

Love Never Lost.

Love is never lost, though hearts run waste
Its tides may gush 'mid swirling, swathing
deserts,

Where no green leaf drinks up the precious life
Yet love doth evermore enrich the soil—
Its bitterest waters run some golden sands!
No star goes down but shines in other skies,
The rose of Sunset folds its glory up,
To burst again from out the heart of Dawn,
And love is never lost, though hearts run waste,
And sorrow make the clust'ring heart a sea,
The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope,
And Faith can trust her heaven behind the veil.

THE GOLDEN DAGON; BEING PASSAGES
OF ADVENTURE IN THE BURMAN
EMPIRE.

BY AN AMERICAN.

The florid style of this book indicates its American origin. It appears that the writer, a medical gentleman, was offered, while at Hong Kong, a cruise in the East India Company's steam vessel *Phlegethon*, "then on her return to Calcutta to destroy piratical junks and disperse the long-tailed buccanniers,"—her surgeon having been accidentally drowned.

The "*Phlegethon* was a small, flat-bottomed iron steamer of eight draught," with a couple of hundred men for a crew, one fourth of whom were Lascars and Malays. No sooner had he stepped on board, than they were off for Singapore. At Penang, he came in for what he calls "the steeple chase of death," by happening to be there when "a Malay ran amok."—"The fellow—a familiar vagabond who hung about the town—had been bamboozed for a theft.—Next morning, even as the golden sun began to glorify the garden, he snatched his wicked knees, and with black locks streaming in the astonished air, and back and loins bare and slippery with palm oil, with staring eyes, and visage all bedevilled, crazed with shame and spite, and drunk with opium, he reeled, like a mad dog, down the thronged lanes between the bamboo and hedges, where blind old men, unwitting of the horror, crept to him but to hit, and maidens came singing from the groves, with great plaitan clusters on their heads, and shiny brown youngsters ran races for cocoa nuts." From Penang the *Phlegethon* started to be of use as "tender, pioneer, pilot, and messenger for the larger ships of Her Majesty's and the Indian navies" in the Burmese war:—

A BURMESE SQUADRON AT RANGOON.

"I retain a moving recollection of the first war-boats I saw at Rangoon, when belligerent messages were beginning to be bandied between the Commodore and the Governor, who, inspired with Dutch courage, had summoned a flotilla from Prome. One morning thirty of these gilded craft came down the river and approached the town in long drawn file. Red flags fluttered in the bow and stern of each, spears glittered, and innocent looking muskets. A thousand paddles, wielded by two thousand vigorous arms, swept the water as one, falling in cadence with the monotonous songs of the steersmen. A thousand triumphal gongs were banged as though they were about to sit down to simultaneous dinner at a thousand Burmese Astor Houses. These Burmese Berserkers executed an impertinent chorus (with *kollet*) in disparagement of their invaders:—

"Burmah-man strong man,
Hoo, hoo, hoo!
Kampuy-man strong man,
Hoo, hoo, hoo!
Burmah-man strong man,
Hoo, hoo, hoo!
Kampuy-man strong man,
(A salute to the Government)
Hoo, hoo, hoo!"

Of course a very few revolutionists of the paddies of the Tenasserim made an effort to show a naughty disposition.

A NARROW ESCAPE FROM THE ENEMY.

