

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Southern Weekly Post.

LINES.

Call back to cheer the winter night,
The summer bird that's flown;
Or make again to "make bright,"
A harp with ruined tone.

Call back the buoyancy of youth,
With all its "golden hours;"
Meek childhood's purity and truth,
Its sunshine and its flowers.

Go seek the lonely pilgrim's track,
Estranged from earth for years;
Go gently, kindly, win him back
From weariness and tears.

As well a clouded sun may light
The hermit's lonely cell,
As well a darkened soul give bright
Where hope may never dwell.

February, 1854. VALLEY COT.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

METROPOLITAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER XXXVI.

March 6th, 1854.

Following my last letter—Why it was delayed;
A memorable snow storm—My journey—Detention
in Philadelphia—Bluffs of Snow—The
Washington House—An Old Proverb—Some
Scenes in Quakerdom—Railway Blockaded—
Snow versus Steam—The Dominion of Snow—
Progress at length—Arrive at Baltimore and
Barnum—The city taken all at once—Impromptu
sketch—A sliding frolic—Annapolis be-
neath the Snow—Storm on the Bay—Norfolk
with its face washed—Something about this letter
and others which may follow it.

MY DEAR POST: Only a few hours after I
mailed my last letter to you, I left the metropo-
lis to follow it in its southward course, though
not with the expectation of keeping pace with
its progress. From the fact that it did not reach
you in season for your number of the 25th, I
am led to conclude that it was hindered by the
memorable snow storm of the 20th, which blocked
up all the railways between Washington and
New York, and which detained me at Philadel-
phia from Monday afternoon until Wednesday
morning. I have called the snow storm a mem-
orable one, and the term is scarcely misapplied;
for it is of rare occurrence that snow falls to
the depth of fifteen or eighteen inches so far south
as the District of Columbia, and especially so
late in the season as the last of February and
the eve of spring!

I left New York at 9 o'clock, on the 20th
ult., and congratulated myself that I was leaving
winter behind me. When the train reached
Bordentown, in New Jersey, the snow was falling
fast, and already whitening the railway track.
It filled the air so densely that the waters of the
Delaware were scarcely perceptible as we moved
along its banks. We reached Philadelphia without
detention, and the southward bound
passengers generally proceeded to the station of
the Baltimore railway, to take the 2 o'clock train.
Fortunately I was hindered by a desire to meet
a friend, and was left to proceed by the night
mail train. All the afternoon the white tempest
raged, and the fierce winds drove the fine dry
snow like chaff from the windowing floor. At
every corner you were met by a snowy hurri-
cane, and your face and bosom were instantly
filled by the cold and glittering crystals. Before
it was dark the snow had drifted so furiously in
all directions, that all the railway tracks were
partially buried, and it was sufficiently evident
to all that no trains would either arrive or de-
part that night. The 2 o'clock train for the
south, as I afterwards learned, made its way with
great difficulty to the Susquehanna, and there it
remained all night and part of the day, the pas-
sengers finding only partial and scarcely tolerable
accommodations in the cars, and upon the
ferry boat. The railway beyond the river was
so blocked up on some of the deep cuts that it
was impossible with the available force in the
vicinity to open the track during the whole of
Tuesday, and the weary and hungry passengers
were finally sent on to Baltimore by way of the
river, in a steam ferry boat.

You may suppose that I felt myself to be ex-
ceedingly fortunate in my almost involuntary
detention in the Quaker City, and especially in
my most agreeable quarters at that mansion of
comfort, the Washington House. An experi-
ence stretching through quite a series of years,
enables me to say of this unostentatious hotel,
that its table, its chambers, its waiters, and last
but not least, its skillful host, are not surpassed
in Quakerdom; if indeed they are in Christen-
dom! Mine host of the "Washington" re-
joices in the clear and transparent name of
GLASS, and is a most amiable and peaceable
gentleman. All his guests should be of like dispo-
sition since the proverb declares that "they who
live in glass houses should not throw stones!"

