

'The height at which he had been made fast caused him to be immersed under the water, as each successive wave broke over the vessel, for much less time than the others, and this was why the weakest had survived the others.'

'Reassured as to the fate of the child, all eyes sought for Alain.'

'Not a heart beat, nor a breast heaved.'

'The widow raised herself to her full height. Her arms stretched forth towards the sea, she panted without saying a word, without even the strength to pray.'

'Suddenly a black form was seen beyond the vessel in the direction of the open sea.'

'It was Alain.'

'He was endeavouring to regain the boat, beyond which the sea had thrown him.'

'He did so with better luck this time, clambered on the deck, and making the line fast to the mast, drew in by it, as had been pre-arranged with Henin, a stout rope.'

'Then mounting the rigging, he set the child free. He was too cold and exhausted to help himself.'

'Loosening him from his fastenings, he placed the boy on his back, got down, took hold of the cable, and began to make his way back to the beach.'

'At that moment every thing ceased on that shore; breathing, palpitations of the heart, encouragements, prayers.'

'The return was tedious, painful, and perilous.'

'Ten times did the poor child let go, and he would have been each time infallibly carried away by the sea had it not been for the precaution which Alain had taken of fastening him with a sliding knot to the cable.'

'As Alain and the child came nearer to the beach, Jeanne-Marie mechanically moved towards them.'

'When Alain was within twenty paces of the beach she could restrain herself no longer, but rushed into the sea to meet them.'

'Luckily she did not lose her feet.'

'Alain placed the boy in her arms.'

(To be Continued.)

WOMAN LABOUR IN GERMANY.

It is a crying pity to see women, whose place, according to us islanders, is her 'ane house at hame,' spoiling her complexion in the burning sun, ugly from birth, but hideous in old age, the joint result of tanning and shrivelling. I suppose there may be a moral in it; for just as the Chinese women are kept from gadding by the atrophy of their feet, so the Belgian women have their vanity of person kept in check by the disfigurement of their skin. And yet I fear that it is, after all, some principle of shabby economy; it is the husbandry of women—a reckoning with the daughters of Eve, for being her daughters. I should like to follow these poor creatures to their homes, and sit with them at their meals. Ah! there methinks I should discover the secret of their ugliness; the secret of their wasting labour, poverty. They are ill fed and hard worked, and they become the mothers of a feeble and sickly race. How can a husbandman feed upon his friend, his companion, his fellow labourer—ox, after toiling with him in tilling the land for a quarter of a century? The riddle is quickly answered—hunger. But the ox is not for him, it is destined for the sausages of his luckier brother of the towns, the wealthier artisan.—*A Three Weeks Scamper through Germany.*

Communications.

LIFE IN THE WOODS.

The sun made his appearance next morning with a joyous face, and gave satisfactory evidence he did not intend to desert us until his usual hour of retiring to his Western quarters. So much had we to depend on his guidance our journeyings bore some slight resemblance to those of the Children of Israel in the Desert, they were guided by a pillar of fire by night and we by a globe of fire by day. Determined to make the best use of his light, we lost no time in getting ready to resume our travels. The trout were 'twigged' around the fire like so many criminals that had been 'swung off' in due course of justice—the dripping pork was frizzling and frying above them and sending a stream of fat into their expanded jaws—our tea kettle was singing, not 'on the hob,' according to the story books, but on a stub, and a good breakfast was in immediate prospect. The dozen of trout was duly discussed, and taking into consideration the et-ceteras of our knapsacks, the breakfast by the lake might bear respectable comparison with a hotel breakfast. We christened this sparkling gem of the forest 'Silver Lake,' and cutting our initials on a large tree near the margin, turned our back on this interesting sheet of water that had so timeously contributed to our board, and also to our gratification and pleasure. A dense forest extended to within a short way of the Main North West, which we reached at an early hour. Taking a lesson from the past, we made no delay, determined to reach the Sevogle at all hazards by evening. The features of the country now began to change, the ground was more

