

Whether the ball took effect or not, it did not defeat poor Merry's object. He darted like a hungry tiger on the wretch, and, with both hands, seizing him round the throat, he dragged him down to the earth. In vain his victim struggled—the sinews of his antagonist seemed hardened into steel. He tried to shriek for aid, but the grasp around his neck choked his utterance, and his words died away in a rattling sound, like the gurgling in the throat of a drowning man. With a strength that seemed supernatural, Merreville raised him from the earth, and dragged him along the road. The struggling of the wretched man grew fainter and fainter, but still an occasional convulsive quivering of the limbs told that he yet lived. His face was almost black, his tongue lolled out of his mouth like a dog's and his eyes, bloodshot and glassy, were protruded a full inch from their sockets. Blood had started from his nostrils in his mortal agony, and a thick wreath of mingled blood and foam stood upon his lips, which, wide distended, seemed stretched in a horrid laugh.

In silence, and with a strength that seemed more than human, Merreville continued to drag his victim along, till he reached the boat. He had been met by Williams not far from the scene of the first part of the contest, but he appeared not to see him. Williams, on his part, was too much awed to speak. The firing of the pistols had prepared him for some fatal event; for he had a dim and dark suspicion of the object of Merreville's errand, inasmuch as he had been the bearer of several notes between him and his betrothed; and had heard, also, that his captain was a rejected suitor for the same hand. One glance at the group served to show him the dreadful nature of the burden Merreville dragged along with him; he saw that his commander was already a corpse, and besides, he was too much intimidated by the unnatural lustre of Merreville's eye, by his pallid and unearthly hue, and by his still and terrible bearing, to interrupt the silence with a word. As they approached the boat, Williams waved his hand to the crew, who were anxiously waiting on the beach, and signified by an expressive nod, that they must not speak. Silently and sorrowfully they followed the young officer to the water's edge, entered after him the boat, and commenced rowing back to the ship. Poor Terry, still holding the body by the throat, took his seat in the stern-sheets, and leaned his head down on the gunwale in such a way that his garments concealed his face. The face of the corpse, however, was exposed in the broad moonlight; and as the head hung partly over the seat, with his features distorted and bloody, his hair matted with clots of blood and earth, and its glassy eye-balls apparently staring at the men, a superstitious shudder crept over them, which with all their manhood they could scarcely repress.

In this way, and in silence, they drew near the ship. The sentinel hailed them; but no answer was returned. As they came to the gangway, the officer of the deck called Mr Terry by name; but still no reply. He saw by the terror painted on the countenances of the crew, that something dreadful had occurred, and descended quickly into the boat, where the whole terrible truth was soon ascertained. They were both dead! By the discharge of the second pistol, Merry had been mortally wounded, and his life had oozed away while his hands were still clasped with desperate energy around the throat of his victim. Even after death his fingers did not lose their tenacity. The officer tried to unlock the death-grasp, but without effect; and the two bodies, locked in an embrace, which, stronger than that of love, had outlasted life, were obliged to be hoisted together.

FROM THE UNITED SERVICE JOURNAL. THE DEATH.

On the evening of the 1st March, 1816, one of his Majesty's vessels employed in the British channel for the suppression of smuggling, and of which I was then first lieutenant, was lying safely moored in the snug and beautiful harbour of Dartmouth. We had just put in from a short cruise; and the work of the day being finished, the ropes coiled up, the decks swept, and everything ready for going through the usual operation of 'holystoning' the following morning;—a proportion of the officers and men were preparing for a cruise on shore, while the 'shipkeepers' were equally intent on having a skylark on board. At this time, when fun and frolic were the order of the day with all, I received a letter from the captain, informing me that a smuggling vessel was expected on the coast, and directing me to send the second lieutenant with the galley armed, to look out between Torbay and Dartmouth during the night. The order was of course a 'damper' to the good humour of many; and on no one did it appear to have a greater effect than on my brother officer, who was that evening engaged to a tea party, where he expected to meet a young West-country beauty, whose sparkling eyes had brought him to, and a broadside of charms and accomplishments had so completely riddled his heart, and effected what a random shot from her 'bow-chasers' had commenced—that report said he was fairly in the 'doldrums'; and judging from the sudden dropping of the braids of that part of his countenance elegantly termed the 'under-jaw,' I was inclined to think that report for once had laid aside her 'tooth-drawers' propensity. Sympathizing, therefore, in my messmate's disappointment, and not being that night very deeply in love myself, I volunteered to undertake his duty on the occasion; which offer, with very little pressing on my part, and lots of thanks on his, being accepted, the necessary orders were given, and we each retired to our respective cabins to prepare for our different occupations; and in a short time both re-appeared in the gun-room; he, as complete and as sweet a nautical Adonis as a new swab, a new gang of rigging, and a pint bottle of lavender-water could make him; and myself with the assistance of a suit of 'Flushing' over my usual dress of a round 'acket and trousers,—no bad representative of the celebrated 'Dirk Hatteraick.'

