THE HEARTHSTONE.

spoke so sweetly to the little maid, praising her for her diligence with her class at the Sunday school, and sometimes even taking Namy to The Beeches, giving her books to read, and playing and singing for her on one or two memor-able occasions. No one in the world was so lovely and so gracious as the Squire's lady,

There were a great many gentlemen round Mrs. Chorlake's chair that evening, when little Miss Croft entered the great drawing-room at The Beeches, feeling very shy in her best dress and blue sash, amongst the smart ladies who took so little notice of her; and very much re-lleved when the lady of the house rose, and, taking her by the hand, told Mr. Chorinke, and a tall, dark gentleman who was close at her side, and whom she addressed as "Mr. Moore," that this was "Hetty"—though that was not her name, Nanny thought, somewhat puzzled.

The dark gentleman was very kind to the shy little maiden, all that wonderful evening, togeh-

little maiden, all that wonderful evening, teaching her how to stand, in the picture she was to assist in forming; and then, bringing her back to Mrs. Chorlake's side, who never looked so beautiful before. Namy thought: there was such a vivid flush on her delicate check, as bright as the scarlet flowers that lay on the herest of her sweaping people-gray silk dress, and breast of her sweeping pearl-gray silk dress, and

amid the curly tangle of her golden hair.

Nanny had a very confused notion of all that passed. There was a great deal of chattering and discussion over the tableaux; and every one appealed to the dark gentleman, who never seemed to care to give his opinion till it was

Mr. Chorlake made all the ladies laugh with the old things he said; and the eldest Miss Massingberd, whom they called "Charley," talked a great deal in a very bass voice; and Mrs. Erroll, Mrs. Chorlake's aunt, lay back ham easy chair, and sighed when the discussion became

But all the time lovely Mrs. Chorlake was very quiet; though when she spoke, her voice ran like a silver thread through all the others; and still she kept Nanny at her side, with a kind hand, speaking a few gentle words to her now

There was some music, too. One or two of the ladles played, and the hand, she hal put away his love from her—Squire sang an intensely pathetic song, at which every one laughed, whereupon he declared himbar have no pity on me, and I am dying of this elf very indignant; but he did not look angry at | misery !

take to the plano; so Namy was left alone by must not be made to endure any longer. I will that, from the withered lips of the old dame, Mr. Moore's side, a great deal too shy to speak not be made to endure any longer. I will that, from the withered lips of the old dame, who was shading her dim eyes with her hand to him, but stealing a glance from time to time gether for the last time. I know, we both know, from a transient sun-gleam, and looking down at his dark, absorbed face.

He appeared to be watching the Squire's lady at the plane, as she trilled for a few moments with some music on the desk, then put it all away, sitting down to sing from memory; and as she did so her eyes seemed to flash towards Mr. Moore, and to be gone again in an instant.

It was a sad little song, Nanny thought, that go, too!"

Mrs. Chorlake had chosen; and perhaps that "'Hush! hush!" Graham whispered, hoarsewas the reason Mr. Moore's face looked so trought, "'Don't tempt me further than I can bear.

bled while she sang.

After it was over, he went away; and Nanny thought Mrs. Chorlake must be tired; for she looked very pule, and would not sing all the

evening.
Long after Nanny's brown eyes were closed that night in her little white bed, Graham Moore was taking solliary counsel with himself, Moore was taking solitary consecution at massa, as he smoked his friendly black pipe at the garden door. The cool night air blew freshly among the dark shrubs and trees. Everything was very peaceful. Far away, a solitary light shone from one of the windows of The Beeches; and Mr. Moore's eyes were fixed on it as he

and Mr. Moore's eyes were fixed on it as he smoked and pendered.

"So! this is what all my resolutions have ended in!" he said, with a bitter sigh.

