

moment after, "Brig ahoy!" came in a sharp, clear, manly tone, through the trumpet.

"Sir!"

"What brig is that?"

"The 'Martha Blunt,' named after my dear old wife, God bless her! and myself, Jacob Blunt, God bless me!" added the jolly skipper, in a *sotto voce* chuckle to the fair passenger who stood beside him. "Where are you from, and where bound?" came again through the trumpet.

"Bordeaux, and bound to Kingston. We have a free passport from Sir Robert Calder and Admiral Villeneuve." There was a wave of the trumpet as the speaker finished hailing, and then touching his hat to the officer with the gold swabs, and pausing only a moment, he moved to the other side of the corvette's poop.

"It would be no more than polite in him to tell us what his name is, after all the questions he's axed."

"Don't ye know, Mr. Binks," broke in the captain, "that the dignity of a man-of-war is such that it wouldn't be discreet to tell no more than that she has a cargo of cannon-balls and going on a cruise anywhere, which ye may believe is as much valuable information as ye might get out of our own calabashes without asking a question."

"You are allers right, Captain Blunt, but I did not tax my mind to think when I spoke them remarks," said Binks, deferentially.

The cruiser, however, seemed more communicative than the mate gave her credit for, and a moment after the officer with the trumpet sung out—

"This is the United States ship Scourge, from Port Royal, bound on a cruise. Please report us."

And again, after a few words apparently with the officer with the epaulettes, the trumpet was raised to his lips, and he asked, "Have you seen any vessels lately?"

The skipper was on the point of answering the hail, when his mate said, "Beg pardon, Captain Blunt, but Ben and me made out a fore and aft schooner airly this morning, with sweeps out, pulling in under the outermost headland there," pointing with his horny finger as he spoke.

"Nothing, sir, but a small schooner at daylight sweeping to windward."

"What?" came back in a clear, quick note from the corvette.

"Small fore and aft, sir, with sails down and sweeps out, close under the land."

In a moment two or three officers on the cruiser's deck put their heads together, several glasses were directed toward the now dim mirage-like shadow of the island, and the next instant the sharp ring of a boatswain's whistle was heard, followed by a gruff call of "Away there! Ariels away!"

Immediately a cluster of sailors, in white frocks and trousers and straw hats, sprang over the ship's quarter to the davits; and then with a chirruping, surging pipe, a boat fell rapidly to the water. The falls were cast off, the cutter hauled up to the gangway, and soon an officer stepped over the side and tripped down to the boat. The white blades of the oars stood up on end in a double line, the boat pushed off, the oars fell with a single splash, and she steered for the brig. Descending down into the gentle valley of the long swell, she would disappear for an instant, till nothing but the white hats and feather blades of the oars were visible; and again rising on the crest, the water flashed off in foam from her bows as she came dancing on.

In a few minutes the coxswain cried—"Way enough!" and throwing up his hand, with the word "Toss," the cutter shot swiftly alongside; the boat-hooks of the bowmen brought her up with a sudden jar, and the next moment an officer, with an epaulet on his right shoulder, and a sword by his side, stepped over the gangway. The skipper was there to receive him, to whom he touched his cap with his fore finger; but as his eye glanced aft, he saw a lady, and he gracefully removed his cap and bowed like a gentleman to her. He was a man of about eight-and-twenty, with a fine, manly, sailor-like figure and air, and with a pair of bright determined grey eyes in his head that a rascal would not care to look into twice.

"I am the first lieutenant of the Scourge, sir," he said, turning to the skipper, "and if you will step this way, I'll have a few words with you."

This was said in a careless tone of command, but withal with frankness and civility. The captain led him aft toward the taffrail, but in crossing the deck the little tot of a boy followed closely in his wake, and getting hold of the officer's sword, which trailed along by its belt-straps on the deck, he got astride of it and seized on to the coat-skirts of the wearer. The little tug he gave caused the officer to turn

round, and with a cheerful smile and manner he snatched the urchin up in his arms, kissed him on both cheeks, and as he put him down again and detached his sword for him to play with, he exclaimed—

"What a glorious little reefer you'll make one of these days! Won't you?"

