

him go comfortable; an odd idea of comfort.— These animals appear so well aware of their prerogative of protection, that they commit the most daring acts, and have been known to leap some feet out of the water to get hold of men whilst working in the head of the vessel, thinking no doubt, that they were fit subjects to be 'made comfortable,' as they had just undergone the process of ablution. Falling overboard is certain destruction, as they keep a constant watch upon all vessels lying in the harbour.—

The inhabitants hold a kind of festival three or four times a year, which they call the 'javav.' It is conducted by taking all their canoes into the middle of the river, when, after numerous ceremonies and absurdities to invoke the patronage and protection of their attentive listeners, they commence throwing them quantities of goats, fowls, goms, &c., until every monster that happens to be in the neighbourhood appears satisfied; on which they return to the shore with loud rejoicings. In return for this kindness, the jewew gives a protection purely Irish, for the first native that any one can get hold of, he prevents any other from attacking, by eating him himself. Would that this were the only rite they pay to these voracious monsters! Humanity is not so much shocked by the almost self-sacrifice of ignorance to superstition! but, when innocence becomes a victim, compassion shudders at that which she cannot prevent.— Every year a guiltless child is doomed to expiate with its life the follies and crimes of its destroyers. The poor babe is named for this bloody rite at its birth, from which time it is called their jewew, and allowed every indulgence that its infant fancy can wish for, until it arrives at about nine or ten years of age, when its sanguinary doom must be fulfilled.— The tears and lamentations of the child avail not: its parents have placed their feelings of nature on the altar of a mistaken devotion; it is, therefore, left alone to plead with those that hope to benefit by its destruction. The sharks collect as if in expectation of the dainty meal being prepared for them. The spot chosen is a spit of sand, into which a stake is driven at low water mark. The mother sees her innocent offspring bound to this, and, as the tide advances, left alone. Various noises are made to drown the cries of the terrified child. Its little hands are seen imploring, and its lips calling for her aid; the waters soon reach the stake, and the greedy monsters are seen by the tender victim quickly approaching with the deepening tide. Have we fellow creatures like these? Is there a mother that can stand and see this unconcerned? Can her heart be formed like ours? has not the withering bolt of heaven seared up their feelings, and left them a debased and hardened imitation of humanity.— *Travels in Africa.*

#### TACT AND TALENT.

TALENT is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave, and respectable, tact is all that, and more too. It is not a seventh sense, but is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell, and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight, tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent—tact to one. Take them to the theatre, and pit them against each other on the stage, and talent shall produce you a tragedy that will scarcely live long enough to be damned, while tact keeps the house in a roar, night after night, with its successful farces. There is no want of dramatic talent, there is no want of dramatic tact, but they are seldom together; so we have successful pieces which are not respectable and respectable pieces which are not successful.— Take them to the bar, and let them shake their learned curis at each other in legal rivalry; talent sees its way clearly, but tact is first at its journey's end. Talent has many a compliment from the bench, but tact touches fees from attorneys and clients. Talent speaks learnedly and logically—tact triumphantly. Talent makes the world wonder that it gets on so fast, and the secret is, that it has no weight to carry; it makes no false steps—it hits the right nail on the head—it loses no time—it takes all hints—and by keeping its eye on the weathercock, is ready to take advantage of every wind that blows. Take them into the church. Talent has always something worth hearing, tact is sure of abundance of hearers. Talent may obtain a living, tact will make one. Talent gets a good name, tact a great one. Talent convinces, tact converts. Talent is an honour to the profession, tact gains honour from the profession. Take them to court. Talent feels its weight, tact finds its way. Talent commands, tact is obeyed. Talent is honoured with approbation, and tact is blessed by preferment. Place them in the Senate. Talent has the ear of the House but tact wins its heart and has its votes. Ta-

