

of flesh coloured paw, with webs between the fingers.

"It's a bargain," said Mike, "but after all," and he grinned knowingly at the Merman, "supposing your tail cut off from you, it's small walking ye'll get, unless I could lend you the loan of a pair of legs."

"True for you, Mike," replied the Merman, "but it's not the walking that I care for. It's the sitting, Mike," and he winked again with his round, sky blue eye, "it's the sitting, and which you see is mighty inconvenient, so long as I am linked to this scaly Saxon appendage."

"Saxon is it?" bellowed Mike, "hurrah then for the Repale," and whipping out a huge clasp knife from his pocket, he performed the operation exactly as the Merman had directed, and, strange to say of an operation, without shedding a single drop of blood.

"There," said Mike, having first kicked the so discovered tail into the sea, and then sitting up the Half-Sir like a ninipin on the broad end, "there you are, free and independent, and fit to sit where you please."

"Millia Beachus, Mike," replied the Merman, "and as to the sitting where I please," here he nodded three times very significantly, "the only seat that will please me will be in College Green."

"Och! that will be a proud day for Ireland!" said Mike, attempting to shout, and intending to cut a caper and to throw up his hat. But his limbs were powerless, and his mouth only gaped in a prodigious yawn. As his mouth closed again his eyes opened, but he could see nothing that could make head or tail of the Merman was gone.

"Bedad!" exclaimed Mike, shutting his eyes again, and rubbing the lids lustily with his knuckles, "what a drama I've had of the Repale of the Union!"

New Works.

By the Rev. W. Jones of Nayland.

LABOUR THE LOT OF ALL.

First of all we behold the husbandman, whose hands are hardened, and his back bowed by the year the sun when it rises finds him at his labour; and in the harvest, when the sun is gone down he is wetted with the dew of heaven. While he is labouring upon the ground, others are condemned to a harder sort of labour under the earth, digging out the bowels of the earth and exposed to the danger either of its falling in upon them and burying them in its ruins, or the deadly effects of poisonous streams, and noxious vapours. A considerable part of mankind are employed in works of heat, and their brow is sweating on a double account, from the labour of their craft, and the violence of the sun. The sea swarms with men who "go down to it in ships, and occupy their business in great waters." When the stormy wind arises they are carried up to heaven, and down again into the deep, while their souls are melting within them because of the trouble. And many thousands more in all nations of the earth expose themselves to the dangers of war, and their lives, at a strange necessity to support who are exempt from labours of loosing them. Those who are exempt from labours of the body, are exercised in various ways with other people of the mind and understanding; and with affluence and splendour, must bestow some thought and pains in overruling their affairs that they may preserve the plenty God hath given them, and must sometimes taste of that care and anxiety too, which is the necessary consequence of providing for a numerous family. And if we look back to the original of their wealth and honor, we come at length to some laborious ancestor whose life was spent in arms in merchandise, or in some of the learned professions. But supposing after all that there is frequently in using, the bread which God hath so freely bestowed. How many people are crowded all their lives with infirm and critical constitutions, which bring them into a perpetual state of fearfulness and restraint, and who cannot, with any degree of comfort, partake of that plenty which the bountiful hand of Providence hath poured out before them. Thus are all places and all professions, witness to the trouble and sorrow of man; nor is any station in life altogether exempt from that care and labour which is annexed as a penalty upon his abode in this world; and the necessity of bread to the support of this mortal life, is plainly the cause and source of all.

From Wanderings on the Seas and Shores of Africa.

THE MOUNTAIN WAVE.

The next morning, when I rose, at about seven o'clock, the mates and the captain called loudly to me to come on deck and behold what I had so recklessly expressed a wish to see, Doctor, if you want to see "wave" mountains, high, come on deck and look! See! there are the thing." I had several times in the course of the week expressed my astonishment at the height and appearance of the waves in a storm at sea—being satisfied from my own extensive observations during the pretty "stiff blow" of these two or three days that the term "mountain" or "mountains," applied to a wave, could never be considered as anything but a very gross exaggeration, justified only by the fears and excitable imagination of the observer; but the sight which met my astonished eyes, when I thrust my head above the companion way that morning, was so appalling that I most tremblingly adopted the condemned

hyperbole, as fully expressive of my own ideas at the moment.

