

set ashore at a part of the bay where he could make his way, without much observation, to the Hull road. He met the coach most luckily, and that night was in Hull. The next morning he went to the counting-house of the merchants indicated by the paper in the drowned gentleman's bag, and informed the principals what had happened. When he described the person of the deceased, and produced the bag, with the blotted and curdled piece of paper, the partners seemed struck with a speechless terror. One looked at the other, and at length one said, "Gracious God! too sure it is Mr. Anckersværd!"

They unfolded the packet, conferred apart for some time with each other, and then, coming to Mr. Jolliffe, said, "You have behaved in a most honorable manner: we can assure you that you will not fail of your reward. These papers are of the utmost importance. We tell you candidly they involve the safety of a very large amount of property. But this is a very sorrowful business. One of us must accompany you, to see respect paid to the remains of our old and valued friend and partner. In the mean time here are ten pounds for yourself, and the same sum to distribute among your men."

George Jolliffe begged the merchants to favor him with a written acknowledgment of the receipt of the packet and of the rings which he now delivered to them. This he obtained; and we may shorten our recital by here simply saying, that the remains of the drowned merchant were buried, with all respectful observance, in the old church-yard at Scarborough: a great number of gentlemen from Hull attending the funeral.

That winter was a peculiarly severe and stormy one. Ere it was over George Jolliffe himself had been wrecked—his "Fair Susan" was caught in a thick fog on the Filey rocks, his brother drowned, and only himself and another man picked up and saved. His wife, from the shock of her nerves, had suffered a premature confinement, and, probably owing to the grief and anxiety attending this great misfortune, had long failed to rally again. George Jolliffe was now a pennyless man, serving on board another vessel, and enduring the rigors of the weather and the sea for a mere weekly pittance. It was in the April of the coming year that one Sunday his wife had, for the first time, taken his arm for a stroll to the Castle Hill. They were returning to their little house, Susan pale and exhausted by her exertions, with the two children trudging quietly behind, when, as they drew near their door, they saw a strange gentleman, tall, young, and good-looking, speaking with Mrs. Bright, their next neighbor.

"Here he is," said Mrs. Bright; "that is Mr. Jolliffe."

The stranger lifted his hat very politely, made a very low bow to Mrs. Jolliffe, and then, looking a good deal moved, said to George, "My name is Anckersværd." "Oh," said George; all that rushing into his mind which the stranger immediately proceeded to inform him.

"I am," said he, "the son of the gentleman who, in the wreck of the 'Danemand,' experienced your kind care. I would have a little conversation with you."

George stood for a moment as if confused, but Mrs. Jolliffe hastened to open the door with the key, and bade Mr. Anckersværd walk in. "You are an Englishman?" said George, as the stranger seated himself. "No," he replied, "I am a Dane, but I was educated to business in Hull, and I look on England as my second country. Such men as you, Mr. Jolliffe, would make one proud of such a country, if we had no other interest in it." George Jolliffe blushed, Mrs. Jolliffe's eyes sparkled with a pleasure and pride that she took no pains to conceal. A little conversation made the stranger aware that misfortune had fallen heavily on this little family since George had so nobly secured the property and remains of his father.

"Providence," said Mr. Anckersværd, "evidently means to give full effect to our gratitude. I was fast bound by the winter at Archangel, when the sad news reached me, or I should have been here sooner. But here I am, and in the name of my mother, my sister, my wife, my brother, and our partners, I beg, Mr. Jolliffe, to present you with the best fishing-smack that can be found for sale in the port of Hull—and if no first-rate one can be found, one shall be built. Also, I ask your acceptance of one hundred pounds, as a little fund against those disasters that so often beset your hazardous profession. Should such a day come—let not this testimony of our regard and gratitude make you think we have done all that we would. Send at once to us, and you shall not send in vain."

We need not describe the happiness which Mr. Anckersværd left in that little house that day, nor that which he carried away in his own heart. How rapidly Mrs. Jolliffe recovered her health and strength, and how proudly George Jolliffe saw a new "Fair Susan" spread her sails very soon for the deep-sea fishing. We had the curiosity the other day to inquire whether a "Fair Susan" was still among the fishing vessels of the port of Scarborough. We could not discover her, but learnt that a Captain Jolliffe, a fine, hearty fellow of fifty, is master of that noble merchantman, the "Holger-Danske," which makes its regular voyages between Copenhagen and Hull, and that his son, a promising young man, is an esteemed and confidential clerk in the house of Davidsen, Anckersværd, and Co., to whom the "Holger-Danske" belongs. That was enough; we understood it all, and felt a genuine satisfaction in the thought that the seed of a worthy action had fallen into worthy soil, to the benefit and contentment of all parties. May the "Holger-Danske" sail ever!

