

reeling over on her side at times when the breeze freshened, while the spray flashed up joyously and sparkled in the sun, leaving a bubbling current of foam in her wake; which, before it had been entirely lost in the regular waves of the sea, the corvette's sharp bows would plunge into, and again make it flash high up to her fore-yard, and then go seething and hissing and kissing her black sides until it rippled around her rudder, and was lost again in the wake astern.

"And all the time that man sat with a cigar in his mouth on the pirate's taffrail; while Commodore Cleveland there stood with a spy-glass to his eye on the poop of the Scourge.

"You may imagine, gentlemen," continued Hardy, as he again knocked the ashes off his cigar, "that going to sea is attended with some few discomforts, such as battening down the hatches in a sirocco in the Mediterranean off Tripoli; a simoom in the China seas; a bitter north-west gale off Barmegat, with the rigging and sails frozen as hard as an iceberg; but if a man can catch forty winks of sleep once in a while—whether in a hammock or on an oak carronade slide with the breech of a gun for a pillow—he may manage to weather through it. But from the moment we first saw that pirate till we saw the last of him, neither the first lieutenant of the Scourge nor the commander of the schooner once closed their eyes, unless—well, I won't anticipate."

Piron reached over his hand and shook that of his friend Cleveland convulsively.

"Vera weel, mon! vera weel!" "He's the man to do it!" said Stewart and Burns to Stingo, nodding backwards at the commodore.

"Gentlemen," resumed Hardy, as he shook the ashes level in his wine-glass, as if he wished to preserve them to clean his teeth with after smoking, "I will not detain you much longer. Both vessels were making great speed, and long before sunset we had been keeping a bright look-out for the land. At last it was reported, trending all around both bows, low and with a trembling mirage of pines and mangroves looming up, and a multitude of rocky quays dead ahead. We were steering directly for Las Mulatas Islands, a cluster then little known to any navigators save, perhaps, the buccaneers of the Gulf of Columbus, and, perhaps, too, with the intention of running us just such another dance as our pilot had a night or two before. However, we were again all prepared to explore the unknown reefs, and moreover, we got the starboard anchor off the bow and bent the cables to that and the spare anchors amidships, so as to be all ready to moor ship in case our pilot required us to do so. And likewise the cutters were hanging clear from the davits—the same boats which had once before paid a complimentary visit to some of his friends—supposing he would like to entertain us in person.

"The sun went down again in a fiery blaze, and with its last ray there slowly rose to the main truck of the pirate a swallow-tailed black flag, with a white skull and cross-bones in the dark field. It fluttered for a moment out straight and clear, and then twisted itself around the thin mast never more to be released by hands or halliards! That was the last glimpse those pirates ever caught of the murderous symbol they had so often fought and sailed under; and it was the last sun that a good many aching eyes ever looked upon who were sailing there in that half-league of blue water. The moon, however, was riding bright and beaming, as clear as a bell, overhead, and that was all the light we cared for. The schooner, no doubt, would have preferred no moon at all, with a cloudy sky and a bit of a rain squall, to pursue the intricate navigation before her; but Heaven arranged the atmospheric scenery otherwise.

"By the deep eight!" sung out the leadman in the port chains. "The mark five!" came from the opposite side. "Another cast, lads, quick!" "And a half four!" "Six fathoms, sir!"

"We must have stirred up the sand, Cleveland," said the captain; but even as he spoke the man in the starboard chains cried, "Three fathoms, sir!" and while each instant we expected the ship to bring up all standing and the masts to go by the board, the other leadman sang out, joyfully, "No bottom with the line, sir!"

"Well, we were safely through that bed of coral, doing, no doubt, some trifling damage to the tender shoots and branches as we flew through a narrow channel, with the waves breaking and moaning on the sandy shore over the quays, out into deep water again.

"Four or five miles beyond stood out a bluff rock, looking in the moonlight like a dozing lion with his paws crossed before him, ready to bound upon any

who should approach his lair in the dense jungle of pines and tangled thickets which stood up like a bristling mane on the ridge behind.