"*Oui, oui, mon papa!*" said the little scamp, as he looked knowingly up in the officer's face.

"Excuse my little boy, sir," said his mother, who was in chase of him; and then turning to the child, with a blush spreading over her lovely face, "It is not your papa, Henri! papa is in Kingston."

"Ah, madame! I love children. I had once a dear little fellow like this, but both he and his sweet mother are in heaven now. God bless them!"

A flush of sadness tinged his manly cheeks, and he passed his hands rapidly across his eyes, as if the dream was too sad to dwell upon; but changing his tone, while with one hand he patted the little fellow's head, he went on—"Madame lives in Jamaica?"

"Oh, yes! I was born there, but my parents were destroyed by an earthquake when I was quite a little child, and this good captain here carried my sister and myself to France soon after, where, monsieur—" here she hesitated, and blushed with pleasure, "where I married my husband, who is a planter on the island. Perhaps you may know Monsieur Jules Piron?"

"Piron!" said the navy man, with warmth.

"Ay, madame, for as fine a fellow as ever planked sugar! Know him? Why, madame, it is only a week ago that a lot of us dined with him at his estate of Escoudido; you know it, madame? in the grand piazza which looks down the gorge. But he behaved very shabbily," said the officer, as his face lighted up gaily; "for he kept a spy-glass to his eye oftener than the wine-glass to his lips, in looking out seaward, and in talking of madame and the little boy he had never seen."

"Oh! monsieur, you make me so happy," said the lovely woman, as with sparkling eyes and heaving bosom she cried, "Banou! Banou! This gentleman has just seen your good master."

The black, who had been standing near and guarding every movement of his little charge, who was trailing the sword about the deck, immediately approached the officer, and falling on his knees, seized his hand and drew it toward his face.

"Ah, madame, I see that kindness meets with a return as well from a dark as a fair skin," said the officer in a low tone, as he gently withdrew his hand from Banou's grasp.

"But," he continued, turning toward the skipper, as the clear sound of the cruiser's bell struck his ear, "I must not forget what I came for."

"You say, captain, that you saw a schooner at daylight, eh? This way, if you please"—as he raised his cap to Madame Piron and walked over to the other side of the deck—"what was she like?"

"She was reported to me by the mate," replied Jacob Blunt.

"Please send for him. Oh, Mr.—a—"

"Binks, sir," said that individual, touching his hat, and making an awkward scrape at a bow.

"Well, Mr. Binks, did you clearly make out the vessel you saw this morning under the land?"

"Can't say exactly, sir, as I did, but Ben Brown there was on the fore-yard, and he got a good squint at her."

"Ah! can I see the man?"

The mate straightway went forward, and after a few pokes about the lee waist, Ben was roused out from under the jolly-boat and came rolling aft.

"You saw the schooner, eh?" said the Lieutenant, as if he was in the habit of asking sharp questions and getting quick answers.

"Yes, sir," said the squat seaman, as he hitched up his knife-belt and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand and took off his cap.

"Where?"

"Here away, sir," with a wave of his hand: "just clear of that bluff foreland where the gap opens with the Blue Mountain."

"How was she rigged?"

"Bare sticks, sir, not much of a bowsprit, and no sail spread. I see her first by the flash of her sweeps in the rising sun as she was heading about sou'-sout-east into the land."

"Two masts you say?"

"Ay, sir; but I thought as 'ow there was a jigger-like yard-a-stickin' out over her stern, though I wasn't sartin'."

"So!" said the lieutenant, in a musing tone and with rather a grave face and compressed lip; "that will do; thank you, my man." Then placing his hand on the skipper's shoulder, he drew him to one side, out of ear-shot, and said—

"Captain Blunt, are you much acquainted in these latitudes?"

"Oh yes, sir, me and my old brig are regular traders here, from Bordeaux to Jamaica and so home to England."

"No treasure, I presume?" went on the officer, with a smile.

