impossibilities, as I may say; effecting what the most sanguine mind could never have entertained the most distant idea of; what has England gained? The 'cordons' of the allied sovereigns of Lord Castlereagh! When a nation has been favoured so much as yours has been, and misery exists in that nation, it is owing to the imbecility of its ministers. The transition from war to peace cannot explain it. It is of too long a continuance. England has played for all or nothing; she has gained all; performed wonders, yet has nothing, and her people are starving, and worse off than they were amidst the war; while France, who has lost everything, is doing well, and the wants of the people abundantly supplied. France has got far, notwithstanding the liberal bleedings she has had; while England is like a man who has a false momentary strength given to him by intoxicating liquors, but who, after their effect ceases, sinks into a state of debility. I see no other way now to extricate you from difficulties, than by reducing the interest of the national debt, confiscating the greatest of the revenues of the clergy, abolishing all their sinecures, diminishing considerably the army, and establishing a system of reduction altogether. Let those who want priests, pay for them: Your sinking fund is a bubble. Propose a heavy tax on absentees. It is too late now to make commercial treaties, the opportunity is gone; and your nation is indebted to your drivellers of ministers for all the calamities that will befall it, and which are to be entirely attributed to their criminal neglect.—Hazlett's Life of Napoleon.

The following remarks upon the United States, we extract from a critique in Blackwood's Magazine, of the works of Mr Bryant, an American poet:

We are the children of one mother. Not merely of old mother Earth, though in all cases that consideration should be sufficient to inspire mutual love into the hearts of her offspring; but of the Island of the Enlightened Free: and never shall we believe that the great nations can help loving one another, who exult in the glory of the same origin. Many passions may burn in their hearts, as they follow the career assigned them by fate, that shall seem to set them at war. Jealously may they regard one another in the pride of their ambition. Should their mightier interests clash, fierce will be the conflict. But if these may be pursued and preserved in peace, there will be a grandeur in the guarded calm with which they regard each other's power; and mutual pride, we may be well assured, in mutual prosperity. They—our colonists—thought themselves oppressed, enslaved, and they resolved to be free. We resolved to put them down as rebels. We fought and—they conquered. We were met by our own might—and need Old England be ashamed that New England triumphed? They grudged not afterwards—though they must have envied—our victories over our and Europe's foes, at Trafalgar, Talavera, and Waterloo. Ask them, the Americans, what nation of the Old World they love best, and that stands highest in their proud esteem? The nation from whose loins they sprung. Alfred, Bruce, and Washington, were our three great deliverers. There is great grandeur in the origin of the civil polity of the Americans—in its sudden and strong establishment: and it is destined, we doubt not, to long duration, and a vast accumulation of power—a boundless empire.

In political, in moral, and in physical science, the Americans have done as much as could have been reasonably expected from a people earnestly engaged, with all their powers and passions, in constituting themselves into one of the great communities of civilized men. Of every other people the progress has been slow to any considerable height of power and extent of dominion: and imagination accompanying them all the way from obscurity to splendour, a literature has always grown up along with their growing strength, and sometimes its excellence has been consummate, before the character of their civil polity had been consolidated, or settled down into the steadfastness belonging to the maturity of its might. But soon as her limbs were free to move obedient to her own will alone, America was at once a great country: there are no great and distant eras in her history, all connected together by traditional memories embalmed in the voice of song. Her poets had to succeed her statesmen, and her orators, and her warriors: and their reign is only about to begin. The records of the nation are short but bright: and their destinies must be farther unrolled by time, ere bards be born to consecrate, in lyric or epic poetry, the events imagination loves. Now, her poets must be inspired by Hope rather than by Memory, who was held of old to be the Mother of the Muses. They must look forward to the future, not backward to the past; and the soul of Genius from that mystic clime may be met by the airs of inspiration. True, that the history of the human race lies open before them, as before the poets of other lands: but Genius always begins with its native soil, and draws from it its peculiar character. Most of Sir Walter's immortal romances regard his own country—Wordsworth could have been born only in England. His Sonnets to Liberty are all over English, though they celebrate her virtues, and her triumphs in all lands; his Ecclesiastical Sonnets could