"With my eyes open—deliberately—I have seen her more than once, knowing it to be wrong, and hoping, I suppose, that I could, somehow, prove it to be right! I did well to upbraid her with weakness! I am myself more cowardly than the weakest woman that ever lived, if only in loving her still, when she has proved herself so little worthy of an honest man's affection-for I Ittle worthy of an honest man's affection—for I do love her, my beautiful, unhappy darling! That little song, poor child! poor child! It was like a great sob, that she could not keep down! It told me what she must never confess in words, what I must never listen to again! My prospects here are not so brilliant but that I can affect them! I will see her no more

afford to sacrifice them! I will see her no more—not once more! I will go away!"

And so, his pipe being smoked out, Mr. Moore

went into the house.

For many days he did not see Mrs. Chorlake:

and when they met, it was by accident.
Graham was walking towards home one evening by a road which he often took when it was tine wenther; a quiet country lane, with great straggling, luxuriant hedges bursting into leaf in the mild April air.

The intense calm of the late afternoon, the country town.

light wind that went sighing pressive and melancholy to the master. His thoughts were busy with the past; his heart was heavy with wasted, vain regrets.

Presently, a turning in the road brought him to an old grey church, near which he stopped, as he often did, to look across the sunny, low lying meadows, leaning on the rail of a little bridge, beneath which the mill-stream ran rushing and chattering through its reeds and tal dag-flowers, and by the mossy stepping-stones.

A pony-carriage, driven by a lady, made so little noise as it came slowly up to where he was

standing, that it did not attract his attention until it stopped, and he heard his name softly spoken; then he turned round with a quiel

start.
They had met again. In the silent, lustrous, April evening, she smiled upon him once more, and held out her delicate hand.

And, for the second time, something in that fair and sorrowful face smote Graham's heart with a thrill of nameloss trouble and pain.

The ashes of the old fire, that were still alive, though he would fain have believed them cold and grey, leaped and flamed within him with a and grey, tenged the said to himself, despairingly shat there was no safety, no peace for him any more, until time and parting had made a gulf between him and his lost love for ever.

"We have been expecting to see you every day, Mr. Moore," the lady said, with something

of repreach in her voice. of reproach in ner voice.

"I have had so much work to get through," tirnham answered steadily—mastering, with an effort, the strange yearning that almost compelled him to yield to the temptation those boautiful lips were offering him.

"I wish I had!" Eve signed, wearly; "then, would be appeared long. The

perhaps, the days would not appearso long. The days at The Beeches are like years. At Lea, they always seemed too short; but, then, I did

She spoke half under her breath, as if to herself, sitting with her halr affame in the sunset light, and her great and eyes raised to his. The wretched half-confession in her last words warned the master to be firm.

dull after Paris," he said. At one time the common-place remark, the old tone, would have provoked Evo into a retort; but now, she only look-

but pleasure and excitement," she said, faintly, and with a sound of tears in her voice, "Why should I keep you here talking to me?" "Good evening, then, Mrs. Chorake!" Graham returned, lifting his hand from the phac-

Eve did not seem to notice his reply; she was

"Look at the old sexton, shuffling across the churchyard," she said presently. "I wonder if he ever finds the day too long, and wishes to-morrow would never come? I wonder if he is thinking who will dig his grave in that sunny "God's acre," and under what tree he will

There was a pause: the sun would soon set.
"Mr. Moore," Eve said at last, hurrielly—and her cheek was no longer pate—"may I come back to my place in your morning class, at the

Graham started; and he said to himself, as he had said many days before, "I will go away

" You don't answer me," Eve went on, nervonly chapting and unclasping her hands. "I promise not to be so troublesome as I used to be. I won't be idle any more. May I come?"

There was mother pause, and then Graham answered gravely, "Mrs. Chorlake, you may

Something in his tone drove all the transient colour from Eve's startled face, " And why?"

she asked, breathlessly.

Because, Eve"—Eve—he had called her Eve "because I am going away from Monksholm. She did not say a word, only her lips turned

pale.

