

ed the entrance of one of those deep sea-caves so common upon the western coast of Ireland. To the gloomy recesses of these natural caverns millions of sea-fowl resort during the breeding season; and it was amongst the feathered tribes then congregated in the 'Puffin Cave,' that Frank meant, on that evening, to deal death and destruction. Gliding, with lightly-dipping oars, and making the painter fast to a projecting rock, he lighted a torch, and, armed only with a stout cudgel, penetrated into the inmost recesses of the cavern. There he found a vast quantity of birds and eggs, and soon became so engrossed with his sport that he paid no attention to the elapse of time, until the hollow sound of rushing waters behind him made him aware that the tide, which was ebbing when he entered the cave, had turned, and was now rising rapidly. His first impulse was to return to the spot where he had made his boat fast; but how was he horrified on perceiving that the rock to which it had been secured was now completely covered by water. He might, however, still have reached it by swimming; but, unfortunately, the painter by which it was attached to the rock, not having sufficient scope, the boat, on the rising of the tide, was drawn, stern down, to a level with the water; he beheld her slowly fill and disappear beneath the waves, felt as if the last link between the living world and himself had been broken. To go forward was impossible; and he well knew that there was no way of retreating from the cave, which, in a few hours, would be filled by the advancing tide. His heart died within him, as the thought of the horrid fate which awaited him flashed across his mind. He was not a man who feared to face death, by blood or field, on the stormy sea or the dizzy cliff, he had dared it a thousand times with perfect unconcern; but to meet the grim tyrant there, alone—to struggle helplessly with him for life in that dreary tomb—was more than his fortitude could bear. He shrieked aloud in the agony of despair: the torch fell from his trembling hand into the dark waters that gurgled at his feet, and flashing for a moment upon their inky surface, expired with a hissing sound that fell like a death warning upon his ear. The wind, which had been scarcely felt during the day, began to rise with the flowing of the tide, and now drove the tumultuous waves with hoarse and hideous clamour into the cavern. Every moment increased the violence of the gale that howled and bellowed as it swept around the echoing roof of that rock-ribbed prison; while the hoarse dash of the approaching waves, and the shrill screams of the sea-birds, that filled the cavern, formed a concert of terrible dissonance, well suited for the requiem of the hapless wretch who had been enclosed in that living grave. But the love of life which makes us cling to it in the most hopeless extremity, was strong in Frank Costello's breast; his firmness and presence of mind gradually returned, and he resolved not to perish without a struggle. He remembered that at the farther extremity of the cavern the rock rose like a flight of rude stairs, sloping from the floor to the roof; he had often clambered up these rugged steps, and he knew that by means of them he could place himself at an elevation above the reach of the highest tide. But the hope thus suggested was quickly damped when he reflected that a deep fissure, which ran perpendicularly through the rock, formed a chasm ten feet in width, in the floor of the cavern, between him and his place of refuge. The tide however, which was now rising rapidly, compelled him to retire every instant further into the cavern and he felt that the only chance he had left him for life was to endeavour to cross the chasm.

He was young, active, and possessed of uncommon courage, and he had frequently, by torch-light, leaped across the abyss in the presence of his companions, few of whom dared to follow his example. But now, alone and in utter darkness, how was he to attempt such a perilous feat? The conviction that death was inevitable if he remained where he was decided him. Collecting a handful of pebbles from one of the numerous channels in the floor, he proceeded cautiously over the slippery rocks, throwing at every step a pebble before him, to ascertain the security of his footing.

At length he heard the stone, as it fell from his fingers, descend with a hollow clattering noise, and continued for several seconds. He knew he was standing on the brink of the chasm. One quick and earnest prayer he breathed to the invisible Power whose hand would protect him that dread moment—then, retiring a single pace, and screwing every nerve and muscle in his body to its utmost tension, he made a step in advance, and threw himself forward into the dark and fearful void. Who can tell the whirlwind of thought that rushed through his brain in the brief moment that he hung above that yawning gulf? Should he have miscalculated his distance, or chosen a place where the cleft was widest—should his footing fail, or his strength be unequal to carry him over, what a death was his! Dashed down that horrible abyss—crashing from rock to rock, until he lay at the bottom a mutilated corpse. The agony of years was crowded into one moment—in the next, his feet struck against a firm rock on the opposite side of the chasm, and he was saved. At least he felt that he had for a moment escaped the imminent peril in which he was placed, and, as he clambered joyfully up the rugged slope at the end of the cave, he thought little of the dangers he had still to encounter.

