armed at all points against Miss Margery Pilking's lil-humors, and Robin, not less blissful, wending towards his home. Before parting. Robin pleaded for permission to beard the lioness in her den, but Alice said, not for worlds; so he mentioned the probability of his fishing all next day, and she hinted that most likely she should stroll on the banks at some hour between sunrise and sunset. 'The river side is always so pleasant in June!' said she, archly.

When she came into Margery Pilkington's puritanical little parlor, she looked as much out of character as a portrait of Hebe in a cellar. She had a rich carnation on her lip and a rose on her cheek, as bright as ever bloomed in garden, and a lustre in her large eyes lighted at love's own torch. Her protectress sat there with her face swathed up in flannel like a corpse and wearing her most awful scowl. She looked up at Alice, and snorted angry disapproval of her appearance.

'You have been in fool's paradise,' said she grimly: 'Carl yesterday, Robin to-day. You'll go straight back to your uncle Branston to-morrow, treacherous girl.'

Alice blushed a confession, and begged to stay where she was.

'I like the country; Beckford is pretty; let me stay, Miss Margery; it is nicer being here than in London.'

'I dare say it is—Beechwood and Robin Branston understood,' retorted Mistress Pilkington. 'You are an ungrateful creature; I cannot think where you expect to go to when you die. Has not Ike Branston been a father to you?'

'No?'

'No! What do you mean? He has fed you, clothed you, lodged you for sixteen years, educated you.'

'Robin taught me all I know.

'And so, forsooth, the pupil must show her gratitude to her master by loving him? Nothing less will serve?'

'Nothing less.

'And the young man will lose all for you—fool!'

'Lose all?

'Yes. You marry Carl, he will reconcile his father to Robin, and the prodigal will get his share at the old man's death. You marry Robin, he will not get a penny. You may both starve, and I'd have you remember that when poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window.'

Alice treated the warning with indifference; 'We shall want but little, and surely we may earn that little,' she said, quietly.

Mistress Margery laughed her harsh discordant laugh.

'I would not keep you from your will if it lay with me—what is to be will be, for all I can say, but I shall not get into trouble with Cousin Ike about the business. Get away; pack up your traps to-night; to-morrow morning you march.'

Margery Pilkington's word was not to be gainsaid, and Alice departed to her chamber silent and obedient.

(To be continued.)

## THE BONDER OF NORWAY.

He is not at all a common peasant. In one sense, he is the aristocrat of the country; he owns the land, and is descended from the old leaders, and sometimes the princes of the nation. His class sends the most of the Representatives to the National Assembly. We might say he is one of the farmers or yeomanry of Norway; but, so far as my observation extends, the Bonders are not at all like the farmers of America or the yeomen of England. They are a most distinct class—a class with less of the gentleman and more of the relics of the former peasantry about them, who, though independent, were still somewhat in the power of the great princes.—In this, the middle province of Norway, you see them continually on the boats, at the post-houses and working in the fields. Their features are usually large and strong, with firm and intelligent expression, and the blonde complexion much reddened by the exposure to the weather. They seem vigorous well made men. The common costume is a red cap, like a night-cap; jacket with metal buttons and breeches. The farm buildings of one bonder was shown me, on Lake Mjosen, who was estimated to be worth $100,000. The *gaard*, or estate, of this proprietor was on a hill, commanding an immense view, and like all the farms we have passed, formed, with its buildings, a little square, the interior being protected from the winter winds. There was no indication among various houses which was the main dwelling: but finding one hospitable-looking door, I rapped with my knuckles, and a servant girl opened. She understood me and summoned the master. He came soon, and looking at a sort of general letter I had, at once showed me into another of the little houses in the square. There was something very notable in his appearance: he was not exactly a gentleman, in the usual acceptation, not a man of the world, but he impressed you as a kind of natural prince, tall, strong, with commanding features and long black hair, and an air of genuine dignity. He wore the red woollen cap and the usual costume of the farmers. At each door, as he opened it, he stepped back and bowed, to let me in. I was shown into a large room, with a handsome uncarpeted floor. The furniture was singular. On each side of the apartment were some splendid carved cabinets and tables, black, with gilding—one with white panels, having pictures in them—while in the midst of the room a common deal table stood, with enormous legs, and in the corners were small tables and wooden settees, just such as one would see in an English country alehouse. Near the door was a long, old clock, such as every New Englander is familiar with in his oldest village houses. The host had gone out for a little while as I was observing all this. He returned and brought with him an old gentleman with a still more noble and patriarchal air. This one welcomed me in the same dignified manner, and told me in a few words that he was a direct descendant from one of the old Norwegian kings, Harold Haarfager. A decanter was then brought in with a cordial and a glass poured out for me. I sipped, and we all bowed and quite seriously drank healths. This custom of the welcoming drink dates back at least to times of the early Vikings. It appears in all the sagas.—*Visit to the Homes of Norway.*

