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Poetry.

A "No."

Oh, love me not; my heart is frail and weak,
The burden of my love I cannot bear;
My life stands still to those who speak
What reason whispers that I must not hear.
Not hear thy word, O pledged fair thy
Not look upon the bliss thou givest me,
For all my soul goes sorrowing up to see
How much of grief the future has in store.
For thee and me, if these two words should be,
If these two lines should run in one indeed;
But oh! this cannot, may not, must not be—
Nay, turn these eyes away, thou shalt not plead.
See what a shadow is already cast
From Love's and wings upon thy shining brow—
The darkness of his presence thickens fast;
He comes, he comes—oh! fly him even now.
Thy voice is faint and weak—it stops to mine—
But just as I am, little to a People's ear,
Fly! I am little, little to thee;
In future years, Ah! little, will appear.
Thine eyes see nothing but two tearful stars—
Two tearful stars are all mine eyes can see,
But those must gaze into darkness;
Oh! lift them up and value to be freed.

Frer, joyous, to pursue thy shining career,
Ready to beam with thy reflected light,
Radiant with glory from thy glorious source,
My feelings rejoicing in thy might.
Will thou not go?—For my sake thou, dear friend,
Départ, départ, for I am so weak,
And love so strong—yet will I not descend
To be his slave despite this burning cheek.
Love hand a rainbow o'er my earthly scene,
He shall not stand between my God and me;
I must not be the glories that I see,
Forget the glories of the great "To Be"
For an instant, and full well I know
That rainbow tints would fall in misty tears,
And leave me helpless, hopeless, here below,
With no strength left for all the coming years.
Love is not happiness—our soaring hopes
Stretch out and think to grasp the Infinite;
The mortal with the immortal vainly copes,
And in the struggle Love dies into night!
The happiest love lies a dull nothing loz,
On our poor hearts, which heavier grow each day;
The flower too freely yielded will be bowed,
With drop, may die, at its own load be sweet.
And oh! if thou shouldst change, as change thou
must,
For man's love is a frail and fleeting thing—
A shining night exulting into day—
If but a hand be laid upon his wing—
I could not bear it—oh! I could not bear
That thou shouldst be less loving than thou art,
Thou "would'st not change" and always, every-
where,
I should reign queen of mind, and soul, and heart!

If thou shouldst love me for ten thousand days,
And one day "ere me" and my love would be
Thine own one widening, dreary, weary maze,
Too dearly bought by past reality.
Go, and thou take with thee my prayers—my tears,
This kiss—on thy lips; I bid thee go,
I say it now and for all future years,
Ever, for ever and for ever, "No!"
[Columbia Magazine]

Selections.

Up in the Air.

Some few months back I was called in, (I am a surgeon by profession) to attend a Senator Tornados, who, despite his name, was as true an Englishman by birth and parentage as the parish of Lambeth ever bred and reared. I found him suffering from extreme debility and nervousness, brought on by the over-strained tension of the muscles and sinews. He told me that he was a rope-dancer, sleek and tight; a tumbler, stiff and loose; spry, aerobal, and bottle-equilibrant; and many other things which have occupied my memory.

His family consisted of his wife, a pale, sickly woman, somewhat older than himself, and a very handsome little girl. Accustomed as I was to witness the derivation of women by a sick bedside, and the irritability of male patients, the self-sacrifice of Madame Tornados, and the demonstrative gratitude of her husband for each act of attention, surprised me. He was under my care some months, and, as he recovered, grew talkative and familiar. One evening, as he sat in an easy chair, propped up by pillows, he favored me with the following narrative. I purposely suppress any professional technicalities and aerobal argot, which would be unintelligible to the ordinary reader.

"You see, sir," he began, "my father was a hawker over in Lambeth Marsh. I never knew my mother, because she died when I was quite young. I don't know how it was I learned tumbling. The first thing I can remember is standing on my head close to Westminster Bridge, and a gentleman going by giving me a shilling. 'Now, my boy,' the gentleman said, 'do that again,' which I did. 'Now,' said he, 'spring,' which I did, and came on my feet again. 'Good boy!' said he, and he patted me on the head.—That gentleman, sir, was the great Mr. Ducrow. Well, sir, of course, after such encouragement from such a man, a tumbler I became. I spared neither pains nor trouble, and I practised till I became master of my art and head of my profession.

