

of good nature and watchfulness on Billy's part, he having noticed that a certain gate leading to the kitchen garden had been left open, took the precaution to close it, thereby preventing the incursion of a greedy sow and her interesting family, which would undoubtedly have played the part of the Gooths in that flourishing spot. It is very likely that Billy's first impulse was to boil his egg and eat it; but a moment's reflection convinced him that this would be conduct very like that of the boy in the fable, who slaughtered the goose that laid golden eggs. But how to hatch his egg—for this was what he thought of—became now the question. The good woman of the house noticed that Billy was unusually silent at supper time, and thought at first that some disaster must have happened. She learned, however, that the cow had her customary bed of soft heather, which it was Billy's pride to pick for her, and had been as carefully attended to as usual in every particular. We ought to mention that Billy was a great favourite with his mistress; and perhaps he had won her heart by the care and attention he bestowed at every spare moment on one of her little ones, who was a very sickly, fretful child, but who, somehow or other, was always most quickly pacified by Billy. She soon learned the cause of his thoughtful silence, and kindly offered to remove two or three eggs from under a duck which was then sitting, and give their place to the cow-boy's single treasure. This was the foundation of William Carter's fortune; and it is worthy of remark, that both the gift of the egg, and opportunity of hatching it, he owed to acts of thoughtful good nature on his own part.

In due time the goslin appeared, and Billy fed it from his own scanty fare, taking it with him when he was herding. By Christmas it became a large fat goose, and its owner was offered half-a-crown for it. But he had a higher ambition for it than this, and he was not to be tempted from his purpose by the prospect of present gain. The following spring he set her twelve eggs, which she had herself produced, and by and by twelve goslings appeared. Our hero was now obliged to act some ingenuity in finding food for so large a family of dependents; but he accomplished his end by bartering away three of them, in exchange for permission that the rest should feed in his master's yard until they should be old enough to pick up their subsistence in company with their mother and the cow upon the common, and indulge in swimming there in the abundant pools. At the proper time, he sold the young geese for the largest sum he had ever seen in his life; for, though to have kept them might have proved an additional source of profit, he knew that he had only accommodation for one to hatch. A portion of his money he gave to his mother, but he placed a one pound note in the safe keeping of his kind mistress, and when spring again came round, he bought with it a year-old heifer, which he sent to graze on the mountains, paying with it a small sum, the remnant of his money, which he had reserved for this purpose. Old geese again presented him with young ones, the sale of which enabled him to purchase fodder for his cow when she was sent home at the end of the season. And now he built a little shed for her with fir sticks from the bog and heather sods, so that perhaps she was better cared for than many a rich man's cow. We may be pretty sure, however, that Billy never neglected his master's business to attend to his own private affairs, or he and his wife would not have encouraged him in his plans, as they evidently did. It is not worth while to follow the fortunes of the prudent industrious little fellow step by step, or to declare precisely how he dealt in cows and geese. It may be enough to say, that at the end of six years he quitted servitude a richer man than ever his father had been; on which occasion he presented the venerable goose to his mother, to whose necessities and comforts he had for some time constantly contributed. So soon as he was thoroughly established in the world, he married, but not till he had provided a neat little cottage for his parent, who had the happiness to enjoy for many years the prosperity of her son, and who lived to see the poor cow-boy a man among the most respected and esteemed in his country.

And so, you see, said the old apple-woman in conclusion, 'it is a foolish thing to despise small beginnings. Thru as I am telling it ye, this is how Mr. Carter got the name of Billy Egg, though, d'ye see, he never was called Billy Goose—no, never.'

From the New Monthly Magazine.

ANECDOTE

OF AN ELEPHANT IN THE PARIS GARDEN OF PLANTS.

A Painter was in the habit of choosing for his models the animals confined in the garden. When it came to the elephant's turn to stand for his portrait, the artist, wishing to represent the grim giant in a striking attitude, employed a little boy to throw apples into the mouth of the elephant, thus obliging him to keep his trunk uplifted. The apples were numerous, but the painter was not a Landseer; and as he had not the faculty of seizing and transferring character with Edwin's magical power and rapidity, the task was tedious. By the master's directions, the boy occasionally deceived the elephant by a simulated chuck, and thus eked out the limited supply. Notwithstanding the just indignation of the baulked expectant, his gourmandise checked his irritable impatience; and keeping his eye on the still well-filled bag, he bore the repeated disappointments, crunching an apple, when it chanced to come, with apparent glee. At length the last apple was thrown and crunched: the empty bag was

laid aside; and the elephant applied himself to his water-tank, as if for the purpose of washing down his repast. A few more touches would have completed the picture, when an overwhelming douche from his well-adjusted trunk, obliterated the design, and drenched the discomfited painter. Having, by this practical application of distributive justice, executed judgment on the instigator, the elephant, disdaining the boy, whom he regarded as the more instrument of wrong, marched proudly round his enclosure, loudly trumpeting forth his triumph.

