

Through the middle of the great back plate ran a line as straight as if it had been cut with a knife, and evidently formed by a natural process of separation. Through this aperture, when expanded, the animal had made its escape.

In the common crab, the exuviation takes place by a separation of the broad back plate from the under plate, the animal lying on its back at the time; this division being effected, the limbs and other parts are easily withdrawn from their sheath. It must be observed, however, that previously to this process, both in the crab, the lobster, and others, the flesh on the claws of the animal shrinks most considerably, otherwise the contents of the great claws in particular could not be extricated, for it does not appear that the shells of the claws in the crab or lobster are split open. The crab when newly extricated somewhat resembles a lump of dough inclosed in skin, and has at first only sufficient strength to enable it to crawl to some place of safety. There it takes as much fluid as will suffice to distend the whole body and its skin or membrane-like covering which is now delicate, flexible, and elastic. There is, in short, a sudden expansion of growth, previous to the growth of the fresh plates of armor, which are, of course, adapted to the newly acquired bulk of the animal.

In the earlier stages of life, the exuviation and sudden pushing forward of growth occur several times in the course of the year, but, as the animal advances toward maturity, they take place at more and more distant intervals, till at last exuviation either ceases or occurs only after lengthened periods. We suspect that after a certain time it ceases, because we have ourselves minutely examined a large Norway lobster, whose back plate formed a bed, upon which a multitude of full-grown mussels were firmly attached, like a phalanx in dense array, presenting a curious picture. In the British Museum, specimens of crabs are to be seen, the back plates of which are covered with a close mass of oysters or mussels; and Mr. Couch has found oysters $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, attached to the back plate of living crabs.

It has been stated that the crab, the lobster, and others, devour their cast-off covering; we greatly doubt this. We possess the stomach of a marine crayfish, filled with the fragments, minutely ground, of shell, apparently either of its own species or a lobster; but this does not prove the statement; it merely informs us that these shell-fish prey upon each other, the weaker falling victims to the stronger. We do not, however, positively deny the fact in question, for we are well aware that the toad rolls up its cast-off cuticle (changed at certain intervals), and swallows it at a gulp.

There is another curious fact in the history of crustaceans, to which we may here advert; we allude to the power with which they are endowed of reproducing their limbs when lost by accident. The loss of a leg is of little consequence; so little so, that when suddenly alarmed,

a lobster will often throw off its claws with a jerk. Indeed, usually when a limb is injured, the animal breaks it off at the joint, second to its junction with the trunk, where the growth the most speedily and certainly commences. No pain seems to follow this strange operation; the wound is soon covered with a delicate skin, and a new claw is in due time produced. It remains, however, unprotected with a hard shell until the next time for changing the whole of it arrives, and the new limb seldom or never acquires the size of the corresponding claw, although equally perfect. An analogous circumstance occurs in many lizards, and especially the gecko, which quickly reproduces a lost tail.

THE FAMILY FEUD.

A FRENCH STORY.

THE families of Piombo and Porta, in the island of Corsica, had long been divided by a hereditary feud, called in the language of the country a *vendetta*. It was similar to those enmities which in other parts of Europe were in former ages handed down from father to son, and, before the reign of civilization and of good laws, rendered it the first duty of the successor to revenge his ancestors upon the family and clan of their foes. When Corsica became part of France, an attempt was made to put an end to the dreadful crimes which these vendettas were perpetually causing, but the savage temperament of the nobles presented a powerful obstacle to the success of these efforts. France herself, torn by internal dissensions, could not enforce the supremacy of the law in a distant island, and it was not until Napoleon Bonaparte got the government of that country into his own hands, that a resolute determination was expressed of suppressing these outrages in his native island, their disastrous consequences being well known to that extraordinary individual in his earlier history. The last occasion upon which the revengeful spirit of the Corsicans was displayed in these family broils, took place about the time of Napoleon's election as First Consul of the French Republic, and resulted in the almost mutual extermination of the two races of Piombo and Porta. Such of the family of Piombo as escaped the general destruction took refuge in Paris, and claimed the protection of the First Consul. They consisted of the elder Piombo, his wife, and daughter, a young child of seven years of age, and, as the family of the Bonapartes had once been under the protection of the Piombos, Napoleon willingly received the fugitives, and promised to provide for their future maintenance.