"The schooner was now but a short half mile ahead of us, her deck alive with men, and manifestly ready for some desperate attempt. On her after rail, too, stood that man, tall and erect, his feet steadied by the caviol of the main-boom, a spy-glass to his eye, and looking at the rocky lion now close aboard him. Still with a cigar in his mouth, and we thought we could even see the thin puffs of smoke curling around his face. Suddenly, too, we saw the spy-glass whirled around his head, and at the instant the vessel fell dead off before the wind, the great mainsail flew over with a stunning crash and clatter of blocks and sheets as the wind caught it on the other quarter, making the long switch of a mast to spring like a bow, while the weather shrouds slacked up for a moment in bights and then came back taut with a twang you might have heard a mile! We could now see, as the space opened behind the rock, another frightful jagged ledge on which the rollers were heaving in liquid masses high up a precipitous rock, and where the channel was not a cable's length wide, leading into a foaming gloomy inlet where not even the beams of the moon could penetrate! I heard the captain say, in his old decided way—

"Now for it, Cleveland! You take the battery, and I'll look out for the ship!"

"Then, gentlemen," said Hardy, with unusual animation, as he waved his right arm aloft with an imaginary cutlass swinging over his head, "came the word, 'Fire!'"

"Yes, the entire starboard broadside, round shot, grape, and canister, all pointed toward a centre, were delivered with one simultaneous shock—the hurricane a mere cat's-paw in comparison—which shook the corvette as if she had struck a rock, while the smoke and sheets of flame spouted out of the cannon, half hiding the black torrent which gushed forth from so many hoarse throats; and as the roar of the concussion was taken up in terrible echoes from the lion on the rock, a peppering volley of musket-balls from the marines on the poop and fore-castle made a barking tenor to the music.

"Meanwhile the helm of the Scourge was hove hard down, and as she just swirled, by a miracle, clear of the ledge under our lee, and came up to the wind with the sails slamming and banging hard enough to send the canvas out of the bolt ropes, the courses were clewed up, everything aloft came down by the run; anchor after anchor went plunging to the bottom, and before the cables fairly began to fly out of the hawse-holes with their jar and rattle, high above the sounds of flapping sails, snapping blocks, running chains, and what not, came another clear order, 'Fire!'"

"Then pealed out the port broadside at a helpless, dismayed hulk within two hundred yards of our beam, rolling like a worm-eaten log on the top of a ruffled broad roller, going to break, in ten seconds, on the ledge, whose pointed rocks stood up like black-toothed fangs to grind its prey to atoms! But before the fangs closed upon it our own teeth gave it a shake; and as the breath of our bull-dogs was swept aft by the fresh breeze, we could see the sluggish mass almost rise bodily out of the water as it was torn and split by the round iron wedges, and splinters flying up in dark, ragged strips and splinters with squirming ropes around them, looking in the moonlight like skeletons of gibbeted pirates tossed gallows and chains into the air, and then coming down in dips and splashes into the unfor-giving water.

"A minute later, all that was left of the shattered hull fell broadside into the open fangs of the ledge, which ground it with its merciless jaws into tooth-picks. But in all that lively music and destruction going on around us—which takes longer to tell than to act—we heard no human voice save one, and that came in a loud, terrified yell amidst the crunching roar of the ledge—

"O Madre! Madre Dolorosa!"

"This, gentlemen, was the last sound that came from the piratical schooner."

(To be continued.)

BERANGER.