broken into hill and valley. Here a deep fissure in a large cliff, and there a precipitous and narrow chasm, through which a small stream was dancing along, gave a wildness and an interest to the locality. Near the top of a hill a large pumpkin pine that had lived through the long years of pinehood had attained a gigantic growth, and was now a dried up veteran of perhaps a century, furnished the necessary dry wood to prepare our dinner. Two rabbits had been shot since morning, and our cook promised us a dinner only second to the breakfast at the Lake. 'Twigged trout' in the morning, and fricasseed rabbit at noon, was pretty good forest fare, and as for the evening, we trusted to be at the Camp, where we would have all the luxuries the Big Sevogle could furnish. Before our dinner was prepared, a novel incident occurred of an episodic nature. One of the men in chipping wood from the pine, felt, or thought he felt, a tremor in the ground at the roots of the tree, and by a little examination soon ascertained we had invaded the domains of a Bear. This discovery brought us all to the tree, and unmistakable signs soon convinced us that it was the winter quarters of bruin. The old pine was quite hollow, and the bear had made an excavation on the hill side, no doubt intending to esconce himself in the hollow for the winter. One of our crew, acquainted with the habits of the bear, said he had not denied for the winter, but was preparing his house, and in all probability had not been long engaged in his instinctive employment. It was soon determined to save him any further trouble in his winter arrangements, and preparations were made to storm him without delay. Placing a sentinel at the foot of the tree that no escape might be effected, we prepared the instruments of dislodgment and execution, which were quite simple, but effective. The end of a long pry was secured under the root of the pine, immediately above the place of egress, the other end supported at a sufficient height to admit the bear to pass under it when driven from his lair. The intention was to dislodge him from behind, and when struggling out, to bring down the pry across his neck, and hold him fast until despatched with our axes. All this time bruin was remarkably quiet, not a move indicated he was an occupant of the tree. To make assurance doubly sure, we loaded our guns, and had them placed at hand in case the pry-purchase would fail. Everything prepared, we cut into the tree in rear of the den, and with a pole, was determined to punch bruin out. But he had no idea of leaving so readily, trusting in the impregnability of his fortress, he remained perfectly regardless of all our efforts. There is a certain point beyond which quiescence ceases to be a virtue, and by repeated punching and jabbing we aroused him to the necessity of self-defence. Putting his nose to the opening we made, he gave a number of puffs like the breathings of a steam engine, and thrusting his head partly through, was either attempting to reconnoitre, or perhaps, endeavouring to remind us there were no bounty on bears' noses. But bounty or not, he had to die, and when we made the place too hot for him he determined to give us a formidable resistance, and rushed out at the opening under the pry. Whether it was the men did not expect so quick a rush, or whether it was the great strength of the powerful brute, certain it was, the two men stationed at the pry were thrown down, and went rolling down the hill. The bear bounded off at a speed that, from his clumsy form, one would hardly think it were possible for him to do, and we were so taken by surprise at the failure of our plan that we were incapable of acting for the moment. But soon the other two men snatched up the guns, and a bear hunt was got up in a short time. The ground was unfavorable for bruin, and there was no under growth in which he could hide, the men soon got within range of him, and although the two men and the pry were tossed from him without much effort, he had to succumb to the leaden messengers that were sent in hot haste after him. To skin him and procure some bear steaks to add to our rabbits was a general wish in our party, with the exception of myself, who did not fancy that article in our bill of fare. He was very fat, and the steaks looked very fine, and to those who could fancy them, they were a great treat, but having breakfasted on the fish of 'Silver Lake,' I could not think of dining on bear's meat. We rolled up the skin and carried it with us, intending to leave it at the camp until an opportunity offered to get it home. We had lost some time with our adventure, and had some doubts of reaching the camp, but we were determined to make up for lost time, and travelled rapidly until sundown, but no indication of lumbering, much less a camp, were to be seen. We were calculating for another night of it, and was thinking of calling a halt, when we espied the portage road. This was encouraging, but how far it might be to the camp we could not tell. We were not tired, and 'to the camp' was the word, let it be miles away. A few miles however solved the problem, and we soon heard the bark of a dog, which proved we were again approaching the bounds of civilization. The crew were surprised as well as glad to see us, they did not think there were any of the *genus homo* within many miles of them. The cook was set to work to get us supper, and while it was preparing, we recounted our bear hunt, which brought down upon our men of the