My first astonishment was caused by the very limited field of view presented to my eye by the black and roaring sea. Just in proportion as the waves had risen with the increasing gale, had the scene become circumscribed; and now on all sides the vision was bounded by the near summits of vast rolling ridges which no slighter term than "mountains" could describe, as they appeared to me. The only impression of distance which I could derive from the scene was the breadth of one great dark valley—gloomy as "the valley of the shadow of death,"—which was ever before us, as if we were continually descending into its fearful depth and rising, while the lateral view of this deep rift in the ocean was cut off by the irregular projection of vast salient masses of water that left no room for vision. A glance behind us gave a somewhat different impression—in no respect more agreeable, however. A huge billow seemed perpetually rising in a threatening attitude in our rear, cresting and "combing" as it drew nigh, almost overhanging the taffrail, and often throwing a deluge on our deck, making the little brig tremble and stagger under the load and the shock. It was now very dangerous to stand on the deck, as one of these seas might easily wash a man overboard; and I did not venture beyond the breastwork of the companion way.

Above us hung a dense mass of black cloud covering the whole sky with an unbroken pall of darkness which I never saw equalled in the day time, and which only broke for a few moments at noon. Around us on every side was the blue black ocean, variegated only by the snow-white crests of the combing waves, while at intervals, with new bursts of the storm, torrents of rain fell on us with overwhelming force. The sounds of the tempest were not less appalling than the sights it presented. The whole ocean sent up one ceaseless howling roar, high and wild—to which the wind, rushing through the tense wet rigging of our vessel, played a solemn and awful bass accompaniment, converting the huge cords into gigantic harp-strings of strangely mournful and dismal tone, varying in note and loudness as we flew with arrow speed down the watery way, or struggled more slowly for a moment against the towering mass of waters around, ere we were lifted and pushed on again by the rolling mountain behind us.

BRAVA AND FOGO.

When I came up and looked southward towards the two islands, I was at once struck by the appearance of Brava, which rose to a great height, little more than twelve miles off, showing an imposing mountain ridge with a steep slope into the sea at each end. But what astonished me most was that Fogo was totally invisible, though, as I knew, much the highest and largest of the two, and almost as near as Brava. I gazed with all the power of my eyes, directly at the place which all pointed out to me, and to which several of those on deck very carefully directed my sight,—but all in vain. I could see nothing, from the horizon upwards, but a dense, dark blue, hazy mass of clouds, which my vision could not penetrate. The surprise of the other observers at my blindness was even greater than my own; and again and again they pointed to the place, assuring me that Fogo was twice as conspicuous as Brava. How to account for its vanishing in this manner from my near view, when I had seen it three or four hours before at nearly sixty miles distance,—I could not tell; and I was about giving up in despair, when those who watched the direction of my eyes said to me—"You don't look high enough. Look up!" At this, for the first time I let my eye range carelessly upward along the cloud, till I threw my head back as if to take a zenith observation,—when in an observation,—when in an instant the whole monstrous sight burst on me with such force that I was almost overpowered with surprise. There it rose on me with such force, that I was almost overpowered with surprise. There it rose on me, all at once,—filling almost the whole height of heaven with its vast bulk,—the highest, the largest and the grandest object that I had ever seen or have ever yet seen on earth.

The reason I did not see it sooner was—that, having no idea of its inconceivable bulk, I had been merely looking at the hazy cloud which veiled its base and about half its altitude, above which I never thought of looking for any earthly object. But the moment I caught the sight of its actual top, distinct, sharp and bold against the clear, pure upper sky, it seemed to me that we were directly under it, and that it almost overhung the vessel. I can express the emotions I felt at the moment by no other term than awe;—so appalling was the sight to me."

ILLUSIONS OF LIFE.