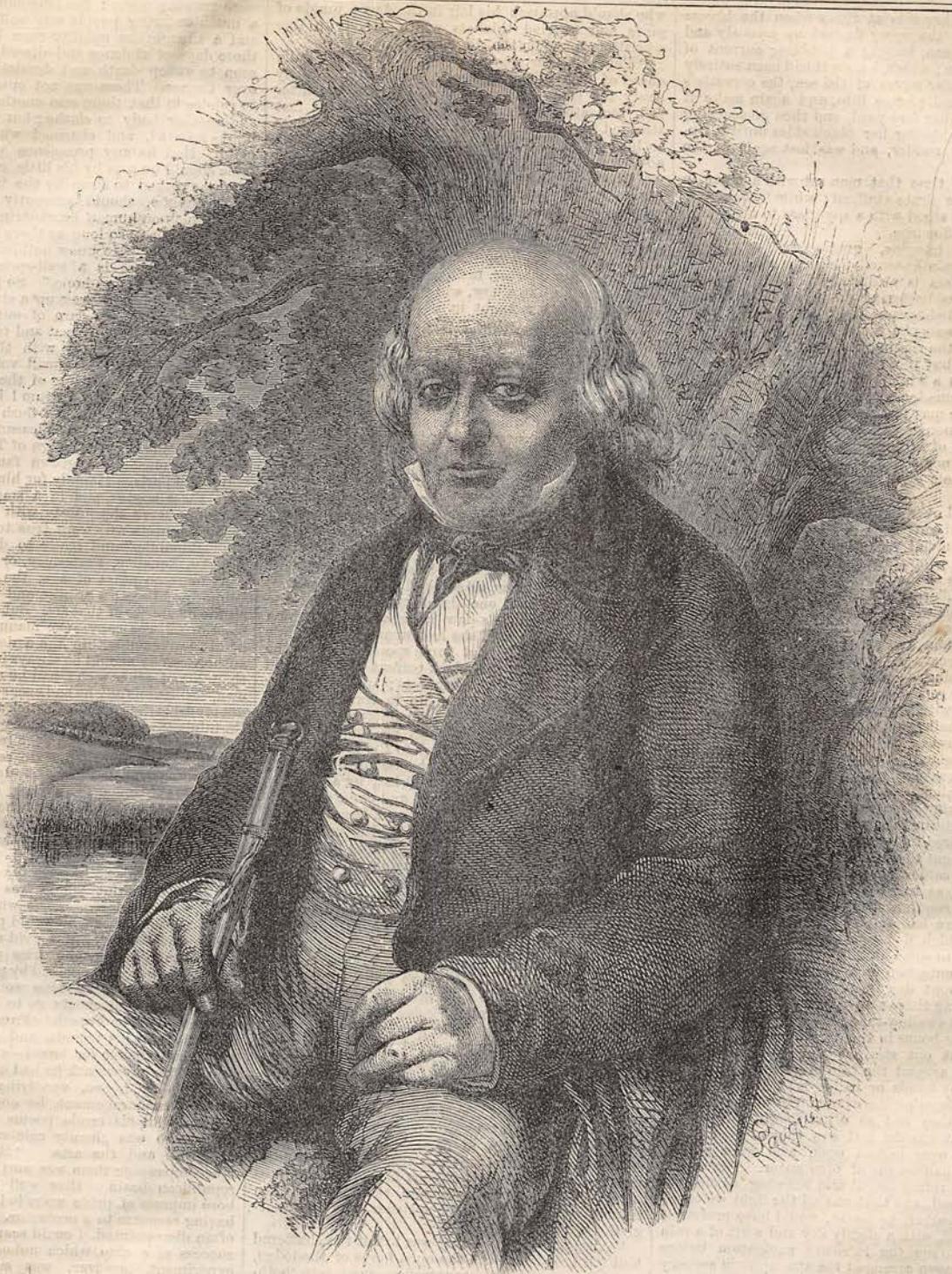
ON an August day, eighty years ago, in Paris, at a tailor's house, Rue Montorgueil, No. 50, there was a child born, and the poor stitcher of doublets laid by his thread and needles, and rubbed his lean hands, and chuckled over his little grandson. There was not, to be sure, a very bright prospect for a poor man's child in those days; bad times

were growing worse; the long-suffering patience of a much-enduring people was well nigh exhausted, and a thoughtless nobility were hurrying forward those days of violence and disorder which were so soon to sweep death and desolation like a deluge over France. There was not much for a poor man to rejoice in that there was another mouth to feed and another body to clothe; but the old tailor was light-hearted, and charmed with his daughter's child. Had he any prescience of what immortal fame should be won by his little grandson? that he who was rocked to sleep by the "bye-bye" of his pretty Bonne, should presently sing songs that should play on human heart-strings, and call forth sweetest melody so long as there is music in man? Of course not. He knew nothing except that "a child in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of joy and hope." So the tailor stitched away, and the child grew up a sturdy little urchin, with a revolutionary turn of mind; and when all Paris was astir in the great and terrible commotion of '89, he tramped off with the women to the Bastille, and added his small voice to the shouts which hailed the unfurling of the white flag. How he loved the roll of the drum! it made his bright eyes flash, and his cheeks flush; but the roll of heavy tumbrils was less pleasant music, and the wild vengeance of the Reign of Terror was that to which he must have grown familiar, had he remained in Paris. Happily for him, he was removed from these scenes, and in a small inn at Peronne helped to serve the guests with what they might require—guests who were true to the principles of the "Republic," and ready to drink prosperity to Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, or Death!