I could not see much of Philadelphia on Mon-
day, for it was hazardous to lift one's head and
open one's eyes in the street, so blindingly did
the snow hurl through the air; while the view
from the windows of one's hotel was nearly
blank on account of the thickness of the atmos-
phere. On Tuesday the storm abated, and then
the rectangular city, presented a rare spectacle to
the eyes of citizens and strangers alike. It was
a wilderness of snow, with houses and trees and
lamp posts sticking out of it, and with long
teams of horses trying almost vainly to flounder
through it! Many a poor brace of sturdy
horses stuck fast in the treacherous drifts, and
in the vast heaps made by the industrious army
of shovellers and sweepers who were engaged
in clearing the pavements of the great thorough-
fares. In some places the snow storm
was piled to the height of ten feet, completely
blocking customary passes. That night, an
adventurous train of cars from the great metropo-
lis succeeded in reaching the city, thus re-estab-
lishing communication with the outer world.
But not a whistle was heard upon any of the
other railways going north or south or east or
west. The tide of travel was frozen at its flood.
The strength of the locomotive had been suc-
cessfully resisted by the hordes of snow-flakes,
which separately a breath would dissipate, but
which, in their mighty aggregation laughed to
scorn the power of iron sinews, and the hot
breath of the giant steam spirit. Within the
corporate limits of the city there might be seen
the mammoth engine standing helpless on the
railway track, nearly buried in the white and
glittering drapery of its silent but irresistible
conqueror. Snow had vanquished steam, and
bathed, in the bargain, the cunning and skill of
man! Snow was a monarch on that day—

crowned King, and the white flag of his domi-
nion stretched over hundreds of leagues of terri-
tory!

On Wednesday human energy and steam com-
bined wrested the sceptre from the hand of the
Snow King, and opened all the principal routes
of travel. That morning I bade my host of the
Washington adieu, and was conveyed, not with-
out many a perilous lurch in the snow-piled
streets, to the station of the Baltimore railway.
There was a large concourse of passengers—and
the topic of discourse with all was the probabili-
ty of our getting through within the day. The
doubt was resolved at 6 o'clock that afternoon
for we had reached Baltimore in ten hours—a
vast improvement—we all allowed—upon our
illustrious predecessors of the Monday afternoon
train, who were thirty hours between the two
cities!

A bountiful and excellent supper at Barnum's
greatly refreshed me—after which I retired to
my chamber to "report progress" to already
distant friends and loved ones. That night I
went to sleep to the lullaby of the dripping wa-
ter from the rapidly melting snow—but when I
awoke on the morning I was not a little sur-
prised to see huge icicles depending from the
eaves and ledges of the roofs and windows visi-
ble from my chamber.

I think I have never seen a city so comple-
tely "frightened out of its propriety" as Baltimore
was by that unexpected snow storm. She is not
accustomed to such meteorological vagaries, and
she was therefore ill prepared to meet it. How-
ever she did her best. She paraded all the legiti-
mate sleighs she could possibly muster into
service, and then mounted all manner of boxes
and huge baskets—upon extempore runners—
and with the aid of numerous stocks of merry
sleigh-bells she succeeded in getting up a pret-
ty respectable "tentennabulation" in those of
her thoroughfares—which were at all passable.

But the merriest part of the snow carnival in
Baltimore which fell under my observation was
the sport of the lads with their hand sleighs.—
Beyond Barnum's hotel northward, there are
several streets which have exceedingly sharp
ascents to the west. Lexington and Saratoga
streets—especially the former—were the scenes
of the most boisterous and mirthful revelry all
day long and indeed during the whole of my
stay in the city—at least a hundred boys were
gathered there, with their little sleds—many of
them evidently just made—and one after the
other they would start upon the adventurous
flight of delicacy, at first urging the sled with
their feet and when it was fairly under way
leaving it to its own augmenting velocity—they
reached the bottom of the hill with a frightful
speed, and generally with no misadventure.—
Sometimes, it is true, there would be an upset
in mid-air, and then you to the luckless un-
sundered if he did not gather himself up and get
speedily out of the way of the sleighs coming
behind him like so many arrows. It was an
exciting scene—such as I have often witnessed
it is true and even participated in—in my own
boyhood but such as I had not seen for years.—
After the first and second day's sport the hill
became sadly worn and cut into holes which
greatly increased the chances of an upset, and
consequently many an urchin found himself
turning a summerset in the cavities while his
sled darted from beneath him.