The galley was shortly after hauled up alongside, and the arms, binnacle, and other necessary articles being deposited in her, six seamen, one marine, and myself, took our seats;—the painter was cast off,—and with muffled oars we commenced padding her out of the harbour, so silently, that not even a ripple was heard under her bows to interrupt the mournful 'All's well' of the sentry, as it swept along the glassy surface of the Dart. As the boat slowly increased her distance from the latter vessel, that lay like a seam on the water,—her rigging, that resembled a spider's web spread between us and heaven,—gradually disappeared: the lights of the near and overhanging houses, for a few short minutes, shone brilliantly between her masts and yards, like winter stars through a leafless tree; but long before the battlements of the romantically-situated church of Saint Petrox were distinguishable ahead, naught remained in view astern, save the lofty black land, and glittering lights of the elevated town;—for the poor little 'barkey' had vanished from our sight, never, alas! to be again beheld by the greater part of my ill-fated crew.

Pursuing our course down the harbour, we soon gained the 'narrows,' and passing almost within our length of the rocky point on which stands the hostile-looking church of 'Saint Petrox,' and the adjoining fortifications, we left the opposite shore together with the remains of the humble tower, known by the imposing name of 'Kingsware Castle,' on our larboard side, and shortly after reached the wild anchorage called 'Dartmouth Range.' From hence we passed through the Sound that separates the stupendous rock named the 'Dartmouth Mewstone,' from the Main, and rowing easily alongshore to the eastward, rounded the 'Berry Head,' and entered the beautiful and spacious roadstead called 'Torbay.' On arriving off Brixham,—the spot I considered most likely for the smuggler to attempt—four of the oars were ran across, and while the major part of the crew dozed across their thwarts, the galley was kept in her position by the two remaining oars; the helmsman and rowers looking out brightly in every direction, and occasionally 'laying on their oars' altogether, in order to catch the sound either of the flopping canvass or of the rippling of the water under the bows of the expected vessel, as the darkness of the night rendered it probable our ears might serve us better than our eyes on the occasion.

In this manner we continued some time; and in addition to the coldness of the night, suffered much from passing showers; but as smugglers generally choose dirty weather for their operations, this only increased the probability of a landing being attempted. The hopes, therefore, of making a seizure kept us in good humour, and enabled us to 'grin and bear' the inclemency of the weather tolerably well. And after the lapse of some hours, these hopes were for a few seconds elevated to the highest pitch. About midnight, as we lay benumbed with the cold, and half-drenched with the rain, the faint splash of water was heard on the larboard bow; all eyes were in an instant turned in that direction,—and through the obscurity of the night we thought we observed an object on the water. Shortly, the splashes were distinctly heard! The sound appeared to impart heat to our bodies, and the cold embrace of our wet garments was no longer felt. The order 'Give way, lads, off all,' was given in a whisper, and obeyed with alacrity, in silence: the galley sprung under her oars,—and darting like a falcon on its prey,—we, in a few seconds found ourselves 'head and stern' alongside of a galley belonging to H. M. R. C. Our disappointment was great, and I may add, mutual; as the other crew were on the same 'scent' as ourselves: growling was however useless. We therefore had a dry laugh at each other's expense; and after a quarter of an hour's whispering together, we parted company, with the friendly wish on both sides of, 'If we don't fall in with her, I hope you will.' More courteous landmen would, in all probability, have expressed the wish without the proviso. 'Jack,' however, confines himself to saying only what he means.

The galley on parting pulled deeper into the bay, and we, in order to double the chance of falling in with the expected smuggler, pulled farther out; where, after lying some time, and having neither observed nor heard anything to excite suspicion, I determined on shaping my course homewards, intending to paddle quietly alongside, and in the event of reaching 'Dartmouth Range' before daylight, to remain there on the look-out during the remainder of the night: for, as my information did not specify the exact 'spot' of the smuggler, my chance, for what I knew to the contrary, was as good at one place as the other. The weather, moreover, looked threatening, and I wished, in case it freshened, to be sufficiently near my vessel to insure my getting on board shortly after daylight. The galley was accordingly pulled towards 'Berry Head'; on reaching which, my fears of a change of weather appeared to be about realized; for, although there was no wind to speak of at the time, yet a very heavy ground-swell seemed to announce that a gale was not far distant.

We had some difficulty in rounding the pitch of the 'Berry'; for (as is almost always the case with headlands) there was rather a heavy sea off it, occasioned by the tide; and we slipped several green seas over the stem head, before we unfortunately accomplished our purpose. On our clearing it the sea ran fairer, and the breeze, that had blown in puffs round the head, as if in pity to warn us not to proceed, died away, and left us to our fate. Our situation was, however, melancholy in the extreme, for all was silent around, save the roar of the breakers inside of us. A solitary star only occasionally gleamed between the heavy clouds that sailed past it. The gally rose slowly and mournfully over the mountain-swell, under her muffled oars; and wet, cold, and weary as I was, it required but little stretch of the imagination to metamorphose the black profile of the flat topped, elevated, and remarkably formed 'Berry'—edged beneath with a broad belt of foam—into the

white bordered, sable pall of a gigantic coffin. Indeed, I know not now exactly, whether the melancholy catastrophe that shortly after took place, gave birth to the idea or not, but it has ever since appeared to me that there was something particularly marked and ominous in our rounding the head. Would to God, for the sake of the unfortunate men then under my command, the warning had been taken.