Bartholomeo di Piombo, at the time of his escape to Paris, was verging upon his sixtieth year, but age had neither bent his lofty figure nor dulled the fierce expression of his eyes. He was distinguished even among his countrymen for the sternness and inflexibility of his temper; and if he were unrelenting in the pursuit of his enemies, he was equally steadfast in vindication of his friends. With his character, Napoleon

was not unacquainted, and feeling, perhaps, in his newly-acquired sovereignty, that the presence of a resolute adherent near his person was on many accounts advisable, he gave to his Corsican compatriot a post in his household which was at once honorable and lucrative. The fidelity of Bartholomeo was undoubted, and during the reign of Bonaparte, he was loaded with the imperial favors, raised to the dignity of a count of the empire, and endowed with ample territorial revenues.

In this elevated position stood Piombo when the dynasty of the Bonapartes was precipitated from the throne of France, and gave place to the possession of the Bourbons. He then retired from the palace of the Tuileries, in which he had usually resided, and took up his abode in an ancient hotel, formerly an appanage of a distinguished refugee family, which he owed to the generosity of the dethroned emperor. As circumstances had prevented his taking any active part in the restoration of Napoleon, or in the reign of the Hundred Days, which was concluded on the plains of Waterloo, the Count di Piombo was not excluded from the terms of the amnesty, which was promulgated upon the second return of Louis XVIII. But from that time, he lived secluded in his own domestic privacy, preserving the cold reserve of an attached adherent of the exiled family. Upon the brow of the old count hung a cheerless though imperturbable air, while in his large mansion a uniform stillness seemed to harmonize with the melancholy feelings of its inmates. His aged consort and his youthful daughter were the only beings who participated his solitude, and tended to alleviate its weight and misery.

Before the overthrow of Napoleon, Ginevra di Piombo, the count's daughter, had mingled in the splendor and pomp of the imperial court, of which her grace and beauty had made her a distinguished ornament. Though the exterior advantages she possessed—beauty, rank, fortune, and the favor of an emperor—seemed to have insured her many offers of marriage, yet either her disinclination to leave her parents alone, or the admiration rather than affection which she was calculated to command in society, had hitherto kept her heart and person disengaged. When the events of the political world drove the family into retirement, Ginevra felt even more happy than she had done in the turmoil of a court-life, and, with an admirable fortitude, devoted herself to the care of parents whose only solace in life was now in her—the last and dearest of their children.

After the second return of the Bourbons, and while Paris was witness of many scenes of massacre, it was dangerous for an officer in the uniform of the Imperial Guard to appear abroad. Many of the officers, indeed, of that celebrated corps were proscribed by name, and even those who were not so peculiarly designated, found it expedient to seek shelter until the fury of revenge was a little allayed. While the storm was at its height, a young man in the condemned

uniform had taken refuge in the house of a painter and eminent artist in Paris, who was known to be a warm partisan of the late dynasty. As a vigilant search was maintained by the armed police, in the course of which the residences of such persons were repeatedly visited and ransacked, it was necessary for the artist to exercise an extreme caution in succoring the fugitive soldier. He concealed the presence of so dangerous an inmate even from his wife, and secreted him in a closet partitioned off from the saloon in which he gave lessons in painting to several young ladies of the higher classes. This workshop or painting-room was apart from his residence, and, for the benefit of light, placed at the top of an adjoining building in the same court-yard. This was the place which the generous painter selected as the least likely to be suspected, at the same time that it permitted the proscribed officer a means of exercise and relaxation when the room was cleared of the pupils, as the painter was the only person of his own household who ever entered it.

Ginevra di Piombo had for two or three years been a constant attendant at the work-room of M. Servin, the painter alluded to; and both from the admirable talents she displayed in the art, and the well-known attachment of her father to the cause of Napoleon, she was treated by him with the highest respect. At this time, when her occupations were so much curtailed, Ginevra was accustomed to devote a more than usual attention to this elegant and fascinating accomplishment. Thus she was often left behind by her companions, who were either less enthusiastic in the art, or had a more varied scale of amusements. On one occasion, when Ginevra had been so intent upon her pursuit as not only to be left alone, but to be surprised by the shades of evening, as she was preparing hurriedly to depart, she was astounded at beholding the door of the closet gently opened, and a young officer, in a blue and red uniform, with the imperial eagle, tread softly into the room. Equal surprise and embarrassment appeared on the countenances of the young couple as they surveyed each other; and it was fortunate, that precisely at this moment M. Servin ascended the staircase, and entered the apartment. Instantly comprehending how this unexpected interview had occurred, he stepped toward the officer, and said to him: "Monsieur, Louis, you are too impatient in your confinement, but you have nothing to fear from this young lady. She is the daughter of an old friend of the Emperor, so we may make her a confidante in your secret."