"I have so much faith in your goodness, Eve,
"I do not blame that I will tell you my reason. I do not blame you, my child, but I know-by my own feel-ings, if you will—that what I foretold has come true: that your heart is struggling through its rulous tongue. Evelistened with a wild mixture of palu and delight to his broken words; she could only say,

as he had said that night, when, with her own

And presently they came and took Mrs. Chormisery, which is too much for me — which you that our love has only strengthened during this past wrotehed your; and, if I had only myself to consider, I should not now be wishing you good-bye, and leaving all earthly happiness be-hind me,"

out, helplessly. "Only stay with me, or let me

Don't tempt me further than I can bear. I must not stay-we must part. I do not fear to sin-may heaven forgive me i-so much as I fear to bring worse suffering upon you; and that is what I should do if I listened to what both our

guilty hearts are saying."

"No, no! Oh, Graham, will you leave me!"

"I will, Eve, because I love you! I had mount to have gone without a word-without a good-

"But I am even weaker than I thought myself—far weaker. And, now, go, my child. Our long talk in this lonely road must not be observed. Go, my little lost Eve, and, for my sake,

served. Go, my little lost eve, and, for my sake, try always—pray to forget!"

With a hard, tearless sob, Eve gave him her hand. He had not reproached her—he had not reminded her that all this misery was of her own making; but the words had been spoken that tore her from her sinful love—that recalled her wandering thoughts to the dreary present, to the hank sold future that stretched hefore to the blank, cold future that stretched before her. All the madness and pain of a lifetime were in that last, long, despairing clasp; but the old sexton, who was just closing the gate of the sunny churchyard behind him, only saw a pale, pretty woman shaking hands with the tall gentleman who had been talking to her so long on the little bridge, and then driving off swiftly to-

And so Graham and Eve parted for the second time. Late that night, a note was brought to Mr. Moore from Mrs. Chorlake :

" lie not give up your engagements in Monksholm," It said, "unless it is to your interest to do so. Next week, we shall leave The Beeches for Italy, and it may be long before we return, I prayed, to-night, as you bade me. Will that prayer ever be answered?"

So there need be no change in his life, then?

sence would bring courage to that failing, passionate heart—never, never to beat near his!

He must accept his lot patiently; but would that larking, subtle regret never die ?-must he, too, pray for oblivion?

Duller, more prosale than ever, now that The Beeches was again deserted, the master's life went by. The gulf was widening day by day, and week by week, between him and the woman he had so vainly loved. But it was long before forgetfulness came to blot out the perious as-sociations which so many simple things recalled

Eve, in her girlish prettiness and gice; in her pale, sorrowful, womanly grace, her guilty trouble of mind, her sinful fidelity to her love for him, haunted his lonely rooms, and would not let him rest. Her golden, curly head came and rested its phantom beauty on his shoulder; her little, enger hand crept nestling into his; her sweet, low voice trembled at his fascinated ear; all Eve's old undefinable charms held him power less in its light fetters. The past alone seemed real; the life he was living from hour to hour, dim and intangible.

Until, after many days, time's merciful hand blotted out much of the irreverable by-gone suf-fering that had left his life so desolate.

His prayers for forgotfulness grew less agonized. Contentment was dawning on his heart.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was in the second year of the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Chorlake from The Becches, that the sorrowful news came home of the young Squire's death, from fever, in Rome. The house remained shut up for yet another

year, and nothing was heard of his young wi-dow; so after people had wondered how Mrs. Chorlake hore her affliction, and it she was likely

to marry again, they forgot all about her.
Little Miss Croft, it is true, had written a neat
little letter, once a month, to her beautiful patroness, who had, before leaving, expressed herself anxious to hear all the news about her Monksholm friends, when she should be so far away. So the apothecary's brown eyed daughter

at The Beeches, and who often called, now, at her father's house, to read the few lines, with the foreign post-mark, which came to Natury, from time to time, in Eve's delicate and pecu-liar handwriting. But, after a time, they came no more; and, being uncertain of Mrs. Chor-lake's address, which was always changing, Nanny, too, ceased to write those neat little let-ters once a mouth; and soon the name of the ters once a month; and soon the name of the

Squire's lady was heard no more.

