

embrace, but Melchior repulsed him with a cry of anguish. A cold sweat bathed the temple of the young fisherman, as his father displayed his leg, one mass of torn flesh; the cayman had inflicted a frightful wound. Not to agitate his son, the poor father had not uttered even a groan, and had encouraged him, as we have seen, in a calm and tender voice.

All those present, even Don Ramon himself, were struck at once with horror and admiration. Whilst they carried the old man on shore, Fray Eusebio went to the tent of Donna Carmen, where she still remained, and requested her to get ready for their return homewards.

Joachim could scarcely realise what had occurred.

"It is a dream, a frightful dream!" he murmured. "No! men could not be so ferocious."

But as his eye rested on the form of the aged Melchior, borne before him by two slaves, he awoke to the truth, and exclaimed in broken accents:

"My poor father! how could you look thus calmly at me, whilst your blood was flowing from your veins, and I coldly awaited the proper moment to fire? But how shall I revenge myself? and on whom? on whom?" he muttered, pressing his forehead with his burning hands.

Suddenly uttering a cry of savage joy, he snatched a musket from one of his companions, and took aim at the commander; but at a signal from the latter, who had attentively watched his motions, he was seized before he could pull the trigger, thrown to the earth, and bound hand and foot.

Don Ramon bowed to Donna Carmen, who had just made her appearance on the scene, and said haughtily, pointing to the huge crocodile at his feet:

"Your wish is accomplished, Senorita."

"You had promised me the pardon of Joachim, Senor!" she replied, reproachfully, looking sadly around her as she spoke.

"You are too capricious, fair cousin!" he rejoined. "You like to hear of courageous deeds. Well! I have given him an opportunity of showing off his heroism."

She replied by a glance of such profound contempt, that the commander, for the moment abashed, retired to give the necessary orders for their departure.

Every thing was soon in readiness. Old Melchior was placed in the palanquin, which had been intended for the use of Donna Carmen, and a rude litter of branches was framed, to carry his son Joachim, whom the commander was afraid to trust unbound, after the outburst of passion he had displayed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE GOLDEN AGE.

A SATIRE.

BY CLAUD HALCRO.

CANTO I.

ARGUMENT.

The Miracles the Age worketh—Rite of the Iron Age—Its Fall—Modern Warfare—Diplomacy—O'Connell's Exit—The Corn Laws—A cleaning out of the Faculty—Dr. Rush's Pills—Moffatt's Life Pills and Phoenix Bitters—Grinstead's Eye Snuff—Sherman's Lozenges—Spohn's Elixir—Cockle's Pills—"Old Parr"—"The Absoluta Host All"—Pulpit Balm—Celestial Pills—"Aperient Biscuit"—Dr. Drabble—Triumph of the Pharmacy of the Age over the Faculty.

THE golden age, beloved of men, I sing,
That now to earth descends on aureate wing;
That age, Arcadia, thou of old did'st claim,
The dreams of Poets gave to thee the fame;
But now, from wild imaginations free,
A golden age mankind in truth may see.
Not such as that false Prophets would create,
But dimly glimmering through the veil of fate;
Millennium called, to shut out those who sin,
And let a motley crowd of saints within;
Nor yet partaking of the joys of Heaven—
Eternity to true believers given;
But earth-born, earth-enduring, and to end
When Mammon shall to other planets wend.
That age I sing; that now in gold beight.
The winged hours makes joyous in their flight;
That warns the miser in his cobweb nest,
That calms the crying infant at the breast,
That worketh miracles by potent charms,
That, peace ensuring, sets the world in arms;
In fine, by opposites, that bring about
Harmonious discord, death by a new route.
Think ye such virtues are a Poet's dream,
Nor all this tumult loving world becometh?
If on your mind one lingering doubt should dwell,
Attend my lay—I will that doubt dispel.

For dark and drear, and clothed in many woes,
The Iron age o'er France and Europe rose!
Then giant discord shook the tottering throne,
And man th' OMNIPOTENT refused to own!
Nor helpless sex, nor infancy, nor age,
Nor sacred priesthood spared that phrenzied rage!
The altar fell; and round its ruins stood
Of Harpies foul a fell and noisy brood;
A strumpet bold, thin-veiled, before a crew
Of demons stood, indecorous to view;
And she was REASON called; before whose shrine
The world beheld an hundred tapers shine;
Then o'er lost France the Reign of Terror rolled;
Then the loud bell for hourly murders tolled!
Then Terror filled the guilty nation's heart,
And bloodstained Robespierre felt th' unvenomed dart.
At length a warrior rose; the Iron age
Proclaimed its triumph o'er the People's rage.
Then the forge vibrated with noisy clang,
The clinking hammers then war-breathing rang;
The bristling bayonets in thousands stored,
The cannon's mouth for earth-born thunder bored,
Presaged the loosing of the dogs of war,
And nations viewed them shuddering from afar!

"Was it not COLLOT D'Herbois who called upon God to avenge his name, if he dared?"