Man passes on his way from youth to manhood, from manhood till the shadow of death falls upon him; and while his moral and physical structure adapts itself to the incessant vicissitudes of his being, he imagines himself the same. The same in sunshine and in tempest—in the temperate and the torrid zone—in sickness and in health—in joy and sorrow—at school and in the camp or senate—still, still he is the same. His passions change, his pleasures alter; what once filled him with rapture, is now different, it maybe loathsome. The friends of his youth are his friends no longer—other voices echo in his ears. Still he is the same—the same, when chilling experience has taught him its bitter lesson, and when life in all its glowing freshness first dawned upon his view. The same when "vanity of vanities" is graven upon his heart—as when his youthful fancy revelled in scenes of love, of friendship, and of renown. The same when cold, cautious, in-

terested, suspicious, guilty—as when daring, reckless, frank, confiding, innocent. Still the dream continues, still the visions last, until some warning yet unknown—the tortures of disease, or the loss of the very object round which his heartstrings were entwined, anguish within, and desolation without—stir him into consciousness, and remind him of that fast approaching change which no illusion can conceal. Such is the probability of our nature, so varied are our modes of being; and thus through the benevolence of Him who made us, the cause which renders our keenest pleasures transcendent, makes pain less acute, and death less terrible.

A STORM IN THE POLAR SEA.

No language, I am convinced, can convey an adequate idea of the terrific grandeur of the effect now produced by the collision of the ice and the tempestuous ocean. The sea violently agitated and rolling its mountainous waves against an opposing body, is at all times a sublime and awful sight; but when, in addition, it encounters immense masses, which it has set in motion with violence equal to its own, its effect is prodigiously increased. At one moment it bursts upon these icy fragments, and buries them many feet beneath its wave; and the next, as the buoyancy of the depressed body struggles for reascendancy, the water rushes in foaming cataracts over its edges; whilst every individual mass, rocking and laboring in its bed, grinds against and contends with its opponent until one is either split with the shock or upheaved upon the surface of the other. Nor is this collision confined to any particular spot; it is going on as far as the sight could reach; and when, from this convulsive scene below, the eye is turned to the extraordinary appearance in the sky above, where the unnatural clearness of a calm and silvery atmosphere presents itself, bounded by a dark hard line of stormy clouds, such as at this moment lowered over our masts, as if to mark the confines within which the efforts of men would be of no avail, the reader may imagine the sensation of awe which must accompany that of grandeur in the mind of the curious beholder.

THE FLOWER AND THE STREAM.

A flower stood drooping beside a brook, And gazed on the stream with a longing look,

That greeted the fair one with kisses and sighs,

"And ah," said she "eternally bound," "if you know,

How is every odour and every hue

Your pure beauties I love and prize,

You would stay—you would surely stay."

On the breeze was heard, as the stream passed by,

In grateful remembrance, this fond reply:—

"I leave thee. Alas! how it grieves me to part;

But oh, had'st thou felt the same love I have shown,

When a moment of rapture made us one,

Dissolved in my spray with a willing heart

You were with me far away."

The voices have ceased—on the winds were borne

The words of the lovers sundered and torn;

And the stream must glide on, and the flower remain,

And never on earth shall that pair meet again.

Exhaled the life of the flower with a sigh;

And the stream rose at eve, like a cloud in the sky;

They both seemed to perish in sorrow and love,

But to meet and for aye, in the regions above!

From the Knickerbocker for October,

THOUGHTS OF A SUICIDE.

The following, which is given as having been found on the body of a suicide taken from the Thames in London, though the outpouring of a diseased and poisoned mind, is irresistible in eloquent pathos:

"This body, if ever this body should be found, was once a thing which moved about the earth, despised and unnoticed, and died indigent and unlamented. It could hear, see, feel, smell, and taste, with as much quickness and delicacy, and force as other bodies. It had desires and passions like other bodies, but was denied the use of them by such as had the power and the will to engross the good things of this world to themselves. The doors of the great were shut upon it; not because it was infected with disease or contaminated with infamy, but on account of the fashion of the garments with which it was clothed, and the name it derived from its forefathers; and because it had not the habit of bending its knee where its heart owed no respect, nor the power of moving its tongue to gloze the crimes or flatter the follies of men. It was excluded the fellowship of such as heap up gold and silver; not because it did, but for fear it might, ask a small portion of their beloved wealth. It shrank with pain and pity from the haunts of ignorance which the knowledge it possessed could not enlighten, and guilt that its sensations were obliged to abhor. There was but one class of men with whom it was permitted to associate, and those were such as had feelings and misfortunes like its own; among whom it was its hard fate frequently to suffer imposition, from assumed worth and fictitious distress. Beings of supposed benevolence, capable of perceiving, loving and promoting merit and virtue, have now and then seemed to flit and glide before it. But the visions were deceitful. Ere they were distinctly seen, the phantoms vanished. Or, if such beings do exist, it has experienced the peculiar hardship of never having met with any, in whom both the purpose and the power were fully united. Therefore with hands wearied

with labor, eyes dim with watchfulness, veins but half nourished, and a mind at length subdued by intense study and a reiteration of unaccomplished hopes, it was driven by irresistible impulse to end at once such a complication of evils."