When, after four years' absence, the mistress of The Beeches returned to Monksholm with her aunt. Mrs. Erroll, the event caused but litthe excitement in the town, which was Just then busy with the details of Miss Bereford's trousseur. that young lady being about to bestow her somewhat pussé charms on a rich maltster, to the infinite disgust of her single lady friends who wondered disdainfully how she could stoop

So Eve returned to her luxurious home with out a welcome, except from her servants, who still were their mourning for the kind young master who had left them so full of hope and life, never to return.

It was agray, showery June afternoon, and near the little bridge where Graham Moore and Eve Cherlake had parted, as they thought, for the last time, a low pony-carriage was standing at the door of the little catage, where the keys of the little church, close by, were kept. The lady, who was driving, had stopped to

ask some trivial question of an old dame, who was enjoying the cool air of the late afternoon, on her neat white door-step, and who seized this opportunity to indulge the lady with a detailed

A pale, cold, listless woman, dressed in heavy mourning silks and crape. Eve Chorlake sature gazed absently at the well-remembered spot without caring to check the old creature's gar-

golden bars, and trying to fly with its hurt and broken wing to me, who may not try to heal it, termon long ago, when the April sun was set, and give it shelter." All the pent up passion iting, and a great darkness falling on her life; of the last year was surging in Graham's voice, when she had wondered at the old sexton in the sunny graveyard, and when Graham Moore had made her heart pulsate and thrill with so much joy and pain.

How he had loved her once! - how he had

And so it was, with her thoughts wandering to the past, the sorrowful lady did not hear the step she was there to listen for, coming through the lenfy shadows of the quiet road—so it was who was shading her dim eyes with her hand from a transient sun-gleam, and looking down the lane, she heard, doubly widowed now, of the

death of her last hope.

"There be Mr. Moore," the old woman said-"He you know him, my lady, and his wife, a bonny thing." The pony started suddenly, in obedience to a convulsive movement of the reins, and the crone made good her escape over the clean door-step. At the same moment, Eve recognized in the approaching figures, Graham Moore, and the girl she had known as Nanny Croft.

Graham Moore's wife! They had met on the spot where the master had once told the Squire's wife, in broken, pas should, accents, of his undying love; and the mill-stream was rushing and chattering through the reeds and tall flag-flowers, as of old; the branches of the willows dipped in its dimpling waters; faint odours of meadow-sweet and ripening orchards filled the air;—but, up in the old charge, tower the clock was clausing out at old church-tower, the clock was clanging out six

nid chiren-tower, the check was danging out six ringing strokes, and they told of time that passes, and the changes born of time.

And, presently, Mrs. Chorlake had shaken hands with Mr. Moore, and his pretty little wife and was speaking to the man she had so long-loved, calmly and without emotion, though they spoke neross a grave-the grave of a dead pas sion — and their voices sounded cold and

When the lady had complimented Mr. Moore on the success of his plettire, which she had admired at the Academy the year before, and which had sold, she knew for a very good price, and had told him that her visit to Monkshoin was to be a very short one—though she did not say that decision had been arrived at within the last few minutes - they both felt that nothing more remained to be said. So Mrs. Chorlake offered to drive Nanny home, as another shower

was beginning to fall. The tiny-carriage would only hold two, so Mr. Moore must forgive them if they left him to make his way home alone, Eve said, giving him her slender black-gloved hand, and smiling her sorrowful smile; and then she drove away with his shy little wife, leaving Graham Moore to look wistfully after them in the sad rains

homewards. Eve had asked Nanny how long she had been married, and if she was not very happy; and, when these questions had been answered, with a smile and a blush, there was to put Name down at her own door, she suddenly took courage, and said, colouring up still more rosily, "Oh, Mrs. Chorlake, I must you my buby, if you can wait for one inlinte."
The little mother's brown eyes brightened,

when Eve assented, with a quick sigh, and her rare sweet smile, "Bring him to me here, Nanny," she said.

· I will not go in; and the shower has blown So Nanny tripped away, and Mrs. Chorlake looked wistfully after her, at the old-tashioned garden, and the porch, and the neat white-cur-tained windows of the house that held Graham Moore's wife and child. And then Nanny came

back with her sturdy brown-eyed boy. Eve took him in her arms, and tried to say something that would please the proud little mother; but she broke down, and hid her cheek igninst the little one's curly head.

