

'Thank you, my good lady,' said he; 'that's as it should be. All merry Wags together, eh?'

'We—we—thank God!' whimpered Mrs Wag, 'we are—Yes! But it's all your doing, sir. I wish I could thank—you—thank you—as I ought.'

Here Jeremiah, perceiving that his spouse was too nervous to make an excellent speech, 'took up the cudgels' of gratitude; but, saying that there could be no doubt of his sincerity, displayed no great oratorical talents. Brief, however, as his speeches, or rather ejaculations, were, the funny old gentleman stopped him by the apparently funny observation,—

'So, my good Jeremiah Wag, you don't know where your father came from?'

'No, sir, indeed,' replied the shopkeeper, marvelling at the oddity of the question.

'Well, then, I do,' said his benefactor; 'I was determined to find it out, because the name is so uncommon. Hard work I had, though, Merchant, to whom he was clerk, dead. Son in the West Indies. Wrote. No answer for some time—then not satisfactory. Obligated to wait till he came back. Long talk. No use. Well, well. Tell you all about it another day. Cut it short now. Found out a person at last who was intimate friend and fellow-clerk with your father. Made all right. Went down into the north. Got his register.'

'Really sir,' stammered Jeremiah, 'it was very kind of you, but I'm sorry you should have given yourself so much trouble; but I'm sure, that if I have any poor relations that I can be of service to in employing them, now that your bounty has put me in the way of doing well, I shall be glad though I never did hear of any.'

'No master Jeremiah,' said the eccentric old gentleman; 'You have no poor relations now, nor never had; but your father had a good for nothing elder brother, who left home at an early age, after your grandmother's death, and was entitled to go abroad by fair promises, which were not fulfilled. So, not having any thing agreeable to write about, he didn't write at all, like a young scamp as he was, and when the time came that he had something pleasant to communicate, it was too late, as his father was no more, and his only brother (your father) was gone nobody knew where. Well, to make a short story of it, that chap, your uncle, was knocked about in the world, sometimes up and sometimes down, but at last found himself pretty strong on his legs, and then made up his mind to come back to old England, where he found nobody to care for him, and went wandering hither and thither, spending his time at watering places, and so on, for several years.'

'And pray, sir,' inquired Jeremiah, as his respected guest paused, 'Have you any idea what became of him?'

'Yes I have,' replied the little gentleman smiling significantly at his host and hostess. 'One day he arrived in a smallish town, very like this, and terribly low spirited he was, for he'd been ill some time before, and was fretting himself to think that he had been toiling to scrape money together, and was without children or kindred to leave it to. No very pleasant reflection that, my worthy Wags, let me tell you! Well, he ordered dinner, for form's sake, at the inn, and then went yawning about the room; and then he took his stand at the window, and, looking across the road, he saw the name of Wag over a shop-door, and then—You know all the rest! The fact is, I am a Wag, you are my nephew, and you, my dear Mrs Wag, are my niece, and so let us be merry Wags together.'

Here we might lay down the pen, were it not for our dislike to strut in borrowed plumes; and that inclineth us to inform the gentle reader that no part of this simple story is of our invention, except the last disclosure of the senior Wag's relationship to his namesake, which we ventured to add, fearing that the truth might appear incredible. The other facts occurred precisely as we have stated. An elderly gentleman bearing a name more singular than Wag, returned home from India with a handsome fortune somewhat more than half a century back, and sought in vain for relatives, but one day, from the window of an inn, at which he had arrived in his own dark-green travelling chariot, he espied the shop of a namesake, whose acquaintance he instantly made his expressed hope was to discover that they were connected by some distant tie of consanguinity; but failing in that object after most minute investigation, he never withdrew his patronage. For many years he watched over the rising fortunes of the family; and as the young people arrived at ma-

turity, provided for them as though they were his own children, to the extent of many thousand pounds; and when he died, left among them the whole of his property. Now, though the heart and conduct of this good man were truly benevolent, there can be no question respecting the motive of his actions, for he often avowed it. He was determined to keep up the respectability of his name; and with great pleasure we have to record that the few who now bear it, move in a much higher circle than would have been his lot but for him whose memory they hold in reverence, and consider as the founder of their family. Reader! imitate him, and 'keep up the respectability of your name.'