"About three years ago—I was just twenty-three—I first met with James Ranford, who was also in my line, and he proposed that we should work together. I consented, and we traveled about and exhibited at town halls, assembly rooms, and large rooms at inns; but we did very badly. Ranford had a wife and child, so it fell harder upon him. I was forced to lend him what little I could spare, for I could not see a young woman and a little baby go without it. Well, sir, things got from bad to worse; and my partner, being a man of violent temper, took to drink—he was always given that way—and, I am sorry to say he used

to beat his wife. Sometimes my blood has boiled, and I have walked away for fear that I should interfere. However, I used to cheer up the missus as well as I could, and nurse the little girl, and they both grew to like me very much.

"One night, at a little place called Peddlerthorpe, we had no audience at all. We were without money, and were asking each other what we should do, when the squire's son and a lot of young gentlemen came in and asked us to perform for them, which we did; and, more than that, asked us to supper at the hotel. After supper, the squire looked at one of our bills of the day, and said, 'Hallo! why, I see you call yourselves Messrs. J. Ranford and W. Kerr. No wonder you get no audience. I suppose those are your real names?' We answered that they were.

"Oh, that'll never do," he said. 'You must have an alias—you mustn't let the public suppose you are Englishmen. It is contrary to the rules of professional etiquette. You must make out that you are foreigners.'

"Well, at that all the gentlemen began to laugh; but it was settled before we broke up that night that, for the future, we were to call ourselves 'The Two Foscari—the Spineless Siamese of Syria!'

"Well, sir, from that moment Ranford and I began to do well; but I am sorry to say that our good luck only caused my partner to drink the harder, and, in consequence to behave more badly to his wife. His child he was certainly very fond of—partly, I think, because he had only known her a short time, for Ranford was one of those men who liked new faces. As soon as he met a stranger he was all life and spirits, and he would do anything or go anywhere to oblige him; but when he had known a man some time he didn't care for him, but grew cross and contradictory.

"At last we got an engagement at a garden near London, where there was a grand gala night every week, on which occasion a balloon ascended. I scraped acquaintance with the aeronaut, and one evening I went up with him. The sensation was singular. I cannot describe it but I liked it very much. The aeronaut showed me how he managed to steer through the air, when to throw out the sand, and how to descend. As we were sailing over London he said to me:

"You could not do the slack rope up here, Foscari, could you?"

"Why not," I said; and as I spoke the idea flashed upon me what a splendid feature in the programme it would be: "Perfous Performance of the Two Foscari Brothers, who will go through their immitable Evolutions on a Slack Wire suspended from a Balloon floating thousands of yards above the surface of the earth." A signal was given that our balloon was to rise, and we were inside the car, and heard the weight of two men outside it. The wire could be fastened to the sides of the car, and, when at a sufficient height, we could get out and perform.

"As soon as I reached the ground I went to Ranford, who first laid out the motion and then agreed to it. The proprietor of the gardens asked us to name our terms.—We did so. He tried to beat us down, but at last consented, and we went up and did it."

I interrupted him by asking if the danger were not extreme.

"Not a bit!" replied my patient. "If I fell from a wire fifty feet from the ground, the chances are that I should break my neck; if I fell from a height of fifty miles I could no more. Then, if my feet miss, we have our hands to hold on by. However, I was saying we went up, and, when we had risen a certain distance, we got out of the car and commenced the performance. It seemed odd to me at first, tumbling and swinging in the air, with the gardens and the audience and the houses and the trees, such a depth beneath us; but, what struck me as being strangest, was when we hung head downwards and looked up at the clouds. I used to feel that the earth could not be so very distant, for, high as we had risen, the sky seemed as far from us as ever.

"Our performance gave great satisfaction, and was invariably noticed in the daily and weekly papers. We were told that the act that thrilled the audience most was the last one we performed before descending. Ranford, who was a heavier man than I, hung from the rope with his head downward; then taking hold of both his hands with both mine, I swung by their support; and then, by way of climax, I let go my left hand, and hung on only by my right.—I never felt the least fear. We knew each other's grip, and it was all right.

"At first the aeronaut went up with us, but after a few times we were able to manage for ourselves so well that, had an accident happened to one, the other could have got safely down.