The child looked up and laughed in the beautiful face bent over him, and touched it with his pink, dimpled paims; then, with the ficklehis fat arms to his mother, with an impatient row and plunge.

So Eve gave him back into Nanny's out-stretched lands, and said good-bye, and drove homewards, with her heavy vell drawn closely or her face. When the baby's curly head was asleep in its

little cot, that evening, Nanny told Graham, wonderingly, how Mrs. Choriake had not said a word about him; but how, when she gave him back, his face was wet with her tears. "He grows such a great, strong boy, Graham," the young mother went on, joyfully. "Just look at his red shoes, how worn they are, because he

will creep about on the floor! Do come and look, Graham!" And Graham came in, with a low sigh, from the porch, whence he could see the mullioned windows of The Beeches glimmering faintly

through the rainy dusk

warned the master to be firm.

"I have no doubt you find Monksholm very all after Parts," he said. At one time the component one-place remark, the old tone, would have prooked Evo into a retort; but now, she only looked Evo into a retort; but now, she only looked away from him, with a grieved and tremling mouth.

"Yes; I know you think I care for nothing"

A PRACTICAL LOVER.

I did not purchase for my bride Rich jawelted rings and costly fans : But what I thought would be her pride— A set complete of pots and pans.

I would not win sweet Jennie's love By golden rifts of magic power; If she a proper wife would prove. She would prefer some bags of flour.

I did not play with Jonnio's heart, Nor try to fix it were it lickle : But sent, mistrusting common art, A side of pork for her to pickle.

I did not give her rubies red, To lend her ruven hair relief; \(^1\) But what would charin when we were wed, A good supply of potted boot.

l did not wanton with her love, That pined to nostle on my breast, Just like a drooping, tired dove; But sent a couch, where it could rest. l did not, when the moon was bright, Take Jennie out for tranquil walks: But took her, what would more delight, A dozen oach of knives and forks.

I did not send her flowers bright, Whose brightness, ah I so quickly wanes But sent her, in the darkest night. A set of sheets and counterpanes.

And so, at last, our little store Would farmsh well an iviod cot.? But then, I should have said before, She jilted me and kept the lot.

CLEVER FISHES.

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS. Whether we owe many of the matters we are about to glance as to fishes or no, it is certain that the fishes possessed them long before we did, and though man may be said to have invented them, yet in his savage state he must have taken more or less of hints from nature, and have adopted the methods which nature pointed out to him as the most effective in hunting or war (which were his principal occupa-tions) whenever they could be adapted to his needs and appliances. However this may be, it is certainly singular that we should find so many existing similarities of a peculiar kind between the habits and attributes of men and fishes. For example, there is scarcely a sport we practise or a weapon of offence, that we use which has not a parallel among fishes. As to weapons—daggers, spears, swords, are all pos-sessed by fish in a very high state of natural perfection, and even guns have a representa-tive institution among fishes. A Shooting Fish would no doubt be looked upon almost as a lusus nature by the average Englishman, who rarely includes ichthyology amongst his stu-dies—a fact which is very much to be lamented, for we have large national interests bound up in that science ; in fact, we owe a great deal more to lishes than any other nation, not even excluding the Dutch, some of whose cities were formerly figuratively described as built on fish-bones, and a professorial chair of 1chthyology at the universities would be by no means an unwise institution. It was not many years since that a review which was published in an influential paper, dealing amongst other things, with this special point, contemptuously dismissed the fact of there being such a thing as a shooting fish as a traveller's tale. The ignorance amongst the general public on everything relating to fish is at times perfectly surprising. I have seen small worth! ss bass passed off as grey mullet; I have seen even nasty gravid pond roach hawked about as grey muliet; I have seen large bass actually sold for salmon at one of our fashionable watering places After this, if the Londoner constantly buys, coarse, dry, tasteless bull-trout as fine Tay salmon, it is not to be wondered at. The Eton boy bastening home for the holidays provides himself with a tin tube and a pocketful of peas. We beg the present Etonian's pardon; we should have said he used to do so formerly, when there tube: he ouffs small arrows and hardened balls game. Now the Cheetodon (Chetodon rostratus), which is more or less a native of the eastern seas from Cevion to Japan sembles the Macoushee Indian than the Eton boy, though his gun, shooting tube, or blowpipe, or whatever it may be termed, is a natural one. His nose is really a kind of "beak." through which he has the power of propelling a small drop of water with some force and coniderable accuracy of aim. Near the edge of the water is perhaps a spray of weed, a twig, or n tuft of grass; on it sits a fly, making its toilet in the watery mirror below Rostratus ad-