The air of sympathy which was already on the features of Ginevra assured the young soldier sufficiently of this truth, even if her beauty had not already disposed him to regard her with an entire dependence. "You are wounded, sir!" said she with much emotion.

"It is a trifle," replied he; "the wound is nearly closed."

His left arm was suspended in a sling, and the paleness of his features bespoke a suffering

which his words belied. Two young beings brought together in a situation so affecting, could scarcely fail to be united by a reciprocal sentiment. Ginevra, thus called upon to act as the guardian and protectress of a brave soldier, suffering in a cause she had been taught to believe as holy and patriotic, felt all the enthusiastic generosity natural to her sex, arise in favor of the oppressed and wounded hero. He, on the contrary, beheld in her something more than human, when benevolence and commiseration were joined to a grace so bewitching and a beauty in itself so attractive. The scene itself was calculated to impress a tender feeling indelibly upon the mind. The softened light, the romance of the incident, the danger to all concerned—every thing conspired to produce those sensations which, seeming to spring only from a feeling mind, yet link hearts together. Ginevra, yet unconscious how deeply the emotion had sunk in her breast, offered her father's purse and influence in aid and protection of the soldier. M. Servin, more prudent, begged her to preserve for some short time the secret even from her father, lest he might be in any way compromised with the government, assuring her that the fugitive was quite safe in his present hiding-place. The officer himself joined in this request; and as there was something delicious in the reflection, that she alone was thought worthy of being intrusted with the fate of a warrior of Napoleon, she consented to abstain from any attempts to alleviate his present misfortune further than to beguile the tediousness of his confinement by her prolonged presence in the saloon.

From that day, Ginevra passed hours in the work-room when all were gone, and he only present who had become to her an object of so intense an interest. She held the brush in her hand, but it seldom touched the easel, while Louis sat by her side, speaking with a fervid eloquence from his eyes. Their conversation was short and broken, for with lovers a monosyllable expresses more than the labored paragraphs of oratory. Sometimes she sung, in a subdued tone, a plaintive air of Italy; and she was delighted to find that Louis was perfect master of the soft dialect which was her own native tongue. From such means, which seem to derive force from their simplicity, is affection most firmly strengthened, until it becomes a passion to which life itself is subordinate. That the conduct of Ginevra in thus submitting to what must strictly be considered a clandestine intimacy, was improper and inexcusable, must certainly be allowed, and the result furnishes the strongest moral which could be drawn from behavior so inconsiderate.

The lengthened visits of Ginevra to M. Servin's now began to attract the notice of the old count and his wife, who so idolized her that her shortest absence was regarded with impatience. They therefore expressed their surprise that she should devote so much time to painting when it caused them unhappiness. To such an appeal, Ginevra could reply only with tears. Her father, excited

by so unusual a spectacle, eagerly demanded the cause. His question only redoubled her confusion.

"You are going to surprise us with a picture, then?" said the count, taking her by the hand.

"No," replied she with a sudden energy; "a falsehood shall not even once escape the lips of your daughter—I am not painting."

"What are you doing, then? I trust you are engaged in no improper intimacy?"

"Not improper, I should think," she replied.

"Explain," cried the father; "tell me all."

Ginevra, thus importuned, explained how she had become acquainted with M. Louis, and the interest which he had excited in her bosom.

No declaration could afflict more vehemently the feelings of the old Corsican. He regarded his daughter's affections as peculiarly his own, as due exclusively to himself and her mother. The idea of another person participating in her love, he entertained with abhorrence. Those childish caresses which he now bestowed upon her in his doting fondness he must see indulged in by another. His daughter seemed to forsake him in his old age and in his desolation—to cast him aside as if she loathed him. Such was the selfish conclusion to which the suspicious mind of Piombo led him. He at once forbade Ginevra to think more of her young admirer. She besought and entreated him to consider that her happiness was at stake. It was in vain—she would hear nothing, but declared imperatively she should never marry in his lifetime. So emphatic a denunciation aroused the downcast spirit of his own descendant. "But I *will* marry," said she with a fierceness equal to his own; "your sentence is inhuman."