Dublin University Magazine.

The following sweet piece of poetry is the production of the late Mrs. James Gray, better known by her maiden name, Mary Anne Browne.

THE SUMMER'S FLIGHT.

WHERE trace we summer's light? O'er faded roses,
O'er the thinned leaves where the pale light
reposes

Lifeless and cold;

In the swelled waves, that with a wilder Sally
Rush through the green recesses of the valley,
And by the keen wind whistling o'er the
wold;

By the stilled music of the nightingale,

By the strange tone

Of breezes, sending over hill and dale

A low mysterious moan.

But here are lips whose roseate hue are faded,
Tresses that erst in golden brightness shaded

The cheerful brow,

Now early tinged with grey; and tears are
swelling

Through drooped eyelids, sadly, sadly telling

Of a young bosom sorely marked to woe—

Oh! can we here the summer's parting trace?

Why with its flowers and light

Took it the youth and gladness from that face?

Alas, for summer's flight?

Ah, 'tis not summer's flight hath dimmed the
glory

Of those clear eyes, and mingled tresses hoary

Like withered leaves;

Not for the summer flowers her sorrows waken,

A fairer blossom from her path is taken

Than all the spring-tide brings or summer
weaves.

Where are the eyes that were the stars of love—
Where did their light depart?

What music went from every dale and grove
With that young sister's heart?

She was like summer, with her living gladness,
Her pure, clear brow that had no shade of
sadness,

Her dewy eye;

She was like summer, all lone places filling

With flowers and sunshine—joy and peace in-
stilling

Into sad hearts, her lovely life went by;

She was like summer, even so she faded,

And earth grew lone;

Oh, marvel not her brow is shaded,

She who made summer to her heart is
gone!

From the Manx Liberal.

THE PIRATE

By the time that the several dispositions ordered the captain had been made, the stranger, a beautiful brig, had approached within long gunshot. We (officers and passengers) were congregated upon the poop-deck, in anticipation of momentarily receiving an iron summons to round to. This, however, did not appear to be part of the unknown's policy; and whilst he was fast drawing a-head, Macsawney, who carried on the duties of the ship as if she floated unquestioned mistress of the blue expanse, ordered eight bells (having taken the sun) to be struck, and invited his passengers to partake their customary meridian. They were in the act of descending, when Bosy reported that the brig, having given a broad yaw to leeward, showed Spanish colours at her peak. These were scarcely set ere they were dipped—an indication that it was their wish to speak to us. The atrocities which have degraded Spain's once imperial banner, coupled with the rakish loom of the stranger, and proximity the Cape de Verde Islands, the favourite resort of the lawless, caused us to survey him with a curiosity in which apprehension was not slightly mingled. Our doubts and fears were in course of speedy solution, for the self-styled Spaniard had now lessened his distance to a couple of hundred yards. A more exquisite hull it was impossible to look upon—long, low, and of exceeding beam—the bow round as an apple, with a cutwater sharp as a wedge, from which projected a female figurehead of the most graceful proportions. Every line was symmetry itself—her bottom beautifully moulded, her copper bright as burnished gold, and her run clean and fine as the heels of a racer; in short, the very model of what an English nobleman's yacht should be, scraped and bright varnished, with long heads

The capacity might amount to some 300 tons. The beauty of the hull was fully equalled by the gear aloft, which was taunt, tapering, and well set up; the lowermast was clean painted white. He carried courses, topsails, with a slap reef to make them stand better, top-gallant-sails, fore-top-mast stay-sail, jib-boom mainsail a thundering ringtail, foretop-mast and foretop-gallant studding sails; his royal yards were sent down, and his flying jib-boom housed. All his yards were remarkably square, his canvas well cut, and it was impossible to surpass the light airy tracery of his taper masts, with all their mazy lines of superincumbent cordage. As we approximated we gave our meteor flag to the breeze—his Spanish ensign still float at his peak. His lovely craft was in perfect command, and having drawn a little before our lee beam, he immediately hailed.