At fourteen years of age, the little tapster was bound 'prentice to a printer, and was soon learned in all the mysteries of that art. But what attracted him most of all was copy—the manuscript put into his hands awakened within him a desire to emulate its author. Why should he always be "setting up" the thoughts of other men? had he not thoughts of his own, brilliant as any he had ever seen on paper? Why not lay aside the composing-stick and assume the pen? Certainly it was worth the trial. He had acquired a good deal of information at the Institute Patriotique, where he had attended. He resolved to be a philosopher—great as Plato—a dramatist, with the spirit of Aristophanes—a poet, outrivalling Horace—so he entered boldly on the profession of an author, and looked about for a Mæcenas. At seventeen he was in Paris, enthusiastic in the cause of the Republic, devotedly attached to the interest of the great man who was his *beau idéal* of a soldier and a king. But where was the patron to be found, where the *impresario* who would accept his play—the publisher who would print his epic? Not in me, said Paris, "full of gold and woe;" and thus it came to pass that he grew weary with want of success, he was hard pinched by poverty, and thought the best thing to be done would be to shoulder a musket—or at all events go to Egypt, then in the possession of the French. From this course he was dissuaded by his friends, and induced to struggle on—a hard battle for bread—and with little prospect of the bay wreath he had hoped to wear. Tired of fallacious hopes, versifying without aim and without encouragement, he conceived the idea of inclosing all his crude poems to M. Lucien Bonaparte, who was already celebrated for his love of literature and the arts. "My letter," he says, "accompanying them was worthy of a young ultrarepublican brain. How well I remember it!—it bore impress of pride wounded by the necessity of having recourse to a protector. Poor, unknown, so often disappointed, I could scarcely count upon the success of a step which nobody seconded." The experiment, however, was successful. Mæcenas appeared. Lucien Bonaparte sent for the poet, encouraged, advised, and substantially assisted him.

Shortly after this interview the young author obtained employment as assistant editor of the *Annales du Musée*, and in 1809 he obtained the post of copying clerk in the office of the secretary of the University, with a salary of 1,200 francs. In 1813 he became a member of the *Caveau*, a society which obliged him to pay his initiatory fee in verse, and this determined his vocation.

He was a song writer—drama and epic, history and philosophy, were thrown into the flames; the poet began to sing, and the first notes of his song were hailed with enthusiasm throughout Paris—throughout France. He published his first collection of songs in 1815, and they were soon known and appreciated by the public. His songs, uttered from the depths of his warm, true heart, awoke responsive echoes in the hearts of others—of children and old men, of all ages and conditions. His



PIERRE JEAN DE BERANGER.

muse drew her inspiration from everything that was national or natural, and cheered the soldier on his march by a strain of heroic melody, telling of well-fought fields, of victory nobly achieved and defeat nobly borne, of glory that gilded the sepulchre and embalmed the names of those who perished, and that crowned with laurel the brave men who survived. It told of that mighty man—over whose rise and fall the poet had rejoiced and wept—the “great man,” *l'empereur par excellence*, never alluded to by name, but always present in the song of glory.

When a second collection of songs appeared in 1821, the enthusiastic devotion displayed to the cause of the Empire cost the poor poet his place and three months' imprisonment. In 1828, when his third collection was published, he suffered nine months' imprisonment, and was fined 10,000 francs. The Liberals paid the fine, and as song birds will

sing in a cage, the poet, from behind the bars of *La Force*, pointed new epigrams against the Government and mourned for the days that were gone.

1830 saw another revolution in Paris. The poet, who had assisted as much as any one in winning the battle, refused to share the spoil. He would take neither titles nor wealth. He good-humouredly continued his old vocation of song-writer, and for eighteen years lived on beloved, not only by those who were his intimates, but by the people at large. At the end of those eighteen years there was a third revolution. It resulted in the establishment of a Republic. The general esteem in which the poet was held led to his being elected by an overwhelming majority to a seat in the National Assembly. He appeared in his place but once, withdrawing again into the privacy of private life—content to be the song-writer of France.

And what songs are his! Songs of love and war, of hope and faith, of joy and sorrow, of life and death, the cradle and the grave; songs of his own childhood—touching, truthful, and particular; songs of friendship, beauty, and devotion, stirring the heart more than a trumpet, with old, war-like melodies and soft, touching memories of the great Emperor, whose imperial purple the poet lived long enough to see worn by another of that name which he never mentioned in his song.

The poet lived to a ripe old age—free from care, surrounded by friends, in the enjoyment of health and the affections of his countrymen. When he passed away in 1857, the highest tributes which the people and the State could pay were offered to his memory. A public funeral, a monument at Père la Chaise, a portrait at Versailles, and the calling of the street wherein he died by his name, were



ISABEL AND MAJOR SOMERSET VISIT PAUL IN YORK GAOL.

among the honours which France offered to her songwriter.

So lived and died Pierre Jean de Beranger, the bard of Napoleon—the poet of France—the songwriter of the people. His example is encouraging to those who have to make their own way in the world. Without the gifts of fortune, he raised himself to a position of independence and popularity, and maintained, in good and evil days, the simplicity of character, sincerity of purpose, and goodness of heart which had endeared him to his countrymen and the world.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN HEIRESS;

OR,

The Old Feud.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FRENCH HAY," ETC.