lent is fit for employment, but tact is fitted for it. It has a knack of slipping into place with a sweet silence and glibness of movement, as a billiard ball insinuates itself in the pocket. It seems to know everything without learning anything. It has served an invisible apprenticeship. It wants no drilling. It never ranks in the awkward squad. It has no left hand, no deaf ear, no blind side. It puts on no looks of wondrous wisdom, it has no air of profundity; but plays with the details of place, as dexterously as a well taught hand flourishes over the keys of the pianoforte. It has all the air of common place, and all the force and power of genius.— It can change sides with a *hey presto* movement, and be at all points of the compass, while talent is ponderously and learnedly shifting a single point. Talent calculates clearly, reasons logically, makes out a case as clear as daylight, and utters its oracles with all the weight of justice and reason. Tact refutes without contradicting, puzzles the profound with profundity, and without wit, outwits the wise. Set them together on a race for popularity, pen in hand, and tact will distance talent by half the course. Talent brings to market that which is wanted, tact produces that which is wished for. Talent instructs tact enlightens. Talent leads where no one follows; tact follows where the humour leads. Talent is pleased that it ought to have succeeded; tact is delighted that it has succeeded.— Talent toils for a posterity which will never repay it; tact throws away no pains, but catches the passion of the passing hour. Talent builds for eternity; tact on a short lease, and gets good interest. Talent is certainly a very fine thing to talk about, a very good thing to be proud of, a very glorious eminence to look down from; but tact is useful, portable, applicable, always alive, always alert, always marketable; it is the talent of talents, the availability of resources, the applicability of power, the eye of discrimination, the right hand of intellect.—*William Pitt Scargill.*

#### SUCCESS IN LIFE.

THE men who commence their career under the most favourable auspices, and the most flattering prospects of success, do not always obtain the eminence they seek. The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. There is a certain ordeal which all men must undergo in their passage through life; and it is very questionable whether he succeeds the best, who commences under the most apparently advantageous circumstances. There is such a thing as a man depending too much upon his means, and too little upon himself—small certainties, it has been observed are often the ruin of man.—*Jameson.*

#### ASCENSION ISLAND.

ONE of the most interesting phenomena that the island affords, is that of the rollers; in other words a heavy swell producing a high surf on the leeward shores of the island, occurring without any apparent cause. All is tranquil in the distance, the sea-breeze scarcely ripples the surface of the water, when a high swelling wave is suddenly observed rolling towards the island. At first it appears to move slowly forward, till at length it breaks on the outer reefs. The swell then increases, wave urges on wave, until it reaches the beach, where it bursts with tremendous fury. The rollers now set in and augment in violence, until they attain a terrific awful grandeur, affording a magnificent sight to the spectators, and one which I have witnessed with mingled emotions of terror and delight.— A towering sea rolls forward on the island, like a vast ridge of waters, threatening as it were to envelope it; pile on pile succeeds with resistless force, until, meeting with the rushing off-set from the shore beneath, they rise like a wall and are dashed with impetuous fury on the long line of the coast, producing a stunning noise. The beach is now mantled over with foam, the mighty waters sweep over the plain, and the very houses at Georgetown are shaken by the fury of the waves. But the principal beauty of the scene consists in the continuous ridge of water crested on its summit with foam and spray; for, as the wind blows off the shore, the overarching top of the wave meets resistance, and is carried, as it were, back against the curl of the swell: and thus it plays elegantly above it, as it rolls furiously onward, graceful as a bending plume; while, to add still more to its beauty, the sunbeams are reflected from it in all the varied tints of the rainbow.— Amid the tranquillity which prevails around, it is a matter of speculation to account for this commotion of the waters, as great as if the most awful tempest or the wildest hurricane had swept the bosom of the deep. It occurs in situations where no such swell would be expected, in sheltered bays, and where the wind never reaches the shore. The strong and well-built jetty of George-town has once been washed away by the rollers, which sometimes make a complete breach over it, although it is twenty feet above high water mark. On these occasions the crane at its extremity is washed round in various directions, as the weathercock is turned by the wind, and landing becomes impracticable for the space of two or three days.—*Voyages.*

A character, like a kettle, once mended, always wants mending.