Business called me to Annapolis at the close
of the week, and I found the little old town al-
most buried in the snow—the State House and
the legislature included! In the grand "circle"
which encompasses the State House the snow
was piled up several feet high. Of course the
Annapolitans were nearly torpid in such
extraordinary circumstances. But few heads
were visible in the streets above the snow banks.
Returning from Annapolis, I arrived at Balti-
more at 6 o'clock on Saturday evening, and
made the best of it I could, in a carriage, to
the boat for Norfolk, I think I never, in my life,
had a more uneasy and apparently interminable
jolting upon city streets than that was; and
I felt truly relieved when I arrived at the wharf
and found the boat still there waiting for the
delayed mail from Philadelphia.

That night the excellent qualities of the
"Georgia" as a sea-boat were put to a severe
test by a fierce gale of wind, notwithstanding
which she connected with the railway at Ports-
mouth at the usual hour—and I crossed the
river to the time-honored city of Norfolk—sug-
gestive in name as it is also in its appearance
of some fine old English borough. The great fea-
ture in the landscape for days past was now
missing. Not a flake of snow was anywhere
to be seen—and notwithstanding the mud and the
rain, I felt, or fancied I did, which is pretty
much the same thing—a decided Southern
change in the tone of the atmosphere. Norfolk
was thoroughly washed the very day I arrived
there—and as I saw her on the following day
hung out to dry in a sunny air she looked as
bright and fresh as though she were one of the
newest instead of one of the oldest of the Ameri-
can cities.

You need not be told—my dear Post—that
this letter was written some hundreds of
miles nearer to your sanctum than my letters
usually are—for you know very well, that I
shook hands with you at Raleigh just before I
sat down to write it and it is my intention fur-
thermore to put it into your editorial possession
without the intervention of a third person.

If any of your readers—who are fortunately
very indulgent I gratefully confess to the faults
of your correspondent—think it somewhat an-
omalous to call this "Metropolitan Correspondence"—I bring you to witness that I did not
intend to continue my letters during my ab-
sence from the metropolis—but you required
a letter at my hands and for this and any sub-
sequent ones that I may send you while I am
upon my travels—you alone must answer to the
charge of anachronisms, or solecisms, or any
other isms whatever—while you dignify with
sounding titles of "Metropolitan Correspondence,"
the hastily written epistles of yours, at hand.

COSMOS.

NATURAL HISTORY OF NORTH CAROLINA.

GENTLEMEN: I beg leave, through the col-
umns of your paper to communicate to all those
who have time and taste for such matters, an
extract from a letter lately received from my old
school-mate and play fellow, the now distin-
guished Prof. Baird, of the Smithsonian Insti-
tution. I recollect him as an agile, lithe, and

sinewy boy, penetrating the woods, and wading
the streams, contiguous to our Alma Mater
gathering nests and eggs, stuffing snakes and
birds, and impaling butterflies, while the rest
of us were hum-drumming over the language of
Homer and Thucydides, and the perplexities of
Calculus, Integral and Differential. With acute
perceptive faculties and more than ordinary pow-
ers of generalization, Baird had added so much
to the domain of Natural Science as to have won
a European reputation at thirty. His ability,
learning, and industry gave him just claims to
his present position, and Prof. Henry could hard-
ly have found an abler assistant among all the
scientific young men of America.

He has conversed with me very earnestly upon
the lack of specimens in Natural History from
North Carolina. My engagements are so press-
ing and my pursuits so almost entirely in-door,
that I must hand over this matter to the
boys. Perhaps your subscribers will read it to
their children, and some "adult boys" to say
nothing of girls, smaller and larger, may do
something for the cause. In the collection of
snakes in the Smithsonian Institution, it is re-
markable that only two or three gentlemen have
forwarded more specimens than are sent by two
accomplished ladies of South Carolina, with
whom I have the pleasure of knowing, and
whose opportunities for making collections are
not superior to those of hundreds of North Car-
olina ladies of my acquaintance.