## A SHARK STOTY.

In the month of June, 1838, I was on board the barque Calcutta, at anchor off the Ullua—My gig was manned and alongside, and I and my friend Tom Carey were going up the river to look after our stevedore, who had been sent up some days before to select a raft of mahogany. The sea breeze had set in strongly, and the afternoon was cool and refreshing. Don't misunderstand me; don't think it was really cool—it was only comparatively so. The sea breeze had but modified the sultry atmosphere of the morning; the thermometer stood at 82° in the shade. We did not put on our dress-coats or black pants, although we were going to visit a gentlemen of no small importance in those parts—the captain of the mahogany-cutters. But having duly encased ourselves in a suit of clean white duck, and taking our pea-coats to protect us from the chill of the evening, we stepped into our little four-oared cutter, and started for the river. My little boat had always been the admiration of the whole fleet; she was very sharp in the bow, light and buoyant as a cork, and was, without doubt, a regular clipper. As we neared the bar I could see the surf breaking on it in a remarkably unpleasant fashion. I had heard of the dangerous nature of the entrance, but had not paid much heed to it; I thought it was only a tale to frighten youngsters and old women; but when I saw the immense breakers following one after the other, dash on the bar, and then roll, boiling and hissing, right into the mouth of the river, I confess I altered my opinion, and looked on them with something like perplexity; however, with such a boat as we had under us, I did not fear. We had not got far from the ship, when the man at the stroke oar called my attention to several boats, which had put off from ships in the fleet. 'Something amiss,' said Tom Carey.—'Look out ahead, coxswain, and see if you can make out what it is.' 'Can't see anything, sir; can you?' 'No,' I replied; 'yet I can't see anything astern; it must be ahead. Give way my men; perhaps it's a boat capsized in the surf.' Ay, ay, sir, you're right,' broke in the coxswain. See there, in the way of them two cocoa-nut trees; watch the next rollers, and you will see the poor fellows holding on to the boat.' I did see them; and knowing that the coast swarmed with sharks, I saw at once that their only chance of safety, in case they escaped drowning, and got outside the surf, was for us to reach them as soon as they got clear of it. I therefore urged my men to put out their strength; they responded nobly to my call, and we soon began to fly over the seas A race like this—time against life or death—is a most exciting thing; and as we bounded over the waves a multitude of thoughts flitted through my brain. It is perfectly astounding at what a rate the mind will travel under such circumstances.—Had our boat been endowed with the same faculty, the result might have been different; but as it was, she seemed to know she was on an errand of mercy, for I never saw her skim so lightly over the seas. She was a paragon of a boat, was that same gig of the Calcutta. Stout arms and brave hearts propelled her with a velocity I had never before witnessed, yet we were some distance from the bar when we saw the boat come out bottom upwards, and two of the men clinging to her. 'One, two, three—that makes five, sir,' said the coxswain, as three more cleared the surf, and struck out for us. Thank God! they're all safe thus far.' said I. 'It's the Resolution's boat; I saw the captain and four hands go in this morning. Give way my men; a bottle of grog each when we get on board.' 'Ay, ay, sir,' said the young fellow who pulled the stroke oar, 'never fear of that; but hang all grog in such a case as this.' I felt the rebuke: I felt I ought to have known sailors better. 'One, two, three, four,—I can only see four,' said Carey; 'one poor fellow's gone—What's that? A shark! God help them.'—The water foamed from our bows; Carey and I clutched the thwarts of the boat; still we flew onward. 'Another shark,' said Carey. D'ye see him coming down to windward?—One, two, three, only three, another poor fellow gone.—Give way, my bonnies, rally again, all together that's your sort.' We were now drawing close to the boat; one man only remained in the water; he struck out wildly, and then lifting up his hands imploringly, sank, and his faint cry for help was drowned in the surging of the waters. 'Way enough: in bow; back water,' said the coxswain. Carey, who had divested himself of his jacket and shoes, now dived after him; he rose supporting the drowning man; we hauled them on board; just then a huge shark dashed past us. 'Thank God! you're safe,' said I, squeezing my friend's hand. The two men who were taken off the boat, had sustained no damage, but a good ducking. We learned from them that the first man who went down was the captain; and as he was striking out strongly only a few seconds before he sank, in all probability he was seized by a shark, for neither he nor the man ever rose again.—*National Magazine.*

