

Oh Virgin Mary, patroness of sailors !.... Virgin whom they never forget in the hour of danger ! ours invoke and implore thee secretly. The wind alone answers, joined to the noise of the swell which is rising. The silent moon seems to rise but to illuminate their tomb. Oh Virgin Mary !

Suddenly a light, a lantern is seen balanced on the waters, it is the canoe in search of them. It approaches ; it is within hearing : " Captain, cried the whale-catcher, who was supported on the keel by the sailors, is the whale saved ?—Yes, it is saved ;" a loud, joyful hurrah, is shouted forth, and they return gaily on board forgetting the Virgin and danger.—(*Journal de la Marine.*)

THE MADONA.

Extracted from the LEGENDES ROUGES,—and translated for the Museum.

SITUATED in the depth of a ravine, the modern Amalfi consists in two wards, each of which forms a species of tapestry to the sides of this valley ; and the two lateral faces are so steep that it has been utterly impossible to form more than one street in the interior of the town, this one is at the bottom of the valley and serves as a line of separation between the two parts of it ; the houses are placed one above another and communicate with each other by stairs. The terrace of the lower house conducts to the first story of the one above, and so on successively.

On the summit of the left hill are to be seen the imposing remains of a Norman fortress, an ancient manor of which the Hawks and Kestrels have taken possession. The hill at the right is formed of a pile of rocks, whose pillars overhang the roofs below. Their tops are covered with the most beautiful vegetation, while their sides are bare and inaccessible. A narrow path, steep and rocky, after many long windings, lead to a miserable village built on the most elevated flat of these mountains.