The determination of Ginevra thus expressed seemed to awe and confound the old count. He resumed his seat without saying a word. His wife now interposed, and took the part of the daughter. Ginevra cast herself at her father's feet. "I will still love you and live with you, my dear father," she cried; "I will never forsake you!"

"Bartholomeo was at last moved. When he learned that the young man was a captain of the Imperial Guard, that he had fought at Waterloo, and, though wounded, had been among the last to leave that fatal field, he consented to interest himself in his behalf, and to receive him into his own house.

A high official personage had been indebted to the Count di Piombo during the Imperial rule for an important favor, and through his influence he now procured the pardon of M. Louis. He was even placed on the roll of officers available for service. Ginevra flew with undissembled rapture to convey this gratifying account to her lover. Having laid aside his uniform for a suit of plain clothes, he accompanied her to her father's house. She led him up the stairs, trembling with anxiety lest the old count should not like him. Piombo was sitting in a window recess in the large saloon, with a grave and forbidding aspect. They advanced toward him,

and Ginevra thus presented her lover: "My father," said she, "I present to you a gentleman whom you will feel pleasure in seeing. This is Monsieur Louis, who fought four paces from the Emperor at Mount St. Jean."

The count did not rise nor relax the severity of his features. "You wear no decoration, sir, I observe," said he coldly.

"It does not become an officer of Napoleon under present circumstances," answered M. Louis, with some timidity.

The reply seemed to gratify the prejudices of the old man, though he said nothing. Madame di Piombo, to break a silence which was at once harsh and uncourteous, hazarded a remark. "What a singular resemblance," exclaimed she, "this young gentleman has to the family of the Portas!"

"It is only natural," replied the young man, upon whom the eyes of old Piombo glared with the fury of a demon; "I belong to that family."

"A Porta!" shouted the count. "Your name?"

"Luigi Porta," replied the officer.

Piombo arose slowly, under an emotion too strong for utterance. His countenance grew livid with rage. His wife took his arm, and drew him gently toward the door. They left the room together, Bartholomeo directing a gesture of vengeance against the unfortunate youth, and a look of horror at his equally wretched daughter.

"What misery in a word!" said Ginevra in a tone of anguish. "Did you not know that our family and yours are hereditary enemies?"

"No," answered her lover; "I was carried from Corsica when I was six years old, on account of some misfortune which happened to my father, but I never knew what it was. I was educated at Genoa with my mother's uncle, and when I left him to enter the army, he told me I had a powerful enemy in France, and that I should therefore take the name of Louis only, by which I have been always known. He told me, likewise, our estate was seized; and since that time I have been engaged in active service."

"You must quit this house," said Ginevra.

"Is, then, this fearful hatred of our fathers between us too?" asked he as he took her hand.

"I can not find it so in my heart," she replied; "but do not now stay since your safety may be threatened. I will find means to communicate with you—but be upon your guard, and it is against my own father I warn you."

"So saying, she conducted him again to the door, and seeing him safely into the street, bade him adieu with all the warmth of affection she had ever previously exhibited."

Ginevra flew to her own room, not for the purpose of dissolving into useless tears, but to enter upon a serious commune with herself as to the course she should pursue. The fearful question she had to solve was, whether she should sacrifice her love, and the happiness of Louis and herself, to gratify the implacable hatred of her father; or to surrender her home, her station, her parents, in favor of a man whom

every worldly consideration called upon her to reject! That her father would be immovable in his denunciation, she knew too well. Yet, when did youthful hope despair! She resolved to attempt to argue with him, to reason, to entreat. She could not consent to give up her love for a feud. Besides, she had pledged her faith; and when she thought of Louis, alone and without a friend in the world, a generous sympathy moistened her eyes and nerved her resolution. She determined still to love him and to marry him, even should the paternal malediction fall upon her. The resolute mind of Bartholomeo was inherited by his daughter, and, though she felt for him all the affection and respect natural to their relation, she believed herself not bound to obey what to her seemed a cruel and unjust command. With such sentiments, she descended to the saloon, in which the old count and his wife were sitting in a mournful silence.

