Wit and Humor.

A GAME DINNER.

We heard an amusing story the other day, and at least, that we do not recollect seeing it in print. It is too good to be lost, and although it will certainly lose in our hands, we may succeed in giving the point. Shortly after the war with Great Britain, an aristocratic English gentleman built a residence in the vicinity of Fort George, on the Canadian frontier, and, in accordance with the country idea of exclusiveness, he enclosed his grounds with a high, tight fence. Here he lived like an old English gentleman—one of the olden time—with the exception that none but the *elite* of the province, and the officers of the garrisons were permitted to pass his gate. There was a very good understanding between the American officers at Fort Niagara and the British at Fort George, and the men were permitted occasionally to visit back and forth. Among the American soldiers was a queer chap, who stuttered terribly, was very fond of hunting, and who was always getting into every sort of mischief.

One day this chap took the small boat that lay moored at the foot of the walls of the fort, and crossed over to the Canadian shore for a hunt. He wandered over several miles in the rear of Fort George, without meeting any game, and on his return, seeing a crow on a tree in the enclosure of the aristocratic Englishman, he scaled the high fence, fired and brought down his game.

Colonel, or whatever his title might have been—we will call him Colonel, anyhow—witnessed the transaction, and advanced while our soldier was re-loading. He was very angry, but seeing the Yankee standing coolly with a loaded gun in his hand, he gulped down his passion for a moment, and merely asked him if he killed the crow.

The soldier replied that he did.

"I am sorry," said the Colonel, "for he was a pet. By-the-by, that is a very pretty gun. Will you be so kind as to let me look at it?"

The soldier complied with the request.—The Englishman took the gun, stepped back a few paces, took deliberate aim, and then broke forth in a tirade of abuse, concluding with an order to stoop down and take a bite of the crow, or he would blow his brains out. The soldier explained, apologized, and entreated. It was of no use. The Colonel kept his finger on the trigger, and he sternly repeated his command.

There was shoot in the Englishman's eye—there was no help for it—and the stuttering soldier stooped and took a bite of the crow, but swallow it he could not. Up came his breakfast—his dinner the day before, and it really appeared as if he would throw up his toe nails. The Englishman gloated on the misery of his victim, and smiled complacently at every additional heave.

When he had got through vomiting and wiped his eyes, the Colonel handed him the gun, with the remark,—

"Now, you rascal, that will teach you how to poach on a gentleman's enclosure."

The Yankee soldier took his gun, and the Colonel might have seen the devil in his eye if he had looked close. Stepping back, he took deliberate aim at the heart of his host, and ordered him instantly to finish the crow. Angry expostulation, prayers and entreaties were useless things. There was shoot then in the American's eye, as there had been in the English eye before.

There was no help at hand, and he took a bite of the crow. One bite was enough to send all the good dinners he had lately eaten on the same journey with the garrison fare of the soldier, and while Englishman was in an agony of sickness, Jonathan escaped to the American shore.

The next morning early the commandant of Fort Niagara was sitting in his quarters, when Col. ——— was announced.

"Sir," said Col.——, "I come to demand the punishment of one of your men, who yesterday entered my premises and committed a great outrage."

"We have three hundred men here, and it would be difficult for me to know who it is you mean," said the American officer.

The Englishman described him as a long, dangling, stuttering, stoop-shouldered devil.

"Ah! I know who you mean," said the officer, "he is always getting into mischief.—Orderly, call Tom."

In a few moments Tom entered and stood at attention as straight as his natural build would allow, while not a trace of emotion was visible in his countenance.

"Tom," said his office, "do you know this gentleman?"

"Ye-ye-ye-yes, sir."

"Where did you ever see him before?"

"I-I-I," said Tom, stuttering awfully, but regaining the grave expression natural to his face; "I d-di-di-dined with him yesterday."

We believe Tom was not punished.

A NEW DICTIONARY.

PATRIOT.—A stalking horse, bought by the people to frighten the minister, and may be bought by the minister to amuse the people.

GENTLEMAN.—Anybody.

GRATITUDE.—The art of forgetting favors.

INGRATITUDE.—A quality which we see in all men—except ourselves.

OWL.—A species of bird; it is frequently called a common councilman.

DUEL.—An interview between two fools.

ADONIS.—The reflection of a dandy, in a looking-glass.

ABSTINENCE.—Getting rid of one surfeit to make room for another.

ABSURD.—Anything done or said different from what we ourselves should do or say,

ABUNDANCE.—An imaginary quantity, of which every man thinks his neighbor possessed, and himself deprived.