"I ran into the house. I found the parlor door open. Mrs. Ranford was in the room alone; her back was towards me, but I could see her face in the large mirror that stood over the chimney-piece. She had a razor in her hand, and was about to use it on herself when she caught the reflection of my face in the glass. She stopped, turned round, and fell upon the floor in a fit. I picked up the razor, put it in my pocket, and placed the poor woman on the sofa.—Ranford came into the room half drunk, half mad, and scowled at me like a demon.

"I expostulated, and tried to reason with him; but he only made me jeering replies, such as, 'Oh, I understand—better than you think for!' 'I'm not a fool!' 'I have got my eyes and can see!' and so on, and I left the house with a heavy heart.

"Next day the nurse-girl told me that Ranford was jealous, and that he and his wife had quarrelled about me. We ascended that night. He never spoke to me, nor I to him. We both twirled up in the air without exchanging a word.

"When we got down I felt inclined to give him a good thrashing for his unjust suspicions; but I kept my temper for the sake of the poor woman, and so we went on for eight or ten days.

"Our next ascent took place on the Grand Gala night of the United Order of Ancient Topophilites. It was a still, summer night, without a breath of wind. We ascended till the gardens, and the streets, and the churches looked like Dutch plots, and then got out upon the rope.

"As I took my seat beside Ranford I noticed that he had been drinking more than usual. He had lately taken to an odd way of shutting his eyes, and smiling with his lips tight pressed together; and what with his knit brows, white fangs, spangled trunks, and the bit of ribbon round his head, with a paste star in the centre, he looked, as he sat swinging backwards and forwards in the air, more like an evil being than a man.

"We went through our performance, all but the last trick. As I was swinging from his two hands, he thought came into my head, if he should not hold out.

"As I let go with my left hand, and swung only by my right, I heard his voice above me.

"'Kerr,' he said, 'are you guilty or not?'"

"I asked him what he meant.

"'You know,' he answered, 'Confess that you have wronged me, speak the truth! They are your last words! I have but to lose my grip, and down you go!'"

"I tried to seize his dangling arm but he held it above my reach, and put his other in such a position that I could not catch at it, but swung entirely at his mercy.

"I leaped to reach the rope with my heels, but I failed. I shot my eyes, and prayed Heaven to forgive me. Every act of my past life rushed through my brain; at the same time I was perfectly conscious of every thing about me—the blue sky, the quiet evening, the rope, the bottom of the car, and Ranford's head inverted over me. I thought what a time I should be falling, falling. I knew how slowly the sand sank from the car, and what a long, long time I should be dying, ere I reached the earth.

"I found strength to speak.

"'Ranford,' I said, 'you are mistaken.'"

"'You lie,' he answered.

"'If you let go my hand you are a murderer. There will be an inquest.'"

"I don't care."

"It is known that there was ill-blood between us," I continued. "Your wife will say how jealous—"

"A wife cannot give evidence against her husband!"

"I know that man," I said to Coobie. "I know you do," my friend replied.—He calls himself the Excelsior or Champion Somersault Thrower to the World. He is in the bills for a treble somersault to night.

"You must know, sir, that a treble somersault means standing on a spring-board, throwing your heels up, and turning completely round three times in the air before you light on your feet. I need not say it is a very difficult thing to do.

"I said to Coobie, 'It's odd that a man who drinks so hard should be capable of such a feat.'"

"His engagement depends on it," was the reply; 'we're full in any other line. The governor told him that he'd sign articles with him for that, but not for anything else. Eh! he sees you.'"

"I turned round, and saw Ranford walking from us. I entered the circus, and was accommodated with a seat in the orchestra. I could not help thinking of my old partner, and had a strange nervousness upon me, as if something was about to happen; but the feeling wore off when Ranford came into the ring. The audience applauded loudly, for he had thrown a treble somersault twice before, and was a favorite in consequence.

"I saw that he was not sober, and I noticed that he had the same little star on his forehead that he wore the last time we made an ascent together. While the grooms were altering the position of the spring-board he walked up to the orchestra, and, with the old devilish smile upon his face, said to me:

"'You can't keep away, then, can't you? You will come!'"

