

shipwrecked sailors, or to bring disabled vessels into port. Lethierry had two pets—his niece Déruchette—"A bird transmuted into a young maiden—what could be more exquisite? Picture it in your own home, and call it Déruchette. Delicious creature! one might be almost tempted to say 'good morning Mademoiselle Goldfinch.'" It is thus that M. Hugo commences his airy and graceful description of Lethierry's niece. The other pet which shared with Déruchette the old sailor's love and care was *Durande*—his steamer, the first which had been seen in any Guernsey port. The introduction of this boat had been opposed by self-interest and religious fanaticism, headed by the preachers, who had berated it in their sermons and nicknamed it "the Devil-boat."

Sometime before the commencement of the narrative Lethierry had taken a partner Rantaine, who proved a clever rogue, and decamped with 50,000 francs in excess of his share of the partnership. This was a serious blow to the old sailor; but, nothing daunted, he persevered in running his steamer, and was in a fair way for making up his loss. The time came however when from increasing years Lethierry was compelled to secure a captain for the steamer in his own place. He selected *Sieur Clubin*, a taciturn man with a spotless reputation, to suspect whom would be to make one's self suspected. Clubin moreover had penetrated Rantaine's character, and, previous to his flight, had warned Lethierry respecting him.

Four years passed without change, but the owner of the steamer was desirous of securing a husband for his niece who should also be Captain of the *Durande*, for *Sieur Clubin* was almost as old as himself. Lethierry's *beau idéal* for husband and Captain was a brave, powerful tawny sea king; "for," said he "a man who can manage a ship can manage a woman." Déruchette's ideal however was cast in a different mould. A clergyman, the Rev. *Ebenezer Caudray*, is now brought on the scene, and appointed rector of St. Sampson's; he belonged to a good family, and, report said, would be very rich at the death of an uncle.

But in this rapid sketch we must not forget Gilliatt, the reputed sorcerer. The simple act recorded at the beginning of the story had led him to love Déruchette. He nursed this love in silence for four years watched her by stealth, learned her favourite song "Bonnie Dundee" on the bagpipes, serenaded her with it violently by night. Lethierry was disgusted, and Déruchette did not know what to make of it. Coming home from a fishing excursion one afternoon Gill att discovered some one asleep upon a reef in the Little Bay of the *Bû de la Rue* which is covered at high tide. The tide was rising, the sleeper almost submerged; with much difficulty Gilliatt rescued him, and he proved to be the Rev. *Ebenezer Caudray*. As Gilliatt was wandering home dreaming of Déruchette, *Sieur Landois* shouted to him "There is news at the Bravées" (the residence of Lethierry). "What is it?" "I am too far off to tell you." "Is Miss Déruchette going to be married?" "No! I go to the Bravées, and see." But for some thirty-four pages M. Hugo leaves us in suspense as to what has happened.

*Sieur Clubin*, during one of his stays at St. Malo, the French port to which the boat ran, discovered Rantaine. He procured a revolver, surprised him on the cliff, and compelled him to return the 50,000 francs, with compound interest, amounting in the whole to 73,000 francs. This scene is very dramatic, and the conversation between the two is perhaps one of the best specimens in existence of Victor Hugo's lighter style. The 73,000 francs, in the shape of three one thousand pound notes, are contained in a small iron box; this box Clubin secured in a belt he wore round his waist, and he remembered that on the inside of this belt his name was written.

Forthwith the *Durande* steams away for Guernsey, but encountering a heavy fog off the coast of the island is wrecked upon the "Douvres" rocks. Clubin compels the crew and passengers to leave in a boat, but magnanimously resolves himself to remain with the wreck.

And now M. Hugo has prepared a surprise for the reader. Clubin proves only second to Rantaine in villainy. He has wilfully wrecked

the vessel, intending to retain possession of the three thousand pounds, and to swim to the island about a mile distant, whence he has engaged his passage in a smuggling vessel to England. America was to follow.

When Clubin found himself alone he ventilated himself. Hypocrisy had weighed for many years upon him—he had made it an art, and now he rejoiced that upon those barren rocks he could throw aside his disguise and frankly confess himself a villain. Clubin was triumphant, but retribution speedily followed. He was preparing to swim when the fog lifted and he discovered that instead of the "Hanway" reef—upon which he supposed he had driven the steamer, and which lies one mile from the coast—he was wrecked upon the "Douvres" fully five leagues from land. The fog had deceived him, and instead of one mile he had fifteen to swim. After enduring frightful agony he stripped, plunged into the sea, and—something seized him by the foot.

We now return to Gilliatt. When he reached the Bravées he found Lethierry, crushed and bewildered with his grey head bowed upon his breast, and Déruchette seated by his side weeping. A vessel had picked up the *Durande's* boat, and brought the passengers into port. The Captain reported that the wreck of the *Durande* had been thrown between two high rocks where it remained suspended, and that the machinery was probably uninjured. On the impulse of the moment Déruchette declared that she would wed the man who succeeded in bringing the machinery safely into port. Gilliatt came forward. "You would marry him, Miss Déruchette?" Lethierry "took off his sailor's cap, and threw it on the ground; then looked solemnly before him, and without seeing any of the persons present said 'Déruchette should be his. I pledge myself to it in God's name.'"