ABUSE.—Unwelcome truths.

ACCOMMODATION.—Obliging a friend in order to serve ourselves.

REASON.—The faculty by which a man always justifies his own conduct. Some vain theorists have supposed, that it was given to regulate and direct our actions; but the uniform practice of mankind has proved that it is of no use to vindicate what we do.

HONESTY.—A commodity which every man has to dispose of, and is willing to sell till he is a bankrupt.

BULLY.—A coward who strives to frighten away fear.

SWINDLER.—A gentleman who lives by his wits; but often finds himself at his wits' ends how to live.

"WHAT'S A VISITATION?"—At the recent dinner of the Durham County Agricultural Society, Mr. Spearman, of Newton Hall, was reminded, by the absence of clergymen, of a story which perhaps he might be permitted to relate, as he had it from a very good source, namely, from a very excellent divine who was himself a prebendary of the cathedral church of Durham. Two honest farmers in riding along together encountered a large number of clergymen; and one of them said to the other—

"Where be all the parsons coming from?"

To this his friend replied—

"They've been at a visitation."

The other, no wiser than before, says—

"What's a visitation?"

And the answer he received was—

"Why, it's where all the parsons go once a year and swop their sermons."

His friend, on being thus enlightened, quietly remarked—

"Dang it, but cor chap mun get the worst on it every time."

"MY hair is eighteen years older than my whiskers," said a lawyer, "and I cannot understand why my whiskers turn grey first."

"Because you've worked so much more with your jaws than you have with your brains," replied Brown.

WOLFGANG; OR, THE WRECKER'S BEACON.

CHAPTER I.—BEFORE THE GALE.

The steamship PATERNOSTER, of New York, and bound to Copenhagen, had entered the North Sea, having left the Straits of Dover two days behind.

The master of the ship was a young man, not over eight-and-twenty, and his name was MAURICE LESTER. He stood by the taffrail, gazing off upon the horizon, to the eastward, ever and anon raising his hand above his head to feel if there was any wind stirring, and as often casting his eye aloft to see how the canvas hung. As he stood thus his mate approached, and spoke to him:

"What d'ye think of this, Cap'n?"

"I think we're in for a storm, sir," the master replied.

"And I tell you what it is, Griffin," he added, after sweeping the horizon again with his eye, "when it comes it will be an earnest one. None of your broad Green Firs, with nothing but water to hatch wind from; but puffs, with nothing but water to hatch wind from; but puffs, with nothing but water to hatch wind from; but we'll have it right fresh from some of these places where they know how to make things blow."

"Then you think we'll have a hard one?" said Griffin.

"Aye," answered the captain, with almost a shudder, "I fear it in my bones."

In the meantime, Captain Lester had been watching the sea and sky as before, and he fancied that the signs of the storm were growing more and more palpable every moment. The sun was going down in a thick bank, giving to the whole western horizon a dull, purplish red, bloody hue, with here and there spots of a darker tinge, like overcings, through the fiery cloud, looking upon a fearful blackness behind.

"Do you not how strangely it looks off there?" said the captain, raising his finger towards the point where the sun was setting.

"Aye," returned Griffin, "I have been watching those dark places."

And others noticed the same thing, and spoke of it, too.

Seven o'clock came and went. Eight o'clock came, and the first watch was set.

"Don't go below," said the captain, as the men of the last dog-watch left their stations. "This calm can't last a great while. You had better batten down the hatches now, while there is nothing else to do; for I am sure there will be need of having them close before the coming of another day."

The men had no thoughts of going below, for they could see and feel; and they were not wholly ignorant of what was coming; so they went at work and secured the hatches with thick tarpaulins; and when this was done those who had no particular station collected about the wheel. Another hour passed away—and another.—Ten o'clock came, and still not a breath.. The ship lay upon the water like a dead thing, with the ropes, and blocks, and sails, rattling and flapping as she was swayed to and fro by the lazy swells of the sea.

"What does it mean?" cried Griffin, as the boy struck five bells.

"Hark!" said the captain, almost instantly. "I guess you'll soon see. Did you feel that? Ha!—and that?"

It was a puff of wind, and a light flying of spray; or perhaps it was a spit of rain. At all events, the puff was felt; and the drops of water fell upon other cheeks than Maurice Lester's; and other ears than his heard the dull moaning which came over the dark waters. So other ears heard the roar which followed, and other hearts died quivered beneath the shock of the storm-giant when he came in his might.