'Ship, ahoy!'

'Hallo! responded Macsawney.

'What ship's that?'

'The Saucy Sally. What brig's that?'

'The Vomito Pietro,' was the answer.

'Where are you from?'

'The Cape of Good Hope.'

'Heave to—heave! I have intelligence to communicate.'

'Ay, ay,' sang out Mac. 'Cheerily, my lads; round in the weather main' and topsail braces. Foretop, there! down top-gallant stunsail; in with Big Ben; clap on the top-mast stunsail downballe! That's it—with a will men. So—o! Man royal and skysail clue-lines!'

In a surprisingly short space the Saucy Sally was reduced to top and top-gallant sails, jib and spanker, the fore and main course hanging in the trails. The Vomito Pietro was still under sail, although, while our ship was obeying her injunctions, she had hauled up so sharp in the wind as not only to deaden her way, but to drop a short distance astern. Perceiving our maintopsail to the mast, he once more ranged within hailing distance.

'Ship, ahoy! Send a boat aboard of me, d'ye hear?'

'Brig, ahoy!' shouted Mack. 'No boat of mine leaves this ship. If you have anything to communicate, send your own boat.'

'Send your boat this instant, sir, or I'll fire into you.'

'Blaze away,' sang out the imperturbable Scotsman. 'Down on the deck, lads; you shall pepper him by and by.'

A pause ensued; the vessels gradually separated; the Vomito Pietro had too some sixty yards forward, of the Sally's lee beam, and without further ceremony, exchanged the Spanish ensign for the skull and marrow-bones. At this moment both vessels had nearly lost steerage way, the wind having fallen dead calm.

'We must be guided by circumstances,' said the Captain, addressing us; 'but in no case must we allow them to obtain a footing upon our decks. Better go to the bottom like men, than be flung into it like dogs. He will no doubt seek to board, under cover of his long guns. Let him try; but do not, I implore you, throw away a shot until each of you is sure of his man; every one they lose adds to our chance of escape.'

The captain was right in his conjecture; for scarcely had he ceased speaking ere the Vomito, apparently satisfied with reconnoitering, launched both her quarter-boats full of men. No sooner had they touched the water than they sent forth a wild yell, to which, as a fitting accompaniment, the roar of their long eighteen opened its deadly throat, happily without any material injury resulting. Emboldened by the non-return of fire, the boats, after a brief conference under the Vomito's stern, commenced pulling making somewhat of a sweep, apparently with the design of assailing the Saucy Sally on either quarter.

'Divide yourselves,' continued the watchful and indomitable Mac; 'but, above all be cool—be steady. Ah! he exclaimed, rubbing his hands with great delight, 'it would be a noble chance. I'll try it by George; at the worst, it can't but fail. Look alive, a hand or two; ease off the weather and haul in the lee main braces; there's a cat's-paw aloft; the ship already feels it, and there will be more ere long. Jump all, O'Donoghue; take the wheel; run the pirate alongside; and, d'ye mind me, let every mother's son of ye, as he wishes to see kith and kin again, pay the strictest attention to my commands.'

Circumstances had indeed altered the Scotchman's plans. At the very moment he was endeavouring to give a warm reception to the five-and-twenty or thirty wretches, armed to the teeth, fast approaching in the pirate's cutters—at that very moment, a light air swelled the Saucy Sally's sails. Like other tropical flaws this air was extremely partial, and did not yet extend to the Vomito, which lay a motionless log on the water. Freshening in its course, at length it struck the guilty brig, but too late to save her from the grapple of the Saucy Sally, already speeding under its full influence. Two minutes sufficed to lay alongside, but few more to pour her resistless crew upon the corsair's decks; and, whilst the main body battled the astonished ruffians, one or two secured the helm, and got the brig before the wind—Saucy Sally bearing her faithful company, her passenger-riflemen picking off the banditti with surprising accuracy. Discomfited on every hand, the survivors hurried below, leaving their trophy in the Sally's power. The boats, meanwhile, foiled almost in the moment of possession, rowed with all the energy of despair; but the breeze had once more set in strong and steady, and both the Saucy Sally and the Vomito were dropping them fast. Their maniac yells rent the air—