Poor insect, what a little day of sunnyabliss is thine!

stealthily projects his tube from the water, takes a deadly aim, as though he were contesting for

some piscatory. Elcho shield, and pop goes the

vances cautiously under the fly; then

waterry bullet.

Knocked over by the treacherous missile, drenched, stunned, half-drowned, she drops from her perch into the waters below, to be sucked in by the Chatodon. But if we have lishes who can shoot their game, we have also fishes who can fish for it; ay, and fish for it with rod and line, and buit as deftly as ever angler coaxed gudgeons from the ooze of the w River or salmon from the flashing torrent Witness this clumsy-looking of the Spey. Witness this clumsy-looking monster the Fishing Frog (Lophius piscatorius). Frightful and hideous is he according to our vulgar notions of loveliness, which the Lophius possibly might disagree with. The beast is sometimes five or six feet in length, with an enormous head in proportion to the rest of its ooly, and with huge sacks like bag-nets attached to its gill-covers, in which it stows its victims; and what a cavernous mouth! Surely a lish so repulsive and with a capacity so vast and apparently omnivorous, would frighten from its neighbourhood all other fish, and would, if its powers of locomotion were in ac-cordance with its size, be the terror of the seas to fish smaller than itself; but Providence knoweth how to temper its gifts, and the Lo phius is but an indifferent swimmer, and is too lounsy to support a predatory existence by the flectness of its motions. How, then, is this high capacity satisfied? Mark those two clongated tentacles which spring from the creature's nose, and how they taper away like veritable every other innantiant or visitant of the river. Their jaws are so strong that they are able to bite off a man's finger or toe. They attack fish the flectness of its motions. How, then, is this of ten times their own weight, and devour all but the head. They begin with the tail, and the fish, being left without the chief organ of motion, is devoured with ease, several going to

fishing rods. To the end of them is attached by a line or a slender filament a small glitter-ing morsel of membrane. This is the bait. The hooks are set in the mouth of the fisherman down below. But how is the snimal to induce the fish to venture within reach of those formidable hooks? Now mark this perfect feat of angling. How does the Thames fishermen attract the gudgeons? They are shy; he must not let them see him, yet he must draw them to him, and he does it by stirring up the mud upon the bottom. "In that cloud of mud is food," say the gudgeons. Then the angler plies his rod and bait. Just so the Lophius proceeds and he too stirs up the mud with his fins and teil. This serves not only to hide him, but to attract the fish. Then he plies his rod, and the glittering bait waves to and fro like a living insect glancing through the turbid water. The gudgeons, or rather gobies, rush towards it.
Beware! beware! But when did gudgeon attend to warning yet? Suddenly up rises the cavernous Nemesis from the cloud below, and " snap :" the gobies are entombed in the bag-net, thence to be transferred to the Lophins's stomach, when there are enough of them col-lected to form a satisfactory monthful. But we have still other sportsmen fish; we