The next day Gilliatt sailed for the "Douvres," and it was to the grand episode of his adventures upon these rocks that we referred in the opening paragraph. Single-handed for almost three months, he worked heroically upon his task, a giant in fortitude; marvellously fertile in resources; his food limpets, gathered from the rocks; half naked and uncheered, save as he dreamed of Déruchette; yet undaunted by difficulties, and finally, surmounting every obstacle he succeeded in placing the machinery intact upon his boat, and humming "Bonnie Dundee," sailed for St. Sampson's and Déruchette. In connection with his labours on the "Douvres" rocks, there is a sublime and prolonged description of a great storm in which M. Hugo excels himself. Here, too, Gilliatt met with an extraordinary and revolting adventure with the Devil-fish, a species of jelly-fish. Whilst searching in a submarine cave for a crab which had escaped him "suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm; some living thing—thin, rough, flat, cold, slimy—had twisted itself round his naked arm in the depths below." A second, third, fourth and fifth form issued from the crevice and seized him in various parts of the body. The description of this horrible monster of the deep and the terrible encounter is continued through three chapters. Gilliatt recoiled, he uttered no cry, he was spell-bound, but after a time of frightful agony remembered that the cephalopoda is vulnerable through the head.

"He plunged the blade of his knife into the flat slimy substance, and by a rapid movement like the flourish of a whip in the air, describing a circle round the two eyes, he wrenched the head off as a man would draw a tooth. The struggle was ended." The death of this monster was followed by another revolting discovery that of Clubin. He, too, had had a struggle with the Devil-fish, but with different success. The belt containing the money was still fastened around his fleshless vertebral column, and was secured by Gilliatt and carried with the machinery to Lethierry.

When Gilliatt arrived at St. Sampson's he left his boat and crept to Lethierry's garden where he had for four years been accustomed to watch Déruchette. She was walking there in the moonlight, and after some time was joined by *Ebenezer Caudray*. The clergyman who had become rich through the death of an uncle, and was compelled to leave the next day for England,

asked her to become his bride. Déruchette consented, and Gilliatt crept back, bowed down and stupefied, to his boat.

The happiness of Lethierry, at the recovery of his precious engine, was unbounded. He was full of projects, he would rebuild the *Durande*; Gilliatt should be her Captain. He had been as one dead, had gone clean out of his mind, but he recollected everything now. "Ah! by the way you are to marry Déruchette."

"Gilliatt leaned with his back against the wall like one who staggers, and said, in a tone very low, but distinct"—

"No."

Lethierry started.

"How? no?"

"I do not love her."

But the old sailor was not to be deceived. "You don't love Déruchette? what! was it to me then you used to play the bagpipe?"

There was a parting between *Ebenezer Caudray* and Déruchette the next morning, previous to the starting of the packet for England. Gilliatt interrupted this parting, and said: "Why should you say farewell? Make yourselves man and wife, and go together." With his assistance the marriage was performed, and when the *Cashmere* left St. Sampson's it bore them together—man and wife. As the vessel passed the reef from which Gilliatt once rescued *Ebenezer Caudray*, the wind carried it near the shore, and Déruchette exclaimed "Look yonder. It seems as if there were a man upon the rock." The man was Gilliatt. He watched the receding vessel regardless of the rising tide; the waters reach his waist, his shoulders, his chin, but he moves not; and when the *Cashmere* "vanished on the line of the horizon, the head of Gilliatt disappeared. Nothing was visible now but the sea." Alas! poor Gilliatt.

Such is an outline of "Victor Hugo's story." If we except Gilliatt's labours upon the wrecked *Durande*, there is but little originality in the plot. Occasionally the book contains digressions which have but slight bearing upon the progress of the narrative; but nevertheless the "Toilers of the Sea" contains some passages of great sublimity, many of great beauty; and for touching sweetness and heroic self-sacrifice the closing scenes have been but seldom equalled. We trust what we have written will lead our readers to the book itself. We have essayed but a slight sketch of the story, and are conscious that we have conveyed no adequate idea of the power, depth, and sublimity with which Victor Hugo has invested many portions of his last work.

THE ADVENTURES OF REUBEN DAVIDGER, by James Greenwood, author of "Wild Sports of the World," &c. New York: Harper & Bros.; Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We believe this work is from the pen of the celebrated volunteer *Casual* of the *Pail Mail Gazette*. It is an exciting book of travels and hair-breadth escapes, and will undoubtedly be a great favourite with boys. Reuben Davidger escaped to sea as a "stow-away," on board a vessel bound for India, but after suffering shipwreck was taken prisoner by Borneo pirates. A large portion of the book is occupied with his adventures among these pirates—from whom, however, he eventually escaped and reached an uninhabited island, where he lived a sort of Robinson Crusoe life for two years. Finally, wearied of solitude, he put to sea again in a canoe, manufactured by himself. Again he was taken prisoner; but this time fell into better hands—became a great man, and was finally rescued by a British man of war, and returned to England. The descriptions of scenery and the manners and customs of the Borneo savages are graphic. Davidger's adventures are varied and interesting; and last, but not least, the illustrations are numerous and well executed.

#### MAGAZINES.

We have received from Messrs. Dawson Bros.: Good Words, Temple Bar, Frazers Magazine, and the Dublin University Magazines—all for April.