

With a smile of mingled pride and gratitude, he replies—"No, Mary, I should involve you in disgrace, if I did, and I would rather brave again the tyranny of the cruel captain, than so repay your kindness; but fear not, dear, I shall again escape from that hated ship, and will be more cautious than before, you may be sure."

On the summit of the Caraccas mountains, stands, with bare and bleeding feet, a youthful pilgrim. There is a faint flush on his cheek, which is yet soft and fair with the innocence of childhood, and his wild, sad eyes, kindle with involuntary rapture as he gazes at the scene below him. Slung over his shoulder, on a staff, is a little knapsack, containing all his worldly possessions. It is the runaway sailor boy. He has seen but little more than ten years of actual life, but his heart, in that time, has lived *an age* of misfortune and grief and endurance. He is alone in the wide, wide world—poor—wretched—friendless. Does he weep? No! He has no tears left for himself—he has shed them all on the far-off grave of his parents, and his keen blue eyes are tearless, but dark with unspeakable woe. He has walked, barefoot, nearly an hundred miles, in the course of eight days—sometimes sleeping on the ground, and once or twice, sheltered in the hut of some hospitable Indian or Spaniard, whose heart his tender youth—his patient, suffering, angel-smile have melted to compassion. He is now faint with hunger and fatigue. Does his young spirit fail him? No! There is a desperate pride and power within, that will not let him yield. He almost glories in his forlorn destiny, strange and sad as it is for one so young! He lifts his resolute brow to heaven with a trust that no danger or grief can subdue, and goes calmly on his way. A traveller meets him, and touched by his beauty and desolate appearance, offers him money. The boy's heart swells within him;—with a proud smile he thanks him, and refuses. No! with all his woes, he is still independent, thank God! He has still half a real—six cents—in his pocket, and shall he, who, since the age of eight years, has earned his own livelihood—shall he receive the bounty of a stranger? He passes on with a firmer step, forgetting his weariness in his pride. He hopes to find at La Guyra, an American ship, in which he can be allowed to work his passage home—to his mother's grave! and he strains his eyes to discover, through the mist, the starry flag of his native land. But suddenly his steps are arrested—he forgets all—his grief, his hope, his pride, his poverty—in the wondrous beauty of the scene beneath him. I will

describe it in his own words, written, years afterwards, to a friend.

"A storm had been gradually brewing over the ruins of Caraccas, which lay at the foot of the mountain. The huge dense clouds gathered and rolled along the valley, 'till the place where I stood seemed but an island in the ocean. The birds flew wildly about. The creeping things hastened to their holes in the earth—the moan of the winds was hushed, and an awful silence spread over the rocky eminence. But the mist beneath, with its continual and ever-lovely changes in colour and in shape, who would have dreamed, that the fierce tempest was brooding in the bosom of so much beauty? Yet so it was. Even the sun-borne rainbows, smiling with their soft bloom through the shifting and darkening vapors—even they—evanescent and exquisitely beautiful as they were, seemed but bridges raised for the demoniac spirits of the storm to pass from cloud to cloud, directing as they went, the dread thunderbolts on its errand of destruction. The lurid fire shone even in the sunlight, and striking a little below the pinnacle, on which I stood, hurled from its bed a massive rock, which, in descending the steep and rugged side, forced everything before it, while hill to hill re-echoed the fearful sound long after it had reached the valley below. A more sublimely beautiful, yet terrific scene, could hardly be imagined; my soul swelled within me, and I was half frantic with delight, as I stood above the clouds and the storm, in the sunshine, and alone! It was a strange balm to my wounded and desolate heart, to feel that what to others of my fellow beings wore a gloomy and threatening aspect to me, assumed a glory brilliant and gorgeous beyond description. But alas! the vision faded! the clouds were borne away upon the western wind, and I resumed my journey down the side of the mountain."

Gentle reader, let the author's wand—namely, his pen—transport you for a moment to the scene in London. One of the royal family is receiving, in his gorgeous saloon, the elite of the English society. The Ducal palace is brilliantly illuminated. At the moment we raise the veil, the noble host courteously addresses a guest, in whom he seems particularly interested. It is a young, self-taught, American artist, whose pencil, employed for some of the nobles and loveliest in the land, has gained him a celebrity, which his genius and his inexhaustible energy richly deserve. A slight but elegant frame, evidently spirit-worn—a pale, intellectual face—eyes beaming with the beauty of