#### THE ARTIST-DREAMER.

IN one of his wanderings, he found his way into the Barberini Palace, and stood before Guido's picture of Beatrice Cenci. He saw that picture of marvellous beauty, grace and purity, and gazed, and gazed, and gazed at it, till the white drapery round her head seemed the robe of an angel, and till he felt thrilling through him all that that girl there seems to feel. He had never heard the story of this young girl; he knew not if she had ever lived; it mattered not to him that she had spent her seventeen sorrowful summers in the old city that he ever dreamt in; it mattered not to him that she had been cruelly and brutally tortured by order of the eighth Clement, till at last, to save others, she confessed a crime that she had never perpetrated; it mattered not to him that there was a sad and fearful history for that face—he saw the sweet face to love it for ever. And he came again the next day, and gazed at that thing of beauty and grace most exquisite. He stayed there, on, on, on, till the keeper of the gallery got weary, and at last some one whispered that this was the poor artist of England. Then the keeper drew near, and asked him if he should like to hear the story of that face; and when he saw there was no one near he told the whole dark and mournful tale. He told it out of pity for the poor dreamer, if he had only known, out of pity he would never have told it at all. For, from that hour, for the dreamer there was no rest. He would come, day after day, to drink in the love that seemed to beam out from that face; to sympathize with the untold sorrow of that girl; to mourn with her, in her long hours of suffering, to weep with her in her bitter grief; and to feel that, oh! she was too lovely and beautiful by far to be the vile thing that papal infallibility had declared her. He looked, and he seemed to feel her weeping, and then he wept as if his heart would break. He looked, and he seemed to feel her mourning, and then he spoke to her and told her to be comforted. He looked, and he seemed to feel her gushing tenderness, and then he rushed forward as if to clasp her to his heart. He listened, and he seemed to hear her screaming for the agony and torture that papal mercy inflicted upon her; and then he shivered and shuddered; as if he felt it all in every muscle and fibre of his form. He listened, and he seemed to hear from the scaffold her dying agony; and he clasped his hands, as if he had borne, himself, from the axe, its fatal blow.— And this life he lived, not one day, but every day. He came each day, as early as he could, and never went home as long as he might stay. He loved, and pitied, and mourned, and wept, each day as he looked on that face; and then he shuddered as if he knew well what it was to suffer, and he seemed each day to die as if in agony untold. Much and bitterly his faithful attendant lamented the strange passion of her master. She would have given worlds then to see him at his old place, by the easel, and thought how happy, after all, were those speechless days. But he never now took up brush or pencil; he never now seemed to remember that his mind had been filled with airy and beautiful creations, that had been struggling ineffectually to get out to the light of day. He never seemed to think that these flowers of that gorgeous tropic-land might one day have come forth to live on this earth of ours, where, if they had come, they would have been what men call immortal. He had dreamt of many things in other days. In his father's days he had thought of Rome and glory; and grand as was that city of the Emperors, she was grander still in the dreams he dreamt of her. Her own Rienzi in his pride of thought, never looked on the Rome that our poor dreamer saw. In the days that followed he had visions of wonder. Rich and resplendent figures passed before him in a long procession; bright and beautiful beings trod the earth lightly, gently touching on the tops of flowers; and picture-music floated on, along with them, music that he saw, and that seemed as lovely to the eye, as sweet to the listening dreamer. And he had tried to paint the forms that he had dreamt of. He had taken the pencil, and tried to make them come; but nothing would come, though his trembling hand worked earnestly and his aching head was weary. Nothing would come but figures that the world he cared not for would have said were glorious things; but that he thought were forms of odious and unparalleled ugliness, compared to the things of airy loveliness; or the things of gorgeous grandeur, that were to him realities, though but the children of the dreams of genius. But now these dreams were gone. The face was ever before him. He did not worship it, but he loved it. Daily he looked on it, never loving it less, nor thinking where it all would end. Nay, every day he went home loving it more than ever: loving that sweet, innocent face, that never was worthy of death. And in the night hours, when the pale moon would look in at him, he would start up, and cry out, 'Beatrice;' as if that cry he heard was the voice of her dying agony, as she went from sunlight to the tomb. Thus dreamt the dreamer. He was sadly wasting away with that dream of his; sadly wasting away for the love of that pale face in the Barberini Palace.—*By W. Johnson, M. A.*

Truth is stranger than fiction.