Hoping that Prof. Baird, will accept this ef-
fort to promote this accomplishment of his wish-
es as a discharge from the obligations he has
laid upon me, and really anxious that the geology
of our State may have a representation in the
Smithsonian Institution, I beg that you will
copy it.

Very respectfully yours,

CH. F. DEEMS.

Greensboro, Feb. 23, 1854.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM PROF. BAIRD TO C. F. DEEMS.

"I have had it in mind for some time to write and beg
your assistance in making some collections of Natural
History of North Carolina for the Museum of the Smith-
sonian Institution. We have a pretty fair representation
of the plants of the country, but nothing from N. C.
What I want particularly is as complete a collection as
you can have made, of the reptiles and fishes of your
vicinity, in any number of specimens, and the commonest
species of all are the most wanted. I am trying very
hard to connect the Zoology of the Southern States, with
that of the North, and have pretty good material, but
the unknown state of North Carolina interests, and it is of
the highest importance, to know exactly what is in this
benighted region. Nothing is easier than to tell all the
side boys about town to pick up all the snakes, lizards,
frogs, toads, tree frogs, &c. together with the minnows,
chubs, sunfish, perch, shiners, and the like, and throw
into a keg of spirits. Gather many small fish, and pre-
serve in alcohol. To show what use we make of such
materials, I enclose a copy of our Catalogue of N. Am. Re-
ptiles, the first of a series of which I hope to carry through-
out the whole Zoology of North America. Every locality
is given, and the range of the species thus indicated. You
will perhaps see with some surprise how often the name
of Miss P. occurs. She and Mrs. D. have been most val-
uable contributors.

There are a good many other odds and ends I would
like to see. Small-fish mill moles in alcohol; any nests,
eggs or skins of birds, fossil bones from excavations or
banks of rivers, &c. And to one particular form of lizard
please pay special attention. In many of the rivers of
N. C. is a small salamander like animal. Smooth and
slimy, with four feet, and a fringed gill (called) on each
side of the neck. It varies from a few inches to a foot.
Look sharp for this; it is sometimes called water puppy
or water dog. I would like as many of these as I could
get. They are in shape much like the water lizards (with-
out scales) found in spring houses and under logs.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STRANGE ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC OCEAN.

IN advice by the steamer SOLENT, from Val-
paraiso, we are furnished with accounts of the
arrival there of the British brig, Caroline Hort,
bringing the captain and doctor of the brig
Chatham, which vessel was wrecked in the
South Seas, on an unknown group of islands,
inhabited by savages, and hitherto undiscovered.
The following is the statement of Captain Snow,
the master of the Chatham:

"The brig Chatham, of San Francisco, George
F. Snow, master, sailed from San Francisco on
the 6th of September, 1852, on a trading voy-
age to the islands in the South Pacific Ocean.
After having visited the Marquesas, Society, and
Harvey groups, we left Whylootack on the
28th of December, for San Francisco, with a
full cargo of the produce of the islands. We
stood to the northward until the morning of the
5th of January, 1853, when at 4.30 a. m. the
land and breakers were described close under
the bows, and before the brig could be wore,
she struck on the reef on the west side of a low
sand-island, not laid down on any chart or any
book in my possession. I used every means to
get the vessel off the reef, but she soon bilged.
The natives by this time flocked to the beach,
and seemed to show every mark of a savage and
hostile people, much to the consternation of us
all on board. A consultation was held among us
as to the best means to pursue: some were
for fighting, and some for trying to make friends
with the natives; they dared not come on
board, nor did we dare to go on shore. So I pro-
posed to make every preparation for fight, and
that I would go on shore and find out the dis-
position of the natives—which course was adopt-
ed. Everything ready, I left the vessel for the
shore across the reef, telling those on board if
they saw me massacred, they then would know
what fate awaited them.