Following the 'lay' of the coast, we continued pulling to the westward, with 'death' as Jack would say, 'on one side, and no mercy on the other; for, on our larboard side we saw nothing but a dirty horizon, and in the opposite direction naught presented itself save breakers and an 'iron-bound' shore; and even these were occasionally lost sight of, as the boat slowly sank in the deep hollow of the swell that rolled from the south-west.

At about half past one,—for my watch had stopped at that time,—we reached the entrance of the Sound, that separates the 'Mewstone' from the Main; and as I had never observed any danger from the vessel in our frequent visits to the harbour, nor had seen anything particularly dangerous in the passage a few hours before, I steered directly through it, taking the precaution to keep as nearly in mid-channel as possible,—giving directions to the bowmen to keep a good look-out,—and, of course, keeping my own eyes about me in all directions. In this manner we half-threaded the passage; and the 'Ay, ay, Sir!' of the bowman, to my oft repeated order of 'Keep a good look-out forward!' was still sounding in my ears, when to my great surprise, the boat struck on something forward, and the bowman at the same moment hastily called out, 'There's a rock under the bows, Sir!' 'Back off all!'—'Jump out bowman, and shove the boat astern!'—were the orders instantly given. Neither, however, could be obeyed; for the descending swell immediately left the boat suspended by the gripe; and she being of that class appropriately called 'DEATHS!' instantly fell on her broadside. The next sea instead of bearing her up, which would in all probability have been the case had she had any bearings, rushed over the starboard quarter, and with the last words of the order,—'Throw the ballast-bags overboard!'—on my lips, she sank under me; while, for a second or two, the men forwards appeared high and dry out of the water. It was but for a second or two! She slipped off the rock—sank—and not a splinter of her was ever again seen, that I know of.

On first feeling the boat sink under me, I of course knew our case was a desperate one; and that (to make use of a sailor's phrase) it was every man for himself and God for us all. Swim I could—much better indeed, than the generality of people—and I had, moreover, that confidence in the water, that very few have, but benumbed as I was with cold, at such a distance from the land—on such a coast—and with such a sea on the shore—it appeared that little short of a miracle could save me; and all thoughts of endeavouring to assist others were entirely out of the question. My first object was to avoid the grasp of my drowning crew; (more particularly that of the unfortunate marine, whom, but a few seconds before, I had observed comfortably nestled, and apparently fast asleep behind me;) therefore, while the poor fellows sprang and clang instinctively to that part of the boat that was still above water—probably with an idea of finding footing on the rock—I seized the stokesman's oar that lay on the water near me, and giving myself what little impetus my sinking footing would admit of, I struck out over the starboard quarter of the boat, in quite the opposite direction. After a few heavy strokes, I ventured to look behind me to see whether the poor dreading marine was near me, when a scene presented itself, that may have been the unfortunate lot of many to behold, but that few have lived to describe. The 'Death' was gone! The treacherous cause of our misfortune had never shown itself above the water! But, as I rode on the crest of a long unbroken wave, the sparkling of the sea beneath me, and the wild shrieks that rose from the watery hollow, but too plainly pointed out the fatal spot, and announced that the poor fellows were sinking in each other's convulsive embrace. For a few seconds a sea rose between us and hid the spot from my view; but, on my again getting a glimpse of it, the sparkling of the water was scarcely discernable, and a faint murmur only crept along the surface of the leaden wave. Another sea followed! As it rose between me and heaven, I saw on its black outline a hand clutching at the clouds above it—a faint gurgle followed, the sea rolled sullenly by—and all was dark and silent around me.

I had just beheld within a few yards of me, the dying struggle of—as I then thought—my whole crew; and everything seemed to announce that my own life was prolonged for a few short minutes; for, allowing I succeeded in reaching the shore, the surf threatened my destruction on the rocks. And, should a miracle enable me to weather that danger, the precipitous coast promised only a more lingering death at a cliff's foot. Notwithstanding all this, however—thanks to the Almighty!—my presence of mind never for a moment forsook me. I felt grateful for my escape from the death-grapple of the poor marine, which appeared a presage of my further escape; a ray of hope flashed across my mind, in spite of the apparent hopelessness of my situation; and I calmly weighed all the chances against my reaching the shore, and prepared for the attempt, as if I had been a looker-on, instead of an actor in the dreadful scene. [To be continued.]

A German merchant, residing at Valparaiso, in Chili, who is a great amateur at antiquarian research, some time ago engaged an intelligent Dane, named Kenous, to explore some of the wild regions of Chili, which probably had never before been witnessed by European travellers. This man is said to have made the most interesting discoveries. Among the Ande,