Aye—the storm had come. It came with wind and rain, and with an angry heaving of the sea. It came with a darkness like Erebus, and with the voice of thunder. The gale continued to increase in fury as the long night passed away. When the morning came the scene was one of awful grandeur. The wind was howling with terrific fury; and the broad sea was lashed into huge mountains, that foamed, and tumbled, and leaped along over the bosom of the deep, seeming every moment ready to whelm and engulf the frail bark that struggled within the demon grasp.

When Captain Lester had observed the signs of the morning, he feared that the storm would continue thro' the day, and so he told his mate. The sky wore a hue of horror, and rain was now driving down, mingling with the lashing sea. At noon it was still worse.

At length night came on again, and not a sign yet of the threatening away of the storm! The frightful howling of the tempest seemed rather to have increased than abated. The men gathered upon the quarter-deck, clinging for support to the racks and rails—for the lifting waves so much that they were afraid of them—gathered as near to the light of the binnacle as they dare, as though even from such feeble beams they might find some comfort. But not all were there. No—not all! Four stout, true-hearted men had been swept away by the storm. Near a score were left; but how many shall see the light of another day?

At nine o'clock Captain Lester went below. He took down a chart of the North Sea, and having spread it upon the table, he sat down to examine it. He was thus engaged when Mr. Griffin came down; but he did not look up until he had finished the calculation.

"How is it?" the mate asked, as he saw his commander lay down the dividers.

"I have been making a reckoning, and I find that we have but little nearness room left. The course we have made since we worse has been as near as I can guess, north-west by-west; so that we must have been drifting towards the coast of Northumberland. I think we have plenty of room to stand on until midnight; but we can not stand on much longer. If the gale does not abate by that time, I know not what we shall do."

The captain started up from his chair, and would probably have walked across the cabin, but at that moment a heavy sea caught the ship, and gave her a plunge forward, which caused him to catch his seat as quickly as possible. As soon as the flood had gone from the deck, and the vessel had struggled up from the shock, he looked into his companion's face, and said, in a voice made tremulous by deep emotion than he had before manifested:

"Griffin, I have something upon my mind more than you know; and I am anxious to communicate it. You—I must tell it now, for I take a strange foreboding of coming ill. Something is to happen that will bear great calamity to some of us. I am not croaking—I am only reading what the Unseen has written in my soul. Mark ever, you shall hear my story. You have been with me long enough to know that I never was born lucky. Where I go there were both lost at sea?"

"Yes," said the mate.

"And perhaps you knew that they were lost in this sea?"

"I have heard so, sir."

"Aye—so it was. I was a boy then. They were on their way to Copenhagen, as we should be now. My father commanded the ship—she was called the *Clara Jane*. She was named for my mother; and she was a staunch, noble craft. I was at school then, in Norway, and when I knew I had no parents I was left desolate and wild with grief. I fancied then, in my first hours of orphanage, that my heart would break; and, I think such would have been the case if they had kept me at school. But some of those who cared for me came to see me, and it was then finally arranged that I should go to sea. And I prospered—prospered so well that, when I was twenty years old, they gave me command of a ship. The man who owned the ship which I first commanded was named Thornton. He had a daughter named Carrie—one of the sweetest, purest, and loveliest creatures that ever graced this poor lifetime of ours. She was four years younger than myself; but even when I first knew her—and she was not then more than fourteen—she was a woman in intellect and grace, though a child in simplicity of love and confidence. Mr. Thornton did not object to my suit, so I loved her with all my soul, and was blessed to know that she loved me in return. It had been arranged that we should be married when she was twenty years old, and I had made my plans for more than two years, Mr. Thornton having set the bounds himself. It lacked two months of the time, and I had arranged to remain at home until we were married. But—Thornton had a heavy ship freighted for Copenhagen, and her captain was dying. He could find no one to take his place but me, and he asked me to go. I could not refuse; but I asked that I might be married first. Mr. Thornton shook his head, and said no. But he had another plan which he said would be better. He had been planning to visit Copenhagen, therefore he had two brothers in business—they were in company with him—and he said he would take the next ship, and bring Carrie out with him, and we should be married there. I finally consented to fall out the new arrangement, and Mr. Thornton, with his daughter, was to meet me in Copenhagen, and there we were to be married, and all three come home together. The evening before I sailed I spent with Carrie, and when I left her I felt that I was leaving my very life.