"On my reaching the shore the natives laid
aside their spears, and received me very kindly,
kissed and caressed me, and, as I afterwards
learned, they thought me a curious specimen of
the human being—for they had never seen a
white man before. By this time the natives
perceived there were many things in and about
the vessel they very much needed, and they
made push for the vessel, and stripped her of all
movables they could lay hands on; nor did
they stop here, but robbed us of everything we
attempted to save. They would not permit us
to have anything at all. They even searched
our clothes, and in some instances tore off the
pockets, in their eagerness to get the contents
of them. After they had stripped the vessel, we
were distributed among the people of the
island, where we spent a most wretched night,
expecting to be spared every moment. The
weather was stormy, the houses very poor, and
the natives yelling, passing and re-passing, armed
with spears, kept sleep from our eyes.

"The next morning commenced our natural-
ization. We were all drawn together, armed
with spears, and marched off to the north end
of the island, as we supposed, to be there sacri-
ficed to their gods—for they have many; but
the training ended well, and we were each tak-

en to our respective houses again. For several
days this training was carried on, differing only
as their modes of worship differ, according to
which of the gods they worship. We then
found out that we were considered supreme be-
ings, and that we had nothing to fear as long
as they thought so. All we had to submit on
was the cocoa-nut, and occasionally a bit of
fish.

"The island produces nothing but the cocoa-
nut, and the natives are both indolent and igno-
rant. I saw no marks of industry, except in
their canoes, which are built for the purposes
of warfare: they are from 50 to 70 feet in
length, and will carry from 100 to 200 persons.
They are all overrun with rats and land-crabs—
so that it would be impossible to grow vegeta-
bles, if planted. The natives worship idols, de-
parted spirits of their own race, and have god-
dem, or a species of Pagan priest, among them-
selves, whom they worship on particular occa-
sions. Their mode of worship would be hard to
describe: it begins with a sort of spear exercise,
then a dance, then singing, crying, and cutting
themselves in a shocking manner across the
breast, arms, and face, with sharp shells, until
they are a perfect gore of blood, and frightful
to behold.

"As soon as the weather and the natives
would permit, I set about building a boat out
of the yawl and fragments of the wreck, which
took near six weeks to complete; and during
this time I suffered to the extreme from the heat
of the sun and hunger and thirst. The crew,
roaming about, fared very well from the differ-
ent tents. The boat complete, I started with
my mate, one seaman, and a passenger—the
boat's complement being four—to try to get
somewhere to bring relief to the suffering crew
—for by this time the natives began to think us
a burden to them; but the boat proved leaky,
and on the second day we were forced to re-
turn. We now waited for the rainy season to
pass, and on the 24th of March started for the
Navigator's Islands, if no relief could be got
near. Knowing there was a pearl fishery at
Humphrey's Island, I made it for, and on the
26th, on shore, the mate and passenger refused
to go further in it: consequently, I was obliged
to remain until the 10th of August, when the
English brig Caroline Hort touched at the
island, and took me off to this port, where I ar-
rived yesterday. The Chatham and cargo were
a total loss, but all persons were saved, and were
in good health when I left the island, though
the natives began to use them quite ill; and,
they probably now are, if alive, in great suffer-
ing—for by this time they have no clothing at
all, and cocoa-nuts are scarce."

The Valparaiso Herald appends to this nar-
rative the following:

"The island on which they were wrecked
abounds in pearl shells; consequently, when
Captain Hort arrived, and learned this fact, he
was unwilling to take any of them with him
until he should have taken a party to the island
and set them at work diving for himself; but,
finding that he could obtain the requisite infor-
mation for that purpose, he finally consented to
take Dr. Burke and Captain Snow, on condition
that they should not reveal the locality of the
island to any one else—which they promised.
Consequently, we are not able to give the ex-
act locality of the island at present. Captain
Hort, after getting on board, though he was
several times refused a passage before consent
was given, owing to the interest Captain Hort
had in keeping the island to himself until he
should have established a fishery there."

A DREAM THAT WAS NOT A DREAM.

IN the year 1834, when I was a youngster
before the mast, I took a trip to Tampico in a
little trading schooner, called the Ella, command-
ed by a jolly skipper—one Mat Marin, a dark-
skinned Spanish creole, who, for short, was by
his friends always termed "Nig." The schoo-
ner generally carried out dry goods and provi-
sions on her owner's account; but I always had
an idea—which I kept to myself—that she car-
ried more than her register made her responsi-
ble for, and that her hold always contained more
goods than could be found by her manifest.