#### THE IMPORTANT PART OF LIFE.

LIVE as long as you may, the first twenty years form the greater part of your life. They appear so when they are passing; they seem to have been so when we look back to them; and they take up more room in our memory than all the years that succeed them. If this be so, how important that they should be passed in planting good principles, cultivating good tastes and strengthening good habits, and fleeing all those pleasures which lay up bitterness and sorrow for time to come. Take good care of the first twenty years of your life, and you may hope that the last twenty will take good care of you.

#### A CLEVER DODGE.

A shopkeeper in Vienna lately put in his window a notice, declaring that the proprietor of the establishment wished to enter into the married state with a well-conducted young woman or a young widow.

'Since then, some of the local journals state, 'it is quite inconceivable what a number of women of every age enter the shop to make purchases, but the would-be Benedict has not yet made his choice.'

#### CLOUDS.

If it were possible to pass through life without meeting with clouds, it is likely that we would complain of too much light. As it is, the clouds appear to come at certain periods of our existence somewhat too loweringly upon us. The hope, the joy of youth, as they glide away, carry with them so many loves that have been as bright romances to our imagination, so many friends that seemed as though they were born to walk with us through the whole length of our days, so many dreams of peace, and proud ambitious thoughts of winning fame, that we become sadder, if not wiser men.

#### THE CARRIERS OF THE DEEP.

EVER since the successful establishment of the Overland Route, a desire has been manifested in many quarters to contrive by some means or other to divert the current of trade and navigation from the route round Africa, not only because it is long and dilatory, but also because it is dangerous. The dangers of this route have, indeed, become traditional, and their admission instinctive, even in the mouths of its professed admirers. Hundreds of our best ships and of our bravest seamen have perished on that inhospitable shore, writes an uncompromising advocate of the Cape Route.— (Edinburgh Review for January, 1856) The perils of the stormy Cape have given rise to the legend of the Flying Dutchman, a spectral ship with a crew of phantoms, riding the storms in these latitudes, and visible to mariners, only on the eve of shipwreck. It is fully understood that nothing short of absolute necessity can reconcile any one to the Cape Route. In the present state of steam navigation it is, and very likely will be for a long time, impracticable for steamers employed in the carrying trade, for its coaling stations, if any, are few and far between. With sailing ships its duration is most uncertain, and, in cases of accidents or foul weather, its dangers are considerable. Colossal steamers, capable of carrying coal for the enormous distance to be traversed, and still sufficiently roomy for the accommodation of passengers and the reception of goods on freight are now building for the Cape Route. These steamers, I confidently believe, will accomplish the end proposed; but the will at best take a small share of the enormous amount of tonnage which must be carried between this country and the East. They promise celerity and certainty, and what they promise, no doubt, they will be able to perform. But as the advantages they offer are great, so the freights they must charge will be high; and in the carrying trade to India, Australia, and China, these steamers will but compete with the present Overland Route, on which the charges for goods and passengers are necessarily high, thus facilitating only the conveyance of wealthy travellers, and of small parcels of valuable goods. These leviathan steamers, good and useful in their way, still leave a vast deal undone. Before they were thought of—or, at most, when the possibility of their construction and their chances of commercial success were still a fertile theme for the cheap wisdom and ponderous facetiousness, of those practical men who condemn all plans not actually in operation—it was felt, and acutely felt, and a shorter, cheaper, and a safer route to India and the East was wanting for sailing ships and steamers, large and small, to develop still further the resources of the East and the manufacturing and trading capabilities of this country.—*Chas. Lamb Kenney.*

NOTIONS OF BEAUTY.—Cook (on a sea step—to another cook); 'Put on your bonnet, Susan, dear, and let us run to the Park. The Queen is to be there, and I'm told the effect will be most beautiful. There are to be from four to five thousand policemen on the ground.'

WIT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—A witty member (it is not Mr Spooner) has characterised the Divorce and Marriage Bill as a New Law of Partnership, with limited liability.