"'Ranford,' I whispered, 'don't you yourself to-night; take my advice—don't throw the treble!'"

"'He swore an oath, and then burst into a loud laugh.

"'You want me to fall, do you?' he said. 'Fall when you're here! Ill! you—!'"

"He ran up to the spring-board, bowed, and kissed his hands. The music began. He threw several single somersaults, then a double one; then he stopped, and crossed his arms, and looked at me. The audience were very enthusiastic, and he began again, repeated the performance, and stopped again. There was more applause. Then he turned towards me, smiling, as if he said 'Now!'"

"I went to work a third time. He made some little preparation—turned over once or twice. The house was so silent you might have heard a pin drop. He got the spring, and over he went—once, twice. My heart rose in my mouth, for I saw that it had not room enough to turn a third time. His head came down with a horrible thud among the can and sawdust; and he lay in the ring, doubled up and dead!

"A surgeon came out of the boxes, who said that his neck was broken, and that death must have been instantaneous. I fainted away. When I came to I saw his body being carried out of the ring.

"Well, sir, I was pitched upon to be the bearer of the sad news to the widow. I'll pass over that. I was surprised to find that in spite of his cruel usage, she was still very fine little girl, and returned to Manchester next day. I attended the funeral of course. Ranford hardly left a pound behind him—

"I gave the widow an address that would always find me, and I told her to write whenever—when—she wanted—that is, whenever she required assistance.

"First the poor thing tried to set up a school for children, but that failed; and, knowing that she must besettimeless press! I often sent to her. I don't know how it came about, but after a long correspondence and courtship, I married her; and here she comes with my best tea, and here comes Evelina—for that's the very woman, sir, and that's the very little girl, and a real beauty she is!"

An Escapes From Sharks.

We were lying at anchor in the inner harbor of Trincomalee, in Ceylon, when the adventure which I am about to relate occurred to me; and looking back at it through the vista of many years, it seems as though nothing but a special intervention of Providence could have possibly saved me from a sudden and dreadful death. I was very young then, and thoughtless, and laughed at the whole affair as only youth can laugh; in maturer years, one thinks more soberly of these matters. But I am not here to moralize.

Well, then, as I said at starting, we were lying at anchor in the inner harbor of Trincomalee, then which a more commodious and more secure refuge does not exist in the length and breadth of the world. I believe there is some talk of making Trincomalee the Straits and China station for the overland route, instead of having to engage steamers at Point de Galle. I am only surprised this has not been thought of long ago, and have no doubt such a change will tend greatly to the comfort of the passengers, and benefit the trade. From what is called the outer harbor, which is nothing more than an insecure sub-station, the entrance to this inner one is wholly indiscernible, saving only to the well-practiced eye of the mariner or pilot. When we arrived there from Cochin, to load sandal wood and ebony for Penang all we could see was a signal staff on the summit of a very lofty hill, and a most unpromising beach for loading, with a heavy surf roaring and breaking against it. Early next morning, however, a native pilot came on board and, the wind being favorable, he steered us, apparently, to inevitable de-

struction. The nearer we got, the more impracticable seemed the possibility of saving the vessel from being dashed against huge boulders of rocks by roaring and foaming surf. Suddenly, however, we emerged into still, deep waters, and almost simultaneously opened out a narrow entrance channel, the abrupt sides of which towered high above our heads, and sky scrapers, densely clad with verdure, from the water's edge right up to the sunlit intense green of the lower foliage verging into a golden-colored and almost transparent tinge, where the sun's early rays had lit up the tops of the hills. We sailed along this channel for about five minutes, when a curve in it shut out the entrance, and we were to all appearances, trapped in a maze. Look whichever side we liked, there was nothing but lofty land toppling over our masts. So we sailed along for perhaps another ten minutes, the channel twisting and twirling about like a huge snake, till, finally rounding the last curve, we gilded into a splendid lake, landlocked on every side, and plentifully besprinkled with beautiful little islets, that looked (as they proved to be) excellent reservoirs for game.