We were only nine days on our run from New
York out to the mouth of Tampico River; and
about noon on the tenth day we stretched over
the bar, with a leading wind, that would easily
have carried us with a flowing sheet up to the
town, which was nearly twelve miles above; but
for reasons best known to himself, the captain
anchored as soon as we passed the fort, and
rounded Point Tampico, just above and out of
reach of its guns. The revenue boat from the
guarda costa came on board before our sails
were furled, and the custom-house officers over-
hauled our papers and manifest. They seemed
a little suspicious; and one of officers was left
on board to watch us, while the rest went on
board their own craft, which lay nearly half a
mile further down the river, under the guns of
the fort. As soon as the dinner was ready, the
captain invited the revenue officer down into the
cabin to dine with him; and as they went be-
low, the former winked his large, laughing eye
at the mate, and I knew well that there was fun
in the wind.

As soon as the captain and Mexican had got
below, the mate slipped into the small boat, and
sculled ashore. I saw no more of him until af-
ter dark that night. In the meantime I could
tell, by the lively voices in the cabin, that the
officer and captain were getting along very well
together; and once in a while the tinkle of
meeting glasses and a jolly song spoke of a
spirit potential that was playing upon the hearts
and senses of both parties.

As night came on, more hilarious were the
tones and more varied the sounds which arose
from the cabin; and it appeared that, while twilight
began to get blue above, they were fast
getting blue below. First, I could hear our
Mexican spattering out a Spanish bacchanalian
glee; then Captain Marin would give a touch
from a sea-song, or a specimen of a nigger mel-
ody. At last, a little after dark, with a real
Havannah in each of their mouths, they came
on deck—the skipper and watcher. Both were
decidedly and unequivocally drunk, if one might
judge from their walk and conversation; but I
could see, at a single glance, that the captain
was visible in the Mexican. He seemed, how-
ever, to know that, as night was over us, and
the training ended well, and we were each tak-

ing to keep his eyes open: so he seated himself on
the taffrail with an air of drunken dignity; and
as he hummed a Spanish barcarole, kept watch
over the movements of the crew about the deck,
glancing now and then up the still river.

As the night advanced I saw that Captain
Marin began to look uneasy and anxious, al-
though he pretended to be even more drunk than
with his guest and spy. At last—when it was
near midnight—the Mexican became less fre-
quent in his snatches of song, and the liquor-
drowse seemed to be coming over him: he
would unwillingly close his eyes, and then his
head would make a long, slow bow towards
some being imaginary or invisible, until his chin
rested on his breast, when it would fly as if a
bee had stung it, and slowly, drowsily, the eyes
would open to the accustomed watch.

Captain Marin now lay down beside the Mexi-
can, and pretended to fall into a sound sleep,
attesting the same by a long, loud, and regular
snore. This threw the Mexican off his guard;
and, wrapping his watchcloak closer around
him, he followed suit. And then the twin
seemed to be trying which could snore the loud-
est. When the Signor Mexicana had got fairly
under way, the captain arose lightly from the
deck, and, passing forward, took the lantern
from the binnacle and held it for a minute over
the bows.

Presently I saw several dark objects coming
out from under the shadow of the land, and in a
few moments more, six large native canoes were
alongside of us. In the first one that boarded
us was the mate and a merchant, whom I knew
to belong to one of the first houses in Tampico.
The boats came noiselessly alongside, and their
crews crept steadily on board. Without a sound
the hatches were raised, and package of rich
dry goods was passed up from the hold, and
over the side into the boats, by the tawny, hall-
naked rascals.

The boats were nearly all loaded, when I,
who had been placed to watch over the sleeping
revenue officer, saw him open his eyes; and,
before I could more or speak, he saw and com-
prehended all that was going on. Springing to
his feet, he shouted:

"Guarda costa! Contrabandistas!"