the water flashed under the fury of their strokes and the boats were urged onwards with a strength almost superhuman. At the moment when hope must have been all but dead within them, the Vomito suddenly hove up in the wind's eye. Could it be? Had the merchant man failed, and were their comrades victors? They paused upon their oars, joining company, as if to ponder the course proper to be pursued. Brief was the space permitted for consideration. A splash, a stunning report, and an iron shower, sped its fatal flight, dashing their splintered oars from their nerveless grasp—scattering, with one crash, the dying and the dead, with the shattered skulls that bore them, in ruined fragment upon the devouring deep! One instant, and the welkin rang with the howl of despairing fiends; another, and nought was heard save the faint and passing struggle of mortal agony. Fearful but just retribution! Their own trusted weapons had been turned upon themselves; and O'Donoghue, by the mouth of their boasted Long Tom, had sped them to their account.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

SUCCESSFUL LOVE.

THERE are men who rise from a low station to a throne; and it certainly must be a grand and triumphant sensation which they experience when first they sit in the seat of sovereignty, and feel their brows pressed by the golden circlet of command, with the great objects of ambition all attained, the struggle up the steep ascent to power accomplished, and the end reached for which they have fought, and laboured, and watched through many a weary day and night. But the exultation of that moment, great as it may be, is nothing to that which fills the heart of youth in the moment of successful love. The new-throned usurper must be well-nigh weary of the repeated triumphs, for the step to the throne is but the last of many a fatiguing footfall in the path of ambition. He, too, must see innumerable dangers and difficulties around him; for the experience of the past must teach him that in his race there is no goal, that the prize is never really won, that he may have distanced all others, but that he must still run on. Not so with the lover in the early hours of his success; his is the first step in the course of joy, and the brightest because the first. Fresh from all the dreams of youth, it is to him the sweetest of realities; unwearied with the bitter task of experience, he has the capacity of enjoyment as well as the expectation of repose. The brightness of the present spreads a veil of misty light over all that is threatening in the future; and the well of sweet waters in the heart seems inexhaustible.

From the same.

A VENETIAN ROBBER.

In the year 1427, Stamati, a native of Candia, conceived the bold idea of robbing the cathedral of Saint Mark, of some of its most precious treasures. Having succeeded in concealing himself in the church until the doors were closed at night, he contrived to enter the treasury, and abstracted, by degrees, its most valuable contents, which he hid in a vault underneath the steps of the Cathedral. In the morning he took advantage of the unlocking of the doors to escape unobserved, amusing himself by wandering about the city during the day, and returning towards evening in time to be locked in as before. This continued for six nights, when, having added to his store of plunder the Doge's cap, valued at more than 200,000 crowns, he prepared to decamp with his booty; but first, unthinkingly for himself, resolved on confiding his secret to his friend Gerio, likewise a Candian by birth. Having brought him privately into his apartment, whither he had by this time transported the spoil, he proposed to share the whole with them; Gerio feigned compliance, and advised a speedy departure from Venice, adding, that he would arrange his own affairs as quickly as possible, and rejoin him. Instead of this he went straight to the Doge's palace, and, either from fear of discovery or scruples of conscience, reported the matter to the Council, by whose orders Stamati was immediately arrested, and the treasure recovered. The Criminal was condemned, after a short trial, to be hung between the two columns on the Piazza of St. Mark: he is said to have petitioned his judges that the rope might be gilt, but whether his request was granted or not is not recorded.

From the Eclectic Review.

INDIA.

Queen Victoria now governs India as much as she does England; and this is a great fact by no means adequately impressed on the public mind. Steam navigation, perhaps, will be the most efficacious means for bringing it home to our bosoms and consciences. Bombay is now distant about as many weeks as it was months in times gone by. The voyage and journey thither seem about to become a holiday trip to the enterprising tourists, who are resolved to make the most of a long vacation.

They rush to Marseilles, embark for Malta, glance at Alexandria and the needle of Cleopatra, visit Cairo, and mount the pyramids, cross the desert, call at Aden, steam through the far-famed Straights of Babel Mandel, splash along for a delicious fortnight over the Indian Ocean, and inscribe their names in an album at the caves of Elephanta, literally within less than fifty days! Such expedition, growing into general fashion, may serve to remind us of our perils and responsibilities with respect to the glorious Orient.