


perfection of human beauty ; but such a junction has been rarely, if ever, seen ; and in the meantime the interesting divides the empire with the more regular beauty, and the countenance beaming with intellect and with the emotions wherewith we sympathise, every now and then carries away the prize from the regularly insipid ; and this is the solution of this great mystery, which has, we suspect, astounded many and disappointed not a few.

SCOTCH BOY--STORM AT SEA--HOME.

HERE WAS an incident occurred on leaving port which interested me exceedingly. With the departure of almost every vessel, some poor wretches, without the means to pay their passage, secrete themselves till fairly out to sea, when they creep from their hiding places. The captain cannot put back for them, and he cannot see them starve aboard his ship ; and so they get a free passage to this land, where every man can find work. So common has this become, that an officer is always hired to ransack the vessel while she is being towed out of harbor. Several were found hid away in ours, whom I saw shoved over into the "tug," as the tow-boat is called, without the least feeling of commiseration. They were such hard, depraved looking cases, that I thought it no loss to have them kept back from our shores. But at length the officer drew forth a Scotch lad about seventeen years of age, who seemed unlike his companions. Dirty and ragged he indeed was, but a certain

honest expression in his face, which was covered with tears, interested me in him immediately. I stopped the officer and asked the boy his name. "Robert S." he replied. "Where are you from?" "Grennock. I am a baker by trade, but my master has broke, and I have come to Liverpool to get work." "Why do you want to go to America?" said I. "To get work," he replied, in his strong Scotch accent. He seemed to have but one idea, and that was *work* ! The object of his ambition, the end of his wishes, was the privilege of working. He had wandered about Liverpool in vain ; slept on the docks, and lived on the refuse crumbs he could pick up ; and as a last resort determined, all alone, to cross the Atlantic to a land where man is allowed the boon of working for his daily bread. I could not let him go ashore, and told the captain that I would see that his passage was paid. The passengers joined with me, and I told him he need not be alarmed, he would go to America. I was struck with his reply : said he, in a manly tone, "I don't know how I can pay you, sir, but I will work for you." I gave him clothes, and told him to wash himself and be cheerful, and I would take care of him. In a short time he became deadly sick, and at the end of a week he was so emaciated and feeble that I feared he would die. I said to him one day, "Robert, are you not very sorry now, you started for America?" "No, sir," he replied, "if I can get work there." "Merciful God!" I mentally exclaimed, "has hunger so gnawed at this poor fellow's vitals, and starvation so often stared him in the