Here we came to anchor, about half a mile from the town or village, and immediately there swarmed around the ship hundreds and hundreds of huge hungry sharks—about the ugliest customers a sea-faring man would ever wish to set eyes upon.—The water was transparently clear and still, so that we could see the smooth, soft, sandy bottom distinctly, although the depth was great; and it was no small source of amusement to watch the gambols of these huge and voracious monsters, as they darted off in shoals after anything that seemed to hold out the slightest promise of a meal. Before the pilot left the ship, he warned us not to attempt to hook any of these sharks, as they were under government protection, and people were liable to heavy fines who destroyed them. This was evidently the remains of some old exploded law, enacted in those days when other fleets besides the British cruised about the Indian seas. The sharks were patronized as a species of Volunteer Marines, to prevent desertions from vessels to shore, or from troops on shore to vessels, and were a formidable contingent to shoot and shell in case of an enemy invading the place by water.

I believe the first person on board that had any direct intercourse with the sharks was the Chinese cook; and, but for his tail, he would have been no unpleasantry else quarters with them. He was standing out in the fore-chains dangling a scraggy bit of beef overboard, to soak it before cooking, and quite forgetful of the legions that surrounded him, was jabbering away to his countrymen in their own uncouth vernacular, when a sudden and violent tug at the rope sent poor old Pooky flying off his balance and but for his prodigious lung and strong tail, which had got entangled in a block, both cook and beef would have fallen a prey to the sharks. As it was, it was with considerable difficulty that he was extricated from his perilous position, and then at the expense of nearly a foot of his beloved and valued tail. The crew were too exhausted with laughing at the ridiculous spectacle presented, as dangling over the fore-chains, he kept plunging into his arms and legs, and twirling round like a teetotum and screeching for help. This incident only seemed to encourage the voracity of the sharks—they liked the beef, and kept watch for more, morning, noon, and night.

Meanwhile, the weather continued remarkably fine, and I though very rough and windy outside the harbor, in the inner harbor the water was like a pond. The sailing of the sails and the progress of the vessel was very pleasant. Large piles of oil were heaped up by the water-side, and a gang of Chinamen and Pariahs, as black and as noisy as crows, helped to bring it along-side and hoist it into the vessel.

Hard work it was to get those ponderous beams into the vessel's hold, and nobly was sorry when 4 p. m. came, and all hands knocked off for the day. Then, in the cool of the evening with the decks first swept and washed down, and the balmy breeze coming off the shore, laden with the incense of a hundred shrubs, and grapes, and flowers, we would make shooting parties to the neighboring little islands or some parts of the mainland, and sell our own birds with-out a will-fiddling game bag, wood-pigeons being the chief victims of our prowess. These occasions the sharks, like a careful body-guard, always accompanied the boats on their trips to and from, and sometimes came so near as to get a rap on the snout with an oar. "Catching crabs," as sailors term it, was the usual result of such contact to the ornaments; and very alarming ones, too, endangering, as they sometimes did, a sumersault into the water. In the little coves between these islands, where the sharks never ventured, we used sometimes to catch some excellent pompanos, and more than one beautiful tortoise-shell we picked up amongst the stones.

Upon the whole, we fared sumptuously, and enjoyed ourselves much during our stay at Trincomalee. There was plenty of wild deer to be stalked amongst the hills; but there were, moreover, plenty of bears, and even cheetahs and tigers. Of a clear moonlight night, we could distinctly see these latter gambolling about the summit like so many kittens. In such cases this distance certainly that lends enchantment to the view. Fond as we might be of venison, we pre-

ferred the ship's decks to the jungle. Notwithstanding all this, however, fate and the sharks helped to give us a treat of venison. One fine, clear night the middle watch on deck were startled by the moans of some object floating closely under the vessels stern, surrounded by shoals of hungry and deputation sharks. Muzzling the boats the crew went to the rescue, and soon returned with the better half of a fine stag. This poor beast had been chased to some precipice edge by hungry cheetahs, and, leaping into the water, had fallen among the equally merciless sharks.