"How long the engagement lasted, it is, of course, impossible for me, under circumstances of such confusion, and even dearth, to remember; but presently there was a pause: not a pang was to be heard; and dismal slogan was no longer to be caught; the artillery and musketry were still, and all was perfectly silent. The dooce-beaters were squatting around their machines, and one or two of them had begun to bubble. The boy went to the door, and, presently returning, whispered to me, seeming anxious to communicate something important; but, in my condition then, I could not understand him, and hardly gave him my attention. Then there was a stir among the coolies—a quick expression of alarm, they laid down their bubble-machines, and went to the windows on the side next the bank. Immediately, they rushed back in great confusion and terror, crying, 'Barnee, Barnee man; Sulu, Sulu, Barnee man!' The boy again went to the door, and, as he spoke, I could hear their sobs. They had come from below, probably, to assist their friends, but had taken such care to keep at a safe distance from our men, that they had blundered upon this boat in its exposed and helpless situation. There was hardly an appreciable interval between the announcement of their presence and the discharge of their muskets. The roof of the boat was quickly perforated in every direction, and bullets whirled about the bed; they struck the timbers over my head, and by my side, and, more than once, struck the bed itself. With a scream of terror, the dooce-beaters leapt into the water, and then I was alone with the boy. For a minute or two, there was a pause in the firing, the attention of the Burmese being distracted by the panic of the Padoos, but it was immediately resumed, as time directed upon the swimming coolies. Now, remember that I was stark naked, intensely excited (except at blessed moments of insensibility), in a high state of cerebral exaltation, reckless of danger, possessed by a sort of devil resembling *mama a potu* in all its phenomena. The little boy, my only companion, preserving wonderful self-possession and calmness of demeanour, came to me, seized me with both hands, and shook me hard, as if to awake me. He cried: "Get up, sa; get up, sa; no time to lose now!" and asked me if I could swim. I answered, 'yes,' he all the time dragging over my arms and legs a pair of pilot-cloth trousers and a pea-jacket, after which he led me—almost carrying me, feeble as I was—to the side of the boat furthest from the Burmese, who, probably hearing his exclamations, had resumed their firing, and were rapidly drilling the roof, but still afraid to come down upon the boat, perhaps suspecting an ambush. He led me to the door, and pointed to where, some five or six hundred yards up the stream, our boats were aground, in charge of some seven or eight men, under command of a midshipman. Remember, now, that all our force was engaged at the town of Paga (but now far off) in what direction they lay, I knew not (and that their

had been every pair of our boat, which, at this time, was resumed with increased vigour of musketry, and roar of cannon.

Pointing to the boats, the boy asked me if I could swim so far. I replied, 'Yes,' and asked him if he would assist me. He said, 'Yes.' He jumped into the river, and struck out in the direction of the boats, bidding him to follow close behind me. The Burmese, perceiving that I made too good a resting-place of their fire, and that it felt thick and hot, I could hear them hiss close by my head and back, peering the water like nuts thrown up on the surface by the handball. Fortunately, the tide was in my favor, and I swam rapidly, being at all times an expert swimmer. Now I seemed to recover my presence of mind, and to have the balance of my nerves restored. I became perfectly calm, unalarmed—master of myself in every respect—with more self-possession and a cooler comprehension of the circumstances surrounding me than I had ever had before in all my life; nor can I refer all of this to other than almost supernatural influences, though, of course, something is to be attributed to the cooling agency of the water."

The Nine Lizards.

BY DEVEREN S.

"It was our *Mary*" that told me the tale. Mike Brady was at work in the harvest-field, when getting somewhat tired, he had busied down beside a haycock, and fell asleep. A small stream ran gurgling by at a short distance from his resting-place, and while he lay snoring away like—like anybody that snores, with his mouth wide open—a lizard, creeping from the water's edge, took the opportunity of walking quietly down his throat. The poor fellow immediately awoke, almost choked to death; but when he stood upon his feet, and recovered his consciousness, the lizard was comfortably ensconced in his stomach, and Mike knew nothing about it.

However, after that day, he became sickly and thin, but his appetite increased accordingly; and although he devoured enough at a meal for six or seven men, he was all the time nearly starved to death. He sought the doctor, who, after calculating on severe jaundice at last to the right conclusion, and proceeded to act accordingly.

First, he made Mike eat at about fifty sauted herrings, until he was so full that he could not swallow another morsel. In a little while, poor Paddy's thirst became intense, but not one drop of water would the doctor allow him. In short, he was not permitted to take a drink until his rigging first caused him the most terrible agony. Then the doctor ordered a tub of water to be placed on the floor, and, making Mike get down on his knees over it, and open his mouth, he held him in such a manner that he could not even moisten his parched tongue.

In about two minutes, the lizard, whose thirst, no doubt, was fully equal to Mike's, began to crawl up the throat of the terrified man. It had no sooner begun from his mouth into the water, than another and another reptile of the same species followed the first, until no less than nine of my lizard's left that man's stomach. The doctor then pulled him away, gave him a glass of brandy, which he had to swallow drunk, than to take. Another dose poured down his throat brought him to life again, however, and—see that is the end of the story.