"Well," continued Lester, wiping his eyes, "I went to Copenhagen. I waited a month—I heard that the American ship, *White Raven*, with William Thornton and daughter on board, had touched at Dover, and that all were safe and well when she left. I waited another week, and then I crossed over to Hamburg; but I could learn nothing there. Next I went to London, and there I learned enough to assure me that the ship had been lost! On the second day after she left Dover a severe storm had arisen, and several vessels had been reported lost. I sent my ship home in charge of the mate, and spent four months in searching after the lost ones; but I could gain no trace of them. Not even a piece of the wreck could I find—not a mark of the ship, save that one of its crew! I came home with a sad and heavy heart."

Maurice Lester stopped a few moments, and bowed his head upon his hands, for his feelings had almost overcome him. In a little while, however, he looked up again, and added, in a touching tone,—

"Ah, my dear friend, you do not know what I have suffered—tongue cannot tell it, nor can pen write it. That blow did break my heart—broke it in the crushing of its tender secret, hopes, and in the crushing of all its earthly hopes! —Do you believe in dreams?"

The mate started, not so much at the character of the question, as from the sudden manner in which it was put.

"Well," said Lester, in a lower tone, "I have had a dream repeated many times; but never has it come to me so directly and so vividly as within the past three or four days. *Carrie Thornton is not dead!* I know she is not!—she has appeared to me repeatedly in a dream, and calls upon me to save her! To-night, as I stood all alone by the mizzen rigging, trying to pierce out into this thick gloom, I heard her voice as plainly as you now hear mine, and she called out for me to save her. Of course what followed was mere fancy, though even that affected me much. I thought I saw her, standing out far off, upon a huge sea, with her arms stretched imploringly towards me—saw her then, with my eyes open, as I have often seen her in my sleeping dreams."

At this point the captain was cut short in his speech by the cry of "LIGHT HO!" from the deck. They hurried up and found the men crowding forward.

"What is it?" Lester asked.

"I think it is a light, sir," replied Parker. "There, sir,—just stand here.—Now turn your eye about four points upon the larboard bow. Wait, now, till she rises.—Ha, there!—there!—See!—Did you see it, sir?"

Yes, he had seen it; and he knew it must be a light upon the shore; but it was a great way off. He watched until he had seen it several times, and then he remarked to his mate that it must be a light-house. The light was bold and distinct, and evidently at a considerable height above the level of the sea; for, had it not been so, it could not have been seen at that distance. After a short consultation, during which reference was had to the chart of the Northumberland coast, it was decided that this light must be upon Dorton Point. To the north of Dorton, as the captain knew from personal experience, as well as from the chart, there was a snug harbor, of easy entrance. These things were settled.

As soon as it had been determined where the light was, Captain Lester made all possible haste to determine his course of action. Had the thing been practicable, he would have laid his ship to; but that could not be done. No one even gave it a serious thought. So it was determined that the ship should stand on, at least till something further was discovered.

At half-past twelve the gale had moderated considerably. The light was now to be seen very plainly whenever the ship rose, and the captain and his officers felt sure that they were right in their calculations.

"At all events," said the former, "we have no choice but to stand on; at least——"

He was interrupted by a cry from the bows that made every soul stare withdoor:

"BREAKERS! BREAKERS!"

Captain Lester leaped forward, and in a very few moments he was satisfied that the warning had not been a false one; for he could not only hear the awful roar of the breaking sea, but he fancied that he could see the gleaming of the white foam as it flew high in the air.—As quickly as possible the topsail was taken off, and the anchors cut loose. The powdered graplings were plunged into the hissing sea, and the iron cables were run through the hawse-holes like lightning. Snap went the starboard chain; and in a moment more a shock was felt as the larboard anchor found bottom; but it could not hold. The cable parted as though it had been a hempen string, and on swept the devoted ship.

"In heaven's name!" gasped Griffin, "what does this mean? See! The light is still burning as brightly as ever—at least a league away—and yet here are the rocks directly under our bows! What can it mean?"

Maurice Lester did not answer; but an old, weather-beaten sailor, who stood at the wheel, and who had looked a thousand dangers in the face, answered for him:

"It's a WRECKER'S BEACON!" I've seen such things afore. There aint no use in fitin' the gun, sir. That light was put there to lead poor luck to his death that the ocean-sharks might pick his bones!"

"BREAKERS! ROCKS! *On the starboard bow!—No!—On the larboard!*—FORE!"

But it was too late for mortal help. The ship had met her doom. She went upon the rocks with a crash that sounded high above the roar of the elements.