One day, just as we were nearly ready for sea, and had got rid of the last batch of cheating jewellers and vendors of satinwood boxes, inlaid with ebony and ivory, a little Portuguese brig from Calcutta came to anchor close alongside of us, and a passenger on board of her was no less a personage than the half-brother of our owner—a young half-caste Chinese, born at Macao, and educated in the city of Palaces. He was only a lad of about eighteen; short in stature; exceedingly stout; of a greasy, copper complexion, with hair, or rather bristles, clipped as close as any convict's. To say that he was conceited of his person, appearance, and education, would only be drawing it mild, and yet, poor fellow, his face was as flat as a pancake, with high protruding cheek bones; a negro's lips, with two little, cunning, slow black eyes, that were as round and about the size of a bullet. At that time they were very tightly-fitting, inexpressible, and I am sure Signor Jose's (as we will call him) seemed in danger of splitting every step he took. This Adonis always wore flesh-colored silk stockings and pumps; silk gloves; waistcoat, jacket, and shirt front, white as driven snow; collar a la Byron; with studs, and chains, and rings a d d. He came at once on board of our vessel, and took up his abode there, intending to go with us as far as Penang. Amongst other things he brought with him a prodigious number of pots of preserves, which were a source of great consolation to the crew during the passage. It may be asked why I am thus particular in describing this Macao bean, or what he has to do with my escape from the sharks? My answer is simply "much," and with this plea, I beg also to introduce our skipper. At the great exhibition of 1851, there was a most grotesque and most amusing display of stuffed animals walking upright and dressed. Amongst them were the celebrated frog that "would a woin' go." Well, our skipper was exactly like a frog set up on wire, his feet and hands were long, flat, and sprawling; his body all hose trousers and braces; his face red, flat, snub-nosed, grey-eyed, and mouse-colored hair. He was not a good-looking man under the most favoring circumstances; and neither he nor Signor Jose possessed too much pluck, or could swim a stroke to save their lives.

At last the cargo had been all got on board; the water casks filled; ship's side scraped and painted, and everything was ship-shape and ready for sea. There only remained the live stock and all vegetables necessary for the voyage, and to get the bills of lading signed by the authority on shore. This said authority had asked us to a farewell breakfast; so, early in the morning, we—that is, the skipper, Signor Jose, and myself—went ashore in the ship's boat, and being loaded, sent the boat back with orders to hoist her up to the davits at once, and to tell the mate to leave the sail-and get everything ready for going. We engaged a native canoe to take us aboard again when all was ready. These Cingalese canoes have generally got outriggers, and with that addition are, perhaps, the swiftest and safest boats in the world. The one we hired was a simple canoe, narrow at the bottom, bulging out in the middle, and growing narrow again at the top; the greatest equilibrium is required to keep them from tarring over. Our worthy host, who was a hospitable half-pay lieutenant in the navy, and acting harbor-master, gave us a sumptuous repast. The vessel's log book was over hauled and compared with the shipping-note; the bill of lading were duly signed; six dozen wretched fowls, all tied together by the legs, were placed in the bottom of the canoe, with vegetables, coconuts, eggs, and bread.—There, also, the log-book and bills of lading were placed for security. The canoe was lunched. I took up my position in the stern; the skipper and Signor Jose placed themselves in the centre, and the mate with the paddles sat in the extreme stern. He warned us as we shoved off to be careful not to more, and we glided rapidly into the bay and towards the vessel, accompanied, as usual, by shoals of sharks. We were within a cable's length, perhaps, of the ship, when Signor Jose was seized with a sneezing fit, and instantly—in the twinkling of an eye—the boat had exploded, and the contents must have sunk half-way to the bottom. When I got to the surface of the water, first thing that caught my eye was the canoe, bottom up-side, with the paddle man clinging like grim death to the stern, and the poor skipper and Signor Jose's deplorable ludicrous faces bobbing up and down on the other side alternately, as the one pulled the other under water in their respective efforts to get a firm hold on the canoe. Spluttering and foaming at the mouth, they presented such an irresistibly ludicrous picture that I was fascinated to the spot, and kept buying myself up in the same position, literally choking with laugh-

ter. Of a sudden, however, over the water came a dismal loud wail, as the ship's boat, cut from the davits, dropped into the water, ready manned with stout hearts and strong arms rowing manfully to the rescue. Then, and only then, these burst upon me in full force the awful position we were placed in. I almost realized the cruel jaws and teeth of voracious sharks tearing my hapless lady to pieces. With a wild shout I leapt nearly clean out of the water, and swam with the vigor of desperation towards the boat, which miraculously to say, I reached in safety, for the man that paddled the canoe after wards assured me that that sudden start and noise had served to intimidate one huge shark, which was just in the act of turning upon its belly before making a grab at me. I tremble as I write this to think how light indeed was my destiny to finish with a death the most agonizing in the world. The other three were also rescued in safety, and I think that day's adventure has never been forgotten by any of our party, though God only knows where the others are scattered to over the surface of this wide world.

