

(Continued from first page.)

a hat-manufactory, &c. are conspicuous in the midst of the town. An amphitheatre of green hills rises to the westward, the crowning summit of which is 4000 feet high; and from these hills descends a fine stream of water, flowing through the town into the Derwent, which, with its varying expanse and beautifully wooded banks and sloping shores, forms the eastern boundary. This view was little enough like what Castle had fancied in opposition to all that he had been told. He was for ever picturing to himself a region of wild woods, or bleak plains covered with snow; and he was now as much surprised at the sight of meadows, hills, dales, and a thriving town, with a blue sky overhead, as if he might not have known as much before. He had complained of his hard lot in being indentured as a shepherd; and no wonder, while he thought his flocks were to inhabit a dreary wilderness; but now that he found he had nothing to fear from storms and snow-drifts, that the pastures were excellent, the springs plentiful, and the sheep as fine as the world can produce, he began to think he might be worse off in point of occupation; though he would give nobody the satisfaction of hearing him say so. His wife was to be a domestic servant in the same farm where he was shepherd; and even little Susan was carefully stipulated for; the labour of children being valuable at almost any age, in a place where much more assistance is wanted than can be had.

The story then traces the adventures of the Castle family, until they are established in comfort and respectability in their new home. The father, though soured by disappointment and hardened by suffering, and long disposed to look on every thing with suspicion and dislike, gradually regains his spirits and good humour. The mother, still more completely hardened by misery, is long before she regains hers; but at length the kindness of her children, of her employer, and the change of life produce their effect, and she once more becomes industrious and affectionate. Frank and Ellen, the hopes of the family, go on well from the first; overcoming all their difficulties by firmness and perseverance; and the marriage of the latter concludes the narrative part of the work. We have only room for another extract, but we strongly recommend to our readers a perusal of the whole volume. Our last extract is an account of an attack made by the natives, on the day of Ellen's wedding.—They had been lurking in the neighbourhood some time, watching for an opportunity of falling upon the whites. The following scene is a good specimen of Miss Martineau's descriptive powers:—

"After passing before the door to watch the distant smoke, which had much increased, Ellen repaired to the cow-yard, immediately behind the dwelling. She stumbled on something in the litter which she mistook for a little black pig, till its cry made her think it was something much less agreeable to meet with. Stooping down, she saw that it was certainly a black baby; ugly and lean and dirty; but certainly a baby. She did not scream; she had the presence of mind not to touch the little thing, remembering that, for aught she knew, the parents might be lurking among the sheds, and ready to spring upon her if she should attempt to carry away the infant, which had probably been dropped in the hurry of getting out of her way. Trembling and dreading to look behind her, she stepped back into the house, and now roused the farmer in good earnest. In a few minutes, the whole household was in the cow-yard; the men not choosing to separate, and women being afraid to leave their protectors. The child was still there, and nothing was discovered in the general search of the premises which now took place. When the farmer saw the smoke at a distance, he ascribed it at once to a party of natives having set the grass on fire in cooking their kangaroo repast. He thought it probable that two or three spies might be at hand, and the rest of the party ready for a summons to fall on the farm as soon as it should be left undefended. He would not have the child brought into the house, but fed it himself with milk, and laid it on some straw near where it was found, in a conspicuous situation. Beside it he placed some brandy, and a portion of food for the parents, if they should choose to come for it.

"There is no knowing," said he, "but they may be looking on; and one may as well give them the chance of feeling kindly, and making peace with us." And he silenced one of his men who began to expatiate on the impossibility of obtaining any but a false peace with these treacherous savages.

"Nothing could satisfy Harry but standing over his betrothed with a musket while she was milking. As for her, every rustle among the leaves, every movement of the cow before her, made her inwardly start; though she managed admirably to keep her terrors to herself.

"The arrival of the chaplain happened fortunately for collecting the neighbouring settlers; and, by the farmer's desire, nothing was said of what had happened till the services he came to perform were ended. Har-

ry and Ellen were married, amidst some grave looks from the family of which they had till now made a part, and the smiles of all the guests. Ellen's disappointed lovers,—the only people who could possibly disapprove of the ceremony,—were absent; and she tried not to think about what they might be doing or planning.