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE INDIAN CHASE.

THE chase! the chase! the glorious chase!
Its reckless course and lightning pace—
Its pace—its lightning pace!
No sigh for wealth, no thought of care,
Can taint the joys that are met with there:
When hearts are light, and souls are free,
As waves that leap o'er the boundless sea!

I'm in the chase! I'm in the chase!
And ever here's my pride of place:
With the sky above, and the plain below,
And nerve to lay the wild boar low.
And though many a scar has mar'd me o'er
What matter? what matter? I but dare the more!

I love—oh, how I love the steed
That shall follow where'er the boar may lead,
When spurs are red, and cheeks are pale,
As swift as the sou'-west tempest's gale—
Still rushing in his wild career,
He knows no check and feels no fear.

I have moved amid the ball rooms blaze,
But dull to me were its brightest rays:
And I sprung again on my bounding steed,
And felt like a slave of his fetters freed:
And away—away—in the reckless race,
For I was born, was born for the madd'ning chase!

The tiger trembled on the morn
Of the fatal day, of the fatal day, when I,
when I was born;
The panther shook with a sudden fear,
As if he knew that his death was near:
And the gray boar slunk to his thorny wild:
In dread of the birth of the huntsman's child!

I have lived since then in glorious strife,
Full fifty summers a huntsman's life,
With wealth to purchase each earthly bliss:
But I never sought a joy but this.
And death, whenever I've run my race,
Shall come, shall come, in the wild and mad'
ning chase:
And death shall come in the wild and mad'
ning chase!

From Desultory Sketches and Tales of Barbadoes.

SHARK CATCHING AT BARBADOES.

To effect this purpose a glandered horse was proffered and accepted; lines, hooks, and implements for slaughter, procured, and the attendance of a wary black fisherman obtained—a noted hand was he at hooking the sea lawyers. On the day appointed for this sport, Seagrave and myself, taking our guns, walked to the cave along the flat and stony summit of the cliff that overlooks the sea, shooting as we went, at the numerous water birds that collect about the swamps and pools of water with which the place abounds. The others of the party had already assembled, and our arrival was the signal to commence operations. The horse which had been tethered to a large stone, was now brought close to the precipice and bled; the blood being caught in a bucket, was then discharged into the sea while yet warm, to allure the sharks, whose extraordinary and strong powers of scent are too well known to need comment here. As soon as the animal showed symptoms of fainting, he was despatched by shooting him in the head with one of our fowling pieces, his body opened, the lungs and liver excised for bait, and his carcass thrown over on the ledge before the cave, and then confined by a rope, in order to afford additional scent to the fish. These revolting preliminaries concluded, we descended into the cave; and baiting our lines, threw them and sundry pieces of unarmed bait into the water. In a few minutes up rose the rapacious sharks, and we could plainly distinguish the ravenous monsters sailing about many feet under the water in eager search of their prey. Such of the floating pieces of bait as were wafted from the ledge, were immediately seized upon by them, but strange to say, they swam round and round the baited hooks without touching one. Disappointed at our want of success, most of the party dispersed themselves about the cave, either to bathe in its deep basins, or to ramble about its recesses. I however, retained my line, and remained to wait in

