

ed anew to bury their dead out of their sight.

They are all gone now. A few weeks after, the bell rung, at the close of a day the knell of another of their number. I watched by the bed of one, and when the morning sun arose, I believe, just then the dawning of a new day to him was ushered in, the twilight of whose close was never more to darken around his soul. I have seen the funeral train wind slowly by to the burial of one and another, and they are all gone, now, to their rest. The old minister, too, sleeps in the midst; and a plain, white slab marks his resting place with the simple inscription:

I shall rise again!

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

SEA ROUTE ACROSS THE ISTHMUS OF DARIEN.

Leaving their vessel in the port, the two gentlemen set out at seven in the morning of the 17th, accompanied by three English sailors. Each of the party had to carry a burden of some kind, spare clothes, provisions, bedding, or instruments, and they arranged for five days' absence. Mr Gisborne went in front, cutting a way through the forest with his machete. The party ascended two hills of the nearest range, the height of which they ascertained barometrically to be respectively 220 and 270 feet. They went on, and soon came to a river running west, which they fondly flattered themselves was an indication of their being already on the watershed of the Pacific. At four in the afternoon, they stopped for the night, lighted a fire, refreshed themselves, and made their beds on a heap of banana leaves. In sleep they were visited by brilliant engineering dreams of water-communications easy beyond all hope; but while awake they were prevented from indulging in too fond hopes by hearing something most suspiciously resembling the roll of the surf upon a pebbly shore. A heavy shower helped to keep them in a sober state of mind. "At last, the whistling grass-hopper began his morning-call, and shortly after a few green parroquets woke the feathered tribe and the woods were again alive with sounds. A large baboon kept up a most hideous howl within a few yards of us; it resembled the roar of a wild beast, and had I not been aware of his noisy propensity, I should have felt uncomfortable, notwithstanding that a six-barrelled revolver lay by my side.

After an early breakfast, the party started again, but soon found their river turning northward and eastward; it was, in short, a branch of the Caledonia River, which runs into the Atlantic. They had not proceeded far, when they fell into the hands of an armed party of Indians. Here was an end to their exploration. They were speedily conducted to a village at Caledonia Bay, which is only 5 miles to the north of Port Escocas. Our presence seemed to astonish the villagers considerably. After some parley, one of them addressed us in broken English, and asked who we were, and what we were doing. We answered Englishmen, who had lost their way in the country. The village was on the opposite side of the river from us, and a consultation took place before a canoe was sent to ferry us across. On landing, we were received with apparent cordiality, the Indian who spoke English being evidently the head among them; he conducted us to the sea-side, a little distance from the village, and then commenced a scene which I can never forget. This Indian was called Bill, and he told us that the rest was very angry at our having been in the interior, as they allowed no one to land, the old man (their chief, who lives at San Blas) having ordered that no one should ever be allowed to land. We explained that we had arrived there in a brigantine, and, no Indians coming on board, we took a trip into the interior; that they never let us know this rule, and therefore we had not broken it wilfully. One young Indian, the eldest son of the old man (as they call their chief) who will succeed his father in authority got up and harangued the rest for nearly half an hour. I never saw a finer sample of excited passion. His frame was small, but beautifully proportioned; he spoke with vehemence and much gesticulation, and Bill informed us—that we would see ourselves—that he was very angry. Several other Indians spoke, and the Bill smoothed them down by explaining, that we had acted in ignorance, and that we were Englishmen, and as such ought to be their friends; and advised that we should be allowed to go on board the *Veloz* [their schooner], if we promised to set sail at once. This arrangement was agreed to, and the two engineers returned to their vessel.

They soon after crossed by the Panama Railway; and from the Bay of San Miguel, on the Pacific, commenced a land ex-

ploration in the direction of the point where they had been interrupted by the Indians. They succeeded in crossing the country to within about six miles of that point, and became satisfied that a canal might be cut across the Isthmus between a point seven miles up the Savannah River and Caledonia Bay—a length of thirty miles—with only the necessity of cutting through a country generally low, and which rises at one point to more than 150 feet above the mean level of the sea. They even think there is every reason to believe that a lower summit-level may be found. Mr Gisborne estimates the expense of a canal of thirty feet deep, and 140 feet broad at bottom, at £12,000,000 sterling. The material to be excavated in a shale in thinnish beds, not difficult to cut, but which would make a good lining to the navigation.

