

SCENE
IN THE
HIGHLANDS.

It seems to be the peculiar character of Scottish Highland scenery generally, to give to the pencil of the landscape painter, especially if he happens to be a native of the country, a force and vigour of touch and handling in harmony with itself. Its stern and rugged features, even under the most softening influence of atmospheric effects, compel a boldness of treatment which would be entirely out of place amid scenes of another kind; and were an artist tempted to try a contrary method of procedure, he would inevitably find himself foiled in realizing the expression of what lies in the landscape before him.

Whether or not Mr. Curriek is entitled to be called a Scotchman or an Englishman we are unable to say, though we believe him to be the former. At all events, in this picture he shows the true spirit of Highland scenery, giving to the subject a boldness of treatment which—allowing for certain points of hardness that might judiciously have been kept down—amounts almost to grandeur of effect. Darkly, and charged with thunder, rolls that sea of clouds over rock and heather and distant hills far as the eye reaches; the sun breaking through momentarily, and shedding a bright gleam over a portion of the foreground and on a far-away spot of the landscape. It is a wild and weird scene, one whereon the witches of Macbeth may have gathered to mix the contents of their incantatory caldron, but over which we now see the rough-hided cattle of the Highlands winding along the serpent-like path that leads homewards. The picture is a striking passage of Scotland's scenery most characteristically represented. — *Art Journal*.

Let a young man at twenty years of age put twenty dollars at interest, instead of expending it for tobacco. Then next year repeat it, and include also the principal and interest of the former year, and so on until he shall have reached the age of 70; the amount he would realize would exceed thirty thousand dollars.



SCENE IN THE HIGHLANDS. From a drawing by Mr. Curriek.

UNDER WATER
NINETY-TWO YEARS.

—On the 22nd of October 1777, the British ship of war *Augusta* was partially burned and sunk not far from Philadelphia, and the *Post*, of that city, of a recent date, gives the following later chapter in her history:—

"She has laid imbedded in the mud until within two years back, when a party of five men determined to attempt the raising of the wreck, being stimulated thereto by the supposition of there being in the hold a quantity of specie. Their names are James Powell, Joseph Moore, George Murphy, Gabriel Shapely, and Charles Myers. Since that time they have laboured continually, and now, after expending over \$4,000 and their time, their efforts have been rewarded, and the wreck has been moved up as far as Gloucester, where the greater portion can be seen any day at low tide. Within the past few days a number of relics have been recovered, among them a lot of sterling silver spoons, marked 'H. W., 1748,' with a coat of arms consisting of an ancient shaped cross, an old English bull's-eye watch, seven guinea pieces, bearing the vignette of George III., and with dates ranging from 1760 to 1770; some Spanish silver dollars, three guns of heavy calibre, which now lie on the beach at Red Bank; about sixty tons weight of balls, and about one hundred tons of Kentledge iron, which had evidently been used as ballast. The iron is in square pigs, and bears the old English brand—an arrow head. Three human skulls have also been found, one of which is remarkable for its thickness. There has also been found a small piece or strip of copper, about three inches in length and one inch in thickness, upon which is stamped the Lord's Prayer, with the words, 'David Pyeth, Delt. & Cult, Edinburgh, March 1774,' the letters being all in capitals. The vessel had been constructed of Irish oak, and joined together with trunnels of the same material, not a single metal bolt being used. The timber is today pronounced as good as when put together."