"The barking of the dogs next drew the party to the door, and they saw what was a strange sight to many of the new comers. A flock of emus, or native ostriches, was speeding over the plain, almost within shot.

"What are they?" inquired one.

"'Tis many a month since we have seen an emu," observed another. "I thought we had frightened away all that were left in these parts."

"What are you all about," cried a third. "Out with the dogs and after them! Make chase before it is too late!"

"A decoy! a decoy!" exclaimed the farmer. "Now I am certain that mine is a marked place. These savages have driven down the emus before them, to tempt us men out to hunt; and they are crouching near to fall on while we are away."

"He was as bold, however, as he was discerning. He left three or four men to guard the women and stock at home, and set off, as if on a sudden impulse, to hunt emus with the rest of his company, determining to describe a circuit of some miles (including the spot whence the smoke arose), and to leave no lurking place unsearched. Frank went with him. Castle insisted on following his usual occupation on the downs, declaring himself safe enough, with companions within call, and on an open place where no one could come within half a mile without being seen. This was protection enough against an enemy who carried no other weapons than hatchets and pointed sticks, hardly worthy of the name of spears.—Harry remained, of course, with his bride.

"The day wore away tediously while the home-guard now patrolled the premises, now indolently began to work at any little thing that might happen to want doing in the farm-yard, and then came to sit on the bench before the door, complaining of the heat. The women, meanwhile, peeped from the door, or came out to chat, or listened for the cry of the dogs, that they might learn in which direction the hunting party was turning.

"Ellen," said her husband, "I do wonder you can look so busy on our wedding day."

"O, I am not really busy! It is only to drive away thought when you are out of sight."

"Well then, come with me across the road,—just to our own cottage, and see how pretty it was made for us to have dined in to day, if all this had not happened. Frank was there after you left it last night; and there is more in it than you expect to see. Now don't look so afraid. It is no further than yonder saw-pit; and I tell you there is not a hole that a snake can creep into that we have not searched within this hour. I do not believe there is a savage within twenty miles. O, the baby! Aye, I suppose it dropped from the clouds, or one of the dogs may have picked it up in the bush. 'Tis not for myself that I care for all this disturbance; 'tis because they have spoiled your wedding day so that you will never be able to look back to it."

"Ellen wished they were but rid of their black foes for this time, and then she should care little what her wedding-day had been. They said that one sight of a savage in a life-time was as much as most settlers had. She must stop in passing to see what ailed the poor infant, which was squalling in much the same style as if it had had a white skin;—a squall against which Ellen could not shut her heart any more than her eyes.

"I must take it and quiet it," said she. "I can put it down again as we come back in ten minutes."

"So lulling and rocking the little woolly-headed savage in her arms, she proceeded to her own cottage, to admire whatever had been suggested by her husband, and added by her neat-handed brother.

"What bird makes that odd noise?" inquired Ellen presently. "A magpie, or a parrot, or what? I heard it early this morning, and never before. A squeak, and then a sort of whistle. Hark!"

"'Tis no bird," said Harry, in a hoarse whisper. "Shut and bar the door after me!"

"And he darted out of the cottage. Instead of shutting the door, Ellen flew to the window to watch what became of Harry. He was shouting and in full pursuit of something which leaped like a kangaroo through the high grass. He fired, and, as she judged by his cry of triumph, reached his mark. A rustling outside the door at this moment caught her excited ear; and on turning, she saw distinctly in the sun-shine on the door-sill, the shadow of a human figure, as of some one lying in wait outside. Faint with the pang of terror, she sunk down on a chair in the middle of the room, with the baby still in her arms, and gazed at the open doorway with eyes that might seem starting from