The conversation between the father and daughter was not long. Piombo expressed at once his irreversible decree. "Who espouses not my quarrel," said he, "is not of my family. While I live, a Porta shall not be my son-in-law. Such is my sentence."

Ginevra attempted to show that she had no reason to partake of his enmity; that Louis Porta, who was only six years old when he left Corsica, could have done him no harm; that it was a Christian duty to forgive and not to revenge an injury even when inflicted. Her arguments were in vain.

"He is a Porta," replied the implacable old man, "and that is enough."

She then prayed him to regard her happiness, to reflect that, by indulging his hate against an imaginary enemy, he destroyed the peace of mind and the life of his own child. She begged her mother to join in her entreaties; but Bartholomeo was inflexible. "Then, in spite of you," said Ginevra, "he shall be my husband!"

"I will rather see you dead," rejoined her parent, clenching his bony hand. So saying, he threw her from him. "Begone!" said he, "I have no longer a daughter. I will not give you my curse, but I abandon you; you have now no father!"

He now conducted her to the street, and closed the door upon her. Ginevra proceeded to place herself under the protection of Madame Servin, the wife of the painter, who had always expressed great friendship for her, until the day when she should be united to Luigi Porta. But she was destined to experience the insults which are prepared for those who act contrary to the usages of the world. Madame Servin did not approve of her conduct, and begged to be excused from receiving her under her present circumstances. Louis, therefore, obtained for her a small lodging with a respectable matron, near to that he had himself for some time occupied. Here she remained until the marriage could be solemnized. Her mother had traced her retreat, and sent her a variety of things necessary for a young wife, together with a purse of money. A short note

accompanied the present, stating that it was sent unknown to the count, and contrary to his injunctions. In her desolation, this mark of maternal kindness drew from Ginevra a flood of tears and a feeling of remorse, which the consolations of Louis alone could efface.

At length the day of the marriage arrived. Ginevra saw no one around her to hail the event. Louis procured two witnesses, who were necessary to attest the ceremony. One of them had been in the company he commanded in the Guards, and was now keeper of a livery-stable. The other was a butcher, the landlord of the house which was to be their future residence. These good people attended upon the occasion, as if an ordinary affair of business was to be transacted. They were dressed neatly and plainly, though nothing announced that they made part of a nuptial-fête. Ginevra herself was simply habited, conforming to her fortune, and an air of gravity, if not of coldness, seemed to reign around.

As the church and the mayor's office were not far distant, Louis gave his arm to the bride, and, followed by the two witnesses, they proceeded on foot to the place of their espousal. After the formalities were gone through, and their names signed, Luigi and Ginevra were united. It was with difficulty they got an old priest to celebrate their union, and to give it the Church's benediction, since the ecclesiastics were all eager in their services to more distinguished couples. The priest hastened over the ceremony, and after uniting them before God, as the mayor had united them according to law, he finished the mass, and left them. The marriage being thus celebrated in its two forms, they quitted the church, and Louis conducted his wife to their humble residence.

For the space of a year from their union as man and wife, Louis and Ginevra enjoyed as perfect a happiness as could fall to the lot of mortals. Though living far apart from luxury or extravagance, they were too much lovers to regard either as essential to their bliss. The time passed gayly onward, and unheeded by the youthful couple, who could not part even for an hour. If Ginevra ever thought of her parents, it was to regret that they could not view and share her happiness. But with the expiration of the year, came care to corrode their joy. With the buoyant feeling of youth, unacquainted with the horrors of poverty, they laughed at its approach. "I can paint, my Louis," said Ginevra; "we can easily support ourselves." And she prepared to exercise those talents for her subsistence which in other days had tended to her amusement. She executed copies from the old masters, and Louis set out to sell them. But he was ignorant of their value, and of the persons from whom to obtain it. He was content to sell them to an old-furniture broker at a very low price. Yet Ginevra was pleased to find that her exertions could earn money, and help to maintain her Louis and herself. She redoubled her assiduity, and finished several pieces; she labored with the zeal and ardor of a proselyte. Her exertions conveyed a

reproach to her husband, who was determined no longer to sit in idleness, while his wife worked incessantly. After long consideration, he felt himself equal to no employment save that of copying legal or other documents. He made a tour round the offices of the attorneys and notaries of Paris, soliciting papers to copy. He thus added to their uncertain income, and, by the exercise of industry, they kept poverty at a distance, and beat back the approach of want. At length the hour of suffering and mental anguish arrived, as it will sooner or later to individuals so situated.