All through that long night he sat on the ledge of a rock, while the angry waves thundered beneath, and cast their cold spray every

instant over him. With the ebbing of the tide, the sea receded from the cavern, but Frank hesitated to attempt crossing the chasm again; his limbs had become stiff and benumbed, and his long abstinence had so weakened his powers that he shrank from the dangerous enterprise. While giving way to the most desponding reflections, a stentorian hilla rang and echoed through the cavern; and never had the human voice sounded so sweetly in his ear. He replied to it with a thrilling shout of joy, and, in a few minutes, several persons with torches appeared advancing. A plank was speedily thrust across the fissure, and Frank Costello once more found himself amidst a group of his friends, who were warmly congratulating him upon his miraculous escape. They told him that from his not having returned home the preceding night, it was generally concluded that he had been drowned, and a party of his neighbours proceeded in a boat early in the morning in search of his body. On reaching 'Puffin Hole,' they discovered his boat fastened to a rock, and full of water, as she had remained on the ebbing of the tide. This circumstance induced them to examine the cavern narrowly, and the happy result of their search is already known.

From Hogg's Instructor.
HAPPINESS AND HOME.

BY W. KNOX.
OUR fathers, where are they?
Even they who gazed upon that sun
That runs his course, as wont to run
In their terrestrial day:
Even they who walk'd by Jordan's shore,
Where their light steps are seen no more,
And breathed in spring the balmy gale
That sighs through Sharon's rosy vale?
Our fathers, where are they?
Even they who made their humaa homes
In Salem's high and splendid domes
That now have pass'd away:
Even they whose pious hearts would bound
To the loud organ's pealing sound.
When heavenly anthems rose to fill
The fane on Zion's holy hill?
Our fathers, where are they?
Ah! many an eye hath wept for them,
Like flowers upon their bending stem
When evening lights decay:
The eyes that wept them now are closed,
The breasts that loved have long reposed;
The hearts that mourn'd are but a clod
Within the dead man's calm abode.
Our fathers, where are they?
Their ashes sleep in starless gloom,
Within the dark and dreary tomb,
Until the judgment-day;
Their spirits from the earth have gone,
Like the sweet harp's expiring tone
And share, from mortal troubles free,
The glories of eternity.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.
KRETTTEL.
A GERMAN STORY.

It was the year 1832, towards the close of November; a light snow, mingled with sleet, was whirled about by the wind, and pierced through every crevice of a little road side inn situated between Hornberg and Rottweil, on the frontiers of the duchy of Baden.

Two travellers, driven by the bad weather to the shelter of this humble hosterly, were forgetting their hunger and weariness in the comforts of a hearty repast of smoked beef. The hissing and roaring of a large stove contrasted agreeably in the travellers' ears with the loud moaning of the north wind without, and disposed them still more to the enjoyment of the good things within.

The innkeeper and his wife had, for their only domestic, a young girl of Baden, whom they had brought up from childhood. Krettel, for such was her name, was a host in herself; housekeeper and maid to her mistress, cook in the kitchen, valet-de-chambre to the stray visitants in the one best room, and groom in the stable—the hardy, active and good-humoured German girl fulfilled all the duties usually shared by a large establishment of servants.

Ten o'clock struck, and the travellers, having finished their supper, drew nearer to the group which had collected round the stove—Father Hoffkirch the minister, their host, and some neighbours who had entered by chance. The conversation turned out on the fearful and murderous events of which the neighbouring forest had been the scene, and each one had his own story to tell, surpassing the rest in horror. Father Hoffkirch was among the foremost in terrifying his audience by the recital of different adventures, all more or less tragical. The worthy father had just finished a horrible story of robbers—quite a *chef-d'œuvre* in its way. The scene of the legend was little more than a gun-shot from the inn-door: it was a tradition unfortunately; but an ancient gibbet, which still remained on the identical spot, gave to the narration an air of gloomy verity, which no one dared to question. This place was, in truth, made formidable throughout the province as being, it was said, the rendezvous of a troop of banditti, who held there every night their mysterious meetings. All the guests were