their sockets. Immediately the black form she dreaded to see began to appear. A crouching, grovelling savage, lean and coarse as an ape, showing his teeth among his painted beard, and fixing his snake-like eyes upon hers, came creeping on his knees and one hand, the other holding a glittering hatchet. Ellen made neither movement nor sound. If it had been a wild beast, she might have snatched up a loaded musket which was behind her, and have attempted to defend herself; but this was a man,—among all his deformities, still a man; and she was kept motionless by a more enervating horror than she would once have believed any human being could inspire her with. It was well she left the weapon alone. It was handled better by another. Harry, returning with the musket he had just discharged, caught a full view of the creature grovelling at his door, and had the misery of feeling himself utterly unable to defend his wife. In a moment he bethought himself of the back window, and of the loaded musket standing beside it. It proved to be within reach; but his wife was sitting almost in a straight line between him and the savage.—No matter! he must fire, for her last moment was come if he did not. In a fit of desperation he took aim as the creature was preparing for a spring. The ball whistled past Ellen's ear, and lodged in the head of the foe."

COURT OF REQUESTS.

Singular Case of "Use and Occupation."

The attention of the Commissioners was taken up for nearly two hours in hearing a case of some importance to the proprietors of "circulating teggies," or in other words persons who let out habiliments on hire for stated periods. The plaintiff, a Mr. Doherty, as he called himself, is "a tailor by trade," and a dealer in left-off clothes, which he occasionally lends to persons seeking situations who may be desirous of making their "first appearances" in decent trim; and the defendant stated his name to be M'Integgart, and, from his dialect, no doubt could be entertained that he supped his first *crowdie* on the northern side of the Tweed.

Mr. Doherty stated that his case lay in a few words. "Please your Honours," said he, assuming a cockney lisp, with the view perhaps, of hiding his native brogue, "this here Scotchman came into my shop, one day, and says he to me, 'Mr. Doherty, what'll ye be after charging me for the hire of a shoot of left-off clothes, just to be going after a place in the neighbourhood?' 'What sort of a place is it, ould coddler?' said I, for you see, your Honours, we can shoot anybody, from a jontleman down to a foot-boy."

Commissioner.—No doubt of it Mr. Doherty, but the less you follow the practice of shooting people the better.

Mr. Doherty.—I didn't mane powder and ball work, your Honor; I only spoke in regard of *duds*! and so says he "It's a porter's place I am going after." "Would you be wanting a coat or a jacket?" says I. "A coat to be sure," says he, "with a pair of breeches and a waistcoat." "Is it stockings and shoes you'd be havin' beside?" says I. "Och! no," says he, "what I have got will just do." "Well, then," says I, "if you don't keep them above two hours, I wont charge you above eighteen-pence;" and I think, your Honours, you won't be thinking that was out of the way.

Commissioner.—That must depend upon the value of the articles; but I think it was quite enough.

Mr. Doherty.—Well, that's neither here nor there; he agreed to pay the eighteen-pence.

Commissioner.—Then I suppose you lent him the clothes?

Mr. D.—Not before I had a deposite, your Honour.

Commissioner.—Well, what deposite did he leave you?

Mr. D.—An ould watch, your Honour. He said it was silver; but, by my sowl, I think it was a long way off silver, except when it was near a shilling.

Commissioner.—Come to the point. Did you lend him the suit?

Mr. D.—I did; and I'll appale to himself if ever he looked so well before in his born days?

Mr. M'Integgart.—Ye need na appeal to me, Mr. Doherty, for I am na ganging to gie evidence agin myself.

Mr. D.—Devil thrust ye! Will you deny that you had the clothes, you ould *male-bag*?

Mr. M'Int.—I'll na deny nor affirm anything. I'll just leave you to prove it, ma gude mon, in your own way.

Mr. D.—There, your Honour, silence gives consent.

Commissioner.—So it may in some cases, but here the defendant is not silent; so you must prove that you delivered the clothes.

Mr. D.—I'll swear it, by the virtue of my oath.

Mr. M'Int.—Ye'r na partacklar what ye'll swear I'm thinking, Maister Snip.

Mr. D.—None of your abuse, you ould *curmudgeon*!

Commissioner.—Come, a truce with these personalities. You'll swear he had the articles, will you?

Mr. D.—I will.