The Politician.

The British Press.

Illustrated London News, October 14.

THE IRISH PROCLAMATION.

The past week has been one of exciting interest. There are periods when the march of events seem stayed, and there is a pause in the working of the mighty machine of society. But though there may be stillness, there is never retrogression; the index never goes backward, the tide of history "knows no retreating ebb"—for good or for evil, it flows on for ever.

The Government, after a period of inaction that seemed almost inexplicable, have taken that one step forward, in dealing with the portion of the empire that for a year past has been trembling on the verge of rebellion, which places them in open collision with the leader of the agitation.

The conflict is watched with intense interest, if we may compare great things with small, and illustrate the strife of principles and parties by the analogy of a contest of individuals, we should say the interest attached to this momentous encounter is of the same description as that which accompanied two of the Athletes of old to the arena. Each side watches its champion, and calculates the probabilities of his success or failure, founded on the strength and skill which the combatant possesses, or is believed to possess. The people of England, removed from the actual scene of action, can judge only of results, for on both sides there is probably exaggeration as to the causes that are at work. They can see enough, however, to make them wish that the troubled drama should close, or take some definite form that could enable them to judge as to what is to be its termination.

Englishmen are not unjust—their sympathies are generally on the side of justice—they love good order—they have a feeling of respect for the laws; prove that a wrong exists, and point out a practical remedy, and will seldom fail in their hearty co-operation on behalf of the complaining party. But these very qualities make them impatient of imaginary grievances—to doubt highly colored statements—to fear the effect of appeals to the passions rather than to the reason—to suspect those who have even the appearance of trading on public wrongs—above all things to despise all endeavors to make grievances where none exist. In the real patriot they have an unbounded regard, proved by the worship they have paid to those who wore the mask of the benefactor of a cause only to hide the features of the traitor; but woe be to the hypocrite when he becomes suspected; still deeper disgrace when what he is suspected to be, be proved, for measureless then is the contempt that becomes his portion. But, however the demon of discord is evoked, however vile the means that arouse it, or the purpose for which it is awakened, not the less must every attempt be made to allay its fury. When the house is blazing it is no time to ask how the flames were raised—the first great object is to extinguish them. The conflagration may be caused by the uncalculated folly of the idiot, "who singeth about as firebrands, and saith, am I not in sport?" or it may arise from the dark malice of the incendiary who applies the torch with terrible earnestness. In either case the one straightforward duty is the same. Leaving, then, all relating to causes, motives, and persons out of consideration, let us take the present circumstances as they actually exist—let us ask what is the evil? and follow up that question by another—how does the Government intend to meet it?

The evil is visible enough. A people excited, as we have said, to the very verge of rebellion, but kept within the bounds of order by an extraordinary exercise of individual influence—which, however, the events of an hour, and the most casual incident, may destroy; and which, at best, has but the frail security of one human life for its continuance. A combined power, and an organization exceeding anything of the same kind the world has seen for its completeness, and the facility with which it can be put in operation; which is directed so as to perform many of the functions of a legitimate government—its one great purpose being the establishment of national independence. On the other hand, the constitutional and responsible rulers of the country have the resources of the empire at their command—armies, fleets, railways, steamers, and last, but not least, the power that can set all these in motion—money; for the exchequer once more is cognizant of a surplus. Having these means at their disposal why has an open declaration of the opinions of the Government been so long delayed? We wholly disbelieve that the inaction has arisen from any conviction that the excitement would die out of itself. Preliminary steps are necessary in everything, and the Executive could not have done anything more unadvised than to strike a blow, as long as no outrages were committed, till it had the means of supporting it. Let us recollect that in great movements, either of war or policy, it is not enough to be prepared for the probable; what is even in the most remote degree possible, however frightful to contemplate, must be provided for. It may appear strange to many who have had their ideas directed exclusively to the political aspect of the struggle, but it is, nevertheless, strikingly apparent, that military reasons rather