CHAPTER LVIII.

But I! my youth was rash and vain,
And blood and rage my manhood stain.
And must I raise the bloody veil,
That hides my dark and fatal tale?
I must—I will—pale phantom, cease!
Leave me one little hour in peace! * * *
Fixed is my purpose to atone,
Far as I may, the evil done,
And fix'd it rests.—ROBERT.

Hearts are not steel, but steel is bent;
Hearts are not flint, but flint is rent.—IBID.

As may be supposed, the joy of both at this unexpected and delightful meeting was extreme, although the expression was speedily interrupted by the arrival of the mournful cavalcade, so that Bessie had scarcely time to tell me that she and George were the new tenants of this very farm, where we had appointed to lunch, before her old master was under her roof, a claimant for all the care and compassion she could and did bestow.

Fortunately, by the time Mr. Cunningham was safely deposited in the guest chamber, surgical aid arrived, for a lad belonging to the house had met with an accident the day before, and the medical

man in attendance happened to come up at this critical moment, and proceeded at once to examine his new patient. Those only who have ever, with heavy and sinking hearts, waited and watched for the surgeon's appearance from the room where a dear one lies, to learn whether or no the precious life will be spared, can imagine the fearful anxiety I endured during this weary examination. Consciousness had returned, as we knew too well by the piercing groans which every now and then wrung our hearts; and noiselessly pacing the room through which the medical man must pass on leaving Mr. Cunningham, I strove to calm my mind by mental prayer—prayer for him whom a certain shuddering instinct warned me would so soon be summoned, impenitent and burdened with sins, to his last account; for my poor mother and Fulke, upon whom the blow would fall the more heavily, for the un-friendliness and disunion which had so long existed between themselves and the sufferer; and for myself, that I might be enabled to act wisely, tenderly, and forgivingly, to one who, looking on my face, would see in it the last familiar features his eyes would probably rest upon in life.

And, oh! how inexpressibly dear to me, in that terrible hour, was the presence of my dear, dear old nurse. Listening to the loving, petting words of comfort which, every time she could be spared to come to me, she uttered with the kindness, voice, and manner of old, I almost forgot I was a child no longer, and hung upon her sentences as eagerly and believingly as ever I had done at Shirley; while she, unutterably moved by my loyalty and devotion, returned my caresses and love with redoubled warmth, bidding me, as she had so often done of yore, remember and trust in God.

"For, indeed," she said, "it is an awful end to such a life, and none but God can comfort you under the affliction, or bring good out of it; but rest in Him, dear child, and be patient, if you can. I know that after all you have suffered from him, it must be dreadful to be the only one of his family with him now, at his last hour; but fear not that HE who brought you here, will desert you."

At this moment the surgeon appeared, and after

some preamble, informed me that his patient was in a most precarious state, that the internal hæmorrhage had been excessive, and if no change for the better (which he hardly considered to be possible), took place, all must soon be over.

"If, therefore," he continued, "the gentleman has any other friends or relatives within reach, I should recommend them to be instantly summoned, as well as that a clergyman should be sent for. I shall pass the rectory on my way home, and will, if you please, request Mr. Ryland to come down."

"Oh! no, no!" I cried, eagerly, "do not go; do not leave Mr. Cunningham; let some one else be sent for the clergyman, but do not you go. My mother and brother are too far away to be reached under many, many hours; but let me be able to console them under this terrible affliction, by telling them that everything has been done."

"You may do so with truth. Human skill and science can do no more than I have already done; still, if it would really be of any comfort to you that I should stay, I will do so. I fear, though, that I must bid you prepare yourself for the worst."

"Is he sensible? Does he know his danger?"

"Yes."

"How does he bear it?"

"No strong and hale man likes to be struck down suddenly in the prime of life. I should like a clergyman to be here," he answered, evasively.

"I have sent off a boy on your horse, sir," said Bessie, who had vanished upon the first mention of Mr. Ryland, and now returned to catch the surgeon's last words; "he's a safe rider, or I wouldn't have taken the liberty; but I knew there was no time to be lost, and so I ventured to start him."

"Quite right; I will now return to the patient. Do you particularly wish to go in?" he continued to me.

"No; not unless I can be of use, or Mr. Cunningham asks for me."

"Very well, then, I will beg you to remain here until I summon you. I think your presence would do no good, and might do harm."

"Likely enough," murmured Bessie, involuntarily, "unless his memory is gone."