It will readily occur to every one who takes a little time to reflect, that the proposed expenses goes much beyond the powers of the joint-stock commercial principal—as the required income of so costly a canal would be somewhere about £2000 a day, in order to pay even a moderate percentage on the outlay. It is clear that without large free contributions from some of the principal states of the world (to be required, perhaps, by special privileges), no such canal can be formed. While, therefore, we give great credit to Fox, Henderson, and Brassey, for their spirited conduct in sending out this little expedition, and admire the heroic and hardy adventures of Mr Gisborne and his assistant in search of levels, we must candidly admit, that they appear to us to have only taken a part in some long series of transactions preparatory of a canal between the Atlantic and Pacific. One good service Mr Gisborne has undoubtedly rendered, as ascertaining that there is a part of this Isthmus where the ground rises only 150 feet. It is a hopeful fact; but one which only renders it the more necessary expedient that a more strenuous effort should be made to ascertain the lowest summit-level between the two seas for of course, for anything we know, there may be one not twenty feet above the sea-level. For the scientific world to be darkness on this point, may surely be reckoned amongst its *appropria*. We would fain see a hardy spirit like Mr Gisborne heading a geodesical party, large in number and powerful in arms, which would sweep along the whole Isthmus in spite of its savage inhabitants, on a search for this natural point of passage, and in this discovery giving us assurance that the execution of a free canal is monetarily practicable.

Since writing the above we perceive that the prospectus of a joint-stock company has been issued for carrying the bold scheme of oceanic junction into execution. The capital of the Company is fixed at £15,000,000; and is stated that this sum will be amply sufficient to cover all expenses whatsoever; while, by a calculation of the amount of shipping and number of passengers that will take advantage of the route, high hopes of a profitable return are held out. We sincerely trust that nothing will occur to prevent the execution of this most daring and useful undertaking.

ICEBERGS.

A great many icebergs were seen, as the ships lay motionless in the water; and as they appear to run together on a far distant horizon, an idea rose that they were so close, that no ship could pass between them. Some of them were in the form of large square cubes, with flat and horizontal tops; others, again, presented every variety of form—now resembling cities and villages, now ruins; and again, you might imagine one to be a solitary country church in the modest Gothic style, rising beautifully above the level plain, on the distant horizon, and adding a sacred charm to everything around it; some appeared to be loaded with huge boulders and mud, shortly to be precipitated into the sea which bore them along; while others were yielding themselves submissively to the wasting influence of the sea, and the powerful rays of the sun. There was one iceberg which was particularly noticed, because it never shifted its position, when others of rather larger size, were drifting to and fro with the tides. It was about 200 feet in height above the surface of the sea, and its perpendicular sides, which were nearly equal, were not less than two miles in length. The upper surface was horizontal, but very irregular, appearing as if it had been planted over with rough and irregularly conical eminences, packed closely together, and varying in height from twelve to twenty or thirty feet. The water-lines at the level of the ice around it were also horizontal. There seemed to be no reason for any other opinion than this, that it had never changed its centre of gravity since it descended into the sea,

and had become detached from the glacier which gave it berth. The cubic contents and weight of such a floating world are truly astonishing. This berg displaced upwards of eighteen thousand millions of cubic feet of water, while its contents must have been nearly twenty-three thousand millions of cubic feet, and its weight nearly five hundred and forty millions of tons!—*Dr Sutherland's Journal*.

WE HEARD A SAGE.

We heard a sage of our England say,
She is strong by forge and loom,
But where will the soul of the elder day
In these trading times find room—
The soul that hath gotten our land renown
By the patriot's sword and the martyr's crown?
Banner and battle flag are furled,
Glory and valour wane;
We have come to the work-day of the world,
To the times of toil and gain.
The song and the symbol lose their hold;
Our hands are strong, but our hearts are cold,
For faith has come to be bought and sold,—
It is only these that reign.

Our people's sport and our children's play
They have sounds from shop and school,
And ever the sound of youth grows grey
With the Reckoner and the Rule.
With the lust of knowledge dry and dead,
With the strife for gold and the cry for bread.

There are wealth and work in our crowded
marts,
There is speed in our hurrying ways,
But men must seek the craftsman's arts
For the story of the so days.
Pencil and pen and lyre are brought
To the engine's haste and the trader's thought;
For life with the din of wheels is fraught,
And again the iron sways.

So that half-seer spake,—and more
He said, but one who pass'd
The twilight-sand of his narrow lore
Replied—"Look forth at last,
From thy bounded school and thy trusted page,
On the breadth of thy land's brave heritage!"

It is rich with glorious victories
O'er the old material powers,—
The Titan gods that from eldest days
Have warred with us and ours.
It had conquered the might of time and space,
It had broken the bars of clime and race,
It had won for our human freedom place
From life's dusty wants and dowers.

Great hearts of old by the Druid's tree
In the towers with ivy green
Have pined away in the wish too see
The things that we have seen.
Yet never had England nobler scope
For the martyr's faith or the patriot's hope.

Her march is swift but the way is far
To the goal where the conflict ceases:
For wide is the search and long the war
That must work the world's release.
But strength and cheer to the humblest hand,
To the feeblest step in the van-ward band
Who have won such conquests for our land
In the battle-fields of peace!"

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

MUSTAPHA THE LUCKY.

AN APOLOGUE.