#### THE GIPSY IN THE THORN-BUSH.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A RICH man once hired a boy, who served him honestly and industriously; he was the first to rise in the morning, the last to go to bed

at night, and never hesitated to perform even the disagreeable duties which fell to the share of others, but which they refused to do. His looks were always cheerful and contented, and he never was heard to murmur. When he had served a year, his master thought to himself, "If I pay him his wages he may go away; it will therefore be most prudent not to do so; I shall thereby save something, and he will stay." And so the boy worked another year, and, though no wages came, he said nothing and looked happy. At last the end of the third year arrived; the master felt in his pockets, but took nothing out; then the boy spoke.

"Master," said he, "I have served you honorably for three years; give me, I pray you, what I have justly earned. I wish to leave you, and see more of the world."

"My dear fellow," replied the niggard, "you have indeed served me faithfully, and you shall be generously rewarded."

So saying he searched his pockets again, and this time counted out three crown pieces.

"A crown," he said, "for each year; it is liberal; few masters would pay such wages."

The boy, who knew very little about money, was quite satisfied; he received his scanty pay, and determined now that his pockets were full, he would play. He set off therefore to see the world; up-hill and down-hill, he ran and sang to his heart's content; but presently, as he leaped a bush, a little man suddenly appeared before him.

"Whither away, Brother Merry?" asked the stranger, "your cares seem but a light burden to you!"

"Why should I be sad?" answered the boy, "when I have three years' wages in my pocket."

"And how much is that?" inquired the little man.

"Three good crowns."

"Listen to me," said the dwarf; "I am a poor, needy creature, unable to work; give me the money; you are young, and can earn your bread."

The boy's heart was good; it felt pity for the miserable little man; so he handed him his hard-gotten wages.

"Take them," said he, "I can work for more."

"You have a kind heart," said the mannikin, "I will reward you by granting you three wishes—one for each crown. What will you ask?"

"Ha! ha!" laughed the boy; "you are one of those then who can whistle blue! Well, I will wish; first, for a bird-gun, which shall hit whatever I aim at; secondly, for a fiddle, to the sound of which every one who hears me play on it must dance; and, thirdly, that when I ask any one for any thing, he shall not dare to refuse me."

"You shall have all," cried the little man, as he took out of the bush, where they seemed to have been placed in readiness, a fine fiddle, and bird-gun—"no man in the world shall refuse what you ask!"

"My heart, what more can you desire!" said the boy to himself, as he joyfully went on his way. He soon overtook a wicked-looking man, who stood listening to the song of a bird, which was perched on the very summit of a high tree.

"Wonderful!" cried the man, "such a small animal with such a great voice! I wish I could get near enough to put some salt on its tail."

The boy aimed at the bird with his magic gun, and it fell into a thorn-bush.

"There, rogue," said he to the other, "you may have it if you fetch it."

"Master," replied the man, "leave out the 'rogue' when you call the dog; but I will pick up the bird."

In his effort to get it out, he had worked himself into the middle of the prickly bush, when the boy was seized with a longing to try his fiddle. But, scarcely had he begun to scrape, when the man began also to dance, and the faster the music, the faster and higher he jumped, though the thorns tore his dirty coat, combed out his dusty hair, and pricked and scratched his whole body.

"Leave off, leave off," cried he, "I do not wish to dance!"

But he cried in vain. "You have flayed many a man, I dare say," answered the boy, "now we will see what the thorn-bush can do for you!"

And louder and faster sounded the fiddle, and faster and higher danced the gipsy, all the thorns were hung with the tatters of his coat.

"Mercy, mercy," he screamed at last; "you shall have whatever I can give you, only cease to play. Here, here, take this purse of gold!"

"Since you are so ready to pay," said the boy, "I will cease my music; but I must say that you dance well to it—it is a treat to see you."

With that he took the purse and departed.

The thievish-looking man watched him until he was quite out of sight; then he bawled insultingly after him:

"You miserable scraper! you ale-house fiddler! wait till I find you alone. I will chase you until you have not a sole to your shoe; you ragamuffin! stick a farthing in your mouth, and say you are worth six dollars!"

And thus he abused him as long as he could find words. When he had sufficiently relieved himself, he ran to the judge of the next town:

"Honorable judge," cried he, "I beg your mercy; see how I have been ill-treated and robbed on the open highway; a stone might pity me; my clothes are torn, my body is pricked and scratched, and a purse of gold has been taken from me—a purse of ducats, each one brighter than the other. I entreat you, good judge, let the man be caught and sent to prison!"

"Was it a soldier," asked the judge, "who has so wounded you with his sabre?"

"No, indeed," replied the gipsy, "it was one who had no sabre, but a gun hanging at his back, and a fiddle from his neck; the rascal can easily be recognized."