expectation of entrapping some incautious and less discerning fish than those we had already seen. I had kept the line in my hands some ten minutes or more, and being tired of not hooking one, I resigned it to a gentleman with whom I had been conversing, he had scarcely taken it into his hands when it darted through them with such rapidity, as nearly to tear off one of his nails, while the blood spun from the injured finger. 'Strike, strike,' shouted I, and my companion struck his fish bravely, gave up the line to the black fisherman, who had come to us on hearing the clamour I made. He managed matters in good style; and after about twenty minutes play, succeeded in bringing the shark to the side of the ledge. To land him was now a nice point, so jumping on the ledge at the risk of being swept off by the sea as it rose upon the rock, the fisherman, with the assistance of a keen sportsman of our party, contrived, with much difficulty, to drag the fish on the ledge, from whence he was hauled up into the cave by additional lines and ropes attached to him, and then despatched with no little triumph and exultation. What joys ever attend the destruction of this creature! But is it to be wondered at? Is not the shark the most dreaded, cunning, and rapacious enemy of our race? When we look at his formidable range of teeth, his small crafty piercing eye, the Roman tyrant's very amiable wish reverted to my mind, and I wished the whole tribe of sharks was concentrated to one, and that one the dying shark of the cave.

NEW WORKS.

Tales of Travel through some of the most interesting parts of the World. By F. D. Miller.

THE OTAHEITAN FISHERMEN.

The peculiar situation of the island leads them to seek a great part of their subsistence from the ocean that surrounds them. Their methods of fishing are numerous; some of them rude, but others remarkably ingenious. One very timid fish, called the Au or Needle, on account of its long sharp head, they catch in a very singular manner. They build a number of rafts; each about fifteen or twenty feet long, and six or eight wide. At one edge, a kind of fence or screen is raised four or five feet, by fixing the poles horizontally one above the other, and fastening them to upright sticks placed at short distance along the raft. Twenty or thirty of these rafts are often employed at the same time. The men of the raft go out at a distance from each other, enclosing a large space of water, having the raised part, or frame, on the outside. They gradually approach each other till the raft join, and form a connected circle in some shallow part of the lake. One or two persons then go in a small canoe towards the centre of the enclosed space, with long white sticks, which they strike in the water with a great noise, and by this means drive the fish towards the rafts.

On approaching these, the fish dart out of the water, and in attempting to spring over the raft, strike against the raised fence on the outer side, and fall on the surface of the horizontal part, when they are gathered into baskets or canoes on the outside. In this manner great numbers of these and other kinds of fish, that are accustomed to spring out of the water when alarmed or pursued, are taken with facility.

They often fish with nets that are remarkably well made, and preserved with the greatest care. Their light casting-nets they use with great dexterity, generally as they walk along the beach. When a shoal of small fish appears, they throw the net with the right hand, and enclose sometimes the greater part of them.

The salmon-net is considered a most important possession, and is seldom the property of any but a principal chief. The manufacture of a new net is quite a public work, many other chiefs assisting the proprietor in the operation. Before he begins to make it, two large pigs are killed and baked; when taken from the oven they are cut up, and the governor's messenger sent with a piece to every chief, and at the same time the quantity he was required to prepare towards the projected net was stated. If the piece of pig was received, it was considered as an agreement to furnish it, but to return was to refuse compliance with the requisition. The first wetting of a new net was formerly attended with a number of prayers and offerings, both at the temple and on the beach. Mr. Ellis was present on one occasion of the kind, which he describes in the following words: 'I recollect when they were going to take out and use for the first time a large salmon-net, and had put it upon the canoe, the whole party, including the fisherman and chief of the district, knelt down upon a pebbly beach, and offered a prayer to the true God that they might be successful. This was about daybreak; and as the sun rose above the waves, I saw them rowing out to sea. Though these nets were called *Upea ana*, salmon-nets, a variety of large fish was taken in them, a shark was not unfrequently enclosed, which sometimes made great havoc among the fishermen before they could transfix him with their spears.'

This kind of fishing was followed not only as a means of procuring food, but as an amusement. The chiefs were exceedingly fond of it, and often strove to excel. Their country was little adapted for hunting, and the only quadrupeds they ever pursued, were the wild hogs in the mountains; but the smoothness and transparency of the sea within the reefs, was favourable to aquatic sports, and a chief and his men, furnished with their spears, often set out on their fishing excursions with an exhilaration of spirit equal to that with which a European nobleman pursues the sport of the chase. The mere daring of the young chiefs were generally among the foremost in pursuing the shark or other destructive fish; while others more advanced in years, remained in their canoes at distance, gratified to behold the sport, and share in some degree the excitement it produced. When the fishing-party returned, the nets were hung upon the branches of trees near the shore.

