the turmoil of the threatening waves ahead. Vario, seeing that his command was not obeyed, became furious, and demanded the instant return of the boat. The storm was now upon them; torrents of rain fell from the skies; the sea, lashed into fury by the shrieking wind, became a boiling mass of foam, threatening at any moment to engulf the luckless gondola. The youth, goaded to desperation, rushed upon the old man, determined to obtain control of the boat at any risk. As he was about to seize him he suddenly stopped as if transfixed; a horrible shudder convulsed his frame; he cried in agony: “I cannot touch him; my strength fails me; I am powerless. Viola, speak to me! Answer quickly! Look! Watch him! Heaven be merciful, he intends to drown us! This is horrible! Whoever you may be, fiend, you shall not succeed.” And thus he sprang upon the gondolier. They struggled with the passion of despair, knowing that it must be unto death. The waves rose higher; the storm raged fiercer; with a last effort Vario tried to overpower the monster; but, alas! even the anguish of death could not prevail against the strength of the old man. With a cry of despair and agony the youth, clasping his senseless bride in his arms, was thrown into the sea, and sank beneath the waves.

The old man, gazing now with the flame of hell in his eyes upon the grave of the lovers, picked up his oar and drifted out to sea.

Noticeable Articles.

Who knows anything about Portugal? The question may excite surprise. Are we not all well educated? and did we not all study geography at school? It is astonishing how many things what are called “well-educated” people think they know until they are examined; and as for our geography at school—well, I turned to a copy of Harper’s School Geography, which happened to lie on my shelf, to see what the children of the great American nation were taught respecting Portugal, and I found the following: “The commerce of Spain and Portugal is comparatively limited. Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, is the largest city; it is the principal commercial and manufacturing city of the kingdom. Oporto, the second city, is famous for its port wine.” That was all. What delightful terseness of style and picturesqueness of description! How the children must learn to love geography taught them out of such books! It is as pleasing and instructive as that cramming of names and dates which goes on in school under the name of history. And of the fruits of such instruction do not we at the Institute of Technology know through the medium of our entrance examinations? For as geography is reckoned a grammar-school study, the pupils’ information is apt to be limited to such accounts as the one I have just quoted. I think it will be found that there is not at present such a thing as a high-school geography to be found in the school-book market. There is no more demand for one than there would be for a primary-school treatise on the calculus. This would be a strange state of things if school education were not the very domain of unreason.

Ignorance about Portugal, however, is not confined to schoolboys. The library of the Boston Athenæum is very rich in books of travel, but on the shelf devoted to Portugal I found the other day only eight or ten volumes, mostly old, or by travelers who had not been far away from Lisbon. But a few years ago there appeared a really instructive and entertaining account of the unknown interior of this little-visited country, purporting to be written by one John Latouche. John Latouche soon turned out to be Oswald Crawfurd, English consul at Oporto. Mr. Crawfurd had been many years a resident, and was perfectly acquainted with the difficult language, and he determined to explore the country in the only way in which, in the absence of carriage roads, the interior could be explored, and that is on horseback. It is needless to say that his lodging was of the roughest, and his principal food “stale oil, black bread, and dried fish.” If any reader wants a book of travel in the Old World which will be absolutely new, we commend him to Mr. Crawfurd’s, about a country which, perhaps, he took it for granted that he knew all about. We will wager that not one in ten of our readers will know which of the United States to compare it with in size, or will not be surprised when we state that its population, all told, is not so great as that of London. And yet Portugal, side by side with Spain, took the lead in the exploration of the new world, and had her Golden Age in the time of Emanuel the Great. If