## A SAD STORY.

'How delightful it is to have a mind happy and free from anxiety!' exclaimed Bodil: and she spoke on her way home to Karen, who accompanied her, about God's grace towards us poor human beings. The girl suddenly burst into tears—grasped Bodil's arm, and sighed deeply, 'God's grace! God's grace!' she cried; 'I am as far from that as any human creature can be!' and with full confidence in her goodness she opened her heart to Bodil. 'I have a sin upon my soul,' she said; 'more than a police court and its punishments would deal with, and yet I fancy at times that I am not altogether guilty, but that what happened being without any evil design, God may grant me pardon—grace as you have said.' She then went on,—'I was little more than a child—but a lass, as they call it, when I first took service with the judge and his lady, who were then young people. Many strangers were there on a visit from Copenhagen; among them was a young man, who sketched extremely well, and took likenesses. He had the habit of leaving all his keeping places open; he would leave his watch and his rings on his dressing-table, whilst he was wandering about the neighbourhood. He could cut out figures so cleverly with the scissors that even the judge's young wife admired them, and begged for them. Many of these lay upon his table, and one day, when the door was standing half open, I espied them, and entered the room only to look at the finished and half-finished figures. Many other things lay upon the table, and amongst these a beautiful ring! I felt a strong desire to try it on, but it was too large for any finger except my thumb—and on it, the ring stuck fast. The gentleman came in at that moment, and I moved away, and told a lie, for I said—your paper figures had been blown down on the floor! He looked at me with such a strange, tender expression in his eyes, that I felt as if he were about to make love to me,—perhaps I did him injustice in so thinking, but I was frightened and run out of the room with the ring still on my thumb. Down stairs I heard that money had been lost in the house—they talked of thieves—and the doings of the thieves; I became alarmed, for I knew that I was in possession of what belonged to another. I waited in the utmost anxiety for the moment to arrive when the gentleman should leave his chamber. At last I thought he had gone into the drawing-room, and I ran up stairs to put back the ring. He had not gone down, however, and he was upon the stairs a little above me.—But half way up there was a small room, where the poor tailor, who was working at our house, had his night quarters. The room was ajar, and I rushed in there. The room was so small that it scarcely held anything but a bed and his chest of clothes. I scarcely knew what I was doing, I was so frighted, for the gentleman from Copenhagen and my own conscience accused me so much, though I had only put the ring on my finger to look at it. A pair of socks lay on the floor; I was obliged to pretend to have something to do in there, for the gentleman followed me in, so I took up the socks, thrust my hand into one of them, and began to arrange it for folding it up, whilst the visitor from Copenhagen began to speak to me in the most gallant and complimentary manner I trembled from top to toe, but I could see that he only laughed at my terror. The lady came up stairs at that moment, and observing me, she asked what I was doing there; I replied that I had been putting the room to rights, and went down stairs immediately; but during this time the ring had come off my thumb, and had fallen into the foot of the tailor's stocking. I was sitting in the nursery with the child, when the search for the money that had been lost began. It was not to be found—but in a stocking belonging to the tailor—he had himself shortly after I left his room gone in there, and laid the socks in his box—the ring was found. The tailor was accused of theft—indeed, convicted of it—and I—I, the guilty one, I was so dreadfully frightened, that I did not dare to tell how it had all happened. I was a child, a wicked, unfortunate child! The poor tailor lost his wits in consequence of this affair, and became a lunatic; and I—I have never until now, I know not why I do it now, dared to confess my guilt and misery.'—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