Commissioner.—Did he return them? Mr. D. (in a passion)—He did, but in such a condition, that no decent man'd be wearing them after him.

Commissioner.—In what respect?

Mr. D.—In regard of *thurt*, saving your Honour's presence. He came back as *thurt* as David's sow, and all over mud and mire.

Commissioner.—I suppose, then, you called upon him to pay something extra?

Mr. D.—You've just hit it, your Honour. I ax'd him three shillings for scouring the things, and he swore, by the cross of St. Andrew, he'd pay me; but 'nation to the rap I've received since, barrin the eighteen-pence for the hire, though it's three weeks ago since he got into my debt.

Commissioner.—But I thought you had his watch as a deposite?

Mr. D.—So I had, your Honour, and that comes to the cuteness of the ould rascal. He comes to me the next night, and says he to me, in his Scotch canting way; Mr. Doherty, I wish ye'd just let me wind up my watch, for it won't go if it isn't regularly wound. And so, thinking no harm, I lends him the watch, and out he bolted, leaving me on the shop-board, widout my shoes, or I'd been after him in a twinkling; and when I axed him to return it the next day, he only laughed at me, and said I was an honest body, but didn't know how to gang through the world. And so I summoned him to show him I knew how to get my money any way.

Commissioner.—Well, now then, Mr. M'Integgart, what have you got to say? You seem to have used this man's clothes in a very scurvy manner.

Mr. M'Int.—Ah, weel, sir, I'll just admit I had the clothes—I'll no deny that.

Commissioner.—And will you admit you dirtied them?

Mr. M'Int.—Weel, I'll na allthegither deny that either; for, ye see, I met wi' a friend that I had na seen for a lang time afore, and we just had a we drap together, and mayhap I drank a little more than was consistent wi' prudence.

Commissioner.—And you rolled about in the mud, I suppose?

Mr. M'Int.—Weel, there might ha' been something just o' that kind; I had an accident.

Commissioner.—Well, then, you must pay this man for the damage you have done.

Mr. M'Int.—Weel, that seems but just, your Honour, and I thought o' doing so; but, you'll see, two days after I'd just borrowed the things, I found I'd got more than I bargained for.

Commissioner.—What was that?

Mr. M'Int.—Why you'll just understand that I've just taken a verra troublesome complaint. (Here Mr. M'Integgart scrubbed his shoulders in a very significant manner, and those who were standing near him, taking the hint suddenly "took open order," in "double quick time.")

Mr. D.—It's the *itch* he's maining, your honour, but I'll be bound if he has it all, it's what he brought up wid him from Scotland.

Mr. M'Integgart vehemently denied that he had travelled with any such troublesome companion; but the Court having inquired whether the clothes had been lent with "a warranty of freedom from all cutaneous contagion," and Mr. M'Integgart having admitted that he had "na thocht of insisting upon such a stipulation," the Commissioner decided that he was bound to pay the sum demanded, with costs; but as Mr. Doherty said he "didn't want to be hard wid him," he was allowed to pay it by instalments of six-pence a week. In retiring, Mr. M'Integgart expressed a hope that "the case might just be reported in the public papers, by way of a caution to his countrymen who might be under the necessity of wearing other *body's breeks*."

Remarkable detection of Fraud.—A few years ago an important suit, in one of the legal courts of Tuscany, depended on ascertaining whether a certain word had been erased by some chemical process, from a deed then before the court. The party who insisted that an erasure had been made, availed themselves of the knowledge of M. Gazeri, who, concluding that those who committed the fraud would be satisfied by the disappearance of the colouring matter of the ink, suspected (either from some colorless matter remaining in the letters, or, perhaps, from the agency of the solvent having weakened the fabric of the paper itself beneath the supposed letters) that the effect of the slow application of heat would be to render some difference of texture or of applied substance, evident, by some variety in the shade of colour which heat, in such circumstances, might be expected to produce. Permission having been given to try the experiment, on the application of heat the important word re-appeared, to the great satisfaction of the court.—*Babbage on the Decline of Science.*

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