

sailing from thence, our navigators fell in with a groupe of islands, to which, out of compliment to the first lord of the admiralty, was given the appellation of the Sandwich islands. Then steering for the north-west coast of America, they arrived at a place called Nootka Sound. After sailing as high as lat. 74 44 N. and being opposed by an impenetrable mass of ice, the ships were obliged to shift their course to the south, and November 26, 1778, reached the Sandwich islands. Here they met at first with a kind reception from the natives, but the daring thefts committed by the savages produced quarrels, which proved fatal to our navigator, February 11, 1779. He left a widow and several children, who were provided for by the royal bounty.

### THE THREE WISHES.

*Continued.*

“ Now this poor man, who had never in his life wielded a sword, and who had no ambition to do so, and who was but an indifferent speaker, was, nevertheless, a wise mathematician, and had wonderful skill in every mechanical science then known, which he had the ability, as is common in such cases, to apply admirably to every emergency. But he might as well have had no science at all, for the respect it won him; and though he was a little chagrined that his well-meant proposition had met no better reception, he shut to his doors, sat down in his house, and turned over his schemes in his head, till he was more sure than ever of their success. In the meantime, the enemy brought up monstrous battering-rams, crow-feet, balistæ, and all kinds of dreadful engines for the demolishing of the walls, setting fire to the houses, and otherwise distressing the inhabitants. A thousand men were dispatched to cut down a neighbouring forest, out of which they began to build immense wooden towers, from which they could sling masses of rock into the city. There was a deafening noise all day and all night without the walls, of deadly preparation. The distress of the besieged was now intolerable and a truce was eagerly desired. A deputation, therefore, of the most honourable citizens, headed by the most eloquent orators, and preceded by a herald bearing a white flag, went to the camp of the enemy. The orators addressed them in their most powerful, and, as they thought, most soul-touching words; they craved only a truce for seven days; but their words fell like snow-flakes upon a rock,—they moved no heart to pity, and the orators were returned to their city with many marks of ignominy. ‘Go back,’ said they, ‘and our answer shall reach the city before you do.’ Accordingly, every machine was put in motion; arrows, hurled by the balistæ, fell into the streets like hail, and ponderous stones, falling upon the buildings, threatened the destruction of all. The rest of that day,

the inhabitants all kept within their houses, for there was no security in the streets, nor, it must be confessed, much within doors. The next day, when the enemy a little relaxed their efforts, the people ventured out—but nothing was heard save lamentations and murmurs. ‘We have no bread,’ said the people; ‘we are dying of thirst; the little corn that remains, and the few skeleton cattle, are reserved for the soldiers, while we are perishing in the streets! We will open the gates to the enemy, rather than see our children die thus before our eyes!’ Upon this, the orators again came forth. It was no use mounting the rostrum, the people were sullen, and would not assemble to hear them; they therefore came into the streets, and poured forth their patriotic harangues to the murmuring thousands that stood doggedly together. ‘Will ye,’ they exclaimed, ‘give up the city of your fathers’ glory to their bitterest enemies? Speak!—will ye, can ye do it?’ And the people held up their pale and famishing children, saying, ‘These are our answers—these shall speak for us!’ Just at this moment, the poor man, filled with compassion for his townspeople, and suffering, as well as they, stepped forward. ‘Fellow townsmen,’ said he, ‘listen! There is no need for us and our children to die of hunger;—there is no need for us to deliver up the city. Only do as I say, and we shall have plenty of provision, and may drive our enemies to the four winds.’ ‘What would you have us do?’—said the people. ‘Why,’ said he, ‘for every engine that the enemy bring out, I will bring out one also. We can defy their battering-rams—we can disable their crow-feet—we can sink a shaft to the river, and have water in plenty! Give me also but seven days, three brave men, and the means I shall ask, and I will pass through the enemy’s fleet, visit the cities which are friendly to us, and return with provision to stand out the siege yet ten months longer!’

“ ‘Try him! try him!’ said they; ‘we cannot be worse than we are!’

“ Accordingly, all fell to work at his bidding;—every smith’s shop rung with the sound of hammers;—carpenters worked all day and all night, constructing machines which were enigmas to them. There was such a hum of business for two whole days, that the enemy could not imagine what was going forward. Presently, all was ready;—a huge machine, the height of the walls, was raised, furnished with a tremendous pair of iron shears; and no sooner had the enormous crow-foot of the enemy reared itself to pull down a part of the wall, than the shears, catching hold of it, snapped it in two! What a roar of applause there was in the city! and this first successful effort assured them all. The poor man at once obtained the confidence of the city;—all their deadly machines he counteracted; their immense wooden tower he set fire to, by balls of

inflammable matter, which he flung in at night; these, exploding suddenly, with horrible cracking and hissing, terrified the enemy almost out of their senses, and, bursting up into volcano-like fires, threatened to consume not only the tower, but the very camp itself. Whilst this was doing, the poor man and his three colleagues passed through the fleet in the twilight, in a small vessel constructed for the purpose, which, floating on the surface of the water, looked only like a buoy loosened from its hold. No sooner were they outside the fleet, than, cutting away one of the enemy’s large boats that lay moored on the shore, and hoisting full sail, by the help of a favourable wind and good rowing they arrived, by the end of the next day, at a friendly city. Here they soon obtained supplies—corn, salted meat, fresh-killed cattle, and every thing of which they stood in need. A large vessel was immediately stored and properly manned; her hull was blackened, so were her masts and sails, and, being a good sailer, she reached the outside of the harbour by the next evening. Here they waited till it was quite dark. Every oar was muffled, and silently, as the fall of night, yet swiftly as a bird, they passed through the midst of the fleet, and by the morning they had moored the vessel upon the quay of the city. What a triumph this was! Men, women, and children, thronged down in thousands!—food was abundant;—they ate and were satisfied. But the extent of the poor man’s service was not known when they merely satisfied their hunger;—he had engaged the friendly city to send yet further supplies, with a fleet, which should not only attack the enemy’s ships, but land a body of soldiers to fall suddenly upon the camp in the rear, while the soldiers of the city made a sally on the front. Accordingly, the next day, the sea outside the harbour was covered with vessels. The enemy was in great consternation; all fell out as the poor man had foreseen. After very little fighting, the enemy had permission to retire, leaving as hostages three of their principal men, till an amount of treasure was sent in, which quite made up the losses of the siege.

“ As you may be sure, nobody after this thought they could honour the poor man sufficiently;—his deeds were written in the annals of the city, and ever after he was universally called, ‘The Saviour of his Country!’

“ ‘Well,’ said William, ‘what do you think of my story? You see, the poor man, by his science and skill, could do more for his city than either orators or soldiers.’

“ ‘Upon my word,’ said both his brothers, in the same breath, ‘there’s something in it!’

*We should serve the cause of many a home, in which a toiling, anxious father and husband struggles to support a wife and growing grown-up daughters, in the lady-*