The judge sent some people after the boy; they soon overtook him, for he had gone on very slowly; they searched him, and found in his pocket the purse of gold. He was brought to trial, and with a loud voice declared:

"I did not beat the fellow, nor steal his gold; he gave it to me of his own free will, that I might cease my music, which he did not like."

"He can lie as fast as I can catch flies off the wall," cried his accuser.

And the judge said, "Yours is a bad defense;" and he sentenced him to be hanged as a high-way robber.

As they led him away to the gallows, the gipsy bawled after him, triumphantly, "You worthless fellow! you catgut-scraper! now you will receive your reward!"

The boy quietly ascended the ladder with the hangman, but, on the last step, he turned and begged the judge to grant him one favor before he died.

"I will grant it," replied the judge, "on condition that you do not ask for your life."

"I ask not for my life," said the boy, "but to be permitted to play once more on my beloved fiddle!"

"Do not let him, do not let him," screamed the ragged rogue.

"Why should I not allow him to enjoy this one short pleasure?" said the judge; "I have granted it already; he shall have his wish!"

"Tie me fast! bind me down!" cried the gipsy.

The fiddle-player began; at the first stroke every one became unsteady—judge, clerks, and bystanders tottered—and the rope fell from the hands of those who were tying down the tatterdemalion; at the second, they all raised one leg, and the hangman let go his prisoner, and made ready for the dance; at the third, all sprang into the air; the judge and the accuser were foremost, and leaped the highest. Every one danced, old and young, fat and lean; even the dogs got on their hind-legs, and hopped! Faster and faster went the fiddle, and higher and higher jumped the dancers, until at last, in their fury, they kicked and screamed most dismally. Then the judge gasped:

"Cease playing, and I will give you your life!"

The fiddler stopped, descended the ladder, and approached the wicked-looking gipsy, who lay panting for breath.

"Rogue," said he, "confess where you got that purse of ducats, or I will play again!"

"I stole it, I stole it!" he cried, pitifully.

The judge, hearing this, condemned him, as a thief and false accuser, to be hanged, instead of the boy, who journeyed on to see the world.

#### VISIT TO A COLLIERY.

**A**BECORN Colliery is about ten miles from Newport, England. A very polite invitation had been sent from the proprietors or manager of this colliery to Dr. Pennington and myself to visit their pits, and instructions had

been given to the agent at Newport to provide us a conveyance, and to offer us every attention. Accordingly, on Friday morning, a handsome carriage and pair were at our door, and a very gentlemanly young man presented himself as our guide. It was a lovely day, and the ride up to the mountains a most delightful one; the scenery becoming more and more wild and picturesque as we approached the coal district; and our guide gave us much curious information connected with our local Welsh legends and superstitions. We were also accompanied by a very intelligent young man, a draper at Newport, who was quite at home with the Welsh language, and gave us many particulars connected with the etymology of the names of places that we passed. Thus we sped along most agreeably until we reached the region of tall chimneys, ponderous engines, and all the apparatus for disemboweling the mountains. Dismissing our carriage at the entrance to the works, we proceeded to the counting-house, where we were most courteously received by the head clerk, who first unrolled a large map, and explained to us the geography of the diggings, the mode in which the shafts and levels were cut, and the coal worked; we then proceeded to the robing-room, and under the care of one or two grimy *valets de chambre*, we were soon rigged out in toggerly that would render us the observed of all observers at a masquerade. Fancy the learned doctor in a coarse white flannel coat that was a sort of compromise between an Oxonian and a dustman, but with sleeves reaching only to the elbow; his trousers turned half-way up his boots, and a coarse black felt sou-wester stuck on his head.

My costume was ditto. With a stout stick in our hand, we were conveyed to the pit's mouth, and handed over to the custody of "Thomas"—a great man, in every sense of the word. He was the overseer of the under-ground workings, and was one of the finest men I ever saw. The shaft down which we were to descend was a perpendicular well, I won't say how many hundred yards deep, up and down which traveled two platforms side by side, about the size of an ordinary breakfast table; one bringing up a full wagon of coal, while the other took down an empty wagon. The platform comes up, the full wagon is wheeled away; but instead of the empty one, Thomas takes his stand in the centre, and desires us four to stand round him, and hold on by his jacket, but not to grasp any part of the platform. We obey, with an unpleasantly vivid remembrance of the description given of the last moments of Rush and the Mannings. Thomas becomes a sort of momentary Calcraft; and when he roars out, "Go!" and we feel the platform give way beneath our feet, we cling desperately to him with a savage satisfaction that he is with us, and must share our fate. We are rattled, rumbled, jolted down a gigantic telescope, with just light enough from above to make us painfully aware that there is exactly sufficient room between the edge of our plat-