CHAPTER II.

WOLFGANG.

Maurice Lester was near the starboard gangway when the ship struck, having started aft to look to the helm. The shock threw him upon his back, and he tried to get up; but ere he could regain his feet the flood of wind waters came surging over the bank, and he was thrown—he knew not where. He only knew that the flood came—that it caught him in its giant grasp—that it hurled him as the gale hurls a feather—that his head was hurt—that his body was torsed and bruised—and then the lamp of his consciousness went out. When he came to himself it was daylight, and the rays of the sun were beaming above him. At first he did not attempt to move any further than simply to assure himself that he was really alive and sensible; but sought to recall the events of the past, which he did, very clearly, up to the time when his ship struck upon the rocks.—he could go no farther. After this he raised himself upon his elbow, and tried to gaze about him. He found himself upon a bed of sand, between two immense rocks. He had gone landed there in that deep nook, and the tide had gone out and left him. In a little while he rose to his feet, and managed to crawl up, by the aid of a stranded spar, over a low part of one of the rocks.

After seeing all that was to be observed from this point, he moved on towards where he knew the shore should present find an open beach, for he felt faint and sick, and he wished for help as soon as possible. After falling over slippery, slimy rocks, and crawl, leaping cracks, until his sickening was all torn, and his flesh bruised and lacerated, he finally reached an open space among the rocks, where many pieces of the wreck had been lodged, and where he found the bodies of three of his mates. He hastened to the spot where they lay—two of them being clasped in each other's arms—but he found no signs of life.

With a sad, heavy heart, Lester passed on, and presently he found two more dead ones, and one of them was David Griffin, his chief mate. He knelt down by the officer's side, and raised the head; but it was cold and lifeless and the skull was broken! Gently he laid it back upon the sand, and then turned on again. And he saw more dead men also! Could it be possible that he had been the only one left alive?

Ha!—wait—what is this? It moves—it has life!

Captain Lester hurried forward, as fast as his feeble strength would permit, and found two men lying by the side of a heavy spar. One of them was dead, but the other gazed up into his commander's face, and stretched forth his hands as though he would ask for mercy. His name was Dick Hendy, and he had been one of the best seamen on board the ship.

"Poor Dick!" said Lester, kneeling by his side and lifting his head. "Are you badly hurt?"

"They've done it for me!" the sailor answered, in a wandering voice. "They've killed Tom. I'll be dead!"

It was the body of stout Tom Brick that they lay by.

and when the captain had made himself sure that there was no particle of life in it, he reported the same to Dick.

"But," he added, "what do you mean? Who has done you harm?"

"Haven't you seen 'em?" the man asked, struggling for breath.

"Seen whom? What do you mean?" demanded Lester, eagerly.

Dick started up to his elbow, and gazed around, but he seemed to find not one for which he was looking, and he sank back again. Had he not made this effort he might have spoken further, but the effort, rising had exhausted him, and the last grain of strength was leaving him.

"What do you mean?" cried Lester, as he saw that the poor fellow was sinking. "Has my body harmed you?"

Dick managed to raise his hand to his head—to a point above the left ear—and, as he did so, he whispered—

"Look out—they sicked for the cap'n. That's where they struck!"—He tried to speak further, but his voice failed him.

"What could this mean? Maurice Lester started to his feet and gazed around. Who had killed his mate?

The captain was disturbed in his meditation by the sound of voices not far off, and upon turning he beheld four men coming up from the water. He who came in advance was a tall, muscular man; with a gaunt, heavy frame; somewhere about fifty or fifty-five years of age; and habited in a garb of blue cloth, cut into a frock, or shirt, which was secured at the waist by a broad pistol-belt.

Maurice Lester was startled when he beheld a stalwart leader and his three ruffianly companions; and, considering the circumstances, it is no wonder that he was startled. However, he had not much opportunity for reflection, for, by the time he had fairly made out the party, they were upon him.

"Halo," the leader cried, as he saw our hero, "here we have another." And as he came up, he added; "And I guess we've found a live one, too,—one that knows something.—Say—who are ye?"

This last sentence was addressed to Maurice, who quickly answered:

"My name is Lester. And now, to be fair, what is your name?"

"Well—I guess you've heard it before. Men call me Ryan Wolfgang."

"WOLFGANG!" repeated Lester, with a start.

"Yes. That is my name."