still under the influence of the terror which the story of Father Hoffkirch had caused, when one of the travellers before-mentioned offered to bet two ducats that no one dared to set off at that moment to the fatal spot, and trace with charcoal a cross on the gibbet. The very idea of such a proposition increased the fear of the company. A long silence was their only reply. Suddenly the young Krettel, who was quietly spinning in a corner, rose up and accepted the bet, asking her master's consent at the same time. He and his good-wife at first refused, alleging the loneliness of the place, in case of danger, but the fearless damsel persisted, and was at last suffered to depart.

Krettel requested that the inn-door should be left open until her return; and taking a piece of charcoal, to prove on the morrow that she really had visited the spot, she rapidly walked towards the gibbet. When close beside it, she started, fancying she heard a noise; however a moment of hesitation, she stepped forward, ready to take to flight at the least danger. The noise was renewed. Krettel listened intently, and the sound of a horse's feet struck upon her ear. Her terror prevented her at first from seeing how near it was to her; but the next moment she perceived that the object of her fear was fastened to the gibbet itself. She took courage, darted forward, and traced the cross. At the same instant the report of a pistol showed her that she had been noticed. By a movement swift as thought she unloosed the horse, leapt on the saddle, and fled like lightning. She was pursued; but, redoubling her speed, she reached the inn-yard, called out to them to close the gate, and fainted away. When the brave girl recovered, she told her story, and was warmly congratulated on her courage and presence of mind. All admired the horse, which was of striking beauty. A small leathern valise was attached to its saddle; but Father Hoffkirch would not suffer it to be opened, except in the presence of the burgomaster.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, the innkeeper, his wife, and their guests, all set off to the neighbouring town, where they intended, after service, to acquaint the burgomaster with the last evening's adventure. Krettel, left sole guardian of the house, was advised not to admit any one until her master's return. Many a young girl would have trembled at being left in such a situation; but this young servant-maid, having watched the party disappear, fearlessly set about her household duties, singing with a light heart and a clear voice some pious hymn which her kind mistress, had taught her.

An hour had scarcely passed by when there came a knock at the outer door; it was a traveller on horseback, who asked leave to rest for a little. Krettel at first refused; but on the promise of the cavalier that he would only breakfast and depart, she agreed to admit him; besides, the man was well dressed and alone, so there seemed little to fear from him. The stranger wished himself to take his horse to the stable, and remained a long time examining and admiring the noble steed which had arrived the previous evening in a manner so unexpected.

While breakfasting, he asked many questions about the inn and its owners; inquired whose was the horse that had attracted his attention so much; and, in short, acted so successfully, that the poor girl, innocent of all deceit, told him her late adventure, and ended by confessing she was all alone. She felt immediately a vague sense of having committed some imprudence, for the stranger listened to her with particular attention, and seemed to take a greater interest than simple curiosity in what she was saying.

The breakfast was prolonged to its utmost length: at last, after a few unimportant questions, the traveller desired the servant-girl to bring him a bottle of wine. Krettel rose to obey; but, on reaching the cellar found that the stranger had followed her, and turning round, she saw the glitter of a pistol handle through his vest. Her presence of mind failed her not at this critical moment. When they had reached the foot of the steps, she suddenly extinguished the light, and stood up close to the wall: the man, muttering imprecations, advanced a few steps, groping his way. Krettel, profiting by this moment, remounted the steps agile and noiseless, closed and firmly bolted the door upon the pretended traveller, and then barricaded herself securely in an upper chamber, there to await her master's arrival.

Krettel had not been many minutes esconced in her retreat, when she perceived two men at the door, who asked her what had become of a traveller who had been there a short time before. From their description of his appearance, the young girl immediately discovered that the person sought for was the stranger whom she had locked in the cellar; nevertheless, she thought it most prudent to make no admission on the subject.

On her refusing their request to open the door, the two men threatened to scale the wall. The poor girl trembled with fear; her courage was nigh deserting her; for she knew they could easily accomplish their project by means of the iron bars fixed to the windows of the lower story.