"Why, Lieutenant, none to speak of, p'raps; just a handful of dollars or a guinea or two in the bag for a few sacks of sugar or coffee, or a pipe of rum or sikh like on my own account."

"Well, my friend, there is probably nothing to fear, but if the breeze springs up keep as close to the corvette as you can, and I shall ask the captain to keep a look-out for you during the night."

"By-the-way," the officer continued in a low tone as he moved toward the gangway, "in case anything should happen, you had better hoist a lantern at your peak or in the main rigging—we have sharp eyes for ugly customers, and one or two of them have been particularly troublesome of late hereabouts."

Turning for a moment to bid adieu to the fair lady-passenger on the quarter-deck, and recovering his sword after a playful struggle with the youngster, he buckled it around his waist, and stepping lightly over the side and into the boat, the oars fell with a single splash, and the cutter shot rapidly away toward the corvette.

(To be continued.)

## SWITZERLAND—LAKE OF THUN.

SWITZERLAND is distinguished not only for the beauty, grandeur, and sublimity of its scenery, but also for the important historical and political part which it has taken in the affairs of Continental Europe:—

"The Switzers' land! where grandeur is encamp'd  
Impregnable in mountain tents of snow;  
Reins that by human footprints ne'er were stamp'd:  
Where the eagle wheels, and glacial ramparts glow.  
Seek Nature's worshipper, these landscapes! Go  
Where all her fiercest, fairest charms are join'd;  
Go to the land where TELL drew Freedom's bow,  
And in the patriot's country thou shalt find  
A semblance 'twixt the scene and his immortal mind."

Freedom, like the eagle, seeks the loftiest crags, and nowhere has she kept her seat with more unruffled grandeur and heroic courage, than on the snow-crowned heights of Switzerland. The patriotic zeal and devoted loyalty to independence have enabled the Swiss—a handful of mountaineers—to maintain their liberties, in the midst of powerful and not over-scrupulous neighbours, through centuries of war and turbulence.

After the fall of the Roman empire, Switzerland successively formed a part of the kingdom of Burgundy and of the dominions of the Merovingian and Carolingian kings; the whole of the country was subsequently included in the German empire; and the oppressive exactions of the Austrians, their presumptuous arrogance, and undisguised hostility to the Swiss, excited in their breasts the desire for retaliation, and the hope of successfully withstanding the aggressions of their foreign masters.

The Swiss loved their country too well to allow of it remaining—without a struggle—an hereditary appendage of the House of Hapsburg; and the tyranny which was exercised in order to compel them to submit, only rendered them the more resolved to break the yoke under which they groaned. The story of Gessler's insolent and overbearing conduct is familiar to all readers; we have all heard of the "lord governor's" cap set up in the Aldorf Market, to receive the homage of the citizens; we know how one free-born man refused, was sentenced to a capricious and cruel ordeal, was loaded with chains and sent as prisoner to the Castle of Kunsnacht; and we all know how, favoured by a storm, this man escaped, broke the oppressor's staff, and set the cantons free.

When Leopold ascended the throne of Austria at a later period, and directed fresh attempts against the liberties of the Swiss, those sturdy mountaineers leagued together against him, and—with scythes, clubs, and clumsy spears—ventured to take the field in opposition to the powerful legions of Austria. What could these peasants hope to do when opposed to the wall of steel, the forest of lances, which the Hapsburgs brought against them? In vain they attempted to break through the advancing lines; their best and bravest men were flung back, bleeding and almost in despair. But there was one man in the Swiss army, a true hero—Arnold de Winkelried; and, when all seemed lost, he rushed forward on the bristling lances, exclaiming, "I'll open a way for you. Take care of my wife and children. Switzerland for ever!" The Swiss rushed into the opening,



TOWN AND LAKE OF THUN, SWITZERLAND.

and the Austrians were defeated with great slaughter.

There have been times when the Swiss have accepted foreign protection. They acknowledged such good office from Peter of Savoy, and, under his banner, gained a great victory. Peter had sworn that, in the event of their triumph, they should have whatsoever they demanded. When called upon for their request, they answered, "We wish for neither gold nor silver, but we beg of you to give us back the letter of patronage which you received from us: be no longer our lord and patron, but our friend and ally!" The count complied with their request.

