

sea, the luckless wight was rescued next morning in a half dying state.

Less physically painful, but to appearance as desperate, was the predicament of another fowler, who in the solitary pursuit of sea-birds' eggs had lowered himself half-way down an immense precipice, by means of a rope which he had fastened to a rock on its verge. Observing a cavity in the cliff which promised to yield an abundant harvest, with the agility common to men of his calling, he swung himself into it, and eagerly commenced ransacking the cave for the eggs with which it was richly stored. Now, it should be remarked, that the summit of the cliff projected forward in such a way as that a rope, lowered vertically from its verge, came only within sixteen feet of the cavity which the fowler had contrived to reach. Forgetful of all but the immediate object of his search, it was only when his wallets were well filled, that upon looking round he found that he had unfortunately let go his rope, and beheld it dangling motionless at the above-mentioned distance from the spot which he occupied. The trapper was fairly trapped. To wait for assistance was hopeless, as it was an utterly unfrequented part of the coast; no means of safety were at hand; to remain in the cave was to abide a death of starvation. But one fearful alternative, involving the probability of destruction, alone presented itself, and the fowler screwed up his courage to attempt it. Without the power of giving himself any spring—the cavity was barely high enough to afford him standing room—he leaped at the rope, grasped it, and was saved.

What must have been the man's emotions when taking this awful jump, with a stormy sea raging at an enormous depth beneath him? What must have been the undulations and gyrations of the rope suddenly put in motion by his weight; how its strength must have been tested and hazarded by the convulsive grasp of a heavy falling body, are considerations of which the pursuit likens itself to a kind of night-mare.

A fowler in the Hebrides, had lowered himself half-way down a huge cliff overhanging the sea, when he was attacked by an eagle that had built its nest in a crevice of rock. Hastily drawing his knife, he directed a stroke with it at the bird, but in doing so inflicted such a gash on the rope that it had begun to unravel, and appeared gradually narrowing to a size that would render it quite inadequate for the support of a man's weight. In breathless fear he watched the rope above him progressively uncoiling, and awaited what he supposed to be an inevitable fate, when to his inconceivable relief there proved to be still strength enough to support him till he had clambered upwards to its sounder portion.

The castle of Dunbeath in the county of Caithness, stands on the very point of a precipitous neck of land projecting into the ever stormy Pentland Firth. A narrow causeway alone divides its walls from the very brink of the cliff, which is of prodigious altitude. Of the former proprietor of this fortalice it is related that he, on one occasion, surprised his only daughter, a child of eight years old, in the act of plucking some wild flowers that grew out of rocky crevices, a couple of feet below the edge of the precipice. To accomplish her object the body of the child was more than half suspended over the abyss. To startle her at such a moment would have probably caused the child to lose her balance and fall into the sea. In breathless silence the agonized father watched each movement of the little girl. He beheld her gradually raise herself from the fearfully perilous situation, rushed to her as soon as he saw her safely landed on terra firma, and snatching her up in his arms, bore her distractedly away.

After all, custom reconciles men to the ready encounter of the most obvious dangers. Among the mountains of Glencoe there is a twelve feet leap, which is taken every day by the shepherds with the utmost carelessness, and as a mere matter of course. The achievement of such a leap presents indeed no physical difficulty. To flinch or slip in its performance would, however, be somewhat fearful; for it consists of a fissure in the mountain, probably the result of some mighty convulsion of nature, and about two thousand feet in depth.—*Dolan's Mag.*

CRITERION.—When thou gettest no comfort in hearing, nor ease to thy spirit in praying, and yet growest more eager to hear, and art more frequent in prayer; O, soul, great are thy faith and patience.—*Venn.*

LIFE OF SARAH MARTIN—PRISON VISITING.

(From the *Edinburgh Review.*)

The town of Great Yarmouth in Norfolk, which has been for many ages a place of considerable commercial importance, was originally a mere fishing-station. The men of the Cinque Ports, who were in early times the principal fishermen of the kingdom, used to assemble on that coast during the herring-season; and a sand-bank, situated at the mouth of an arm of the sea, which then flowed far into Norfolk, was their usual landing place. There, upon the dunes, or *dunes*, by the sea-shore, they spread their nets to the sun, repaired their boats, and cured or otherwise disposed of their catch of fish. The recession of the sea, the convenience of the situation, and the periodical visits of a concourse of busy men, led to the permanent occupation of this bleak and barren spot. The rearing of a few huts for the residence of such handicraftsmen as could assist the fishermen in the repair of their barks and nets, and of such dealers as could supply their accustomed wants, was the first advance towards a settlement. The next was the erection of a little chapel upon a green, bent-covered hill in the sand, which was indiscreetly dedicated to the patron of black monks, Saint Benedict. Hence arose discord and confusion. The men of the Cinque Ports had probably begun to doubt the efficacy of the winds which they bought before they started upon their voyages; and, in lieu of the ancient application to the wise woman, now took with them a chaplain, some true clerk of St. Nicholas, the seaman's universal patron. The fisher-priest soon quarrelled with the clerk of St. Benedict upon the subject of oblations; and, as must have seemed likely from their respective habits of life, the worshipper of St. Nicholas, "removed, expelled, and evil-intreated," his adversary. He probably even pulled down the little opposition chapel to the ground; for antiquarian diligence has never been able to discover the slightest trace of it. But the triumph of this vigorous stroke of conservative policy was short-lived. Some few years afterwards, a bishop of Thetford, the same who removed that see to Norwich, happened to be the king's chancellor, and a church-builder. He heard the Norfolk priest's cause in his equitable tribunal, and, with an appearance of kindness, as well as impartiality, settled the dispute, by himself erecting, not far from the mouth of the river Yare, a church so large, that *both* priests might officiate in it at separate altars! and, by way of compensation to the prescriptive rights of the men of the Cinque Ports, he dedicated the whole building to the true saint of the sea-shore, St. Nicholas. The church thus erected was rendered by subsequent additions one of the largest parish churches in England, and remained, until a comparatively recent period, the only church in Yarmouth.

Within the next hundred years after the settlement of this church question, the importance of Yarmouth increased rapidly, and, at the end of that time, the town was raised into the first rank of English municipalities by a royal charter, which conferred upon the burgesses a great variety of privileges, and, amongst them, that of trying pleas of the crown, or criminal causes. "according to the law and custom of Oxford." Hence arose the necessity for a prison; and a building was erected for that use on the site of the present strange, grotesque and in part ancient jail, whose ugliness seems intended to aid the law in exciting feelings of terror and aversion in the minds of evil-doers.

According to the theory of our ancestors, the people of Yarmouth had now advanced to the point of completeness as a borough. Law and gospel had each its representative among them. Their sanction and their penalties were brought home to every man's own door. When men sinned, the church assessed a compensation to Heaven, in the shape of penances, and insisted upon external marks of contrition before the offender was permitted to resume his standing in the visible congregation of the faithful. When men committed crimes, the law mulcted them in pecuniary fines, or deprived them of their liberty, sequestered them from kirk and market, but, instead of aiming at reformation, or even at penitence, sought only punishment; secluded them in loathsome places of confinement; subjected them to the tyranny of ignorant, and often brutal keepers, who were responsible only for their safe custody; and herded them all together, whatever their ages, stations, or offences, without occupation, without instruction, and sometimes