Bonidism.

From a sketch of a bonidist upon a board of floor to walking along one of its narrow planks, and thence to walking along a plank across a stream, to walking along the top of a single brick wall, along a square bar of iron or wood, along a very stout rope like a ship's cable, the transition seems natural and easy. It would be so in reality, but for the entrance of the second element of difficulty in the practical problem—the influence of height on the human nervous system.

"Come on, sir; here's the place! Stand still. How fearful! And dizzy 'tis to cast ones eyes so low!

"I'll look no more; Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight Topple down headlong!"

There ought not to be no more difficulty in walking along the top of a wall thirty feet tall on one only three feet to the ground. To cross the joists of the fourth story of an unfinished and unroofed house ought to be just as easy as to cross those of the ground floor with no cellar beneath it. To run up a rope to the top of St. Paul's Cathedral, and to run up a rope to a first story window, requires exactly the same conditions of equilibrium, exerted for a longer interval of time in the former case, and yet most persons would rather attempt it the one than the other.

The power of resisting giddiness in looking down from precipitous heights is partly constitutional and partly the effect of habit. The safest way is not to look down at all, if it can be avoided; but it cannot always be avoided. This is the reason why it is easier to ascend an upright cliff than to descend it. It is not the mere elevation that tries the nerves, but the sheerness of the precipice, the abruptness of the slope, the angle of inclination, the danger in fact. Many persons who would look with indifference down an inclined plane of forty-five degrees, shrink at the brink of a perpendicular descent. At Cape Blanco, on the French coast, opposite to Polkstone, there is a chalk cliff varying from two to three hundred feet, which gives goose flesh sensations, and causes cold water to run down your backbones in a way unfeeling on the top Snowdon, Vesuvius and the Right.

To resist this feeling is a point of honor with mountaineers, sailors, and several other professions. Hence, Nelson's invitation to his nephew to meet him at the mast head. In Martin's time (see his voyage) no young man of St. Kitts could pay his addresses to a girl until he had previously performed the ceremony, which consisted in standing on the top of a lofty, precipitous rock overlooking the sea with both his feet half over the edge of the rock, and with his face towards the sea, not then bowing forward until he touched the tip of his toes with both hands; being then only a liberty to resume his upright position, and to retire inland to his lady's tent. The curious may practice this evolution on their private Godfrey with a horse-hair mattress spread before it. In respect to the resistance to giddiness, it is probable that many mariners, skippers, Swiss guides, finishers at cathedral spires and weather-cocks, and members of the Alpine Club, with Professor Tyndal at their head, are quite as accomplished and as sure of themselves as any mountaineer that ever mounted a rope.—All the Year Round.

BURIED TREASURES.—"Eusebius" writes in the New York Observer from Rome as follows:—"The Tiber is not only rich in historic associations, it is rich in treasure. An English company has actually offered to turn the current of the stream for above the city and around it, provided the government would give them what they might discover in its present bed. It would be attended with vast expense, but it would pay. Treasures of art long ago to have been found their way into the market a perfect remembrance. In the museum of St. John Lateran a magnificent column of stone is lying, which was taken in a long since from the Tiber, a portion of which has been polished to display its beauty, and no one can see it without wishing to have more of the secrets of this river revealed. Statuary more perfect and perhaps more beautiful than any of the ancient works of art now seen in Rome, embedded in groups beneath the stream, Agostina Ghigi, the famous banker at the time of Leo X, once gave a splendid entertainment to the Pope and his Cardinals, in which the fishes were all precious metal. The price paid for three fish was ten hundred and fifty crowns. It is said that the fishes were all thrown into the Tiber, by order of the rich banker, in order that no less than three great might ever see them. The sacred vessels brought from Jerusalem by Titus, among them the golden candlestick, are reported to have been lost from the Milian bridge, and if so, are still lying there. The present government of Rome will suffer nothing belonging to ancient art to pass from her territory, nor is it even to carry on such an investigation on its own account."