have fish who hunt their prey singly, or in pairs, or even in packs, like hounds. The render, possibly, has never witnessed a skall in Scandinavia. It is a species of hunt in which a number of sportsmen take in a wide space of ground, where game exists, drawing a cordon around it, and narrowing their circle little by little, and driving the game together into a flock, when they shoot them down. There was some years ago a capital description of porpoises making a skall upon sami-cels, written by the late Mr. James Lowe, sometime editor of the Critic and "Chronicler" of the Fiell, who saw the sight while fishing near the Channel Islands with Peter le Nowry, the pilot. Having searched for this passage several times, without being able to find it, I am reluctantly compelled to quote from memory. They were fishing off Guernsey, when Mr. Lowe called Peter's attention to several porpoises, which seemed to be engaged in a water frolic, swimseemen to be engaged in a water frotte, swim-ming after one another in a circle. "That is no frolic, but very sober earnest for the sand-cels," said Peter. "Now," he continued. "I will show you a sight which I have only chanced to see two or three times in my life, and you therefore are very lucky to have the opportunity of seeing it at all. There is a great shoal of sand-eels youder, and the porpoises are driving them into a mass; for, you see, the sand-cel is only a very small morsel for a por-poise, and to pick them up one by one would not suit Mr. Porpoise, who would get hungry again by the time he had done feeding on them singly; so they drive them into a thick crowd, in order that when they make a dash at them they may get a dozen or two at a mouthful, But, as we want some for bait, we will join in the hunt." And they edged down to the spot till they were within the circle. The porpoises, following one another pretty closely, were swimming round, now rising to the surface, now diving below, and gradually contracting the circle. The terrified sand-cels were driven closer and closer, and in their fear came to the surface all about the boat; and just as two or three porpoises made a dash into the crowd, samping right and left, the fishermen plunged their nets into the water, and brought them up quite full of these little fish. Of course the shoal soon broke up and dispersed, but the skill with which the skall was conducted and the beauty of the sight where much diluted on by Mr. Lowe, and it must have been a very interesting one. There are many fish which hunt their prey

singly, as the pike and trout, and the way in which a large pike or trout will course and run down a smaller fish resembles nothing so much as a greyhound coursing a hare. Now the un-happy little fish turns from side to side in its efforts to escape, while its pursuer bends and turns to every motion, following close upon track, and cutting him off exactly as a his were boys at Eton, and, backed by some skill as greyhound does a hare. Now she rushes a marksman, therewith constituted himself an amongst a shoal of his fellows, hoping to be lost intolerable nuisance to every village and vehi-ele he passed on his road home. The Macon-shee Indian makes a better use of his blowfry, which fly in all directions, rufling the surof clay through it with unerring alm, doing face of the water like a sudden squall of wind great execution amongst birds and other small in their fright, follows up his victim with unerring instinct. In an agony of terror the poor little quarry springs again and again frantically into the gaping jaws of his ravenous foe, who, gripping his body crosswise in his mouth, sails steadily away to his lair, there to devour his prey at leisure. Other fish hunt their food like dogs or wolves in packs, as dose the bonito chase the flying fish; and one perhaps of the fiercest, most savage, and resolute of these is the Piral, of South America. So flerce and savage are these little pirates, when their size and apparent capability is taken into consideration, that their feats of destructiveness are little short of the marvellous. Stand forth, then, "pirai" of the Carib, "black saw-bellied salmon" (Serra selmo niger) of Schomburgk, called, doubtless, from the possession of the peculiar adipose fin, common only to the salmon tribe, though in no other respect does it resemble a salmon, there being positive structural differences between the species. Let us take the portrait of this fish. Doubtless the reader figure to himself a fish of "a lean and hungry look," a very Cassius of a fish with the lanthorn jaws of a pike. But, in fact, the pirai is somewhat aldermanic and like a bream n figure, with a fighting-looking kind of nose, and a wondrously expressive eye—cold, cruel, and insatiable, and like to that of an old Jew bill discounter when scrutinizing doubtful pa-per. There is 70 or 80 per cent, in that eye at the very least, and ruin to widows and orphans unnumbered if they come in its way. If it were a human eye, the owner would be bound sooner or later to figure at execution dock. The jaw is square, powerful, and locked into a very large head for the size of the fish; and that is a fat, plump head too, but radiated over with strong bone and gristle. The teeth -ali! they would condemn him anywhere, for here is a fish sixteen inches long, with the teeth almost of a shark. Schomburgk speaks thus of its destructive power:

"This voracious fish is found plentifully in all the rivers in Guiana, and is dreaded by every other inhabitant or visitant of the river.