Then Wolfgang was not a myth after all. That mysterious wrecker, whose name was a source of terror to honest sailors, was a being of flesh and blood, like other men. Maurice paused upon this thought, and he gazed, he felt, as he looked upon a fiend incarnate. He had often heard of the pirate-wrecker, and on dark and stormy nights he had seen his ship—but this was the first mystic had been the tales which had been told, that he had been inclined to believe that the whole affair was a fabrication. Now, however, he had no more doubt, for the man before him looked as dark and bloody as were any of the pictures he had heard drawn of his fiendish profession.

But our hero was not allowed much time for reflection. Wolfgang plied him with questions, the drift of which Lester saw strikingly and instantly was; well knowing that they could serve no practical purpose, and fearing by his frankness to propitiate the merciless fiend in whose unrestrained power he knew himself to be.

When the wrecker chief had obtained all the information he could, and learned with what a rich cargo the vessel was freighted, and that she had $40,000 in specie on board, he smiled grimly, and remarked that the time had been when he would perhaps have been a richer prize confederates little the world perhaps have been a few years before, even than the *White Raven* had been a few years before. The mention of the name of the ill-fated ship in which the Carrie Thornton and her father had sailed, gave Maurice Lester such a blow that he nearly fell to the earth. He grew deadly pale, and his frame quivered convulsively.

"What's the matter?" said Wolfgang. "You don't seem to have much strength left:—Bring him along, boys.—We can *doctor* him."

The sinister glance which accompanied this last remark, and the peculiar emphasis laid upon the word "*doctor*," struck a chill to our hero's heart. But he could not write his own safety much thought, while he was partly forced and partly carried along after Wolfgang, who strode rapidly on for nearly half an hour. He could think only of the Carrie that had been snatched from his coast, and of his beloved Carrie who had, perhaps, in company with those same men trod the same path he was now treading. Where was the fair fate!—perhaps she was hurried by these wretches, or reserved for some more deplorable doom? Those thoughts filled him with unutterable agony.

Wolfgang had now drawn near the water's edge; and soon emerging to the mouth of a cave he entered it, followed by the three ruffians who had charge of our hero. The bottom of the cave sloped upward from the entrance for some distance, and then became almost level. For some distance Maurice Lester saw felt himself to be a captive as far as possible. Presently he saw a light glimmering, and presently he heard the clanking of chains, and the chill of horror, were human bones strewn around the cavern, but he could not clearly make them out in the dim light. He also noticed that the bottom of the cave was very wet, as though it had recently been covered with water. The wrecker chieftain stopped, at last, near the end of the cave, and, after making a sign to the boys, they clapped manacles on the wrists and ankles of Maurice before he had time to note their intention.

"Now, Captain Lester," said Wolfgang, "you must remain in this place for a short season. *You are perfectly safe here.*—Silence! Say not a word! If you attempt to leave this spot, you will be slain the moment you set foot outside the cave."

Thus speaking, the chieftain and his followers silently but rapidly withdrew, leaving Maurice nearly stupified with astonishment. As they passed out, he heard the heavy stone set by the rising waves.—

The waves were fast coming in.

After a short time, the captive looked about him with eyes somewhat accustomed to the dim light, and became satisfied that what he had supposed to be human bones were really such. There were many of them! And moving among them were huge rats, seeking for prey. At the top of the cavern, in some places, there was a few feet above his head, and on one place he discovered a small aperture, through which a faint light struggled, and on going underneath it, he thought he smelt the odor of vegetation and flowers.

On turning from the contemplation of this aperture, towards the mouth of the cave, Captain Lester observed with alarm, that the water was creeping up the sloping bottom. What if it should fill the cavern? Ah! now he could account for the presence there of the skeletons of other hapless victims! They were the bones of other prisoners who had been left in the cave to *perish by drowning!*

Slowly but surely the waters crept along. The vermin fled before them to the elevated spot on which Maurice stood. Slowly but following, the incoming water at length reached his feet!

At the end of the cave, within a few feet of the wall, and underneath the aperture before spoken of, was a large piece of rock, some four feet high, that might have fallen from above. To this Maurice hastened as quickly as his manacles would permit. A few minutes more, and he succeeded in climbing to the top of it, and stood erect, his head within a few inches of the roof of the cavern. But he was not allowed to occupy this retreat alone.—As the water began to circle round his feet, the rats also sought refuge on it in great numbers, and in vain did Maurice try to dislodge them with his manacled feet.

Soon (as it seemed to the captive) the water came rippling over the top of the rock. The rats fled in fear on board, he smiled grimly, and remarked that he was no