Other instances, similar in character, still further illustrate the warm affection which the Swiss entertain for their country, and the tenacity with which they hold that independence which has cost the lives of so many patriots. Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden were the first three cantons which entered into a compact for mutual support. This

took place in 1315. Between the years 1332 and 1353, Lucerne, Zurich, Glarus, Zug, and Berne, joined the confederation. Thurgau was taken in 1460; Friburg and Solothurn joined in 1481; the Grisons in 1497; Basle and Schaffhausen in 1501; Appenzell in 1513; Vaud was taken from Savoy in 1560.

During the great political convulsions which followed the first French revolution, Switzerland was for a time deprived of her independence. But the Swiss were resolved not to lie down in abject submission. The struggle was long and terrible, and was carried on with all the heat that passion and enthusiasm could inspire. It was only after a scene of deadly strife that peace was restored. Even then, Switzerland experienced the fate of a country pacified by foreign conquerors; their independence was merely nominal; and not until the peace of 1814 were the Swiss restored to the enjoyment of their old confederacy. The energy with which they have resisted any encroachment upon their liberties, was seen in the matter of Neuchâtel;

and the present position of political affairs with regard to Nice and Savoy has awakened all the old patriotism, and brought down a little army to the shores of Lake Geneva. By the treaties of Vienna, the European Powers acknowledged and guaranteed the perpetual neutrality of Switzerland. As a security, the provinces of Chablais and of Faucigny, and all that portion of Savoy which is north of Ugine, were to form part of Neutral Switzerland; and it was further stipulated, that, whenever the neighbouring Powers should be at war, or in danger of war, the troops of the King of Sardinia, the ruler of Savoy, which might happen to be in these provinces, should be withdrawn, and that no armed troops should be allowed to occupy these territories, without the express consent of the Swiss Confederation. It will be seen from this, that any interference with these provinces, such as that proposed by France, is in opposition to the existing treaty, and is just one of those matters calculated to arouse the warm-hearted Swiss to resistance. The council of the Swiss Confederation demand that a Conference shall be convoked, to bring to a solution the pending question of Savoy. The council insists that, until the decisions of the Conference are settled, the *status quo* is to be maintained unaltered in the neutralised provinces, and that no occupation, civil or military, shall take place. A resort to arms between Switzerland and France must be deeply deplored, and it is to be hoped that an amicable arrangement may remove even the apprehension of so great a disaster.

But in all this Switzerland has been faithful to her traditions, and to the important geographical position which she occupies in Europe. Her mountain fastnesses and fertile valleys are of great political importance, and the military spirit of her sons is as animated and vigorous now as in the "brave days of old." The sturdy defiance offered by the little band of Swiss soldiers in the face of one of the greatest Powers in Europe, is thoroughly characteristic of the people. They are a brave race, devoted to their country and their freedom, for the maintenance of which they are prepared to make any sacrifice.

The illustration which accompanies this article represents the Lake of Thun. This lake is remarkable for its picturesque beauty, especially on one side, where there are fields and woods, rustic gardens and villages, with here a handsome or an old ruin.

The opposite bank is surmounted by steep and rugged rocks. The town of Thun is situated on both sides of the Aar, just after it has issued from the lake. It has a thoroughly Swiss aspect; but though improved by recent buildings, it is chiefly remarkable for the magnificence amidst which it appears. Many of the shops have arched windows, the ledges or sills of which form the counters, so that persons as they make their purchases stand in the street. The view from some parts of the town is extremely fine, the blue waters of the lake and river shining far away, edged by verdant fields and trees, the prospect being bounded by the dark ravines and sunny summits of the Bernese Alps.

Tourists, the English particularly, meet with the best attention at Thun. For their especial benefit, little churches have been erected, or rooms set apart for Divine Service on Sundays. Thun is celebrated also for its military school for the artillery and engineers, a school which has given to Switzerland some of her best and bravest soldiers.