In no part of the world, perhaps are the inhabitants better fishermen; and considering their former entire destitution of iron, their variety of fishing apparatus is astonishing. Their hooks were every form and size, and made of wood, shell, or bone; frequently human bone. This was considered the most offensive use to which the bones of an enemy could be applied; and one of the most sanguinary modern wars in Otaheite, originated in a declaration made by a fisherman of one party, that he had a hook made with the bone of a rival chief who had been slain in a former war.'

Various methods of fishing are pursued by daylight, but many fish are taken by the light of the moon; fishing by torchlight is, however, the most picturesque. The torches are bunches of dried reeds firmly tied together, and it is a beautiful sight to behold a long line of rock illuminated by their glare. The fishermen hold a torch in one hand, and stand with a poised spear in the other, ready to strike as soon as the fish appears. In the rivers they also fish by torchlight, especially for eels. Few scenes present a more striking and singular effect than a band of natives, walking along the shallow parts of the rocky sides of a river, elevating a torch with one hand, and holding a spear with the other, while the glare of their torches is thrown upon the overhanging boughs, and reflected from the agitated surface of the stream. Their own bronzed coloured and lightly clothed forms, partially illuminated stand like figures in relief; while the whole appears in bright contrast with the dark and almost midnight gloom that envelopes every other object. Since their intercourse with the Europeans, steel hooks, made in England, have been introduced. For some kinds of fish they are preferred, but for most they find the mother-of-pearl hooks answer best. Wrought iron nails are highly prized by them, and they prefer the hooks they manufacture themselves from this rough material to the best European hook that could be given them. Most of the nails they procured from the shipping were applied to this purpose, and much valued. When they first saw them, what do you suppose they took them to be?—you will never guess. They thought they were young shoots of some very hard plant; and anxious to secure a more abundant supply, they actually planted some of them in their gardens, and awaited their growth with the utmost anxiety.

'They would wait long enough for that,' said Edward, laughing heartily at their simplicity. 'But how did they manage to form the nails into hooks, mamma? for I suppose they had no files and tools as we have.'

'No, my dear, they had not: and it required great patience and perseverance to effect their purpose. They sharpened the points and rounded the angles by rubbing the nail on a stone. They also used a stone in order to bend it to the required shape. They have now the advantage of European files which they highly value. I can tell you a very pretty anecdote evincing the native simplicity and honesty of two Otaheitan chiefs, who, walking together by the water side, found a large file on the ground, left probably by some fisherman who had been employed in sharpening hooks: the chiefs picked it up, and as they were proceeding, one said to the other, 'This is not ours. Is not our taking it robbery?' 'Perhaps it is,' replied the other; 'yet as the true owner is not here, I do not know who has greater right to it than ourselves.' 'It is not ours,' said the former, 'and we had better give it away.' After further conversation, they agreed to give it to the first person they met, which they did, telling him that they had found it, and requested that if he heard who had lost such a one, he would restore it.

The children were all very much pleased with the anecdote.

Juvenile Anecdotes, founded on facts. By Priscilla Wakefield.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO LOVED PRAISE.
The lively Harriet had a good disposition, was affectionate to her mother, and kind to her brothers, who were younger than herself. She had no sister, which was a disadvantage to her, as she was obliged for want of a female companion, to play a great deal with her brothers, and partake of their sports. It happened fortunately for Harriet, that a little girl of amiable manners and nearly of her own age, came to live in the neighbourhood: they formed an acquaintance and met frequently, which contributed to their mutual pleasure and improvement. Before Harriet had had an opportunity of seeing Violetta, she heard many commendations of her, and had been frequently told