One bound from where he stood by the main
hatch-way to the taffrail, and our captain was
by the side of the officer, with his brawny hands
encircling the wind-pipe from which proceeded
so much noise. The Mexican endeavored to
draw his sword, and struggled manfully to ex-
tricate himself from the choking grip of the
mulatto; but Captain Marin knew well that the
entire loss of his vessel and cargo would follow
detection—and he was not disposed to trifle.—
Raising the Mexican in spite of his kickings and
writhings, in his strong arms, he coolly pitched
him overboard. It was quite dark, and as the
tide was ebbing swiftly, he passed out of sight
instantly; but for some short time we could hear
him splashing and gurgling in the water, and
endeavouring to shout. Then all was silent a-
gain. We knew not whether he had sunk, was
drawn down by an alligator, or gained the shore
in safety—nor, to speak the truth, did we much
care.

"Bear a hand, boys!" said Captain Marin;
"tumble in these packages, get the rest of the
goods into the boats, and let them get on shore!
If that Signor Marco Paolo Diego hasn't drunk
too capacious a draught of water to cool
his burning coppers, or been devoured by an
alligator—for they are ever prowling for food at
this time of night, and dearly love a meal of
Mexican flesh,—if he has escaped he may yet
give us some trouble about this matter!"

In a few moments the last package to be
smuggled was passed into the boats; the signor
patrone, who had made the purchase, counted
out the amount in doubloons; the canoes push-
ed off from alongside, and were soon lost in the
gloom up the river. In a few moments the
hatches were replaced, the decks cleared up as
before, and the crew retired to their berths,
with orders to be sound asleep, and not to
rouse on any account.

All this was scarcely arranged, when the dash
of ours coming hastily up the river was heard,
and in another moment an armed boat from the
guarda costa was alongside.

At the first sound of the approaching boat,
Captain Marin laid down where he first pretend-
ed to go to sleep, and was now snoring louder
than ever. Even the curses, many, loud, and
deep, of the angry Mexicans, failed to arouse
him from his deep slumber.

The officer who had been thrown overboard
—still dripping from his involuntary bath—
rushed aft, and with no gentle means tried to
arouse the sleeping skipper. At last the captain,
gaping and stretching, slowly opened
his eyes, and, as he yawned and scratched his
head, coolly asked what was the matter, and
what was it they wanted wanted at this time
of night. Then came a scene! All the Mexicans
cursing and swearing, and threatening, and
carruhoing at once—pointing to the officer
who had been taking a swim at midnight, all
alone by himself, in defiance of alligators and
sharks, who, with voice louder than all the rest,
swore that he would have been drowned, if
San Antonio had not made the sentinels who
were keeping watch on board of the guarda
costa hear his voice, and caused them to send
a boat to pick him up.

Our creole captain could not be made to
understand what was the matter; and when he
was accused of having thrown the revenue offi-
cer overboard, and with having smuggling boats
alongside, he raised his hand in holy horror to-
wards the stars, and indignantly replied:

"It's all a Mexican lie! Why," said he to
the other officers of the guarda costa, "that
gentleman dined with me! We drank pretty
freely, and then came up from the cabin, when
both of us lay down to sleep! You all saw that
I was sound asleep when you came on board;
how, then, could I have thrown him overboard?
The idea is absurd—nonsensical; the whole
story improbable—yes, impossible! See, my
hatches are all battened down, just as they were
when you were on board; when I came in from
sea to-day; nothing has been moved—my crew
are all asleep! He must have been dreaming,
and while he dreamed of smugglers, alligators,
sharks, and the like of such, he must have fallen
overboard! He knows very well, and can't
deny it, that he was as drunk as any lory or
piper between the tropics and the equator!"

The story of the captain was well conceived,
and told with still better effect among the revenue

officers—save the victim himself, who called
upon every saint in and out of the calendar, to
come down and vouch for the veracity of his story.

But the perfect order and quietude of our
vessel—the crew all sound asleep—the hatches
all battened down, just as they were in the
morning—the honest indignation of the victim
captain, and the acknowledgement of the victim
that he had been very drunk, compared badly
with his own story—and the yarn of Captain Mar-
in was believed. The soaked official was taken
back to his own vessel, to be tried and punished
for sleeping on his watch; while another officer
was left in his place, to keep us from smuggling.

When daylight came we weighed anchor and
sailed up to the town, when we honestly dis-
charged the cargo per manifest, paying honourably
all charges and duty thereon.