In this perplexity Krettel looked around her, and her eye fell on a musket which hung from the wall a relic of her master's younger days. She seized it and pointed the muzzle out of the window, cried out that she would fire on the first man who attempted to descend.

The two robbers—for that such they were could no longer be doubted—struck dumb at the sight of fire-arms where, expecting no re-

sistance, they had brought no weapons, and confounded by such intrepidity, went away muttering the most fearful menaces, and vowing to return again in greater force. In spite of her terror, our heroine remained firm at her post. An hour passed away in this critical position; at last the girl perceived her master and his friends coming in sight, accompanied by the burgomaster and some officers.

The brave Krettel rushed to the door, and her fear, amounting almost to despair, gave place to the liveliest joy. To the wonder and admiration of all, she related what had happened; the burgomaster especially lavished on her the warmest praise for her heroic conduct. The officers went in search of the robber who Krettel had imprisoned with so much address and presence of mind.

After a sharp resistance, he was bound and secured, and soon after recognised as the chief of a band of robbers who had for some time spread terror over the country. His men wandering about without a captain, were quickly taken or dispersed. The burgomaster decided that the horse, and the valise, which contained a great number of gold pieces, should be given to the young Krettel, whose courage had so powerfully contributed to rid the country of banditti who had infested it for so long a time.

TRUTH.

How beautiful is truth! Who is like her among the daughters? Her features are comely, her form is divine, her robes are whiter than snow. The purity of heaven sits upon her brow; grace and dignity are in her steps; peace and joy virtue and love, are her companions. She frequents the simple cottage, the shady dell, or the calm retreat, and in that glorious temple erected by nature and religion she delights to worship the Divinity. It is here she presides an infallible priestess, and hither the pure in heart come to dwell upon her perfections, and obtain oracles that can never deceive. Happy, indeed, is he to whom she reveals herself in all her charms! Who can behold her without loving her? Who can love without being happy? Falsehood may be compared to a base and gilded coin. Truth, on the other hand, is like rubies, and more precious than fine gold. Falsehood is the faint light which, glimmering amid the darkness of the noisome sens, leads the unfortunate traveller to destruction. Truth is the radiant sun in Leo when he has gained the zenith, and pours a flood of light upon the wanderer's path. Falsehood brings misfortune and misery in her train, like the spreading pestilence or wind of the desert; but truth, like the odoriferous gales of summer, imparts health and vigour, while she administers pleasure and delight.

PROGRESS OF CIVILISATION IN INDIA.

Whoever looks at India previously to the civilisation introduced in many parts by Great Britain, must perceive a striking contrast between its former and present state. We desire not to enter into any political disquisition, not to inimate that either a good or bad policy has been adopted under one set of men or another. Our object is solely to trace the progress of civilisation, and to ascertain what British influence has effected in India. Education is certainly spreading through that part of Hindoostan under our control. A native press (a luxury of novel description in the East) diffuses through every rank of society a knowledge of what occurs in the others. Information, moral, political, and social, is thereby obtained by every caste of natives. Formerly, the upper Asiatic classes were in the habit of concealing their wealth, under an apprehension that the iron grasp of despotism would wrest it from them. Hence the mean and dirty appearance of their houses in Shikarpur and other Mohammedan cities. Dingy brick walls were run up in front of their dwellings, to impress on whoever might view them an idea of poverty in the tenants. The first interior court corresponded with the outside; but should any favoured and unsuspected individual be permitted to penetrate the dwelling, indications of comfort gradually appeared, till at length, on approaching the females' apartments, the utmost luxury and splendour burst on his gaze. Such, we say, was formerly the case. But now that the natives, though heavily taxed, enjoy an equality of law and security of person and property, the upper classes indulge their natural predilections, and only surround themselves with a blaze of magnificence. They erect superb and spacious mansions, enclose parks, make plantations, and lay out the pleasure grounds and gardens, fragrant with rare and many-coloured flowers. At this moment there are thousands such in Bengal.—Mackinnon's History of Civilisation.

A LESSON FOR THE QUERULOUS.

One reason why God has scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with, is, and we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of completer happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him, with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.—Locke.

ADVICE.

If men would but follow the advice which they bestow gratuitously on others, what a reformation would be effected in their characters.