At a certain season of the year the law offices in Paris are free from business; and for nearly four months Louis Porta was thrown out of employment. His wife had not for some time had the brush in her hand, as she had just given birth to a son. The fees of the medical men had been raised by disposing of part of their furniture. The remainder would have speedily followed, had not the landlord seized it for rent. The wretched husband saw his wife pining for lack of sustenance, and the infant sucking a dry and exhausted breast. He was without the means of procuring a morsel of bread. With the madness of despair he rushed into the street, and wandered in the midst of the brilliant equipages which crowded the city, and of that reckless luxury which seems so insulting to poverty. He passed by the shops of money-changers, where heaps of gold were exposed, one solitary piece from which would have rendered him frantic with joy. But no resource opened itself in his extremity. Any thing seemed just, if he could save the life of Ginevra—to steal, to rob, to murder. To what crime his frenzy might have led him, is doubtful; but fortune saved him from its commission. He had turned his steps unconsciously toward the hotel of the Count di Piombo. When he arrived at it, the gate stood open. He entered, and sprang upstairs. In a moment he stood before Piombo, who was seated near the fire, for the night was cold and wet.

"Who are you?" cried the old count, starting up in alarm.

"Your daughter's husband," answered Luigi.

"And where is my daughter?" he asked, with a trembling accent.

"On her death-bed from starvation!" shouted Louis with wildness.

"Not yet dead?"

"No."

"Is there any hope left?" urged the father eagerly.

"A piece of gold may save her, if it be speedily applied," replied the husband.

"Here is my purse," said Piombo; "tell Ginevra I have pardoned her, and she may come and see me."

"She will not come in this world, I fear," answered Luigi, as he took the purse and flew from the room.

"Shall we not follow him, and see our daughter—our Ginevra?" said the old man to his wife, who had sat immovable during the preceding dis-

course, while the first tears he ever shed fell down his furrowed cheeks.

"O yes—with all speed!" cried Madame di Piombo. She rang the bell. "Order a coach to the door instantly," said she to the servant who appeared.

At midnight the aged parents entered the room of their unfortunate child. Ginevra had just expired; her infant was also dead. Louis hung over the wretched bed upon which they were extended. The physician whom he had procured in his haste had taken up his hat to depart. It was a scene to move the iron heart even of Piombo. "Our feud is at an end," said he to Luigi Porta. "There lie the last of my race. I am a miserable, broken-hearted old man. I suffer punishment from God for not hearkening to her who is now an angel. Yes, Porta, this is a scene on which thy father might have gloated; but with the corpse of my daughter I bury my enmity."

Such was the concluding scene in the history of the feud betwixt the families of Piombo and Porta, and which can not be contemplated without producing the moral reflection, that the daughter's imprudence and disobedience was not more severely punished than the unchristian enmity and hard-heartedness of the father.

STORY OF THE BURNING SHIP.

LATE in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occurred by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of traveling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseilles. The ship was commanded by Captain S—, who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any noteworthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days' sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseilles; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and went on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain read with unexpected delight, that so small was the supply of cotton in the market, and so strong the demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it might command almost any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little toward the south, was at this time getting round to the east, and promised to bring us without delay directly to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived that, by availing himself to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might pretty certainly realize a splendid fortune; a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning, a light was de-

scribed to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal-guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain was at this time pacing the deck, as he had done almost constantly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel, for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eye was directed resolutely toward the north; and though the light now glared unshunnable, and the frequent shots could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamations of the passengers could not be unnoticed, his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement among the passengers and crew at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him, and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel; but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain, and said to him, that I deemed it my duty to inform him, that the universal desire of his crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship. He replied with agitation, that the vessel could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin, and locked the door. He was a kind-hearted man by nature, and, on ordinary occasions, few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames, I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and from his appearance then, I imagine that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look—the countenance of a man who braved, yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from which we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east, till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view; he then turned fully round, and with an affected gayety, but a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks, drew out his glass, and having, by long and scrutinizing examina-