pry the laughter and ridicule of the camp. They told them they had got frightened for their own bacon, and when the hour of action arrived were found wanting. The manner in which they rolled down the hill called forth peals of laughter. We described the place where we had killed the bear, which was well known to the crew, and it was arranged that one of our party should accompany one of the camp's crew to the scene of slaughter and bring away some of the meat. The cook, who answered to the name of Tucker, got us a good cup of tea, any quantity of flippers and molasses, and some excellent loaf bread, and we felt refreshed after partaking of his supper. He appeared to be a general favorite with the crew, and always had a reply ready for any of them. If a song was wanted, Tucker was ready to sing anything required, and all it wanted to set him dancing was to whistle a jig. He was a Yankee he said by trade, and could trace up his genealogy to that far-famed individual so justly celebrated in story and in song as being 'too late to get his supper.' The evening passed in song about, and to finish, Tucker danced a 'Kentucky Reel' as he called it, much to the amusement of all hands. The camp was a roomy one, and was well fitted up, several books were on a rude shelf, which appeared to be well thumbed. 'Roderick Random' and 'Paul Jones,' 'Jack Shepherd,' and 'Peregrine Pickles' were the principal volumes in this circulating library, but, away on a shelf by themselves were some three or four copies of the sacred volume. There was one book I wondered to see in a camp—'Locke's Essay on the understanding,' and mechanically scanned the faces of the crew to see who would be likely to bring it there. No face answered to the description sought, and I came to the conclusion it had found its way there by mistake, and not being much used, I have no doubt they found the story uninteresting, and the Essay was allowed to remain on the shelf. The next morning the two men started for the bear, and we went out with the crew where they were making timber. Tucker promised us a partridge pot-pie for dinner, having shot a number of partridges the evening before. His mischievous nature was always getting the upper hand of him, and even the pot pie was not exempt from his practical jokes. In his gunning he had shot an owl, which he very quietly kept to himself, determined to make it answer the purpose of a Partridge in the pie, concluding we would not observe the difference. The pot-pie looked very inviting, and Tucker was receiving warm eulogies from all hands on his culinary abilities, which he acknowledged in his own way. In his conversation he never appeared to see the need of the indefinite article, and never used it. We were soon deep in the discussion of the pie, and loud in our praises of its excellence, when Tucker quietly observed, 'Did any of you ever eat owl?' 'Oh no,' we exclaimed with one voice, 'an owl is not fit to be eaten,' some said they would as soon eat a piece of a dead horse, others that they would not eat it on any account, &c. 'Well,' said he, 'I guess you have eat owl, the whole on you.' Every knife was dropped as the fact began to dawn upon us, and we saw we were sold. One of the men made a rush at Tucker, and in the indignation of the moment would have taught him a lesson, but he was too wary, and it was amusing to see him dodging around the trees to evade his pursuer. But there was no catching him, and the man gave it up for a bad job, and believed the best way was to consider the whole thing a good joke. He promised never to cut up any more of his practical jokes, and stated with a serio-comic cast of countenance, that 'he would never owl partridge pie again. Towards evening our two men returned, with each a bear ham, which was one of the greatest treats for Tucker he could well imagine. He said he would prepare it in true Kentucky style and I could not help eating it, I told him I would rather eat his owl than his bear, but hoped I should never eat either again. But all the rest partook heartily of the steaks, which I confess looked very nice, though I imagined they smelt strong in cooking. We intended to start for home next day, and spent the evening in making preparations—the bed hour came, and soon the population of the Big Sevogle were wrapped in slumber.

ANON.

(To be continued.)

COUNTY KENT.

Sir,—As you are ever anxious to be made acquainted with everything of note, that transpires among these North Shores, perhaps you would not think it out of place in me to attempt to give you an account of something that has transpired here of late, that may not be uninteresting to your readers.