Captain Marin only cleared five thousand
dollars by the trip; and we have often laugh-
ed since at the scene I have described—especially
the Mexican's dream which was not a dream.

C. D. B.

THE ISLAND OF NEW CALEDONIA.—The fol-
lowing description of New Caledonia is from the
latest authority, its author being a captain in
the English Navy, John Elphinstone Erskine in
command of "Her Majesty's ship Havannah."
This island, as our readers have been informed,
has lately been taken possession of by the
French, for the purpose of establishing a colony
there:

"The important island of New Caledonia,"
writes Mr Erskine, "which, from its position and
the excellence of its harbors, may be considered
as commanding the communication of Australia
with India, China, Panama, and California, was
discovered by Captain Cook on the 2d of Sep-
tember, 1774, when, after exploring the New
Hebrides, verifying the discoveries of Quiros,
and completing the survey of that archipelago,
he was returning to rest and refresh his crew at
New Zealand.

"New Caledonia is about two hundred miles
long and twenty-five broad; a central rocky
ridge of considerable elevation extending along
its whole length, and a barrier coral reef sur-
rounding, with the exception of a very few miles
the entire coast, both on its northern and south-
ern sides. This reef, which is distant from the
shore from two to twelve miles, with many
openings allowing the largest ships to enter,
forms a continuous channel around the island,
in almost every part of which anchorage may
be found in from four to twenty-five fathoms.
A continuation of the reef almost connects the
south-east end of New Caledonia with the Isle
of Pines, and stretches out fully one hundred
and fifty miles from the northwest point, occa-
sionally dotted with islands, some of which are
inhabited.

"The New Caledonians, who have no name
for their whole island, are a fine intelligent race
of men, resembling in physical characteristics
the Eresians, although in religion and language
they differ entirely. Capt Cook, who passed
eleven days in the port of Balad, on the north-
east coast, gave them unqualified praise for
honesty and good nature, in which quality, he
says, they exceeded all the nations he had yet met
with. La Billardiere, the historian of Entre-
coteau's expedition thinks that Cook much over-
rated the goodness of their disposition, and the
French certainly obtained convincing proofs of
their addition to cannibalism.

"The population has been so differently esti-
mated from 15,000 to 80,000, that we can only
make a guess at its amount, and may perhaps
set it down at about 25,000. The London Mis-
sion Society occupied a station for a few years
at Tulo, a village near the southern end of the
island, but have abandoned it for the time, as
have also the French Roman Catholics, who,
headed by the Bishop of Amata, (Dourne), Pae-
bo, two neighboring districts, about 1845.
They have now retired to the Isle of Pines,
whence they are said to contemplate a return
to their former quarters. We could not ascer-
tain that they had made much impression on
the minds of the natives; nor did it appear
that they had left behind them any traces of
their language, although the people have a
singular aptitude for the acquirement and pro-
nunciation of English words.

"The island, though picturesque, is not pro-
ductive; but the inhabitants in some places prac-
tise irrigation very skilfully, and appear gener-
ally to be a people capable of much improvement."

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

A little child, beautiful and fair as a cheru-
bin, knelt in its white robes at its mother's feet,
and with tiny hands clasped together, raised its
lispings voice in prayer to God.

The mother was pale and wan; thin and
old was the hand that rested upon the golden
tresses of the child—sorrow, bitter, poignant
sorrow, wrung with anguish from her bosom—
large tear-drops coursed each other down her
pale, sunken cheeks—she, to whisped a pray-
er, and as it mingled with her infant's pray-
ings, they were wafted by the breath of angels
to the Redeemer's throne.

"The mother prayed for the reformation of a
drunken husband. The child pleaded for a fa-
ther's redemption from the fascinating spell
which had bound him to the intoxicating bowl.

Lo! the door opens, and before them stands
the inebriate husband and father, his features
aro bloated—fumes of alcohol are emitted with
his breath. Disfigured, besotted and lousome,
the man stands in the presence of his wife and
babe; they, however, hear not his footsteps.
See! the babe raises its blue eyes to the moth-
er's face—"Mamma," it spoke, "won't God
make father love us again!—a little angel