## HINTS FOR TRAVELLERS.

There is nothing that a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience or his good habits; there is far more reason for tightening the girth of duty many holes, than for letting it out one. For it is not to be denied that travel is, in its immediate circumstances—as all times of varied and engrossing pleasure or continued excitement are—unfavorable to habits of self-discipline, resolution of thought, sobriety of conduct and dignity of character. Indeed, one of the great lessons of travel is the discovery, how much our virtues owe to the support of constant occupation, to the influence of public opinion, and to the force of habit, a discovery very dangerous, if it proceed from an actual yielding to temptations resisted at home, and not from a consciousness of increased power put forth in withstanding them.

## A POETICAL MISTAKE.

What miserable poetaster was it who first wrote about 'Dame Nature?' Nature of the feminine gender! Nonsense. Does any rational being believe that if Nature belonged to the softer sex, there would have been no change of fashion? Why, no generation of trees would have been like their predecessors. Sometimes huge masses of foliage would have crowned their tops, casting an acre of ground into shadow, and in another age, the leaves diminished to the dimensions of a crow's nest, would have hung like parasites at the extremities of the branches. In the course of a century the circumference of the trunks would vary from a span to a furlong. The grass would be sometimes blue, the sky pink, and the thunder sound all the notes of the gamut. Nature is never capricious, and, therefore, cannot be feminine. Adam saw no more beautiful sunrise than every morning wakes the world to beauty; birds sing the same notes, flowers bear the same hues; men and women are cast in the same mould; the leopard does not change his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin. Women will try to improve nature, and that proves a diversity of sex. Nature in every generation reproduces Eves, Helens, the models who sat for the statues of Phipias and the pictures of Zeuxis. Women believe themselves to be a raw material, and proceed to manufacture short waists, long waists, large heads, little heads, lamp-posts and pyramids—perpetual change of form, size and colour, 'to one thing constant never.' Drop the phrase 'Dame Nature.' She always wears the same colours, moulds in the same models, and don't change fashion for anybody. As the Yankees say, 'Nature isn't a female any how you fix it.'

## MOUNTAINS OF ABYSSINIA.

They rise from the plain, which is about three thousand feet above the level of the sea, mountain above mountain, to a height of eight thousand feet; and by the labour of the Christian husbandmen they are provided with a sort of terrace-like plantation, on which several sorts of corn are grown. The summits are crowned with villages and hamlets, over which Ankobor, the capital of the kingdom of Shoa, rises majestically in the background, at the height of five thousand feet, from the foot of the mountain. This unexpected sight of the Highlands was so much the more delightful from there not having been a trace either of cultivation or human habitation, except the huts of the Bedouins, on the whole of our journey from the sea-shore to this place, a distance of three hundred and twenty-four miles.—*Scenes from Ethiopia.*

## HALF STARVING LEADING TO ELECTRICITY.

'I had naturally,' said Mr Crosse, speaking of his schoolboy days, 'a good appetite, and to this circumstance I attribute my scientific tendencies. When I was about twelve years of age, our drawing master lived some way from the school; the few boys who learnt took lessons at his house. I was not one of them but I soon volunteered to become a pupil; for I discovered that there was a tavern not far from his residence, whose windows used to display most tempting joints of boiled and roast beef. I calculated that my drawing lesson, would enable me to get out twice or three times a week to procure a good solid meal, which I stood much in need of. My father, who was much pleased at my own proposal to be instructed in drawing, readily consented to my becoming a pupil. Never shall I forget the lunches of nice boiled beef that the good old soul at the tavern used to cut off for me; she generally gave me more than my money's worth; for she knew I was a schoolboy, and felt a pity for me. One day, while discussing my beef, my eye fell upon a bill containing the syllabus of a course of lectures on Natural Science; the first of the series was on optics. I conceived a great wish to hear the lecturer; I asked and obtained permission of Mr Seyer, to subscribe to the course. The second course was on electricity; my future tastes were decided.—*Memorials of Andrew Crosse.*

It is with a word as with an arrow; the arrow once loosed does not return to the bow, nor a word to the lips.