

much ashamed of the figure cut by his son-in-law elect, to enjoy the laugh at his expense; and in fact it seemed to him, as he stood there in so near a relation to the aerial voyager, that a part of the ridicule must attach to himself and family;—an idea which made the worthy magistrate, who dreaded the public gaze even on honourable occasions, sweat with very vexation.

Sneldrake, by the assistance of the standers-by, was now on his descent, but this, perhaps on purpose, was managed so clumsily, that the swinging of the rope transferred the sickness of his heart to his stomach. The baillie could stand no more; he returned into his house, packed every sort to their beds, and locking the door, betook himself in disgust and mortification to his own dormitory.

In two hours after this adventure, Mr. Sneldrake took French leave of Burnt-Island and its inhabitants. The next day the fugitives returned man and wife, and were received by the baillie as kindly as if everything had taken place with his own concurrence.



#### OH, WHEN WILT THOU BE MINE?

Thou art mirrored in the star-light,

Thou art mirrored in the sea,

Thou art mirrored in each tiny bud,

Thy form's the earth to me.

I know no music save the sound,

Of thy soft angel voice—

No bliss but when its melody

Doth bid my heart rejoice.

I see thee in my dreaming,

In radiant beauty bright,

And thy lovely smile seems beaming

Thro' the cold and silent night;

My lips can form no utterance

For any heart but thine—

Thou life of life, and world of worlds,

Oh, when wilt thou be mine?



#### RIGHT USE OF WEALTH.

MEN are apt to measure national prosperity by riches; it would be right to measure it by the use that is made of them. When they promote an honest commerce among men, and are motives to industry and virtue, they are without doubt of great advantage; but when they are made (as too often happens,) an instrument to luxury, they enervate and dispirit the bravest people.

#### For The Amaranth.

#### A WHALING SCENE IN THE INDIAN OCEAN.

"There she b-l-o-w-s! There she b-l-o-w-s!"

"Where away?"

"Three points off the lee-bow, Sir."

"How far off?"

"Three miles, Sir."

"There she b-l-o-w-s—she b-l-o-w-s; sperm whale, Sir."

"Back the main-topsail—stand by the boats lower away," were the hurried orders that were now given.

"Mr. T—," sings out our captain, as we commenced pulling, "do you pull directly ahead of the ship at the distance of two miles, then heave up; and you, Mr. E—, do you pull the same distance, two points off the lee-bow, and likewise heave to, and when the whale comes up—they had sounded—I will set the signal from the ship."

"Aye! aye! Sir," was the response, and away we went, with strong arms, and light hearts; and oh! it was a gallant sight to see our boats cutting through the water, whilst the crews vied with each other in the rapidity with which we were propelled.

"Give way my hearties—give way—lay back there," were the words which ever and anon burst forth from our second mate—whose boat I was in—and we did give way—the oars dipped noiseless in the water, and bent like coach-whips, in the hands of the nervous and hardy rowers.

"There she b-l-o-w-s—she blows only one hundred yards off, a noble-looking whale of immense bulk—pull—men do pull, there she spouts! There we gain on him, only fifty yards off. Pull my hearties!"

"First mate's fast, Sir."

"Never mind the first mate; we'll be fast ourselves directly, pull men, pull; only a boat's length off; easy, men—lie on your oars, he sees us—there goes flukes," and down went the whale, leaving us a resting spell for a few minutes.

"Pull ahead my hearties. There she blows, now we'll have him—bend to it, men. We'll have him this time, we'll show him some sport, he is not accustomed to; quietly, men, quietly; stand up, B—. Give it to him," and plump went the irons into the huge and almost lifeless carcass before us! Away flew the spray over our heads, nearly filling the boat with water.

"Stern all! stern all! stern men! for you