Having had my attention drawn to a crowd of persons congregated on the wharf of Messrs Levy & Samuel, the other day, I learned on enquiring that a Kowing Match was about to take place, between Mr John Thomson's gig, 'Pet Monkey,' and Mr John Kean's pleasure Yacht, 'Hydraulic,' and waited to see the result, the distance to be pulled being from opposite Mr Levy's Store, down round marsh Point Buoy, and back about four miles, the exact amount of stakes I did not learn. The Hydraulic was pulled by Mr William White and Joseph McNeil, and the Pet Monkey by Mr

John Bellaird, and George Ellis. The boats, having taken their position, and the word to start being given, both boats started together, but had not gone far when Hydraulic took the lead, and kept it as far as they could be identified, but after getting a certain distance it was impossible to determine which was ahead, and as they rounded the flag boat, some said one was ahead and some the other, and at this point the betting became lively and heavy; it was not long however, before Hydraulic was seen to distance her competitor considerably, and to gain at every stroke. Nothing could surpass the easy, regular, yet lively and forcible manner in which Messrs McNeil & White rowed their boat, in fact had the men in the other boat acted in the same manner, I question if they would have been a quarter of a mile behind on coming to the starting ground as they were.—The Hydraulic gained an easy victory, Messrs White and McNeil being as fresh on coming to the wharf as when starting.

SPECTATOR.

The Politician.

BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Times.

A SNARL AT AMERICA.

We are in a fair way for another unpleasantness with our cousins across the Atlantic. This time, too, there can be no amends; it's all come and gone, and it's now a matter of history, that when America was all enthusiasm at the success of the electric telegraph, we all took it very easily indeed. They have literally 'piped,' and we have not 'danced;' for England and America have been married, and the former has behaved as if wholly unconscious of the ceremony. New York, and every city to the furthest West went off into ecstasies. It was a dozen anniversaries of independence rolled into one. There were as many salutes as at Cherbourg; three hundred and thirty-three guns from the batteries; a hundred guns here, a hundred there; a hundred monster rock blasts in the Central Park, and some heavy salutes from the top of the Astor Hotel. All the church bells were rung. Every house was illuminated in that extempore fashion which tells better than our own brilliant uniformity. All the world was out in the streets. There were the banners of every nation, and of no nation, and transparencies with sentiments, verses, puns, allegories, and devices, in which, if England had not quite its due meed of honour, it was not at least forgotten. In matter of fact, this is a greater event to the United States than to ourselves. They gain thereby instant communication with the whole of the Old World. With them it is the 'union of the whole world,' as one of their transparencies has it. We gain only the United States and British America. The information to be expected from these places will be chiefly interesting to merchants, who regard the electric wire as a convenience, or a necessity, and not as a new source of pleasure. In other respects American intelligence is often startling, curious, dismal and interesting as a matter of speculation, but without the sentimental interest which attaches to the events of most States in the Old World. Scarcely anything ever happens on this side the Atlantic which is not associated with our reading, our travels, our acquaintance, or our pursuits. Every novelty is the next step of a train already deep in our recollection. This cannot be so much the case in a new world, which few of us have seen, and which we do not read much of. But the Americans themselves are somewhat to blame for the lesser interest with which we read fresh news from that quarter, or hail the prospect of instantaneous intelligence. How many times during the last ten years have the steamers brought us the disagreeable tidings that all the American papers were in a blaze of indignation against this country for some stupid affair that was absolutely known nothing about! Have we not the conviction forced upon us that American politicians never scruple to raise capital at our cost by manufacturing grievances against us and carrying them to the very verge of war? It is the belief of this country that we have several times averted war by concessions which were only not dishonorable because dictated by a horror of war with our own flesh and blood, men of common stock, using our own language. There is even the misgiving that we may have to do this again and again, and that there are American politicians speculating on this game. Now, the English don't like this; they feel somewhat alienated by it; and they don't feel a secure and unreserved pleasure at the sight of an American mail. It may any day bring a new demand, unjust in itself and not improved by the language. The Americans may like this; they may feel it amusing; they may even find it answer. But, if they choose this line, they must not also reckon on our love, or sympathy, as it is called. A choice must be made in this, as in other things. The Americans may appeal to what set of feelings they please, but not to all at once; and if they wish us to be overjoyed at the thought of hearing every morning what they were doing and saying over night, they must adapt their deeds and words to this new and more intimate