MUSTAPHA began the world with little of its goods; but having health, strength a clear intellect, and indomitable will, he gradually attained wealth and respectability. At the same time, he was fortunate in his domestic circumstances; for his wife, besides being handsome and accomplished, was gentle and affectionate; and his children, being endowed with sound constitutions, and reared in healthy circumstances, thrived continually, and gave no trouble. Everybody said that Mustapha was a prodigy of prosperity in all respects for nothing ever went wrong with him. He himself acknowledged the goodness of Providence with a grateful heart; and being of a benevolent disposition, he dealt largely of the fruits of his industry to the many less fortunate people who came under his notice, particularly to those whom he had known in his early days. At the same time he maintained, under all his prosperity, a humble mind; and his manners, which had originally been unassuming, never underwent the least change.

The world concluded that Mustapha was a happy man; but where is happiness below? He had to confess to himself, though he never spoke of such subjects to others, that the many external blessings which we enjoyed, had failed to give him true ease and peace of mind. Always as these blessings had increased, he had found himself more and more removed, as it were, from the sympathies of his fellow creatures. It was not that he was not courted and flattered, as rich men usually are, or that the world generally failed to acknowledge his merits and his virtues. It was that no one now seemed to enter into his feelings on a footing of brotherly equality. It appeared to be felt, that a man such as he is all sufficient to himself. No one was much concerned about him. Those who were nearest to an equality with him, and with whom he came most in contact, were the most jealous of him, and the coldest in their demeanour. Even the affection of his nearest relations withered under the shadow of his growing importance. They

thought him proud, merely because he had been raised above them; and when any great man gave him his friendship, they would say, he was ambitious of the notice of his superiors, though that was a thing which he never made the least effort to obtain. He would try, by putting on a manner more familiar than would otherwise have been necessary, and which accordingly was of a forced character, to assure them that he was unchanged in heart, and this went some little way in convincing them; but he found no great satisfaction in so partial a success, and one which was to be gained only by a sacrifice of sincerity.

At length the tide of fortune turned with Mustapha. Some barks of his were lost at sea, and his bazaar was about the same time broken into, and robbed of goods to a large amount. The plague at that time came to Constantinople, his wife and three of his children were swept off by it in the course of a few days. Mustapha regarded his calamities with a firm and collected mind; but he could not conceal from himself that he was now too old to repair the loss of his wealth, and that nothing which this world can give would ever make up for the removal of his dear children. He had been taught a sort of stoicism by the isolation in which he had lived so long during his prosperous days, and he now prepared himself to bear these distresses in solitude and secrecy.

"The world," he said, "has been little troubled with me or my concerns hitherto and I shall not begin now to call its attention, when I can present myself only as a distressing spectacle of misfortune." But he speedily found that the world would not allow him to bear the burden of calamity alone. All kinds of people, even those who had been most envious of him in his better days, came about him with expressions of condolence. Many offered him assistance to begin business anew. Kinsfolk who had deserted his house for years, now flocked to it, to grieve with him for the loss of his children. It might almost be said, there was a general movement in society to console and cheer the unfortunate Mustapha. He was at first surprised and somewhat embarrassed, but then pleased. The voice of kindness found its way into and softened his heart. For the first time he wept; but his tears were expressive as much of happiness as of sorrow.

Calling his remaining children around him, he said: "My beloved ones, God is great. He makes joy out of sorrow, and giveth the victory to weakness. Once I was wealthy and great, and the only consequence was that I became an object of the malignant feelings of my fellow-creatures. I never was happy then; and perhaps it was but right that I should thus pay for the many advantages I enjoyed over others in a scene where all are equal in the eye of God. Now my wealth is gone, and I have lost greater treasures still; but behold, calamity has restored to me the hearts of my neighbours and kinsfolk. I am once more simply a man amongst men. They give me their sympathies, as one exposed like themselves to the hardships and difficulties of life. And in their kindness I feel a delight beyond all that this world can give under any circumstances whatever. Rejoice, then, with me, that we have suffered."

The remainder of Mustapha's life was spent in comparatively humble circumstances; but he never had occasion to regret the loss of fortune. There was even a happiness in store for him beyond all he had yet felt, for his children, who in the days of prosperity had thought only of their own indulgences, and were often wayward and disobedient, now concentrated their best feeling on their amiable parent; and in their exertions for his benefit, their generous self-denial, and their kind attention to his comfort, formed a guard around him, within which he felt a security such as mere wealth cannot give.

BANYAN-TREE OF CEYLON.

The finest specimen of this noble tree in Ceylon is at Mount Lavinia, seven miles distant from Colombo. Two roads run through its stems; some of its fibrous shoots have been trained like the stays of a ship, so as not to intercept the road; while others hang half way down, with beautiful vistas of cocoa-palms seen through its numerous pillar-like stems. It throws a shadow at noon over four acres of ground.—*Dublin University Magazine*.

BULL AND NO BULL.—"I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster Bridge the other day, and I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' said I, 'how are you?'—'Pretty well,' said he, 'I thank you Donnelly.'—'Donnelly!' said I, 'that is not my name.'—'Faith, no more is mine Hewins,' said he. So we looked at each other again, and sure it turned out to be neither of us, and so where's the bull in that now?"